

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO 4514. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE { INLAND 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 4½D.

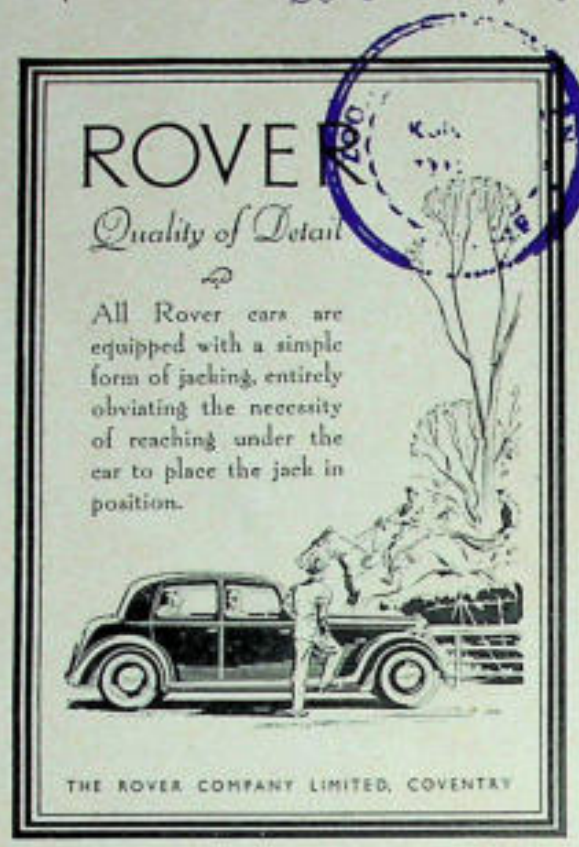


BOOK NO.
521

HIS MAJESTY THE KING IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK

His Majesty is President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England in this, their Centenary year. Fifty years ago the Society was privileged to hold its Jubilee Exhibition in Windsor Great Park as on the present historic occasion

ACC. NO— 580
Date— 15/12/06



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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 23
ROADSIDE TREES AND SHRUBS 23
A HUNDRED YEARS OF HENLEY 26
SEA-TROUT FISHING ON SUMMER NIGHTS 28
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS 29
WALKING ON THE QUANTOCK HILLS 30
THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL SHOW 32
A YACHTING ARMADA AT COWES 34
THE TEST MATCH 35
ROUND THE WICKETS 36
HIGH VELOCITY AND KILLING POWER 37
SOME COTSWOLD DOVECOTES 38
ENGLISH CHEESES 40
TERNS ON THE MARRAMS 42
MIDSUMMER DUSK TO DAWN 43
NEXT WEEK'S OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP 44
THE YOUNG IDEA 46
THE GUN MONTH BY MONTH 48
THE LAST WEEK OF THE HORSE SHOW 49
PHAKIS WINS THE GRAND PRIX 50
ALL FROM A CIGARETTE 52
BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS 54
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 56
FIFTY YEARS AGO 56
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK 56
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Kashmir Ponies: The Little Owl: Slaughter of Badgers 57
IN THE CITY 62
NEW BOOKS 63
TRACTORS FOR ALL PURPOSES 64
PLOUGH AND TILLAGE IMPLEMENTS 66
AIDS TO CLEAN MILK PRODUCTION 68
PROGRESS IN MILKING BY MACHINES 69
NEW MACHINERY FOR THE HARVEST 70
GOOD EQUIPMENT FOR GRASSLAND 73
STATIONARY POWER ON THE FARM 75
PIG HUTS AND POULTRY FOLD UNITS 76
TRANSPORT FOR CROPS AND STOCK 78
RETAILING FARM PRODUCE BY VAN 79
THE JULY KITCHEN GARDEN 80
PHEASANT COVERTS 80
JULY INDOOR FLORAL DECORATIONS 82
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE 82
CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM OF THE H.P. TAX 84
MAKE MOTOR SPORT HUMAN 86
WILD REINDEER IN NORWAY 89
EVOLVING THE PERFECT AIR-LINER 90
CARDS AND CHESS 91
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 92

ROSE SPECTACLES

THIS year the Royal Agricultural Society of England hold their centenary show. The show will be held at a time of acute depression in British agriculture. There will be no signs of that depression on the show ground at Windsor. There is never a sign of depression in the shop window; the first sign for the man in the street is the closing of the shop. But the depression is there all the same. Make no mistake about that.

It is not the fault of the farmer. British farmers can farm their land as well as any men in the world. It is not the fault of those who supply goods to the farmer. It is not the fault of the present Minister of Agriculture, who is doing a very difficult job as well as his Cabinet colleagues will allow, and who might do a great deal better had he more power. It is indeed difficult to say just whose fault it is—though the fault obviously lies somewhere, and is, equally obviously, closely related to the question of overseas trade.

Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith has started a ploughing scheme. He is trying to do something for the sheep farmer and something for the barley grower. And all (though we do not believe in the subsidy system) this is to the good in so far as it is better than nothing. But you cannot work the land without men. And what is being done to bring men back to the land? Many thousands have left the land recently: and if there is unemployment in the towns (and there is still plenty) there is a great shortage of agricultural labourers, a very great shortage if our farming is going to be put back into its rightful position.

Something could be done, if the Government set about doing it. But the Government appears at the moment to be somewhat at sixes and sevens. "Czech gold" has not pleased the man in the street, and the man in the street is shortly going to be asked to vote. The Japanese fish deal, temporarily pushed into the background, and the stripping of British men and women at Japanese command has not pleased the man in the street. But, then, the man in the street has given up trying to understand (the politicians call his attitude "apathetic"; "disgusted" would be a better word) the workings of the political mind. It would be a very great pity if that disgust robbed us of the most promising Minister of Agriculture we have had for many years.

For Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith is, we believe, much more an agriculturist than a politician. We do not believe that he has one eye cocked on Downing Street; we do believe that he has the best interests of the British farmer at heart. We believe, too, that he has a chance such as is given to few men—the chance of rejuvenating a countryside. And, though we cannot know all the difficulties and the obstructions he has to face, we can guess at some of them. We do not believe them to be insuperable—though we do think that to combat them he will have to show a spirit of independence and a will to fight altogether foreign to the general run of Ministers of Agriculture.

Men could be brought back to the land: farming could be made to pay. The countryside could be as prosperous as towns that make armaments. But only with real leadership, which is leadership with knowledge and courage and a belief in the rightness of a cause. The days when one could believe the popular political sop "a little turn of the wheel and everything will come right" are long past, though a number of politicians apparently still believe it. The wheel has got to be turned. And only a strong man can do that.

THE "FIELD" TROPHY

ONCE again the motor yacht contest for the *Field* Gold Trophy, under the auspices of the Royal Scottish Motor Yacht Club, is assured of success. There are no fewer than sixteen boats entered for the Endurance Test which is to be decided this week, June 30th and July 1st, over the 160 miles course in the Firth of Clyde. Two of them enter from Ireland, Dr. A. C. Seymour's Cruiser and Mr. W. H. Roberts's Kathleen, which raced last year, when Mr. E. Arrol Hunter's Maureen II was the winner. Lord Inverclyde's big and speedy Beryl is again taking part, and, on the last occasion, was given the task of overtaking the rest of the fleet which had a long start of her. She did the fastest time and this year the first boat off has nearly six hours lead. Mr. Harry Turley, who took the trophy to the Clyde in 1935, will be competing with Golden Gleam, and others of last year's participants are Mr. Nigel Laird's Melosa (placed 3rd), Mr. John C. Sloan's Clarinda (placed 4th), and Mr. J. M. Tolmie's Zephyrus. There will be a keen contest between yachts big and small under the well-adjusted handicaps. The rest of the entry comprises Mr. Ninian B. Stewart's Rosemary, Mr. T. R. Patterson's Metopa, Mr. John Ure Wright's Senora, Mr. E. D. Kennedy's Westward, Mr. James F. Ross's Tunnag, Mr. J. A. Wotherspoon's Fessonia, Mr. Thomas Angus's Eun Mara, and Mr. J. Russell Murdoch's Macabeth. It is to be hoped the weather will be as kind as in 1938, for the test in past years has been one of endurance for the yachtsmen as well as the yachts.

DUCKS UNLIMITED

Wildfowlers on the other side of the Atlantic mean to go on wildfowling, judging by the amount of "hustle" which now characterises their efforts to stem the decline of ducks. Since the days of the Great War, when many of the finest breeding grounds were drained to make room for more tillage, fowl have decreased. It is estimated that over 17,000,000 acres of water areas in the north central states alone were affected in this way. The extra tillage attracted crows, which, on account of their egg-eating proclivities, have become an additional menace. Drought, too, has accentuated the situation. Curtailment of shooting seasons and reduced bag limits have failed to arrest matters, and so America's first national organisation of wildfowlers has come into being with headquarters in New York City and a similar organisation in Canada. Many local committees have been formed, and subscriptions amounting to over $300,000 on a five-year pledge basis have been enlisted, as well as public and governmental co-operation. So far about 100,000 crows have been destroyed, dams have been built, and 140,000 acres of marshes have been restored in the Prairie Provinces of Canada, which are, or were, the great breeding grounds. These efforts certainly deserve success.

WHERE ARE THE GRILSE?

Midsummer, unworthy of its name this year, has already passed, and still there is no sign of a satisfactory grilse run. It may be that rain and heavy water at June's decline has hidden the arrival of these summer migrants and that there are more of them in the rivers than pessimists believe; but market reports do not support that view, and it is to be feared that holiday salmon fishers will again be left lamenting. There seems to be an, as yet, unexplained connection between plenitude of springers and paucity of summer fish, but this year only a few streams have had the satisfaction of heavy runs in the early part of the season. From now till September grilse are the only fish which can be relied upon to give sport to salmon rods. A failure in the run for the second year in succession will be a sad blow for the many rods to whom the summer holiday alone gives the chance to enjoy their favourite sport.

WEEDS, COMFORTING AND OTHERWISE

One of the bright spots in Parliamentary debate centred round the increased duty on tobacco. Lady Astor said she had not great sympathy with anybody who was comforted by a pipe. She had never found that a comfort herself. Smoking was almost one of the crimes of the age. Mr. Bracken characterised this as strange language from a daughter of Virginia, and Mr. Naylor, when assuring the noble lady that smoking did add to one's power of thinking, was ungallant enough to recommend her to try a cigarette or two. The opposition were not so much concerned with Kipling's dictum that

"There is peace in a Larranaga,
There is calm in a Henry Clay,"

but with the burden thrown upon poor people. Yet the humblest of smokers would doubtless spare the odd halfpenny willingly rather than share the fate of the German who is said to be threatened with the fragrance imparted to tobacco by the addition of lemon peel, thyme, lavender, violet root powder, cherry leaves, or rose leaves. When, instead of this adulteration, dried stinging nettles or dried grass is added, the term "weed" becomes no longer a misnomer, though the usual adjectives may need revision. Lady Astor might well protest at the smoking of this "mixture."

THE HUNTER'S DREAMS

Out of the mists of ages past,
Out of the future, too,
Comes a cavalry charge to the trumpets blast
And a hunt that gallops through.

These are the glorious dreams of men
These are the visions bright
While Reynard sits watching in his den
Waiting to hunt till night.

These are dreams that fade away
Visions that melt at dawn.
Keep your thoughts on the mounts of to-day,
And the twanging note of the horn.

LAVENDER BEAUMAN (aged 12).

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IT seems as though the manless, elm-bordered pastures of mid-Bucks must be linked on to one another all across England, so uniform are their expanses as they stretch themselves athwart the vale or straddle the low hills. But suddenly the big sad fields of Bucks look over the dark Midland plain through the stark portals of the stacks of the brick kilns. The Bedfordshire border is in sight, and on this side of it stands what is perhaps the largest village in the county, larger than Cowper's Olney in the north. This is Stewkley, whose age is warranted by the squat bulk of its massive late Norman church, more richly ornamented with chevron work both within and without than is any other Norman church known to me.

Yet the traveller's first thought is to wonder what Stewkley Church is doing at Stewkley. It is as though a piece of antique statuary were set in the midst of the figures of mass-produced zoos or fairy lore in which the suburban gardener delights, or a St. Bernard dog were surrounded by yapping mongrel curs. The village itself no longer looks English at all; it might easily be mistaken for an Australian mining colony of shacks, saloons and little Bethels planted on a goldfield. Attentive search reveals a score or more of traditional cottages of local brick, stone, half-timbering and thatch. One cottage has a diminutive oriel with latticed windows; one or two others have their brick set in herringbone courses, a happy mannerism that extends or extended to other villages in Bucks and Oxon, while a few possess old oak doors with local ironwork. But they are as lost along that mean and squalid street as the bole of an old tree is hidden by the ivy that "mantles" it and sucks its life-blood. No casual pilgrim through Stewkley would be aware that such cottages existed, and the only reason for my discovering them was that I was on the look-out for the older folk who lived in them, and I was on the look-out for them because Stewkley used to be one of the headquarters of the immemorial cottage industry of straw-plait.

Fifty years ago, every cottager made straw-plait for the hat and bonnet factories at Luton and Dunstable, mostly the woman; but the men also when they came home from work in the cornfields, and the children, too, they were taught the craft in the mixed plaiting schools. When they were closed, as the lace schools were, by the Education Act of the '70's, the trade hung grimly on for a score of years or less; but even in its decadence and desperate self-defence against the plaiting machines and their glib inferior products in the mass, the children were still taught by their mothers. Then, some time in the '90's, the village fingers fell idle by the force of what one of the old men called "the cut-throat world," the fields whose corn had served the double purpose of food and craft reverted to grass and Stewkley became what it is now.

No technical record of straw-plait exists except for half-a-dozen pages in Thomas Hennell and Henry Warren, and the counties of Bucks, Beds, Essex and Herts were those in which it lingered the longest. I hoped, therefore, that I might be able to recover the memory of this ancient craft from the cottagers of Stewkley, especially in view of the fact that the wheat fields of this region grew the best straw for the purpose, being almost white and taking a fine polish after steaming and pressing. Herein, no doubt, lies one of the reasons, apart from machine-made plait, why the industry perished. When wheat was cut by scythe or reaping-hook, the whitest and most flexible part of the straw was severed from the ears before they were threshed, tied up in bundles or "links," each with its sheaf-knot and sold in the village for 6d. a link. But with the coming of the reaping machines, the villagers could only obtain the coarser stubble, and this meant that it was not far enough removed in quality from machine-plait to compete with it.

In the days of hand-reaped corn many villagers owned plots of land in which they grew their own corn for the plaiting, and what they sold to the collector who went the round once a week was all profit. The most dexterous hands could braid a "score" (20yds.) of plait a day, for which they were paid 8d., while the rougher kind fetched about 5d. Since field-wages on the big farms of those days were sometimes as low as 10– a week, a large family of straw-plaiters (and I talked to a man whose parents had a quiverful of eleven) was able to make substantial increment to the father's pittance. I shall conclude what I found out about straw-plait next week.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

An account of the Sind Steeplechase: "In the Sind Steeplechase, only two horses finished the course. Wanconner fell at the second fence, while Hadagain shied at a fence in the second chukker and failed to complete the course."



The Birdbrae Grove on the way to Goodwood Racecourse

ROADSIDE TREES AND SHRUBS

Beautifying Our Modern Highways

TRUNK roads are appearing all over England to-day. Some of these main arteries are attractive, some ugly scars which need careful attention if they are ever to be healed. To certain motorists the invalid can be left in its present state, for to them the only object of any road is to get from one place to another in the quickest possible time. The scenery through which they pass means nothing to them; they do not understand "the gift of country life" which Mr. John Masefield has so often praised. This minority, therefore, give little thought to trees and flowering shrubs and how their judicious employment could enhance the beauty of our highways.

But there is, I am glad to say, a majority in favour of the careful planning of our new highways. At the moment the Ministry of Transport want to bring all our main roads up to a given standard, which includes, among other things, dual carriageways with a gap between them. Now that gap can be transformed into exactly what we wish. It can be merely a space, a patch of stunted shrubs, a magnificent standing block of trees, a combination, a border, or a lot of other things.

Little of value can be said in a general way as regards selection of species from the purely ornamental point of view. Each situation requires an individual scheme suited to local conditions. That is a very important point. The beautification of roads is an aspect of landscape design which is too strictly limited at the present moment. The Roads Beautifying Association is doing a noble work, but their sphere is limited by lack of funds.

I should like to see a landscape designer employed when a road is first made, for in this way we should keep the road as an integral feature in the landscape. This might not agree with the modern idea that all new roads should be thought of only from the point of view of the motorist and that they should thus be treated as a thing apart from the landscape. Naturally, safety is of first importance, but surely by planting the partition between the dual carriageways with shrubs we should be successfully combating the anti-dazzle menace; no little achievement.

Trees and shrubs, of course, would have to vary according to the type of country through which the road passed. We do not want to dragoon the countryside into a sort of "avenue landscape," so popular with the French some years ago. Certain trees, after all, fit towns; others, the country. We must therefore make them fit naturally into the landscape. In any case trees placed close together or too near the roadside are not beautiful. They really put a new angle on the term trunk road.

I personally would like to see the central strips on dual carriageways look like a mixed hedgerow, preferably wild shrubs. It would thus be pleasing to the eye, while no one could call it monotonous.

As I have already said, the Roads Beautifying Association is doing a lot of useful work. We may not all agree with some of their ideas, but then do we all agree with modern art, modern music? You cannot stop progress. You cannot stop these trunk roads from appearing. Country scenery will always change, but it is our duty to make the heritage of the next generation as beautiful as we can. Trees take a long time to grow; how can one criticise the work of a society before it is finished? It will take at least twenty years for some of the trees planted by the R.B.A. to come to maturity. The problem to-day is to provide efficiency with beauty.

A few days ago I was fortunate in attending a joint meeting of the Roads Beautifying Association and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England at which there was a discussion on planting the highway of to-day. I am sure *Field* readers will agree that both these societies are doing a grand work and one which will receive the blessing of future generations. That these two societies do not quite agree about the necessary treatment of our roads is not a matter for regret. Only by serious and thorough discussions will we get the very best rural effects and the most lasting beauty.

It is interesting to study where the views of the R.B.A. and the C.P.R.E. diverge. One of the main points concerns the type of tree and shrub to be planted. If, as Mr. Barnes said at the meeting I attended, the English countryside was of little beauty, and of a monotonous, uniform character, one might be tempted to favour the introduction of the flowering shrubs which we associate with parks and private gardens. But the English countryside is, as everyone knows, a thing of rare and precious beauty, varying in character from one county to the next. It is this striking variety of scenery which makes England so attractive to the foreigner accustomed to one type of scenery over an extensive area.

It is necessary, therefore, to give careful thought to the planting of roadside trees and shrubs. There are not, after all, so many flowering shrubs which will flourish in such an exposed situation as the central strip of these highways, especially in the north, and if we accept the principle that shrubs like berberis, cotoneaster, olearia and rhododendron, are suitable for country as well as suburban roads, is there not the danger that they will appear on all the main roads of the future? One must remember that people travelling through the country often form their conception of the local landscape by the immediate surroundings of the road they use. If the same design is made all over England, the effect will be to give our main roads a sophisticated character whereas in the country we look for unsophisticated charm.

The problem which now faces the various societies looking after our countryside seems to be to find a common line of thought. Are the roads to be lined with flowering shrubs or the common native shrubs—the thorns, hollies, broom, gorse—which have helped to make the English country lane so well known? Are we to grow "exotic" trees, like the lime, chestnut and walnut, or should we keep chiefly to the ash, oak, beech, sycamore, elm and willow for boundary planting on open roads?

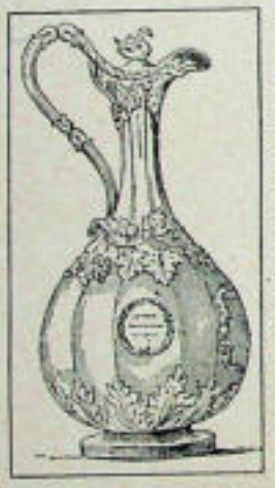
In my opinion, these are questions which no one society should decide alone. A pooling of ideas is the only way of making our roads look at their best. In making these new roads we are on the threshold of tremendous new scope for landscape architecture, and it would be a mistake for any policy to be too hurried.

WILLIAM LUSCOMBE.



HENLEY REGATTA OF 1845. A PICTURE FROM "THE PICTORIAL TIMES" WHICH WAS ALSO USED TO ILLUSTRATE THE REGATTA OF 1856

A HUNDRED YEARS OF HENLEY



The New Challenge "Cup," forerunner of the Ladies' Plate

WHEN the landed gentry and principal townspeople of Henley decided to hold the first regatta in 1839 they had in mind that it would be capable "of producing most beneficial results to the town" and also be "a source of amusement and gratification to the neighbourhood, and the public in general." Mr. H. T. Steward tells the story of the early days of the regatta in his carefully compiled records, and no one can say that it has failed in its object.

It was on June 14th, 1839, that the first Henley took place, and to-day when entries soar into the hundreds, when there are nine events for competition and the heats for the Thames Cup and the Ladies' Plate exceed a score, the first programme makes strange reading. There were three Oxford crews for the Grand Challenge Cup ("Brasen Nose," Etonian Club and Wadham) and one from Cambridge (Trinity B.C.). The only other event was the race for the Town Cup, in which the crews rowed in boats named The Wave, The Albion and The Dreadnought. The starting-point is given from just above Temple Island and the finish was apparently under the bridge.

The weather did not behave very well for the regatta, as a storm arose on the Thursday night and continued until Friday morning, the rain pouring in torrents "amidst the most terrific thunder and lightning." The Leander crew arrived from London drenched with rain and rowed the distance, each heat, with the racing boats in good style. Some of the spectators had a bad time, for the Shell steam-barge ran aground and took twelve-and-a-half hours for the journey from Oxford, arriving at 4.30 p.m. Her passengers missed the first heat of the Grand, which was arranged for four o'clock, but were in time for the final, rowed at seven o'clock, and that of the Town Cup at six o'clock. First Trinity were the first to put their names on the list of winners of the Grand and added it again in 1860 and 1861. Next year saw a Leander win, the herald of 22 up to the present regatta.

The second year saw increased interest and signs of growth, for the eight-oared wherry of the Guards was present, an eight-oared gig of the Travellers' Club, the Magdalen Hall cutter, the four of Guy's Hospital, another with Lord Kilmorey and his crew, and several members of the London Scullers' Club, whose light constructed wager-boats were much admired. A District Challenge Cup made its appearance in the programme, but both this and the Town Cup were not very successful in attracting entries. The Stewards' Challenge Cup was instituted in 1841.

Apparently the heads of Oxford Colleges frowned upon rowing at Henley in those days, for we find Trinity College being entered as "The Pope" and Brasenose as "The Child of Hale Club." Tradition, therefore, seems to have been established for Oxford handicaps at Henley. It seems quite a pity that one bright spot of the early proceedings could not be revived, as for example when winners of the Grand were preceded by a band with the crew waving flags over their coxswain's head!

In these early days the O.U.B.C. and C.U.B.C. entered crews at Henley, and in 1842 Oxford withdrew from the Grand owing to the proposal that if they beat Cambridge in the challenger's heat, in which they were drawn together, some of the C.U.B.C. eight would be used to strengthen the Cambridge Subscription Rooms crew. This led to a ruling that no member of a club should be substituted for another who has already rowed a heat, or any member of a club be allowed to row with more than one crew in any of the races for the same cup. In 1843—the year that rule came into operation—Oxford had occasion, after having beaten the Etonian Club in the Grand, to ask permission from the Cambridge Subscription Rooms to row a substitute for their stroke, Fletcher Menzies, in the final heat, as he was laid low with fever.

The request had to be refused, and so the famous seven-oar race came about after the Subscription Rooms' crew had protested without avail at being compelled to row against an incomplete eight. Their crew is described as not having been properly got together, but they were a hot lot on paper and determined to repeat their successes in the Grand of the two previous years. The Rooms had the right to call upon members of each college club while in residence at Cambridge, and this gave them a strong pick.

The late Sir Theodore Cook, in *Rowing at Henley*, says their bow had been in the 1839 crew which won for Cambridge from Westminster to Putney. No. 2 was in the winning boat from Westminster to Putney in 1840. No. 3 was afterwards in the winning Putney crew of 1845. No. 4 was in the winning eight from Westminster to Putney in 1841. No. 5 had won in 1841 and lost in 1842 over the same course. No. 6 had won the same race in 1836. No. 7 was in the 1841 and 1842 crews. Stroke had won in the 1840 and 1841 races. All represented their University at one time and another if not before this race, but they were not officially a University crew.

Menzies, according to the account of Arthur Shadwell, the cox, fainted when stepping into the Oxford boat for the final heat, and the request to row a substitute was then made which it was not in the power of the Cambridge Rooms to allow had they been willing. A delay was granted and Oxford rearranged their crew, shifting "seven" to stroke and bow to "seven." There is some conflicting evidence about this, but it seems clear how's seat was vacant. To make a long story short, the "Seven" held their opponents from the start, gradually drew ahead, crossed to the Berks bank and won by two lengths.

Tom Hughes, brother of the seven-oar's stroke, wrote a poem on the race, one verse of which reads:

> Within a darkened chamber,
> Wrapped in his tartan plaid,
> Fevered in mind and body,
> Our captain brave is laid.
> To keep him from the river
> They've ranged stout waiters four,
> And they've barred the windows firmly,
> And firmly locked the door.

The scenes following this race provided one of the riotous affairs which were not unusual in the past. The crowd went temporarily mad and uprooted a tollgate and hurled it into the stream. Young men full of spirits used to indulge in practical jokes and feats which brought them to the notice of authority. A story has been told of one prominent oar, and a much-respected member of society in his later years, to whom the police credited all ill-doing. When a cart loaded with hay was shot over the bridge, which seems to have been a magnet for roysterers, he was miles away and had a perfect alibi. They fined him all the same. When the houseboats were such a feature of the river it was considered good fun to go round them at night and transfer the floral decorations from one boat to another. High-spirited oarsmen stopped short, however, at "setting the Thames on fire," which was done once with petrol (not at the regatta), to the detriment of the lovely roses on Phyllis Court wall.

Houseboats and the mass of skiffs which used to line the course were a matter of much perturbation among rowing men 50 years or so ago. A race for the Grand has been spoilt by the behaviour of the spectators. It is hard to imagine such a thing happening in these days of booms and meticulously ordered proceedings. After the War a decline set in as regards pleasure boating, and it is said that Henley to-day is not the attraction it was. I wonder if this is really the case, for although there are less boats and punts, the stands that have been erected must have compensated for the absence of floating spectators. In pre-War days you could walk across the river dry-shod at regattas, and some of the skiff handlers were not too skilful. I have seen a sculler catch a spectator in another boat a terrific crash across the head with his blade while attempting



TEMPLE ISLAND IN THE 1850's

The scene has not changed, but it is not on record that the races were rowed in wines or this direction

to move ahead and then, while making apologies, hit another one with a backward sweep of the other blade. Tempers at times were strained.

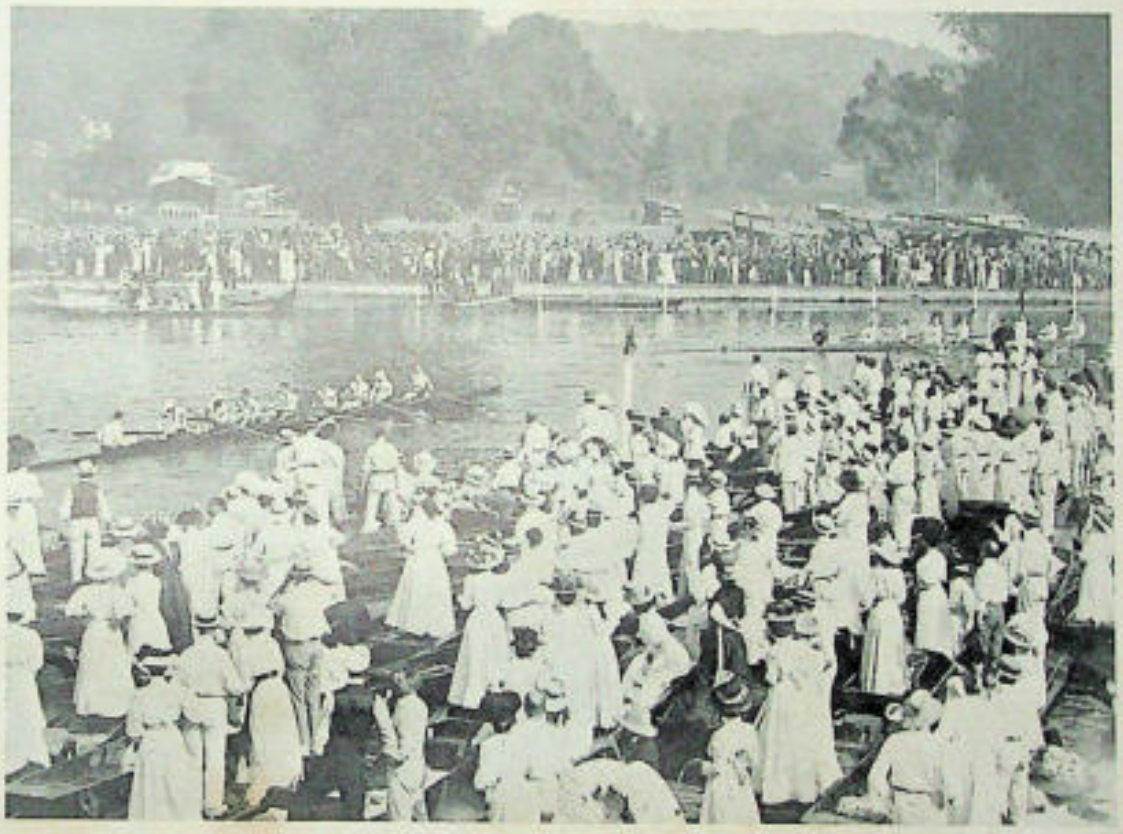
The course at Henley has undergone various transformations. The original course, of about 1 mile 550yds., was from the top of Temple Island round the Point to Henley Bridge. From 1886 to 1922 it was from below the Bucks side of the island to the top of Phyllis Court wall, and the booms made their appearance in 1899. In 1923 an experimental straight course was tried out, but its length was about 1 mile 440yds. and no records on it could be counted. The present course finishes at the same point as that of 1886. Actually, with the exception of 1923, all the courses are the same distance from starting post to finish, namely, 1 mile 570yds., but distances can only be given approximately for a race, as boats are sent off with their sterns to the starting pile and the longer one is pulled back to bring their bows level. As boats win by their bows an eight of 60ft. long rows 1 mile 550yds., but a sculling boat would go some 34ft. farther.

On the programme as we know it to-day the Ladies' Challenge Plate arrived in 1845, the Thames Challenge Cup in 1868, the Visitors' in 1847, the Wyfold in 1855, the Goblets in 1845, and the Diamonds in 1844. The Grand and the Stewards', as mentioned, had been established in 1839 and 1841 respectively. The Wyfold Cup, given by Mr. Donkin of Wyfold Court, was originally awarded to the challengers for the Grand Challenge Cup; the District Cup, without entries for two years, became the Visitors; the Goblets was first known as the Silver Wherries; and the Thames Cup was instituted for amateur clubs, with the proviso that no University crews or amalgamation of college crews or boat-club crews should enter or member of a crew take part who had rowed for the Grand or Stewards' or was in a Head of the River boat at either Universities in the current year.

Various modifications in the conditions of the races have been made. The Ladies', which started off as the New Challenge Cup, was originally open to colleges and other amateur clubs established a year, with the exception of University clubs, Subscription Rooms or clubs similarly constituted and so we find Thames R.C. entered for it in 1846. In 1857 the rules were amended to clubs and colleges of Oxford and Cambridge Universities and the schools of Eton and Westminster. This seems exclusive as regards the schools when one considers the number now entered, a case of "Westminster we row." The greatest revolution took place recently when the schools were given a fairer chance of meeting one another before going down to a college, and many people still support the idea of a school v. college final by arranging the draw in respective sections.

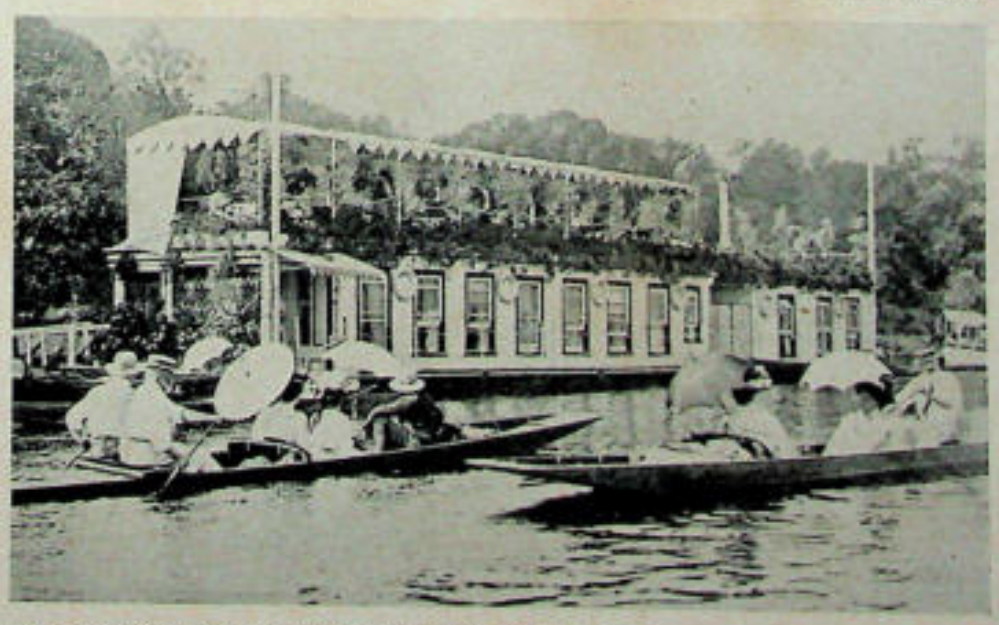
A great rumpus was caused in the Stewards' in 1857 by the action of Brasenose, who advertised their intention of rowing in this race and the Visitors' minus a coxswain. To conform with the letter of the law they started with one, but made him jump overboard. They were promptly disqualified and withdrew from the Visitors'. The unfortunate coxswain was the late F. E. Weatherley, K.C., the famous song writer, and I have heard the tale from him of how he received precise instructions from W. B. Woodgate to slide off the stern without disturbing the boat and of how he went down into the green depths with some perturbation as he could not swim! This incident led to racing in coxswainless fours at the premier regatta.

If an attempt were made to deal with the great oars and crews of the past 100 years, how would one know where to start and where to end? Think of the '50's, '60's and '70's, with Tinné, Darbishire, Yarborough, Arkell, Casamajor, the J. H. D. and C. J. D. Goldies, E. Warre, Willan, J. E. and T. C. Edward-Moss, Schlotel, Eyre, Gurdon, Gulston, Woodgate, Michell, Hockin, Brickwood, Champneys, H. H. Playford, Le Blanc Smith—just a valiant few at random! Then proceed to the '80's and '90's, and there the array of those we are conversant with



AT THE FINISH IN THE HEYDAY OF THE PLEASURE BOATING PARTIES





LEFT: A MEMORY OF THE OLYMPIC REGATTA OF 1908. LADY DESBOROUGH AND LORD DESBOROUGH AT THE PRESENTATION OF MEDALS. RIGHT: A DECORATED HOUSEBOAT IN PRE-WAR DAYS

becomes formidable: the great Guy Nickalls and Vivian Nickalls, Muttlebury, Lord Ampthill, W. A. L. Fletcher, F. W. Warre, C. M. and F. I. Pitman, Burnell, Kent, Harcourt Gold, Rowe, F. S. Lowe, Etherington Smith, Hastie, W. E. Crum, F. L. Playford, Wauchope—the list could be prolonged and many a worthy name would be missing, for there are giants galore.

Some of them in the earlier days possessed dominant characters. Possibly they were days when independence could be carried to greater lengths than in this age of uncertainty. W. B. Woodgate was a striking example. He looked like our conception of John Bull, with his side-whiskers, square hat and strange cape with ventilators at the shoulders. I have travelled with him on occasion, and his voice and manner commanded respect. He seemed to have an antipathy to railways and railway officials, and held the view that a railway ticket once purchased became the property of the purchaser.

A story is told of the celebrated oarsman being involved in difficulties with a railway official. Tickets on the South-Western Railway used to be collected at Vauxhall Station. Once when the ticket collector opened the carriage door Woodgate was asleep, or pretending to be asleep. The collector tapped him on the knee. "Take your hands off me!" roared Woodgate, and promptly hit the collector on the nose, knocking him out of the carriage. But the man was game, hung on, and got in again as the train started. It cost Brickwood, who was with Woodgate, a sovereign to soothe ruffled feelings and hush the matter up.

We have now got accustomed to foreign invasions of Henley and the prospect of trophies going abroad, but it was a shock to British rowing when the Grand Challenge Cup went to Belgium in 1906 and 1907. The Belgians' short stroke and broad blades evoked much discussion. In Sir Theodore Cook's opinion it was not their style but their better uniformity, resulting from long rows together, that produced their pace. He deprecated imitation, and argued that it was a dangerous thing to advise anything below the highest amateur standard when a general improvement was desired. Sydney R.C., Harvard Athletic Association B.C., Zurich R.C. and Rudergesellschaft Wiking, Germany, have won the Grand since then. As for the Thames Cup, the America Schools' attack on it has succeeded five times since 1929; while the Diamonds can only list one English win since 1927. Perhaps one day we shall revive the idea of the London Scullers' Club of 1839 and do something about it.

It is only to be expected that rowing should not be a British prerogative when other nations have learnt from us. And defeat is all to the good in livening things up. Nobody enjoys being beaten, and the object of entering for a race is to win it. This does not mean to say we do not appreciate the victor's success. Very far from it! There is some consolation for defeats at home in that the Tideway and the Universities have shown we can go abroad and return the compliment.

One great reform at Henley has opened the Royal Regatta to clubs besides those affiliated to the A.R.A. Democratic rowing legislation, in keeping with the times, has removed the bar which was erected against those who "had been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty." Time marches on!

If the ghosts of great oarsmen can look down upon the hundredth Henley and pass judgment upon the rowing of to-day they cannot but feel proud of their successors. Orthodox or unorthodox and questions of style apart, the spectacle of 120 crews rowing the Championship course must exceed their wildest dreams, and that is not all by any means, for there are the Head of the River races in the Provinces to consider, and oarsmen up and down the country who row for rowing's sake. The prowess of the past is always held up as a model for the present, but in days to come, lugubrious but comforting thought, it will be "Ah, but you should have seen Jack Beresford or Cherry. Those were men who knew how to row!"

Times and records we are always told are no criterion of performance, nevertheless they are lovingly preserved. And if they are to be built upon what about last year with records in the Goblets, the Visitors' and the Diamonds eclipsed, and a 6.52 in the Grand, a 7.3 in the Thames Cup and the fastest time (6.56) ever made by a school in the Ladies'? This latter was Radley's first win. Sir Theodore Cook, had he been alive, would not have been the best selection for the post of official timekeeper on that occasion. I remember him filling that office one year when Radley, his old school, were beating a college crew. After Fawley the race absorbed his whole interest, and when the launch passed the Press box and there was a cry of "Time! Time!" he turned to the rest of us and asked if anyone had taken it. No one had. "Seven twenty-seven," he called out without the slightest hesitation.

For the centenary there are crews and scullers from America, Canada, Australia, Norway, Uruguay, the Argentine, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium and Poland, and a new event appears on the programme, the Centenary Double Sculls.

The entry of Montevideo R.C. for the Wyfold furnishes an example of how our chickens come home to roost, for the club was founded in 1874 by an Englishman. Now it is an entirely Uruguayan institution and has achieved distinction by winning for the last two years the American Cup presented by the President of the Argentine Republic and competed for annually at the regatta on the Tigre near Buenos Aires. The club holds the record of having won the race eight years consecutively, and No. 3 of the visiting four, Julio Flebbe, has been five times in the winning crew; the stroke, Francisco Simara, four times; bow, Baldomero Benquet and No. 2, Cesar Seaglia, twice. Stroke and No. 3 competed at the Olympic Regatta in Berlin. They are to be congratulated on their venture, especially as they are strange to coxswainless rowing. Their departure was arranged with the help of a grant from the Regatta Hospitality Fund for overseas crews and the assistance of the British Minister, Mr. E. Millington-Drake, an old Oxford Blue, who has rowed six years at Henley and who was in the Eton crew that won the Ladies' Plate in 1905, and the Magdalen crew that won the Grand Challenge Cup in 1910.

And so to the contestants at this great centenary the words of Tom Hughes may be applied:

The backs that bend together,
The steady stroke and long.
Now lively on the feather,
Now through the water strong;
The wind that lasts for ever,
The pluck that never dies,
Will last them through the struggle
And bear away the prize.

R. N. Rose.

SEA-TROUT FISHING ON SUMMER NIGHTS

FOR the angler who must take his holiday at the height of summer, say from mid-July until mid-September, the sea trout is without doubt the fish which offers most opportunities of sport. Salmon fishing in many rivers is at its very worst during this period. For one thing it is a sort of interlude between the summer and the autumn fishing. Summer salmon begin to appear in May, and the runs continue through June and then usually tail off fairly abruptly in July, so that by the end of this month most of the fish in the pools have been there long enough to have become dour.

Autumn salmon, in those rivers which nowadays have a real run, and the number is far smaller than it was a generation ago, do not begin to put in an appearance until the end of September or October, and so there are few fresh fish about unless one happens to strike it lucky in a good grilse year. These immature salmon, which come back to the river after only one year in salt water, usually start running in July, and may continue to ascend, if there is water to bring them up, well on into August. But in many years there is no water, and this is another reason why salmon fishing is often so bad in August, the rivers are low in level and the water temperature is high, and so the dice are heavily loaded against the holiday angler who, for business or family reasons, must make this his main angling occasion. Then it is that the real value of the sea trout becomes so evident.

While individual rivers vary to a certain extent, it may be said that in the majority the earliest fish begin to appear about mid-April, and many of these first comers are real big 'uns, weighing in some cases up to 10lb., and in a few rivers even larger, with 4 and 5-pounders relatively common. In May and June there are runs of medium-size fish of 2lb. to 3lb., and then, towards the end of July, come the great shoals of small fish, which go under various names, herling being the one most widely used. These, which correspond more or less to the grilse stage of the salmon, average about 12oz., and in some years enter rivers in such numbers that certain favourite pools may appear to be paved with a carpet of living silver, a sight to rejoice the heart, and make the pulses tingle.

Sea trout differ from salmon in two ways which are of the utmost importance to the angler. First they will come into rivers at the height of a drought, pushing up over stickles at night where their backs must be out of water at times, whereas salmon will not go above tidal pools when once the river gets low until there is a spate. Second, the best sport with *trutta* is in conditions that are hopeless for *salar*—hot weather and low water, although it must be admitted that to catch them in any numbers one must turn the clock about—fish by night and sleep during the day. Yet there are many worse places—indeed I can think of few better—than the bank of some lovely stream in the West Country, Wales, the North of England or Scotland on a hot August evening. The tawny owls are hooting in the oak woods, and from the bracken-covered hillside comes the curious "jar-r-r-r" note of the nightjar hawking the big crepuscular moths, and the cockchafers which pass with droning hum, like miniature aeroplanes.

On the mirror-like surface of the pool, which reflects the moon or stars, are the dimpled rises of brown trout, and now and then a great commotion as a big sea trout or salmon comes up to wallow just below the surface. Then, maybe, almost at one's feet as one stands motionless like a heron in the shallows near the tail of the pool, a silver shape leaves the water for brief aerial flight. One can hear the curious whirring noise made by its fins, which sounds like the pinions of some vast bird hovering overhead, and then the night is shattered by a resounding crash as the sea trout falls back into the pool.

Not infrequently when night fishing one will have the luck to see an otter hunting for its supper. Some people object to *Lutra* fishing the same pool as themselves. But, personally, I would always willingly watch the other fish catcher at work if there was light enough to see what it was doing. An otter passing through a pool does not alarm sea trout at all; but if it elects to hunt there it will certainly put a stop to sport. However, it is always amenable to a little "peaceful persuasion" in the shape of a well-placed stone or two if its absence is desired. There have been a number of instances of an otter actually taking a sea trout which was being played by an angler at night.

Sea trout are more particular than salmon in their choice of water. They do not seem to mind a certain amount of pollution; but they do not like very slow-running streams as a rule, and most of all do they dislike muddy rivers. Fast, clear, rocky streams are their favourite habitat, and in the West Country the Tavy, Dart and Teign in Devon, and the Fowey in Cornwall are all good.

Most of the Welsh rivers hold good store of sea trout. In the last few years they have increased enormously in the Towy. In 1937 the rod catch jumped from a previous average of about 3,000 to nearly 8,000, and to 9,326 in 1938. The Teifi is also good, while the Dovey is famous for its heavy fish, which run up to 16lb. and over. Conway is excellent sea-trout water, and so on up the west coast, Ribble, Lune, Eden, Border Esk, and almost without exception the western Scottish rivers and lochs provide good sea-trout fishing.

West Country.

OBITUARY

SIR FREDERICK HOBDAY

With the death of Professor Sir Frederick Hobday, F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E., the veterinary profession in this country has lost one who for many years has been its outstanding personality. Sir Frederick was honorary veterinary surgeon to the King and late Principal and Dean of the Royal Veterinary College. It was largely due to him that the college was rebuilt and transformed into one of the most scientifically equipped institutions of its kind in the whole world. And it was largely due to him that the veterinary profession holds the position it now does in England. But he will be remembered by many people for his marvellous operation on Robin-a-Tiptoe, winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham, for but for that operation Robin-a-Tiptoe would never have raced. Sir Frederick, who was 69, had been undergoing treatment at Droitwich, where he died, for some time. He had not been well for a long time, and those who knew could not have been surprised at the news of his passing. Though he suffered at times great pain he was ever cheerful and his spirit quite indomitable. His death will be a great blow to all with whom he came in contact in the course of his work and to the many friends he made in all walks of life outside that work.

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS

II.—How To Cast a Fly

MY DEAR BOB,—I am glad you decided on the longer 9½ft. rod. All that your friends say about the convenience of those little rods of 8ft. or even 7½ft. is quite true, but it is not the whole story. You may remember I said in my former letter that a complete trout fisherman's outfit would cost ten times the £5 you had to spend; and I might have said even a complete trout *fly fisherman's* outfit would cost that sum. If you had £50 to spend instead of five I should recommend the purchase of several rods, and among them a short, light rod for use under trees and encumbered waters; but for your purpose we have to consider which type of rod will be most generally useful for fly fishing here, there and everywhere. And you will find that, while the short rod can be very useful in awkward places, there are many waters on which a long rod will catch fish for you when a short rod will not. It is always as well to remember that the main object of going fishing is to catch fish. Comfort and convenience are important, but they are secondary considerations.

You say that the rod is "more bendy" than the shorter ones. That is as it should be. There are many men who do not like what is called a "slow"—or sometimes an "easy"—action; but for a first rod it is, I think, distinctly to be preferred. A stiff rod will throw a longer line, and will cast better against a wind, but at first neither of these things will be of much use to you, because your muscles—the muscles used in fly casting—are probably quite undeveloped, and until they are, you could not get any advantage from a stiff rod, while on the other hand it would take you much longer to learn to cast with it. Casting is almost entirely a question of practised muscles. That is why I cannot, despite your faith in my ability, teach you to cast a fly by writing to you about it. The best I can do is to explain the general principles of the thing, and leave you to put it into practice. An hour with an experienced fly fisherman would teach you more than I can hope to do on paper. But here is the gist of it.

You have no doubt already discovered how to put the tackle together. See that the rod rings of the two joints are in line and the ferrules pushed well home. By the way, if the ferrules are stiff, as they generally are in a new rod, put a smear of grease on the male ferrule before putting the rod together, otherwise you may have difficulty in pulling the joints apart again. Put on the reel with the handle to the right. There are people who will tell you to put the handle to the left and learn to wind in with your left hand, thus saving time. But there is no advantage in this split-second saving. It takes only the merest fraction of a second to change the rod from one hand to the other when a fish is hooked, and it is less tiring to play a fish partly with one hand and partly with the other, so what is gained on the swings is lost on the roundabouts.

Before threading the line through the rings, take the rod and make the rod top "play" in the air so as to get the hang of it. The whole trick in casting is to *make the rod bend*. That is a point you should bear always in mind when you are learning—and for a long while afterwards—until casting has become second nature to you. The hand holding the rod must make only a very small movement, while the tip of the rod must sweep out, comparatively speaking, a long arc in the air. The hand, in fact, only moves about 3in., while the tip of the rod moves 3ft. or 4ft. This is where the practised muscles come in. At first you will have to make a conscious effort to get the rod to bend; in a month or two you will be able to do so without any conscious effort at all. I want to impress this upon you. If someone had emphasised it for me some 35 years ago I should certainly have caught a trout much sooner than I did. Do not be afraid of it. You will not break the rod, however flimsy it may seem to you. Put some beef into it, and make it bend backwards and forwards; but move your hand very little.

When you are satisfied you can make the rod bend, thread the line through the rings, tie a small knot at its end (to prevent fraying); lay the rod down on the grass (a lawn is much better than water for learning the ropes) and pull off 9yds. or 10yds. of the line (no more), laying it out straight on the ground in line with the rod. Then pick up the rod, holding it parallel with the ground. Your object is now to make the rod do with the line exactly what it did without it: the tip must switch back, making an arc in the air which will throw the line back over, and to the side of, your right shoulder. The best stance for your body is facing 45 degrees to the right of the line as it lies out on the grass. In this position you will find that you can watch the path of the line through the air both backwards and forwards by simply turning your head; and it is of the first importance, in learning, to see what is happening to the back cast.

When you are in this position raise the rod point a little (to about 45 degrees), and then with a quick movement make the tip bend backwards, thus picking up the line and throwing it behind and to the side of your right shoulder: allow the line to extend behind you, and then make the same movement forward and throw the line out on the grass again as before. The rod during the cast should be pointing to your right side at an angle of 45 degrees with the ground—not vertical or horizontal; it must be gripped firmly and the movement of the hand must be very short and quick. The hand movement is made parallel with the ground. It is not made by bending the wrist or the forearm from the elbow, but by the whole arm from the shoulder; hence it is commonly called the "shoulder cast." There must always be a short pause between the backward and the forward part of the cast to allow the line to straighten out behind, otherwise you will hear a crack, and if you had a fly on it would most certainly part company with the gut. Cracking off flies can be a most expensive pastime. So do not forget the pause between the backward and forward cast.

The process of casting may be thus divided into five parts: lift the rod a little (which starts the line moving); make the back cast; pause; make the forward cast; drop the rod point as the line falls.

What you should try to do is to get the line at the end of the cast to lie out straight on the grass. By "straight" I do not mean a geometrical line like the side line of a tennis court. Some waggles of a few inches do not matter at all, but there must not be big loops to right and left, and the end of the line where the fly will be in fishing must be farther away than any other part. At first you will probably find that after a few yards the rest of the line lies in a tangled coil, or that the last yard or two is turned back towards you. This generally means either (1) that you have not made the rod bend enough in making the forward cast, or (2) that you have not allowed a long enough pause between the backward and forward casts.

A point you will have to watch is that you make the back cast properly. It must be just as much a genuine cast, made by the rod bending, as the forward cast. The tendency for a long time, even after you have got the hang of it, is to lift the line off the water and try to throw it behind you with a big movement of the arm, the rod remaining comparatively straight. This will not do. The backward throw must be just as much a genuine "cast" as the forward throw. The rod must bend.



HERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF AN ANGLER USING THE SHOULDER CAST. NOTE THE ANGLE AT WHICH THE ROD IS HELD

There are many other ways of making a cast, all of which you will learn in time. It can be made with the forearm, the rod being brought up vertically over the right shoulder. It can be made with the wrist in the same way. It can be made over the left shoulder (backhand cast) or parallel with the ground (underhand cast) from the right or the left. Then there are various forms of continuous-motion casts in which the line is thrown back in one plane, the rod point swept in a semi-circle, and the delivery made in another. But at first, stick to the shoulder cast and make yourself proficient in that. The others will come comparatively easily. After you have gained some little facility put on a cast and a fly—an old fly with the point of the hook broken off—and try to make the fly drop on a sheet of newspaper as a target.

But the main thing, as I have said before, is to train your muscles to make the rod bend. Once you have acquired the trick of that, the other mysteries of casting will present little difficulty.

Your affectionate uncle
HARVEY.



ADDER WOOD, ANOTHER HAUNT OF THE STAGS

WALKING ON THE QUANTOCK HILLS

By S. P. B. MAIS

BY far the strangest thing about the Quantock Hills, or, as the officer in charge of the Information Bureau in Taunton kept on trying to make me say, the Quantocks, is that no bookshop in Taunton keeps any guide to them, and that even the local publishers who in their time have published two books on the subject, have allowed them to go out of print, and are not going to re-issue them.

Indeed, Creswell's book has become so rare that one of the most generous men I know, who hitherto has denied me nothing, draws the line at lending me his copy of that book.

The obvious deduction to be drawn is that the Quantock Hills are unknown, and that the local people desire that they should remain unknown, an understandable point of view when you think of the havoc wrought by popularity at Land's End.

But when you consider the popularity of Exmoor, and the fact that the Quantock Hills are just a piece of Exmoor pushed further east, it does seem strange that the Quantocks should remain unknown.

Every lover of poetry knows the profound effect wrought upon Wordsworth and Coleridge during their all-too-brief stay at Alfoxden and Nether Stowey, and most sportsmen know that the red deer as well as foxes are hunted over these moors and down these combes, but even the tourist who claims to know the West Country well is content to take the Quantocks as seen from what he gleans from the carriage window between Taunton and Minehead or the coast road between Bridgwater and Williton.

It may be that their very smallness has saved them, for what walker in the West is going to turn aside for a moor twelve miles long and four miles broad, and never more than 1,260ft. high?

And yet to miss the Quantock Hills is to miss one of the sweetest experiences in England.

Their great virtue, beyond that of being still unspoilt, is that they are easily accessible and yet completely wild.

Running parallel with their western, steepest foot, there is a chain of villages and a railway line. On the eastern, further edge, which is rich with stream-fed combes, there are farms everywhere, and little hamlets tucked away in every wooded bottom and on every knoll.

You get your isolation on the whortleberry and heather-clad uplands of Will's Neck, Black Hill, Bicknoller Post and Robin Upright Hill, where there is nothing but moorland whichever way you look, but you know all the time that just over the brow there is cultivated land and transport. And from almost every high point there is a view not only of distant green isles, but of the waters of the Bristol Channel and the high hills of South Wales.

Quantock walking is therefore more in the nature of a stroll than of a serious exercise, and you will be wise to let yourself be diverted by every bypath that looks tempting.

My first walk over the Quantocks was easily my least satisfactory.

I wanted to conquer them in a single day, a ludicrous ambition, almost as silly as the game played in the Lakes of climbing the greatest possible number of peaks in 24 hours. I chose to walk from north to south from West Quantoxhead, along the track that runs more or less undeviatingly along the top to Taunton. This gave me a good sense of the open moorland, but gave me no idea at all of the wealth hidden in the deep country away to the east.

What I remember best of this walk was one writhen gnarled ancient thorn standing up all alone near Bicknoller Post, and a magnificent avenue of beech trees that bordered a very wide track capable of taking four coaches abreast that came into the main way from Dead Woman's Ditch at Crowcombe Park Gate.

I kept a weather eye open for deer, but saw nothing more startling than horned sheep with fleece dirty with contact with the heather and a few moor ponies.

On my second excursion, I attempted much less and saw much more. I climbed the hills from Crowcombe, where the pink sandstone church tower stands nobly up among the elms and beeches at the foot of the drive of the great four-square brick manor house of the Carews. Just over the top of the hill I came to the only farm on the top of the Quantock, standing just above the beginning of Quantock Combe.

I succumbed then and there to the lure of the combes, and spent the rest of the day going down one and up another of these densely wooded ravines, where the paths are overhung with rhododendrons, the streams musical, but as often as not invisible, and the hillsides fresh with larch and fir planted by the Forestry Commissioners.

I thought that here if anywhere I should find the red deer. There were plenty of traces of them, slots everywhere on the soft turf, but no sight or sound of the animals until evening, when the farm bailiff took me down Crockercombe to the enchanting hamlet of Aisholt, for so long the home of Sir Henry Newbolt. Here in this steep sided valley I saw field upon field of arable, almost geranium-red, thatched cosy cottages nestling under the shadow of the red stone church tower set half-way up the hill, and some exceptionally neat and well-kept farms.

We walked up a lane that was more like the bed of a river, and suddenly in the bracken almost indistinguishable from it in colour and curve, I saw no fewer than thirteen hinds with three massive stags. They first stood as silent and still as the bracken, and then moved just as silently over the hill. The light was fading fast, and by the time that we had panted up the steep slope it was quite dark, and all that we could see were twinkling lights at sea and the lights of new factories on the flats.

My third visit was easily my most successful from every point of view.

This time I started at Cothelstone on the south-western corner and tacked a zig-zag course towards Kilve on the north-east. I had no set plan, and it didn't matter where I got to at what time, so I spent a very pleasant hour before climbing the hill in exploring the church and manor house of Cothelstone, where Judge Jeffreys hanged two of Monmouth's followers from the gatehouse simply because Lord Stawell, the owner, protested against his cruelty.

The church contains one of the most perfect fourteenth-century painted altar tombs in the country and some good bench ends, and the manor house, even in a country full of fine Tudor manor houses, stands right out, partly by virtue of its arched gateway and long avenue leading to the second arched gatehouse, beneath which you pass into a grassy quadrangle to face the three-sided gabled house, the chief glory of which lies in the very tall and slender cylindrical stone mullions in the windows.

The east wing was completely demolished by a well-aimed shell from Blake in the Civil War, but it has been so well restored that if you didn't know the story you would never guess it. I found the tall woods above the park known as Twenty-Acre Plantation carpeted with bluebells, and then a sandy lane led me out on to the open moor at Lydeard Hill, where there is an immediate view of

the combes falling away to Aisholt in the east, showing how thin in places is the width of the range.

Turnuli on the left led me up to Will's Neck, where I ran into one of those wetting sea-frets that in a moment of time sweep over and completely obliterate the view.

Before, however, I had descended to the famous hunting rendezvous of Triscombe Stone the mist had passed and only the grey clouds remained.

It was at this moment that I sensed a certain Bronte-ish atmosphere about the moor. Up till then it had been almost as gentle and genial as the South Downs. Now it suddenly assumed something of the harshness of the Haworth Moors. There was grandeur in the blackness. A storm broke.

The beech trees in the avenue shone with running water and I ran for shelter to the farm and ate my sandwiches in a log cabin overlooking the Steart Flats and the islands of Steep Holm and Flat Holm, of Weston, and listening to stories from the bailiff about the chances of finding stags' antlers.

He told me that there were men out scouring the moor from dawn to sundown in May looking for good antlers. He showed me a pair, "brow, bay and tray and two on top," that he himself had found in the farm paddock that very morning. "And if you find one that is very heavy, the odds are that you ought to find the other, for the stag hates to feel lopsided, and he'll crash into trees or anything to lose the second. Sudden fright'll make 'em drop them, anyway." He told me of a friend of his who had dreamt that a pair of antlers lay under a certain tree at a little distance each from the other, and the dream was so vivid that he went out of his way the next day to see, and there were the two antlers precisely where he had seen them in his dream, and he got eleven guineas for them.

I am not given to such profitable dreaming, nor were my efforts to find antlers for myself at all successful. I spent the afternoon scouring the heather, and being constantly misled by bracken fronds and bits of old stick.

A stag's antlers are exactly the colour of an adder's skin, so after crossing Ramscombe and Robin Upright Hill I went down into Adder Wood, a noted haunt of the stags.

I found here, right at the top of the combe, a tall, lonely pine with a hermit's log-cabin built high up among the branches with a roof of dead bracken and tin and a floor of logs. At the foot of the tree lay a worn out wooden ladder made of logs tied together with string.

I followed the new-born stream down its fern-fringed bed and suddenly looking up the green sides of the combe among the little ones I saw three stags standing watching me. As soon as I looked up they disappeared through the trees, and I lumbered up over the boulders and whortleberries towards them, only to find when I got to the top that a mounted farmer in a cap was cracking a whip and giving vent to hunting noises.

As it was a Sunday in May the noises seemed misplaced, and I failed to understand their purpose until I remembered what the bailiff had said about frightening the antlers off a stag. So he had sighted the stags and was now chasing them up and down in an effort to get them to shed their horns.



THE MILL AT DUNSTER

All the rest of my walk down Adder Wood, Lady's Edge and Hodders Combe was made melodious by the cries of the farmer and the cracking of his whip as he rode up and down on the hillside above.



CROWCOMBE CHURCH, AT THE FOOT OF THE QUANTOCK HILLS

At the foot of the combe I turned aside to visit Alfoxden because of its Wordsworth and Coleridge associations.

I think nothing of the cottage at Nether Stowey where Coleridge lived and I knew nothing of Alfoxden beyond the fact that it had been turned into a country house hotel, the sort of place I avoid in ordinary circumstances.

In this case I nearly turned back because the park seemed never ending, and I feared lest I should find a score or so of motoring tourists condescending to the spirit of Wordsworth or else cheerfully oblivious of his existence. I was pleasantly surprised.

Alfoxden is very Quantock in atmosphere. It is white, four square, dignified, quiet, spacious and altogether lovely. A visitor was indulging in solitary archery on the lawn. I had tea in Wordsworth's study—a quiet, high-ceilinged panelled room with good square windows.

I passed over pleasant smelling stone-flagged passages, up a wide staircase to rooms that had been occupied by William and Dorothy, Charles Lamb, Coleridge and that astonishing nineteen-year-old enthusiast Hazlitt, who had walked all the way from Wem in Shropshire to hear and see more of the Unitarian minister who had so fired his imagination.

Somehow Alfoxden has managed to keep the atmosphere of 1797, and I shouldn't have been at all surprised to see young Wordsworth come straight and the capricious Coleridge come capering waywardly down through the bracken from the top of the hill. It is all too little realised how large a part those Quantock walks played in the composition of "The Ancient Mariner" or Wordsworth's lyrics in the Lyrical Ballads.

I finished my walk that day three miles further on at East Quantoxhead, where the little grey shale cliffs meet the sea on a sandy deserted shore. And if there is a lovelier hamlet in all England than East Quantoxhead I'd like to hear of it.

It is a rising crescendo of delight. First, those little tranquil cottages each with its slab or bridge over the rivulet, then the pond barring the way to all further car traffic. Then the little footpath leading past the dovecote and the old farmbuildings, culminating in the smooth grass path overhung with honeysuckle and clematis that leads to the little grey stone church clinging to the wall of the old court-house where Luttrells have lived and flourished over a thousand years. In this house the reigning Luttrell showed me seven superb Flemish overmantels in plaster, carvings of seven scenes from the New Testament, but the loveliest things, to my mind, in this stately and hardly altered manor were the slightly raised polished oak dais in the dining room—last relic of the Middle Ages—the little cobbled court where the cockfighting took place, the oak staircase and the haunted oratory.

And my walk really ended as I stood on the flat lead roof at sunset and looked back over the black moorland and frowned over the silver sea to the dim, misty mountains of Carmarthen and listened to the church bells at my side ringing the villagers into evensong.

"The holy time," as Wordsworth said, "is quiet as a Nun Breathless with adoration."



ON ROBIN UPRIGHT HILL



"THE KING, HIMSELF, FARMS AND EXHIBITS, THUS FOLLOWING IN THE STEPS OF HIS ANCESTORS"
Some of the King's Shorthorns grazing on the Royal Farm at Windsor

THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL SHOW AT WINDSOR

THE Royal Agricultural Society's Centenary Show! And . . . held in Windsor Great Park under the presidency of H.M. the King!

These words must thrill the hearts of all those engaged in agriculture, not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the Dominions and all places of the world where the kindly fruits of the earth are cultivated and livestock of superior merit are bred.

"Practice with Science," such was the motto chosen by the society when it was established on May 9th, 1838, incorporation following on March 26th, 1840, and with what consistency and tenacity of purpose has that motto been carried out through the long years of a century that has seen more changes in agricultural methods than any preceding hundred years!

Few, and comparatively rude, were the implements employed by farmers in those days, if we judge them by modern standards, and no small part in the encouragement given to manufacturers of agricultural machinery has come from the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

There is, in fact, no section of the great agricultural industry that has not benefited by the influence and help of the Royal.

Many are inclined to think of the Royal Agricultural Society as being primarily connected with organising and running the largest show in the country. While undoubtedly a considerable part of the energies of the society are so occupied, yet it must be remembered that the Royal is responsible for the experimental station at Rothamsted, near Woburn, and it is partially responsible for examinations for the National Diploma in agriculture and the National Diploma in dairying.

The Chemical Department carries out analysis of fertilisers and feedingstuffs on behalf of members, while problems associated with the diseases of farm, market garden and fruit crops are dealt with by the Botanical Department, the Zoological Department dealing with injurious insect pests.

There are research, veterinary and machinery committees, composed of practical agriculturists, while it has always been the aim of the council to possess at 16, Bedford Square the best, most comprehensive and largest library of standard books on agricultural subjects. Thus it will be recognised at once how great and valuable a part has been played in British agriculture by the R.A.S.E. for a century.

The first president of the Royal Agricultural Society was the third Earl Spencer of Althorp Park, that great breeder of Shorthorns and supporter of all things connected with rural life, and he was supported by the best blood in England, whether of the peerage or not, but all were united in the common bonds of agriculture.

It is an interesting source of conjecture as to what this great nobleman would have thought could he have seen the gigantic progress and power achieved by the society in after years, remembering the limited scope of its activities at its commencement.

Following Earl Spencer came many noted presidents, including members of the Royal Family, commencing in 1862 with H.R.H. the Prince Consort (when the show was held at Battersea); while in 1869 the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) took office, a post he afterwards occupied in the years 1879, 1886 and 1900. In 1889, the last occasion upon which the show was held at Windsor, Queen Victoria (always an enthusiastic supporter of agriculture) was the revered president, having just completed 52 years of her glorious reign. The late King George V was president in 1879 (as Duke of York), in 1903 (as Prince of Wales), and in 1911 as the King.

Other monarchs to hold this, the highest honour in agriculture, were the Duke of Windsor in 1920 (as Prince of Wales) and King George VI, in 1922 as Duke of York and again this year, when, as King, he will welcome the society to Windsor Great Park once more.

Both the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent have occupied this high office, as did the Earl of Harewood when the show was at Harrogate in 1929.

The show started its migratory career with the first exhibition, held at Oxford, on July 16th, &c., 1839, and a truly wonderful exhibition this must have been, although the classification followed seems strange in our eyes to-day.

For instance, the cattle section was divided into classes for Shorthorns, Devons, Herefords and cattle of any other breed or cross. Horses were, roughly, carthorses or hunters; sheep were divided into Leicesters, Long-woolled sheep, Southdowns or other Short-woolled sheep; pigs were just pigs of no distinct breed classification.

How different is the position to-day when at this latest Windsor Royal there is classification provided for 22 breeds of cattle, 26 breeds of sheep and 11 breeds of pigs.

There will be four breeds of heavy horses present, while hunters, hacks, hackneys, ponies (of all kinds) and jumpers are liberally catered for.

According to the *Farmers' Magazine* for 1839: "Although the exhibition of stock was not as numerous as had been expected, yet the quality of some was very superior."

Great praise was given to Mr. T. Bates, of Kirklevington, Yorkshire, for his magnificent Shorthorns, while the Devon cattle that were exhibited by Mr. M. Paull, of Compton Pauncefort, Somerset, were highly spoken of.

In the sheep section the leading awards for Southdowns fell to Mr. S. Grantham and Mr. T. Crisp, while Mr. S. Bennett and Mr. J. Inskip were to the fore for Leicesters. Pigs were shown to advantage by Messrs. Lefevre and Carrington. Carthorses found Messrs. T. Freeman and J. Osborne successful.

The entry of livestock numbered 247 and that of implements 54.

The loss to the society on this show came to £1,162.

Such, then, was the first Royal Show ever to be held, the forerunner of all those brilliant events which have set the crown on the summer show season of this country. Few could see, then, that in the not far distant future entries of livestock would exceed the 3,000 mark, and stands alone would be almost 500 in number.

So the show continued to migrate all over the country with varying success, at one town making a very useful profit, at others a substantial loss.

Thus we come to the Jubilee Show of the society, which, by permission of Queen Victoria, was held in Windsor Great Park in 1889, the Queen herself very graciously assuming the presidency. At this show, one of the best organised and most magnificent held up to that date, there were 7,446 implements entered, 3,976 head of livestock, 155,707 people attended the show, and the result was a loss of £4,966!

Contemporary writers have described how Queen Victoria, taking her office as president very seriously, visited the show four times, while Her Majesty gave a State banquet at St. James's Palace to commemorate the Jubilee of the society.

From the Royal box on the show yard Her Majesty, wearing the president's badge of office, was able to respond to the applause of the huge crowd that had assembled, and which, according to the pen of one who had witnessed the scene, were able to enjoy a sight of the very cream of British pedigree livestock, and the best agricultural machinery in the world, amidst a setting of ancient trees that themselves made history, and under blue skies that did justice to the scene.

Unfortunately, good fortune did not always attend the efforts of this great society.

Up to 1902 the society continued to hold its shows at various centres in the provinces, and

then it was decided to acquire a permanent site near London, in the hope of attracting a large crowd of visitors from the metropolis. Park Royal was the site acquired, and the show yard was fitted up for permanent use.

However keen Londoners may be on spectacular displays and shows, they certainly displayed no love for agriculture as exhibited at Park Royal, and each of the three years 1903-5 (during which the show was held there) money was lost freely, and not only that, but from an attendance of 65,013 at the first of these shows it had shrunk to 23,978 in 1905.

Even the well-filled coffers of the society could not face this progressive decline, and so Park Royal was sold, as well as the headquarters of the Society at Harewood House, a move being made to Bedford Square. There was a reorganisation of the society upon more democratic lines, and it was decided to tour the provinces once more, while an hon. director of the show was appointed.

The hon. director, whose business it was to supervise and advise upon the general organisation and management of the show, was that well-known and greatly respected figure in the world of agriculture and sport, the late Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., afterwards to become Lord Daresbury.

Lord Daresbury had always been a devoted admirer of dairy shorthorns, hackneys and large white pigs, and had been a successful exhibitor of these three classes of stock; while he had for some years been Master of the Belvoir Hounds.

To the great task of restoring confidence in the Royal Show and bringing it back to success Lord Daresbury brought infinite tact, great business ability, a cheery manner and tremendous gifts of patience and determination. Soon he was to become the most familiar figure on Royal Show grounds, as, mounted on his white cob, he would ride round the ground keeping a vigilant eye on everything.

Here it may not be out of place to say that Lord Daresbury, in his time, occupied the president's chair of the Dairy Shorthorn Society thrice, was twice president of the Shorthorn Society, and had occupied the presidential chair of other breed societies, including the N.P.B.A. Moreover, so highly respected was he by all types of agriculturalists, that on two occasions, 1910 at Liverpool, and 1925 at Chester, he was elected president of the R.A.S.E., as well as acting as hon. director. A great honour.

Lord Daresbury continued as hon. director for over a quarter of a century, when he was succeeded by the present hon. director, Mr. U. Roland Burke, who also attained the presidential chair in 1937.

In 1906 Lord Daresbury had the extreme pleasure of seeing the results of his first year's work as hon. director turning the losses of the previous years into substantial profits; for, at Derby, under the presidency of the late Lord Cornwallis, and with King Edward VII paying a visit to the show, the result was that a profit of £2,028 was realised. This success was followed by the Newcastle Royal of 1908, when 213,867 people attended the show, and a profit of over £10,000 was made.



PERSONALITIES AT THE FIRST ROYAL SHOW AT OXFORD IN 1839
1. *Earl Spencer*; 2. *The Duke of Richmond*; 3. *Mr. H. Handley, and* 4. *The Duke of Rutland*

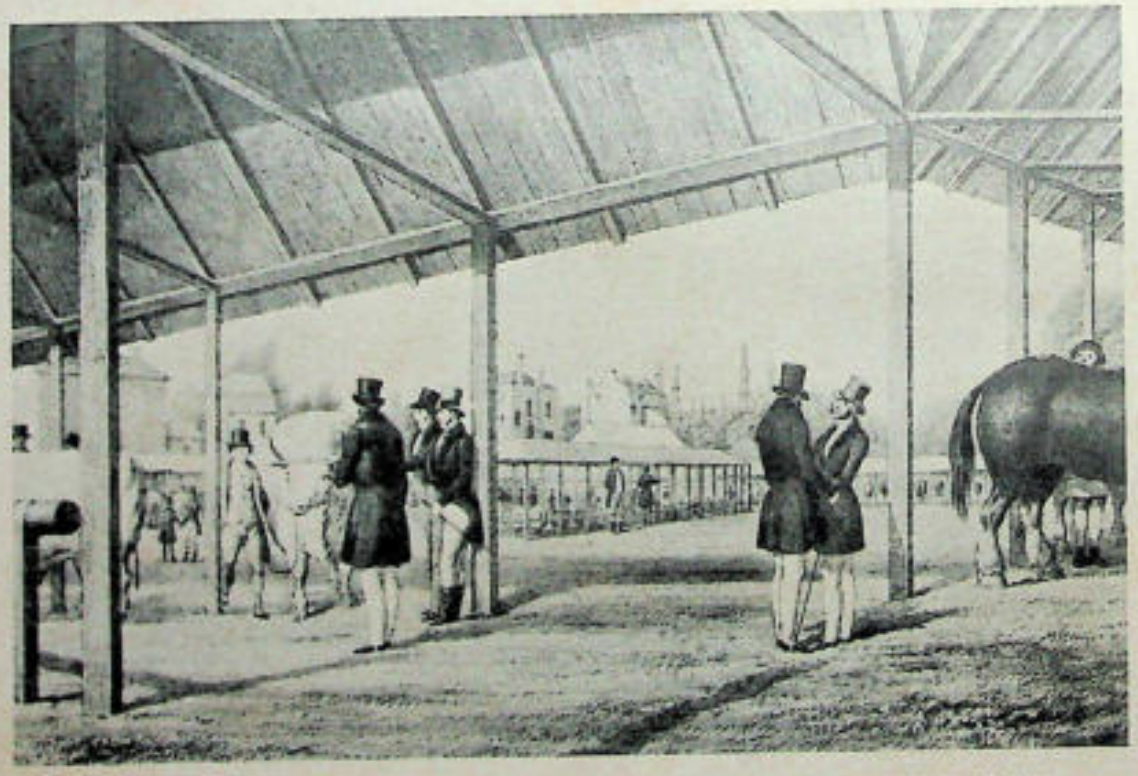
So the tide of success had set in once more for the society, with occasional fluctuations, until 1914, when with the Royal held at Shrewsbury, a loss of over £3,000 was made. War followed in August, but in 1915 (Nottingham) another loss was made, which in 1916 (Manchester) was turned into a quite surprising profit. In 1917 and 1918 (War years) no shows were held; and, looking back, how very surprising it seems that even two Royals should have been held with war raging!

It was feared, on many sides, that after the War agriculture, and especially that part of it devoted to pedigree stock, and showing, would never recover from the shocks it had sustained. Far from this being the case, the boom in prices was in full swing, new breeders of pedigree stock had joined the ranks of the breed societies, and a large number of these were keenly anxious to exhibit at the leading shows, and . . . of course, at the Royal.

Thus in 1919 at Cardiff, the Royal once again recommenced its round of shows, and an entry of 2,502 in the livestock section, with an attendance of some 191,694, and with a profit of over £12,000, was surely a good enough omen for the resumed programme of Royals.

It was left to Newcastle again in 1923 to provide the largest profit so far made at a Royal Show, this being £19,102, with an attendance of 186,510, and since that show, from a variety of causes, the attendances have not approached the 200,000 mark.

Harrogate, Ipswich and Newcastle again in 1935 all have been successful events and admirably supported.



THE SHOWYARD ON THE OCCASION OF THE SECOND MEETING HELD AT CAMBRIDGE IN 1840

Now we are on the very threshold of the Centenary Royal in Windsor Park, and surely here is a grand opportunity for the agricultural community to enjoy an historic event held in historic surroundings, and almost beneath the shadow of Windsor Castle walls.

Moreover, the King and Queen will both attend the show, and this will give an opportunity for the agricultural public to give their Majesties a warm welcome after their trip to Canada and the United States.

Both the King and Queen have ever shown their interest in agricultural matters, and, when they were the Duke and Duchess of York, were ever ready to attend agricultural shows all over the country where their presence might be helpful.

The King, himself, farms and exhibits, thus following in the steps of his ancestors from George III onwards, and it is worthy of note that both the King and Queen are giving special trophies to commemorate the centenary of the show, and the fact that it is being held in Windsor Park.

The society, too, are marking the event by giving a centenary silver-gilt medal to the first prize-winners in each class, but no exhibitor will take more than one of these medals in any section in which he exhibits.

The Royal Agricultural Society has ever been happy in the selection of its secretaries, and able and tactful indeed are those gentlemen who have held this honourable post.

The first secretary of all was Sir Brandreth Gibbs, and we believe him to be the only one—so far—to attain presidential honours, for in 1884 he became president. Later on came Sir Ernest Clarke, another great organiser and secretary, and one who did an immense amount of work for the society.

So then we come to Mr. Thomas McCrow, who served the society loyally and well as assistant-secretary and then as secretary, ill-health cutting short his period of office. Mr. McCrow was succeeded by the present secretary, Mr. T. B. Turner, who had made a name by his successful handling of another show society, and who has been eminently successful with the Royal. Practical, tactful, alert, and keeping a watchful eye on every section of the show, besides being a rare organiser in the office at 16, Bedford Square, Mr. Turner has made himself deservedly popular with all who have anything to do with the R.A.S.E. He has been the right-hand man of many presidents and two hon. directors, and all who have had any dealings with him wish him good fortune with the Royal for many years to come.

There will be a vast difference in the types of livestock and the various breeds seen at Windsor this year as compared with the first Royal at Oxford in 1839, and the Windsor Royal of 1889. Gone has all coarseness and excess of fat. Smaller animals are now the vogue, for, while the Royal is a breed show, yet the ultimate fate of all animals, and their test of merit must always be the butcher's block.

Is not the housewife the supreme judge of the stock breeders' art?

E. WALFORD LLOYD.

A YACHTING ARMADA AT COWES

All Classes in the Round the Island Race

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

WITH nearly 80 entries and over 70 yachts crossing the line, the Island Sailing Club's Round the Island Race, on June 24th, created a record for any "full-size" yacht race yet held in this country.

It was raced in two divisions, the main fleet being the under 25-tonners, who were racing for the I.S.C. Gold Roman Challenge Bowl. The big class (not eligible for the bowl) had four entries (Erivale, Astrape, The Blue Peter and Rose); and the start for these was 7.30 a.m. The rest of the fleet, however, started half an hour earlier, many of them got under way as early as six, and by the time it was getting near the gun, Cowes Harbour was alive with yachts of all colours, shapes and sizes getting under sail, circling and jockeying around.

The morning was fine but dull; it was obviously going to rain later on, and one could but hope that the rain would bring wind, as, by the five-minute gun, there was just about sufficient weight in the variable N.E. air to carry the boats over the west-going tide which was then prevailing.

The line was from the Island Sailing Club, past the Fairway Buoy, and thence straight on as far as necessary—a virtually unlimited starting line. It soon became apparent that there were two schools of thought in the matter of the start; the majority seemed to prefer an off-shore position, well out into the Solent. "Local knowledge" is fairly unanimous that the wind always comes off the opposite shore in the early morning, and spreads across; and to start far out certainly gave more sea room.

A few boats, however—amongst them Triune of Troy, Josephine II, Britt (a "Teal" class O.D.), Neon and some others—took the shore berth. As soon as the gun went they began to reap the advantage, were all across shortly after the gun, and picking up a strong tide off No. 3 buoy were swept ahead, though actually to leeward of the rest.

Farther out the start was a very ragged one. As in so many cruiser races, many of the boats evidently reasoned that a few minutes would not make much difference in a long race and preferred not to risk a recall. Certainly with the strong westerly stream and the fickle breeze there was every reason for caution, but many must have been a quarter of an hour late or more, and no doubt regretted it later on in the race.

The fleet drew closer together off Egypt Point, those starting from the weather end reaching down on to those who had taken the shorter, leeward course. Theoretically this part of the race was a broad reach, but the wind was very light and fitful, dying away altogether for minutes at a time, and to keep spinnakers drawing required constant attention. Many yachts, in fact, preferred Genoas or Yankees, and undoubtedly the use of really big and very light reaching headsails was the best bet.

The bigger boats and some of the ocean-racing types of craft had drawn away by now, and the fleet was roughly in three sections: Major Harston's yawl Amokura appeared to be in the van, with the grey hull of Mystico well up; Evenlode, which had started in the big class half-an-hour later, was pressing them close, and the red hull of little Mindy could be seen hard on their heels.

Next came the "inshore mob," keeping roughly together, though changing their relative positions a little from time to time; and then there was an almost complete "lane" through the fleet—a gap of clear water of perhaps 200yds., followed by the "front line" of the late and extreme-windward starters; in fact, at one time, there were about half-a-dozen boats with their bows on the same thread, as it were; amongst these, the varnished hull of Mr. Rohan's Ragan was noticeable, and a little behind her the blue hull of Major Henderson's graceful Hetreshoff 21-tonner.

To mention every boat is impossible, and would be tedious; but the enormous variety of hull, size and rig, with the gleam of sun that was now penetrating the rather threatening-looking sky, together with the leisurely progression of the boats, their spinnakers fluctuating lazily, made a wonderful picture. Away out to windward the big topsail of the gaff-rigged Iolaire was noticeable among an almost exclusively Bermudian fleet.

The semi-drifting conditions lasted right down to the Needles. Round the Bridge Buoy the first four were Moby Dick, Evenlode, Cynthia and Shamakid. It must have been a fine view from the Needles Lighthouse, with such an unprecedented collection of yachts converging on the buoy; the last of the ebb was still running, and at times there was a considerable cluster with hardly an inch between boats.

After rounding the buoy, the problem was whether to luff up under the land and get a breeze off the cliffs, or keep out and lay a straight course for St. Catherines. Mr. May, in Lollypoppet, had no doubts and stood right under the shore; several others, the Teal class Content, Heather, Josephine II and Guiding Light amongst them, followed. Content, who took second prize, proved the wisdom of this course, and soon began to draw gradually ahead. Close inshore there was no foul tide, in fact the east-going stream started about an hour early.

The wind now freshened considerably, and rain began to fall from time to time; St. Catherine's Race was the only bit of broken water so far met with, and but a ghost of its real self in the generally easy conditions. The fleet was now widely spread, and through the rather thick visibility, the leaders, now about 30min. ahead, could just be seen, surprisingly plainly, until a second look showed that they were making a board out to sea.

So the wind was heading, and many of the boats, now well off-shore and down to leeward, found their chances lessened. From Dunnose it was a general tacking match, opinions divided as ever on the relative merits of short boards and several or long boards and few. Here the advantage probably went to the latter school, as at the end of their last tack they could lay the forts, whereas the others had to put in an extra tack between Bembridge and the "gate"—the gap in the recently laid boom between the Horse and No Mans Forts.



SOME OF THE FLEET CROSSING THE STARTING LINE IN THE ROUND THE ISLAND RACE

There was a record entry for any race in the British Isles



MR. BONNER'S CONTENT, WHICH TOOK SECOND PLACE

An extra point of interest in a varied and interesting race was the appearance off Bembridge of a four-masted barque, presumably one of the grain fleet, under all plain sail; as the fleet passed she clewed up her top-gallants, to wait for the tide before continuing her beat up-Channel.

Once through the "gate," the fleet reached back to Cowes at great speed with a freshening wind; here the harder-weather boats came into their own, or what was left of it, for up to then the reaching had been largely a matter of jogging with light canvas. The order over the finishing line was: Evenlode, Teal, Cinque, Allure, Cynthia, Amokura.

So ended a splendid day's race. Conditions were fluky, but that provides consolation for many; almost every one can say, "If it hadn't been for that drift to the Needles we might have pulled it off"—and so they might! The popularity of this race shows plainly the preference of owners for short off-shore events rather than handicap racing. In the latter, the issue must too often narrow itself down to two or three, quite early on; whereas in an event like the Round the Island no one knows to the last who stands a chance in the final placings—it is "anybody's race" almost to the last.

It is a matter of great congratulation for the Island Sailing Club to have promoted such a popular and interesting race, with an almost incredible variation of craft—30 sq. metres, Gauntlets, Teal One-Designs, fast cruisers, "ordinary" cruisers, ocean racers—all the fun of the fair, yet handicapped into a very harmonious whole, with most creditable fairness and skill.

R.O.R.C. rating and time scale was followed, and once again proved its worth under conditions which tested it to the utmost.

In addition to the Golden Bowl to the winner, there were money prizes for the next five yachts placed, and an inscribed pewter tankard presented to each finisher; altogether a very handsome prize table.

The first six placings are as follows, corrected times are in parentheses:

1st.	Kallista	Major R. C. Windeler	5.50.37	(6.41.22)
2nd.	Content	C. E. Bonner	5.13.21	(6.45.07)
3rd.	Fore	J. F. Tilney	5.11.59	(6.45.49)
4th.	Wanda	R. G. A. Scott	5.30.43	(6.49.08)
5th.	Grey Seal	O. Rusk	5.12.07	(6.49.38)
6th.	Olina	J. S. Truscott	5.29.09	(6.50.50)

There is not space to give the placing of every boat, but the above and the following make up the first half of the list, in order of placing, reading down:

Guiding Light	Lord Normanton	Lollypoppet	H. G. May
Britt	Dr. L. H. Tuckett	Trimer of Troy	A. Buxton
Mindy	J. W. Kidsdale & F. R. B. Brown	Jenny Spinner	K. A. E. Moore
		Chrisando	Col. A. C. Robinson
Greengage	F. A. Pitcl	Monica	R. Preston
Motihari III	A. C. S. Irwin	Invertiel	Ian Henderson
Hinerangi	B. Clarke	Dina	M. Hackforth Jones
Eole	Col. O. C. Niven	Eventide	T. C. Ratsey
Josephine II.	C. Smallpeice	Kallistra	H. C. Devitt and Orr
Red Gauntlet	J. Blake		
Mystico	D. H. E. McCowen	John Dory	L. H. Ryan
Epenta	L. A. Riddle	Neon	R. Spurrier, Jun.
Donna	A. G. Pridcaux & N. C. Rowlston	Brambling	G. D. Lock
		Amokura	Maj. E. S. Harston

Placings in the big class were:

1st.	Erivale	J. H. Rawlings
2nd.	Astrape	F. B. Richards

THE TEST MATCH

By NEVILLE CARDUS



FATE OF THE MIGHTY
George Headley slips in sweeping Wright round to leg

THERE was a period at Lord's last Saturday when the English bowling against the West Indies seemed short of ideas and technical resource, especially in the eyes of those of us who were looking as far ahead as next year, and the next visit of an English team to Australia. The West Indies reached 200 with only three wickets down—to the open and unashamed satisfaction of a crowd of 20,000, most of whom seemed to wish that the West Indies would score 500. Before the advent of the 200 and the new ball, and during a stand by Headley and Stollmeyer, the English attack had to be content with steadiness on a slow, easy turf. Bowes and Copson both depend considerably on a new ball—and both have already found Australian grounds and Australian atmosphere unfriendly to their methods. We can scarcely regard either of them as assets for future operations in Australia. Verity lacks flight problems, and that is why he is not a Wilfred Rhodes; give him a sensitive turf and he becomes almost unplayable. On Saturday he apparently was bowling with much intellectual application; unfortunately, there was somewhere a hiatus—the conceptions of mind were obscured by the workings of matter: in other words, Verity could not keep a good length and bowled badly.

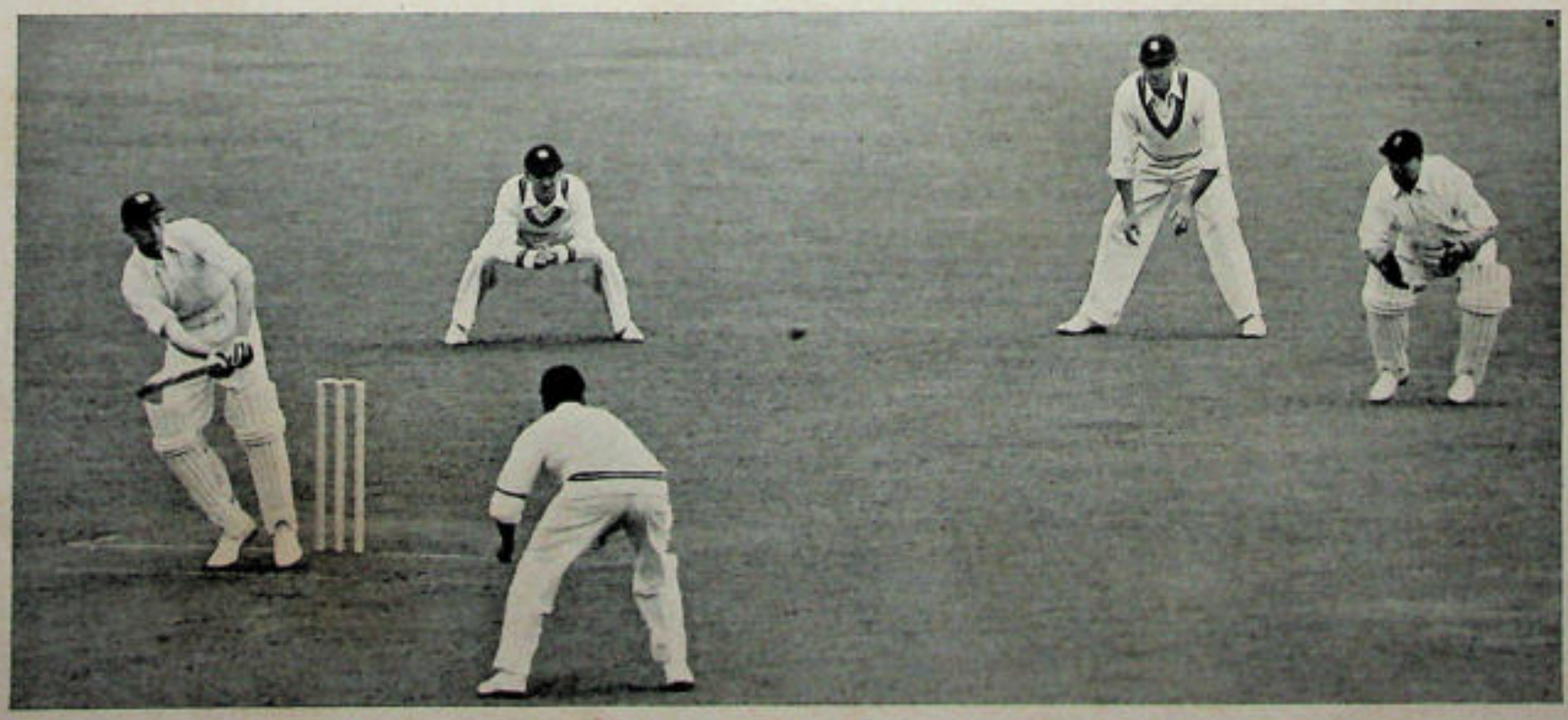
Wright troubled Headley once or twice, which was proof of superb spin; for Headley, though not always at his best, was plainly one of the three great contemporary masters of batsmanship. The suggestion has been made that Wright bowls too fast and should moderate his speed and cultivate a tempting flight. If he diminishes his pace in the least I am sure Bradman will be delighted. The rare fact and quality about Wright's leg-spin is that it *is* quick, so quick, and bowled with such a low flight, that even a Bradman cannot get to it on his feet.

The weather was so cold that we all felt sorry for the West Indians, and for ourselves. And now and again the day grew dark. Once the West Indies appealed against the light, but without success. The English bowlers could as reasonably have appealed, for it must have been difficult for them to see Headley against the background of the Pavilion, and he is a batsman who needs to be carefully watched. He was not, as I say, altogether at his best on this occasion in a technical sense; he frequently lost touch and miss-hit or nearly edged. But it is on those responsible occasions when a great player is a little out of form that he proves he *is* a great player; he conquers then by character, concentration. Headley made many strokes of extraordinary skill; strong hits to the on from the back foot; quick turns to leg. At moments he recalled Bradman vividly. He used his legs perfectly to Bowes while the ball was swinging. I wish some student of the game of greater age and experience than mine would tell us how defensive technique has come to take its present form, with the back foot moved across the stumps to the off. I am aware that the development of new-ball tactics has contributed its share, but what I would like Mr. C. B. Fry (for example) to tell us is precisely how the back-play of a Bradman or a Headley differs from that of Arthur Shrewsbury.

The young West Indian, Stollmeyer, played a charming innings. Grant went in first with him, and 29 were scored before Grant was caught at forward short-leg off a ball from Copson which "lifted" abruptly. Then came the partnership of Stollmeyer and Headley, which added 118. Stollmeyer made 59, and his style won general admiration because of his elegant forward action, left foot well to the ball, the body inclined over it effortlessly. But this is a method requiring trustworthy turf; Stollmeyer will have to modify it for pitches that allow spin bowlers to spit and "pop." After Bowes had bowled Stollmeyer at 147, Sealey helped Headley to push the total to 180. Sealey, to employ an expression I have used before, is a sort of Donald Duck of cricket; he wears his cap with the front near his right ear. But Sealey could not settle down; a leg-break from Wright sought out the edge of his bat, and he was caught by Wood, who all day was an agile and very Yorkshire wicket-keeper. Weekes, a left-hander, stayed in long enough to get a sight of the ball, then indulged a reckless slash against Copson and a new ball, and was brilliantly caught by Gimblett, who ran from extra-cover at a terrific pace and overtook one-handed a dizzily whirling missile. The West Indies innings wavered now, and when Headley fell to another catch by Wood at 250 the bastion was gone. The promise of 200 for three was mocked—277 all out. The crowd did not try to conceal their disappointment—think of that, Dr. Goebbels! But the innings of Headley made the day distinguished enough: he scored 106 in four hours, but never gave any impression of inactivity or negation. Copson, who took five for 85, struck much of vitality out of the apathetic turf.

On Monday the wicket was faster and better suited to stroke play, but the changeful light handicapped England's batsmen for a long time. Moreover, the West Indies bowled admirably, and a keen field pounced on the ball everywhere. Ironically enough, chances were missed just when the match was at the critical point. England lost the wickets of Gimblett, Paynter and Hammond for 147. Then Compton sent a sharp, difficult chance off Martindale to the slips; fortunately, the fieldsman was not Constantine. Compton proceeded to play an innings of Trumperian splendour; in the encircling gloom his strokes were brilliant—one of them, a hook off Martindale, was like forked lightning out of the threatening sky. He and Hutton smashed the West Indies attack, but could not rout it, so gallant was the spirit of Constantine, Martindale, Hylton and Cameron. Nothing in the day's play was more artistic or clever than Cameron's slow leg-spin. He bowled Gimblett when Gimblett was promising a fine innings; he enticed Paynter, when Paynter was set, into sending a catch at the wicket; he tempted Hammond and saw him (without show of emotion) caught on the offside. Cameron seldom dropped his slows short; always he had to be played with the shrewdest forward push.

Hutton went his Yorkshire way, building the foundation. Then, when Compton attacked, he, too, revealed his batteries. But he should have been caught in the slips when he was 67, off Cameron. For long the crowd of 23,000 waited to see England forge ahead. For long they suffered the delays caused by the ghostly veils of the heavens. But they were rewarded by the crashing and crackling brilliance of Compton and Hutton in the day's closing period. This stand was not only grand in itself, but a rare promise of greatness to come from the same players in more onerous matches of the near future. Compton's hundred was composed, inspired or improvised in two hours. Hutton held watch and ward for four hours, then, with his hundred behind him and the moment ripe for the English counter-attack, he was ready with a violent enough stroke for all manner of balls.



YOUTH WILL BE SERVED
J. Stollmeyer, the youngest player in Test history, makes one of his typical shots to force Copson away past the leg side fielders

ROUND THE WICKETS



An impression of Paynter cutting a rising ball

IT was so cold at Lord's for the first day of the Test match that it might have been snow on the seats instead of white paint. The wind blew bitterly, in icy stabs. The sky was a wash of grey, cloudless, dreary, as smooth and as cold as a slab of stone. The elders in the Pavilion enclosure crouched huddled together in groups, vague reminders of partridges in coveys. The only warm spot on the whole ground was The Tavern. It glowed in that windy waste like a fire in a Victorian drawing room. People crowded round it, they drank in its warmth. Their faces beamed red with it. From the shelter of its comfort they looked out on a game played by men burly and bulging with sweaters, watched by people immersed in the top-coats of winter. It was a terrible day for cricket. There was nothing of the sunny south about this, and nothing of the bright happy-go-lucky cricket which the sun of the south brings. It was dour, grim, vigorous cricket. The wind cut like a knife. It frayed tempers. Batsmen hit hard, bowlers bowled fast. It was the cricket of the north. And it was two north-countrymen who held its stage.

* * * *

They opened the attack, both bowling extremely fast indeed. But there was something more than sheer speed in the bowling of Bowes and Copson. It seemed to have something vicious, something awe-inspiring about it. It was something entirely different from the genial thunderings of Jim Smith or the boyish energy of Gover; maybe it was just that they both had red-coloured hair and suggested sting. But their bowling was hostile—it had spirit behind it.

To look at, Bowes is anything but terrifying. Caricaturists have put him behind a desk with a mortar-board on his head with great effect. But his cane has always seemed out of place. His glasses, his complexion, his almost chubby face all give it the lie. But a friend of mine once batted against Bowes. He was a good bat, brilliant for a schoolboy. Apparently Bowes hit him many more times than he hit Bowes; the ball seemed to be made of rubber, it kicked all over the place; but his hands proved that it was cork and leather all right—they were bruised blue.

But Bowes does not depend entirely on his height and making the ball "bump." He does not depend on anything, except his own ability; to him, the wicket is only an accomplice. He can swerve the ball so much and so accurately that he can beat a batsman before it has even touched the turf. That is why he is the best bowler on all wickets in the country, and, possibly, in the world.

Copson, at the other end, was a complete contrast. Small and thin, almost frail-looking, he is in the line of Larwood. Also, like Larwood, he is incredibly wiry. The ball leaves his hand rather like a stone from a catapult. His whole body whips behind it. He, too, can make the ball fly at times; but his counterpart to Bowes's bumping is a terrific break back. It must rival any of Kortright's.

The wicket which Bowes and Copson had to bowl on was about as stubborn as Russia's policy towards the Peace Front. It was sodden with rain—almost drunk with it. It was insensible, lifeless; but it could not frustrate them. For over after over they pounded at it; occasionally a spark of life would make the ball lift; more than often they managed to make it turn quickly, and while the shine was on it they swung it for all their worth. Between them they captured eight wickets. It would be interesting to watch the combination of Bowes and Copson on something else than a a feather-bed wicket—on a fast Oval wicket, for instance. It is ripe time that England found another pair of fast bowlers. Since the days of Larwood and Voce, fast bowling has not been too popular. We have seen very little of it. It is suspected of being unsporting, dangerous. It is supposed to be unfair. It has gone out of fashion. But it must come in again. We cannot do without it. No game can be a great game without that element of risk, that test of courage. We want fast bowlers. Bowes and Copson may be the men we are looking for.

* * * *

Away from the dust and din of the main conquest, news kept coming through of the minor skirmish going on at Sheffield. Yorkshire were falling—they were 22 for 3, they were 32 for 5, they were 62 for 6. Yorkshire were down. They were all out for 83. The Pope brothers of Derbyshire had bowled out Yorkshire for 83. Well, well, we thought, it had to come sooner or later. We were still thinking, when the next news came through. Derbyshire were all out for 20. Not one of them had reached double figures. Five of them had made nothing at all. Not one out of that great army of run-scorers had been able to raise a bat to stop the onslaught. The relentless machine, with four of its driving wheels missing, had swept them back into the pavilion in 40 minutes, in 67 deliveries. Then we looked for the name of the man of the moment, the hero who had so nobly filled the breach. Smurthwaite, we read. Smurthwaite? A misprint for Smailes, someone suggested. A railway porter, perhaps, picked up on the journey and put in to make up the team.

And then a picture from the past sprang into view in my mind. A picture of a stocky little man with a red face and small blue eyes close-set. He looked like a general who had lost his monocle and forgotten to grow a white moustache. And that is just about what George Hirst is to Yorkshire—General-in-Chief of all their forces. Year in, year out, he picks them out. He trains them. He puts them into the field cricketers, as perfect as Yorkshire can boast. Everywhere he has nets, looks out for the cricketers of the future. And George Hirst standing in front of a group of boys with a net in the background has become as familiar to the pages of Yorkshire papers as any pictures of royalty.

It was at one of these nets of his that I remembered him. So vast was his organisation, so thorough and painstaking, that even my moderate ability was to be considered. I put on my pads. I went in to the net, faced the bowling. Presently Hirst himself took the ball; two steps and the great man had bowled it. Down it came slightly outside the off-stump. Just as I was congratulating myself on having hit a ball from George Hirst, it disappeared. It reappeared behind me somewhere to lay back the leg stump. It must have swerved not only very much but very late. Two more steps and the ball, apparently the very same one, was on its way again. I waited for the swerve, played for it. It did swerve—uncannily; but it also spun, just enough to curl round the bat and send the off-stump shooting out of the back of the net. I was desperate, and in my exasperation, rather angry. So that when Hirst's next ball came down I went to meet it, struck at it, caught it (*mirabile dictu*), sent it skimming out of the mouth of the net. "That's better, lad," said Hirst; "now you've got your back up. That's much more like a Yorkshireman."

At the end of the practice he talked to us. He showed us how to hold the ball, how to make it swerve and spin. He took a bat and demonstrated strokes. The usual pictures were taken for the Press. (Most of us spent many a penny before finding the paper it adorned.) He then called out the names of the lads he wanted to see again. We listened for those names, because we knew that one day they might be talked of wherever cricket is played. I believe Smurthwaite was one of them.

HUMPHREY DANIEL.



Captain J. W. A. Stephenson, the Essex all-rounder, fielding at cover-point



MOOSE KILLED BY MRS. CURTIS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. SPREAD 58 INCHES, POINTS 26. (SINGLE SHOT FROM .300

HIGH VELOCITY AND KILLING POWER

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

UNDER the caption "Bullets and Brushwood" which appeared in some of the November issues, I concluded my observations on the superior accuracy of the small bore high-velocity bullets to that of the slower and heavier type in thick cover, with some comments on their superior killing power when used against thin-skinned game, under similar conditions. These comments were not conclusive, however, and the editor has suggested that I should go deeper into the matter.

The time-worn argument of the large bore adherents that one can throw a feather and it will not do any damage, but that a brickbat heaved with the same force is demoralising, no longer holds good, at least not under all conditions. Time was when we looked upon a bullet travelling through space at a speed of 2,200ft. per second as an amazing advance in ballistics, and when these small projectiles happened to hit in the spinal column, or the brain pan, or the heart, they made astounding kills at hitherto unthought of ranges. The pity of it was that they did not always hit those vital areas and kill cleanly.

That condition in relation to the light, high velocity bullet has undergone a vast change in the past few years, a change, strange as it may seem, entirely due to the very things that we condemned in the loads which we formerly called high velocity, but are now in the medium velocity class, a change entirely due to their becoming even lighter and faster.

We began to suspect this manifestation of the higher velocity at short range when the now justly famous .30-06 and .276 cartridges became so popular in Canada and on the plains of Central Africa, which was that when a large soft-skinned animal was struck at short range the small bullet created a terrific wound, and the animal went down completely paralysed by shock. I was one of the early users of the .30-06, and I witnessed this demonstration time after time. Yet people still continue to think of the high velocity rifle simply in terms of greater range. Of course, it increases the range, largely because its flatter trajectory eliminates a great deal of the mistakes made in guessing the range, but actually its greatest advantage is at short range, where it hits like the hammer of Thor.

As muzzle velocities increased from 2,700ft. per second to 3,000ft., and began creeping up into the higher brackets, we began to learn that actually they appeared to kill best when the deadly areas were missed, such as the detestable stomach shot, or one through the lungs that missed the shoulder blade, slammed the victim off its feet never to rise again. The answer to this demonstration of their destructive energy is that the contents of the body of any animal is largely fluid, and these two cavities contain the larger proportion of it. But fluid is non-compressible, hence the terrific internal disturbance. If you want to see what it is like, shoot a super-velocity bullet into a petrol tin filled with water, even shoot at an orange; they are torn to pieces because that non-compressible fluid struck with such high kinetic energy becomes part of the destructive force; it blows itself apart.

This is not demonstrated by slow-moving bullets regardless of their size, in fact we do not notice it from rifles of the .30-06 class except at the shortest ranges; but when a small, soft nose bullet is driven into the lung cavity at 3,500ft. per second the victim simply collapses; it is the same as if an explosion had taken place, the lungs are demolished.

I once shot a large grizzly at 15ft., which is too close for fooling; the .30-06 hollow point went through both shoulders, of course, traversing the lungs; the beast simply rolled over on its head and never kicked—it was finished. On another occasion I stalked a large Rocky Mountain goat that was lying down, using a telescopic-sighted rifle (the one which the guide is holding in the illustration) and fired a careful shot at it. The goat never moved and the guide said that I had missed, that he had



A GOAT SHOT BY THE AUTHOR

seen the bullet strike the shale behind it, sending up a shower of dust. I was confident that I had not pulled off and fired at the same spot, the goat did not get to its feet, which it should have done; but the guide insisted that I was still aiming high. In all I fired four shots with the same result, and then said: "That goat is dead, whether I killed it or not." We went to it, and the four holes could have been covered by the palm of a hand, the first one had killed it in its form, so to speak, like a hare. Yet the goat is conceded to be one of the toughest animals to keep down in the North-West, tougher than the wapiti and almost as tough as the grizzly. I have taken five with the .30-06 with a single shot apiece.

One swallow does not make a summer, nor are five goats conclusive proof. They might have been five perfect shots and the next 20 might have been imperfect, but the same thing has happened over and over again on other game at short range. Not, be it noted, when using the 220-grain bullet which reduces the velocity to 2,400ft. at the muzzle, but when using the 180-grain at 2,700ft. or the 150 at 3,000ft.

The North American white tail deer are noted for their vitality. When struck with the average rifle of moderate power used for deer they will dash off at a terrific pace for a couple of hundred yards; even when hit hard and knocked down they will generally spring up and go off. When hit with the .30-06 at 150yds. or 200yds. they will do the same thing, but if struck at short range, where its maximum energy is in evidence, they go down as if some great weight had fallen upon them, as if crushed to the earth.

The moose is not a difficult animal to stop, in my opinion, despite its great size and impressive strength, though I know that many will disagree with me. To date I have taken fourteen of them, using the .30-06, and seen two others brought down by my wife. They were taken at ranges from 60ft. up to 400yds., and with one exception were brought down with a single shot. Frequently they required another to finish them, but they could not regain their feet. The notable exception was paralysed by the first shot and dying on its feet. With the moose, as well as the smaller species, if the shot was at short range they seemed to be knocked off their feet. Undoubtedly it was the velocity, or rather, the resultant explosive energy, which shattered the nervous system that did it.

I know well the A.D.C. of a Maharajah in Central India who told me that His Highness had to date killed 137 tigers with a .280 Mauser, and taken most of them on foot. Surely he has confidence in the explosive force of high kinetic energy over a large slug, at short range.

There never was an improvement in any line of endeavour that did not suffer from the efforts of the radicals to go one better and progress is retarded for a time. I do not endorse the new super high-velocity cartridges stepping up to around the 4,000ft. velocity class; I am simply stating the facts that when used against small and medium-sized game their effect is actually devastating. Used against deer and antelope there are actually fewer wounded to escape, when these super high-velocity bullets, weighing about 100 grains, are used, than with the large-bore slugs of a generation ago with velocities of 1,800ft. to 2,000ft. per second, but there is less meat to carry home.

On the other hand, normal high velocity rifles have the same effect to the required degree at short range, and are far better for average conditions. I have in mind the .270 with 150-grain bullet, the .30-06 with 150-grain bullet, the .300 Magnum with 180, and the .375 Magnum with 270, using short exposed, soft-point bullets with tough jackets and all having muzzle velocities of from 2,700ft. to 3,000ft. I know how they will demoralise a charge at short range.

For that reason I would prefer one of them in a tight corner to any of the old order smaller than a .500. The thick-skinned game of Africa and Asia is, however, another story, in which one might well include buffalo and bison.

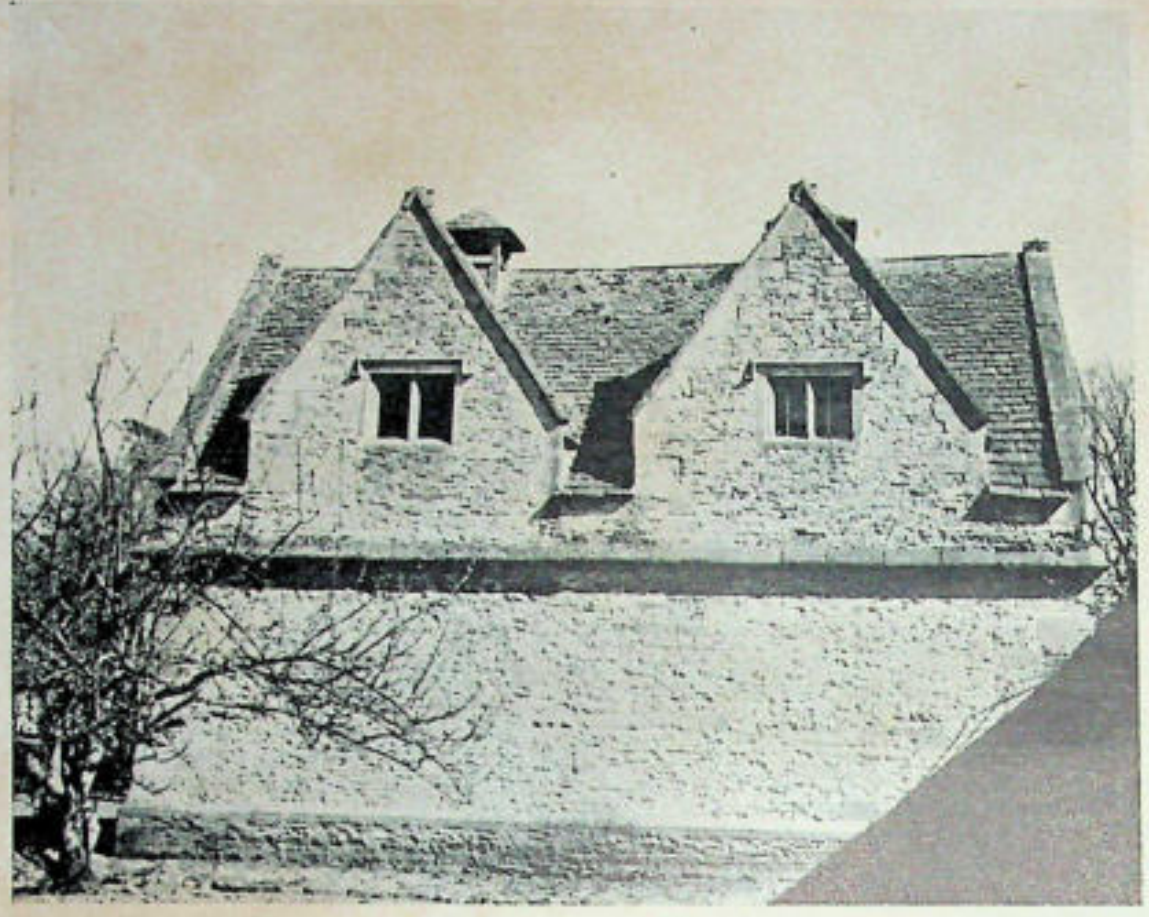
Radical as the super H.V. loads are, we are moving in the right direction; modern powders are producing higher energy with relatively lower chamber



A MOOSE SHOT BY THE AUTHOR

pressure; tougher cases are also permitting the safe use of higher pressure in properly-chambered rifles. This means that relatively heavier and more reliable bullets can be used at the higher velocities than was true ten years ago—bullets that, while not too heavy, are tougher and therefore penetrate deeper and with less disintegration than formerly.

The old order of sporting rifle is rapidly reaching the end of its sphere of usefulness.



THE DOUBLE HOUSE AT LOWER SLAUGHTER
". . . the purpose of this house is not readily guessed, for it looks exactly like a small Cotswold dwelling. Only the two little stone-slated cupolas . . . indicate its purpose clearly to the dovecote hunter"

SOME COTSWOLD DOVECOTES

By MARGARET WESTERLING

GLOUCESTERSHIRE has many dovecotes, and of these not the least distinctive are built on the Cotswolds, of the weathered, colourful oolite, with the pleasant detail that gives charm to the local masonry. Until the introduction of root-crops, when, as Chancellor Fergusson said, "mangel-wurzels killed them," the necessity for keeping pigeons to provide fresh meat in winter was a very real one.

The inhabitants of the dovecotes, columbaria, culverhouses, culverhays or the country "Dovvus," to give some of their names, were descendants of the wild rock-doves, such as inhabited —and perhaps still do —that curious culver-hole built in the interstices of the rocky Gower cliffs at Port Eynon.

The massive circular dovecote at Garway in Herefordshire is one of the oldest and finest still extant, but at Daglingworth, near Cirencester, is another, that may not unworthily be compared with it. Here is no dated inscription, like that of Garway, establishing its construction in 1326, but in spite of some reconstruction it is definitely of early date. It stands on the orchard slopes of the court-house of Daglingworth, where there was formerly a religious house under the nuns of Godstowe. The building is in excellent repair, the modern weathercock surmounting it probably replacing an earlier cupola, such as is more usual.

The stone-slated roof still keeps the steep pitch, flattening at its base on to the wall-plate, indicating an ancient building. About two-thirds up the height of the wall is a square-moulded string-course. There is no sign in this house that the roof was ever corbelled and carried over to close in the top with overlapping stones like that of Garway, whose walls of 3ft. 10in. thick would suffice to date it earlier than fifteenth-century Daglingworth, with walls of 2ft. 9in.

The door is small, less than 4ft. in height, another indication of early origin, and the modern padlock secures an old iron chain. Two dormer windows in the roof give access to the nest-holes. These are L-shaped, widening out in the inner arm of the L, to give the birds ample nesting-space, turning left and right in alternate rows, with an alighting-ledge formed by a projecting stone slate to every hole. In some dovecotes the nest-holes are beautifully shaped and rounded to give the maximum of space and ease to the nesting-birds.

To make the nests more readily accessible, a potence, or revolving ladder, is used. The ladder is hung upon horizontal arms extending from an upright revolving pillar, socketed to the base and the roof-timbering. Occasionally there are two ladders. At Daglingworth the potence still remains: the cross-beams in the roof to which it was fixed have been renewed. Obviously a potence was of greater use in a round dovecote than in any other, though there is a rare instance of a potence being placed in a square house at Hanley Castle, Worcs. I have yet to find an instance of a potence in any of the numerous square dovecotes of the Cotswolds.



THE ATTRACTIVE DOVECOTE IN DAGLINGWORTH, GLOUCESTER

At Cold Aston, near Bourton-on-the-Water, the sides and end of a big gabled cart-porch in a massive stone-built barn is closely set with external nest-holes, and there are more in a smaller shed nearby, though these, earlier in appearance, are partially destroyed. In another barn, hidden away on the western slopes of Cleeve Cloud, at Prestcott, the whole length of the southern side is filled with nine rows of well-spaced nests. On the northern side a circular stone, cut somewhat like a mill-stone, is



THE GABLED CART-PORCH AT COLD ASTON

set above the porch, bearing the inscription, "Thomas Peacey, 1807." The barn appears to be considerably earlier in date. There are a few nest-holes in the walls of the farmhouse itself.

At Bourton-on-the-Water is an old house, now used as cottages, with many widely-spaced pigeon holes in and below the steeply pitched gable-ends, the best example I have seen of the nest-holes in the house itself. The close rows of nest-holes in two of the gables of a beautiful old house at Lower Througham, near Stroud, though now part of the house, stand in what was once the dairy.

A great rectangular double pigeon-house lies in the grounds of the Manor House at Lower Slaughter, a few miles from Bourton. Its external measurements are 37ft. in length by 29ft. 6in. Double houses are not very common, though Northamptonshire can show a few examples, but this one has a very unusual feature. The internal dividing wall between the twin gables is carried up only to the point from which they spring, with nest-holes on both its sides, widely spaced and roomy. In the Northants examples this wall is more often carried up above the roof. At Lower Slaughter, as seen from the adjoining churchyard, the purpose of this house is not readily guessed, for it looks exactly like a small Cotswold dwelling. Only the two little square gabled cupolas, with their hipped, stone-slated roofs carried on wooden pillars indicate its purpose clearly to the dovecote hunter. There is a sharply undercut string-course a few feet below the base of the gables.

One of the most delightful of Cotswold dovecotes is that hidden away behind a Georgian-fronted farmhouse at Westington, near Chipping Campden. It is of the square Cotswold type, stone-built and stone-



AT LOWER THROUGHAM
This beautiful old house clearly shows its rows of nest-holes



AT WESTINGTON
"The roof is formed of intersecting gables, so that each side has its steeply-pointed gable end . . ."



THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY DOVECOTE AT NAUNTON

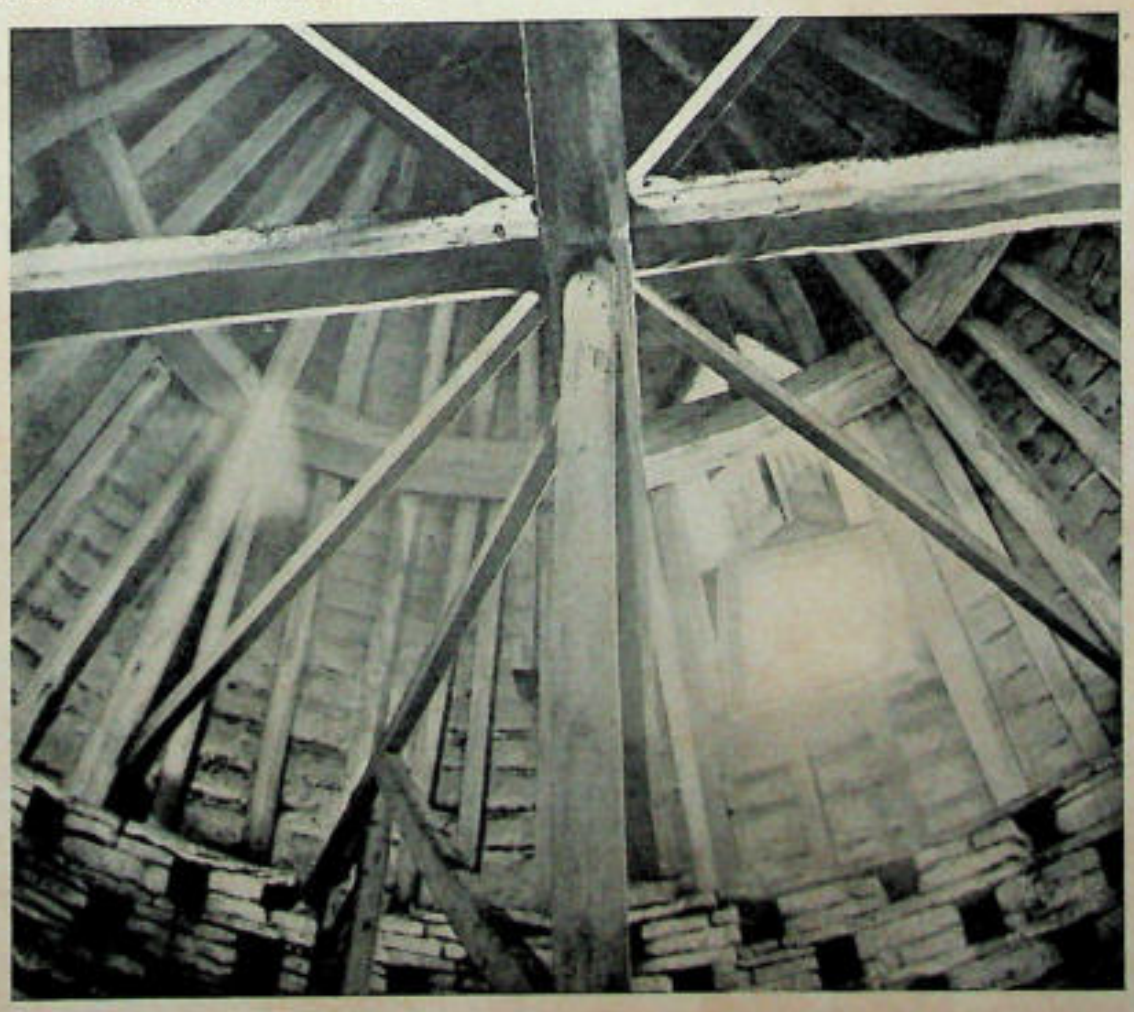
slated. The roof is formed of intersecting gables, so that each side has its steeply-pointed gable end, and probably each had formerly its own stone-mullioned window, though two of these have now disappeared. On the south side, where the entrance stands, a stone slab is fixed above the window. It was formerly a sun-dial with an iron pointer, and bore a date. From the ground it is now illegible, save for the figures "17—." The central opening or cupola on the roof fell in about 20 years ago, and the opening is now closed by the original ball-finial from its top. About 12ft. from the ground there are massive stone angle-plates projecting from each corner, as a safeguard against rats.

The walls are 2ft. 6in. thick, and the 600 odd nest-holes are placed directly above one another, not staggered or, as an old book has it, "In quincunx order," giving an appearance of great regularity. There is no trace of a potence, but there is a circular dais in the centre, on which the birds were fed. It was probably at one time stone-slabbed as was formerly a similar table in the fine octagonal dovecote at Milcote, near Banbury. The nest-holes, with their L-shaped ends turning left and right in alternate rows, have alighting-ledges for every third row, 3ft. apart. Every 4ft. or so there are beams placed across the corners, providing an excellent method of climbing to search the nests.

Another impressive early dovecote of the square type is the fifteenth-century one at Naunton, now in sad need of repair. It is said to have 1,175 nest-holes, though they cannot now be counted, owing to the insertion of timbered flooring about 6ft. from the ground. The holes are staggered and well constructed of single blocks of stone, closely spaced, with thin slabs of stone between each row, only occasionally projecting to form alighting-ledges. They turn left and right in alternate tiers.

The four gables are very steeply pitched, with a small stone-mullioned window in each face. There is a string-course around it, and, below the gables, a heavy, projecting moulding, sharply undercut, to keep rats from climbing up to rob the nests. Rats were very destructive to young pigeons, and many attempts were made to defeat them. An old book advocates placing an iron spike at the base of the walls to spear them if they fell. It is a striking and conspicuous object, standing free of other buildings, in Pigeon House Close, by the banks of the Windrush, where it faces the flat Naunton meadows with its loops and twists. Nor was the stream without its use here, for a shed was built on to the lower side of the dovecote to house an iron mill-wheel. That too, like the dovecote, stands idle, save for occasional use as a chaff-cutter.

Now that pigeons are once more in the news as war-time messengers, is it too much to hope for a revival of interest in the buildings erected to house them?



NEST HOLES IN THE DOVECOTE AT DAGLINGWORTH
"To make the nests more readily accessible, a potence, or revolving ladder, is used. The ladder is hung upon horizontal arms extending from an upright revolving pillar . . ."

ENGLISH CHEESES

By H. J. MASSINGHAM

THE story of English cheese is in process of becoming as antiquarian a research as most other English things the English used to make.

Loudon's *Encyclopædia of Agriculture* (1825) gives a list of fifteen cheeses, only seven of which have escaped the massacre of local industries begun by the Industrial Revolution and continued into our own age, even more pitiless against its own interests. Of the hard-pressed cheeses, these are Cheshire (once made in cylinders of 40lb. to 80lb. over the Mersey Plain); Gloucester Single and Double (now made at Cam, Cooley and the Vale of Berkeley of new milk and cheese, rich in flavour and like the turning leaf in colour); Lancashire (Leigh), a mild, loose-textured, creamy-yellow cheese made from curds of different ages; and Cheddar, then made as a spongy cheese filled in with sweet oil. Of the lightly-pressed cheeses, Stilton, whose former period of seven years' maturing (like that of Parmesan) was reduced to two by wine being added to the curd; Cottenham, a blue-veined cheese rather similar to Stilton but creamier, and made near Cambridge; and Blue Vinny, made in conjunction with butter from hand-skimmed milk naturally souring and nowadays only on two farms near Bridport—are the only survivors. To these we can only add Leicester, a hard-pressed cheese made at Melton Mowbray and rather coarser and more tart than Gloucester, which it a little resembles; Caerphilly, a lightly-pressed cheese, mild, moisture-laden and eaten fresh from South Wales and Somerset; Wensleydale, a lightly-pressed cheese made in Swaledale, the Clevelands and Pennines, and similar to, though more solid than, Stilton; Cambridge, a soft cheese only made in summer and sold fresh; and Colwick, another soft cheese made near Nottingham.

At the opening of the nineteenth century, 200 tons of Leicester cheeses were sent up in October to the Leicester Fair, which is not one of the ten Cheese Fairs (seven for Cheshire, two for Lancashire, one for Caerphilly) which survived up to 1930. The closing of Weyhill Fair in Hampshire, the centre of the South, where the ponies and cheeses from the West met the hops and sheep from the East, is one of the taller milestones in the decline of our native agriculture. Hither, carried in great waggons tossed along the roads behind six or eight horses from the south-eastern slopes of the Mendips and the downlands of Mere in Wiltshire came load after load of Cheddar cheeses. Cheddar, now a flashy pleasure-station at the foot of the towering gorge, has usurped the name of this most renowned of all cheeses. Cheeses were made there much later than at John Billingsley's first mention of them in 1795, and of a very inferior brand. The name was affixed only because the waggons stopped there from the uplands to get their way-bills.

Hence we gather that cheeses were not of old made from the milk of the rich valley pastures, as they invariably are to-day. The truth is that the best cheese and milk-producing soil in England is limestone. In the Journal of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, Professor J. P. Sheldon said that he had "eaten no finer cheese" than that made in the Peak District, though the land there is poor and thin-skinned. The best cheese, he added, comes from the poorest land. Old turf makes the finest cheese and all pernicious bacilli are absent from it except the indispensable germ that makes the lactic acid.

Cheddar was once made by a series of comparatively simple processes—renneting, draining, warming, vatting, scalding, pressing, turning, salting, and wrapping in cloths—complicated by their intervals and repetitions and the methods of adjusting them to the varying condition of the cheese. But from 1860 onwards, an array of mechanical devices produced the following effects. The traditional technique was broken, the trained skill and hereditary experience of the cheese-maker were displaced, the era of mass-produced cheeses in factories rose on the horizon, foreign imports crippled the home market, and the process of ripening was most deleteriously speeded up. What the consequences were to Cheddar Cheese may be weighed by referring to Lloyd's estimate of its quality in 1896. A good Cheddar, he said, is soft and fat, with the aroma and flavour of nuts, it melts in the mouth and has an agreeable after-taste. That kind of Cheddar has passed out of taste as the cheeses that once travelled down the river from Lechlade to London have passed out of mind. It was that kind of Cheddar of which Martin Rishton wrote to Coke of Norfolk in 1815: "I beg you will do me the honour of accepting a real Cheddar Cheese, old England's fame in days of yore when every poor cottager could enjoy his home-brewed beer and sit under his own Fig-Tree."

The changes in utensils between traditional and modern cheeses need only take a few lines. The round wooden tub or vat gave way through transitional forms to the rectangular jacketed vat with steam and water connections. The wooden "cheese" or mould in which hard cheese was pressed is now made of metal. The old "curd breaker" is now a contraption of knives of metal strips long ways and up and down for cutting the curd into cubes. Rennet now is a commercialised product, much questioned by some cheese-makers The "starter," substituting a prepared sour milk for natural souring, still further relieves the maker from thinking, while colouring cheese is an entirely novel departure from tradition. Further aids to mechanising cheese-making, of rendering its processes automatic and so independent of human ability and craftsmanship, are the acidimeter, the butyrimeter and the lactoscope.

This brings me immediately to inquiring the causes of the decline in English cheeses. A few people are at last waking up to the fact that "scientific agriculture," by "forcing" the land to bear more than it is naturally capable of doing, by the use of artificial fertilisers and by standardisation, is largely responsible for plant diseases and soil exhaustion. In one of the scientific reports on the modernisation of cheese-making occurs this naive remark, expressed in the customary jargonese: "The manufacture of a large number of varieties is an obstacle to standardisation of quality on a national scale and is calculated to perpetuate individualistic and uneconomic (viz., not in accord with our financial system) marketing methods." Precisely, science murders variety, just as it murders the English language, and the variety of English cheeses in the past was the criterion of health in this particular rural craft. Re-made or pasteurised or "processed" cheeses are vastly on the increase. What more evidence is needed for the degradation of taste, of sound methods, of true workmanship and of quality? There is no more wisdom in desiring the standardisation of cheeses than there would be in attempting to standardise sheep whose different breeds reflect the varieties in soil, climate and environment. Differentiation is vitality and the heavy reduction in the varieties of our cheeses, the shifting of the responsibility from human to mechanical power, the starvation of the homestead in favour of the artificial factory system, the treatment of nature (cheese comes from milk, milk from cows, cows eat grass and grass grows from soil) as though it were merely a raw material to be exploited—all these are signs of degeneration, not, as science loudly proclaims, of progress.



PACKING CHEDDAR CHEESE INTO THE MOULDS PRIOR TO PRESSING



MAKING CHEDDAR CHEESE

Cheddar cheeses are pressed for three days and great care is taken to ensure that a good firm skin forms on the cheese

Another cause for the decline speaks for itself. Of the total number of cheeses consumed in Great Britain less than a quarter is made at home, and three-quarters bear no comparison in quality with the home cheeses. Competition from factory-made imports, that Victorian idolatry, made its worshippers rich but has reduced their descendants to beggary. A third cause is the expansion of the liquid milk market for supplying the towns to such a degree that there is not enough milk left over for country cheese-making. Lastly, lack of labour, that ulcer of the whole countryside, poisons each and all of its once flourishing activities, and cheese-making by no means the least of them. What it all amounts to is that science will never rehabilitate cheese-making. The only thing that can do that is the revival of agriculture, and agriculture will never reawaken until the land is repopulated with a peasantry and a yeomanry.

Cheese-making is indeed like bringing up a child. The development of the lactic acid must be watched; the coagulation of the milk by rennet judiciously carried out; the separation of the whey from the curd undertaken as a parent discourages one impulse and forwards another; the ripening fostered by knowledge and a kind of insight. How temperamental cheeses are! Their flavours may be acid, fishy, weedy, tallowy, sour, rancid, sweet or nutty; their texture close, open, porous, flaky or crumbly—"merly," as they call it in Yorkshire; their body plastic, soft, pasty, firm, smooth, weak or spongy; their colour mottled, scanty, spotty or puffy, with red patches or black spots due to various bacteria, uneven salting or drainage or curding in advance of acidity; their rind has all sorts of tricks in cracks, whey stains or mould-growth. They take their virtue from the living cow and are choicest in late summer (they are made from April to September), because the butter-fat content is highest when the milk-yield from the cow is lowest. Is it automatism in factories that can bring up this delicate thing from the milk pail to the ripening shelf? Husbandry alone can accomplish it.

For this reason, in the interests of good eating and for the sake of our starved and prostituted countryside, I wish the makers of existing English cheeses in the country luck in their struggle for existence against a phase of declining civilisation which does its damnedest to destroy the foods that best nourish its people.



Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

That's what we call service! However many racquets a champion may need, for real refreshment he need only order a Johnnie Walker. Why is Johnnie Walker so refreshing? Because every whisky in the blend—and that includes all Scotland's finest whiskies—is chosen for some special individual quality, which is actually enhanced by the blending. If it's a matter of men's doubles—make them Johnnie Walker.





TERNS ON THE MARRAMS

One of Dr. Ennion's pictures; his work will be well known to visitors to the Greatorex Galleries, Grafton Street, W.1

ZOOLOGICAL Kolkata Acc-no-58°
15/12/06

MIDSUMMER DUSK TO DAWN

By E. A. R. ENNION

THE wind, tired of hustling day-long through the grasses, had relaxed. The gorse, hot-scented still, no longer cracked its seed-pods at the bidding of a baking sun. Clay Bank, dividing the salt marshes from the fresh, led down to where, beyond wide shingle stretches, there thrummed a far pulsation of the sea.

Starlings, 20 and 30 in a bunch, crossed over; they were gathering in the reeds to roost, and most of them were brown birds of the year. To-day, they had been scattered over the salt marshes, probing the ooze for food as those inland probed the matted grasslands. Some had ventured the water's edge with sanderling and dunlin, but starlings are not true children of the tideway. Not for them the excursions of a wader-flock heading low across the flats and flickering above the waves; the swerves to sky to be lost against the clouds and then seen against the blue; the settling of the flock by common inspiration and the return to individual fancy, preening, feeding, sleeping fitfully with bill and one leg tucked away.

Halfway to sea low islands rose from the saltings by the bank. They held big nesting colonies of gulls and terns. Skirmishers came screaming overhead and a taint of sea refuse soured the air. The numbers multiplied until the air quivered with the tumult of their wings.

Black-headed gulls, many with bonnets already turning white, found the calm air difficult to navigate—they flew heavily and with more continuous beat than when with a wind to buoy them. The terns, livelier at any time, seemed doubly lithe by contrast.

Common terns winnowed, scolded and wheeled, and the big sandwich terns raked round the outskirts of the swarm on their narrow, angled wings. Often a lesser tern, bobtailed as a bat, with a white blaze on its forehead and a sharper cry, came from the shingle ridge to join the company.

I lay on the bank to wait their settling down.

Except for one lone gull brooding a late clutch, the nearer island was reserved by common terns. Most of them were resting: some asleep with red bills tucked in grey mantles, others still nodding black skull-caps as they preened.

The grey plumage of the fledged young was coffee-stained and nicked by dark crescent bars margined in buff. Their caps, defined so sharply in adults, were invaded by white at forehead, nape and cheek. There was a touch of lavender on the coverts of the folded wing. This patch enlarged when the wing was stretched. Gulls and terns often extend a wing fully, but more often only the long front border up to the angle is stretched and the primaries remain closed and crossed upon the opposite wing point. Whenever this happened a little grey triangle appeared suddenly against the dull background to fade out as the wing shut again.

A few were still in the motley of earlier days with feathers sprouting through the down. There were even a few mere nursery toddlers about—plaguing their mothers with small petulant cries.

One last, wild chase was seen when a late forager skimmed home dangling a silver-slip of sand eel from the tip of his bill.

The sandwich terns, like the gulls, worked longer hours. The pilgrimage for food went on until dusk had gone to dark, and they were ready to be off again an hour before the dawn. One flew in high and laden from the sea, the leverage of its lank wings tossing the frail, awn-shaped body up and down at every stroke. They were nesting on an island farther away and there was barely light enough to see the stir among the neighbours when it lit—an outburst of upstretched necks and bristling black top-knots, chattering bills and wings akimbo.

Flights of dark arrows threaded the reed-tops—young swallows taking toll of the insect swarms before these, too, took cover for the night. Sand martins stayed up after the swallows had gone to bed, and swifts pierced the upper air until the big bats were out and the duck passed whimpering overhead.

The bank turned left, and still the sea was out of sight below the ridge. White stars of sea-campion, yellow flares of sea-poppy beset with its rakish seed-pods, gleamed from the darkening shingle. There was a large grey stone on the crown of the ridge.

I went to it and sat there watching the sea sweep to an horizon veiled in smears of cloud. One bright streak was the only sign left of the sun. Out of the dusk swung a short-eared owl. Twice, with gruff chokes of enquiry, it circled round the intruder on the stone. After each dozen or so leisured beats it sailed a little way with the wings held at a rigid angle forward above the body—more often than not with a list to starboard or port. And then the shoulders heaved again with a powerful down stroke, displaying light patches at the base of the chequered primaries. Its legs were white and slim as a woman's arm wearing a long kid glove, but the clenched claws at the business end looked a lot less gentle than fingers.



"Out of the dusk swung a short-eared owl. Twice, with gruff chokes of enquiry, it circled round the intruder on the stone"



"A wren, quite close, jerked out a trill of vigorous song"

It came so close that I could see the yellow eyes staring: they shone in the dark pattern which broke the oval of its face. Away it went in buoyant vacillation on its hungry quest along the shore.

On my return stars glinted in the pools below the bank. Duck, dimly seen and swiftly vanishing, rose from the marsh, protesting. Reed warblers woke to scold me softly, and phantom snipe fled with their weak complaint. For a little while I had to follow the hard road, uneasy with homing traffic's noise and glare, and then a wide grass track led off through shimmering cornfields.

The track narrowed to a lane hemmed in by brambles, bracken and gorse. An occasional blackbird challenged sleepily. Elm and oak mingled in a canopy overhead. At last a fretted half-circle of night sky brought the end of the lane. The bordering trees gave way to open heath.

A tawny owl lit gently on a withered arm of gorse ahead of me. It floated away, a swaying shadow. The body seemed too flimsy and misshapen to keep even keel under the sway of those slow vanes of wing.

A nightjar glided across the path; a male, since I caught a glimpse of the white twin-spots which plot the chin, the wingspan, and the boundaries of the tail as boldly as the stars prick out Orion and his dagger. The female lacks these ornaments. He was intent on the ghost-swift moths whirling their crazy energy away. The bracken petered out, and I walked over lichens and short grass between great mounds of heather. One of these mounds was chosen for a mattress. It sprung perfectly and there was the night sky for a ceiling.

A stone curlew whistled from the wastes beyond the fringe of bracken. The notes had lost their courtship purity. They never had the rippling ecstasy of the true curlews of the moors, but the warrens would miss that clear, repeated call to echo down their enclosing belts of pine. A second answered; others, from more distant heaths, took up the cry and the dark rang with their melody.

When it ceased I lay listening to the night's undercurrent sound: the wail of peewits; the mew of short-eared owlets telling their whereabouts in the heather to guide parents bringing food, and, most present sound of all, alternate loud and soft, the reel of nightjars.

A pair must have been hawking close by. It was too dark to see, but now and then the faint snap was heard as their beaks enclosed—or was it missed?—some passing moth. I heard, too, an occasional clap of primaries together over back: much the same noise that woodpigeons make when they smack their wings at the apex of the curves traced in joy flight.

A nightjar flickered for a moment against the afterglow before it settled on the bough of a naked, solitary oak—sideways, like a knot in silhouette—to twirl away its prayer-wheel through the night.

After a few hours sleep I woke to find low clouds moving across an opalescence in the East. The immediate clouds above my head stayed shadowy dark, but others, high above them through the gaps, began to lighten. The stars faded and a warmer colour overspread the sky. Presently the highest clouds of all flushed pink against an ever-strengthening blue. Pale strands of mist cut the blurred forms of trees from their connection with the ground. A pheasant crowed and beat his wings. He was challenged by a distant farmyard cock. A jay screeched, and a skylark slipped aloft to meet the sun. A wren, quite close, jerked out a trill of vigorous song.

The new day had begun.

NEXT WEEK'S GOLF OPEN

The Stern Test of St. Andrews

By E. R. TIPPLE

ON Monday the first of the two qualifying rounds for the British Open Championship will be played over the Royal and Ancient Golf Club's links at St. Andrews. As has been the case in every tournament this year, the entry is much smaller than usual. With the exception of A. H. Padgham, winner in 1936, who forgot to send in his name before the closing date, every British professional of note will attempt to win the coveted title.

Once again the challenge from abroad is not as formidable as had been anticipated. The American championship has just been held, and most of the leading players are staying at home to take part in their match play tournament. The former amateur champion, Lawson Little, has arrived in this country, and it seems probable at the time of writing that he will be the most dangerous contender from the United States. Since turning professional he has improved his play and must be regarded as one of the most powerful golfers in the world to-day. Whether he will be able to adapt his methods to suit the peculiar conditions at St. Andrews remains to be seen. If he does learn the way to play the links he will need watching.

After an interval of many years the Argentine has sent over a team of professionals. They did well at Leeds, but Leeds is very different from what they will have to face next week. Jurado, a small, jovial type of golfer, has had experience of British conditions, and in fact might have won the championship at Carnoustie in 1931, but for a bad finish. The winding burn and safety-first tactics ruined his chances. Now he has the handicap of *anno domini*.

This year new conditions will be in force. A maximum number of 130 players will qualify for the actual championship, and the number eligible for the final two rounds will be 44 instead of 40. If there are ties for the last places all those who tie will be eliminated. These new arrangements will meet with general approval and will prevent any congestion in the closing stages. In the past several competitors have been hindered by those who were out of the running.

The question everyone is asking is: "Will Locke beat Henry Cotton?" Despite every effort on the South African's part, Cotton has refused him the chance of a challenge match. Personally, I agree with Cotton's attitude, but if Locke wins the title next week then there will be a meeting between them. Bobby Locke has been established favourite in the betting list, and both his record and recent performances justify that position. No one at his age has had such an impressive list of successes. Last winter he won three championships—including the Transvaal title—with the record aggregate of 265, each of the four rounds being below 71. He has beaten the present British champion, and has won the Dutch title as well.

Since last year Locke has put on length and his short game play is positively deadly. With a slightly pigeon-toed stance he hits the ball with his putter crisply for the back of the hole, dragging it in from the right as Willie Park used to do. I have never seen anyone quite so consistently accurate from 6yds. as this young South African.

Henry Cotton seems to have struck his best form as well. So far he has had a very successful season, and at Little Aston his improved putting was a feature of his performances. This will give him that needed confidence when he comes to the difficult St. Andrews' greens. Nowhere else are the greens so large and treacherous, and putting will play an even greater part than usual in the deciding of the championship. At St. Andrews it is the long approach putts that are the problem. It is very difficult to gauge the slopes of the undulations so that you are left within holing distance for the next putt. If you are not careful and accurate you get many of these long putts, because the huge greens tempt the unwary to play safely when approaching, instead of going for the play.

The Old Course is not liked by everyone; indeed, many of the professionals hate it because they do not—and will not try to—understand its subtleties. It is not straightforward and is never the same day by day. It cannot be treated lightly. The wonderful terrain—the "'umps" and "'ollows" round about and in front of the green—provide a variety of ways in which each hole can be attacked. There is no obvious way to play them and each approach is always in the nature of an adventure.

Some complain that the element of luck plays too great a part in the play at St. Andrews. But they forgot that this very uncertainty is the essential charm of the game and that, in the long run, luck balances out and the best player wins. A good shot may be penalised sometimes because of the formation of the plateau greens. They are not built up to assist the player, but slope away from him so that if he is too bold the return pitch is a teaser. If the greens are soft much of the character of the links is lost because ordinary pitch shots can be employed. When the ground is hard—and judging by recent reports it will be—the pitch and run must be played and then the undulations, the folds in the ground have to be considered.

Small, almost insignificant bunkers dominate the play at most of the holes. These have to be circumvented rather than carried, and if a shot is not placed in just the right place the next will be found to be almost impossible. The long hole in the fourteenth—which in 1933 proved the undoing of Hagen, Sarazen, Diegel and Easterbrook—has been lengthened, so that the dreaded bunkers, "Kitchen" and "Hell," will come more into play than they have done for some time. The wind governs the method of play at this hole, as indeed it does at most of the others, and there are at least four routes to the green depending on the capabilities of the player concerned. With a following wind the route is to the left; with the wind against, "Hell" has to be considered.

Although most of the holes are nerve-racking, the ninth and tenth can be termed fairly easy. And because they are simple golfers often drop strokes at them. No one can afford to relax at St. Andrews. It makes you think and keep on thinking—if you don't, your score will be in the high 80's. The last time the Open was held there Craig Wood won after a tie with Shute at 292. Unless the conditions are easy the winning total next week will not be very much lower than that. Who will be the next champion? Cotton or Locke? Whoever beats these two will be near the top of the list.

Despite his poor exhibitions so far, R. A. Whitcombe should not be overlooked and C. A. Whitcombe, Adams and Rees are quite capable of springing a surprise. One thing is certain, however; the ultimate winner will have to play good golf. St. Andrews will see to that.



AN AERIAL VIEW OVER THE LINKS (OLD COURSE) TOWARDS THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUBHOUSE

From the 17th tee the route for the long driver lies over the railway sheds seen in the bottom right-hand corner of the photograph. The green is off the picture with the dreaded road behind it. The famous twisting Swilcan Burn is clearly seen and the first two holes. The aerial view brings out the undulating nature of the terrain which is so puzzling to all visitors to the headquarters of the game

PENNINGTON

This is a pleasant parish,
Without the smoke of town,
Where fields are green in summer
And winter hedges brown.
It slopes from heathery moorland,
And sinks to rolling plain,
Where mangels grow, and turnips,
And oats and barley grain.
The red men in their cages
Went down in days of old,
Like Pawnees or Ojibways,
For haematite from mould.
By gins walk'd round the horses,
And streams flow'd down like blood,
And beer ran in beer-houses;
But then the times were good!

EDMUND CASSON.

This England . . .



Withypool, Somerset.

THOUGH its name be clumsy yet is there risen a good and subtle thing in this England. "Rural bias" it is called—a device whereby some worthy educational authorities are seeking to broaden the minds of their charges. For if England's cities are become important, she cannot live by them alone. And is not the little motor car beneficent in the same degree, in that it frees the people to go about their lovely heritage, to learn again an understanding of the country life? For in such measure as we become farm and country conscious is our contact with the past maintained and the strength of England renewed. And if this gentle schooling weary you, is there not Worthington at your halt—old-fashioned, English and itself devised for the renewing of England's strength.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



"Of late, a new terror has been added in the shape of the pony club. In the young days of our old friend Louis Muttlebury Miltown there were no such things . . . But to-day things are different"

THE YOUNG IDEA

By MARTIN STEPHENS

RECRUITS to English life are very soon made conscious of the extraordinary lack of suitable cogs in the machinery of the community. The cricket club, the women's institute, the British Legion, the parish hall, would each of them take on a new lease of life if only a live wire could be found to run them. Old Colonel Dobbin was *quite* splendid, but since he became blind as well as deaf, his faculty for conducting the public affairs had waned somewhat. But what we want, the vicar's wife repeats with an ogle, is a *live wire*. The recruit to rural life at once realises that he is the prospective electrolyte, and begins to struggle. It is of no avail. He will probably only get the Boy Scouts thrown in as well.

Of late, a new terror has been added in the shape of the pony club. In the young days of our old friend Louis Muttlebury Miltown there were no such things. You were taught to ride by the coachman, unless your father was a family sort of man, in which case he took you in hand himself. But to-day things are different. The grooms who taught Louis's generation in their neat saddle rooms are in the local livery stables now, and the pony clubs really represent the efforts of an impoverished class to let their children have the things which they had enjoyed in other days.

Not long after Louis acquired a country mansion, the local Colonel Dobbin became blind (or deaf), and nobody hesitated for a moment as to who the live wire was to be. Louis, good-natured, well-to-do, a bachelor, was just the man. Moreover, he might be able to keep those little fiends, the children of Commander Dashwood, of Conkswell, in order; children who stood in awe of neither man nor beast, and scarcely trembled even when the voice of Sir Harkaway Gorse thundered at them, "Boy, get off those seeds."

The pony club year is, fortunately, confined to the school holidays. During the remainder of the year the district commissioner may *recueiller pour mieux sauter*. Christmas is spent arranging children's meets and engaging oneself with the Shetland pony which refuses either to go on or go home, and in keeping back the young fiends aforementioned from the seeds. At Easter, most of the time seemed to go in segregating those few who had not been in contact at their schools with an infectious disease from those many who had, while the summer offered the apotheosis of the whole business. First, there was the annual camp, and then came the cubbing, which will always be the best apprenticeship to foxhunting, if only because even a three-year-old child on a donkey is able to see the fox. And, after all, that is the illustrious vermin about whom all this pother is.

So for his summer camp Louis had ambitious schemes and he borrowed a disused mansion and created therein a male dormitory, a female dormitory, and a refectory. Every child was to send his own crockery; every child was to ride over on his or her own pony; and every child was to "do" his or her own mount. There was to be a morning inspection after stables, and a prize for the best-groomed pony and the best-kept hack. There remained, however, only one point. Who was to feed the children? Obviously, it would be against the spirit of the enterprise to hire a staff of servants. Obviously, if they had to cook for themselves, they would either cut themselves to ribbons with tin-openers and/or die of malnutrition. And here it was that Janet Pearson stepped in.

Janet Pearson was a definite rural type. She was the spinster of the Hunt. Kindly, gruff, prejudiced, handsome, masculine, efficient, sympathetic, poor, pitiably poor, her position had grown upon her by degrees. Always admired, often courted, it was generally conceded a great pity that she had not married. She fulfilled all manner of public works, and in the winter she made her three-days-a-fortnight with clockwork regularity, with as many extras as her friends provided. She administered her wire district with extraordinary efficiency; she was renowned as the most economical settler of poultry claims in all Barsetshire; her voice was uplifted alike in the parish council, the local theatricals, the women's institute, and on the hunt ball committee. She was commonsense in a habit, and to her Louis turned at once. Without further palaver Janet accepted. Ribald members of the Hunt referred to them from that day as the "happy couple." But what of it?

Meanwhile, another nightmare was beginning to loom. One of the great events of Barsetshire was the Pendlebury Show. Now the Pendlebury Show is the most important of all summer reunions in Barsetshire. Sir Harkaway Gorse himself attends and distributes the prizes with Jove-like affability. The young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood take part in the musical chairs, for which the music is supplied by the band of the Barsetshire Yeomanry. And every yeoman farmer turns up with his family as a matter of course, to criticise the entries, their riders, and the judges. Last year a real live cavalry regiment, whose commanding officer had connections with the district, had sent a troop which carried out a musical ride. This year they had been mechanised. And nobody made so bold as to suggest throwing Sir Harkaway into an apoplexy by an armoured car demonstration at the Pendlebury Horse Show. So Louis and Janet were called on to organise a display by the pony club. "On top of leg of mutton for fourteen, I call it hard," said Janet.

Leg of mutton for fourteen it was, for no fewer than fourteen children turned up for the annual camp—three male Dashwoods, including Tony, the arch-fiend of the family of fiends, three female Tarrants, shy little John de Courcy, tall, lanky, timid George Kirkup, two new children called Boyer, a boy and a girl, the babes of the party, aged eleven and ten, and Camilla Hawksworth, a fine young lady whose mamma was letting her out of her sight for the first time. The party was completed by Jim and Alice Brown, the children of a biggish farmer, and Flower Donald, the Scottish doctor's stolid daughter from Barchester. "How in the name of the Almighty anybody could have called his child 'Flower' defeats me," said Janet. "Vegetable would have been nearer the mark." Janet was busy counting the stores; something of everything to the power of fourteen.

On the first day they began rehearsing for the Pendlebury Show. It was agreed that the children should be dressed as devils on horseback. ("Very appropriate," said Janet), and that the keynote to the display should be diabolic. Suitable clothing was hired—red and green devils. "Will I have a tail," was the cry of every child. When they were assured that they would the enthusiasm waxed intense. Even John de Courcy became a little less timid than usual, and the Flower positively floral. There was a slight wrangle the next day as to who was to be a red devil and who a green, but in the excitement of a tail such minor disappointments were overcome. It is curious how even sophisticated sixteen shows a preference for being a devil of real red.

The programme for the pony club display was to be as simple as possible. First the children were to gallop through the arena *vestre-à-terre* and shrieking like the devils they were. ("That won't be difficult," said Janet, as, flushed in the face, she basted leg of mutton for fourteen). Then there was to be a display of jumping, and, finally, some trick riding by the more advanced devils. In this, the young Dashwoods excelled. Tony had a pony, a thirteen-hand grey, with some sort of connection with Arabia, which surely began life in a circus. They could, if the spirit moved them, give an inspired performance. But the pony, like his master, was also a limb of Satan. If the spirit did not move him his toes stuck in, and that was that. Their show piece was jumping through a vast paper hoop, a trick they'd learned from an ex-cavalry riding instructor. When it came off it was highly impressive; when it didn't it reduced the unfortunate producer to a state of apoplexy.

The day of the show was fine and sunny. Louis's last hope of salvation, torrential rain, seemed lost to them. Janet (scrambled eggs for fourteen) remained strangely calm at breakfast; so did the children. Louis could not understand it, for at yesterday's rehearsal everything had gone wrong and even the performers—human and equine—had been listless and uninspired. The rehearsal of saddling up in the morning went all right. Perhaps, after all, everything might pass off well enough. The morning dragged on: the children were made free of the raspberry canes, the ponies having been burnished to the point of reflection. Louis had nothing to do but sit and wait. Janet occupied herself with beefsteak pudding for fourteen. The anticipatory agonies of a Point-to-Point were as nothing to this.

Let us draw a veil over the next few hours. It is 3 p.m.; the Barsetshire Yeomanry Band have finished playing the beautiful "Blue Danube." The best light-weight hunter owned by a *bona fide* farmer has cantered from the ring, white rosette and all. Two small tents are pitched in the middle

of the arena. Louis, standing nervously near the side, heard a ribald voice say: "The big one is for the pony club; the smaller one for Louis and Janet." He glanced round; the rows of faces over on the other side resolved themselves into parents varying from the anxious to the proud. There sat Sir Harkaway Gorse, Jove-like as usual, on a farm wagon. Louis had given his final instructions; there was nothing more to do. He nervously blew his whistle.

Suddenly there was a sound of advancing cavalry. "For the honour of the Household Troops," "Death or Glory," and all the rest of them, and before he knew where he was the screen of paper had been rent asunder. Tony Dashwood had come through it, yelling like a soul in torment, and the pony club had galloped madly across the ring, fourteen red and green Chingangtooks, and disappeared through the other end of the arena. Nobody had expected it. Everybody was delighted. The applause was more than perfunctory, more than purely parental. The cavalcade returned at a trot, demurely. It is true that one or two were still all canter and curb chain, but you could hardly expect their steeds to realise that the honour of the Household Troops was no longer involved. The ponies were duly picketed. The devils feigned extreme languor and departed for the tents. The ponies nuzzled into empty nosebags. (This was play-acting with a vengeance!) "Night," as the programme read, "may be taken to have fallen." Louis edged nervously towards the centre of the ground, feeling much too like Royalty in the paddock at Ascot, and blew his whistle. There was a convulsive heave in the tents and, as they belched forth devils, the clear tones of Tony were heard enquiring, fortissimo, "Have you cleaned your teeth, Satan?" and the audience were again in high good humour. One, two, three; he saw saddles and bridles go on. Taffy, the little Welsh pony which young Kirkup had brought, was playing up, but two fellow-players made strenuous devilry, and the girths met somehow. Now they were all done except the Boyer girl. They were fiddling with a bridle. Were they going to be all day? And then it was done and they were out of the arena amid loud applause. Sir Harkaway was heard to thunder a stentorian "Bravo!" The practical had an immense appeal to his solid British common sense. Devils were all right, but saddling up, that really was to the point.

The next item was the turnip and pipe episode. The turnip, artistically decorated by the children to look like a face, was supported on a pole. Each face held a clay pipe, the idea being that as one rode past at a gallop one had to smash the pipe (but not the face) with a wooden sword. This in itself was not difficult once the ponies were used to the turnips, but they had an annoying habit of shying off just at the critical moment. The display was not faultless, but nobody took a voluntary, and if only six pipes out of fourteen were broken—well, so much more difficult did it make it appear.

The bending, too, went well enough, for by now the audience was getting worked up to it, and there remained only the jumping. The first round was a sort of grand scurry over the bush fences and an in-and-out. This was done *ventre-à-terre*, and excitement could be counted on carrying the whole fourteen along. Then the six elder children were to give a display round the course. The first out was Camilla Hawksworth. She was not a popular child locally. She was smug. So, though everybody was pleased for the success of the turn when she got round to the water without mishap, nobody minded much on her own account when she had a refusal thereat. Jim Boyer came next. He removed the top layer from the stone wall and had a bit of difficulty extricating himself from the "in-and-out," but his performance must surely have gratified the fondest of parents. Jim Brown had trouble with one of the bush fences, and the younger Dashwood rode three spirited refusals at the water and then withdrew amid applause. Then Tony appeared on his grey pony. He took his fences *ventre-à-terre* in the Continental manner. His blood was up. He was playing his part to perfection. Seven times the arena held its breath, and the breath of Louis and Janet held a second longer than anybody else's; and then, amid deafening applause, he cleared the water by 3ft., and cantered out of the ring, waving his tail above his head. After that the equally faultless round of the eldest Tarrant seemed insipid to all except the Tarrant relations, and it was with a light heart that Louis and Janet received the congratulations of half Barsetshire.

"And where are you off to now?" inquired Sir Harkaway Gorse of Janet—one of his special favourites. "Fish pie for fourteen," she replied grimly.



"The grooms who taught Louis's generation in their neat saddle rooms are in the local livery stables now, and the pony clubs really represent the efforts of an impoverished class to let their children have the things which they had enjoyed in other days"



". . . and the pony club had galloped madly across the ring, fourteen red and green Chingangtooks, and disappeared through the other end of the arena . . ."



A PARTY, INCLUDING LORD LASCELLES, ON BLUBBERHOUSES MOOR LAST SEASON
It was here that Lord Walsingham made the individual record bag of 1,070 grouse, on 30th August, 1888

The Gun Month by Month

SHOOTING—YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

FROM the educational standpoint I always look forward to July. For then my favourite commentators, dabbling in research, usually discover startlingly original reasons why grouse are "exceptionally plentiful and strong on the wing." Of late years the heather beetle and the sheep tick have had a lot to do with it, though which insect is the more to be commended is a moot point. For each, I have gathered, is a "form of food of which grouse are particularly fond." As fond, in fact, as pre-War pheasants were of mangel-wurzels if I do not misquote an elder statesman. But then one could believe anything of birds which (again my mentor speaks) "are curious fowl, as tame as auntie's lap-dogs, being penned and given brucs to wear lest they should escape."

Still, without these unconscious humorists the daily news-sheet would often be unconscionably dull. Even that historic rifle (resurrected from the 'eighties if my memory serves) was once more "cracking" on the moors last year. In the hands, presumably, of one of those rich parvenus one never meets in over-ripe plus fours and gaily feathered Homburg hats, who, in view of all the champagne and brandy they consume at lunch, seem to make remarkably good practice. Although, possibly, it is not so surprising that they should on grouse which "tame and terrified, have even been known to perch directly on the butts."

As antidotes to the proverbial gloom of breakfast tables these vignettes of the moors are doubtless welcome. Yet we should not take them too lightheartedly in that they are usually flavoured with an anti-blood sport sauce. The uninitiated not unnaturally conclude that shooting is the pastime of the rich. In point of fact this has never been less true than it is to-day. One might almost suggest without exaggeration that within the recollection of the elder sportsmen of the present era the shooting wheel has turned full circle. If we drive birds nowadays instead of walking up it is because we cannot shoot them otherwise on land devoid of holding cover. But that is not to say that we shoot in the aggregate more game than did our forbears.

Our modern shoots take place, for the most part, at not less than fortnightly intervals. Moreover, due mainly to the changing conditions of land tenure since the War, more than 75 per cent. of all the shootings in this country are of the small or medium-sized variety. It may be said without qualification that the *acreage* expectancy per season on any shoot of 1,200 acres or thereabouts with intensive hand rearing would be no more than 400 or 500 pheasants and 100 brace of partridges. And on a vast number of rough shoots one-fifth of such a bag would be considered as quite a satisfactory yield in an ordinary year.

Nothing is "news" nowadays unless it contains something of the sensational. And that is why the public is apt to take the exception for the rule. An outsize bag is reported from somewhere, and people immediately assume that *all* bags are outsize. It may happen, and of course it does, that in exceptionally good game years thousands more birds are killed than in an average season. When one considers that ground, which, say for argument's sake, holds 100 partridge nests, will yield at least 700 more young birds in a good year than a bad one it is patent why this must be so. For if too big a stock is left, disease will ravage it. But only once, or at most twice, in every ten-year cycle do we get these bumper years. The plain truth is that "records" are unfashionable nowadays. The average sportsman likes to spread his shooting over the season. He does not want to kill a thousand pheasants and five hundred brace of partridges in two days and have little left to work on for the rest of the year. And he knows—for modern research has taught him—that he cannot eat his cake and have it. If he decimates his breeding stocks, it is not only going to cost him dearly for restocking, but also his future prospects will be seriously prejudiced.

Some shoots, of course, yield big bags with unfailing regularity, but were their acreage to be taken into account it would be found that *proportionately* they are not greater than those obtained on less extensive properties. More pheasants may be reared, but that, again, is usually because the coverts on big, well-keepered properties are in all respects more suited to their harbourage. Definitely, I think, the craze for big bags is a thing of the past. Nor is the change of outlook due to financial stringency. Individually we may have less money for sport than our grandsires, but the system of syndicate shooting redresses the balance. Men who can put down anything from £100 to £300 a year for a share in a syndicate can get, if they want them, bags every whit as large as did the big landowners of pre-War days.

But no one nowadays is interested in outpointing a neighbour. There is little doubt that the urge for big bags reached its zenith when breech-loaders were substituted for the old muzzle-loading weapons. The new invention came out in 1858, just at the time when intensive preservation was beginning to be better understood, and the coincidence of these circumstances, no doubt, gave sportsmen rosy dreams of what they might accomplish with improved weapons and abundant game. For more than ten times as many pheasants were shot on such well-known properties as Holkham, Rendlesham and Chevely in the 'sixties as in the previous decade, the average annual bag being 7,000 to 8,000 birds.

The 3,937 birds shot at Hall Barn in 1913 still holds the pheasant record; and although Sir Ian Walker's party on the Wemmergill moors killed 2,697 grouse in a day in 1935, this bag was exceeded at Abbeystead when 2,929 were shot in 1915. The year 1872 was the *annus mirabilis* of grouse, when Wemmergill yielded 17,064 birds in the season, 1,035 brace being killed in a single day, of which 364 brace fell to Sir Frederick Millbank's own gun. At Broomhead, in the West Riding, 1,313 brace were shot in a day by eleven guns; and at High Force eight guns, shooting for nineteen days between August and October, bagged 15, 484 grouse. And in the same year Lord Walsingham set up an individual record on Blubberhouses Moor of 421 brace of grouse (using alternately two muzzle-loading guns and two breech-loaders), which sixteen years later he eclipsed by killing 1,070 grouse to his own gun on the same moor in fourteen hours' shooting. Another remarkable bag was made in 1882 on Lord Ripon's moors at Studley Royal, when seven guns accounted for 2,240 grouse on the 12th and 1,800 on the following day.

In the latter part of last century, on Lord Ashburton's property at Alresford, 93,000 partridges were killed in 33 years, 3,536 birds falling to six guns in three days in 1897, the biggest day being 1,461. In 1885, at Elveden, in Suffolk, three guns shot 6,504 birds in fifteen days, an average of 72 brace each a day, and the Maharajah Duleep Singh, then the quickest shot in England, established an individual record, which still holds, of 780 partridges to his own gun. At Holkham, in the same year, Mr. Coke and seven guns bagged 3,393 partridges in four days, and exactly 20 years later 1,671 birds were shot in a day on the same property. To come to recent years, one of the biggest, if not the record bag of partridges, was got in Hampshire in October, 1929, when 9,360 birds were shot in 21 consecutive days. Curiously enough, this works out at almost identically the same average per day as the Elveden shoot of 40 years before, but whereas the latter bag was compiled by three guns, ten contributed to the Hampshire total. Which is in itself sufficient argument to justify the contention that the average sportsmen of the present day are content to shoot a lesser head of game than were their forbears.

J. B. DROUGHT.

THE LAST WEEK OF THE HORSE SHOW

IN this, the second article on the International Horse Show, which ended on Saturday, June 17th, the show can be reviewed as a whole in the light of the final championship awards, the majority of which were made on the Friday and Saturday.

The classes for novice hunters have already been reviewed, and it is interesting to note that the good opinions which were formed upon Mr. John Drage's bay gelding, John Peel, were fully justified when he was later awarded the *Horse and Hound* Champion Cup for the best novice hunter.

This is a medium-weight horse and the class in which he appeared was undoubtedly the strongest of the novice classes, the majority of entries showing a great deal of quality. Reserve for the cup was awarded to Messrs. W. Young & Sons for their bay gelding Westward, the winner of the heavy-weight class for novices.





W. A. Rouch

TOP: WINNERS OF THE EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES CHALLENGE CUP FOR TEAM JUMPING

Major N. H. Kindersley on Maguire, Major C. H. Brooker on Cuck Clever Virgo, and Captain W. F. Butler on Big Sweep

LEFT: THE HEYTHROP HUNT TEAM

Miss E. Keith on Yetminster, Mrs. Mackinnon on Windrush, and Mrs. Stennett on Merrimouth

The open classes for hunters had produced a surprise among the heavy-weights, as a result of which the judging in the other classes was awaited with keen anticipation which was, as always, considerably enhanced by the desire to see how the novices would bear comparison. A very large entry of light-weights included many good horses, but was rather uneven towards the bottom of the list, and was notable for an apparent complete loss of form on the part of one or two hitherto successful animals. First prize went to Mr. Bernard A. Selby's very showy brown gelding, Percy III, who thereby repeated his success of last year; while Mr. A. H. Asheroft's Right Away was second; and Mr. John Darby's winner of the novice light-weight class, Edgehill, was third. The novices showed up well in the open medium-weight class, Mr. John Drage's John Peel winning it from Mr. J. R. Hindley's short-legged, nice quality Islington winner, Bradbury; with another novice, Messrs. W. Young & Sons' Wings, third. Wings is a particularly attractive dark grey gelding with a light mane and tail, who moves as well as his excellent shoulder would lead one to expect. In a rather weak class for *bona fide* hunters he stood out on his own to win first prize from Miss Josephine Colebrook's Jake, second, and Captain H. M. Allfrey's John Peel IV third.

With two winners in these hunter classes which were real show horses, the award of the Tattersall Champion Cup to Miss E. M. Pitt's Mount Royal seemed to show that the judges were more impressed by the strength and good-wearing qualities of this weight-carrier than they were by the more refined attributes of the lighter-built quality animals; Percy III was reserve. These two horses occupied the same relative positions for the Sir Julien Cahn Champion Cup for the best hunter in the show.

In the ladies' hunter classes, Mr. A. H. Asheroft's Right Away came out again to take first place in that for light-weights, and also the Askew Champion Cup and the Schweppes Challenge Cup. The St. George's Stables' Seifton was second in the light-weight class, and also reserve for the Askew Cup; while Mr. John Darby's Wall Street, which won the medium-weight class from Mr. B. A. Selby's Montrose and Miss Betty Rank's Guildsborough, was reserve for the Schweppes Challenge Cup.

The two classes for weight-carrying cobs strengthened the opinion, originally formed at Richmond, that Messrs. W. Young & Sons' grey gelding, Just Wait, is the finest animal of his type, and the best mover that has been seen for some years. He deservedly won both classes from Mrs. A. R. Kent's Popeye. Mrs. H. K. Snell's Nicholas, third in the novice class, took fourth place in the open class below Mrs. Thomson's David. The remaining hack classes were a triumph for Mrs. A. R. Kent's Thor, which had already won at his height among the novices and had also taken the Novice Champion Cup presented by Mr. F. C. Minoprio. In addition to these awards he received the J. Lyons & Co. Champion Bowl, first prize at his height for ladies' hacks, the Sir Ian Walker Champion Cup, the Moscow Challenge Cup and the Champion Prize. The winner of the class for ladies' hacks over 14.2 hands and not exceeding 15 hands was Mr. A. H. Asheroft's Gentleman John, which was also reserve to Thor for the three last-named championship awards.

Another exhibitor at the show who met with a large measure of well-deserved success was Mrs.



MISS E. M. PITT'S MOUNT ROYAL

Champion hunter at Olympia. Ridden by Captain V. Francis



W. A. Rouch

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. BETTONI ON ADIGRAT

Winner of the King George V. Gold Challenge Cup

K. V. Coates, whose very well-known child's pony, Kavora Roulette, an elegant brown mare of 14 hands, won the class for novice ponies of its height and the Champion Cup, and also took second place to Mrs. Joan Nelson's Love Knot in the class for ponies between 13.2 and 14.2 hands. Mrs. Coates's other awards were a second prize in the class for ponies not exceeding 12 hands for Kavora Tom Thumb, and a first prize among ponies of from 12.2 to 13.2 hands from Kavora Kismet, which also won the Lancaster Champion Cup from Love Knot and the Rawnsley Challenge Cup from the same pony. The other winner in the later classes for children's ponies was Miss Jean Legerton's Paint Box in those for ponies under 12 hands and under 12.2 hands.

The championships in the large number of harness classes were well divided between four owners. Mr. F. C. Minoprio's very popular and unbeaten pair, Mickey Mouse and King of the Lawn, were adjudged the best pair of horses or ponies in the show, and also received Mrs. Bernard A. Selby's Champion Cup for the best tandem in the show for the fifth year in succession. Reserve for both these awards was the same owner's big pair, Broompark Merry Girl and A.I's Becky. Mr. Nigel C. Colman's very high-class bay stallion, Nork Monoplane, won the James Buchanan & Co. Champion Cup for the best horse in single harness from his possibly more spectacular Nork Spotlight, after making rather a bad start, in which he did not seem to settle to his work. The same owner gained reserve for the Champion Cup for the best pony in single harness, with Cassilis High and Mighty, the winner being Mrs. Claud Goddard's Barcroft Belle, which the judges, Mr. Henry Hinrichsen and Mr. Robert H. McColl, preferred to Nork Monoplane when these two were seen together in competition for the Noel B. Ducker Challenge Cup for the best single harness horse or pony in the show.

The international aspect of the show was well maintained by the presence in the jumping events of military competitors from Italy, France, Belgium and Ireland, as well as the British officers. The competition in all the events was very keen, and the final results were by no means one-sided, the successes being well spread between the competing nations. The final competition for the King George V Gold Challenge Cup resulted in a clean round for Lieutenant-Colonel Alessandro Bettoni on Adigrat (Italy) and Captain X. Bizard on Honduras (France). In the jump-off Honduras, probably the most consistent jumper in the show, made one mistake, slipping right into a fence, and Adigrat scored a second clean round and a win. Italy also won the Touch and Out competition, Major Lombardo di Cumia putting up the quickest clean round on Rodano with a time of 19sec.; Captain X. Bizard, on Honduras, and Captain J. Chevallier, on D'Huis, both of the French Army, tied for second place with clean rounds and a time of 11sec.; no other competitor had a clean round. France, represented by Captain Bizard, again on Honduras, won the Scurry Stakes with a clean round, and also gained second place with D'Huis, ridden by Captain J. Chevallier; while Lieutenant J. t'Serstevens (Belgium) was third on Bilboquet.

It is to be hoped that the considerable measure of success which attended the British competitors will afford ample justification for a more sympathetic outlook upon this form of activity in official circles. Their performance in winning the Edward Prince of Wales Cup was exceptionally good, and the small total of but twelve faults in six rounds was very creditable. Big Sweep, ridden by Captain W. F. Butler, distinguished himself in this competition with two clean rounds, and subsequently won the Connaught Challenge Trophy. Great Britain was again to the fore in the Irish Army Challenge Cup event, which was won by Major C. H. M. Brunker on Cark Clever Vixen, another very reliable jumper; riders from Italy, France, Eire and Belgium tied for second place. Lieutenant-Colonel Bettoni, on Adigrat, won the *Daily Mail* Cup for Italy; and Belgium scored a win when Lieutenant E. Delelienne, on Gulden Vlies, was the only competitor in the Military High Jump to clear 7ft. 4in. The Civilian High Jump was won by Mr. A. H. Ashcroft's Speculation at the same height.

R. ANSELL WELLS.



TWO FURLONGS FROM THE FINISH OF THE SANDRINGHAM FOAL PLATE
Cinchona (third) leading Wheatland, the winner (white blaze on face), coming up on the outside

PHAKIS WINS THE GRAND PRIX

Some Reflections on the St. Leger

PHAKIS, owned by M. Boussac and trained by Swann, won the Grand Prix at Longchamp during the week-end with the greatest of ease from Tricameron. The winner, who was ridden by Elliott who, strangely enough had never ridden the winner of this race before, is by Pharos out of Carissima, and had previously won the French Derby. After his second success many people who saw him win at once formed the opinion that he was an outstanding colt and better than Blue Peter. Such is not my humble opinion, although there is no doubt that he is very useful. He was badly placed for a long time in the race, and once almost brought down. When, however, Elliot asked him for a final effort it was forthcoming at once. I have, indeed, never seen the Grand Prix won so easily.

The winner is to be trained for the St. Leger and no doubt many people will take him to beat Blue Peter and the others. I do not think for one moment that he will beat Lord Rosebery's colt. He is rather small and full of quality, and it may seem absurd to doubt his stamina after he has won this long race in France. My opinion, however, is that he is not a genuine stayer, and he is not bred to be one, for most of the children of Pharos have been at the most only middle-distance horses. Tricameron has run twice in this country, and won twice only once to be disqualified. On his Chester form he is no better than Bold Devil, and not much in front of Fairfax, and there is no doubt at all that Blue Peter can give Bold Devil any amount of weight and beat him with ease. I only hope that when the St. Leger comes along the French visitors to Doncaster bet on their own colt, thus making a better market for Blue Peter.

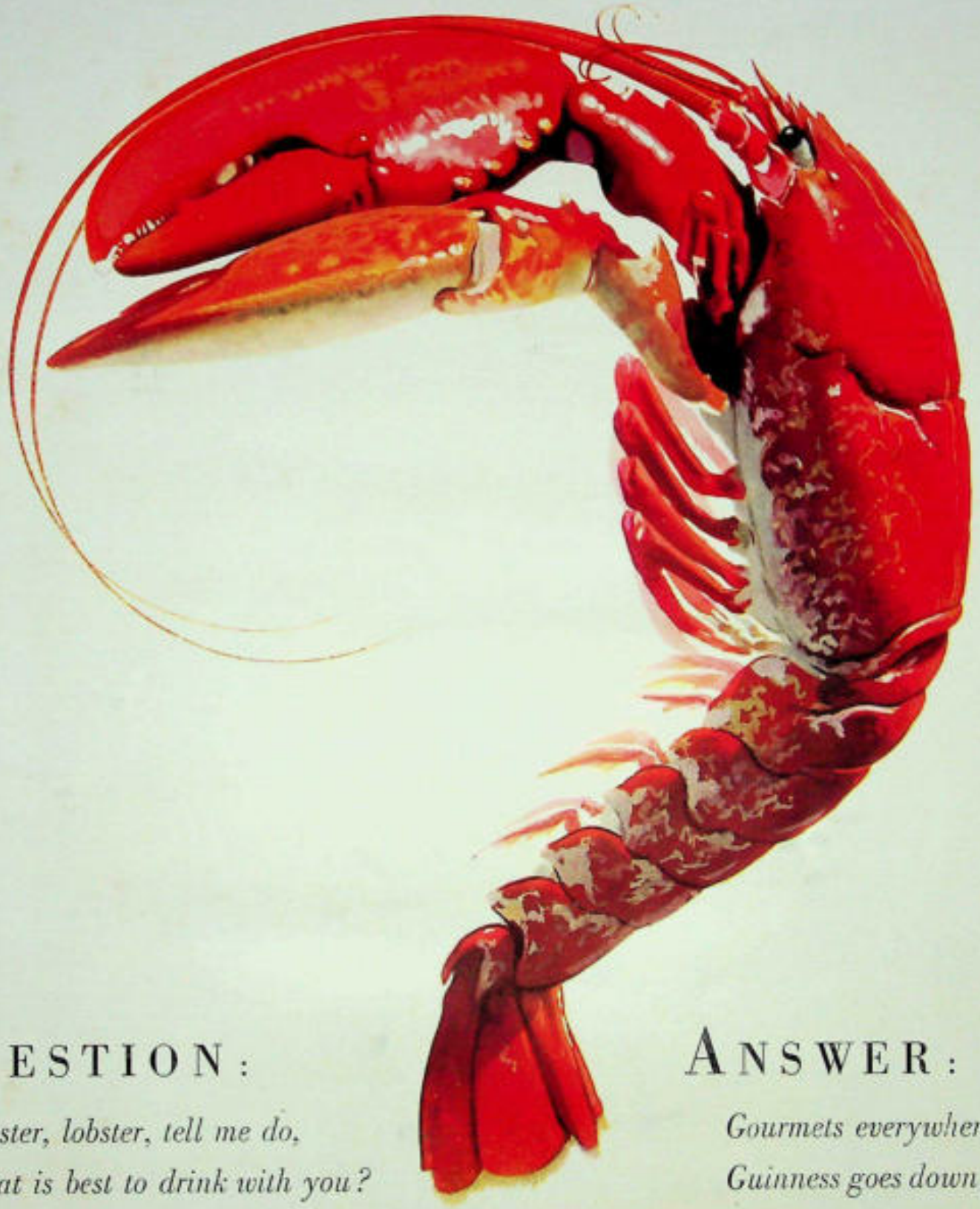
I am not altogether certain that Blue Peter will have an easy race with Heliopolis, who is a much improved and still improving colt. He seems now to have sobered down, and he stays. There was nothing more impressive at Ascot than his win. Unfortunately Heliopolis is not engaged in the Eclipse Stakes, to be run at Sandown in a fortnight's time. Blue Peter runs for that event for which he has been kept since winning the Derby. I understand that after all Scottish Union may be started. He failed at Ascot in the race for the Gold Cup, but he will be much better suited by the mile-and-a-quarter over which the Sandown Park race is run. A year ago he failed, but it should be borne in mind that he had then had a very hard season and had been in training as well as racing ever since the season had begun. He came to Sandown Park looking far from his best, and never once took hold of his bit. Still, it is not often that a horse who has been trained for and run in the Gold Cup comes back so soon so that it is probable that Blue Peter will have an easy race.

One hears a lot about the comfort of racing in France and indeed anywhere except in this country. I am quite certain that English racegoers would not put up with lots of things that happen elsewhere.

The only English runner at Longchamp was Hypnotist, who was ridden in the Grand Prix by Sibbritt. He had every chance but did not stay more than a mile-and-a-half. He was always in the first four for more than a mile, and when the turn into the straight was reached he seemed to have as good a chance of winning as anything in the race. He was six or more lengths in front of Pharis. That, however, was the end of him, for he stopped almost to a walk.

One of the most interesting little books published during the flat race season is always Sam Long's *Two-year-old Handicap*. The first edition of this year's series is just out, published by *Sporting Life* at a pound. Captain Long places the Rose of England colt at the top of the handicap 4lb. above the other Ascot winner, Turkhan. He is probably right, but I think that the time will come when Turkhan will be the better. There is more scope about him. And yet when he was a yearling he was so disappointing that the Aga Khan, who bred him, wished to send him up for sale. The Aly Khan persuaded him not to do that and in the end bought him from his father, or rather he bought half and the other half was given to him as a birthday present. The curious thing about the colt as a yearling was that he had no action at all. Then this season he found his action. He was the best mover at Ascot going down to the start, and more than one visitor backed the colt because of his action. I am rather surprised that Sam Long should have placed Stardust as high as he has done, only 3lb. below Turkhan and on the same mark as Tant Mieux. The Buchanette filly, who has not been out for some time, is placed at the top of the fillies, 8st. 3lb. This little book is well worth buying.

GNOSTIC.



QUESTION:

Lobster, lobster, tell me do,
What is best to drink with you?

ANSWER:

Gourmets everywhere agree
Guinness goes down best with me.



There's nothing like a

Guinness with Lobster

G.E.86/A.



ALL FROM A CIGARETTE

SCARCELY a week-end at this time of year passes without news of some big forest or heath fire. Some of these fires are undoubtedly the result of deliberate acts of incendiarism, but the majority are caused by a cigarette or a lighted match carelessly cast aside. The bill for such carelessness is enormous. In the past eight years, *in forests belonging to the Forestry Commission alone*, there have been 2,650 separate fires; 7,800 acres of trees have been destroyed; and the bill has totalled £100,000. That is a heavy bill for carelessness. And, remember, it is the bill only for fires on Forestry Commission land. And much damage is done for which no bill can ever be made out. Each year many of the wild creatures—birds, mammals and reptiles—that live on our commons and in our woods die the most hideous death imaginable. And all because some thoughtless person throws aside a lighted cigarette.

A cigarette may...

...the...

...of all the trouble.

Very soon the fire is well alight, its...

...of big trees and...

...up little...









HAVOC WELL UNDER WAY

In these four lower pictures the progress of the fire is vividly shown. The flames lick the lower branches of the trees—an inferno rages. Only the larger and stronger trees avoid destruction in a fire such as this; everything small, including birds and beasts, is swallowed up. And, frequently, troops have to be called out; and inevitably some of the taxpayers' money is wasted, since it might have been spent more profitably. So great things spring from small beginnings. These pictures — with, of course, the exception of the first one!—are actual colour photographs of a heath fire, and were taken by Frank Ziegler.



BURBERRY FISHING KIT

Healthfully warm on cold days, cool on warm days — and almost untearable



BURBERRY GABARDINE SUIT

A two-piece suit of Burberry Gabardine ideal for this form of sport. Light in weight, warmth-retaining on chilly days, yet paradoxically cool on warm days. Proofed by Burberry special process to resist anything from the heaviest rains to blizzards. Because of the fine close weave, hooks cannot penetrate. The coat is easy fitting and Burberry "pivot" sleeves ensure perfect casting. The wariest fish finds great difficulty in spotting, because it tones so naturally with the surroundings as to be almost invisible. There are capacious pockets—an important consideration—to accommodate necessary tackle; *in toto* a most practicable and indispensable angling suit.

FEATHERWEIGHT WELLINGTONS

have crepe rubber goloshes to prevent thorn and shingle scratches, designed by Burberrys at the special request of the Vice-President of the Fly-fishers' Club. The weight is only **1 lb. 10 ozs.** **37/6**

THIGH WADERS

Made on similar lines, weigh **2 lb. 10 ozs.** only, and both these styles can be supplied with or without reinforced metal studded soles. **55/-**



THE BURBERRY

Burberry-proofed—antagonistic to every form of moisture or rain; downpour or drizzle falls off it like water from a duck's back. Made from closely-woven fabrics—cloths so dense in texture that *even fish-hooks cannot penetrate them*—it keeps out the keenest wind and generates a healthy glow of natural warmth on chilly days.

Although unrivalled as a safeguard against bad weather, The Burberry, airylight and airfree, is yet the coolest overcoat for warm days.

Spun, woven, proofed, dyed and tailored by Burberrys, all this is done with the set purpose of producing the weatherproof topcoat that fulfils each and every need. In wet or cold, mild or warm weather, it excels as a protective, healthful all-purpose weatherproof overcoat . . .

THE WORLD'S BEST WEATHERPROOF

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the world.
N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully whether with or without knowledge.

Illustrations, patterns and prices of the season's latest models sent on request. Please mention "The Field."

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS

The Joint Meet of the Carlisle and Dumfries

EASTERN COUNTIES HUNT WELL

MEETING at Hadleigh on the 17th to draw up the Brett, hounds soon owned to a drag which started just above the meet, by Sun Court. This was a catchy line, but they took it on up-stream by Kersey to the Semer Coverts, and hunting on nearly to Semer Mere they ultimately came up to their otter and put him off from some bushes on the bank. He proved to be a very sticky otter with little scent, and for half-an-hour he stuck to some very heavy cover, where hounds hunted him as best they could until they finally forced him out and swam him right down-stream with a great cry for a mile until just before reaching the Semer Coverts, when they came up to him, and during a period of sharp work they nearly caught him on two occasions. Having been subjected to this somewhat unpleasant experience, however, their otter then tucked himself away for a spell and they lost touch with him, but Mr. Russell cast them up and down stream with his customary determination, and after an interval of half an hour hounds refound their otter in an ash root. He came away down river, but scent was very poor and they had to work hard to keep him moving; but, nevertheless, they hunted him down to the Semer osiers again, where he landed and ran the covert for a time until they worked up to him and once again nearly caught him. He managed to slip away, however, and, using the very thick cover to advantage, continued to lead them round the covert for a good hour. After an interesting hound hunt of three-and-three-quarter hours, however, hounds had had enough of it and had to give their otter best. This is not the first time that a Semer otter has been too much for them. Scent was indifferent all day.

Next Saturday hounds went out to the tidal water at Snape Bridge by the Suffolk coast, meeting at the Plough and Sail at eight o'clock, to get right with the tide. DRIFTER.

THE CARLISLE IN THE EDEN

SATURDAY, June 10th, saw us have our first hunt in the Eden, which had fallen to summer level. The meet was from kennels situated in the merry Border city and only a field from the river. Starting at Caldew Foot hounds had a good drag on the Islands, but there was no tenant in the usual haunt behind the weiring. Carrying on downstream they were keen to the big willows in the Ghylls, but again the usual holt did not hold; however, near the end of the pool they roared at the old weiring and we knew he was there. Terriers soon had him on the move, and with any amount of cover he did not move far at a time. First Cracker, then Sultan put him away and he came right to the top ford, only to double and come back to the Willows and cover. Hounds hunted really well and swam him up and down the pool many times, but owing to the low state of the river it churned up and scent vanished, so after about three hours Master decided to leave him and try on down. Nothing turned up below and they were called out at Cargo Wood.

Monday we started at Armthwaite (scene of many long and splendid hunts) to try down. There was a fair drag down to Low House Island, where it petered out, and we expect he was in the big pool above the Bridge. Trying on to the famous Ton's Pool, long, deep, with high rocky banks on the left, quite unwadable, we gasped when hounds got to the end without a whimper. We all said, Fishgarth for sure, but no, not a sign. Well, Brocklewath must hold at least a brace; wrong again, and for the first time I remember in 40 years we drew a grand length without finding.

Thursday saw us at Warwick Bridge to hunt upstream through beautiful Wetheral and Corby Castle Woods. A big field turned out. Distressing to say we had another blank day; two of our most certain meets failed us; we all had a great shock.

Hearing the Dumfries Hounds were so short of water, they were only having one meet, a joint meet was arranged in a hurry for Saturday the 17th. We had a great turn out, having visitors from Hawkstone, Courtney Tracey, West Cumberland, Kendal and District, and of course a good following from the Dumfries, including our keen friends from Ayr. Major Bell-Irving brought twelve couple, and our Master took out nine-and-a-half, which together made a splendid picture as they left kennels for another go at our friend of last Saturday. As so often happens, a wet Thursday and Friday put 15in. of fresh water in just when we wanted it right, but, although heavy and coloured, we started off full of hope. Again a grand drag on the Islands, but the river was so strong hounds could not face the fast stream at the weiring, and I think we left him there. Trying on down we found the Ghylls blank, but some good touches at the bottom end kept up our spirits. Just below Grinsdale, hounds swam over to the big tree and left no doubt an otter was in residence. Rock and Pincher were both in, and after a round or two he was off and viewed going fast downstream. A more beautiful setting could not be found; a wide strong river with the village just above and the old church right on the water's edge, twenty couple of hounds swimming their otter, the music something to remember. She put up a great show, and, after moving up and down for three hours, tired and set off downstream. Scent must have been very good, and we saw hounds at their best in a long swim of half-a-mile, when she landed and was accounted for—a 17lb. bitch. Congratulations were showered on Huntsman Scott and Hind for a performance to be remembered for many a long day. TINKER.

THE HAWKSTONE'S EXCELLENT HUNT

ON Monday (12th) hounds met at Caer Bevis, the beautiful home of Lady Swansea. People have been known to come to this meet on purpose to see the lovely garden, through which the River Irfon flows, and Lady Swansea most generously allows the field to walk through. There was a drag immediately and hounds spoke on the rocks. The river was very low, so it was not surprising when the drag led up a small side-stream into a lake. Hounds were soon speaking to an otter in the reeds at the far end, and they swam him backwards and forwards for some time before he showed in the middle. The lake was about five acres and about a quarter of it covered in reeds. It was soon suspected that more than one otter was afoot and this was proved when hounds killed one on the far bank, while almost at the same time another was viewed by the boat-house. This first hunt took one-and-a-quarter hours. On putting hounds back to the lake they took a drag up a ditch leading out of the lake, and marked at a holt. After about ten minutes a second otter was bolted and given about ten minutes' grace to make for the lake. This otter gave a hunt of about an hour before being accounted for. A third otter was then suspected, but as it had turned wet and cold, and most of the field unprepared after the warm, dry days, it was decided to leave the other one. After lunch Mr. Stanier drew up the river, but there was not a touch, and he blew off at four o'clock.

On Wednesday the meet was at the Boat, Whitney-on-Wye, and Mr. Wallace carried the horn. Drawing upstream they hit off a drag almost at once, which carried on right through the "Muck" Pool and petered out at Hay. After lunch they drew on in silence for a while, until just below Clyro Court they opened, and marked at a holt on the left bank. They swam the otter downstream, and then he turned and was viewed above, and a stickle was formed on the lower ford. Presently he broke through the stickle and gave the field a good view of himself before he dived and swam down. They hunted him for an hour-and-a-half up and down, before he landed and was caught by Guardsman and given a good shaking. But the others were too slow in coming to his assistance and the otter got away. The theory that an otter loses his scent after he has been shaken proved correct once more, for this one was not seen again, nor could hounds make anything of him. Mr. Wallace persevered until about 6.30, and it was most disappointing to have to leave this otter after such a good hunt, and after he had been so nearly caught.

It was a most disappointing day from the meet at Pont-an-Ithon on Saturday. Mr. Stanier drew up the Ithon to the bridge by Llandrindod without a touch. He then lifted back to the meet and drew down the Wye from Newbridge, through the famous Goitrey Pool to Builth Road, but there was not a sign of an otter. S. W.

THE WYE VALLEY FAIL TO KILL

TUESDAY, June 13th, commenced the first of our visits to the River Usk. There was evidence of a very big otter under the bridge and when hounds were put on they at once hit the drag and took it downstream to the tidal water and muddy banks; we eventually returned upstream, leaving the otter somewhere in the vicinity of Newport. After this outburst we had no drag at all and continued to Usk itself, where hounds were much keener, but the town's drains held this otter quite securely, and we finished for the day.

I had heard rumours of otters being trapped and shot on the lower part of the Usk, and this no doubt accounted for us drawing over some beautiful water on the Llangibby and Llanbadoc fishing without finding.

I wonder if it is asking too much of those people who do this sort of thing to be sportsmen and let some of these otters live, and go through the lower part of the river to the upper parts. We are quite willing to meet them in any way, and I do this in a most friendly spirit. Now what about you fellows?

On Friday we met at Usk to continue upstream, and at the islands at Monkswood hounds absolutely raced across the pebbles and withy beds on a glorious drag, and we looked like finding any minute, but hounds drew all the holding very carefully, but could not locate their otter. On now to the big pool at Chain Bridge; this proved blank, and it was not until we came to the Trostry Lodge water that hounds picked up a drag again and spoke to the line all under the gardens of the Clytha Arms; on getting to that hopeless garrotting old Granby soon marked his otter, and all the pack were roaring at this very big place. All they could do, however, was to move the otter from one place to another, and sometimes they marked at the top of the pool, and in a few minutes were marking quite 300yds. below. We tried and tried to get the otter to the river, and everyone worked for all they were worth, but the tons of timber used in this place prevented us from getting behind the otter.

We did have just one swim downstream with hounds throwing their tongues on getting the wash, but it was soon all over and the otter was soon back in this very safe refuge. We left soon after this and hope that by next week he or she will have moved; this I doubt very much, for it is the most impregnable place on the river and an otter is as safe as a rock here. M. L.

GOOD SPORT WITH THE DARTMOOR

ON Tuesday (13th) our meet was at Aveton Gifford for the lower reaches of the Avon. Hounds hit off a drag at once in the Salt Marshes, and, drawing on, a few hounds marked on the left bank, about half-way between the Weir Pool and Hatch Bridge. This was a very hollow place and the terriers soon proved it to be vacant. The drag continued to below Loddiswell Station, after which hounds became less interested, the otter evidently having gone down on the tide. The Master called off at Topsham, as the river was very low and the water above was best left for another day after some rain.

Thursday of that week we met at Greystone Bridge on the Tamar, by invitation of the Tetcott Otter Hounds. The river was in perfect condition and soon after the draw commenced it was evident hounds knew there was an otter ahead. They found in Gatterly Pool. Bolting at once, hounds drove their otter upstream, nearly to Rockpool, where he turned and dropped down to the Island. They hunted him up and down many times in this pool before he passed over the lower stickle into Judge's Pool. They continued to keep him on the move, hunting extremely well on this rather difficult stretch of the water, till eventually they cornered and killed him at 1.40 p.m. after a hunt of 1 hour 40 minutes. The largest otter killed by this pack for many seasons, 24lb., and a very creditable performance by both hounds and their huntsman. Drawing on to Polson's Bridge, they did not find again.

The following Saturday was Flete Mill on the Erme. Hounds spoke in the marshes below the footbridge and were keen at the old holding in the Island, which was thoroughly tried before moving on. They had a line up the Goutsford Brook, which proved to be a double. Drawing on up the river, they hung at an old tree below the Weir, but again nothing came of it. From now on it was obvious the otter had gone down with the tide, as hounds became less interested, and between Sexton's Corner and Ivybridge, where they called off, there was no line.

At Buckfast Bridge on Saturday, June 24th, they dropped down to Kilberry Pool before drawing the Dart up. Opposite the Abbey, hounds feathered on the rocks and pressing on, drew very keenly, showing us they were sure there was an otter ahead. On the lower end of the island, below Black Pool, they put him off lying rough, a very pretty find, and hunted up into the pool. After dwelling here for a quarter of an hour, hounds swam to the top of the pool and raced over the higher stickle. He must have had a good start, as they hunted up past Queen of the Dart, and on till about 200yds. below the bridge on Holne Park, before being turned by hounds. He dropped right down again into Black Pool. Here he put into the old tree in the right bank, where we have had trouble before, and again it proved impossible to move him, and he was left. Hounds spoke exceptionally well during the hunt above Black Pool, their cry echoing beautifully in the valley. The draw continued to Holne Bridge, where they called off. D. C.



FROM the first tee to the last green foot comfort is one of the first essentials of good golf. That is why experienced and discerning golfers wear shoes with uppers of Zug Scotch Grain, which is remarkable for its suppleness.

But Zug has other qualities that golfers appreciate. It is fully water-resisting and keeps you dry shod. It has remarkable toughness and gives exceptional service. It does not crack and keeps its appearance. Zug is the perfect leather for the Golfer.

★ *Obtainable at most good shoe stores, but in case of difficulty apply to us for name of nearest stockist.*



In various styles for men and women

Look for the OVAL LABEL

AQUATITE

For those who prefer a smooth grain shoe of lighter weight, "Aquatite" is recommended. It has all the famous Zug qualities.

ZUG UPPER LEATHER

W. & J. MARTIN – TANNERS – GLASGOW

Physio-Therapy & National Fitness

Massage, Medical Electricity, and Corrective Exercises *by*

ST. DUNSTAN'S

Chartered Masseurs and Electro-Therapists

● If you can give a St. Dunstan's masseur a trial, you will soon be convinced of his efficiency. You will be helping him and at the same time helping yourself.

St. Dunstan's masseurs are thoroughly experienced and highly recommended by many eminent doctors. Established in all parts of London, the Provinces, Scotland and Northern Ireland.

Apply :—

Massage Dept., St. Dunstan's, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1

Telephone: Welbeck 7921 (*between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m.*)

(St. Dunstan's is registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

The Vogue—



Diamond and Enamel Brooch
£57.10.0



Diamond Brooch
£45.0.0



Diamond Brooch
£65.0.0



Diamond and Enamel Brooch
£52.10.0

THE wearing of Model Jewellery is a very charming vogue and oft-times a happy reminder of good fortune.

Here are four of the many attractive pieces of Sporting Jewellery produced by The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. If you cannot call, may we send you illustrations of others?

If you are visiting the **ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW**

you are invited to call at **STAND No. 309** AVENUE K

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY Ltd.

112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

WARNING—NO OTHER ADDRESS - - *TELEPHONE: REG. 3021*

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A JULY DINNER MENU WITHOUT FISH

The Fare : Bortsch Polonais
Petits Filets de Bœuf Clamart
Poulet rôti à l'Anglaise
Laitues à la Crème
Pommes de terre gratinées
Aubergines sautées aux fines herbes
Glaces aux jus de Fruits frais
Dessert

The Wines : Clos Fourtet 1929
Château Giscours 1920
Château Suduiraut 1914

THE Bortsch soup is both refreshing and sustaining. It is a *Consommé* made with beef and veal and bacon, plus a duck or a hen, and plenty of vegetables, with cabbage as the informing flavour and beetroot the all-pervading colour. Most cookery books give recipes for Bortsch soups, but the best still is that given by Carême, over a hundred years ago, and reproduced in the *Larousse Gastronomique*, published in 1938.

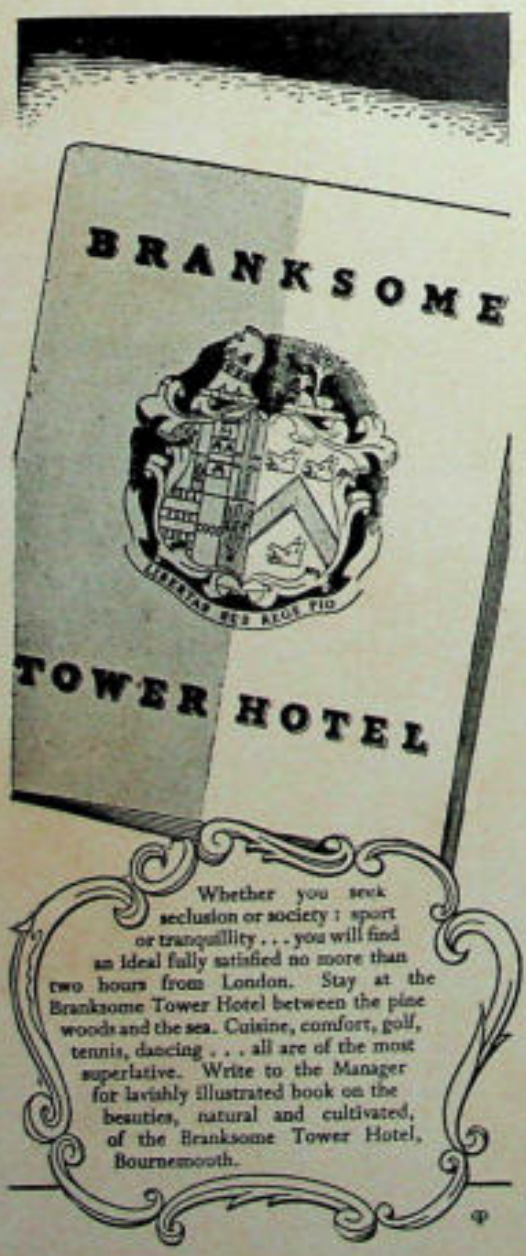
The *Petits Filets* are small pieces cut off the fillet, plainly grilled and served with new garden peas, known in culinary French as *Clamart*.

The chicken is roasted *à l'Anglaise* when served with thin rashers of bacon and some bread sauce. Lettuce is most wholesome and we cannot eat too much of it, especially if we have a garden and find that, in July, lettuce have a habit of running to seed. Put the lettuces into boiling water and leave them in from three to four minutes only. Drain them dry. Cut them in halves, longways, and fold in halves. Arrange these half lettuces, folded in half, in a baking dish well buttered. Add a little *Bouillon*, cover the dish and stew on a gentle heat during 40 minutes. Then add pepper and salt and some thick cream ; leave on the fire for a few moments longer for the cream to soak in and be warm ; then serve.

The *Aubergines* or Egg-plant are peeled, cut up in round slices, floured, *sautés* in butter or olive oil ; then add pepper and salt and lots of finely-chopped parsley and serve as a separate course.

We have plenty of small fruit in July and now is the time to make all sorts of water ices flavoured with strawberry juice and the juice of other berries, raspberries, black currants, and so on. Crush the fruit and 1½lb. of sugar to 2½lb. of fruit ; pass through a fine sieve ; add the juice of a lemon and a pint of water and fill up little tin moulds or the well of the rotating freezing machine, whichever happens to be your way of making ices.

As regards the wines, a generous St. Emilion will be excellent after the fairly solid foundation Bortsch and with the tender little fillets that follow. With the chicken, a lighter and more mature Claret, such as the Giscours 1920 is sure of a warm welcome, whilst a chilled Sauternes served with the ices and fruit will be most gracious and gratefully received.



FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of June 29th, 1889.

POLO Ground Boundaries. "At Hurlingham the ball is kept in play by the device of fixing a run of boards about a foot high along each side, thus constituting a boundary round the greater part of the ground, the remainder being defined by the goal lines, which extend on each side of the two goals. That this method of checking the ball has its drawbacks is apparent to anyone who has watched the progress of the game there. To those players and ponies who are unused to them, the boards are a source of trouble and anxiety, so much so that for the military matches which take place in July they are removed and a crease substituted. The presence of these boards has introduced a new element into the Hurlingham game, which consists of playing at the boards for a rebound, or for such deflection of the ball as will favour the player or his side. This affects the game prejudicially, as, instead of the play being concentrated in the centre and the boundaries avoided for fear of the ball going out, the greater part of the play is contested along the sides of the ground. Every game or match played at Hurlingham suffers considerably from this cause."

Farming Changes. "A Midsummer day's dream realised ! A Winter's Tale to be recounted whenever, round the hearth, the Wives of Windsor are disposed to be merry ! The incidents during the week (which is now closing) revive the memories of an older date, when another great queen put herself at the head of her subjects to consolidate an inevitable reform. That agriculture, in its old shape, has become an impossibility in England, must now be admitted. Yet it does not follow that English fields will not be tilled ; nor that the occupation of land will cease to be a pursuit to which Englishmen's minds are irresistibly attracted. In plain truth, the country now, as once before, is shaking off views which were honestly conceived at first, and made compulsory by general consent, with all the sanction of law.

"Circumstances, however, both then and now, have shown established views to be incompatible with our national condition. We will let the earlier renewal of thought fall out of this story, and say that it is, at the present minute, felt that agriculture cannot any longer live by the four-course system ; nor can agriculture make it a primary aim that English acres do give the English people bread. And so it follows that a great revision of practice is imminent, and that we must revert to earlier methods still ; must return to the notion that studs and herds and flocks are the safest of all means of wealth for this people ; and in this way, by catering for quadrupeds first of all, we may make the farms—which feed and shelter them—to become once more pleasant and profitable to ourselves."

IN THE SALEROOM

HARRODS are holding a very interesting sale on July 10th and 11th at Alford House, Princes Gate, S.W., of prehistoric and ethnological specimens formerly forming part of the celebrated Rosehill collection, and also savage implements and weapons which were part of the collection of the late Sir John Evans. In this sale, ordered by the trustees of the late Sir Henry Wellcome, is the remainder of his collection which was not required for the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum.

As memories are short readers are reminded that the Rosehill collection, though fairly known to those particularly interested, was not familiar to the public, being hidden at Longwood during its formation until removed to Winchester 50 years ago. Baron Rosehill, ninth Earl of Northesk, undertook long journeys throughout Europe and expended large sums of money in making the collection complete. Comprising over 500 lots, it includes bronzes, horn, bone, wood and pottery objects from the Swiss Lake dwellings ; Neolithic implements from practically all Europe, savage weapons, jade weapons from New Zealand, and jade tikis from North America. The last named, very rare and much sought after, are charms which were worn around the neck to arrest disease, and were accounted valued heirlooms in the family.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

IF you remember, I referred in one notebook to the fact that I had seen a tomb reputed to be that of Hannibal outside Gebze, and so I found it particularly interesting during my last journey in North Africa to reach Carthage, birthplace of the Punic hero. But, I must confess, it surprised me to find nothing remained of the Carthaginian city but a heap of crumbled ruins. Hundreds of years before the younger Cato had cried in the Roman Senate "Delenda est Carthago," and his suggestion had been carried out to the letter.

Indeed, not only are there but few remains of the Punic city, but also of its Roman successor, which suffered a similar fate at the hands of Hassan Ben Noman and his Arab followers.

* * *

So it was with a feeling of disappointment that I left Carthage and turned to Tunis, a place about which we have all been hearing a great deal lately. My first impression was that the city had a very Turkish air about it, and so reminded me very much of Constantinople after the Great War. Tunis, of course, though semi-independent, was, before the French occupation, closely connected with the Ottoman Empire. Many of the leading families are of Turkish origin ; the houses are similar to those in the old Turkish capital, and the celebrated covered bazaar would appear to be modelled on the old Grand Bazaar of the Byzantine Emperors.

* * *

The Tunisians struck me as having a rather languid, gentle air. They have in the past shown a certain tendency towards political intrigue, but now, owing to the errors committed by the enemies of France, are firmly supporting the Republic. Perhaps the most interesting part of the city is the Avenue de France, the favourite promenade of the Tunisians. No matter their race, no matter their occupation, both rich and poor come out to stroll up and down the long shady avenue so that the scene becomes an extraordinarily animated one. Tunisian Arabs, with a flower stuck coyly behind one ear, Frenchmen, Italians, Jews and Maltese all combine in cosmopolitan cavalcade.

* * *

It is a pity that Tunisia is rather difficult to reach from England because, in addition to the capital city, there is much of interest to be seen. Kairwan, for instance, is a sacred city renowned throughout Islam which has the great advantage that Christians are now allowed to visit the great mosque. This mosque is notable, for the pillars with their carved capitols came either from Carthage or one of the Roman settlements, while the minaret served as a model for all those subsequently erected in Andalusia and Morocco.

* * *

But what I like best of all in Tunisia are the Roman ruins. I always think, and I am sure you will agree with me, that temples and theatres are so often ruined when they happen to be in a town where trams and motors pass by. One is spared this in Tunisia. Dougga, for instance, occupies an olive-clad hill in so remote a situation that comparatively few people ever visit it, and thus one can really recapture something of the original atmosphere. The French, whose good work in preserving monuments of historic interest is in North Africa remarkable, have done much excellent excavation work, revealing mosaic floors of very great beauty. One floor impressed me particularly, for it depicted a number of boys fishing with rod and line, and it had never occurred to me that rods were actually in use so very long ago.

* * *

Another thing pleased me. It was this. One had only to search with a certain degree of diligence as one walked along, and one's efforts were rewarded by finding pieces of Roman pottery. No doubt, some day, when excavation has been carried out on a greater scale than at present, many most remarkable finds will be made. Already excavators have reaped a rich harvest, notably in finding some exquisite bronze statues and mosaic pavements which, in beauty and variety of design, surpass anything I have seen elsewhere.

* * *

Tunisia is ruled by a Bey under the ægis of the French, and he is assisted by a Minister of the Pen and a Minister of the Seal. There are beylical guards and numerous beylical generals who present brilliant figures enough. But I was rather amused recently when the Chinoush attached to a legation came and complained bitterly about an alteration in a new badge he had been given to wear in his fez. Now, so he said, people kept on mistaking him for a beylical general.

* * *

This Chinoush looks most impressive in a brightly coloured uniform which seems to be a passport to the most solemn functions. At the last review he established himself in the front row with the French and beylical generals, while his master was delegated to an inferior position. F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KASHMIR PONIES

SIR,—Once more I am taking courage to appeal to animal lovers in England to lend their pity and their help to the unfortunate ponies in Kashmir. The kind response to my appeal last year enabled us to ensure our patients having warm and comfortable quarters through the bitter cold of the winter months. Our original stables were most unfortunately burnt out and had it not been for the sympathy and assistance of lovers of animals in England the plight of our poor little ponies would have been terribly hard.

Few people who have not visited Kashmir realise the enormous number of transport animals employed in that country. In our small and struggling clinic we average over 7,000 dressings a year, and hundreds of ponies pass through our hands. The condition of the majority of our patients is pitiful beyond expression. These animals spend their entire lives, commencing work far too young as a rule, in carrying merchandise to far away places—Ladak, Baltisan, Astor, and many others—goaded on their way by men who have little regard for the sufferings of those who are lame or ill, or for the torture inflicted by the loading of heavy, swaying burdens on open sores on their backs and withers.

I am happy to say we have to a great extent gained the confidence of the pony owners, and realising that their ponies are treated absolutely free, and are well fed while they stay under our care, they bring them of their own accord. They are encouraged to watch the dressings and shoeing, and so learn that kindness and patience constitutes a far better method of dealing with nervous animals when a painful dressing is being done than their usual procedure of jabbing it in the mouth or hitting it across the face with a stick. They are often so astonished how quickly a pony becomes quiet and docile under our care.

Animals that are so old or hopelessly crippled that they can never be worked without pain are given a few days rest in a nice shady paddock, plenty to eat and drink, and then put painlessly to sleep with a humane killer. Our veterinary surgeon issues a certificate that these animals are unworkable; although our great aim is "to cure" rather than "to kill," in such cases humane destruction is the only possible procedure.

Our work is well established now, and provided we can obtain the means to insure its continuance we see before us many years of usefulness and great possibilities of achieving enduring good.

Our urgent need is for sufficient funds with which to erect a small but thoroughly efficient hospital, and also we are extremely anxious for the wherewithal to purchase a small motor with a horse box trailer. The Kashmir Government have presented us with sufficient land on which to build our hospital, and grateful though we are for this measure of assistance, the site is situated five miles from the city. It is impossible to walk a seriously injured animal that distance, hence our urgent need for some form of conveyance, which would be the greatest blessing to us and also enable us to fetch cases from far distant villages, which at present we cannot deal with at all.

The cost of the hospital and motor ambulance would amount to about £2,000. Should there be any surplus, in the event of our being happy enough to obtain this sum, it will be devoted towards the running expenses, towards which help is, as always, very thankfully received.

I am not good at begging, but these poor little suffering animals cannot speak for themselves, and I, who realise only too well what they so patiently endure, feel that I must plead with you to help them. No subscription is too small, and will be very gratefully acknowledged if sent to me at the Berystede Hotel, Ascot, Berks, or to the General Secretary, Srinagar, Kashmir.

Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, whose name is well known to all animal lovers, has visited our dressing stations, and has become a member of our executive committee, is kindly adding a P.S. to my appeal.

Yours faithfully,

Ascot. EVE MACCULLOCH
(Organiser of K.A.W.A. Hospital for Animals).

SIR,—May I add a few words in support of Mrs. MacCulloch's appeal for assistance for the animals in Kashmir?

All animal lovers, could they but see for themselves the admirable work she has done, and is doing, would be filled with admiration for her unstinted and selfless efforts on behalf of the suffering little Tonga ponies, the bullocks and dogs that she personally attends to and cares for every day of the many months that she is in residence in that country each year.

It is not intentional cruelty that Mrs. MacCulloch is striving so heroically to mitigate, but the ignorance and, in many cases, callous ignorance, of the very poor men who own the animals. The greater part of the cruelty thus involved is engendered by the poverty of these owners, the poverty we cannot hope to alleviate, but the ignorance that accompanies it we very definitely can. The example of the value of kindness and good treatment Mrs. MacCulloch sets before these people is a lesson that they readily learn, provided a sufficient number of patients can be admitted, to spread the tidings of the immense benefit treatment and care in the hospital produces. At present only a limited number can be retained in her clinic, although no really suffering animal is ever turned from the doors.

The need of a well-equipped veterinary hospital is very great, and may I beg all who read Mrs. MacCulloch's appeal to bear in their minds that although the animals she asks for help to assist are very far away from England's shores they suffer as few horses in England ever suffer, and this, without arousing feelings of indignant compassion that even one example of such pain would arouse in the British Isles. Such suffering becomes an accepted fact in countries where no organised effort is made to alleviate animal pain, but is none the less tragic to behold and terrible to hear. Horses have no nationality; all belong to the one great-hearted family who strive all their lives for the benefit of mankind, and who are unable to make a sound or the smallest cry for help when treated with heartbreaking lack of consideration.

Mrs. MacCulloch's instituting not only a campaign of mercy, but an incalculably valuable campaign of education of the owners of the countless dumb and suffering animals, that she so urgently wishes to insure will, in future, continue to be treated and cared for with skilled kindness and genuine sympathy.

May I beg a generous response to her appeal from all who not only care for the horses they own or see every day on the roads and in the green fields of England, but for horses that toil all their poor lives in a far country where their poverty-stricken owners ask nothing of them but their incessant greatest effort, no matter how weary, how suffering they may be.

Yours faithfully,

London. DOROTHY BROOKE.

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—Mr. Ralph Chislett, in the *Field* of May 27th, speaks of "upsetting" nesting birds by photography. By this I suppose he means that a pair of birds deserted their nest. I should like to suggest that it is not necessary for a pair of birds to desert the nest for them to be "upset." The mere fact of being driven off the nest and "hides" erected and being constantly visited, will, I think, stop that pair of birds from nesting in that place again.

We all enjoyed the excellent photographs of the stone curlews in a recent number of the *Field*. But I cannot imagine those curlews nesting in that field again the next year. If birds are not disturbed they will often nest year after year in the same quarters. Because a brood hatches off successfully after being photographed I do not think that you can always say that the birds have not been disturbed.

Our best bird photographers doubtless know their art now. But they were once amateurs, and we all have to learn by our mistakes. I think that in their way the photographers do more harm than they perhaps realise. But at the same time they learn a great deal about birds.

Yours faithfully,

Deanes Barn, FRED S. TRITTON.
Alfriston, Sussex.

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—Whilst staying in Somerset lately I found a dead mole with the skull neatly extracted and the head skin turned back. Apparently this had been done through the mouth, as there appeared to be no outward damage to the head itself. It puzzled me as to what animal could have done this, but a few days later I found another mole similarly treated in the nest of a little owl.

That the little owl would merely eat the brains of small mammals, leaving the rest, seemed to me unusual, so I visited the nest again next day and found the mole had vanished, proving, I conclude, that the bird had made a complete meal of it.

A few years ago I found a dead hedgehog treated in exactly the same way as this mole, the skull completely gone but the jaws remaining. This would seem highly improbable to have been the work of the little owl unless the bird is a carrion-feeder and had found the hedgehog dead.

In addition to the mole, the nest of the little owl cited above contained feathers of young blackbird, chaffinch and greenfinch.

So much controversy has been expressed concerning the harmfulness or reverse of the little owl that I will not add to these opinions, but my own experience during my stay in Somerset was that, despite the evidence I encountered, the little owl there has in no way diminished the song-bird population.

The owner of the property on which I was staying likes the little owl and will not have it shot; moreover, as there is no game-preserving in the neighbourhood, no one else destroys it.

I can only say that during the short time—a little over a week—I stayed in Somerset I have seldom enjoyed such a wealth of bird-song as I heard there. Small song-birds of all kinds nest freely in the garden and surrounding neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,

Horsham, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLEISH.

SLAUGHTER OF BADGERS

SIR,—In your issue of April 29th under "Slaughter of Badgers," your correspondent understands that badgers are not carnivora. I most emphatically state from sad experience that badgers are carnivorous—raid poultry-houses, doing far more damage than the ill-famed fox, as they will not only kill in the open, but also tear down almost any doors or fastenings in order to secure their prey—*i.e.*, poultry and rabbits. As for your correspondent's objection to the method of killing with a spade, instead of the humane killer, with the latter it would be necessary to hold the badger steady; trying to do so much more cruelty would be needed. From experience, a blow from the flat of a spade well directed on the head will kill any badger instantly provided sufficient force is used. It is not necessary to exterminate "those most interesting of all English mammals," but it is necessary to keep their numbers within reasonable limits, and this is worth while even at the risk of further atrocities of the kind described (by accident), as the badgers do not spare rabbits or poultry. I had a pen of R.I.R. pedigree fowl three months old all killed, torn into wings, head and limbs, after wire, iron door fastenings had all been eaten through. I heard it was done by a fox; traps were set, bait was eaten; it came again, and a badger was caught and killed in the trap with a spade. My near-by neighbour had the same experience. In my youth we hunted badgers, running after them with our dogs, and they were most ferocious; the dogs soon learned to keep a safe distance away.

Yours faithfully,

"MORE THAN FORTY YEARS A FOXHUNTER."

SIR,—The late J. G. Millais in his *British Mammals* clearly states that the food of the badger is like that of the bear—omniverous—and gives a long list of its diet, including fruit, vegetables, with a marked preference for roots, nuts, eggs, small mammals, young rabbits, frogs, worms, slugs, snails, acorns, wasps and grubs, vipers. From personal knowledge of badgers for 50 years I would add hedgehogs and potatoes stored in a clamp in the field, and an occasional old hen from a hen house in a far corner of a field.

Only once have I found a lamb at a sett and that was a newly-born one, probably dead. I have found older lambs at fox dens in the hill country. Let it be remembered, as Mr. Eric Parker points out in his *English Wild Life*, that the badger and hedgehog are *our* oldest type of living wild mammals existing and were *here* "before man begun to be man in Asia" and deserve their place in Great Britain. These two will continue to exist here long after any other mammal, excluding rats, mice, &c.

If a badger must be killed it deserves a quick and painless end and a sharp blow across the bridge of the nose, just below the eyes, puts it out at once.

Yours faithfully,

Southampton. X. Y. Z.

AN ELEPHANT'S UNTIMELY END

SIR,—I think you may possibly find the following letter of sufficient interest for publication. It is dated Bangkok, June 3rd, and referred to an incident which took place in one of the Borneo Company's teak forests in the north of Siam. The letter reads:

"You will be interested in learning of a very unusual incident which took place in the forest at the end of last month.

"An elephant and party had just arrived at their destination and the mahout jumped off his elephant at almost identically the same moment as a serious flash of lightning occurred.

"The chains of the elephant were, as usual, round the feet and up over the head and formed a perfect medium for the lightning.

"The elephant was killed instantaneously, and the mahout and party were also struck but not seriously injured.

"Had this incident occurred, say, five minutes sooner then the mahout and the elephant would, I think, have shrivelled up together."

Yours faithfully,

The Borneo Co., Ltd. A. MALCOLM.
143-149, Fenchurch St., London.



DEFYING CONVENTION
(See letter "Scaup on Fresh Water")

SCAUP ON FRESH WATER

SIR,—I thought you would like to use this photograph I took of a pair of scaup amongst a very interesting local freshwater collection of waterfowl, visited recently by the Merseyside branch of the British Empire Naturalists' Association. Although these sea-duck are said not to last long on fresh water, this pair has been on the particular water since last autumn, only that the duck spends most of her time accompanying a tufted drake. They came through the winter well and are in fine condition.

Yours faithfully,
47, Woodsorrel Road, ERIC HARDY.
Wavertree, Liverpool, 15.

FLY MIGRATION

SIR,—In the Angling Number of the *Field* of April 1st there is a short article entitled "Fly and Weed," which deals with the migration of nymphs. Some six years ago a rock dam, about 9ft. 6in. high, was built across the Liki river. This dam passed little water over the crest, when the river was low, but the water filtered through the interstices of the rocks which constituted the dam. During a period when underwater examples were being taken observations soon pointed to the fact that there was a strong upstream movement of nymphs, principally of the genera *Baetis*, *Teloxythus*, *Ephemerellina*, *Euthraulus* and *Afronurus*.

Since that date observations have been made in a number of rough rock dams, and in every case the concentration of such forms is most marked on the downstream toe and face of the dam. The concentration is greatest during February and March (low water and high temperature), lesser during August and September (higher water and lower temperature), and smallest during the rest of the months when we have high water and low temperatures. No attempt has been made to find out the rate of the migration or density, but this migration is a fact with which we are familiar and now take as a matter of course.

One of the reasons why the migration takes place may be a search for aerated water and oxygen, coupled with the fact that the smaller life on which the nymphs feed also have to migrate into more oxygenated water. The evidence we have of the greater density of migration in the low water and high temperature periods seems to point to this.

Yours faithfully,
Box 241. HUGH COPLEY.
Nairobi, Kenya Colony.

LAMPING

SIR,—May I be permitted, through the medium of your journal, to bring to the notice of all sportsmen the ever-growing menace of the practice of "lamping," now so largely indulged in all over the country.

Bands of men, armed with high-power lamps and nets and accompanied by long dogs, roam the fields at night, ostensibly for rabbits, but frequently also in pursuit of game in general and partridges in particular. These birds, roosting as they do on the ground, are easy prey for the lampers and their nets, and are quite helpless in the rays of the powerful lighting sets now used.

To my knowledge whole coveys have been destroyed in this manner, and even the close season is no deterrent, and many pairs are caught.

The loss to the shooting tenant is heavy, especially with shoots which cannot afford the luxury of a keeper, and, in addition, the farmers, over whose land the lampers appear to roam at will, suffer heavily from disturbance of stock at night, and the fact that gates are frequently left open, allowing cattle and sheep and horses to stray on the highway, in some cases actually entailing a fine. Eventually the farmer, who is often the landlord letting the game, finds it difficult to demand a decent rent for his shooting owing to scarcity of birds.

Surely, sir, the time has come when this abominable practice should be suppressed, by law if necessary, if we are to save the remnants of our already dwindling stock of partridges, and safeguard the hard-hit farmer and his stock from these night marauders.

Yours faithfully,
Cornwall. SUFFERER.

ROEDEER IN SURREY

SIR,—I was hoping that someone would comment on Major Garrick's most interesting experience in finding roedeer near Dorking.

At almost the same date as he saw his buck, I identified a doe on one of the more inaccessible slopes of Boxhill. I have not seen her since, so it may not be too much to hope that the two have got together.

I may be wrong, but it struck me that the colour of my doe was a shade lighter than those I used to stalk in Sutherland many years ago with a .22. I do not know whether this was Major Garrick's impression.

Yours faithfully,
Dunmore, SAMUEL MICKLETHWAITE.
Esher.

A LIZARD EPISODE

SIR,—I read with interest in your issue of April 8th a letter in which your correspondent, Henry G. Morris, of Florida, U.S.A., describes how when wading up a stream fly fishing in Wales, a red squirrel jumped off the bank on to his leg, and when he moved, it jumped into the water and swam across. He asks if anyone else has had a similar experience.

Two seasons ago whilst I was walking from one jungle fowl-beat to another, a particularly spiny and active lizard—I did not then know what it was—leapt on to my bare knee, ran up my leg under my shorts, described a circle round my middle and jumped out of the neck of my open shirt. I am sorry that there was no water into which the lizard might have jumped, as I feel sure—and who should know better?—that it was too bony to have floated long.

I hope you will agree that I am lucky to have survived the shock of having been raked from stern to stem by a lizard.

Yours faithfully,
Gangaw, C. P. H. WILSON.
Pakokku District, Burma.

GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKERS IN SUTHERLAND

SIR,—A pair of great spotted woodpeckers are at present nesting in a wood near here. My first information regarding woodpeckers nesting in this vicinity was last autumn, when a gamekeeper showed me where a pair of these birds nested during the 1938 season near the site presently occupied. Visiting the wood during May I soon traced the woodpeckers by their loud call notes and characteristic drumming, and later the nest was easily found by the querulous din made by the young birds. I have only once before seen the great spotted woodpecker in Sutherland, and this is the first instance I have heard of it nesting in the county.

Yours faithfully,
Dornoch, D. MACDONALD.
Sutherland.

BASKING SHARKS OFF HANDA

SIR,—I wonder if it would be of any interest to readers of the *Field* to see this photograph of basking sharks, which I took recently off the Island of Handa on the West Coast of Sutherland?

There were a great many to be seen, and doubtless far more unseen, because at one moment we saw six pass together under our little boat! The sharks showing above water were cruising very slowly round and round, with their enormous mouths wide open. They did not seem in the least afraid of the boat, indeed they followed it several times.

I only had an ordinary Kodak and, alas! my photographs do not show the submerged bodies of the sharks at all, although these were clearly visible to us—indeed, we could see every detail of them, as their bodies were only just under the water, and with the strong sunlight behind us it was a marvellous opportunity for seeing them in the wonderfully clear, still water. Much to the consternation of my boatman, we urged him to go nearer, and we got to within about 10ft., but from my miserable photograph you would never think we were so close, and unfortunately, just as I took this one which only shows the tail and back fin, the shark submerged his head end!

Another photograph showing three "fins" was taken about 40ft. away, and gave a good idea of the immense length of the shark, which the boatmen say averages 30ft.

There is great distress amongst the fishermen in this locality, because so many of these sharks have recently taken to coming, and staying, close inshore where the men fish; and, of course, when one of these monsters gets into the nets the damage is appalling. Also, the possibility of having their boats capsized is unpleasant!

Yours faithfully,
Dudbrook, JESSIE TYSER.
Near Brentwood, Essex.



TAKEN AT A RANGE OF TEN FEET
(See letter "Basking Sharks off Handa")

HOBSONS
Buildings
are PRE-ERECTED

that's why they last twice as long!



PERFECT housing is essential to the health of your horses and livestock, that is why leading Owners, Breeders and Farmers depend on Hobsons pre-erected Buildings. They are pre-erected at the works before despatch, thus ensuring perfection of fit and finish. *Write for latest 24-page catalogue.*

The "COTTESMORE" provides ideal conditions. Made in sections for easy erection. One of many stock ranges of Loose Boxes.

(The photo is reproduced by kind permission of Mr. J. L. JARVIS of Newmarket.)

HOBSONS
MAKERS OF PRE-ERECTED BUILDINGS
Dept. F1. BEDFORD

W.T.1



THE NEEDED EVIDENCE
(*See letter "Moorhen's Breeding Habits"*)

ELECTRICAL WADERS

SIR,—I read with interest a letter on "Electrical Waders" in your issue of May 6th, 1939, as one evening last summer when I was prawning on the rocks at Sandgate, I had a similar experience.

While walking in shallow water my waders appeared to stir up some luminous substance, and if I kicked about in the water, the resultant splashes were highly luminous, and gave one the impression of liquid fire.

My waders were rubber, but I found that if I moved my prawning pole in the water, this had the same effect.

I put this "firework display" down to the presence in the water of some minute form of phosphorescent marine life, but it would be interesting to learn if any of your readers can give a more accurate explanation.

Yours faithfully,
Hythe, Kent. K. K. BROWN.

DEER FEEDING

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your number dated April 22nd on feeding the deer in a large forest on Deeside, accompanied by two photographs, saying that the first photograph was taken in the first week of March before the antlers were shed, and the second photograph in the first week of April when the new antlers were forming, I think Mr. A. E. Stewart's remarks and photographs may be rather misleading to many deer forest owners and deer forest tenants, who spend hundreds of pounds on the best deer feeding.

They will be disappointed if they come North in the first week of June and find their stags are not further advanced in antler growth than they actually turn out to be.

Yours faithfully,
Glenfeshire Lodge. DONALD MACDOUGALL.
(Head Stalker).

A TOWN PARTRIDGE

SIR,—A few evenings ago when it was practically dark I was strolling along one of the principal streets of Exeter when I saw a bird running and fluttering towards me chased by a cat. I drove the cat off, and the bird ran into a doorway which was closed. Upon picking it up I was surprised to find it was a partridge. I took it home with me and let it go in my garden in the country. I have not seen it since, and I am hoping it is living and well. I did not examine it to see if it was hurt.

Yours faithfully,
Devon. EUSTACE M. FORD.

A "HOLD-UP" ON THE HOG'S BACK

SIR,—Driving along the Hog's Back about 5 p.m. recently between Guildford and Farnham, we were held up by a hen pheasant and a large brood of chicks crossing the road. The mother bird seemed to be quite aware of the danger, but carefully moderated her speed to that of the chicks, obviously urging them to hurry up.

This road, as most people who live in these parts know, is usually fairly full of traffic. Probably it was not the first time the hen pheasant and chicks had crossed it, but she had discovered that she was able to hold up the traffic.

Yours faithfully,
Hants. A. STEWART BUCKLE.

MOORHEN'S BREEDING HABITS

SIR,—With regard to the moorhen in *A Practical Handbook of British Birds*, I note under "Breeding Habits.—Incubation—Probably by both sexes, but more evidence desirable." I apologise for the poor photograph I send herewith, due to a sudden thundercloud obscuring the sun, but think it may be worth publishing as it shows both male and female moorhen at the nest, and thus provides the evidence needed. Twice while I was in a hiding tent the two birds changed places on the nest, which contained eight eggs, three of which were chipping. A good deal of excited "conversation" took place each time, starting while the oncoming bird was about 15yds. upstream and only ceasing when the one departing had slipped away over the back of the nest. The white under-feathers of the tail of the sitting bird can be seen in the photograph as she flicked it up and down, bobbing her head the while and bowing to the approaching mate.

Yours faithfully,
CATHERINE M. CLARK.
Fayrer Holme,
Windermere.

LENGTH OF SLIDE IN RACING BOATS

SIR,—Last year you were good enough to insert some remarks of mine in the *Field* on the subject of the length of the slide in racing boats and the value of different parts of the stroke. My remarks were confirmed by the easy victory of Mr. Burk in the Diamonds, and, as he will probably be a competitor again this year, may I suggest that his style should be very seriously studied in the interests of rowing.

It would be of very great advantage if someone would take a cinematograph photo of his stroke, with, of course, his permission.

Yours faithfully,
240, Iffley Road, A. G. SHORTT
Oxford.

A UNIQUE FLY RECOVERY

SIR,—The following experience may interest some of your readers. On Thursday, June 8th, I was fishing for trout at the lower end of Loch Langabhlat, Isle of Lewis, and during the afternoon I rose and hooked two fish of about 10oz. each. They gave me some trouble, and I thought that I was weeded. I slacked the line in the hope that they would come out, which they did, and I landed both. To my surprise I found my middle fly missing, which I supposed had been torn off in the weeds.

I was fishing three flies. On Saturday, June 10th, I was fishing in the same spot, and hooked a trout of about the same size as the two I had caught on the 8th. When I had landed it I found my middle fly in its jaw. I must, therefore, have hooked three trout at the same time. The extraordinary thing is that I should have caught the fish, which broke off the middle fly, two days afterwards, and got back my lost fly.

Yours faithfully,
Grimersta Lodge, CECIL BRAITHWAITE.
Stornoway.

WATERMILL WITH TWO WHEELS

SIR,—The interesting point about the accompanying photograph is that the old mill has two water wheels, a most uncommon fact, though there is another in this part of Somerset. It is situated at Dunster at the foot of the castle hill, where it used to utilise the water of the little River Avill, flowing down the lovely valley of that name from the heights of Exmoor.

The particulars of the mill are given in Domesday Book, but tradition says it probably existed long before then.

Originally there was only one wheel, the smaller one on the right, but the larger one on the left was added later. The mill belonged to Dunster Priory, and the monks used to grind corn there for the priory farm and for the farmers of the countryside. It continued to work until modern times and only fell finally into disuse in 1916, because farmers gradually gave up bringing their corn here to be ground.

Dunster is one of the prettiest show villages of the West, with its broad picturesque street, its quaint octagonal Yarn Market built about 1600 by George Luttrell, and the ancient castle of the Luttrells overlooking the village from its sharp conical hill. It is visited by thousands of tourists in the summer, but the old mill with the two water wheels, being in the castle grounds, can be seen only on Sunday afternoons when the grounds are open to the public.

Yours faithfully,
Exmouth. E. M. BOOTY.

THE CUCKOO AND THE NEST

SIR,—I have always understood that a cuckoo is supposed to lay its egg on the ground, and then carries it to the nest in which it intends that it shall be hatched out. But recently I had the opportunity of watching the whole performance from the start.

I noticed a hen cuckoo being mobbed by two blackbirds and a hen hedge-sparrow, near the hedge on the lawn here. The cuckoo repeatedly flew into the hedge at the same place, where I knew there was a hedge-sparrow's nest containing four eggs.

Realising the cuckoo was probably going to lay her egg, I watched her carefully through a pair of field glasses, noticing that while on the ground she squatted with her wings slightly open like a bird cooling itself, hopping about driving away the blackbirds, who were very annoyed at her presence.

The cuckoo visited the nest six times, remaining the last time for seven minutes, then she flew away and began calling in some trees close by.

I visited the hedge-sparrow's nest at once to find one egg had been thrown out on the ground and the cuckoo's egg substituted.

As all this happened within 30yds. of where I was sitting, and I was using a pair of very good glasses, I can state that the cuckoo did not lay her egg on the ground but direct in the nest. The hen hedge-sparrow went back to the nest and continued her interrupted incubation as soon as the cuckoo had left, the whole incident lasting about half an hour.

Yours faithfully,
Woodchester, PHILIP C. SPICER.
Nettlebed, Henley-on-Thames.

SIR,—Quite recently I sheltered under a tree from a shower of rain in the New Forest and noticed a wren putting the finishing touches to its nest which was practically completed. Ten days afterwards I visited this nest which, approached very cautiously, showed no signs of life. I found it contained nothing but a cuckoo's egg, stone cold, and the nest obviously deserted; in fact it could not have been tenanted at all and seems to point to the cuckoo's great lack of intelligence. However, the fact of a cuckoo's egg being in a wren's nest seems to prove that the cuckoo does not lay its egg direct in a nest, but is placed in by the bill.

Yours faithfully,
"Oaklands," ERNEST E. JOHNSON.
Brockenhurst, Hants.

[Most authorities agree in stating that the cuckoo does—as did the bird in the first letter—lay direct into the nest.—ED.]



A MILL MENTIONED IN THE DOMESDAY BOOK
(*See letter "Watermill With Two Wheels"*)

SCHELLY

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a schelly, caught on worm in the Red Tarn, Helvellyn. On several occasions I have caught schelly by bottom fishing. The last time I was at the tarn, spinning for trout, I found the dried body of a schelly lying amongst the stones at the water's edge. It had evidently been dead for some time. At Bala Lake, and other places gwyniad and schelly have from time to time been washed up in this way. The question as to what causes their death is difficult to answer. Cases recorded from Haweswater by Francis Day had the air-bladder expanded. It may be that spawning has something to do with it, the fish changing rapidly from deep to shallow water.

There is no sport in fishing for schelly, but anyone who has never seen a specimen of whitefish may find some interest in trying for one with worm. I have had many a good day's fly-fishing for trout in Red Tarn, as well as spinning with a natural minnow in scarab tackle. The last time I was there I held several *post mortems* on trout brought to net, and found they had been feeding greedily on black gnats and stonefly nymphs.

Yours faithfully,

Lane House, RICHARD CLAPHAM.
Troutbeck, Windermere.

A THRICE USED NEST

SIR,—During the spring of 1936 a song thrush built a nest in a flowering currant hedge in a garden here. In the following spring (1937) a blackbird utilised the thrush's old nest as a foundation by superimposing a nest of its own upon the old structure. Now, after an interval of two years, a blackbird has repaired the nest once more and is sitting upon a clutch of four eggs. In both previous cases the broods were successfully reared.

Yours faithfully,

Dornoch, D. MACDONALD.
Sutherland.

TAMING A RAVEN

SIR,—I should be very grateful if any of your readers would give me some hints with regard to bringing up and taming a raven.

I have a young bird, about two months old and pinioned, but though he eats well and seems quite happy running about the garden, he is still very wild and shy.

Yours faithfully,

Greylag Farm, JAMES JUSTICE.
Upchurch, Kent.

A match for each other



Romance to-day has none of the handicaps of past generations. Young men and women can share the same interests, play the same games, smoke the same cigarettes. The latter was inevitable once women learned to appreciate the man's cigarette—Wills's Gold Flake. The flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos appeals to modern women. They've got Wills of their own, you see, in every sense of the word.

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

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake CORK-TIPPED as well as Plain.

G.F.8. 752



WHITEFISH FROM THE RED TARN, HELVELLYN
(*See letter "Schelly"*)

A GULL AT PLAY?

SIR,—Can any of your readers explain this incident, or have they seen a similar?

I live on the coast of Vancouver Island. Recently my sister, my brother-in-law and I were seated on the porch of our home. Directly opposite is a group of tall firs. We saw a seagull hover over these, then descend and tug a fir-cone from a top branch. This it tossed away. It returned four times at intervals of a few minutes and did the same thing. Why? Gulls do not eat cones, nor did it attempt to do so. Was it a game, and has anyone else seen a gull play it?

Yours faithfully,

Cherry Point, MARY HOLDEN.
Cobble Hill, Vancouver Island, B.C.

A LONELY BONE

SIR,—Reference letters on "A Lonely Bone" appearing in your issues of May 27th and June 17th, I have taken these floating bones from lion, tiger, leopard and even cheetah.

They are considered as lucky charms in India, and the native name is "Suntok."

I still have in my possession one from a lion measuring 3¼in. straight, and 4¼in. on the curve; and one from a cheetah, 1¾in. straight.

I was once told that these bones were presumed to be the remains of wing bones, when the prehistoric felines might have flown.

What a sporting shot a rocketing lion or tiger would have made!

Old Mill House, S. H. CHARRINGTON.
Rockfield,
Monmouth.

THE GOLDFINCH IN HAMPSHIRE

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to learn of the great increase in the goldfinch population in this part of Hampshire during the last two summers. Last year a goldfinch was quite a common sight in the hedgerows round about here, but this year one can hardly go for a walk along any of the by-ways without seeing at least one pair. Indeed, I saw a party of at least a dozen (evidently migrants just arrived from the Continent) on the evening of May 6th, and we had two pairs nesting within a few minutes' walk of the house, and this in a fairly populated neighbourhood.

So far from being one of our rarest species (as they were said to be not so many years ago) from where I write they bid fair to outnumber the chaffinch.

Yours faithfully,

Romsey, Hants. LANCE DAVL.

MOLE CRICKET

SIR,—Your correspondent should have no difficulty in finding mole crickets in the boggy districts of the New Forest. It has been recorded from most counties in England, from Cornwall to Lincoln, and from Kent to Lancashire. They are regarded as a garden pest at Mudeford, near Christchurch, in Hants, where 82 mole crickets were taken from a wet patch of ground about 70yds. square, that had not been dug for two years. They were in the wettest ground, that had been under water during the preceding winter.

Isolated records from Ireland and Scotland are accepted only with reserve, and verification is much desired. Mole crickets live in wet, boggy ground, and betray their presence by their churring note on warm evenings, resembling the noise of the nightjar.

Your correspondent's record from Nailsworth is an addition to the Gloucestershire list.

Yours faithfully,

South Rest, MALCOLM BURR.
Foxley Lane, Worthing.

FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, appeal for help for an aged couple of the middle class. They lost all their capital through a dishonest solicitor, for which cruel fraud the solicitor was sent to prison, but in the meantime these poor souls are suffering many deprivations, anxiety and ill-health. Do please help.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

A RAPID and remarkable growth has been seen in the electricity supply industry of this country during the past few years. There is a very general belief that still further progress will be experienced in coming years. Striking figures have been published on behalf of the Electricity Commissioners showing the growth in output of electricity by electric power companies and railways in Great Britain.

During 1930 the amount of electricity generated in the country was 10,914,000 units. There has been steady expansion year after year until 24,375,000 units were generated in the year to December, 1938. This means an increase of 123.33% over 1930.

Stocks and shares in electric power companies have always provided the investor with excellent investments. During the world-wide slump period of a few years ago investors in electric power shares fared far better than those who had put their money in other securities. For many years, in addition to regular dividends, shareholders received free share bonuses or were offered shares on very attractive bonus terms.

The industry is to-day firmly established, and I consider that preference as well as ordinary stocks and shares in electric power companies constitute ideal investments. A share which I favour is Midland Counties Electric. It supplies power for a large district in the industrial area of the Midlands. For some years up to the end of 1934 the ordinary dividend was a regular 7 per cent. For 1935 dividend was increased to 7½ per cent., while 8 per cent. has been paid for the past three years. An interim of 2½ per cent. is usually paid in October and a final when the accounts are available in March.

There is a point in connection with this company of considerable interest to the shareholders. Besides its principal business of electricity supply, it has considerable interest in road transport. Its traction properties operate services over 541 route miles, with a fleet of 289 vehicles, of which 256 are diesel or petrol driven and 33 are electric trolley.

The transport business is now on a strong commercial foundation, and the time is drawing near when the question of separating this business from the electric power side will be considered. That may at some future date mean a windfall for shareholders in the company. The shares standing around 37/– are a sound proposition.

As an indication of the popularity of this type of security the immediate success of an offer of 500,000 new 4½ per cent. preference shares of £1 each at 20/6 by West Kent Electric may be cited. The issue was oversubscribed and the shares in their partly paid form are changing hands at a small premium. Investors immediately recognised the merits of the shares.

I consider that shares in some of the smaller electric companies are worth investment attention. They are concerns which can show much development in future years. A concern I have in mind is Lincolnshire & Central Electric Supply Company.

The company was registered in 1930. Ordinary dividends are steadily increasing. The first distribution was 6 per cent. for 1936, followed by 8½ per cent. for 1937 and 9 per cent. for 1938. The ordinary capital is privately held, but the company has in issue 4½ per cent. £1 preference shares which can be bought around 21s. 6d. each.

They make an ideal industrial investment with a yield of £4 3s. 9d. per cent. As seen by the increasing dividend on the ordinary, cover for the preference capital is steadily increasing. In fact, the last published accounts showed £51,500 available for dividend, while only £11,250 is required to meet the preference dividend.

Another somewhat similar issue is Mid-Cheshire Electric Supply 4 per cent. £1 preference which can be bought around 19/9. Here again cover for the preference dividend is handsome.

OMNIVOROUS OSTRICHES

The latest arrival at the Scottish Zoological Park is a large male ostrich. It is very welcome, for the Zoo has not had an ostrich for some time. The last one died over three years ago, the cause of its death being half a plate which someone had thrown into its paddock and which it promptly swallowed. The ostrich is a bird who sadly lacks discretion in such matters. Such things as pennies, knives, nails, sticks, wire, lengths of string and, on one occasion, half a lemonade bottle, have in the past contributed to the deaths of a number of the Zoo's ostriches. The new ostrich came from Nigeria via Hamburg. Other birds of this group at present represented in the Park are the rheas of South America, the cassowaries of the East Indies and the emus of Australia.

New Books

GAY NEW WORLD

I Like America. By GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH. (Hutchinson; 10/6.)

I DO not know if you read *Abyssinian Adventure?* If you did there is no need to recommend Mr. Harmsworth's new book. If you did not, then I strongly advise you to go out and get a copy immediately you have read this review, and while you are about it get a copy of *I Like America*. It is 10/6 well spent.

The publishers call Mr. Harmsworth a star reporter. A reporter is a gentleman that reports—that and no more. Mr. Harmsworth not only reports that that he sees, but tells you what he feels about it, and what, in his opinion, it means. He is very much more than a star reporter. He has a very observant eye and a very retentive memory. There is little or nothing he misses, and he has the ability (a very rare gift in these days of shoddy reporting) of making his reader—an ordinarily dull human being—see the things he sees. He is a star *observer*.

This is the story of a 15,000-mile trip through the United States. That trip took six weeks. Obviously it was pretty hurried—2,000 miles a week is good going even to-day; and obviously you cannot get to know the United States in six weeks. (I know a man who maintains that it takes a lifetime to know Rutland.) Mr. Harmsworth does not pretend that he knows the United States. He just puts down what he saw and thought about it. Moreover, he did not travel in the "old school tie" manner, made fashionable by recent explorers in less accessible parts of the globe. His attitude is very much the attitude of any other young Englishman on a voyage of exploration, seeing new things with a quick eye and an alert mind. It is an attitude unclouded by snobbishness, pretentiousness and all that fantastic mess that is covered by the old school tie. And that is most refreshing.

This is not a political book—again most refreshing—but a cross-section of general American life. He witnesses a trial in the High Court (I found this about the most interesting thing in the whole book); he went to a service at Aimee Macpherson's temple (which is just incredible), and to an all-in wrestling match and to a convict prison. He met John D. Rockfeller, jun., and Mr. William Randolph Hearst and Walt Disney and Miss Anita Loos, who wrote a classic—at least what will be recognised as such one day. And he met a lot of those people I pay a shilling to see about once a fortnight—including Charlie Chaplin and Shirley Temple and Maureen O'Sullivan. And about it all he writes gaily and easily—so easily that one can too easily forget that this is a book that should be read seriously and carefully.

It should be read thus because it is a picture of a country we ought to know a great deal better, and with whom—not only for our own sakes—we should be in much closer touch. Three thousand miles away it may be (but did not Mr. Harmsworth cover five times that distance in six weeks?), but it is actually next door. It speaks our language, thinks and acts to-day as we do next year, and is youthful and energetic. We may not think too much of America; we should think a lot more.

Mr. Harmsworth liked America. He is, indeed, enthusiastic, and his enthusiasm is infectious. It is jolly good reading this book—and you can't fail to like America, too. The photographs are excellent. Many more might have been produced full-page size—no, not might, should. BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.

* * * *

Les Mouches du Pêcheur de Truites. By L. de Boisset. (Librairie des Champs-Elysées, 2 bis, rue de Marignan, Paris.)

Anglers who are conversant with French will find this book decidedly intriguing. M. de Boisset has now done for French streams very much what Halford did for English chalk streams, but unlike Halford—to whom, by the way, he pays honourable tribute—he has not confined himself to any one type of water, but has provided a lucid account of all the flies likely to be encountered by an angler in any part of France.

In the main he is concerned with their identification and on how to distinguish between the different species, which, as a rule, is beyond the ordinary angler's powers; but he is able to point out some simple distinctions between various species of olive, for example. For the purpose of catching trout with a fly this, perhaps, is of no great consequence, since the difference—a matter of the veining on the wings—can hardly be observable to the trout. But it is probable that, with so widely distributed an insect, the species which are suitable for one type of water are not suitable for another, and a more careful study by anglers who fish streams other than chalk streams may be of great help in improving stocks of fly in those waters.

The author has also many suggestions to make about better fly imitation. Though he approves in general Halford's dressings, he considers that they might be improved in many cases. He is, perhaps, a little too much inclined to attach importance to the exactness of an imitation, disregarding the useful maxim that what looks alike to the angler does not necessarily look alike to the trout. But an entomologist is naturally jealous of the good fame of his subject. He will have nothing to do with impressionist studies and even "strafes" that excellent fish-taker the gold-ribbed hare's ear.

But M. de Boisset is to be heartily congratulated on producing so readable and interesting a book on the fly life of streams in France. It could be studied with advantage by English anglers both for its information about natural insects and for its many suggestions for their more accurate imitation. H. D. TURING.

* * * *

End Plays. (The Ad. Press, Ltd.; $2.50.)

This is the third edition of George S. Coffin's classic work on end plays. It is definitely not a book for the happy-go-lucky player who wants a few hints for improving his game. As stated in the foreword, it should "be taken in small doses, as much of the analysis is too deep for casual reading." Of necessity the writer has been compelled to invent his own nomenclatures for the various basic plays, and in his endeavour to cover thoroughly each variation he has invented many weird titles, such as entry cross ruff fork strip, and force avoiding entry throw in, which are apt to prove rather disconcerting.

However, the reader should not allow himself to be put off by the titles of the various plays, since the book will very well repay a close study. To the average player many of the situations described would be sufficiently difficult for double dummy problems, let alone rubber play. The various hands are very clearly illustrated and in many cases most amusingly described.

Not many players would be able to reproduce often the actual play followed by the many experts who have contributed hands to this book, and in fact most players would be proud to have just one or two of them to their credit. I can definitely recommend this book not only to problem lovers, but to the many who wish to improve the finer points of their game. G. E. SMITH.

* * * *

Rudiments of Riding. By Captain F. C. HITCHCOCK. (Hurst & Blackett; 2/6.)

Captain Hitchcock has set out in this little book advice which the beginner will find invaluable. He discusses the general behaviour towards the horse, gives excellent hints as to saddling and bridling, describes the correct application of the aids and the general care of the horse. If there is nothing fresh in his pages, it can at least be said that no one ought to mount a horse who is not in possession of the degree of information represented by this book.

* * * *

Regent of Hungary. By OWEN RUTTER. (Rich and Cowan; 18/-.)

Europe to-day is governed by many personalities and not the least of them is Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary. For two decades he has controlled the destiny of his country, and it seems extraordinary that this should be the first account to appear in English of this man and his work.

Mr. Rutter's account is very complete. He has had the free use of the facts of the Regent's life hitherto unpublished, while many famous men have given him assistance in the compilation of his book. It is a valuable historical record. ROBERT COLVILLE.

* * * *

Rock Gardens: Their Construction, Planting and Maintenance. By W. E. SHEWELL COOPER. (The Epworth Press; 2/6.)

Mr. Shewell Cooper, as a regular contributor to our columns, needs no introduction to *Field* readers. His practical advice has already made many gardens brighter, and it is pleasing to find that his latest book on the construction of rock gardens is full of the same sound knowledge and love of his subject. It deals with every problem which might beset the beginner, from the correct placing of rocks to the many and varied plants which can clothe their nakedness.

I do not feel that I can compliment the author in any better way than by saying that I am glad to have his book in my library. WILLIAM LUSCOMBE.

* * * *

An Outline of Forestry. By THOMAS THOMSON, M.Sc., and M. R. K. JERRAM, M.C. (Thomas Murby & Co.; 7/6.)

To set as an effective introduction to a subject, a book should paint the picture as whole, with broad sweeps of the brush, omitting detail the study of which would confuse the issue if undertaken at too early a stage. Messrs. Thomson and Jerram have produced just such a book, in which will be found a masterly, comprehensive and accurate analysis of the principles of forestry from a silvicultural and financial point of view. Rather more than an outline, its greatest appeal will be to anyone contemplating a serious study of forestry, but the welcome absence of technical terms makes it suitable for the general reader, whose mind will not be bemused by routine problems, nor by considerations of amenity or sport, two factors of great importance for estate woodlands, but regarded by the authors as matter for later study. R. D.

* * * *

Celluloid Safari. By STIRLING GILLESPIE, F.R.G.S. (Blackie & Son, Ltd.; 12/6.)

The author and Mr. J. Blake Dalrymple, F.R.G.S. travelled 25,000 miles for the purpose of filming and photographing big game in Africa. The book begins with their landing at Cape Town and ends with their arrival at Cairo three days ahead of schedule, having made the journey by car. What happens in between and the results of their photography, form the contents of a most attractive volume. Written in a light-hearted, pleasant style, it is essentially readable, and the 70-odd photographs can only be described as first-rate. As can be expected, there are both thrills and trials, all of which seem to have been met in the happy spirit of an adventurous disposition. The mumbo-jumbo of a witch-doctor, the cheetah which tried to steal the food from the car and got "snapped" in the act, the monkeys which raided the larder at the camp on the Zambezi are a few of the sort of things which crowd the book. One of the most thrilling photographs is of an elephant at 20yds. range, and another remarkable one shows a puff-adder crawling over the head of Kumbemba, a witch-doctor. Those of the eland, black rhino, and buffalo are among other particularly attractive ones. But it is hard to pick and choose when the standard is so high.

Perhaps if the author had refrained from making comparisons with big-game shooting, tempting though this may be, it would have been better. But whatever his views, the book will be greatly enjoyed by the reader. W. H. T. LOXO.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

There have been a number of stories about cricket going about for some time now. The best of them, and some new ones as well, have been collected in *Silly Point*, by ARTHUR CLIFTERBOK (Duckworth; 5/-). With a note from Patsy Hendren it is well worth reading.

Another indication of the rapid development of every sport is Pitman's 4/- publication *Fencing*. In it the art of the three methods of fencing—foil, epée and sabre—are brought up to date. Its author, G. V. Hett, is well qualified to write it, as he is himself an active fencer and looks on the sport with the modern point of view.

From Land's End to John o' Groats (Blackie; 8/6) is obviously a large field for any book to cover. Mr. Colin Howard covers it in some 300 pages, in fourteen days. It is all praise to his knowledge of the country, his appreciation of atmosphere, his good writing that he makes this book what it is.

All in the Day's Work, by Commander C. L. KERR (Rich & Cowan; 15/-), is a book of some variety. It is a memory of youth, of the sea, of years as a young officer, of cruisers and torpedo craft and submarines. It is a cross-section of the War, the activities of naval batteries on different shores, and the control of convoys in Egypt. And it gives an account of later life, of shark hunting in Australia and life in the City. A colourful book of a varied life, told in a straightforward, slightly graphic, more than slightly humorous style which is so unmistakably the voice of the man of the sea.

INSURE WITH

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

For Prospectuses, and full information on all classes of Insurance, write to:—

Chief Administration:

7, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2



THE OLIVER 70, WITH ROW-CROP TOOLS ATTACHED, HAULING A PLOUGH IN KENT



A CATERPILLAR 22, A GENERAL PURPOSE CRAWLER WITH COULTAS DRILL

TRACTORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

Some Problems of Choice

IT is becoming generally appreciated that the success or otherwise of a tractor outfit depends very much upon the judgment which is exercised in making a choice at the outset. This is not merely a question of makes but of models, since the majority of firms can offer several different machines and the total number from which one can choose is now well over fifty.

As regards types as distinct from makes, one has first to decide on the tasks to which the machine will be put and the class of ground on which it will have to work, before getting down to a consideration of models. One may very broadly classify the types as wheeled and crawler machines and further sub-divide on the basis of capacity in both types to haul one, two, three, four, or more furrows in medium land. In both crawler and wheeled types there are standard and row-crop type machines, the latter being capable of doing practically all jobs as well as the standard patterns in addition to their specialised advantages in row-crop work.

In choosing between the two classes, one generally prefers a wheeled machine to a crawler, if wheels can do all that is wanted, on the score of simplicity and cheapness allied to the greatest measure of adaptability if mounted on pneumatic tyres. For difficult conditions, as on hilly or heavy land and for the higher powers, the supremacy of the crawler is undeniable and much land is being successfully and cheaply worked with their aid, which could not be tackled with horses or with wheeled-tractors.

A machine which has done more to popularise power-farming than any other is the well-known Fordson, which has occupied a favoured position for many years as a general utility tractor, capable of being economically put to most jobs on the majority of farms and with power enough to-day to handle three furrows on heavy land. On pneumatic tyres it is suitable for general haulage as well as the tillage work and stationary driving. In addition to the standard pattern a row-crop type is available.

The Case is a great favourite in several districts, and the better-known models—the small C and the large L—have recently been joined by a lighter type known as the RC. This is suitable for a variety of the jobs requiring less power than is afforded by the model C, and is specially laid out with a view to row-crop work and has a power lift for tool-bar frames. The row-crop version of the C, namely, the CC4, is very popular for inter-cultivations and general work on heavy land.

Several of the Massey-Harris models have been the subject of recent improvements and the Pacemaker is a good example of the standard type four-wheeler allying power with economy. The Challenger, the companion row-crop machine, may be had in the tricycle fashion layout or as a four-wheeler with a special high clearance front axle. They have also a larger machine giving over 25 h.p. on the drawbar which is capable of turning out a great deal of work at plough and handling big combines or threshing machines. On a set of 12.75in. by 32in. pneumatic tyres this machine will handle a four-furrow plough comfortably on heavy land and represents an excellent type of machine for the larger farm.

There is such an extensive range of International Harvester models that it is difficult to single out any particular individuals for mention. It includes crawler machines with both paraffin and Diesel motors as well as a number of standard and row-crop wheeled patterns. Among the latter, the Farmall 14 and the Farmall 20 are very popular representatives. The former is described by some farmers as a first-rate substitute for a three-horse team and is a most economical unit for harrowing, drilling, mowing and the like, while the latter will handle a three-furrow plough almost anywhere and is also an economical runner.



A MEDIUM-SIZED STANDARD TRACTOR ON PNEUMATICS, THE ALLIS-CHALMERS W.F., PLOUGHING THREE FURROWS IN DORSET

Allis-Chalmers machines are becoming every year more popular and since their introduction about five years ago they have spread to all parts of the country. Here again there is a comprehensive range from which to choose. It starts with the model B, one of the smallest general farming tractors made, but one which will haul a two-furrow plough on heavy land and can also do all the other tillage jobs, haulage and belt work. It is designed for pneumatic tyre equipment, which is the only form of wheel obtainable. The machine is also a row-crop type and can be bought with tool-bar frame. Other models include a selection of well-tried wheeled machines and several different crawlers.

A machine which has been creating a very favourable reputation on row-crop work is the Oliver 70, one of the few six-cylinder motored jobs in use. It has exceptional ground clearance and with a forward mounted tool-bar frame is capable of turning out very good work. The smooth-running engine assists the operator very materially in his job.

When thinking of track-laying tractors most people also think of Caterpillar, a line in which there have recently been introduced two new models. These are the D.2 and the R.2. These replace the well-known model Twenty Two and the former is of special interest in having a Diesel-type motor. Whether the extra cost of this type as against the paraffin-burning R.2 will be justified is a matter for the individual user, but either machine can be relied upon for handling four-furrow ploughs in most soils and for coping with the most difficult conditions in hillside work. For those who need high-powered machines there is a range of Caterpillar models, including the largest tractors built for farming purposes.

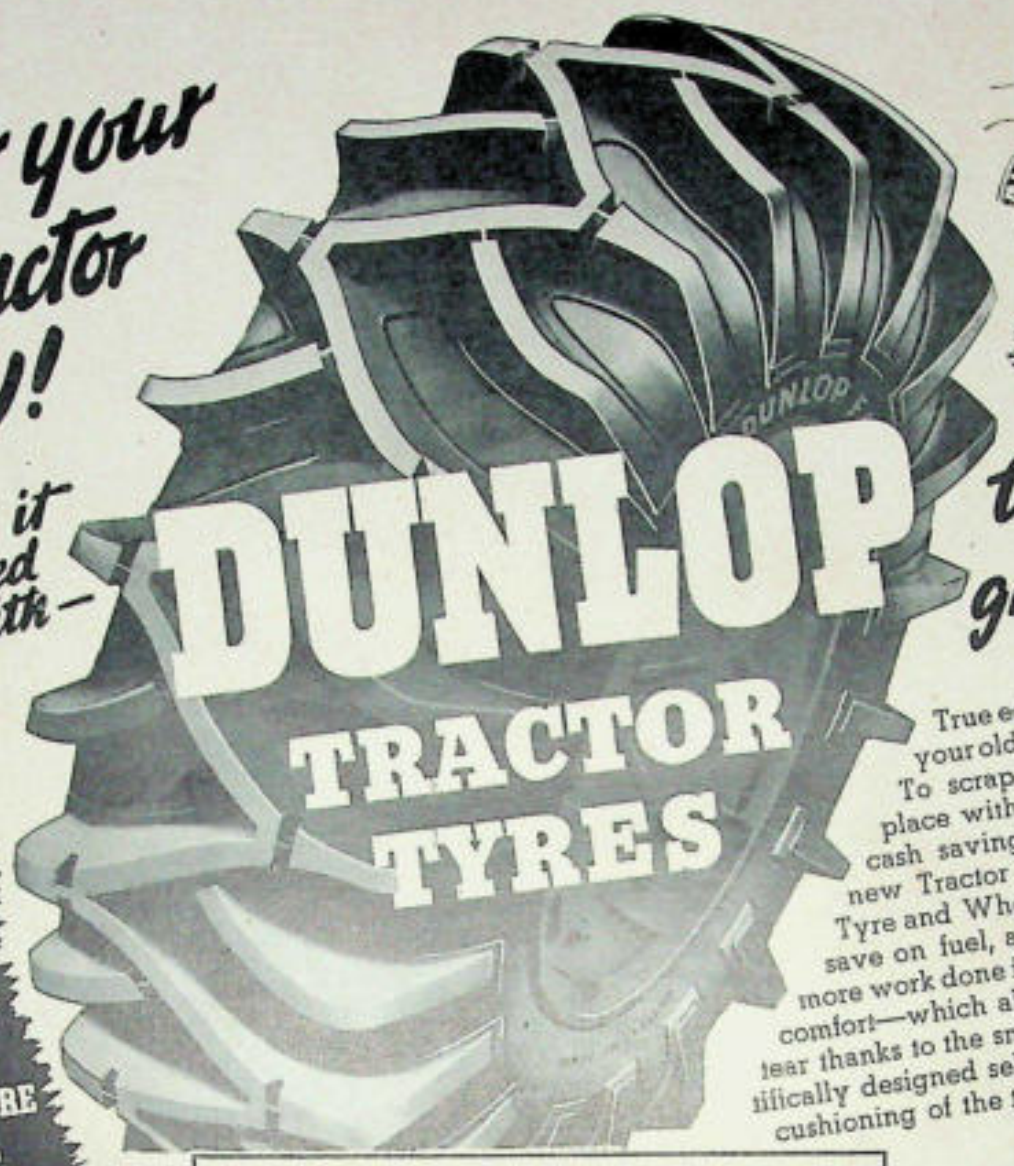
The Cletrac range is another incorporating a series of crawler models of varying power. Among these are to be found models suitable for most purposes, including high-clearance types for row-crop work.

J. M.

Order your new Tractor NOW!

Be sure it is fitted with—





the greatest grip on Earth

True economy is impossible with your old all-metal wheeled tractor. To scrap old equipment and replace with modern, means definite cash savings in short time. Buy a new Tractor with Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre and Wheel Equipment and you'll save on fuel, and upkeep. You'll get more work done in less time and in greater comfort—which also means less wear and tear thanks to the smooth riding of the scientifically designed self-cleaning tread and the cushioning of the tough large-section tyres.

Take the road to bigger profits with a new tractor and

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE AND WHEEL EQUIPMENT

DUNLOP is exhibiting at the following Agricultural Shows:

The Royal	... ...	Windsor	July 4-8
Gt. Yorkshire	... ...	Halifax	July 12-14

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED
FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM
Branches throughout the World.

The Highlights of the Tractor and Harvester Exhibits at the

ROYAL SHOW, WINDSOR
JULY 4th-8th, 1939

will be provided by

ALLIS-CHALMERS

On STAND No. 80, Avenue "C"



The New "40" All-Crop Harvester in action with "Pick-up" attachment

¶ Shewn for the first time will be the new Adjustable Front Axle on Model "B" Tractor and The New "40" All-Crop Harvester which sells at £130!!!

THE ORIGINAL ORANGE TRACTORS

No matter where you farm, what kind of land you have, or what crops you grow, there is a Tractor to suit your purpose and pocket in the "AC" line

Speedy, Economical, Durable and Dependable

Catalogues with pleasure from:

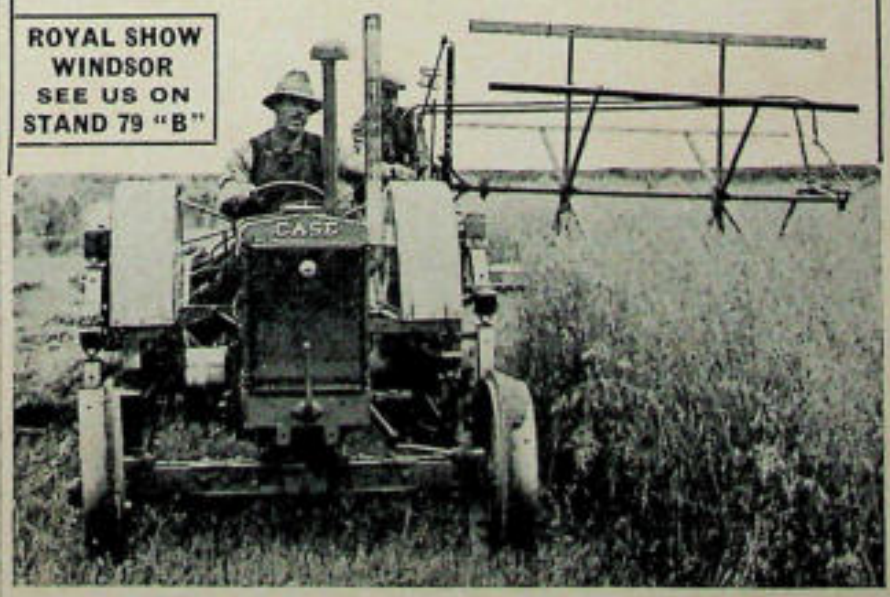
ALLIS-CHALMERS MANUFACTURING CO.,
728, SALISBURY HOUSE, LONDON WALL, LONDON, E.C. 2
'Phone: MET. 6529 'Grams: Gyrating, Ave, London

THE SECRET
of keeping up with harvest work

. . . is to use the tractor which will never let you down. Pulling a binder takes more out of horses than any other job, but a Case is tireless and will work from daylight to dark six days a week, with never an involuntary stop. And when harvest is over you can break your stubbles at once and so keep your land clean. For fuel consumption Case takes the lead in all trials.

It Costs Less to Farm with CASE

ROYAL SHOW WINDSOR SEE US ON STAND 79 "B"



ASSOCIATED MANUFACTURERS CO. (London) LTD., PALACE OF INDUSTRY, WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX. Phone:—Wembley 3163-6 (4 lines). Grams.:—"Amanco, Phone, London."



A MASSEY-HARRIS FOUR-FURROW PLOUGH AND A TRACTOR OF THE SAME MAKE

CULTIVATING WITH A STANHAY TOOL BAR ON A FORDSON

PLOUGH AND TILLAGE IMPLEMENTS

Choice Dependent on a Variety of Duties

THERE is every reason to convince one that ploughing and other tillage operations have been carried out for years out of number largely on a rule of thumb basis, and with very little consideration of the underlying principles of cultivation. In days when horseflesh was cheap, the number of horse and man hours expended in the production of a crop was not a matter for concern—indeed, many took a pride in the numerous ploughings given in preparation for roots, for example. To-day, the usage of tractors and other up-to-date machines in the effort to counter high labour costs has led people to study ways and means of economising in the conduct of tillage operations, and the advisability of every style of cultivation is subjected to more critical examination.

In equipping the farm with ploughs and other tillage implements for tractor haulage one can select a group of machines which will each give service in several directions, and this will lead to economy in first cost and in operation. A good plough which will be suitable for a variety of jobs is the foundation of a tractor outfit, and the British farmer is extremely well served in this section. In the range put out by Ransomes, Sims, and Jefferies there may be found something suitable for almost any condition that comes to mind, since for abnormal conditions one may draw on the export types that are not commonly sold in this country. Several models carrying normal bodies are convertible as to the number of furrows ploughed, as from three to two, or four to three. This is a help where land on one holding is both light and heavy, and by reducing the load by a furrow on the heavy going it is usually possible to keep the tractor on ploughing gear instead of having to drop to bottom speed.

Then it is well to remember when buying a plough that more than conventional ploughing may be necessary at times. One may want to undertake subsoiling, for instance. Many of the Ransomes models are capable of taking subsoiling tines in place of a plough body, and there are some specially designed for the job of combined ploughing and subsoiling with a powerful tractor, such as the Junotrac. This is a first-class implement for increasing the depth of workable soil at a low cost.

A series of standard ploughs noted for light draught is the Cockshutt, marketed by Listers.

Several of the general agricultural engineering firms who make tractors also build ploughs and other tools for use with them. This applies among others to Massey-Harris, International Harvester and Oliver, and many buyers like to obtain a complete outfit from the one manufacturer. For special deep work as in Fen land the Melotte one-way tractor ploughs have become very popular in appropriate districts. They can handle a 16in. deep furrow quite easily and leave no dead furrows.

The cost of seed-bed preparation or cleaning operations is largely dependent on the efficiency of the implements employed. The greater speed of travel of the tractor is nearly always an advantage in this connection, as the tined varieties, at any rate, are more effective at fast speeds. Tractor cultivators are produced by many firms in various types. For deep heavy grubbing on stiff land many prefer the rigid tined type, and these may be obtained in sizes to suit most machines. For breaking up hard clay land for a half fallow, if sufficient power is available, from one of the largest crawlers, one looks to the big export cultivators made by Ransomes, which will turn out work not inferior to the steam cultivator. Another substantial model for medium tractors is produced by Nicholsons. In addition, it may be remembered that for all normal cultivations one may employ the toolbar frame of a row-crop tractor and save the cost of a separate implement.



THE MURRAY ROTARY CULTIVATOR AT WORK BEHIND AN INTERNATIONAL 10-20

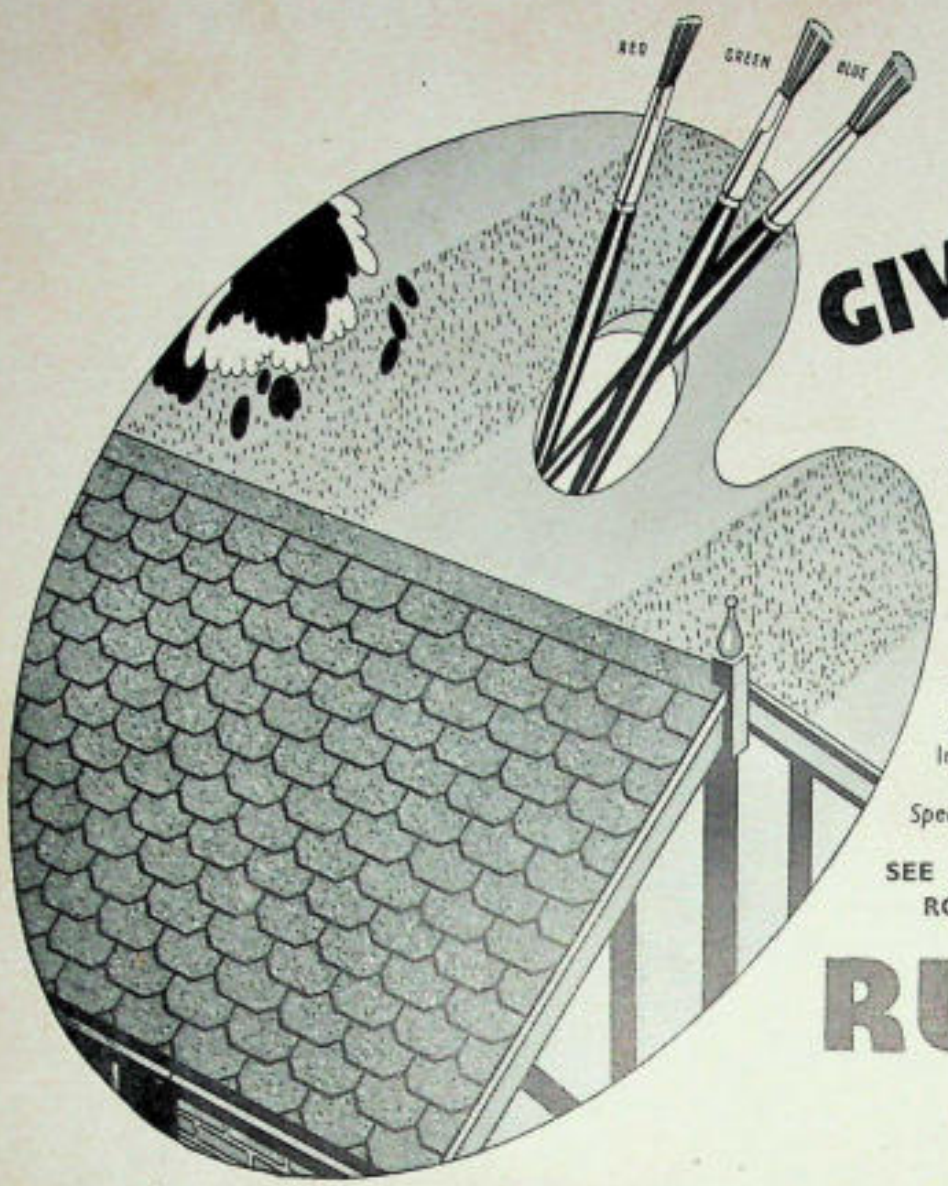
On the mixed farm in particular, the advantages of cultivating tools that are equally useful on grass and arable must not be overlooked. The Wilder Pitchpole harrow, for instance, was developed as an arable tool for surface cultivation and the extraction of rubbish. It was then found equally effective with a different tine for slitting old turf, and has become widely known for this work. The tandem disc harrow, which is one of the finest arable tools in the right hands, has also its uses on grass, for breaking up mole heaps and ant hills, and for aerating. Good examples are made by Ransomes, International, Massey-Harris, Bentalls and Oliver.

In districts where the rate of share wear is rapid on mouldboard ploughs, such as on the Wolds, it has been found that the disc type harrow plough or one-way disc has enabled the mouldboard plough to be very largely displaced with a consequent saving in operating cost. The disc plough proper has had few advocates in this country, but properly handled it can turn out good work, and more will probably come into use.

In loading a tractor to accommodate the power to the implements drawn, one may increase the load on the lighter jobs, either by a wider tool or by hitching several, such as cultivators, harrows or rollers in tandem. The system to follow depends in part on the type of country and partly on the tools already available, the tandem system being a way to use up old horse implements economically. It is also the favourite method where fields and gates are small.

The expanding roller, however, is capable of going through ordinary gates and yet of opening out to 18ft. or more in action. These are made by such firms as Wilders of Crowmarsh, Listers, Blackstones and a number of others.

Rotary tillage attachments for the standard tractors continue to attract an increasing amount of interest. The models available include the rotary hoe for attachment to the Fordson, the Murray Helical Rotary Cultivator, which is a trailer-unit for power drive from the take-off of any suitable tractor, and the Fishleigh which is also hauled behind the tractor and power driven. These have uses on both arable and grass land. B. J.



GIVE COLOUR TO YOUR ROOFS

Ruberoid Slates in warm, mellow colours always look neat and give permanent service at moderate cost on all types of estate and farm buildings, bungalows, garages, summerhouses and garden shelters. No experience is required for fixing. Ruberoid Slates are supplied in Twin Butt form or in neat Octagonal strips, complete with all accessories for fixing. Three colours: Venetian Red, Westmorland Slate Green and Steel Blue. Stocked by leading Builders' Merchants and Ironmongers.

Specimen Slates and explanatory booklet sent on request.

SEE OUR STAND NO. 190, AVENUE F, AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, WINDSOR

RUBEROID SLATES

THE RUBEROID CO., LTD., 145, LINCOLN HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

R.S.J.L.

Ransomes

PLOUGHS

were exhibited at the first ROYAL SHOW in 1839

The fact that an unparalleled range of ploughs is to be exhibited at the 1939 Royal Show is conclusive proof of their supremacy.

STAND NUMBER 109

RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, Ltd., ORWELL WORKS, IPSWICH

OVER A CENTURY'S LEADERSHIP!

1837 1939

At the

CENTENARY ROYAL SHOW

WINDSOR, JULY 4th-8th

DON'T FAIL TO INSPECT THE GREAT DISPLAY OF TRACTORS, POWER FARMING MACHINERY AND GENERAL AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS BY THE LARGEST MAKERS OF FARM MACHINERY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

They Speed Up Productions and Reduce Farm Costs

By Appointment to the late King George V.



STAND 132 Avenue E

MASSEY-HARRIS
Associated with
BLACKSTONE
Trafford Park, MANCHESTER
and at London and Stamford.

MASSEY-HARRIS BLACKSTONE



WHITE CAP, OVERALL, RUBBER BOOTS, MAKE UP A CLEAN MILKER'S OUTFIT IN THIS COWSHED, WHERE ALUMINIUM STOOLS ARE ALSO IN USE

AIDS TO CLEAN MILK PRODUCTION

The Necessity for the Exclusion of all Dirt

THE rising consumption of milk cannot be altogether unconnected with the increasingly high standards of quality enforced, and the study of equipment and technique has led to the manufacture of many devices to aid in the production of a first-class sample. In laying out a dairy plant with this end in view the first essential is to plan for the exclusion of dirt or contaminating matter from the milk.

Some old buildings may be successfully modernised for the housing and milking of cows, but the present tendency is to separate the milking and housing problems. Cows may very well lie in an old-fashioned byre, if taken to a modern shed in batches for milking, and this reduces the outlay. In such circumstances one may well decide on the provision of a set of washing stalls erected at the rear of the milking stalls, where one batch may be cleaned while another is milked. Such stalls are now equipped with water brushes and sponges and can be connected up to a steam-pipe to warm the washing water, so that the job can be most efficiently done.

In such milking-houses there is a concrete floor, kept wet when milking is in progress and therefore dust does not arise. The milk is delivered to the cooler without exposure to the atmosphere. To prevent contamination at the source, the foremilk may be drawn into a cup made for the purpose, which also enables a thick quarter to be at once located; and teat cups will be disinfected between cows.

In such installations, arrangements are made for easy dismantling and also for coupling up pipelines for steaming through and for rinsing with cold water. The controls are similarly designed for dismantling for cleaning.

Design of coolers has been directed very much towards the production of articles which present no angular crevices in which dirt or milk can lodge and which afford cover from the air while in use. The quantity of water employed is much reduced where the refrigerant system is adopted, and such has made dairying possible on farms where the water supply must be conserved. The provision of a mechanically operated cooler in conjunction with a small cold room has other advantages. It permits churns of milk to be held at a low temperature pending dispatch, and thereby reduces any souring tendency in hot weather, and it has also enabled a number of dairy farmers to develop a useful trade in ice-cream as a sideline.

The sterilisation of utensils employed in milk production has brought into being a very large range of equipment which was almost unknown to the general run of farmers a few years back. It is generally accepted that a steaming plant is a *sine qua non*, and numerous firms have set out to supply a set including a boiler and a steam chest which will enable all the utensils to be sterilised. The boiler commonly operates on pressures from 15lb. per sq. in. upwards and models fired with coal, oil or gas are obtainable. In addition, a number of electrically heated outfits are available for those who have a supply of cheap current.

In selecting a plant one has to look for capacity in the chest sufficient for all items which have to be "cooked" after each milking. It is handy also to be able to draw off water for washing and to have an attachment for steaming churns on a block if a number of churns is normally in use. Most makers also turn out a jet to which can be attached the tubes of the milking machines for steaming through. One should look for a chest with simple but effective locking device on the door, and, if space is limited, select one of those with a slide-over type door, which does not take up any room when open.

Dairying invariably makes a big call upon water supplies, and if any defect occurs in the water used for washing cows or appliances, trouble may easily arise. Bacterial contamination can readily be introduced in this way. If available supplies are poor it usually pays to sink a deep well in the absence of a company's supply. The water may be lifted from this well at a negligible cost by an engine common to the milking machine and the pump. In this way one can employ a medium-sized power unit for the dual purpose and no extra labour is involved for attention when pumping.

In some districts a good supply can be obtained from springs, and if located near running water, the spring supply can be lifted to the buildings even more cheaply by installing a hydraulic ram. The steel windmill is another economical source of power for the purpose.

Attention to the coat of the cow itself is another direction in which one can make for cleanliness. It is now general among more advanced producers to clip the flanks, hindquarters and udder, and for this purpose some of the milking machine makers have introduced a very neat vacuum operated clipper. One may also make use of the electric clippers, which are also quiet and efficient.

P. B. S.

MR. D. N. MCHARDY has written a most useful pamphlet entitled *Rubber Equipment in Modern Farm Management*, which appears as Bulletin No. 11 of the Rubber and Agricultural Series, published by the British Rubber Publicity Association. Mr. McHardy deals with such subjects as specialised potato machinery, poultry and pig folding, the saving of farm roads by the use of pneumatic tyres, and spraying with tractors.



MODERN METHODS OF MILKING AT MR. KING'S FARM NEAR PRISTON



"The total sales of milk in this country have risen steadily until, in the 1938-39 period, the figure reached the enormous total of 1,080,000,000 gallons"

PROGRESS IN MILKING BY MACHINES

Developments in Outdoor Milking

RECENT statistics issued by the Milk Marketing Board show that since the year 1934–35 the total sales of milk in this country have risen steadily until, in the 1938-39 period, the figure reached the enormous total of 1,080,000,000 gallons. There is every indication that the upward trend will be continued, and it is beyond dispute that such a productive movement could not have been sustained without the aid of the milking machine.

It is well known that over the same period the numbers of regular workers have steadily declined,



ASSEMBLING THE UNITS OF A MANUS PLANT

and the supply of casual workers for milking only, on whom producers in old-established dairying districts formerly relied, is now extremely small. In the circumstances the spread of the machine has been inevitable. In many districts, however, the prejudice against mechanical milking has held out against the evidence of large numbers of successful users and one may find patches of country with hardly any outfits, surrounded by areas where the majority of cows have never been hand-milked.

Like all other machines, the mechanical milker is successful or otherwise in proportion to the aptness of the operator. If a motor car is kept in a filthy condition its passengers will invariably have their clothes spoiled. Yet we know that millions of fastidious people travel in cars without complaint. Just in the same way, a well-kept milking plant can turn out clean milk with a phenomenally low bacterial count. Careless workers will produce dirty milk just as readily without a machine as with it.

One also hears alarming stories about the transmission of disease from one bag to another through the medium of the teat cups. The careful operator, who dips them in a disinfectant and rinses them after each cow does not experience such trouble, which is just as common where hand milkers do not take precautions. As to relative yields, there are plenty of cup-winning herds to vouch for the high outputs that can be attained with a machine. Progress has been such that one has not much difficulty to-day in finding a good milking outfit. The various makers have each some speciality in construction on which they base their individual successes. Materials used in construction are being constantly improved, and there is generally very little trouble nowadays with teat cup liners or other rubber parts. Stainless steel is very widely employed in bucket construction and assists in easy maintenance.

The essential components of the machine—the vacuum pump, controls, pulsator, teat cup claw, and so on, may be applied in any one of several ways. There is the bucket plant which is a permanent fitting in a cowshed of the type in which cows are tied and are milked. This is the oldest standard application.

More recently, in order to meet the situation where cowstalls are not up to modern standards for milking, but are good enough for sleeping quarters, the releaser plant has been introduced, for installation in a special milking building, to which the cows are driven in batches. No buckets are employed, the milk being drawn through tubes and delivered into the dairy section. This system has much to recommend it. It allows of complete handling of the milk without exposure to the air, it economises in capital outlay, and in labour, while milking is done in a perfectly clean atmosphere.

Such plants may be fitted with a device for recording individual yields at will, so that they suit the breeder of milk-recorded cattle.

The system of outdoor milking in movable bails, as introduced by Mr. A. J. Hosier some years ago, has spread into a number of districts since and has been responsible for some very interesting developments in practice. The system incorporates a standard milking machine plant in the bail and, as the outfit is moved frequently to fresh ground, the risks of contamination of the milk are minimised. In some cases the herd is kept out on the open ground all the year round, but if conditions are such as to render this impracticable, one can still make use of the bail in winter.



A DAIRY SHORTHORN HERD IN THE CENTRE OF SALISBURY PLAIN NEAR IMBER

In such cases it is usual to locate the bail close to the buildings where the cows are lying in, and drive them to be milked in batches. This again overcomes at low cost the problem of those whose buildings are not suitable for milking by modern standards.

A. T.



AN 8-FOOT CUT MASSEY-HARRIS POWER BINDER IN A HEAVY WHEAT CROP

NEW MACHINERY FOR THE HARVEST

The Tractor-Drawn Power Binder

WHILE plans for the coming harvest will in general have been made somewhat earlier than this, many people will defer ordering new machines until they have had the opportunity of looking around the latest types at the bigger shows. It is not wise to delay any later than the beginning of July since a rush of late orders may easily absorb all the available machines.

Ideas on the harvesting of the cereal crops have undergone considerable changes during the last few years. The difficulty of obtaining casual labour for seasonal operations and the impossibility of carrying a large staff on the majority of farms has led to a general search for means to get in the crops with the least requirements for man power.

There are some who have yet to acquire practical experience of the tractor-drawn power binder, but when they have once seen the advantages as compared with the older pattern deriving its power from contact with the ground, they will soon appreciate the difference. The power-drive type can be had with cuts of up to 10ft. and an 8ft. cut is common. Even in these large sizes the binding mechanism is capable of handling heavy English crops, much, indeed, to the surprise of the sceptics. What is more, such machines will operate regardless of the state of the land and can be put to work as soon as rain has dried off the corn. The ground below may be still much too wet for a horse-drawn binder to operate. The best-known makes now on the market include the International Harvester Company's McCormick Deering, the Massey-Harris and the Albion, while the recently introduced Lanz has found a number of friends. This was the first pattern to employ rubberised canvases and this innovation is likely to spread to all machines of this type wherever found.

It is a frequent source of trouble in ordinary canvases that failure to slacken them at night and when they are likely to become damp, causes shrinkage and the over-straining of buckles and stitching. The rubberised type is impervious to weather conditions and requires no attention in respect of tensioning devices.

In view of the complex nature of the mechanism of the binder, this is one of the machines in which the advantage of pneumatic tyres is more than usually obvious. If one operates a binder on steel wheels over the hard-baked ground often encountered in harvest time, one can easily see that many breakdowns are directly traceable to vibration. By mounting the machine on rubber tyres this trouble is cut out and the saving in time, losses and cost of spares may easily be recouped in the first season. There is also a substantial reduction in the draft of a machine mounted on pneumatics and quite a small tractor will easily haul and operate an 8ft. cut machine so equipped.

The reaper-thresher has now become accepted as a standard machine in this country, many of the suppposed difficulties having been found to be non-existent. The range of sizes is now such that the question of high cost does not loom so large as at first. In any case it must be remembered that one is getting two machines in one and that the threshing unit is comparable in its output with that of a standard threshing machine drum, for which one would pay as much as or more than the cost of a reaper-thresher. The latter machine can be used in winter for stationary threshing and used in conjunction with binders, will save the cost of hired threshing outfits.

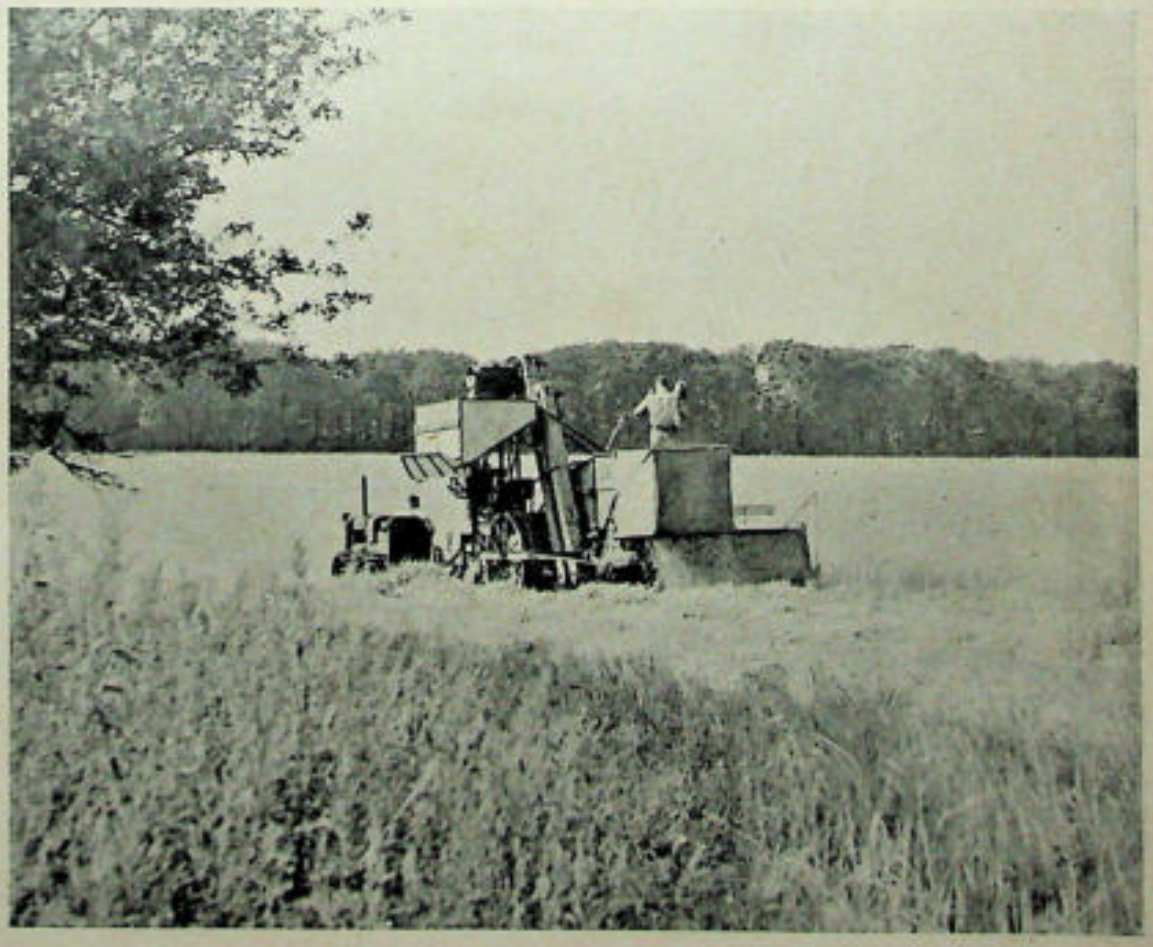
The leading American harvesters are available on this market and are selected as to models by their markers with a view to their suitability for this country. The makes include the Massey-Harris, the Case, the International and the Allis-Chalmers, the last-named having out the first of the 5ft. cut machines built. This model is suitable for many of the medium-sized farms in this country, having a sufficient capacity to deal with something like 200 acres a year and costing not much over £200. This firm has produced an even smaller machine with 3ft. cut which has already become popular in America on the family farm.

With 12ft. cut machines such as built by the firms mentioned above, many of our farmers have been handling over 400 acres of grain in recent seasons. These machines are driven by their own motors (another big item to set against the cost of a standard thresher) and are merely dependent on a tractor for haulage. It is necessary to provide one of adequate size, for the reaper-thresher of big dimensions is correspondingly weighty and calls for at least 25 h.p. on the drawbar to keep it going comfortably.

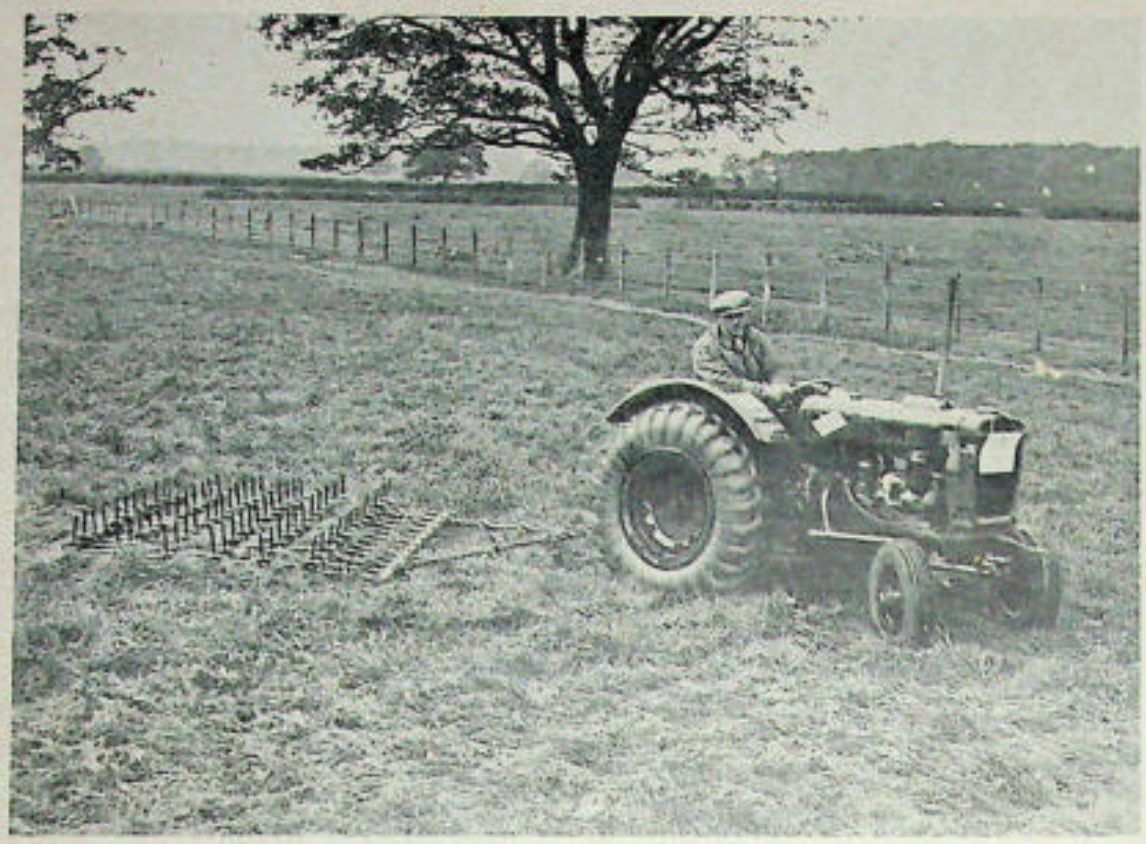
Some of the 8ft. cut machines are made available with or without a motor for their operation; the power take-off shaft of the tractor being utilised for driving if a motor is not provided. The individual circumstances of the farm must rule the decision in such cases. If a really powerful tractor is available for operation, it may be possible to cut and thresh an 8ft. swath satisfactorily without an auxiliary motor, even in heavy crops, but where there is any doubt about the capacity of the tractor and crops or going is likely to be heavy, it is better to spend a little more and make certain of successful operation.

The conditions under which most people farm in this country render it generally necessary to put in a drying plant along with the combine, although many have got through several seasons quite happily without one. The drying plant is too apt to be used as a means of getting rid of moisture from grain which has been cut too soon, whereas it should be left for combining until dead ripe and dry enough to mill without artificial treatment. The drier should be looked upon only as something to get rid of superficial water and for this reason there is much to be said for placing reliance on a cold blast from an ordinary winnowing-machine. This is all the drying plant that has been used by a number of good practical men in the drier districts of this country.

G. C.



A COMBINE HARVESTING MACHINE WITH AN INTERNATIONAL SET ON A CAMBRIDGESHIRE FARM



"A NUMBER OF MOST EFFECTIVE TOOLS HAVE BEEN DEVISED"

GOOD EQUIPMENT FOR GRASSLAND

Many New Effective Tools

THE neglect of old pastures and the tumbling down of arable to so-called grass during the post-War years has resulted in millions of acres of land becoming of little or no value for any purpose whatsoever. The recent announcement of a State subsidy for the ploughing-up and cleaning of such land for re-seeding is an attempt to meet the problem.

While the policy may be successful from the national point of view inasmuch as the anticipated acreage may be dealt with by farmers who are in a position to do so, it will, nevertheless, be true that huge areas will still remain because of lack of tackle or other facilities. In most cases it is possible to bring round grassland to an improved condition without breaking it up completely.

A number of most effective tools have been devised, chiefly for tractor operation, by means of which it is possible to open up an old turf, allow aeration to take place and so to eliminate the moss and foggy growth which has frequently taken charge. Furthermore, such treatment will break through the impervious layer at the surface which frequently causes water-logging and will allow the water falling on the land to penetrate. It has been demonstrated that in addition to this surface work, valuable results may accrue from straightforward subsoiling with the same tool as used on arable land.

Drainage is, of course, a matter which often calls for first attention and if the methods for opening up the surface in conjunction with subsoiling do not improve matters one may achieve the desired end by mole draining. It is, of course, assumed that everything possible will have been done to clear any existing drains. Mole ploughs may be drawn direct by a sufficiently powerful tractor which should be a crawler, or by a light tractor equipped with a winch. Such winches may be built on to the tractor; but one, the Fishleigh, is a very convenient pattern, self-contained for drawing behind the tractor, coupled up to the power take-off shaft. The Heudon winch and mole plough is a popular type for the Fordson; while for general use several mole ploughs are made by Messrs. Ransomes, Sims & Jefferies.

One of the earliest to devote attention to cleaning and aerating grassland was the firm of Wilders of Reading, whose Pitch Pole harrow is now a standard tool for the job. This is self-cleaning and with forward pitching tines, can be given any desired degree of penetration. It cuts into the turf and breaks the surface hide at the same time tearing out coarse grasses and moss and cutting through the grass stools. Such a tool worked across and across, will break up even the worst fields and one cannot black them over too much. Subsequent growth will be much finer, and if controlled and encouraged by proper liming and manuring will develop on nearly every occasion into a decent herbage.

The self-cleaning grass harrow made by Bamfords of Uttoxeter is another machine which has given satisfaction in this class of work. It incorporates vertical tines with a rising and falling action on the tine bars which enables them to be constantly cleaned while in action as they are raised alternately against a stripper which removes any rubbish adhering. They are more closely set than the tines of some other implements and are capable of very thorough work.

Messrs. Listers have also produced fairly recently their Grass Comb harrow, which is built up in sections, several of which may be coupled together, so that the width covered may be varied to suit the power of the haulage unit, whether horse or tractor. Each section has its own cleaning device, in which a cam type lift brings the tines out from time to time, giving them a movement which throws off the matter adhering.

A great deal of the work at the well-known Cahn Hill experimental station in North Wales has been done with the help of a tractor-driven Fishleigh cultivator, which is a rotary-type machine, equipped for this purpose with straight knives. As this is drawn over the land it will cut through any rough material on the surface and at the same time create, as it were, a surface tilth on which may be sown any renovating seeds mixture considered desirable. In this way an effective result may be achieved in one traverse of the land.

For lighter work following the types of machine mentioned and for conditions where less drastic action is sufficient from the outset there is a good range of flexible harrows of different patterns. Among the firms that have specialised in this field for a very long time may be mentioned Parmiters, who produce a good selection of chain harrows for the grass farm and include very wide models for tractor haulage. Then the Lancashire firm of Aitkenhead has become well known for its Ripper harrows, in connection with grassland improvement. The chief feature of these harrows is the inclusion of renewable sharp tines located at the junctions of the links. Another well-known pattern is the Ransomes Dagger harrow.

Much of the land that has gone wrong has done so very largely because of understocking; and there is often a need for compression after the rubbish has been removed. One may secure a variety of tractor- or horse-rollers for this work; the advantage of the tractor types being their increased width which may be equal to three of the single horse-rollers. The units are coupled together in such a way that they run behind one another for travelling along roads and open out to the full width for work.

As compared with ploughing out and re-seeding, the methods outlined above have the advantage that all over the ground one retains alive innumerable plants or portions of grass plants which, when rolled in and consolidated, will give a certain sward of the finer varieties. If one ploughs and destroys all the grass, the production of a fresh sward is entirely dependent on the expenditure of a considerable sum on seeds and the success of their take.

S. T. C.



"IT IS, OF COURSE, ASSUMED THAT EVERYTHING POSSIBLE WILL HAVE BEEN DONE TO CLEAR ANY EXISTING DRAINS"

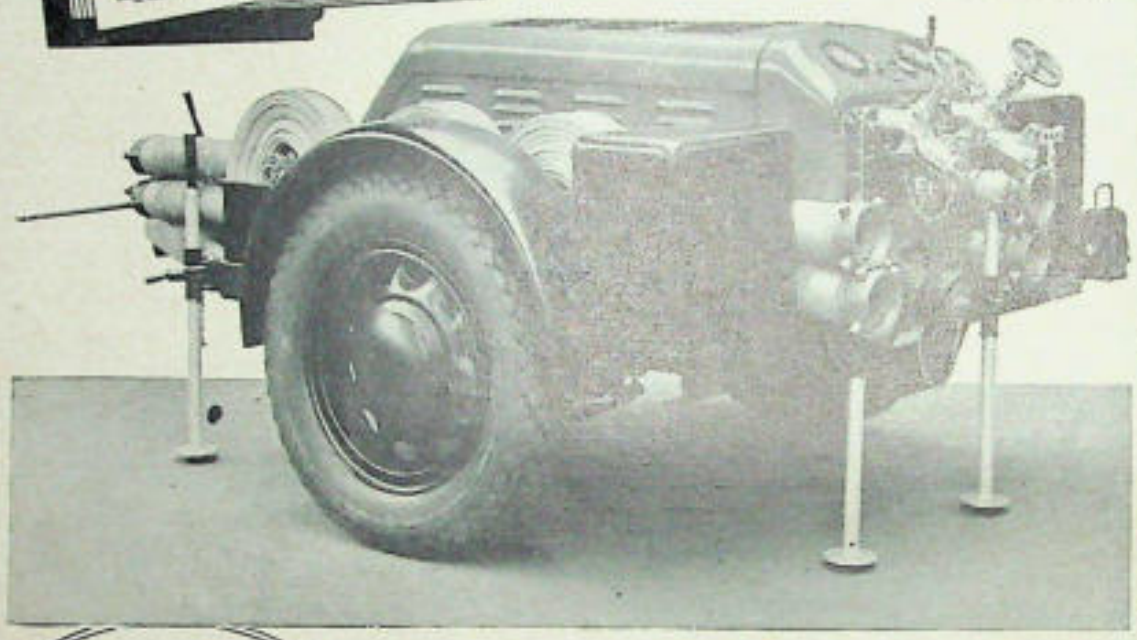
Don't buy a Trailer Fire Pump before seeing the



National Physical Laboratory Report on the BERESFORD STORK TRAILER PUMP

Tested **500 TIMES** consecutively on 24 ft. positional suction lift **WITHOUT VARIATION** of times or **ADJUSTMENT** to the Beresford Patent Lightning engine **EXHAUST** vacuum **PRIMER.**

We know of **NO OTHER** trailer **PUMP** submitted to such a **DRASTIC TEST. OVER 3,800 TRAILER PUMPS** on order for **H.M.O.W.** and **HOME OFFICE** for **A.F.S.**



Above illustration shows the Beresford-Stork LARGE Trailer Pump (350-500 g.p.m.) which embodies the following OUTSTANDING features:

EXHAUST CYLINDER engine for **SMOOTH RUNNING**
EXHAUST PRIMING
"ARMOUR-CHROME" wear- and corrosion-resisting **SHAFT**
LOW overall **HEIGHT**
ENCLOSURE of engine and pump

Visit our Stand, 145E
at The Royal Show, Windsor, July 4-8, 1939

We are also showing the following:

BERESFORD-STORK LIGHT trailer pump (120-205 g.p.m.)
BERESFORD-STORK SELF-PRIMING pumps priming on 27 ft. suction lift in 8-12 seconds
Beresford-Garvens SUBMERSIBLE pumps for deep wells and boreholes

JAMES BERESFORD & SON, LTD.

MODERN PUMP SPECIALISTS

CATO STREET WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 7

Telephones: Aston Cross 3256 (5 lines) Telegrams: Beresford, Birmingham
LONDON OFFICE: 53, Great Marlborough St., Regent St., W.1. 'Phone: Gerrard 4223 4



Boots and Shoes with Style and DISTINCTION. Perfect in Cut, Fit and Quality.
Handmade—To Measure

Faulkner & Son

SPECIALISTS IN FOOTWEAR — EST. 1879
51 & 52, S. MOLTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W.
and 51 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

For WIDER HORIZONS



This BISTEL Telescope gives powerful magnification and perfect definition, yet is extremely light and compact. You will find the BISTEL invaluable when shooting, yachting, cruising or mountaineering; carry it with you on all open-air or holiday occasions.

THE BISTEL TELESCOPE **PRICE £5**

is easily carried and focused with simple precision. Length closed, 10 in.; extended, 16 in. On long points shows .22 shot holes at 100 yds. Sliding dew shade. Finished black waterproof material.

Write for fully descriptive brochure.

W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.,
313 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

THE TALLY-HO! GRATE



Reg. No. 835,830

THE IDEAL GRATE for all SPORTSMEN

HAND MADE WROUGHT IRON
ALL ELECTRIC WITH NEW IMITATION COAL EFFECT
FINISHED ARMOUR BRIGHT

Price 20 gns.

CAN BE SUPPLIED FOR BURNING COAL OR WOOD

Particulars from:—
Berkeley & Young, Ltd. TYSELEY BIRMINGHAM or **S. F. Turner, Ltd.** DUDLEY WORC.

ROYAL SHOW
JULY 4th-8th



ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW - CENTENARY YEAR 1939

JUMPING : SHEEP-DOG DEMONSTRATIONS : FLOWER SHOW
BANDS OF H.M. LIFE GUARDS AND SCOTS GUARDS
DEMONSTRATIONS OF COLLIERY HORSES AND PIT PONIES
MUSICAL RIDE BY H.M. LIFE GUARDS

Prices of admission:—

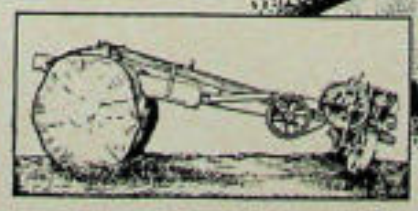
Tuesday, July 4th	5/-	Thursday, July 6th	3/-
Wednesday, July 5th	5/-	Friday, July 7th	2/6
After 2 p.m.	3/-	Saturday, July 8th	1/-

For Reserved Seats on Grand Stand, apply Secretary, 16, Bedford Square, London.

WINDSOR GREAT PARK

"TeLeS" (PETROL OR ELECTRIC) POWER LOG SAW

"CUTS COSTS AS WELL AS TIMBER"



THIS MACHINE will pay for itself and save you money in a few months. No Estate can afford to be without one

The T. L. Smith Co., 13, Victoria St., S.W.1

See these Machines working on STAND No. 428, Royal Show, Windsor



NESTS OF BIRDS, POULTRY

should be regularly sprinkled with **KEATING'S POWDER** &c.

especially when broods are sitting. Do this just previous to the eggs hatching. Keating's kills insects—destroys to everything else.

Cartons: 2d., 6d., 1/-.
Large size 4/-. Flasks 1/-.

YACHTS, Steam, Sail & Motor, also LAUNCHES.

ALL SIZES—SALE OR CHARTER.

Write for List of Motor Yachts or Cabin Motor Launches, or List of Open Motor Launches.

BLAIR & BINNIE, *Yacht Brokers,*
93, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Telephone: Central Telegrams: "AMARANTH, GLASGOW."



AN EARLY THRESHING SCENE ON A FARM NEAR ALTON IN HAMPSHIRE

STATIONARY POWER ON THE FARM

A Very Wide Range From Which to Choose

THE stationary power requirements of the estate and farm are so multifarious that it is not surprising to find a very complex range of prime movers has been evolved to meet the demand. The would-be buyer has to-day a choice among petrol, paraffin and heavy oil internal combustion engines, as well as electric motors, and the size can be accommodated to an almost unlimited range of needs.

In tackling the problem of powering the farm, it is well to consider at the outset what use can be made of the tractors that may be on the place for belt work. A pulley either is, or can be, installed on most, and there is every reason to make use of this whenever possible. That is to say, for work which can be done at times when the tractor is not much needed for haulage purposes and for jobs on which it will be economical. Most tractor motors are capable of giving off something not much less than 20 h.p. at the belt, and while many modern machines are very economical at low loads, it would obviously be extravagant, for example, to put the tractor to drive a cream separator. On the other hand, it would generally be poor policy to buy a 20 h.p. stationary engine to drive a thresher on a farm where a tractor was in use.

The various classes of prime mover have certain characteristic advantages which fit them more particularly for one class of work or another, and these should be borne in mind when buying. For fractional horse-powers there is no question as to the superiority of electric power, and to this must be added the advantages of silence and cleanliness, two very important factors in dairy work. As such call for motors to handle light loads like cream separating, churning and operating milking machines, it is not surprising to find electric power popular with many dairy farmers.

Although electricity can claim these points, along with simplicity, convenience and low first cost, the electric power unit is tied to a source of current supply, whereas the internal combustion engine is fully portable or may be self-propelling. Hence its general popularity. Quite small sizes, such as the 1½ h.p. types used for operating elevators, are efficient and in common usage, so that an economical plant can be found for most purposes. The cooling problem has also been tackled by several makers, and satisfactory air-cooled patterns in the small sizes have been produced, such as a recent range from the Petter factory. In the small sizes, petrol or paraffin may be the standard fuel.

When one reaches a power output of 4 or 5 h.p. and upwards it becomes worth while studying to economise on fuel costs, especially if the engine is in regular daily use, and as a result the makers have given much attention during the last few years to the production of Diesel type stationary farm engines of 5 h.p. and upwards. As is generally known, these employ higher compression than other internal combustion engines, and fuel is injected instead of being drawn in under atmospheric pressure. Although the starting of a large Diesel motor may present some difficulty, this is not true of these smaller types which are distinguished for easy starting and regular running.

One of the first of these to become generally popular was the Lister, of which large numbers are now operating. They have been further improved by the introduction of the Listard process for hardening the cylinder walls to promote long wear, and this system is now shared by the Blackstone range of engines, which are also noted for their reliability and trouble-free running. A series of Diesel-type stationary farm engines which has attracted quite a lot of attention is that built by Fowlers, of Leeds, to meet the requirements of most farm loads, from 3½ h.p. upwards.

The name of Ruston & Hornsby is another standing for an old-established reputation in farm power. This firm has for many years specialised in making cold starting heavy oil engines, and many of their units are driving both large and small installations. A unit such as their 20 b.h.p. horizontal engine is a favourite for heavy duty work where a fixed engine is required.

When one has occasion for a large power output to be utilised in a number of different ways, the question of putting in an electricity generating plant is often worth considering, for one can sometimes produce current at a lower cost than is charged by public supply companies, and the power can be distributed from the main plant for use through electric motors where direct application is not feasible.

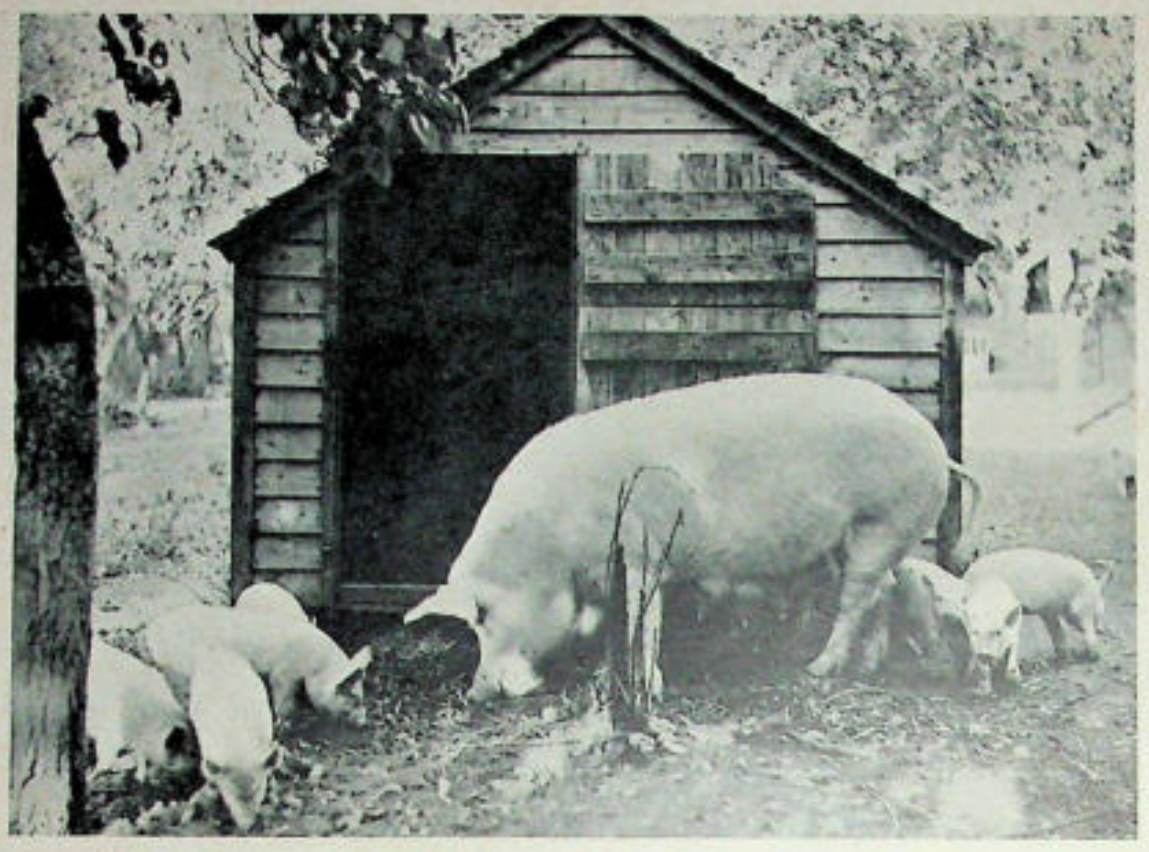
Such an installation might consist of a heavy duty engine, employed for some large power job directly, *e.g.*, grass drying or milling, and at other times driving a dynamo for charging a battery. From this would be drawn current for lighting and for operating such items as a milking machine, pumps, and shearing or clipping machines. On such an installation the power uses by small motors should not be excessive, but they do represent a convenient way of breaking down the output of the prime mover to smaller proportions.

The small compass of the electric motor is a reason why it is frequently built in as a part of the machine which it is to drive, but apart from this application one can buy motors which are designed to be fixed to a ground base for belt driving, or fastened in any suitable position which may be convenient, such as to an overhead beam. Others, again, may be portable, and for this usage may be mounted on skids or on a wheeled barrow. The General Electric Company, some time ago, brought out a portable known as the Drumotor, in which the motor forms the centre of a drum which can be rolled about from place to place, with the cable wound around the motor—a neat and practical arrangement.

Electric motors are simple to operate, call for little attention, and if of good manufacture are very reliable. If anything goes wrong with this class of apparatus there is little that can be done by the farm staff to remedy matters, and from all points of view it is most desirable to see that installation is in the hands of a first-rate firm since this part of the work has a great influence on subsequent safety and trouble-free operation. W. S.



THRESHING WITH AN ALLIS-CHALMERS ROW-CROP TRACTOR



A SOW AND HER LITTER HOUSED IN A GROOM GENERAL-PURPOSE HUT UNDER ORCHARD TREES

PIG HUTS AND POULTRY FOLD UNITS

Advantages of the Open-Air System

FOR the purposes of pig and poultry farmers who intend to pursue their operations over a considerable period on a comparatively large scale there is much to be said for the construction of large and permanent buildings. Among these the Scandinavian type pig-fattening house is an outstanding example of the way in which a specialised building may effect economy in the use of labour. In such a building one man is able to look after as many as 500 pigs single-handed, or with slight occasional help.

There are many, however, who for various reasons, do not wish to depend too much on such permanent buildings, and there are very many and sound reasons in favour of portable or mobile structures for the housing of both pigs and poultry.

It is recognised that while most arable land is in need of animal manure for the maintenance of its fertility, the cost of transporting it from the farmstead and spreading it on the land, renders such applications uneconomic for many. The solution of putting the animals on the land to spread the manure by natural dropping is worth pursuing in every possible direction. Its advantages are greater than the simple matter of manure distribution.

As regards the conservation of manurial value the system has no equal, since the volatile ingredients are immediately absorbed without the loss which is inevitable where manure is removed from buildings. Then, the action of the animals or birds on the land itself is beneficial in destroying many weeds and insect pests, and on light land the consolidating effect itself is of considerable assistance to succeeding crops. So much for the land. What of the animals themselves ?

The supreme advantage of the open-air system is the fact that the stock is brought away from old buildings which may be infected with disease organisms which have accumulated through years of intensive stocking, and with frequent moving spend their time on clean land in the healthiest possible conditions. The growing of crops for their support and the subsequent production of cash crops which have been manured largely by the folding, is a modern version of an old-established practice, for which we have still to find a better substitute.

Modern methods of construction are very largely responsible for the equipment which renders it practicable to house thousands of birds in folding units and move them daily at very small cost for labour. Similarly, the pig hut as constructed to-day is extremely handy.

Timber huts for use in the open are made by a number of firms. Many are on skids and suitable for shifting with a pony or behind a car or tractor.

In other cases they are provided with pneumatic-tyred shifting trucks. These have lengthy handles attached and can be slipped in place under a hut or run very readily. The operator, then using the leverage of the handles can raise the pen and move it without difficulty. Such a system avoids strain on the hut and cutting up of the ground, should the plant be used in a grass field.

The majority of these huts are of a general purpose character which is all to the good, since they may be used for stock of any age and for all purposes. Some pig farmers will keep their breeding sows in the open, move them to a special farrowing house for the birth of a litter and then take them out again. Others prefer to let the sows farrow in the open-air hut, and contend they get better results from this practice.

Some, again, run out their weaners for a time and then bring them into a Scandinavian type house for fattening. Others fatten in the open, and allow the pigs to inhabit the hut throughout their whole life.

In conjunction with the hut, some means of keeping the pigs within bounds is commonly considered desirable. For open field work a set of easily movable hurdles may be employed, although some makers combine a hut and run in one unit and move the whole on wheels. This latter system certainly saves much time in shifting. The enclosure is smaller, and shifting must be done every day or two. With a larger hurdled enclosure, one may make the move at weekly intervals.

For the brood sow, the tethering system has gained considerable favour, and operated in conjunction with the hut it renders unnecessary the erection of a fence for the sow with a litter, since the youngsters usually keep within a fair distance of the mother.

The practice of poultry-folding has extended very rapidly in certain districts. On the Cotswolds, for instance, one may find numerous examples of flocks running into many thousands, which are assisting in building up the fertility of the thin soils locally encountered. There are many other districts where the fold has not yet been adopted, and which would benefit rapidly from such a system.

A very large range of different patterns exist for house-laying hens, in which are incorporated all the necessary fittings, such as nest boxes, food and water troughs, broody coop and slatted floor.

In a number of examples the units are supplied with transport wheels fixed permanently in place. Others are provided with shifting gear which can be applied to a series of the units one after the other. The nature of the land will determine the most suitable type.

The cost of housing in this way is moderate, since a house and run for, say, 20 birds can be bought for little more than £4 or about 2s. per bird. The cost of feeding in the case of both pigs and poultry can undoubtedly be reduced to a minimum under this system if they are folded on clover leys, lucerne and similar crops. After harvest, both types of stock may be put out on stubbles and glean a considerable portion of their food which would otherwise be wasted.

M. A.



AN EASILY PORTABLE TYPE OF CHICKEN ARK FOR GRASS OR ARABLE USE



SHIFTING A NEAVE PIG HUT AND RUN WITH PNEUMATIC-TYRED TRUCKS



No more raking, rolling or re-gravelling. Colas makes drives and paths permanent.

COLAS

FOR DRIVES AND PATHS

ADVICE FREE—Write for pamphlet which tells you how to obtain an attractive and trouble-free surface for your drives and paths. COLAS experts throughout the country.

Colas Products Ltd., 12 Norman House, Strand, W.C.2. 'Phone: Tem. 8011. 'Grams: Colastalt, Rand, London

ENSURE BEAUTIFUL HEDGES

OUR SELF-CONTAINED WILSON PATENT ELECTRIC HEDGE CUTTER AND TRIMMER will cut the toughest hedge, leaving the surface even and smooth, more beautiful by far than is possible in any other way. It is the quickest Hedge Cutting Machine in the World and will easily cut wood half-inch thickness. It is easily operated at a low cost either from **OUR WILSON PORTABLE GENERATING PLANT** or **FROM YOUR OWN MAINS SUPPLY.**

Demonstrations given free of cost

Write for Booklet giving full particulars and prices.

Sole Manufacturer and Patentee:

C. I. WILSON

F. Dept.

2 KING EDWARD ST., LIVERPOOL, 3

Telephone Nos. Central 5091 and 5092



A Yew Hedge being trimmed with the "Wilson" Electric Hedge Cutter

"AWARD OF MERIT," 1936, Royal Horticultural Society, Wisley, Surrey

"CERTIFICATE OF MERIT," 1936, Southport Flower Show

"CERTIFICATE OF MERIT," 1937, Shrewsbury Flower Show

GOLD MEDAL, 1938, Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society.

DEVON CATTLE

BRITAIN'S BEST BEEF-PRODUCERS

The Breed which provided the

HEAVIEST BABY STEERS
AT SMITHFIELD SHOW
SIX YEARS OUT OF SEVEN

Bulls Unequalled for Crossing Purposes

FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET
Write: Secretary, Devon Cattle Breeders' Society, Wiveliscombe, Somerset

FULL EFFICIENCY UNDER ALL CONDITIONS

WITH THE

KENNEDY SPIRAL STRAKE

When Kennedy Spiral Strakes are used there is **never** any need to change back to steel wheels. A pneumatic tyred tractor so fitted can work under all conditions. As the Strake Tread is over the tyre, not on the side of the wheel, a clean furrow is maintained when ploughing, whilst its spiral formation minimises disturbance of soil or grass land. *See them on our Stand at the Royal Show or send at once for free illustrated booklet.*

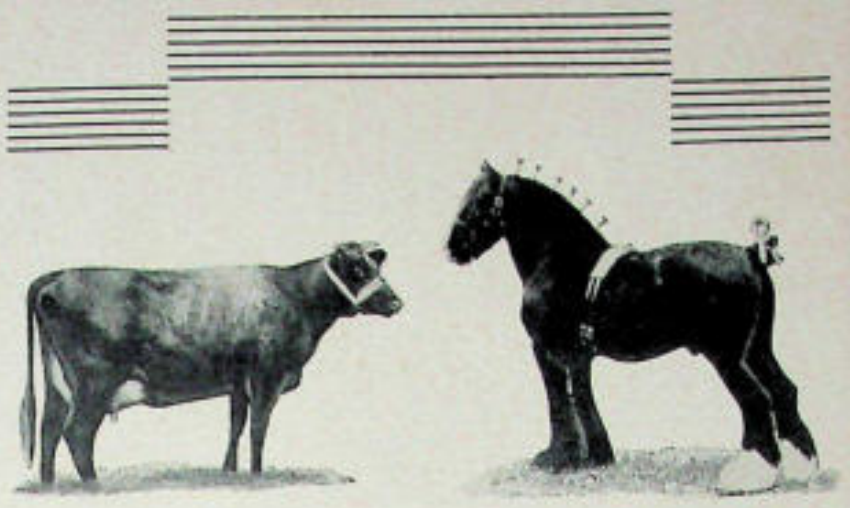


PRICES: 7.00-24 . £11 0 0; 8.00-24 . £11 5 0; 9.00—36 . £15 0 0; 11.25-24 . £12 10 0; 11.25-28 . £14 12 0.

Prices include Treasury and delivery to nearest Railway Station.

ROYAL SHOW, WINDSOR
STAND NO. 81, AV. C.

KENNEDY & KEMPE LTD. · Strake Makers
LONGPARISH · ANDOVER · HANTS



Whatever the breed the basis of ALL GOOD Rations is

WEATINGS & Home Milled BRAN

Full particulars on stock-feeding will be sent FREE on application to the Advisory Dept., The Millers' Mutual Association, 40 Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.





C.F.H. 22A



A TYPICAL BEDFORD DROP-SIDE LORRY ON MARKET GARDEN HAULAGE

TRANSPORT FOR CROPS AND STOCK

The Wide Influence of the Land Tyre

QUITE a cursory examination into the tonnage of our crops produced per acre, and the distances which many of them have to be transported, either to the yards or to market, will reveal the immensity of the agricultural transport problem. The difficulties are aggravated by the fact that all this material, running into many millions of tons over the whole country, has to be carried over land which is often soft at the time, and over farm roads which are far from smooth. All these factors add to the cost of transport, and, one, the ground condition, may be bad enough to cause cessation of haulage in wet weather unless modern types of equipment are in use.

The coming of the land tyre has made a great difference to the problem of internal farm haulage in a very short time. The H.D.V. tyre has meant the production of lower loading carts and wagons which, with a lighter effort by the horse, will permit the haulage of heavier loads over soft ground.

The saving of damage to the land surface is also a matter of the greatest consequence, and the general popularity of these tyres is now such that in all parts of the country one can find firms producing new vehicles which depend for their construction on the H.D.V. wheel.

Similarly, the production of trailers for tractor haulage has become generally practicable since the development of the land tyre. Many firms are specialising, and one may note the range of trailers, tipping and otherwise, put out by Whitlock Bros. of Great Yeldham and by Wilders of Reading, to mention only two. In each case, good loading space is allied with a weight-carrying capacity sufficient for most general purpose tractors, 3-tonners being an average. The rapidity with which one can handle large tonnages of crops or manure effects a substantial reduction in the cost of harvesting or manure carrying.

When one comes to consider the problems of farm haulage on the roads many factors must be considered. It is not generally the desire of farmers to employ their tractors for long-distance work on the road. For one thing the speed is too low, and for another, the machine may not always be available. What is generally desired is to use a tractor for moving harvest loads on the road from field to farm and sometimes to fetch or carry to the nearest station. On rubber tyres the tractor can do this work with advantage to the owner and effect a reduction in wear and tear on the roads as compared with horses.

With a farm truck, however, the agriculturist can go any distance he desires at speeds up to 30 m.p.h. and at a reduced taxation rate, if the machine is used solely for his own farming purposes. Thus it is practicable, and often very advantageous, to carry cattle to butchers in distant towns and deliver them on contract at regular intervals, in place of driving them to the local market. The pedigree breeder finds the livestock lorry invaluable in show work and in delivering stock to purchasers. Arable work may involve taking potatoes or beet to factory or town, while the uses to a big producer of milk are obvious. One must always include, too, the fetching home of fertilisers and feeding stuffs, jobs which fall to the lot of most farm trucks.

The type of vehicle to buy is a matter which must invariably depend to a large extent upon individual needs, but it must be remembered that construction and use enter into the taxation and speed regulations. A vehicle unladen must not exceed 5cwt. if it is to qualify for a permitted speed up to 30 m.p.h. and a tax of £30. Hence makers have studied to reduce unladen weight to the minimum. In spite of this, it is possible to obtain trucks which will carry 4 to 5 tons on such a chassis. A very favourite capacity for general farm purposes is the 3-tonner, and the most commonly used style of body is the drop-side open lorry type.

Such trucks are standard models of all the leading manufacturers, including such well-known firms as Morris-Commercial, Commer, Bedford, Austin and Ford. Others who specialise in this class of vehicle are Dodge, Reo Motors, International and Chevrolet. In most cases, it is possible to obtain from the makers, trucks carrying cattle and general livestock bodies; but where such are not standardised one can always draw on the services of one of the specialist body builders catering for this market.

The possession of a truck with a livestock body enables one to do a much larger variety of jobs, since many such trucks may be converted to open lorry style without any difficulty. In that guise they may be extremely helpful in harvest or similar work for bringing in bulky loads.

It is worth while inspecting the products of several of the cattle truck specialists, since a variety of bodies have been evolved. For the carriage of cattle only one-deck loading is practicable, but if and when one desires to transport calves, sheep and pigs, the smaller units enable the builder to offer double-deck loading and consequently provide a bigger capacity. Considerable ingenuity is shown in the provision of detachable floors and of loading ramps up and down which the stock can be driven. In some formations, a mixed load may be carried, utilising a half-deck. There are strict regulations about the construction and use of these vehicles, and expert knowledge is desirable.

On the farm itself, the truck can offer very useful service as a means of helping out in rush periods, not only on haulage, but also for operating such implements as harrows, rollers, &c. During haying, it is naturally an excellent vehicle for carrying when worked in conjunction with a hay-loader and, in addition, it is frequently called into service for use with a hay-sweep. The attaching of one of these car-sweeps is a very quick process, and as it can be equally quickly detached, one need not interfere with the use of the truck on the road, except for such time as it may actually be required on the field. It is noteworthy that loads of hay or corn, ride much more steadily on a truck than on an old-fashioned, solid-wheeled wagon, and can be loaded more quickly in consequence.

N. DOUGLAS.



HAULING IN PEAS WITH A FORDSON AND TRAILER



EXTRA SPACE FOR CRATES HAS BEEN PROVIDED ON THE ROOF OF THIS MORRIS

RETAILING FARM PRODUCE BY VAN

An Increasing Use for a Variety of Products

THE growth of the producer-retailer movement has been one of the leading features of post-War farming development, and it is safe to assign the chief credit for its success to the up-to-date light motor-van. Its cheapness, speed and load-carrying capacity, have brought thousands of farms within easy reach of one or more sizeable towns and made it possible to retail direct from holdings which were formerly considered to be isolated.

The chief product handled in this way is, of course, milk, but other perishable articles are being sold to an increasing extent on similar lines. There are many estates on which milk production is practised which are operating considerable fleets of light vans and carrying on very extensive businesses. The principal supply of some provincial towns is to-day often derived from such sources.

There is an ample choice of vehicles for those who intend to pursue this form of marketing. The selection must be finally determined by individual circumstances. One factor is the distance to be travelled on each round. Where one has all the customers within a radius of, say, five miles, the job can usually be done effectively with one or more vans of a capacity of 5cwt., since if necessary the distance from home is not too great for the van to come back and reload when its first consignment has been deposited.

There is another condition where one has to run a fair distance to town before delivery commences, and here, for reasons of convenience, it is commonly desirable to select a van capable of holding all that is needed for one delivery. A good margin of power and strength is also more desirable in such a case because the van will daily run a fair distance at its top speed with a full load. It not infrequently happens that the chief difficulties attendant upon selecting a van for this work are due to the changing needs of the business as it grows. The case just mentioned is typical of a partly developed farmer's retail milk business. All going well, the time will come when he can no longer carry everything for delivery in one van.

The next stage is to establish a sufficient number of small vehicles in the town area, giving to each a round of convenient dimensions and to feed these small vans with supplies of bottle crates carried by a large vehicle.

Practically all of the makers of the popular passenger cars are able to supply commercial light vans based on their normal chassis. Such vans are usually of a capacity of from 5cwt. to 15cwt. Thus we find in the Morris range a 5cwt. and a 10cwt. van, while a 15cwt. vehicle is made by Morris-Commercial. Austin do three small vans with pay load capacities of 5cwt., 6–8cwt. and 8–10cwt. Other well-known types are Commer, Bedford, Ford and Singer. Most of these are standardised with rear opening doors and access to the interior from the driver's seat, while ventilation is usually well studied.

For use entirely in towns it is sometimes worth while to examine the advantages of electric vans, particularly where local facilities for battery charging are good. Among these are the following well-known makes: Electrican (5cwt. and 10cwt.), Victor Electric (6cwt. and 8cwt.) and Morrison Sewt. The general air of cleanliness and the silence of electrics are always an asset in the dairy trade.

It must be remembered that in working up a retail milk round one is up against very strong competition, and that every art of salesmanship must be employed—and that without spending extravagant sums. The van which carries on delivery is not only a valuable advertising medium if used as such, but occupies such a key position that if it is unsatisfactory in character it will quickly nullify efforts made in other directions. Therefore, it must be well finished and carry a suitable sales message, to be seen by thousands daily; it must be kept perfectly clean, and it must be well maintained mechanically. Delays in delivery are fatal and the driver should never have to dirty himself by carrying out repairs on the road.

While the retailing of milk has been stressed—since it is of the most exacting nature—there are several other items of produce in which good retail rounds can be worked by van. These include eggs and dressed poultry, vegetables and fruit; and in every such case, the fact that the roundsman brings the atmosphere of the farm to the customer's door, has a selling value that must never be overlooked. This, coupled with the freshness which should be the major advantage of such produce, is what is mainly responsible for the business being able to compete with the shops in any district.

R. L. S.

BREAKING UP GRASSLAND

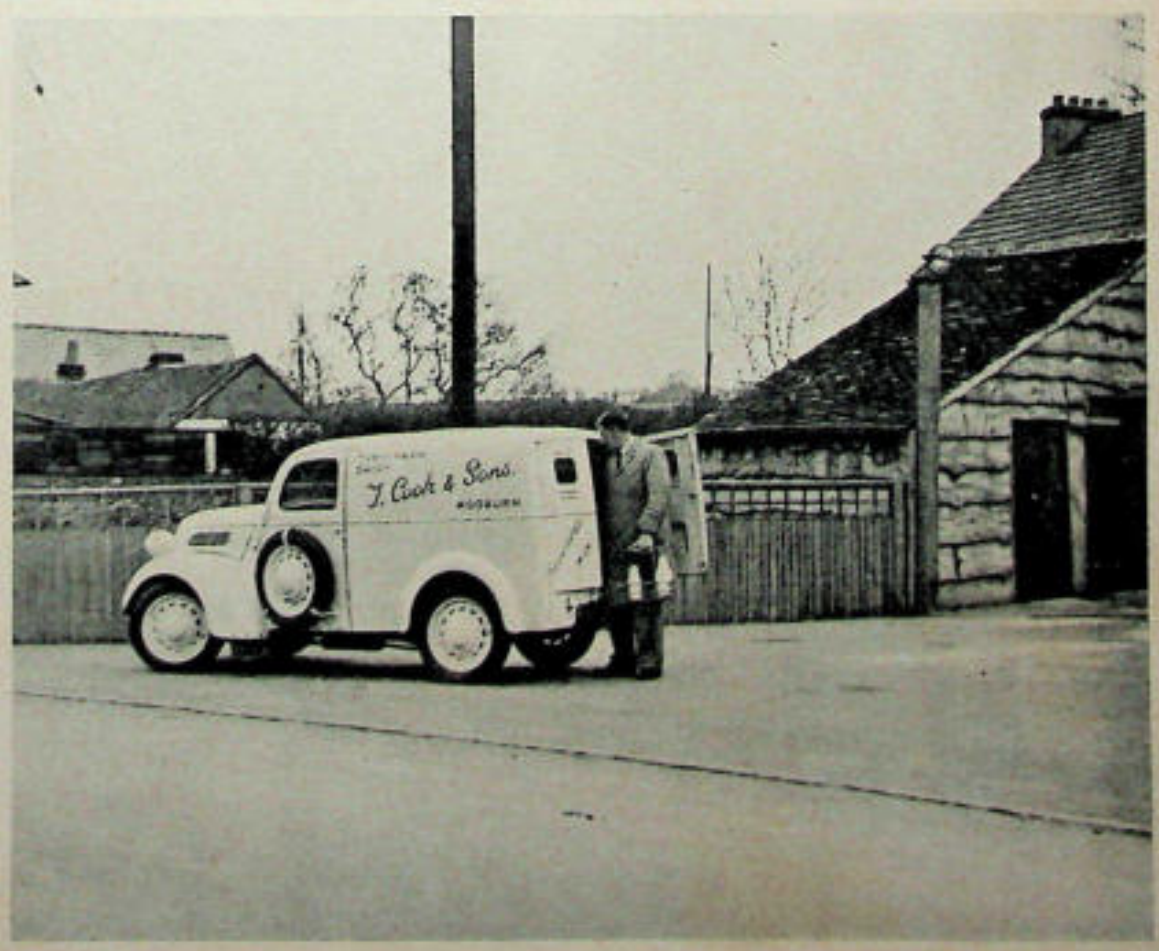
Tractor Users' Panel

Under the scheme recently announced for encouraging farmers to break up and clean old worn-out pastures, the practical difficulty arises that many who have a good deal of such land have not the necessary power to undertake the additional work of ploughing and cultivation involved.

In order to meet this situation, the Tractor Users' Association has formed a panel of its members who are able and willing to undertake such operations for others, at an agreed charge. By this means it should be possible to utilise many tractors and implements which might otherwise be standing idle for a period when the work on the owner's land is finished.

The association will be pleased to receive the names of other tractor owners who are in a position to offer assistance in the campaign, and to receive inquiries from farmers who wish assistance with the work of breaking up their grassland. Wherever possible they will be put in touch with the nearest member of the Tractor Users' Association who has the necessary tackle.

Inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, The Tractor Users' Association, 2, Chesham Place, London, S.W. 1.



A FORD 5CWT. VAN OPERATING ON A FARMER'S MILK ROUND



WELL CUT YEW HEDGES IN A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE GARDEN

The Country House

THE JULY KITCHEN GARDEN

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IF July is the month when most of the choicer vegetables are at their best it is also the month when we have to provide for choice vegetables in autumn.

Carrots, Turnips and Beet have to be sown for a supply of young roots in October, saladings for autumn use and various catch crops. In this household we are very appreciative of garden Swede sown this month for use in November. These Swedes are commonly sown in May, and they are at their best when least wanted. Tough, stored Swedes are not very palatable, but sown now they are delicious either as a vegetable or for Swede soup in November. Laing's Garden Swede is one of the best. As with Turnips, it is essential to thin out as early as possible, otherwise the crop will be worthless. Thinnings, chopped up finely, are quite a good addition to salads. Nearly every seed germinates, so it is as well to sow thinly. The drills should be 18in. apart.

The best recipe for Swede soup that I know is to boil the required amount till soft, rub it through a sieve and to every eight parts of Swede allow one part raw grated Onion. Add milk to reduce the mixture to the consistency of soup, and when almost but not quite boiling add the yolk of an egg and a little butter, also finely chopped Parsley or any herbs seasoning, such as Chervil. Strongly flavoured herbs, such as Sweet Marjoram or Sage, have to be used with discretion or they dominate instead of improving the flavour. If the egg yolk is added to the soup when boiling it will certainly curdle.

The most important saladings to sow are Endive Radishes, Parsley, Lettuce and Pe-tsai. We are still curiously unappreciative of Endive in this country, whereas in France it is in universal request. I think this is due to the fact that the blanching involves labour. Further, once blanched, Endive has to be used quickly, otherwise it soon decays. I have recently been sent from France seed of a self-folding Endive and am keenly anxious to see if this comes up to its reputation.

Endive requires a rich but very well-drained soil, and on heavy ground it is advisable to have a raised bed. But, on the other hand, through the growing season this vegetable must never suffer for lack of moisture. Full sun is essential. Sow in drills 6in. apart and barely cover the seed with soil. Prick out the seedlings when large enough at least a foot apart, or the plants may be thinned out. Blanching should begin three months after sowing, the simplest way being to cover each plant with a flower-pot, putting tiles over the holes to exclude all light. In winter the best way is to lift the required number in succession, plant them closely in boxes of soil, cover with boxes of the same size and keep in a cellar till blanched.

In regard to Radishes, why are we so conservative? I think I have before mentioned the black Spanish Radishes which make roots the size of Potatoes. They can be stored in sand like Carrots. Few people seem aware of the fact that Radish pods, while the seeds are still green, together with a suspicion of mayonnaise sauce, make an excellent and unusual filling for salads. Far more pleasing, I think, than the flavour of the root. All Radishes have to be quickly grown, and either very heavy or very light soils need the addition of plenty of humus. It is interesting to note that Radishes are now becoming rather fashionable, whereas formerly it was only cottagers who appreciated them. Curried Radishes are excellent.

Pe-tsai, one of the Chinese Cabbages, is a valuable salading for use in late winter. Last winter we were picking the leaves up to the end of December from plants growing in a very exposed part. Although a true Cabbage, Pe-tsai, when cooked, is anything but attractive. Pe-tsai can be sown successfully only this month. Sown in spring it invariably runs to seed when only an inch or so high.

In regard to Lettuces everyone has their special fancy in regard to the varieties that are best to stand one winter. In my opinion the old brown Bath Cos still takes a lot of beating, and for sheer hardiness commend me to Stansted Park. In the severe cold of last winter Stansted Park was the only one in our garden that came through in perfect condition in the open. These Lettuces should not be sown till the end of the month to stand the winter, and even a little later in mild parts. Success with these Lettuces depends in no small measure in keeping the soil round them well aerated through winter, but this has to be carefully done not to disturb the roots. Left in caked soil, the plants naturally suffer badly.

Every scrap of vacant ground should be planted up with Broccoli, Leeks, Collards, &c. It is a very short-sighted policy to leave beds under Spinach, &c., merely to secure a few more pickings when the space could be much more profitably used. Leeks are invaluable, for they take the minimum of space, require little attention and stand up to the worst weather. I am, of course, not referring to those grown for exhibition, which require as much attention as Celery, but those merely dropped into holes made with a dibber and left to earth up themselves. For all practical purposes they are excellent.

PHEASANT COVERTS

HOW to improve woods from a shooting point of view is a question that perplexes many a landowner. He can secure any amount of advice on the best shape for coverts and their relation to flush points. His keeper will speak of keeping woods open so that the sunlight can penetrate, of not allowing the woods to be so open that they are draughty, of having ground cover.

Further enquiry will bring to light the names of perhaps six or eight plants which can be planted in woods to give cover, and at the same time food for the birds. When a wood has become so dense that ground cover must be introduced, none of the usual prescriptions will grow to a serviceable size, and one cannot do better than plant beech. Of the fruit-bearing species usually suggested, only *Berberis vulgaris, Cotoneaster Simonsii* and common privet are evergreen. These will not grow under dense foliage.

These temporary expedients do not go to the root of the trouble, and what is required is a woodland policy based on game requirements. The forestry of the past generation, which gave us a legacy of timber with underwood beneath, provided conditions very suitable for pheasants. The size of the woods and poor arrangement of coverts usually detracted from the success of the shoots, but the system of wide spaced trees with regularly cut underwood has much to recommend it.

Inability to find persons willing to cut the underwood every twelve years has signed the death knell of a system which, though attractive for shooting, was economically unsound. There is a limit to the area of underwood which an owner can have cut each year for estate use. The resulting overmature coppice has killed the ground cover and given rise to the anxiety of many woodland owners.

The solution is to institute a programme of clear felling and replanting with light-demanding species that will retain their covert value for the maximum possible period. The Forestry Commission grants, coupled with the reclaim of income tax and surtax on the costs of planting and after care, make the operation a profitable one for the owner. In every case it has been found that commencement of a policy of felling and planting has immediately benefited the owner's pocket, as well as improved his shooting amenities.

Suitable species to plant are, on heavy soils, oak, or where the soil is of brick earth, ash, which will also succeed on a fertile medium loam, a soil capable of supporting almost any species. On the lighter bracken type soils, larch, and on the lightest soils of all, Japanese larch and Scots pine. In every case an admixture of 10 per cent of beech is advisable, and ash should never be grown alone. It will succeed alternated with larch, but with a row of beech between each.

A young plantation of one of these species will make first-class nesting during the first three years of its life. After this it will become excellent covert until in its twentieth year the covert value will begin seriously to deteriorate.

For size an average of seven acres, with a minimum of four or five, and a maximum of ten or twelve, will be suitable, provided they are the right shape. A square covert is a nuisance, and oblong is better, with wedge-shape as optimum. Their arrangement in relation to flush points is decided by the fact that each is effective only for 20 years. A conifer is planted to fell at 60 years, a hardwood at 120 years. A light demanding hardwood such as oak or ash requires underplanting at the fortieth year, an operation which will revive the covert value.

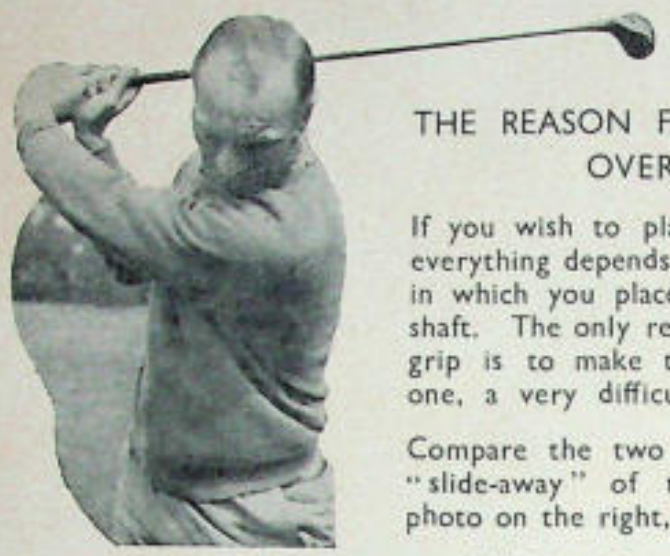
It is therefore clear that each flush point should be served by three separate coverts, each planted 20 years later than its predecessor. The clear felling and planting programme in the case of 300 acres of woodlands might involve dealing with five acres each year, thus completing the cycle in 60 years, when the first conifer plantation will be mature. If the woodlands cover 150 acres it is best to plant five acres every other year, rather than two-and-a-half acres each year. This does not mean that until one covert is planted for each flush point the shoot will be useless. Far from it.

Almost of equal importance to planting is the division of the woods by 60ft. wide rides into covert areas of suitable size and shape for serving the flush points. These rides may take two years to cut, but when completed the shoot will be vastly improved. Rabbits will be more easily dealt with, and a reduced number of beaters will be able to drive a higher percentage of birds over the guns. If the owner is lucky enough to possess a central valley, a further improvement will result from clearing this for a width of 200ft. or more, partly as a stand for the guns and partly as a sheltered and sunny place for the birds.

REGINALD DAVEY.

SKILLED ADVICE BY

Archie Compston



THE REASON FOR THE OVERLAPPING GRIP

If you wish to play successful golf, everything depends upon the manner in which you place your hands upon the shaft. The only reason for the overlapping grip is to make the two hands work as one, a very difficult thing to accomplish.

Compare the two photos and notice the "slide-away" of the right-hand in the photo on the right, a common fault in golf.

third of a golfing series by Archie Compston



For skilled advice on independent electric light and power and water systems, consult R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd., Head Offices and Works: Dursley, Glos. 'Phone: Dursley 177 and at London, Glasgow, Stamford, Belfast and Dublin.



SUMMER HOUSES *by* WALTONS

Made of Cedar (the wood that never requires Painting). Lined Mahogany. Sliding doors. Leaded lights to doors and windows. Carriage paid England and Wales. Established 61 years.



● *Write for Catalogue and Photographs of Summer Houses, Greenhouses, Bungalows, etc.*

£58

E. C. WALTON & CO.

Sutton-on-Trent, Newark,
NOTTS.

"THE TIME IT SAVES *is terrific"* — SAYS A USER





TARPEN PORTABLE ELECTRIC POWER

saves time and cost on

Hedge-Trimming
Pumping
Horse, Sheep and Cattle Clipping

and a hundred and one jobs on Estate or Farm

See the range at the ROYAL SHOW **STAND 153**

● Hedge-trimming at six times hand speed . . . sawing at 15 times hand speed . . . these are examples of Tarpen economy on work on estate or farm. Tarpen Portable Generator provides power wherever wanted. Can be adapted as a portable pump, insecticide and paint sprayer, etc., Automatic governor eliminates skilled attention. Compact design and sturdy all-metal construction, the Tarpen is mounted on rubber tyres. Wheeled by one man with ease. Models: 400 watts up to 4 kw. Write for full details to-day.



TARPEN ENGINEERING CO. LTD., 4, Ixworth House, Ixworth Place, London, S.W.3. Tel.: Kensington 3491

TARPEN *Portable Generators*



GERANIUMS, FAVOURITES OF VICTORIAN DAYS, ARE AGAIN POPULAR INDOORS
Here blooms of crimson, pink, orange and white are arranged in a bowl of dark marble

JULY INDOOR FLORAL DECORATIONS

By MARGUERITE JAMES

A MILLION different perfumes fill the July air—jasmines and roses, lilies and carnations, pot-pourri drying in the garden room and currants and raspberries ripening in the kitchen garden. They give us our cue for the house vases; this month we can have both colour and fragrance.

Fragrance can be too assertive, it is true, but with warm days and open windows there is not so much danger in this respect. It is wise not to mix perfumes too freely, and specially wise to be careful over gleanings from the shrubbery. Jasmine, *Osmanthus fragrans*, and myrtle, for instance, are easily tolerated indoors, but mock orange is generally overpowering, except in a very small quantity in a very large room.

July is generous in her offerings of cut flowers, and perhaps because she provides so much good material we can the more easily make mistakes. She offers us giant delphiniums, for instance, and, though we long to use them, there are really only a few places where they seem right indoors. I have seen them massed pleasantly in a huge stone urn immediately under a domed skylight, and also in a copper bucket by a staircase window, but the most delightful and unexpected arrangement of delphiniums that I remember was a boat-shaped decoration on a dinner table. It was mainly of the smaller Belladonna delphiniums, but the low long line of the decoration allowed some quite tall stems to be used in a nearly horizontal position. Side stems from the larger types, and even individual "pips," helped to form the pointed ends of the arrangement, while red maple foliage was the background to the picture.

Delphiniums, by the way, should be cut the evening before they are needed, and set immediately into warm water that comes well up the stems. A slanting cut at the bottom is good, as with most thick-stemmed flowers; it allows water to be absorbed more freely. Another point for delphinium lovers is that when plants are grown in the kitchen garden specially for cutting, the gardener might be asked to take out, early, the central flower spike from some of the plants. This practice results in the development of large, very easy to arrange side-stems, and it also prolongs the season of bloom, as these side growths naturally develop late.

Strangely enough, though delphiniums and Madonna lilies associate well in the garden, they are not so happy together indoors. I prefer white lilies used as the focal point in a green and white decoration, or set alone in crystal vases, unattended even by extraneous foliage. In this way they are lovely for console tables backed by mirrors.

Where blue flowers are valueless but height is needed I find nothing better than the taller antirrhinums. They are surprisingly beautiful with roses of similar tone, particularly apricot shades in antirrhinums with such roses as Mrs. G. A. Van Rossem. White antirrhinums with Frau Karl Druschki roses are delightful in a setting of silver foliage, too. Foxgloves (for loggias, but not in rooms with closed windows, where they are actually poisonous), verbascums, gladiolas, sidalceas and campanulas (*C. persicifolia*) are other flowers useful where height is demanded.

The most popular flower of the month for general purposes is the sweet pea, and the three most popular varieties are perhaps Powerscourt, Patricia Unwin and Excelsior—the last named because it is a good orange colour that lights up well at night. I am inclined to think that sweet peas are never better arranged than on the exhibition bench. They are not good mixers, and the practice of staging one variety in each container, with the stems radiating from one point and the flowers held well apart so that their individual beauty of form is evident, and the use of no more foliage than a few "outsize" leaves from the peas themselves, definitely suits them.

Good mixers are to be found in plenty, however, for those who desire them, and nothing is more delightful than to experiment with Shirley, Iceland and other poppies, scabious, pentstemons, spiræas, love in a mist, phlox, cornflowers, coreopsis, gypsophila, gaillardias, white moon daisies and all the other hundred and one inhabitants of the mixed borders. It is not an easy matter to formulate rules for decorations of this kind, so much depends on an inborn sense of fitness, which some people have more than others. The golden rule is that the mixed decoration must be harmonious, and that, I think, means that the material selected should have some similarity either in tone, in colour, or in form. For instance, a mixed arrangement of all colours should be either of all decided, strong colours, or of all pale, delicate shades. A vase in which one colour is outstanding can have every shade of this colour. Usually it gains in effect if the deepest flowers are the central or focal point of the decoration. A vase in which the flowers are all identical in form—mixed poppies, for example—can have every colour and every shade of colour in it.

Now for some July suggestions to those who seek "something different." First, try a decoration of grasses, alone, or with flowers that are small and incidental like those of *Tradescantia virginiana* which nestle in the grass-like foliage. Grasses make a particularly cool and restful decoration for hot days.

Next, use a few out-of-the-common containers and very few flowers. You can do this in July without giving the impression that you are short of material! A simple trail of clematis or convolvulus in a shallow Lalique bowl, or just three fat round heads of Paul Crampel geraniums in a beer mug, or some variegated ivy trailing from an old soup tureen are small touches that memory will cherish.

And my third suggestion is to rob the fruit patch! Last summer I gathered some large glistening red currants (Laxton's Perfection), taking several whole stems, and added them to a decoration in which red pentstemons, red bouchera, red and pink plumes of spiræa, red antirrhinums and two different varieties of fuchsia were all included, and the effect was very much admired, particularly when the whole decoration was enlivened by hidden architectural lamps.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Daffodil Buying Time

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THERE is nothing that gives me greater delight in April and early May than to see the magnificent show of narcissi and daffodils in my own garden. It is not that the garden is a big one, or that many of the bulbs have been purchased at great expense. It is not that they take a great deal of looking after. They do not, for I plant them around the fruit trees, along the edges of one of the lawns, in a north border, and so on.

Every year I wish that I had planted more. Every year the ones that were put in in the past come up with greater and increased vigour, and so nothing is lost. That is the great advantage of planting daffodils. They are a regular investment.

I think the reason why I never buy enough bulbs is that I am apt to leave the business of ordering until late. Bulbs, of course, should be ordered at this time of the year, and not a week before planting! I am resolved, this year, to place my order right away, and so I have been busily consulting catalogues.

I have before me, as I write, the catalogues of the following firms: Barr & Sons, of King Street, Covent Garden; Clibrans, of Altrincham, Cheshire; A. Dawkins, Ltd., of Kings Road, London, S.W. 10; C. H. Furness, of Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset; The Hocker Edge Gardens, Cranbrook, Kent (who list all kinds of unusual bulbs); Pearson & Sons, Ltd., of Loudam, Notts; Peed & Sons, of West Norwood, S.E. 27; J. Lionel Richardson, of Waterford, Ireland; Guy Wilson, of Brough Shane, Co. Antrim; the Donard Nursery Co., Newcastle, Ireland, and Cross & Co., Wisbech, Cambs.

If you would like catalogues from any of these firms I shall be happy to see that they are sent off to you. It does not matter whether you are getting thousands for naturalising or some very special kinds for forcing. Think about the bulbs for Christmas and the New Year. Think about those for indoors as well as out—those that are to be planted in the garden or naturalised in the grass.

I often get letters from readers who peruse my articles in the sanctum of some club, and who suggest that this column should contain notes and suggestions from time to time as to what can be done in a town garden. The narcissi and daffodil are ideal for this purpose, and do equally well when planted in window-boxes and in tubs on the verandah or roof garden as they do in the open ground.

There is something very British about the daffodil. You can ensure buying bulbs that have been grown in this country and that will, therefore, give employment to the men in Lincolnshire, Cornwall or Devon, or wherever the bulbs have been raised. Those who are thinking of planting large quantities in woodlands or shrubberies can buy mixtures at very cheap rates. Special mixtures are made up of the short cup varieties, of the poeticus types, of the all Barri kinds, and so on, and where they are required by the ten thousand or so, the price may easily be round about 17/- per 1,000.

For those who are going to grow bulbs under glass the following varieties of narcissus (and I am including the daffodils in this group) are particularly easy to force: Paper white, Soleil d'Or among the Polyanthus; Cheerfulness, Helios, Laurens Koster among the Poetaz; Emperor, King Alfred, Princeps and Spring Glory among the trumpets; and the following, Barri, Bath's Flame, Charles; Lady Moore and Sunrise. There are also Cassandra and Ornatus among the fragrant Poeticus.

I feel that I can recommend the following, though choosing varieties is a matter of opinion!

Aileen, comes into bloom long before Golden Spur. It is pure yellow throughout, and its beautifully flanged trumpet has a broad perianth in proportion. White Conqueror is a large bold flowerer. The trumpet is faintly tinged with lemon, and the perianth is massive and of the purest white. Solid Gold will be too dear for some, for the bulbs sell at about £1 each. It is said to be the finest yellow trumpet ever raised. Golden Harvest is another yellow trumpet variety, the perianth being over 6in. across. It is a pure yellow, and a free bloomer. It is by no means coarse or rough. Fire Tail is a very vigorous kind which increases rapidly. The eye of the flower is solid, deep rich red with the surrounding petals primrose and ivory-white. I know of no Barri which keeps its colour better. Copper Bowl is an incomparable which has a clear yellow perianth, the crown being of a glowing coppery-orange red.



For ever and a day . . .

There are many Boulton & Paul glasshouses in regular use to-day that were erected over 50 years ago. In the words of one owner: "These are in every way as good as when they were put up." The reason is that there is practically no limit to the life of good material and sound workmanship. Add to these the practical experience of over one hundred years and you will realise the unfailing wisdom of investing in a greenhouse or conservatory by Boulton & Paul.

We shall be pleased to send you Catalogue 585 giving you full details.

Royal Show, Windsor, July 4-8

B. & P. are experts in the construction of farm and estate buildings of every description—stock-houses, stables, kennels, barns, storehouses, etc. The B. & P. exhibit at the Royal Show (Stand 338, Avenue L) will contain many actual examples, and full information will be available on the whole range of B. & P. farming and horticultural products.

Purpose planned — BOULTON & PAUL LTD NORWICH — Faithfully made

Visit our London Showrooms

BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., HORSEFERRY HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

COLD CHON

The Perfect Surface



Bicycle Path in Holland

Large quantities of COLD CHON are used in Holland to obtain the finest road surfaces.

COLD CHON YOUR DRIVES and PATHS and SEE THE DIFFERENCE! It gives a beautiful surface, entirely weed free, and the original colour of the gravel is retained. It is firm, durable, and lasts for years. No skilled labour is necessary to lay it.

ADVICE FREE

RICHARD SMITH LIMITED

182 WEST STREET, GLASGOW, C.5

Manufacturers in England: BITMAC LIMITED, Dawes Lane, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
Licensees for Irish Free State: COLD CHON (Galway) LTD., Long Walk, Galway.



The £ s. d. of Drive and Path Upkeep

High maintenance costs can be saved by treating gravel drives and paths with COLDCOAT. It firmly binds and waterproofs the surface, keeps it neat and clean in all weathers and preserves a natural appearance. Ash and clinker surfaces may be treated similarly and no skill or special apparatus is needed.

"THE MODERN METHOD OF DRIVE & PATH MAINTENANCE"

is the title of an interesting booklet on the subject. May we send you a free copy? Ask for publication K154.

COLDCOAT

BERRY WIGGINS & CO. LTD., Water Lane, Stratford, London, E.15.

ROYAL SHOW, WINDSOR, July 4 to 8
See our exhibit at STAND No. 347

C2

NOW is the TIME to SPRAY



Jas. Southerton & Son, Martineau & Smith,
MARTSMITH WORKS, SUTTON COLDFIELD
Telephones: SUTTON COLDFIELD 2243-4 Telegrams: MARTSMITH, SUTTON COLDFIELD

The "ALLEN" SELF-PROPELLED MOTOR SCYTHE



FOR RAPID & ECONOMICAL CUTTING OF ALL KINDS OF ROUGH GROWTH, WEEDS, GRASS, ETC. ETC.

Recommended by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland for BRACKEN ERADICATION.
Centrally placed cutter giving 36 ins. cut.
Two controls only—clutch and throttle.
Large diameter pneumatic tyres.
Cutting mechanism operates in oiltight case.
Write for name and address of your nearest appointed Agent.

JOHN ALLEN & SONS
(OXFORD) LTD., DEPT. FD.
COWLEY, OXFORD.

THE "UNIVERSAL" RAKE



Shown for the first time at Chelsea Flower Show and established itself as a tool which is wanted.

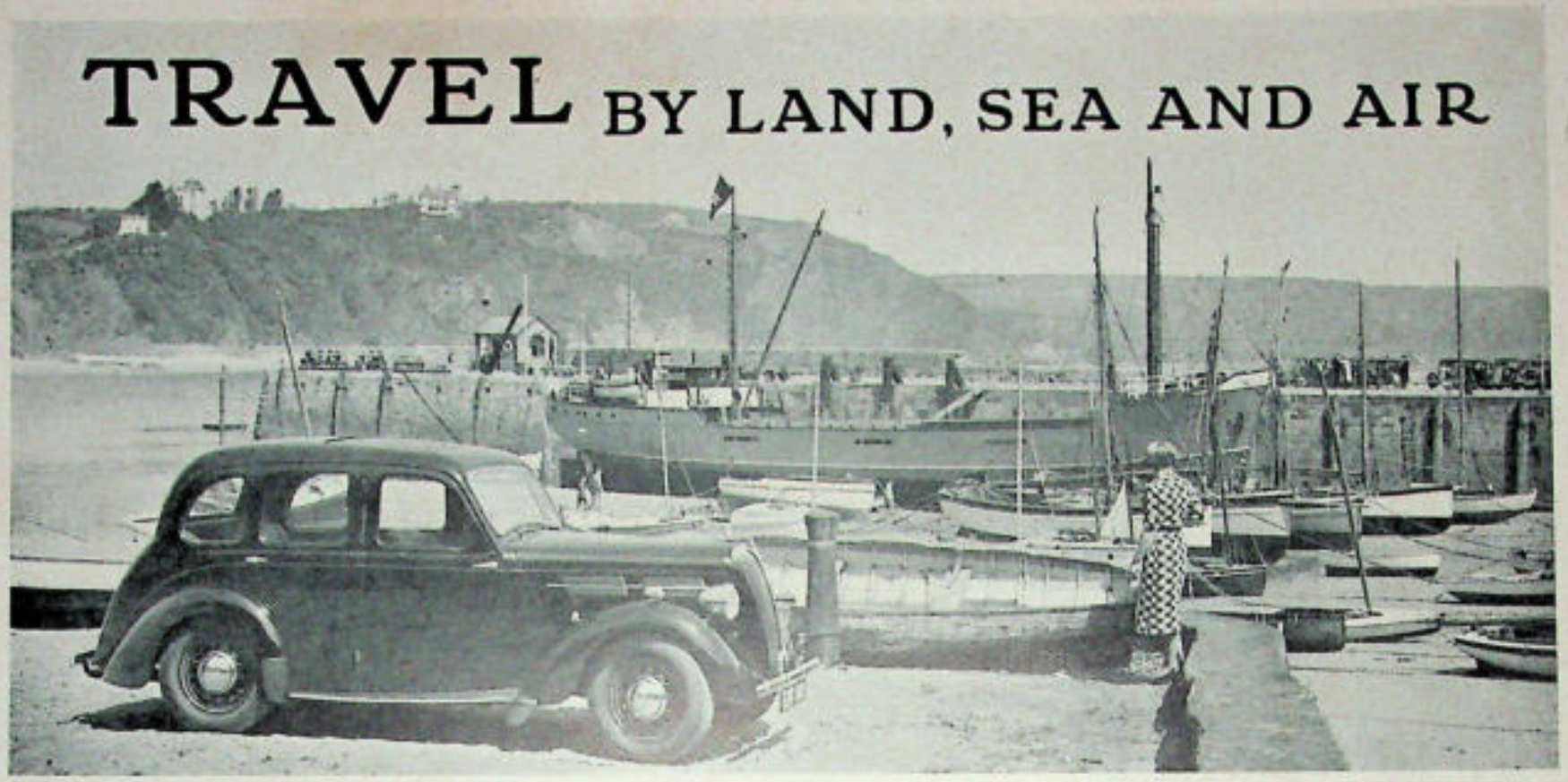
Made of the best Swedish Steel.

Practically unbreakable. With curved teeth that will not clog.

PRICES No. of Teeth	Each
6	3/6
8	3/9
10	4/-
12	4/3
14	4/6
16	4/9
18	5/-

ROLCUT
11, Lonsdale Road, London, N.W.6

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A STANDARD TEN SALOON ON THE QUAY AT TENBY HARBOUR, SOUTH WALES

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM OF THE H.P. TAX

How May the Blow to the Motor Industry Be Spread?

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE proposed horse-power tax increase has called forth a deluge of hard words from the motoring community. This is hardly a surprising development when the lack of justification for this blow at the motorist, the distress it will cause in the car industry, the other fields for revenue open to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the fact that the tax will hardly achieve its object, are so obvious. Severe criticism has emanated from a variety of quarters, since the imposition will exercise unwarranted hardship upon so many people, and upon such a widespread and diverse number of commercial and industrial interests.

I wholeheartedly endorse the efforts of the critics, not merely because the polemic is endeavouring to vindicate himself and his arguments, but because the majority of those seeking amendment of the assessment have put forward constructive suggestions. Criticism, to be effective, must be constructive, and, therefore, it is to the credit of those who seek redress on this issue that they have submitted workable alternatives. Some of the readers of the *Field* who have written to me have made proposals which, if implemented, seem likely to bring the necessary finance to the Government, and would—to quote Sir John Simon's phrase—"spread the burden evenly."

Acting on behalf of the industry which stands to suffer so much, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have pleaded that the tax should be reduced to £1 per horse power, that some consideration might be given to a special reduction for used cars, and that it should be permissible to take out monthly licences. Similarly the Motor Traders Association urged that some form of rebate should be made for cars more than two years old. Whether these representations will bear fruit or not is problematical, but I do feel that the motorists own organisations—the A.A. and the R.A.C.—should make stronger protest, an action which their members would welcome. Success in ameliorating the blow can only be attained by concerted and united action.

It is reasonable to assume that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would consent to some modification of the 25/- per horse power rating only if such alteration could produce additional revenue. This, therefore, is the fundamental basis upon which proposals must be based.

Personally, I adhere to the view that an equitable solution might be found by reducing the tax to £1 per horse power, and by levying a tax on new cars at the time of purchase. I would suggest that a sum, say, from 1 to 5 per cent. of the purchase price, should be added before the car leaves the hands of the manufacturers. I imagine that a motorist contemplating the acquisition of a vehicle costing £200 would not be inclined to postpone or cancel the purchase because the car will cost him £210, particularly if the transaction is on the hire-purchase system. I am confident that new car sales would not be adversely affected, neither would the used car market be impaired.

Further, fuel purchases—and the revenue they produce—would not tend to diminish while, above all, the British car industry would not experience the severe setback which appears inevitable when the new tax is enforced. If our governmental financiers fear that the yield thus forthcoming would be insufficient, then I recommend that they should consider a tax on betting and on cosmetics.

The majority of the proposals brought to my notice suggest a tax upon bicycles which would serve the dual purpose of keeping the very young and therefore undesirable cyclist from the roads, and also bring in considerable revenue. The main argument against this project is the initial cost of establishing an organisation and the necessary machinery to collect such a tax. Nevertheless, there is a large section of opinion believing that the cyclist, as a user of the roads and as a citizen, should be willing to make some contribution, and not leave the entire burden to the motorist.

The champions of a higher levy upon petrol to replace the road-tax system are numerous. But their chances of success are slim, particularly at a time when the State is in urgent need of adequate funds, and during the first year of such revolutionary legislation there is always the possibility that the receipts forthcoming from such a switch might easily fall below the estimated revenue. I know there is a host of excellent arguments in support of an all-embracing fuel tax, but my personal opinion is that it would be impolitic to make such a drastic change in the present stage of international affairs. In addition, the public transport vehicles and heavy commercial traffic would have to face yet another burden.

Many people would say that any Britisher realising why the money must be gleaned immediately from taxation and yet stands in opposition to the proposed tax is being unpatriotic. As a patriot and as an opponent of the tax, I cannot accept this argument.

In the first place, I believe that the method by which it is proposed to obtain the funds is incorrect, and when in practice, its effect upon the motorist and the motor-car industry will be such as to prove there has been serious miscalculation. The revenue may easily fail to reach the level required. Yet, if taxation is applied more fairly and more sanely so that the demand from one community is not so manifestly unfair—and, after all, a 66⅔ per cent. increase is out of all reasonable proportion—the revenue ultimately forthcoming will exceed that which may now be collected.

I have recalled to some of my correspondents the slogan which Sir Archibald Sinclair adopted in the House of Commons recently, *i.e.*, "Make the rich man pay," when discussing the Budget. This sounds well at first glance, but the fact has probably been overlooked that there are thousands of family motorists with large cars which were purchased with the tax at 15/-, and which they will—owing solely to the increased tax—be unable to run next year. More serious than this, perhaps, from the personal standpoint, is the obvious *sequitur* that the capital previously represented by a car investment dwindles practically to nothing, because already high-powered cars cannot be disposed of for any reasonable sum regardless of condition and age.

The second-hand markets have been grievously wounded, and to offset the decline in trade many organisations now undertake to pay the additional tax for a period of years. This gallant gesture illustrates the gravity of the position for them, but even if every dealer were able to adopt this practice I doubt whether big car prices could be stabilised now at any kind of fair level.

Whitehall also appears to have forgotten that there are many car owners whose income is such that they have only a narrow financial margin on which to run a car. The majority of them are now running small cars which may have been acquired second-hand, but it is doubtful whether they will be able to keep their vehicles in the coming year.

Judging by the speech of the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Captain Crookshank, during the second reading of the Finance Bill, there appears to be little hope of any real concession to the motorist. He pointed out that 58 per cent. of the cars in Britain did not exceed 10 h.p., and the additional weekly contribution would be in the region of 2/-, while half a million motorists with baby cars will be obliged to pay another 1/6 each week. In the 11 h.p. to 15 h.p. class, 500,000 motorists would need to find another 3/- weekly. Captain Crookshank said that he found it difficult to believe that the impost ranging between 1/6 and 6/- each week would stop motorists using their cars as they are doing now!

From the Opposition it was pointed out that even before a penny of the new tax has been paid, the estimated loss by motor agents and individual car owners is already £6,250,000 owing to the fall in values. The tragedy of a decreasing export trade and its effect upon industry was also dealt with, but it aroused little sympathy from the Government.



This brandy, m'sieu', will never disappoint with the displays of raw youth. Nor yet, though old, bore with the dullness of age. It is always mannered, m'sieu',—for to grow old gracefully is the creed of

HENNESSY

"XO"

OVER 45 YEARS IN CASK . .



Liqueur Brandy

IT'S THE AGE IN THE WOOD THAT COUNTS



Mr Can't: *'Missed my train by the skin of my teeth!'*

Mr Can: *'Missed your* **Eno** *by the look of your face!'*

If you have been out late the night before — if you awake liverish and heavy-eyed — there is nothing like a glass of Eno for putting you right. Its effervescence refreshes you — its gentle laxative action restores the system to order and purifies the poisoned blood-stream — even as you drink it, in fact, you *feel* it doing you good. Don't forget this golden rule of health — take a glass of sparkling health-giving Eno first thing in the morning! Eno is very good for sleeplessness, headaches, rheumatism and general sluggishness of the system. Never be without a bottle in the house. Eno costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

● The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks

Treasure from Scotland

THE FAMOUS

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY



MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, LTD. PERTH, SCOTLAND.

BARR & STROUD

BINOCULARS



None Better — and they're British

BRILLIANT OPTICALLY
SUPERB MECHANICALLY
OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING RETAILERS
Send for List F and free booklet
"CHOOSING A BINOCULAR"

BARR & STROUD LTD. Anniesland, Glasgow — and 15, Victoria St., London, S.W.1

MAKE MOTOR SPORT HUMAN

A Plea for More Soul in Speed Events

HAVING attended in quick succession two rallies, two major hill-climbs, two important race meetings and one gymkhana I was struck by the comparatively limited appeal most of these events made to the public imagination. The spectators were mostly fans, while the average motorist was only present in small numbers. And yet most of these events had received some advance publicity in the Press, and the progress of some of them was reported daily in the national papers.

Take the English and Scottish Rallies as an example. It might have been thought that the eliminating hill climbing, acceleration, braking, turning and kerb tests would have attracted a goodly crowd of onlookers, when as a matter of fact most of the spectators as far as I observed were either the competitors themselves or others directly or indirectly associated with them.

Then one might have imagined that at any rate a handful of enthusiasts would have assembled to watch the cars climb any notable hill included in the route and to compare their style and performance with their own. Instead, the tit-bits of the course were deserted, and the controls were not much better. What a contrast is this lack of interest when compared with the crowds that assemble annually to watch the Motor Cycling Club's mass attack on famous West Country hills. In the London—Land's End run a hill like Beggar's Roost, near Lynton, will be black with spectators by six o'clock in the morning; and I suppose that the equally famous Park Rash near Kettlewell in Yorkshire is just as popular a venue in the London—Edinburgh run at Whitsuntide.

The race meetings I watched were at Donington and Brooklands. At the former one can walk right round the circuit and study form in the most lovely parkland from many different angles. One can see cornering, fast, very fast, and slow. One can watch cars at top speed; and one can, from the other side of the track, gain some idea of what is happening at the pits. By keeping one's wits alert and studying the score board or paying attention to the loud speakers one can also follow the fortunes of the drivers with tolerable accuracy.

At Brooklands things have bucked up enormously, and by running the races on the outer circuit, the mountain circuit and the Campbell road circuit variety is added to the programme and interest is sustained. Also as one can follow almost the whole of a race from certain vantage points Brooklands scores over other circuits where only fleeting glimpses of cars and conductors are obtainable.

The same fleeting glimpses characterise the entertainment afforded by the lightning ascents of competitors at Shelsley Walsh in Worcestershire, and Prescott, near Cheltenham. Each climb in itself is a really big thrill, but there is no variety, and to the casual onlooker one climb seems very much like another. True, in order to keep the public apprised of what is happening expert broadcasters are stationed at strategic points and put over any notable incidents, while big notice boards register the competitors' times.

Now the point that might be made in cases where the event is run as a business is that with a bit more showmanship and a bit more variety in the proceedings more of the public might be induced to patronise the meetings. It would be interesting, for instance, to see how C. B. Cochran or the late Bertram Mills would put over a big hill-climb or race meeting. One of the directions in which something might be done is to make much more out of the human element. Spectators hear that Raymond Mays is on the line, and that his great rival A. F. P. Fane is all ready with a supreme attempt to capture the Shelsley record, and then see a flashing car and the announcement of the time concludes the thrill as far as they are concerned. But how much more interesting would it be were it possible to get a close-up of these famous drivers. Not by a gigantic television set erected on the course, though this may come in the future, but by admitting the public into the paddock at a reasonable charge. Pressmen, photographers, friends and officials are admitted into this holy of holies, and if the public could come, too, they would mightily appreciate the favour. One might go so far as to have the competitors numbered like their cars, and as they are in the big American football matches. After all, this motor racing is a modern business and should make use of modern methods of publicity.



RAYMOND MAYS TAKING THE "S" BEND DURING HIS RECORD-BREAKING RUN UP SHELSLEY WALSH LAST MONTH. HIS E.R.A. TOOK 37.37 SECS. FOR THE WHOLE RUN

Still pursuing the theme of capitalising the human element, one would like to hear more on the loud-speaker from the racing men. At present they are too modest about their achievements when asked to say a few words. Anyone who had watched their meteoric ascents would brim over with questions if he or she had the chance. They would want to know the maximum speed attained at various points, how the driver manages to brake, change down, and accelerate almost simultaneously while steering his skidding car round an acute one-in-six bend. How many revolutions his engine gives, what the road looks like at such a speed, whether he was nervous or what he thinks about at the start and on the run, and so on.

Then, instead of a succession of climbs, let some variety be introduced into the proceedings. The ascent of the monsters of 1907–1912 with engines of 7,000 to 21,000 c.c. is a welcome change. Could not other events be worked into the programme? A stop and re-start, for instance, or a class for standard cars of a certain capacity. It would be most interesting to the public to know, for instance, which of the many excellent Tens referred to last week could climb Prescott or Shelsley in the shortest time. All kinds of difficulties would occur. It would be difficult, as it has been in the past, to ensure that the cars were standard. It would be said that the gradients favoured one set of gear ratios as used on one make more than another and so on. But in the old hill-climbs, all these snags were eventually overcome.

It would also be instructive to make the six fastest racing drivers take the same standard car up the hill and see who handled it the best. A reversing test in a suitably widened part of the course would provide an unusual competition. In this competitors would make a complete 360 deg. turn in the course of their climb, their time being taken from start to finish.

To many people's minds the most interesting point from which to watch a race is the pits. Here, again, the human interest boils up to fever pitch. Yet it is practically impossible for the public to approach the very focus point of the event from which the race is controlled and where the drama of the struggle can best be watched. The commentator with his batteries of loud-speakers, does his best to keep the crowd *au fait* with what is happening, but even this is not the same as seeing these things for oneself.

Brooklands is lacking in having a paddock where the public for a suitable charge can mingle with the great ones before and after the races. Where paddock accommodation is not available a slow drive past, instead of a scamper to the starting-line, would give the non-paddock onlookers a chance of familiarising themselves with the race drivers they know so well by name but have only seen at long distance. And writing of Brooklands reminds me of a human touch that prefaced the celebrated duel between the great green 90 h.p. gas-pipe radiatored Napier and Nazarro's 120 h.p. flaming red Fiat. While the Napier people, headed by Newton, who was to drive the monster, were all hot and bothered, taping up the bits and making last-minute adjustments, one discovered the great Nazarro peacefully asleep waiting for zero hour. Perhaps it was not surprising that he won the match.

One of the reasons why motor sport has not the same appeal as horse-racing, football or other forms of human sport is that it lacks the element of super-effort or the spurt. To compensate for this it offers the reverse in the form of the breakdown! But were it possible for cars to spurt, a new element of surprise and thrill would instantly be introduced. In the early days at Brooklands, about 1908–1910, when Napiers, Metallurgiques and Fiats were the big shots, some drivers were popularly supposed to admit oxygen into their engines as a last endeavour to snatch victory from their rivals. But this practice was barred eventually and the spurt was buried with it.

W. G. McMINNIES.



JUST AFTER THE START OF LAST YEAR'S 200 MILES INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE AT BROOKLANDS, SHOWING A PART OF THE NEW CAMPBELL CIRCUIT

WILD REINDEER IN NORWAY

By AIR COMMODORE R. PEEL ROSS, D.S.O., A.F.C.

IT is seldom that one can find an unspoiled country, unspoiled people and unspoiled sport, within reasonable distance of England, and at a reasonable cost. This I was lucky to find last August in the Solen Mountains, about 200 miles north of Oslo to the east of the Österdal Valley. There used to be a large stock of wild reindeer in the Solen Mountains, but they had been so poached and shot down owing to there being no restrictions, that 25 years ago there was no game left there. At that time, Herr Bjontegaard, of Ovre Rendal, and other sportsmen introduced some 30 bucks and 60 does. They saw that the ground was protected from poachers and no shooting was allowed. The reindeer increased enormously, and two years ago they reckoned there were 3,000 head in the district. In 1937 the district was opened for reindeer shooting from August 1st to February 1st, except from September 10th to 20th, when the ground is reserved for ryper shooting.

The farmers are allowed to shoot on their own land from four to ten reindeer, according to the extent of their property, other local Norwegians can obtain a permit to shoot by paying 60 kroner, and foreigners pay 100 kroner per reindeer. This district, being about 300 square miles, could accommodate many sportsmen, but the number of permits is limited and land allocated so that they do not interfere with each other. Alternately, one could rent the sole rights of shooting over one or more farms.

I found accommodation in the village of Ovre Rendal in a small hotel, which, although somewhat primitive, was spotlessly clean. The people were particularly hospitable, and the food was excellent. The roads up from Ovre Rendal were awful, but after climbing for one hour with great care through pines and birch trees, we came out on to an open undulating plateau, extending for miles at a height of about 3,500ft. To the south are the Solen Mountains, and all around range after range of hills. The views were wonderful and the air fresh and invigorating. The plateau, except for occasional rocky patches and some bogs, was covered with reindeer moss. It was delightful to walk on and much less strenuous than the average Scottish deer forest. I spent several days there at the end of August and had glorious hot sunny weather all the time, but that cannot be relied on. Heavy storms and snow may be expected even at that time of the year.

Reindeer were in abundance, and I had a variety of interesting stalks. On one day I saw close on 500 head, including a herd of about 40 bucks, amongst them some grand heads. This herd was on the move. I tried to cut them off, but they were travelling too fast, and I never saw them again. I found that the sight of man did not alarm the reindeer so much as it does the Scottish red deer, and, consequently, one could take more liberties, which was fortunate in view of the open country. On the other



"IT WAS A MAGNIFICENT PAIR OF HORNS"

hand, the slightest taint of our wind and they would bunch together and set off up-wind, and perhaps travel for ten miles before settling down again. After a shot was fired they would run round and stop and gaze, thus giving time for another shot if I had wanted it. I was successful in shooting a buck each day I was out, and had three really nice representative heads.

On the last day, my luck was right in. We took the most southerly road, close under the Solen Mountains which, I think, was the most beautiful part of the ground. Apart from the mountains, which were about three miles to the north-east of us, it was pretty flat ground with a good deal of bog.

We had been trekking for three hours; it was heavy going and very hot. I had been spying continuously, but had seen no sign of reindeer. This was disappointing, as the wind was correct, and this ground had not been touched. Then, about two miles to the north on the shoulder of a hill, I saw a solitary reindeer, and where there was one, there might be more. I decided to investigate, and we made for the hill.

I had only gone a short distance up the hill when I unexpectedly saw a small stag grazing about 80yds. ahead. Until then he had been hidden by a dip in the ground which I had not noticed. It occurred to me he might be a "fag," and I searched very carefully for some signs of his master. After a time I saw something, but could not be sure if it was a dead branch or the top of horns. Soon, however, it moved, and then there was no doubt at all. It was a magnificent pair of horns.

It was then one o'clock, and I knew he might not rise for two hours, so I showed myself to the small stag; he gazed at me for a moment then gave a short whistle, which brought the big



THE AUTHOR WITH A PAIR OF HORNS

"There are more like him in the Solen Mountains . . . The country is lovely, the people charming and the sport good, and not too strenuous"



THE AUTHOR'S COMPANION MAKES COFFEE

stag slowly to his feet. He looked splendid as he stood broadside on, and took the bullet through the heart.

The little stag cocked his head, had one look at his late master and trotted away full of joy, as if glad to be rid of a tyrant. The photograph gives a good idea of what a fine trophy he made. There are more like him and better in the Solen Mountains.

Herr Bjontegaard is to be congratulated on the success he has made of it all. He is anxious to welcome British sportsmen to the Solen Mountains, and I can assure them they will not be disappointed. The country is lovely, the people charming, and the sport good and not too strenuous. I shall be very happy to give further information to anyone who may consider doing the trip.



VIEW OF THE SOLEN MOUNTAINS

". . . We came out on to an undulating plateau extending for miles at a height of about 3,500 ft. To the south are the Solen Mountains . . ."

EVOLVING THE PERFECT AIR-LINER

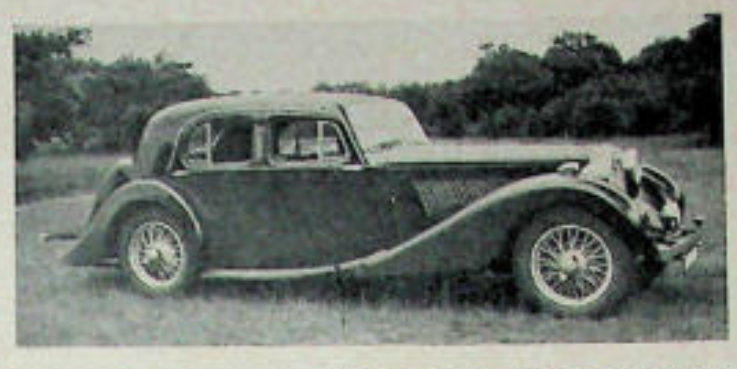
By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of "The Field")

IN the early days of commercial flying, there was very little difference between the air-liner (then so called only by courtesy) and the military machine; and, indeed, the pioneer London—Paris services were operated with aeroplanes that were but crude modifications of War-time types, such as the D.H.4 and the Handley-Page O.400. It has taken a long time for the truth that efficiency in air-liner design can be achieved only by specialisation, as in other spheres; there is, in fact, still a very common tendency to confuse military and service types, as, for example, when the Short Sunderland flying-boat used by the service is described as the "military version" of the Empire class.

This tendency to regard all aircraft as basically the same is perhaps explicable, and was especially so some years ago. For then, flying was a somewhat exotic form of transport; the designer's problems were predominantly those concerned with flying qualities; and when refinement was not essential it was natural to regard a certain aeroplane as a means of carrying a certain load over a certain distance at a certain speed, irrespective of whether that load was bombs or guns or passengers.

But when flying became accepted as a normal means of transport, conditions changed. A new element entered into design—that of passenger comfort. Regular travellers by land and sea naturally expected in the aeroplane standards comparable to those they found elsewhere; and this account it later became a target of not altogether justified criticism. To-day, the air-liner designer has to combine luxury for his passengers with high performance. It is a tribute to the world's industry that so much success has been achieved.



A STRIKINGLY DESIGNED CAR WITH A HIGH PERFORMANCE

No one would be prepared to assert that anything like finality has been reached. There are still outstanding technical problems, while data on passengers' and operators' requirements are incomplete and, to some extent, conflicting. Moreover, despite its comparatively short history, commercial aviation has developed a number of conventions based on early experience that are not necessarily valid under to-day's conditions.

With so many new ideas and new requirements claiming attention, the time is a very fitting one for an examination of the whole problem. This has been attempted in a very praiseworthy way by the General Aircraft Company in a recent special issue of *General Aircraft News*. Though this publication has been produced primarily for the information of operators and to secure their views on various questions, it has a wider interest to all students of the air in that it indicates the manifold aspects of design that have to be considered by manufacturers.

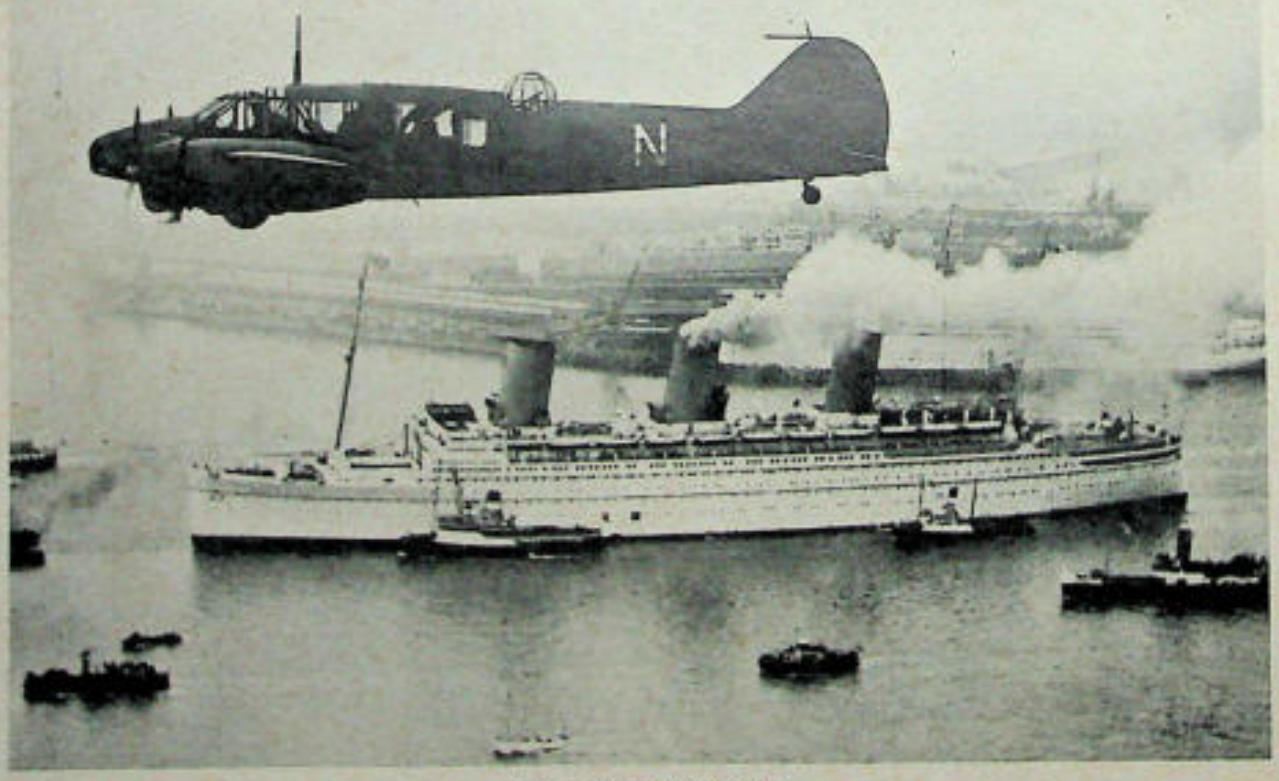
The problems of passenger comfort are of considerable complexity. Cabin conditions are naturally of primary importance; and these, when analysed, fall into a surprisingly varied number of items. They include such obvious items as range, cabin temperature, noise, and ventilation, and less obvious ones like quantity of carbon dioxide present in the air, fore-and-aft angle, and the effect of acceleration.

The pressure cabin has been much discussed lately, and it is usually assumed that its principal recommendation is that it enables aircraft to be operated at considerable heights where more stable meteorological conditions are to be found. Investigation shows, however, that its advantages are not entirely operational. A case is put forward that the pressure cabin is necessary for practically all commercial aircraft in order that accustomed sea-level conditions may be maintained at all times. Among the points made in favour are that when normal atmospheric states are maintained, the leakage of bottles and fountain pens is eliminated, that sparkling drinks such as bottled beer and champagne can be served at all heights; and that hot beverages can also be provided, since the boiling point of water remains normal and is not reduced as the machine climbs higher. Incidental advantages are reduction of noise, better sleeping conditions, elimination of draughts, and—a safety point—better flotational qualities in the event of forced descent over the sea, provided, of course, the cabin is undamaged.

In addition to these internal arrangements, there are, of course, many technical points of importance, such as the relative advantages of two and four engines, high or low position for the monoplane wing, cabin position, and so on; but these do not come within the scope of this article.

What it has been sought to stress here is that modern air-liner design is a highly complicated business and flying could not hope to compete with surface transport if passengers were expected to endure major hardships, such as extremes of cold, and minor inconveniences, such as leaking fountain pens.

The Handley-Page Hercules class was, perhaps, the first commercial design to provide the air-passenger with Pullman-car standards of comfort; it earned a high reputation. But its performance was low, and on that details that received scant attention only comparatively few years ago are now of first importance. Air travel must no longer rely on speed alone to compete with surface transport; it must offer complete normality of conditions to the passenger—and to-day normality in transport is virtually synonymous with luxury. If necessary, it must evolve its own specialised methods of attaining the desired end.



THE ROYAL HOME-COMING

The King and Queen return to Southampton on the Empress of Britain with their air escort. One of the planes is seen flying above the ship

THE M.G. TWO-LITRE

I HAVE driven more expensive cars than the M.G. Two-Litre; I have driven faster cars, more comfortable cars, and, possibly finer looking cars; but, taking all these things into consideration together, I doubt if I have enjoyed any car more, for without hyperbolism, I should say that this model has as high an aggregate of good points as any car lying in its price class.

The four-door Saloon sells at £398 (chassis only £265), while there is also a folding head Foursome, priced at £425. Considering its capabilities, and its "hand-built" production, the cost is by no means exorbitant.

It has been a long established policy of the company not, as with most cars, to make annual changes, but to market a type for an indefinite period, making only minor improvements and modifications brought about in the course of normal development. As a result, we have, in the Two-Litre, a tried and tested veteran, free from the weaknesses often located in first-year models. It must not be implied by this that the car is a year or so behind its contemporaries—that is an idea immediately dispelled when the car is driven.

It has a six-cylinder O.H.V. engine of 2,322 c.c. capacity, with a bore and stroke of 69.5 mm. by 102 mm. This unit has been made to do its job efficiently and without fuss and, on the model I drove—one that had already done 21,000 miles—the speedometer clocked 80 m.p.h. without much trouble, and at that speed the car was rock steady, which says a good deal for the suspension. This is carried out with semi-elliptic springs, which are specially mounted to give a low centre of gravity. The slogan "Safety Fast—Drive an M.G." is well known, and is more or less justified, for the car really does give the driver a feeling of security and balance experienced in few cars, even in these days. Braking seemed to me adequate—Lockheed hydraulic foot-operated brakes, with the hand lever controlling the rear shoes through cables.

There is a four-speed gearbox with remote control, the gear ratios being: Top 4.75, third 6.55, second 10.1, first 17.85 and reverse 22.6. Top and third are synchromesh, and changing gear is a simple operation, although it still leaves room for skill by those to whom driving is more than just a means to an end. That is one of the great attractions of the car in its entirety. It gives the impression of being something more than a machine in which to move from one spot to another—it has individuality or character, call it what you will.

The exterior lines of the car are most attractive, suggesting subtle compromise between a thorough-going sports car and a luxury saloon, which, in fact, it is. My only criticism of the interior of the car is a certain lack of space on the driver's right side, making steering more troublesome than necessary, and a narrowness at the bottom of the rear doors, making entrance and exit a little awkward for the corpulent. Once in, however, the car is very comfortable and adequate for the longest journey, while an excellent boot gives room for 11 cubic feet of luggage.

Lack of space forbids me to say more about this model but, like the Queen of Sheba, I can only say "the half has never been told." W. R. J.

BRIDGE

PAR CONTRACT

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

IN my next two articles I propose to include hands from the fourth Par contest organised by John Waddington, Ltd. These hands have been designed to illustrate certain principles of play in defence and attack.

Points are allotted for bidding, play and leads, and, irrespective of the actual bidding, each hand is played in a directed contract with a directed lead to ensure that the particular problem is met for which the hand was constructed. In the first three contests, no competitor managed to obtain 90 per cent. or more, but it is believed that one or two players will obtain this score this time.

In the first hand below, the defence have to find an unusual discard to defeat a contract of Three No Trumps. In the second hand, the declarer is given an opportunity to shine and make a contract of Four Hearts.

♠ A, 6
♡ J, 7, 3
◇ A, 5
♣ K, 10, 8, 5, 3, 2

♠ Q, J, 4
♡ A, 10, 9, 5
◇ 9, 8, 4
♣ A, J, 6

Y / A B / Z

♠ 8, 3
♡ K, Q, 8
◇ K, J, 10, 7, 6, 2
♣ Q, 9

♠ K, 10, 9, 7, 5, 2
♡ 6, 4, 2
◇ Q, 3
♣ 7, 4

Y	B	Z	A
One Club	One Diamond	One Spade	Two No Trumps
No bid	Three No Trumps	All pass	

The bidding is on marginal values and equal credit is allowed to A-B for a part-score bid in Diamonds; but the chance for game is worth taking, though few players will get there because the majority, after the opening bid and response, will bid their opponents' cards instead of their own.

Credit is given for a Club lead, but the Ace of Spades is directed. Z can see no prospects in the other suits, so he should encourage Spades and play a third round, hoping that his Queen of Diamonds will be an entry. When he has to discard on the third Spade, Y must give careful thought to the future defence. The problem is to find an entry for partner's Spades; A must have both the Aces on the bidding, so the only chance is that Z has the Queen of Diamonds; but if it is doubleton, declarer can succeed by going up with the King on the first round and knocking the honours together on the second. Unless . . . But by the time Y has reached this point in his analysis the Ace of Diamonds will be scorching his fingers and he will drop it like a hot brick.

♠ K, J, 4
♡ 4
◇ A, K, J, 5, 3
♣ Q, J, 10, 8

♠ A, Q, 3
♡ A, Q, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5
◇ Q
♣ 6, 5

Y / A B / Z

♠ 6, 5, 2
♡ K, J, 9
◇ 10, 9, 8, 4
♣ A, 4, 2

♠ 10, 9, 8, 7
♡ 3, 2
◇ 7, 6, 2
♣ K, 9, 7, 3

Y	B	Z	A
One Diamond	No bid	No bid	Two Hearts
No bid	Three Hearts	No bid	Four Hearts
All pass			

Z may find a response for tactical reasons, but this should not keep A-B out of a game bid.

The King of Diamonds is the directed lead, but there is equal credit for the Queen of Clubs. Y will surely switch to this card at the second trick, and declarer should win at once, for his contract is in sight. The 10, 9, 8 are equals against the A, J, and on these three cards three losers can be thrown, but one trick is guaranteed. The first discard must be a Club, and it is followed by the two Spades. If A makes the mistake of passing the Queen of Clubs, Z should overtake and lead a Spade, giving declarer no chance to recover.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

The following problem is also taken from the fourth Par contract contest, and although it is not a difficult problem when all four hands are seen, readers may not find it so easy when the Z hand is not seen.

♠ A, 9, 6
♡ Q, J, 10, 9
◇ 8, 4, 2
♣ J, 5, 3

♠ 3
♡ 8, 7, 6
◇ K, J, 6, 5, 3
♣ K, 9, 4, 2

Y / A B / Z

♠ Q, 8, 4
♡ K, 5, 4, 3, 2
◇ Q, 9
♣ Q, 10, 8

♠ K, J, 10, 7, 5, 2
♡ A
◇ A, 10, 7
♣ A, 7, 6

A leads Eight of Hearts against Four Spades by Z. A-B to make four tricks against any play by Z.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

♠ 8, 4, 2
♡ A, 10, 8, 6
◇ 8, 4
♣ A, K, 3, 2

♠ K, Q, J, 7, 3
♡ K, 7, 5, 3
◇ 7
♣ Q, 8, 7

Y / A B / Z

♠ 10, 9, 5
♡ J, 9, 4, 2
◇ 5, 3, 2
♣ 10, 5, 4

♠ A, 6
♡ Q
◇ A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 6
♣ J, 9, 6

A leads the King of Spades. Y-Z to make Six No Trumps against any defence by A-B.

SOLUTION

Z takes the trick with the Ace of Spades and leads the Queen of Hearts, which A must cover. Y takes the trick with the Ace of Hearts, leads a Diamond, and Z runs off all his Diamonds, leaving the following situation:

♠ None
♡ 10
◇ None
♣ A, K, 3, 2

♠ Q, J
♡ None
◇ None
♣ Q, 8, 7

Y / A B / Z

♠ 10
♡ J
◇ None
♣ 10, 5, 4

♠ 6
♡ None
◇ 6
♣ J, 9, 6

On the lead of the 6 of Diamonds A is squeezed. If he throws a Spade he will be thrown in with the Spade to lead away from the Queen of Clubs. If he throws a Club, Y-Z's three Clubs will be good. It will be noted that if he manages to unblock his Spades earlier in the game the 10 of Hearts will act as a menace to B's Jack.

CHESS

A POWERFUL ATTACK

The following game, played in the tournament at Kemeri and Riga last March, shows a powerful attack by the young Hungarian master, L. Szabo.

(*French Defence.*)

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

(a) Best. It threatens P takes P followed by Q takes P. If at once 4. . . . P takes P, then 5. Q to Kt 4 followed, if 5. . . . Q takes P, by 6. Kt to B 3, Q to B 3; 7. Q takes K P and 8. Castles, or if 5. . . . Kt to K B 3, by 6. Q takes Kt P, R to Kt sq; 7. Q to R 6, Q takes P; 8. Castles, and in either case White has attacking chances.

(b) This position is generally reached by 4. P to K 5, P to Q B 4; 5. B to Q 2, Kt to K 2.

(c) The usual continuation is 6. Kt to Kt 5, B takes B, ch; 7. Q takes B, Castles.

(d) A risky move. It lessens Black's chances of counter-attack on the Queen's side.

(e) Not Kt takes P because of Q R to Kt sq. The text-move threatens P to Kt 4.

(f) Not a good move. Black should not allow his Knight at K B 4 to be dislodged by P to Kt 4 and should, therefore, play 14. . . . P to K Kt 3 and after 15. Kt to B 6) 15. . . . P to K R 4, even though he would then have a weakness on the black squares of the King's side.

(g) Not 15. P to Kt 4, Kt to R 5; 16. Q takes B P because of 16. . . . Kt (K 2) to Kt 3 (threatening Q R to B sq) and wins.

(h) Now P to Kt 3 is not good because Kt to B 6 attacks the Rook and White gains time to play P to Kt 4.

(i) Not Kt (B 4) takes B P because of Q to Kt 3, threatening either R takes Kt or B to Kt 5.

(j) Not Q takes B P because of Q R to B sq.

(k) If 19. . . . P to K Kt 3, then not 20. Q takes B P (because of 20. . . . Q R to B sq; 21. Q takes K P, R to K sq; 22. Q to Kt 7, K R to Kt sq, drawing by repetition of moves) but 20. B to Kt 5, after which Black has a very cramped position with a weakness on the black squares of the King's side. The text-move, however, is also unsatisfactory.

(l) A good move. If now 27. . . . Kt takes P, ch; 28. K to B sq, Kt takes R, then 29. B takes R, R takes B (if B takes B, then Q to K 6, ch); 30. R to R 8 and wins. If, instead, 27. . . . R to Q sq, then 28. Q takes R, ch and wins.

(m) If 30. . . . R takes P; 31. Q takes R, Kt takes R, then 32. B to K 6, ch and mate in two more moves.

(n) Not 32. Q takes R, ch because of 32. . . . Q takes Q; 33. B takes Q, Kt takes R; 34. P to Kt 8 - Q, B takes Q; 35. B takes B, P to R 7; 36. B to Kt 5, Kt to Kt 6; 37. B takes P, P to Kt 4 with a winning game for Black.

(o) Threatening either (1) R to Q 6 or (2) B takes R, to be followed, if Q takes R, by B to Q 6, ch. Black has no satisfactory reply.

TOURNAMENT IN RUSSIA

An interesting game from the tournament at Leningrad and Moscow last February.

(*Indian Defence.*)

WHITE. Keres.	BLACK. Lilienthal.	WHITE. Keres.	BLACK. Lilienthal.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	18. R to Q 2	R takes R
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	19. Q takes R	R to Q sq
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	20. Q to Q B 2	P to Q Kt 4
4. B to B 4	B to Kt 2	21. B to Kt 5 (g)	R to Q 6 (h)
5. P to K 3	Castles (a)	22. R to Q B sq (i)	P to K R 3
6. P takes P	Kt takes P	23. B to R 4	P to Kt 4 (j)
7. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	24. B to Kt 3	R takes P
8. B takes P	Kt to B 3 (b)	25. Q to B 5 (k)	R to K sq
9. Kt to K 2 (c)	B to Kt 5	26. B to B 2	Q to R 3 (l)
10. P to B 3 (d)	Q R to B sq	27. Q to Q 7	Q to K 3
11. R to B 4	Q to R 4, ch	28. Q takes Q	R takes Q
12. Kt to B 3 (e)	P to K 4	29. P to Q Kt 3	R to Q 6
13. P takes P	B to K 3	30. R to Q sq	B takes Kt
14. B to K 2	Kt takes P	31. R takes B	R to B 3
15. Castles	Kt to B 5	32. B takes P	R to R 3
16. B takes Kt (f)	B takes B	Drawn (m)	
17. R to B 2	K R to Q sq		

(a) Offering the sacrifice of a pawn for a strong attack.

(b) In a game Flohr v. Botvinnik in the "Ayro" tournament last year Kt to R 3 was played. The text-move is better.

(c) The Knight is to be played to Q B 3.

(d) If 10. Kt to B 3, then 10. . . . Q to Q 2; 11. P to B 3, B takes P. If, instead, 10. Q to Kt 3, then 10. . . . Q takes Q; 11. P takes Q, K R to B sq; 12. B to Kt 3, Kt to Kt 5 followed, if 13. K to Q sq, by 13. . . . P to K 4; 14. P to B 3, B to K 3 with advantage to Black.

(e) If 12. Q to Q 2, then 12. . . . Kt to Kt 5; 13. Kt to B 3 (if 13. P takes B, then 13. . . . Kt to B 7, ch; 14. K to Q sq, Q takes Q, ch; 15. K takes Q, Kt takes R; 16. Kt to B 3, P to K 4), P to K 4 with a strong attack. If, instead, 12. K to B 2, then 12. . . . P to K 4.

(f) Not Q to B sq because of Kt takes Kt P.

(g) If Kt to K 4, then B to Q 6.

(h) P to B 3 would close the line of action of the King's Bishop.

(i) If Kt to K 4, then P to K R 3.

(j) 21. . . . B takes Kt; 22. P takes B, Q takes K P would leave Bishops on different colours. The text-move leads to the gain of a pawn but weakens Black's King's side.

(k) White takes advantage of the weakening of Black's King's side. He threatens 26. Q to B 8, ch, K to K 2 (not B to B sq because of B to Q 6); 27. Q to B 5, ch, with a draw by perpetual check.

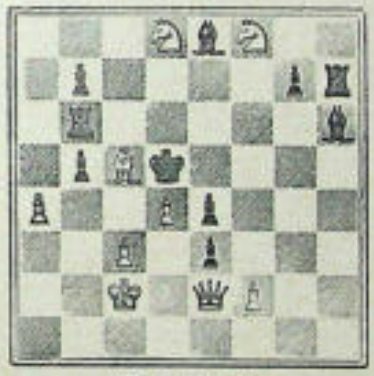
(l) If 26. . . . B takes Kt; 27. P takes B, Q takes R P, then 28. B to Q 4 with good attacking chances for White. (If 28. . . . K to K 3, then 29. P to R 4.)

(m) A well-played game on both sides.

PROBLEM No. 4020

By Y. S. NILSSON.*

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* Hon. Men., *Ajon Sass*, 1931.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4019

1. P to Q 4, Any move; 2. Q or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 523

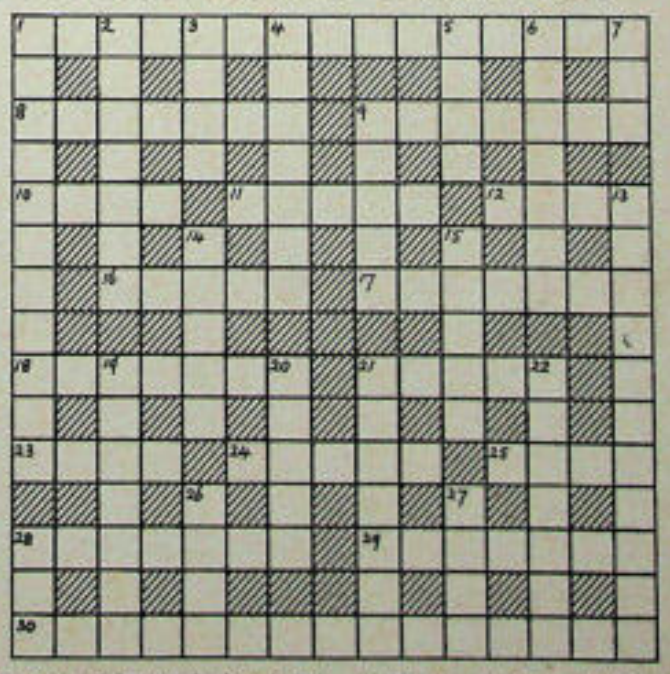
ACROSS.—1, Overheated hikers? (7, 8). 8, Confused tirades (7). 9, Ralph Rackstraw might have been of this nationality if he had yielded to 13 (7). 10, The Dean is upset (4). 11, King Hal was (5). 12, Good in human beings; bad in machines (4). 16, This might be a snare (5). 17, To call back a miracle (7). 18, One very much behind schedule probably has infection (7). 21, The great trunk of the arterial system (5). 23, "I would applaud thee to the very ——, That should applaud again" (*Macbeth*) (4). 24, Pool or plain payment (5). 25, The printer prefers this correction (4). 28, This will give poise (7). 29, The name of a wind (7). 30, Communists in one of the United States? (5, 6, 4).

DOWN.—1, Cleaned tins in secret (11). 2, A see-saw displays this change (7). 3, "Things are seldom what they seem: —— milk masquerades as cream" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*) (4). 4, A clue here is almost unnecessary (7). 5, This stops men from going straight (4). 6, A rare tie for an Italian colony (7). 7, A part of Abyssinia is terribly wicked (3). 9, You may deduce something finer here (5). 13, Not the same as 7, but not far from it (11). 14, "To die,—to sleep;—To sleep! perchance to ——" (*Hamlet*) (5). 15, Disdain corns (5). 19, He said, "I have done the state some service, and they know't" (7). 20, A happening in the seventies (5). 21, I am sane, perhaps, but my trouble is loss of memory (7). 22, This must be very small; it's less than a particle (7). 26, Race or worry (4). 27, Parched (4). 28, Where counsel get their refreshers? (5).

SOLUTION TO No. 522

Published June 24th

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



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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Aviation

Golden Hind.—The largest commercial flying-boat built so far in this country, Golden Hind, has an overall span of 134ft. 4in., and an overall length of 103ft. 2in. Its power plant consists of four Hercules engines, capable of developing a total of 5,500 h.p. for the take-off. Golden Hind's all-up weight will be approximately 31½ tons, and its cruising speed from 180 to 190 miles an hour, with a maximum of over 200 miles an hour.—*P. E. D., Rye.*

Cards

Right Call ?—A correspondent asks us whether, after an opening forcing bid of Two Diamonds has been made by Y and a pass by B, Z is justified in calling Two Hearts on ♠ 10, 2; ♡ Q, J, 10, 8, 7; ◇ J, 2; ♣ J, 10, 9, 2. According to Culbertson and most approach forcing systems, the responder should hold at least one-and-a-half honour tricks for a suit response to a forcing two bid. Thus the correct response is Two No Trumps, although the Hearts may be shown later.—*H. E. V., Wallasey.*

Bidding Criticised.—A correspondent asks us to criticise the following bidding: North—♠ K, J, x, x; ♡ —; ◇ K, J, 10, x; ♣ K, J, 10, 8, 6. South—♠ x, x, x, x; ♡ Q, 10, 9, 8, x; ◇ x, x, x; ♣ Q. Bidding was as below:

W.	N.	E.	S.
1 Heart	Double	3 Hearts	No bid
4 Hearts	5 Clubs	Double	No bid
No bid	No bid	No bid	

North's cards in the first place, although strong distributionally, do not really justify a double. His subsequent Five Clubs bid is a shot in the dark and is deservedly punished. South cannot be blamed for not doubling Three Hearts, which may quite easily be a make, *e.g.*:

East—♠ A, x, x; ◇ A, K, J, x; ◇ x, x, x, x; ♣ x, x. West—♠ Q, x; ♡ x, x, x, x; ◇ A, Q; ♣ A, x, x, x, x.

On a Spade lead, East—West can make Four Hearts, and on a Club lead by correct play they can make nine tricks.—*M. W., Hong Kong.*

Garden

To Get Rid of Long-rooted Weeds.—Apart from injecting with poisons, the only method of getting rid of long-rooted weeds, such as dandelions, is to dig them out.—*F. C., Tadcaster.*

When sending plants to be named, send as many parts as possible—basal leaves, stem, flowers and fruit. Pack in moss, moistened paper, or damp leaves, in a stiff cardboard, tin or wooden box.

Golf

The Field Marshal at Royal Blackheath.—The Field Marshal at the Royal Blackheath Golf Club—the oldest golf club in the world—is the next official in importance to the captain. Usually an ex-captain is given this title and occupies the position for life. Since the club's inception there have been only thirteen field marshals. To-day he has no particular duties to perform, but, when golf was played over the heath, he was the official responsible for marshalling the field—hence the title. At the famous functions of the club, which include unique ceremonies, he is entitled to wear two epaulettes, one on each shoulder, whilst the captain of the club wears only one. Regalia and red coats are worn at the traditional dinners, but golfers at Blackheath have long since discarded red coats for actual play.—*J. B. T., Braefarick, New South Wales.*

Kennel

Chorea in Golden Retriever.—There is nothing mysterious about the treatment for chorea, which is a common after-effect of distemper. In severe cases a cure is seldom to be expected, but in mild attacks there is hope. Dogs seem to respond differently, some being amenable to arsenic and others to Easton's Syrup. It would be safer to consult a competent veterinary surgeon, for these medicines need to be given with care.—*R. H. A., Tiverton.*

Sheepdogs.—We assume it is a working sheepdog that you want for Rhodesia and not one of the show Old English sheepdogs. You could not do better than write to Mr. James A. Reid, 28, Anderson Street, Airdrie, Scotland, who until recently had been hon. secretary of the International Sheep Dog Society that promotes working trials. Mr. Reid knows all the best strains, and would be able to help you.—*E. W. T., S. Rhodesia.*

Labrador Trainer.—Some trainers that can be recommended for retrievers are Mr. Bishop, Sutton Wood, Ropley Station, Hants; Mr. R. McDonald, Caledonian Kennels, Broomfield, Ludlow, Salop; Mr. J. Kent, Chrishall, Royston, Herts. Your Labrador is too young at present. Probably you would be advised to send him when he is about nine months old.—*C. J., B., Coventry.*

Motoring

Motor Vehicles on Tow.—A car or motor cycle being towed on a public highway, and in such a condition that it could not be used under its own power, need not be licensed. There was a case on this subject at the Derbyshire Quarter Sessions, in an appeal brought by the R.A.C. on behalf of a motor cyclist associate-member. The facts of the case were briefly as follows: The motor cyclist member, at the time of the alleged offence (that of using a motor cycle on a road without having a Road Fund licence in force), was being towed behind a car and was on his way to compete in a motor cycle competition on private ground. The machine he proposed to use was a borrowed one and was unlicensed, and the member had no immediate intention of using it on a public highway. He made an arrangement with a friend that the latter should tow the machine to the place of the competition behind his car. The primary chain of the motor cycle was disconnected, the silencer removed and the petrol tank drained of fuel. After the competition, the motor cyclist was again being towed home behind the car, when he was stopped by a police constable and his attention was drawn to the fact that the motor cycle was not carrying a Road Fund licence. The member was subsequently summoned and, after a lengthy hearing before the magistrates at which he was represented by solicitors instructed by the R.A.C., the Bench decided to convict and a fine of £1 was imposed. As, however, a very important point of principle was involved, the R.A.C. decided to appeal on the member's behalf to quarter sessions. At the hearing, after argument by counsel for both sides, the result was as stated, the appeal being allowed with costs against the police.—*D. H. K. L., S.W.1.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Egg-Binding and Egg-Peritonitis.—Obstruction of the egg-duct during the process of egg laying is a common disease of birds. We have to report three cases in fowls and one each in a guinea-fowl, bantam, wild partridge, canary and Chinese quail, the latter being an aviary bird. A common form of the disease is brought about by the laying hen being exposed to a chill from a draught or cold wind, which results in a cramp of the egg-duct. This is particularly prevalent among aviary or caged birds which have been unable to choose the site of their nest, or have been disturbed during the early stages of laying. The same thing happens when wild birds are disturbed in the process, so that they leave the nest for a time to roost in an exposed situation, where they get chilled. Aviary birds so affected will stand on the edge of the nest box, with their tails depressed, their breathing is laboured and at intervals they will strain as if defecating. Usually the bird can be relieved, provided it has not been straining to a stage of exhaustion, by holding it over a jug of hot water so that the heat impinges on its abdomen. The bird should not be exposed to the heat beyond about ten minutes. If after this period the egg is not passed, the bird should be placed near the fire in a cage or basket, and after about an hour's rest the treatment can be repeated. Under no circumstances should an instrument be inserted up the vent in order to release the obstruction, as almost invariably the egg-duct or lower end of the bowel is perforated, with fatal results. Operative treatment by an experienced veterinary surgeon is necessary for obstructions which do not yield to the heat treatment at home. Another cause of egg-binding is the fat condition of the hen. Laying hens should be athletically fit, but some birds under confinement become indolent and lay on far too much fat, particularly within the body cavity; also the liver becomes fatty. When such fat birds begin laying, they lack the muscle tone required to eject the egg, and, after severe straining, their egg-duct ruptures or their fatty liver ruptures, resulting in death. Thus feeding and general management plays an important part in preventing egg-binding among poultry. Many people keep a few fowls for the supply of eggs to the house, and where these fowls are confined to a small wired enclosure, their exercise is as important as their feeding. Not only should the amount and quality of the food be correct, but the morning feed of grain should be scattered among a thick layer of chaff-litter or straw so that the birds have to scratch actively in search of their food. Suspending a cabbage from the roof of the pen so that the fowls must jump to get the green-food is another means of keeping their muscles in training. The prevalence of egg-binding among caged birds, such as canaries, is a condemnation of the practice of confining small active birds so that they have no opportunity of freely using their wings and breast muscles in flight. There is but one humane use for a bird-cage, namely, as a hospital bed for the resting of a sick bird under skilled treatment. Healthy birds should no more be confined to a cage than healthy human beings should be forced to pass their life in a hospital bed.—*F. M., Anglesey; M. H., Suffolk; C. C., Argyll; G. C. C., Worcester; D. D., Essex; J. D. C., Northumberland; W. O., Sussex; P. D. M., Perth.*

Shooting

Magnum 16-bore Cartridges.—Magnum cartridges are made in 16-bore, and their standard loads are as follows: 2¾in., 31 grains (of a 33 grain powder) and 1oz. of shot; 3in., 33 grains (of a 33 grain powder) and 1oz. of shot. If 42 grain powders are used, the shot charges are 1⅛oz. and 1¼oz. respectively.—*T. G. S., Corofin.*

Travel

Hotels at Douglas.—We think possibly the Castle Mona Hotel might suit you very well. It is situated in the centre of the promenade within half a mile of the bathing pier. There are 60 bedrooms, all with hot and cold running water, while some of the rooms have private bathrooms. The *en pension* weekly terms are from 5 guineas, though this tariff is reduced during the off-season. There is also the Derker's Trevelynn Hotel, which has accommodation for 160 guests; the *en pension* terms are from 12/6 to 14/6 per day.—*J. H. P., Folkestone.*

Where to Stay.—We think you would like the Carbis Bay Hotel (St. Ives), situated on the water's edge and with its own private steps to the beach. There are all modern amenities, while there is a putting green and tennis courts in the hotel grounds. Terms in July and September are from 5 guineas to 7 guineas, and in August from 6 guineas to 8 guineas per week. Or you might like the Tregenna Castle Hotel at St. Ives. Its situation is high and lovely, and it stands amid its own 100 acres of park and woodland, stretching down almost to the yellow sands of Porthminster and up to the gorse-covered moorland. The gardens are full of sub-tropical flowering shrubs, with an occasional fountain and "other delights." To stroll among the Tregenna woods is to obtain many a lovely glimpse of land and sea, while the windows of the house itself, long turreted and machicolated, frame delicious pictures. At Tregenna Castle one may fare sumptuously within and enjoy all the country pleasures without. The hotel's own garden supply the vegetables, from its farm come eggs, poultry and salads, and Cornish cream is served with every meal. Out of doors at Tregenna, to say nothing of hard and grass tennis courts, the castle provides its own golf. A nine-hole approaching and putting course was made some years ago, occupying about 4 acres. The length of the hole ranges from 80yds. to 135yds., with a total distance of about 1,000 yds.—*A. S. J., W. S.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 8th

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 1st), Llansantffraid (Vyrnwy); M., Cook's Bridge, Rosett; W., Glanhafren, above Newtown; S., Ryley Bridge, near Middlewich—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (July 1st), Lealholm (R. Esk)—10.

BURE VALLEY.—All meets cancelled until further notice.

CARLISLE.—Monday (July 3rd), Rose Bridge, Caldew (up); Th., Kershopefoot, Liddel (down)—9.30.

CHERITON.—Saturday (July 1st), Eggesford Station; W., Black Torrington; S., Umberleigh—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (July 1st), The Vine, Over, near Romsey—10.30; M., Bowbridge, Godshill, Isle of Wight—11.30; Th., Old Mill, Hamham, Salisbury (Nadder); S., White Swan Hotel, Swaffling—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (July 1st), The Lamb Inn, Sewers Bridge, Pevensey—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (July 1st), Cannington—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (July 1st), Denham Bridge (Tavy); Tu., Sowden Bridge (W. Looe); Th., Poison Bridge (Tamar); S., Dartmeet (W. Dart)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 1st), White Bridge, Stoke Ferry; M., Easton County Bridge; Tu., Dullington Mill (for lake); W., Dullington Mill; Th., Thetford Bridge Station; F., Narborough Ship; S., Anrior Hotel, Thetford—10.30.

HAWKSTONE.—Saturday (July 1st), Sennybridge—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Owing to foot-and-mouth disease all meets in Yorkshire are cancelled until further notice.

WYE VALLEY.—Saturday (July 1st), Sennybridge; Tu., Clytha Arms; F., Hostelrie, Goodrich—10.30.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., Hatfield, Stanhope Street, N.W. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1939) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, July 1, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4515. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D. | CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D. | FOREIGN 3D.



Neill Rankin

A HUNTSMAN WITH DECORATIONS

This portrait of E. Short, of the Essex Hounds, was taken on the occasion of the Essex Agricultural Society's Show, when he secured the Hunting Horn awarded by the *Field* to the Huntsman gaining the most points in the Foxhound judging. With him is Essex Veto, winner of the Silver Challenge Cup presented by Brigadier-General Sir Claude R. Champion De Crespigny for the best hound in the show



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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL . . . 103
GROUSE MOVEMENTS IN SCOTLAND . . . 109
FINLAND'S WHITE HOUSE OF SPORT . . . 110
WIMBLEDON'S UNEXPECTEDS . . . 113
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: WHITE'S . . . 114
JULY MEETINGS AT NEWMARKET . . . 116
LOOKING BACK ON MEADOW BROOK . . . 116
THE AMATEUR'S PLACE IN CRICKET . . . 117
ROUND THE WICKETS . . . 118
IN PURSUIT OF THE HARZ MOUFLON . . . 120
BIRD-BANDING IN THE CONGO . . . 123
AFTER BROADBILLS OFF CHILE . . . 123
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS . . . 124
FOXHOUNDS, HARRIERS AND BEAGLES AT PETERBOROUGH . . . 125
BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS . . . 127
GOLF WITHOUT THE RULES . . . 127
BOATS OF THE HANDICAP CLASSES . . . 128
ART OF GOOD LIVING . . . 130
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK . . . 130
FIFTY YEARS AGO . . . 130
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Bird Protection; The Little Owl; Horse-Drawn Carriages . . . 131
IN THE CITY . . . 134
LORD INVERCLYDE'S "FIELD" TROPHY WIN . . . 135
BOAT RACE TRAINING . . . 135
THE BISLEY MEETING . . . 136
A GARDEN ENCLOSED . . . 137
DESIGN OF FLUSH POINTS . . . 137
BUILT-IN LIGHTING . . . 138
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE . . . 138
MORE MOBILE PATROLS NEEDED . . . 140
THE PROBLEMS OF CAR TESTS AND CRITICISMS . . . 142
LIGURIA—LAND OF FLOWERS . . . 145
GO-ANYWHERE AIRCRAFT . . . 146
THE 3-LITRE SUNBEAM TALBOT . . . 146
CARDS AND CHESS . . . 147
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS . . . 148

FITNESS BY FLOODLIGHT

TURNING night into day is more easily associated with riotous living than with physical fitness, but, for all that, the hours of darkness may easily be turned to good account in these days of advanced illumination, if clubs, municipal authorities, and other bodies responsible for recreation amenities would realise how easily, and how comparatively inexpensively arrangements can be made to light such things as tennis courts, swimming pools and football pitches in an adequate manner. Still, as Moore assures us:

"'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

It is improbable that the poet had the same point of view in mind as ourselves when he wrote the lines—probably the exact opposite, but for all that his words hold true in our sphere equally well.

Already the longest day of this year is a thing of the past, and the evenings are slowly beginning to draw in once more. Three months, and we shall be back in our overcoats praying for the sun and warmth, and all the time the opportunities for open-air recreation become more and more curtailed. Let us, then, lengthen our days by stealing a few hours from the night.

About three months ago the National Fitness Council for England and Wales published a very useful report (H.M. Stationery Office; 2d.), carefully illustrated, giving the results of many months' inquiry into the practicability and costs of floodlighting playing fields and sports grounds, and, if the pun is excusable, their findings are very illuminating.

Of the effectiveness of floodlighting there can be no doubt, but, unfortunately, a feeling seems to prevail that the initial and running costs are such as to prohibit the installation of the equipment. In fact this is a false premiss, though, naturally, costs vary considerably according to the conditions prevailing. For instance, the cost of equipping two netball courts in Tottenham amounted to £100 each, the lighting being provided by four standards in each court. The cost of permanent installation in a school playground of 7,605 sq. ft. was only £57, while equipment for three other school playgrounds in the London area cost £115, £75 and £46 respectively.

The most surprising thing, however, is the low running cost. The Saracens Football Club use four 12-light gas floodlamps for scrummage practice, players being able to work between the 25 lines over the full width of the pitch, and the cost per hour for the gas amounts to about 4d.

There is one possible snag in this "night into day" idea, and that is the effect of the blazing lights on the eyes. However, no evidence has as yet been found to justify any fears, and at one school mentioned in the report floodlighting has been in use for some time and the medical officer reports no ill effects. Whether the lights really do do harm can only be decided, with any certainty, after further experience.

Floodlighting has made great headway in some countries, notably in Germany and Australia, but in Great Britain the experiment is in its extreme infancy. Its desirability will hardly be contested, for a large part of any urban population work late in the evenings, thus making it impossible for games to be played except at week-ends, when, as a result, playing fields and courts become hopelessly congested and overworked.

Among many others, this very useful report has been sent to 1,641 local authorities throughout England and Wales, and it is to be hoped that, as a result, far-sighted town councils will realise the value of implementing its suggestions. Not only would the public benefit, but the municipal coffers might show a gratifying profit also.

A SQUASH RACKETS CHANGE

LAST year the Executive Committee of the Squash Rackets Association proposed that the standard height of the play line in a court should be lowered to 17in. and a slightly faster ball adopted. Members desired further time to consider the proposal, and on Wednesday next an extraordinary general meeting is to be held at which the question will come up for decision. D. G. Butcher is all in favour of the change. He considers, among other things, that the rallies, in so far as the first-class player is concerned, will be considerably shortened, because a drop shot will be more difficult to return and the passing shot will be brought back into the game with telling effect. Angles, too, will be of greater value, as they will score more aces than they do now. The angle shot at the present time is mostly used for positional play; if it can be turned into a scoring shot so much the better. In the case of the poorer and average players, who have not the shots at their command, they will enjoy the game more as the ball will come back to them and be kept in play longer. As it is now, if one man is able to play a drop or angle a little better than his opponent, the rallies are too short for either one to get the exercise they want in half an hour.

The Women's Squash Rackets Association approves and also favours the faster ball, which eliminates difficulties encountered by the use of two different types of ball, while it would enable manufacturers to acquire better standardisation.

ENGLAND MAKES A RECORD SHOOT

This country is becoming still better at smashing clay pigeons. At the International Tournament held at Bray, Dublin, the English team, which easily proved victorious, scored the highest total ever recorded at this event with 1,878 points, the previous best being 1,814 at Gleneagles in 1937. Scotland came second, but was 57 points behind; Wales was next, beating Australia, which competed by cable, by 8 points; and Ireland brought up the rear. Mr. E. Fear (England) won the cup presented by the Maharajah of Jhalawar, after a shoot-off, with 49 out of a possible 50. The latter also won the British Open title, in which 98 shooters took part, with 98 out of 100, but only after two tie shoots with P. Catterall (England) and A. Thomson (Scotland). He also won the High Gun of the meeting with a score of 292 out of a possible 300. This represents a very high standard of marksmanship, and congratulations are certainly deserved. It is evident that skill at this form of sport is increasing.

THE LATE F. W. JONES

It is with very great regret that we learn of the death of Mr. F. W. Jones, O.B.E. Mr. Jones had throughout his life been consulted on almost every problem concerning guns, rifles, ammunition, powder and caps; and for many years did ballistic work for the *Field*. In 1889 he was appointed chemist to the Smokeless Powder Company, and six months later became manager. When, in 1902, he joined the research staff of Eley Bros., a special laboratory was built for him. He was a keen supporter of the Gunmakers' Company, and in conjunction with the late R. L. S. Griffiths he revised the rules of proof of firearms as regards test pressures and charges for the London and Birmingham Proof Houses. He was also interested in match rifles, and had a most distinguished record at Bisley. His death will be deeply felt by all his many friends and by all the branches of the gun trade.

JULY IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY

July's opening days give some hope that the severest part of the summer is now over, and suggest the possibility of being able to fish for trout without being garbed like a spring salmon fisher at the opening of his season. At last the weed is beginning to grow, and one hopes to be able soon to step into the stream without every trout in the reach making a bee-line for safety. Warm and moist weather now should at least encourage a reasonable hatch of fly and put trout fishing in the South on its legs again. There are quite a number of streams which, on the average, fish well in July, though it must be admitted that the last hour of daylight is apt to be the time which has most to do with their reputation for summer fishing: and the last hour of daylight at this time of year is almost, if not quite, the last hour of the twenty-four. Let us hope that the law of compensation will give us something in exchange for our near-frosts at midsummer. If rain in June puts all in tune, there should be a lively lilt about the trout fisher's July sport.

THE SOURCE

I see a little winding path that pleads
For me to tramp through the golden leaves
And find perchance the cool dark source that feeds
The silver stream, where the lime-worn rock cleaves
Asunder, and where the rich soft moss weaves
Intricate patterns in the stony bed;
And the water murmurs like one who grieves
With gentle sorrow for a loved one dead.

Tall beeches interlace their branches green
In arches spanned like some cathedral aisle,
Where songs of praise are sung by birds unseen.
Long vistas through the trees show many a mile
Of pastureland, and sunlight rests awhile
On Dunkery's height, and gilds the Beacon's head.
Here is a hidden path, a dark defile
That opens on a joyous sunset red.

FRANCES D. WATSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

ACTUALLY I learned very little about straw-plait from the older villagers of Stewkley. The folk were willing to talk, but perhaps the dislocation between our own times and those of a thriving straw-plait was so violent that the latter might as well have been not forty or fifty but a thousand years ago; their interest was apathetic and their memories were dulled. Not one of them could give me a concise and intelligible account of the various processes. I had to piece together a threadbare narrative from hints and fragments of hints dropped at one cottage and another. The straw was first cut into lengths (called "strippings" in Essex, but Stewkley had lost its own name for them), the best grades were dyed a number of colours of which "plum-pudding" was a favourite, and the straws split into three, five, seven or, more rarely, ten parts by a bladed cutter with a sharp prong, wetted with spittle, clipped to shorten the "wings," steamed, bleached, milled and then braided. The "mills" were like miniature mangles for flattening the straw, but none of the cottagers I spoke to had preserved any of them. Nor could any of them tell me which patterns they had preferred—"beady head ladies' wear," "three waves," "eleven straw," "porcupine," "long and short" and "Rustic No. 1" in Hertfordshire, "wisp," "whip-cord," "brilliant" and "goose's neck" in Essex. Names once as familiar to them as their children's had faded into limbo, a bottomless gulf into which the whole past in an indiscriminate heap of periods, particulars and distinctions seemed to have been irrevocably emptied. What anchorage had these old people now that their last years had launched into an age that might have been the wilds of New Guinea for all its resemblance to that of their warm, active youth? Or was it that their years of rest were like the billows of an angry sea with no port of memory for which to set sail when they threatened to swallow the whole world? They had seen two Stewkleys, the one as different from the other as the moon from green cheese. But perhaps it gave them pain to remember the old Stewkley of their young days, and so they had forgotten.

Those days saw the early summer of industrialism when the landworker was sweated to the bone for a starveling wage, and the satellite crafts of the land were being picked off one by one by the industrial towns as the green woodpecker does a colony of ants. But this worker was still a son of the land, though nearly all of it had been already stolen from him, while the land was still the nurse and nourishment of the people, though manufactures and free trade or the hunt for wealth in foreign countries against as acquisitive rivals had begun to depopulate our own countryside. The tradition of tillage and craftsmanship was hard beset, but not yet had it been utterly broken. The country was being sucked up into the town, but not yet had the town begun to move out into the country. Therefore the division between those days and ours is absolute, since now the tendency and process and development, first of the enclosures and then of the industrial age, are complete.

The old tag "For England, Home and Beauty" held meaning when the plait-makers were young. What an Alps, then, has memory to scale before it can return to the country tradition it has left behind! Among the old folk of Stewkley that memory has decayed like the village itself in which they live, the same name in the same neighbourhood but no longer the same place. Nothing could have given me a more poignant sense of how a country craft can be totally blotted out, never to be recovered except, granted the will to recover it, by fumbling fingers moving like those of a child, a child who has nobody to teach him. This is what Rivers meant by "the loss of useful arts," but he need not have gone to Melanesia for his examples.

As I left, what Sir Walter Ralegh called "the futile panorama of industrial progress" passed across my mind. What has it brought us when it fails to bring even the object of its existence, material wealth, for which it has sacrificed the permanent desirables of human life? I asked the last old "hwoy chap" of over 70 if he remembered a time when there was something else to be seen but plurality of pasture round his village. He pointed to a low hill. In my young days, he said, there was nothing to be seen from up top there but miles and miles of corn. "And now look at it! It's got the green sickness. It's lonely, all that land. It never sees nothing but cows."

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an illustrated weekly:

"It is a little like the starter's pistol on the race-course, which releases not only the horses from the tape but from the accumulated, waiting crowd, the gasp 'They're off!'"



A grouse shoot on the Milden Lodge Moors

GROUSE MOVEMENTS IN SCOTLAND

Some Causes of Periodic Migration

OBSERVATION of grouse movements within Scottish limits suggests that there is most restlessness among the birds when they are most numerous. Number is one factor which makes for movement, and a failure of the heather crop is another. When grouse are numerous and the heather is bad the conditions for a periodical disappearance from certain moors are present, and the grouse of those moors, roaming far from their homes in what might be termed the "oat" season, may fail to return home to breed.

It is a mistake to suppose that grouse disease comes on suddenly. Birds which died from it in the past spring may have been ailing in the previous one, and if the age and sex of the first victims of grouse disease is noted it appears that old hen birds are the first to die.

Sometimes old hen grouse are so thin in October that they must be thrown out of the bags as unsaleable. They are quite unfit for food then, and numbers of the old cocks are not much better in condition, while the young birds are lighter of weight than they are when in perfect health.

Sending grouse per parcel post teaches the keeper a lot about the health of his grouse, and if he finds his one- and two-brace parcels grow lighter as the season advances, he knows that all is not well with them.

The keeper of a low ground Moss, such as Laggan Moss of Kintyre, which I knew so well for 40 years, knows just when to expect strange packs of grouse on his Moss, which may be separated from the nearest hill moor by a couple of miles. The stranger grouse will, in normal years, appear in numbers on the Moss when the oats are cut, and the longer the oat-stooks are out the more grouse will gather to them.

Most of the grouse which reach such a Moss as the Laggan one are hen birds, but they are not all young hens, the old ones are with the young in due proportion, and act as guides. Otherwise the packs might easily pass the Moss, which is only about 600 acres in extent, and has miles of agricultural country round it.

The migratory packs of hen grouse which come to the Moss towards the end of harvest form themselves naturally in the hill country. Several broods of grouse come morning and evening to the same small oat-stubble, and the hens of the broods fraternise. The cocks do the same, so there are hen packs and grouse packs on the same hill stubble field. Such small fields soon have the last grain of oats picked up, and one fine October morning the hen pack which formed itself on that particular stubble is gone to a Moss, or to a fertile low ground moor at some mile's distance.

The cock packs still remain on the hill-ground when the hen packs have left, and if the hill moors are driven at that season bags will be small, and chiefly made up of cock grouse. It is at this season that a moor-owner sometimes makes the discovery that most of his grouse are males. He is all unaware that his hen grouse are away on their travels, and that they will come back, provided they are not shot, and do not die from disease contracted at home, while on migration.

The cock grouse which remain on the hill moors when their mates have gone frequent the hill stubbles up to November, and may form packs. In company with another, I once "browned" such a pack, and our combined effort brought down eight grouse cocks.

The cock grouse of the milder districts of Scotland have no sooner finished their stubble gleaning than they take up crowing stances, which they hold against all comers. Individuals have their mates before the end of the grouse-shooting season, and those early-mated birds appear to be old ones.

In South Scotland, and particularly in Kintyre, what might be called the stubble migration of grouse is at an end by mid-November, and a return migration to the hills, on the part of the hen packs, is in evidence. Those packs alight by the way, and their individuals find mates at every halt, so that a pack of 40 quickly becomes one of 20, and then of ten. At this season four and even six hen grouse may be seen with one cock, but while a cock grouse sometimes has two wives, I only once saw one who had three and kept them.

Grouse cocks which one can recognise from year to year are rare, but one such bird which had its primary wing feathers of both wings pure white nested for four years at the same spot. That bird could be flushed from a particular knoll near his chosen nesting place up to the end of November, when his old mate came back to him, or he found a new one.

There are two mating seasons for grouse, and for a great many other birds, no doubt. One is the early date when old couples come together again, and the other that of the young birds of the season. The old couples are together in mid-November in mild years, but it is March before the last young couple has joined up.

Besides the ordinary movements of grouse which I have mentioned, and which are, or may be, more or less local, there are sustained ones, such as in 1911, when drought forced the grouse of higher and drier Kintyre to reach the Moss in August in unprecedented numbers. We had to stop shooting the birds after two drives that season, for fear of having our limit, but the hordes of grouse would have been better killed, as thousands of them died in late autumn and winter. Want of water is not the worst evil of drought, for the birds have wings, but heather becomes dry and brittle in a long drought, and is no use for food for grouse, or for sheep.

Drifting snow also sends the grouse flying in more or less number, and, in a snow migration, both sexes travel together. The birds evicted from their native moors by snow travel until they find black patches denoting uncovered heather under them, and the trek may be continued daily for some days until the birds are far from home. It is sure that the general direction of a snow migration is southward, and if the birds survive they come back in reduced numbers, and as small packs or in couples.

DUGALD MACINTYRE.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF VIERUMÄKI, THE PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE OF FINLAND, WHICH WAS OFFICIALLY OPENED ON JUNE 13TH, 1932

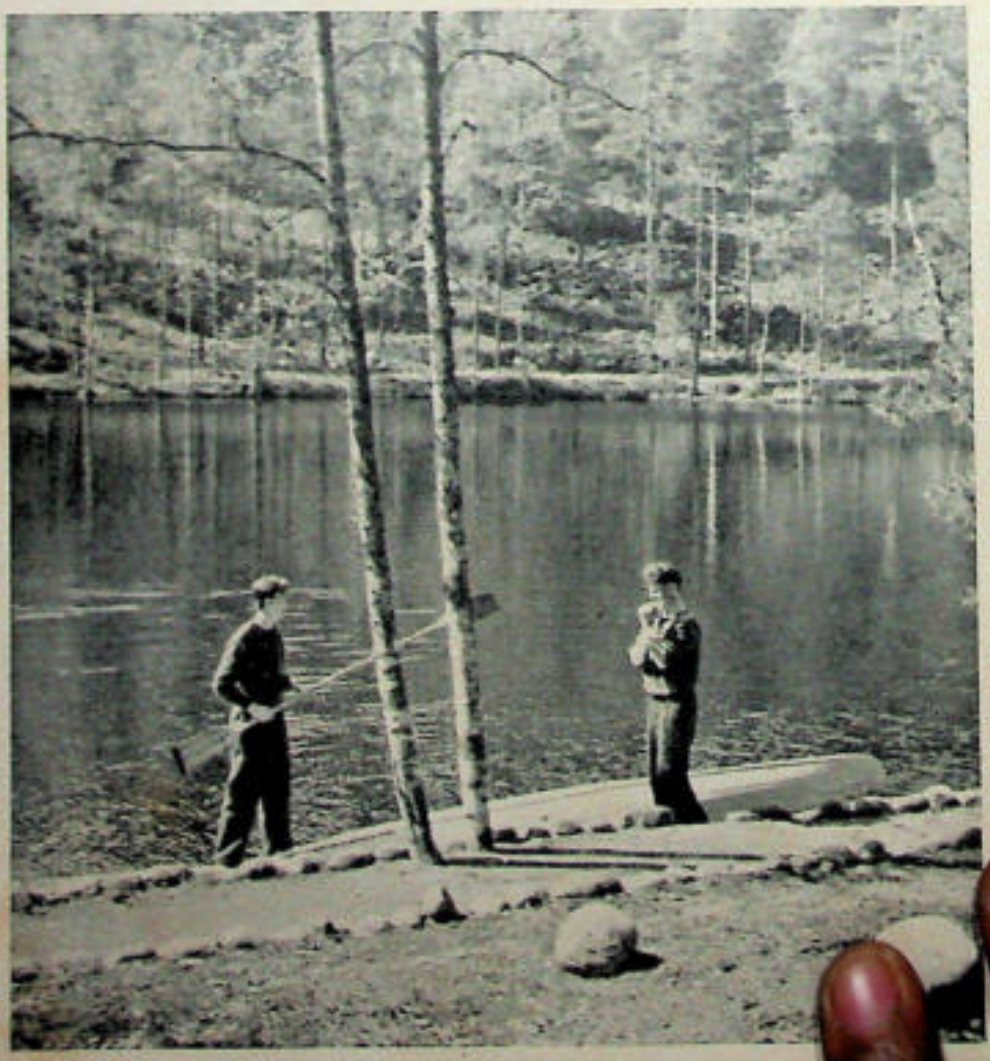
FINLAND'S WHITE

PARTLY owing to the historical vicissitudes of the country, physical training in the modern sense is comparatively young in Finland, though sport and athletics have been popular with the people from ancient times. It may be said that the lakes, the great forests, fishing, wood pulp and matches make up the vision of Finland, but not these things brought her fame.

Fame came to this land of the north through her incomparable athletes: Lethinen, Malki, Iso Hollo, Teuberi, Helms, Jalkenen, Hockert, Reingoldt, Kotkas and, greatest of all, Paavo Nurmi. The success of the Finnish teams at the Antwerp and Paris Olympiads of 1920 and 1924 undoubtedly increased the self-confidence of the Finnish people. The later successes at Amsterdam, Los Angeles and Berlin have certainly enhanced the reputation of this nation, and in 1940, when the Olympic Games are staged in Finland at Helsinki, many will be delighted by the running of the natives of this friendly and hospitable country. These athletes have a style which is exclusively their own. Where do they learn the finer arts of athletics? The answer is: at Vierumäki, known as the White House of Finnish sport, which, if not so well known in this country, is famous throughout the Continent. It is a pattern of what such a school for the athletic development of youthful champions should be. It lies in an artist's paradise of lakes and woods, and combines beauty of setting with the needs of a sporting centre.

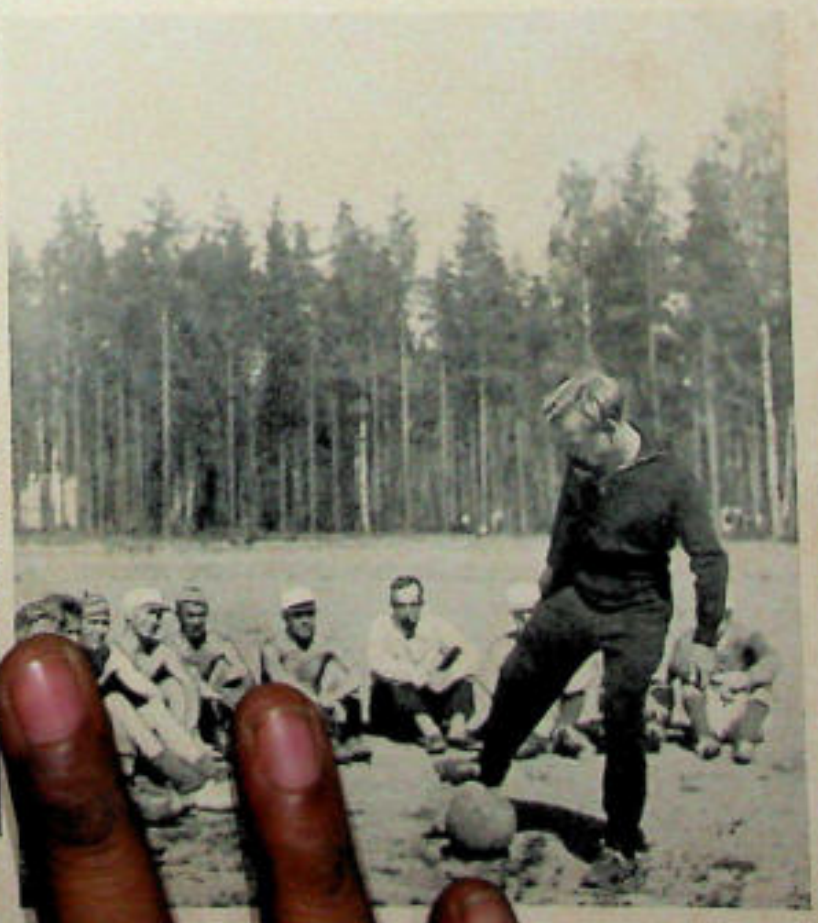
We can trace the idea of Vierumäki to the Finnish successes in the 1920 Olympiad, though nothing definite was done until 1925. It was the old story of doubt and prejudice. People argued that it was just as good to watch a handful of super-athletes as it was to take part themselves. In other words, Finland remained a nation of spectators in preference to active participation in sport. It is true, of course, that sport claimed an increasing number of disciples, but the growth in these did not nearly correspond to the rise in fame of Finland. And the fundamental ideals of sport were still absent. "Playing the game" was of secondary importance to winning, and it was with a view to sowing the seeds of real sportsmanship that a company was formed in 1925 to maintain an institute to be known as "The Physical Training College of Finland."

Here, indeed, is proof that it is better to be slow and sure. Before any college or large building was erected as headquarters, the public pulse was well tested. Special summer courses of instruction were organised in addition to the short courses arranged



ISO-HOLLO AND MALKKI, WELL-KNOWN OLYMPIC LONG-DISTANCE RUNN
THAT CANOEING IS AN AID TO FITNESS

DEMONSTRATION OF BALL CONTROL BY THE GERMAN COACH OF THE FINNISH CHAMPIONSHIP ELEVEN





AN INSTRUCTOR DEMONSTRATES BY SLOW MOTION THE CORRECT METHOD OF CLEARING A HURDLE

HOUSE OF SPORT

for many years by various sports organisations throughout Finland. Once there were obvious signs of general keenness, those planning the College looked for a suitable site.

It was no easy task. Firstly, the site chosen had to prove attractive, for most of the pupils who were to fill the college were to be pure amateurs, willing to sacrifice their summer holidays for the advantages of physical culture. (Pause for a moment and consider how many people would do the same thing in this country.) For sound training it is my contention that athletes need the quiet of rural surroundings. To get well away from cities is essential for real peace of mind. But the Finns had to do more than just that. They had to find a site where it was possible to construct level sports grounds and also convert the surrounding slopes for ski-ing purposes. Thus the southern coast of Finland was at once ruled out owing to the uncertainty of its climate. After several plans had been submitted and rejected, Vierumäki, a spot situated more or less in the wilderness, was decided upon in 1928. It had once been a military summer camp during Russian times and was thus an ideal site.

Next came the design of the proposed college. A competition was held in 1930 and was won by the well-known architect Elis Bryggman. He was then entrusted with the design of the new college. Building, however, proceeded slowly owing to lack of funds, and it was not until June 13th, 1937, that President Kallio officially opened Vierumäki.

Before that date, nevertheless, the college had become famous not only as an instructional centre for athletes and scouts, but also as a show place for tourists. You will get some idea of the good work it does when I tell you that during the past few years the college has organised more than 150 courses and entertained something like 5,000 pupils. Remember, too, that in its early stages lack of accommodation and building work still in progress kept quite a number of athletes away, and you will understand better the great possibilities of the college.

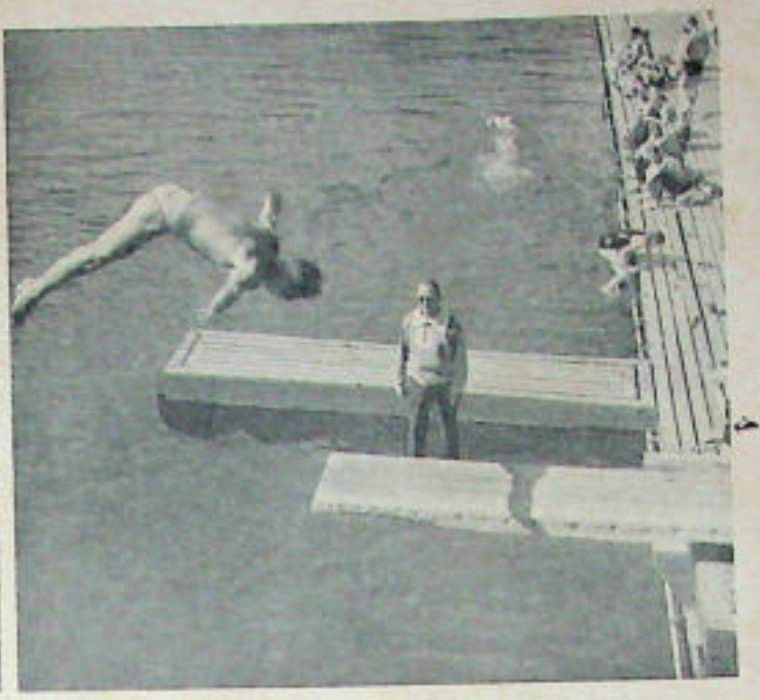
One of these days they intend to have their own aerodrome at Vierumäki. That will be progress; but I am not at all sure that I do not prefer the drive by car from Vierumäki station—about five kilometres. Imagine the change from the noise and bustle of a city. Your car passes along a gravel road, sometimes over open heathland, sometimes between stately pine trees. At first there is no sign of life other than vegetation; not even a small cottage breaks into the landscape. But as you approach nearer to the college a sports ground, with running track, or a shelter under which physical exercises are being taught, give the first hints that you are near Vierumäki. Then at last the handsome, modern six-storey home of Finnish sport comes into view.

A tour of the building reveals lecture rooms, dining rooms, a gymnasium, laboratory, bedrooms and dormitories, all as spacious as they are practical. I believe I am right in saying that nearly 100 pupils can be accommodated in double-bedded rooms, while the dormitories hold something like



A CLASS ON CORRECT MUSCLE MASSAGE BEING GIVEN TO STUDENTS AT VIERUMÄKI BY DR. SAVOLAINEN, WORLD CHAMPION IN GYMNASTICS, 1931





LEFT: RETURNING TO THE COLLEGE AFTER MORNING EXERCISES. RIGHT: SWIMMERS AND DIVERS EXERCISING UNDER THE DIRECTION OF INSTRUCTORS

60 athletes. All the pupils can eat together in the large dining room, and it is interesting to record that food is carefully regulated to the needs of the student and his or her work.

Is it any wonder that Vierumäki has become the centre to which sport-loving men and women from all parts of Finland go for instruction in physical culture? The college not only contains everything the young athlete desires, but is situated amid lovely scenery. In such surroundings it is obvious that one must find inspiration. There is freshness here and peace, and it is worth noting that a well-known sportsman, upon visiting the college, said: "One has to become good in such a place." Besides, among the many famous instructors at Vierumäki is Paavo Nurmi, that grand long-distance athlete.

In this country we have our Loughborough College, America has its Springfield College, Germany its Wunsdorf, France its Joinville, and Denmark its Ollerup, but nowhere are surroundings as ideal as those to be found at Vierumäki. The underlying principle is, however, everywhere the same. Nations have realised that people gain real happiness from physical fitness. Much has been done all over the world to satisfy the requirements of physical culture. By building the splendid college at Vierumäki, Finland has done her share towards greater fitness, and thus, I believe, greater happiness among the nations. Sport, after all, knows no frontiers.

And if you should be among the thousands who will flock to Helsinki for the 1940 Olympiad spare a couple of days to visit Vierumäki. You will regret it if you do not. There is much to see and admire at the college. In contrast to the level nature of the country traversed on your way from the railway station to the college, that to the north of Vierumäki (Boulder Hill) is entirely different, while at the foot of the hill lies a small lake fringed with graceful birch trees. To visit the college is an education and a holiday in one.

If you are fortunate you may hear the students at a sing-song. If any country might boast of a native heritage of song, it is Finland. The very foundation of the national culture is a poem in praise of song. The *Kalevala* stands off from all other folk epics in its insistence upon music and poetry as pastimes far more worthy of a hero than picking fights with dragons and foreigners.

Faithful to the creed of their forefathers, whose legacy of song made possible the survival of their posterity as a distinct people, the Finns have always fostered the arts as their most cherished birthright. Testimony to this national peculiarity is the remarkable fact that practically the only Finns—outside of the champion athletes—to have earned world-wide fame have been, not warriors, not politicians, nor money-makers, but artists and scholars.

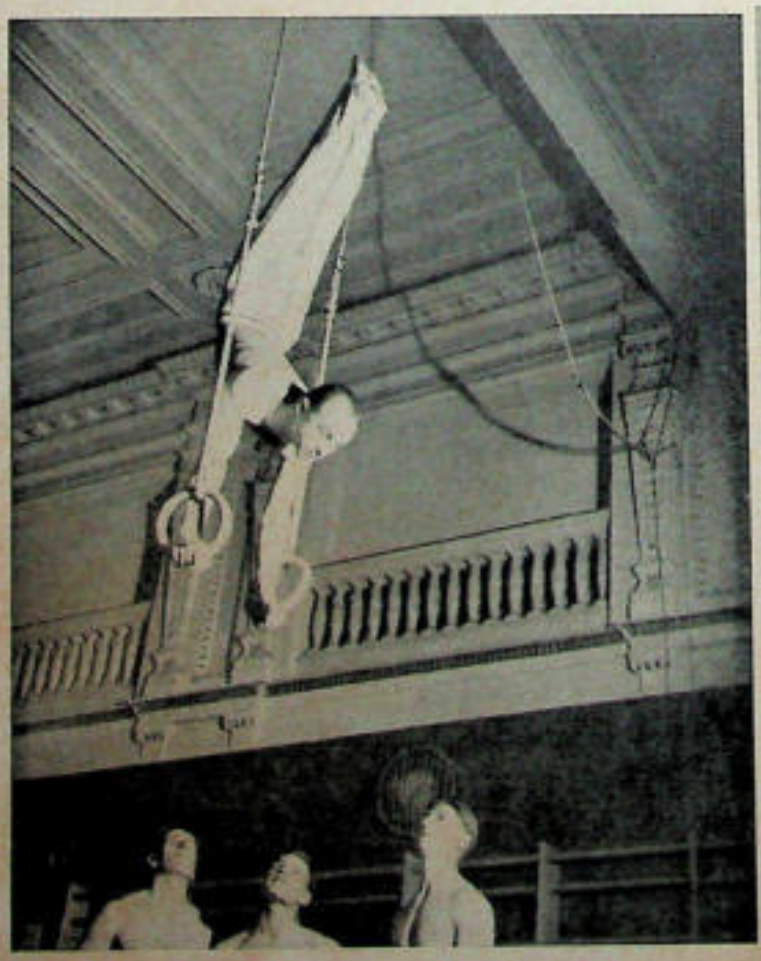
Who are the Finns known more or less widely in all lands? Sibelius, Pahngren, Järnefelt, Sillanpää, Kivi, Lönnrot, Runberg, Topelius, Westermarck—not to mention the athletes. All of these men are dedicated to the spirit of song; to the spirit of the ageless Kalevala, whose heroes veritably sang their people to freedom.

And when you have listened to the students singing in one of the common rooms at Vierumäki you may wander down to the lake-side and watch an athlete idling away sunny hours in a canoe. Canoeing as a sport is already about 50 years old in Finland. Up to the end of the last century, however, its practice was confined to excursions and pleasure trips, and it was not until 1925 that the first canoe club was founded in Helsinki. This was followed by a second in 1930, and the next year saw the advent of the present controlling body of the sport in Finland, the Finnish Canoeing Association.

To-day Finnish canoeists and runners are getting into first-class condition for the 1940 Olympiad. Much hard and serious training goes on at Vierumäki.

The organisers of the Twelfth Olympiad are preparing in a spirit of harmony and friendship. In Finland it is fully realised that sport can develop that fellowship which alone will save the nations from disaster. In these times of unrest an effort must be made to dissipate the antagonisms which the conditions of modern life seem to promote. Finland is making that effort.

WILLIAM LUSCOMBE.



LEADING FINNISH GYMNASTS IN TRAINING



NEW STYLE OF FINNISH PHYSICAL CULTURE EXERCISES AT VIERUMÄKI







THREE AMERICANS TO REACH THE LAST EIGHT
E. T. Cooke, who subsequently beat Austin with the loss of four games, R. L. Riggs and E. Smith

WIMBLEDON'S UNEXPECTEDS

By J. E. COLLETT

DECADENT or dull, or even deadly dull, are descriptions which have been applied to the Wimbledon Championships of 1939. A transition period may have been indicated by the first week's play, but any suggestion of dullness may be ruled out.

The theory that there must be an outstanding star to make a Wimbledon what it should be arises from a misconception of the nearby eras of F. J. Perry and D. Budge, or the further gone times of



MISS JEAN NICOLL WITH MISS D. A. BUNYRACH
Faced with a first match on the centre court the 16-year-old player was beaten 6/8, 6/4, 6/2

Mlle. Lenglen. The public have disproved it time after time by their attendance, but sections of the Press have pruned lawn tennis publicity to personalities. It is a policy which has always annoyed those who see the game as itself and has faintly irritated newspaper readers, who for one thing are getting to know that some "stars" do not write the articles attributed to them.

Thus, indirectly if not directly, this Wimbledon has been more refreshing than for years past. Players whom no newspaper has yet considered as journalists have done very well or have provided pleasurable entertainment. That gorgeous giant E. Smith served, volleyed and smashed his way surprisingly through the first week to the last eight. He is no "tournamenteer" in his own country, the United States, just a schoolmaster here on summer holiday. G. L. Patterson came over from Australia in 1919 in some such fashion, and won the championship. He had only an imitation of a backhand, Smith has a solid one; Smith, moreover, is the better player.

Smith was not seeded, which meant, officially speaking, there were at all events eight players reckoned better than he was. He beat one of them, R. Menzel, himself a giant and a hitter withal, in the second round. Ghaus Mohammed, of most un-Indian strength of build, beat his particular seed, I. Tloczynski, in the third round in straight sets. F. Kukuljevic, of Jugoslavia, again a mighty hitter, also eliminated his seed, H. McNeill, the champion of France, in straight sets, having met him in the second round.

How long is it since as many as three out of the eight seeded players have failed to survive to the predestined fifth round? Without reference, I believe that it is a record. It was not due to inefficiency of the committee but to the closeness of qualification among the competitors. The seeding is usually fairly easy, the last place alone being in much doubt.

Surely it is arguable that a tournament in which there are many claimants for pre-selection as the best eight out of 128 competitors in the men's singles, is likely to provide more entertainment than one in which there are only nine or ten.

The last eight in the men's singles were H. W. Austin (Great Britain), E. T. Cooke (U.S.A.), F. Kukuljevic (Jugoslavia), H. Henkel (Germany), E. Smith (U.S.A.), F. Puncec (Jugoslavia), Ghaus Mohammed (India) and R. L. Riggs (U.S.A.). These will be found, when they become history, to compare favourably with the last eights of the past. For level quality they have rarely been bettered. It would be interesting to analyse their chances as a team against their predecessors. This might be an entertaining post-Wimbledon exercise for a wet week-end, indulged in by a house-bound party, presided over, say, by Mr. Hamilton Price, the Wimbledon referee, or by Mr. F. H. Grisewood, whose B.B.C. experience, particularly of spelling bees, might come in useful.

McNeill went out on a damp day on a slippery surface which did not suit his attacking game. He would probably have beaten Kukuljevic under suitable conditions. He pairs up well with Smith in a double; at times their back-hand returns of service are a joy to watch. Talking of the back-hand, though R. A. Shayes was beaten by Riggs he brought off some marvellous takes of the American's extra high-kicking second services. Shayes got well in and under them, and hit them somewhere about the height of his ear.

Riggs is a bit of a riddle. He wanders about the court with feet turned out like a ballet dancer's, as we were taught to walk in the Victorian era, and his tempo is generally moderate. This robs him of modernity, and his opponents of self confidence. His own self-confidence is his chief asset. In order to beat him you have to break it—no simple job against the strokes he has got and the artful way he uses them.

Most people beforehand said it was going to be a ladies' year. At the back of their minds was probably the personality and playing ability of Miss J. Nicoll, a girl of sixteen. Unfortunately, she was put to play on the centre court at her first essay and was beaten unexpectedly. It was an ordeal she should have been spared.

Apart from Miss Nicoll, there ought to have been glamour enough to go round and overshadow the men; there was, but it did not go round. Neither Miss A. Marble nor Miss H. H. Jacobs appeared in a single on the centre court. Miss Jacobs was not seen even in a double; her presence seemed forgotten. Miss Stammers and Miss Hardwick gladdened the eyes of the centre-courters by hitting the ball with their accustomed ardour and elegance, but the most entertaining performance was given by Miss C. Somogyi, from Hungary, while being beaten by Mme. R. Mathieu, 6/0, 6/8, 6/3.

Miss Somogyi does everything a classical exponent does not do. For example, she always slices her backhand excessively, and takes it often when it has nearly gone past her; she drop-shots service returns; she has little mobility, but much anticipation.

After seeing for so many years so many ladies driving so many balls with such correct style, Miss Somogyi was a refreshing experience.



GHAUS MOHAMMED GETS DOWN TO IT—BUT JUST TOO LATE



THE DINING ROOM AT WHITE'S
Originating from White's Chocolate House, White's is older than the Bank of England

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—I. WHITE'S

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

WHITE'S is older than the Bank of England. Several generations of its members had come and gone before ever the first race for the Derby Stakes had been run at Epsom. Its history from 1736 down to 1892 has been written in two volumes, taking up over 600 pages and weighing 12lb. It is now my task to try to compress this into a single sheet. I ask straightaway for the forgiveness of the members of White's.

It has been stated that the whole modern system of club life owes its existence to the introduction of coffee into England. This would appear to be true as the first clubs, as we understand clubs now, owe their origin to the gatherings of men who used to meet at the different coffee houses in the late part of the seventeenth century. These coffee houses were frequented then for the discussion of news and for the propagation of political opinions. The Government of the day, frightened of their power, tried to suppress them but failed. During this period the various coffee and chocolate houses were each patronised by a distinct coterie of men in the same profession or trade, or possessed of the same tastes and inclinations. White's Chocolate House, for example, was the rendezvous of men of fashion. But at this time none of these clubs could refuse the entry to other people not belonging to their own set. As time went on, they naturally wished to change this, and eventually the public were excluded and White's Chocolate House was transformed into the private and exclusive society known as White's.

The original position of White's Chocolate House has frequently been wrongly placed. The truth is that it was opened by a Francis White in 1693 at a house on the site now occupied by Boodle's Club. After four years here White crossed the street and moved to where Arthur's Club stands now. Here White died in 1711 and Elizabeth, his wife, assumed the management. Mrs. White prospered and continued to manage the house until somewhere about 1730, when it was taken over by John Arthur, a former assistant of her late husband. Arthur also did well and joined up more houses to the Chocolate House, until one day in the early hours of an April morning of 1733 the whole place was destroyed by fire. A fire so near St. James's Palace naturally caused much excitement and His Majesty George II and the Prince of Wales left their beds and encouraged the firemen in their work. After this fire Mr. Arthur moved three doors up the street on the same side and continued here for three years while he was rebuilding his old house lower down. John Arthur now ceased to manage the house and his son Robert took over from him.

In the fire all the early records of the Club had been lost and these were not started again until 1736. In consequence, the first Club rules in existence now at White's are dated 1736. They are entitled "Rules of the Old Club at White's," and were probably made out from memory of the original ones destroyed in the fire. A list of the 82 members of the Club follows the rules. It will be seen, on looking at these names, that the members were not all idle young men of fashion. The great Walpole was one of them; William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, his rival, was another; the Duke of Newcastle and his brother, Henry Pelham, both of them subsequently Prime Ministers of England, are also to be found on the roll of members. In 1743, there being many more candidates for the Club than the members were prepared to admit, "The Young Club at White's" was formed and they shared the same house. It would seem that there was no hostility shown to this new Club by the members of the old one and their rules were exactly the same.

The new Club became, in fact, a place of probation where one waited, with what patience one could muster, for admittance to the Holy of Holies. And on the extent of your personal popularity and the amount of influence you could exert depended the length of your probation. Fox had only to wait a few months; other distinguished people waited for years and some waited for ever. This division of White's into two Clubs lasted until 1781, when they were merged into one. By 1755, the number of members of both Clubs having increased to 350, their Manager, Mr. Arthur, removed to the "Great House" in St. James's Street, where they have been ever since. Arthur, out of his profits, had purchased the freehold of this house from its owner, Sir Whistler Webster. It had been a house of note for a considerable period. Having done this, Arthur transferred the management of the business to his assistant, "Bob" Mackreth. This man only stayed a few years, eventually becoming member of Parliament for Castle Rising, one of the pocket boroughs. This borough was in the patronage of a noble earl who had borrowed money from Mackreth, when he was a waiter at White's, and had not repaid it. One need not explain the story any further.

During all this time under review the gambling and betting at White's had been terrific. It was a constant subject of comment in the Press, and in the private letters of those times—Pope satirised the Club in verse, Swift in prose and Hogarth in paint. The betting book of White's comprises nearly 250 pages of bets. They betted on everything that could, or might, happen under the sun and no subject was too intimate to bet on. The probable duration of various men's lives and the possible increase in the families of certain ladies who happened to interest the members were amongst the most favourite subjects. £240, besides sweepstakes, were staked on bets as to which of the two Miss Gunnings, the famous beauties, would first have a child after marriage. General Scott, the father-in-law of the Duke of Portland and George Canning, whose wife brought with her £100,000, was stated with authority to have won £200,000 at White's, thanks to his notorious sobriety and knowledge of the game of whist. He always came to the table with a clear head. Thousands of broad acres of England's fairest hereditary estates were pawned or lost for ever on the gaming tables of White's. High-minded and intellectually gifted young men like the youthful Lord Carlisle seemed no more able to resist their pernicious influence



THE BILLIARD LOUNGE AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE BACKGAMMON ROOM

than hardened old roués old enough to be their fathers. But as has been pointed out earlier, they were not all mere gamesters in White's. Besides the idlers were many eminent statesmen, distinguished sailors and soldiers and the great administrator Robert Clive.

In 1764, the formation of a club known as Almack's, for the purpose of gambling only, took away some of the heaviest gamesters from White's. Up till the year 1781, the date the two clubs amalgamated, White's had been neutral as regards politics, having amongst its members adherents of both parties. But when William Pitt joined the Club (1783) and started to use it as a place of meeting for his supporters, the Club then identified itself with the King's Party. Charles Fox, his great

rival, thereupon removed himself and many of his friends to Brooks's, which became the headquarters of the Opposition party.

In 1798 the odious Beau Brummell joined White's. It is certainly most surprising how this man ever led "London Society" or, as far as that goes, White's, which all said and done had some very intelligent and intellectual men amongst its members. Neither by birth, intellect nor means was he qualified to lead the people who followed him. He appears, in fact, to have had nothing at all to recommend him except a vast conceit and a most colossal impudence. One instance here of his conceit is sufficient. A creditor of his, not moving in the same brilliant circles, pressed him for the repayment of £500 owing to him. "I paid you," said Beau Brummell. "Paid me, when?" "Why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and called out as you passed, 'How d'you do, Jemmy?'" In 1811 the Club carried out some building operations and altered the position of their front door, and at the same time put in their famous bow window. Here Beau Brummell ensconced himself with his cronies and woe betide any uninvited member who dared to join them there.

When Brummell's reign was over, Lord Alvanley succeeded him on the throne. Alvanley was at least a gentleman and a wit, neither of which terms could rightly be applied to Brummell. The great Duke of Wellington had joined the Club in 1812, and two years later, in June, peace having been proclaimed and Napoleon placed, as people fondly imagined, safe at Elba, White's gave a ball to celebrate it all. The ball was held at Burlington House, lent by the Duke of Devonshire, one of their members. Two thousand four hundred people were present and it cost the Club £9,848 odd. The subscription to the ball was limited to 20 guineas, and as there were at this time 500 members, apparently everyone paid up. Shortly afterwards, they spent another £2,500 on a dinner in honour of the Duke of Wellington, one of their members. Carefully preserved in the Club can still be seen one of the beautifully woven tablecloths used at this dinner-party.

When, in 1813, the Club had started its first candidates' book, this had proved to be the signal for a most extensive blackballing campaign to set in. It seems that the Club was now becoming jealous of the growing social status of Arthur's, Boodle's, &c., and that its members were determined to keep themselves even more exclusive than they had been before. Noble lords such as Castlereagh, Duncannon and Dufferin were all blackballed, and the great Sir Robert Peel was twice turned down in the same year. So bitter was the disappointment of the proposers and seconders of these unsuccessful candidates that we find their names not only painted out of the book in black ink, but even bodily cut from the pages. Things reached such a pitch that the numbers of members



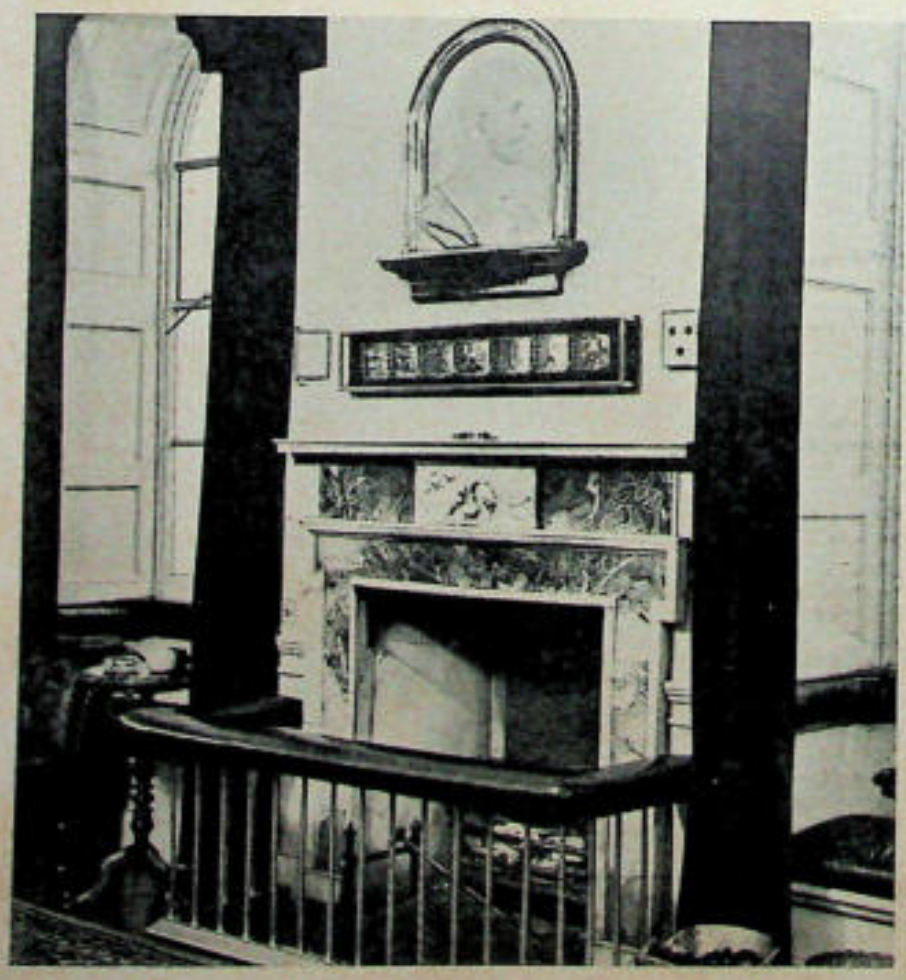
A CORNER OF THE CARD ROOM

At one time the gambling and betting which went on at White's was terrific

became seriously depleted and so, in 1833, steps had to be taken to fill up the vacancies and nearly 100 new members were elected. Matters now went on more calmly for a number of years until 1866 was reached, when once again the vexed question of allowing smoking in the drawing-room boiled over. A general meeting of the Club was summoned, every member of the Club receiving a personal whip to attend. So determined were the smokers to win the day that they actually obtained special leave from the headmaster of Eton for the young Marquis of Huntly, lately elected to White's, to be present. Seeing that smoking at Eton was an offence punishable by flogging at that time, one may, indeed, congratulate the smokers on the thoroughness of their preparations. Nevertheless, they lost the day by 23 votes and it was not until 1870 that they were allowed to use the drawing-room for the purpose. The victory of the non-smokers on this occasion is said to have given rise to the formation of the Marlborough Club, the Prince of Wales not being prepared to put up with these restrictions on smoking at White's.

In 1871, the Club house came up for auction and was bought by Mr. Eaton, M.P., afterwards Lord Cheylesmore, for £46,000. Mr. Eaton was not a member of White's. However, Mr. Percival, who at this time was the manager and held the existing lease of the house, was subsequently able to obtain a 30-year renewal of his lease from 1881 at £3,000 a year. In July, 1888, the long management of the Club by the Percival family came to an end and it was taken over by Mr. Algernon Bourke, a member of White's and the author of its history, to which I am largely indebted in the writing of this article. Extensive alterations were then carried out and the interior thoroughly modernised, without in any way impairing the beautiful style of the old building.

In 1928, the members subscribed to a fund to purchase the freehold of their premises, so the house is now their own property. Was this due to financial acumen or mere luck? Whichever it was, they are to be congratulated. Only a short time afterwards the great slump burst with a crash, and before it had spent itself clubs built on frailer foundations were whirled away in its icy blast like leaves before a storm. During the last five years, the members have spent several thousands on repairs and improvements to their house; over the same period, the membership has increased each year, there have been remarkably few resignations and it is now up to the prescribed limits.



THE FIREPLACE IN THE LOUNGE

Above can be seen the "Champion of England Belt" presented to J. C. Heenan by F. S. Dowling, Esq., referee and editor of "Bell's Life of London," also a bust of King Edward VII



A GLIMPSE OF THE COFFEE ROOM

"It has been stated that the whole modern system of club life owes its existence to the introduction of coffee into England"



W. A. Rouch

HELIOPOLIS, WINNER OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S STAKES AT NEWMARKET

JULY MEETINGS AT NEWMARKET

Some Comparisons of Form

THE First July Meeting at Newmarket is over, but the second one will be held there next week, and anyone who had to miss the first should make a point of going to the second, for no more delightful meetings are held during the season under Jockey Club Rules. It is indeed a mystery and a pity that more than two meetings are not held over the course which could surely stand it. There are still some of us who preferred the old stands and old course. The old stands are still there but cannot be used as they are on the opposite side of the course. The new stands are modern in every way and very comfortable.

We racing people are always inclined to think that the last that we saw is the best. A number of visitors to Paris for the Grand Prix came back from the race quite convinced that they had seen in Pharis the horse of the century. I was under no such delusions, for I had heard the same thing after Blue Peter won the Derby. I heard something very like it at Newmarket last week after Heliopolis had won the Princess of Wales's Stakes of a mile and a half. Once again Blue Peter was forgotten, and this time also Pharis had receded into the background. Blue Peter is to run at the end of next week in the Eclipse Stakes, and if he wins that race as he certainly should do, he will be placed back on the pedestal which he occupied after the Derby. I cannot for the life of me see why he was ever removed from it. I am not stating that he will win the St. Leger as he won the Derby, for I am of the opinion that, but for a little bad luck in the race, Heliopolis would have been nearer to the winner and certainly in front of Fox Cub.

Writing in *Horse and Hound*, the best of all the writers on racing in France, Mr. Clement Hobson, places Pharis very high, but he does not admit that he is a St. Simon or anything like it. He beat Tricameron by two-and-a-half lengths, and, using that colt and Flyon, Pharis is not so good as Heliopolis. It has to be admitted that Heliopolis won this race at Newmarket in fine style and in very good time, several seconds faster than the time taken by Maranta to win over the same course and distance earlier in the meeting. The conditions as regards going and atmosphere were much the same. I am certain that Heliopolis is a very good Hyperion colt, and it is to be noted with interest that his trainer, Earl, has got him sobered down a lot since the spring. He is still rather highly strung and was inclined to play up a little when he came back to be unsaddled. He nearly knocked his delighted owner, Lord Derby, over.

When Colombo was a two-year-old and a three-year-old there were always rumours that he was a mad beast and a man-eater. His trainer, Captain Hogg, used to be worried out of his life by newspapers ringing him up day and night asking him for the true story about the colt. Each of the stories was at least a terrible exaggeration or wholly untrue. The colt had a tender top to his head and resented at times his bridle being placed on him. On another occasion a wasp or bee buzzed round his head as he was leaving the paddock at Newmarket and he behaved a trifle wildly. His son, the Rose of England colt, is of the same playful manner. A few days ago he got rid of his boy when out on the Heath, a thing which Colombo was always trying to do in a playful way. Colombo, however, never did anything wrong in a race, and his son out of Rose of England is exactly the same. He showed how wonderful a mover he was when he won the July Stakes cantering from Claudius. He has the same action as his sire and is very like him to look at except that he has his white sock on the off fore and Colombo had it on his near fore, and a white sock there was, in the opinion of Ettie de Mestre and old Jim Bell, the sign of a sure winner. There can, I think, be no doubt at all that this colt by Colombo out of Rose of England is the best yet seen out and more than that is a colt of the greatest promise. Yet he was beaten in his first race at Newmarket, where he ran very greenly. Sam Long in his invaluable Two-year-old Handicap places him 4lb. above Turkham, who has not run since Ascot.

The Ascot form is not working out badly as regards the two-year-olds even if it has to be admitted that the King's filly, Great Truth, by Bahram out of Frankly, failed in the Queen Mary Stakes there. After all, fillies at this time of the year are not easy to understand. She had previously won running away at Manchester. As she had not beaten much there and had then failed at Ascot it was assumed by many people that she was not as good as everyone had hoped would be the case. She showed that she was very useful indeed when she won the Fulbourne Stakes last week in admirable style by three lengths from East Bee with Clarion III. who will win races, just beaten for second place. For the time being the King's filly is inclined to be a little excitable, but she will grow out of that, and at last it may well be that His Majesty has bred a classic winner.

A proposed new rule relating to the weights to be carried by horses running under National Hunt Rules was announced in all of the newspapers last week, but the importance of it seems to have been missed owing no doubt to the Flat racing season being on. The proposed rule is to the effect that in handicap steeplechases of four miles and upwards the top weight need not be more than 12st. It is also proposed that the rule that the lowest weight in a handicap shall not be less than 10st. (except in handicap steeplechases of three-and-a-half miles and upwards when the lowest weight may be 9st. 7lb.), shall be retained.

Now these two proposed rules look quite innocuous, but they are of the greatest importance, and I hope that they will be carried. As they are proposed by the Stewards, I expect that they will be. The changes mean that the top weight in the Grand National next year need not be more than 12st., and that it is no longer necessary to have the top weight at 12st. 7lb. I had heard rumours some time ago that this was to be done, and this is the way in which it is to be done. As to whether the bottom weight will now be 9st. 7lb. I do not know, but that is a possibility. I am not in favour of that weight and would like to see the top weight 12st. and the bottom weight 10st. Every great Grand National rider has held strongly to the opinion that 12st. 7lb. was 7lb. too much for any horse, each 1lb. over the 12st. being nearly a ton in the last half-mile. More than one horse in my time would have won the National if the top-weight had been 12st. instead of 12st. 7lb.

GNOSTIC.

LOOKING BACK ON MEADOW BROOK

THE last game of the international series on the International Field at Meadow Brook was, in many ways, the most interesting of them all. For one thing, America decided to play their "dream team," the 40-goal outfit. Cecil Smith was fit again, and that meant a possibly stronger team than that which had just won the Westchester Cup from us again. With an eye on the "gate," I suspect, it was decided to play England on handicap, which meant that America, on American rating, would have to give us a start of ten goals, which sounds fantastic. In fact, they very nearly brought it off, and did equalise at 14—14 in the sixth chukker.

It is very easy to be wise after the event, but, having seen that game in which John Lakin took the place of the disappointing Aidan Roark at No. 2, I am inclined to believe that had he been playing in all the series we might have had a better chance. Certainly he put up a grand show, going "wiciously wenomous" from the first bell, and giving Tommy Hitchcock a very rough ride all through. Towards the end England began to open out, and then they looked like a winning team. The expected thousands again failed to materialise, though there were about 20,000 present, we were told, and I fear the trip has been a desperate financial flop, which is not likely to be much improved by the sale of the ponies.

England should, I protest, have played as "Hurlingham" in the last game, for it is a little *infra dig.* for an international team to receive a start of ten goals. We were short of several of the best ponies owing to various causes and had out a number of ponies who if good tournament mounts are certainly not internationals. It certainly looked as if we should be hopelessly outpointed. After the first two chukkers it seemed as though we were in for a terrible hiding. Again America got a flying start, and had three goals up in the first chukker, and at the end of the second had scored six against our solitary goal, hit by Lakin from an opening made by Balding.

It really was beginning to look like a farcical affair, and at the end of the first half the score read 10—13. At that rate the result looked probable of an overwhelming rout to the tune of 20 or so goals against 15 or 50. But although the fourth chukker had been pretty disastrous with three goals hit against us without reply, the team was beginning to go better. After the interval the Americans were within a goal of us. In the next each side scored once, and then all of a sudden the spirit that had all along seemed lacking entered the whole English team and they began to go like men possessed. From that point they dominated the play, all of them playing splendidly, and in those last two chukkers had definitely the better of that team of all the talents. What was even more remarkable was that although the Americans had out their best four ponies in the seventh chukker, they could not get away from us.

That was a chukker! There were four terrific runs the length of the ground by both sides; never have I seen eight men play so furiously, and at the bell both they and their ponies looked fit to drop.

The point of this story is this. Up till then England had tried to keep the game close, fearing the advantage of the Americans' length of hitting. In a close game the superiority of the Americans' stick-work was, I think, even more apparent. Once England began to play them at their own game, and give their ponies the chance to run, they no longer looked like an inferior combination. Perhaps had they hardened their hearts and dropped Roark from the first game and substituted Lakin, had they played an open game from the start, they might well have won the first match, penalties apart. The defenders looked by no means unconquerable that afternoon, and to lose the first match would have unsettled them even more. But, as I said, it is easy to be wise after the event. Heaven knows the captains Lord Cowdray and Balding had a terrible problem to solve, but in view of the lack of form of Roark, due I hasten to add through ill-health (he is now having his appendix removed in California), and the appalling difficulty in pleasing him with any pony that was up to the job, I believe they would have done better to play Lakin. I did not think so at the time, for he had not proved his quality then on a big occasion.

I have an idea that, sooner or later, Skene will gravitate to No. 3, that is provided he can get the ponies to play in that position. He did not shine in the Internationals as he had done on the Pacific Coast, well though he played. But it is very hard to shine at No. 1 when the ball is not coming up as it should. Tyrrell-Martin was brilliant in the first and third games and vindicated the opinion that he is the best back in the world. I still think Cecil Smith the best player in America to-day, and, on his showing, Iglehart must be very close behind him.

JEMADAR.

THE AMATEUR'S PLACE IN CRICKET

By NEVILLE CARDUS



R. B. PROUD FAILS TO CONNECT WITH A. C. SHERRETT

HALF-WAY through the season is a time convenient for stocktaking. In spite of poor weather, we have enjoyed much splendid, and occasionally surprising, cricket. The vagaries of the game have seldom gone so contrary to logic as during the two matches in which Gloucestershire inflicted defeats on Yorkshire, and the one in which Derbyshire lost seven wickets for one run against Sussex, when they needed less than 30 for victory. So often are we told that the game is not what it was, that it is losing the spirit of adventure. If you believe that, reader, you will believe anything—as the Duke of Wellington replied to the man who came up to him and said: "Mr. Jones, I believe?"

Seldom has first-class cricket been played with as much enterprise and gusto as at the present moment. A leading professional batsman of the North put the "new" situation to me the other day in terms of unconscious humour: "It's a rum 'un now; if we get out there ['there' denoting the wicket] and we doan't score for ten minutes, we begin to worrit and wonder what's best to do now. In t' old days we could just go on puttin' bat down t' line and waitin' for t' fower 'underd to go up."

I am not statistically-minded, and cannot say whether the rate of scoring is faster this season than in recent summers. But there has undoubtedly been a quickening of the general tempo of the pulse of the game at large. Most matches are being finished; skill has escaped from routined procedure; it is again governed by sport and the caprice of man. Such a change was necessary. We live in times too serious for dullness on our fields of play. The crowd wishes to see good and stylish cricket, but insists (deep down in its heart) also on gallant cricket. There is the memory yet of the dreadful bore of last year's "timeless" Test match. The splendid game at Lords with the West Indies revived the heart of the true and proper Test match. (It would have been pointless, of course, without a time limit.) The West Indies were no doubt disappointed to lose a Test match in which their one great batsman scored a century in each innings. They can scarcely hope that Headley will repeat that remarkable performance for a long time to come.

But the West Indies will be well advised to disregard the defeat at Lord's, and indeed, to disregard any subsequent defeat in this country by England. Already they have won a victory well worth while—they have won the approval and esteem of the crowd. The way they played during the closing hour at Lord's was exhilarating and fine—England were forced to fight hard for every one of the 99 runs they needed. When only 9 from the goal, Hammond pulled with enormous power a loose ball—obviously he was aiming at a six to put an end to the proceedings. And Headley, fielding at short square leg, tried to catch Hammond at the risk of life or limb. It was a brave attempt, but I fancy that if I had been Grant I should have complimented Headley, extolled his courageous sportsmanship, then kicked him hard in full view of the rest of the team. Headley might easily have stopped Hammond's blow at the cost of fingers or wrist: he might have impoverished his team for weeks to come. It was not as though Headley could have won the match by his bold effort; it was a noble deed and a foolhardy deed, one which made us like the little man more than ever. The contribution which the West Indies are making to our cricket is not to be reckoned in results and scores.

They are helping the game here to recapture something of the original impulse; they are showing us the way back to youth and fun. We have rather needed a touch of eagerness in cricket these last few years. Any game suffers if skill in it grows in excess of ambition. A player should always be not *too* clever; desire for glory and the powers of execution should be nicely mated. The West Indies gave the best of England a good game at Lord's; they will do even better than that later on. I decline to believe that any team is suspect of weakness if it possesses or contains a Headley, a Hylton, a Cameron, a Stollmeyer, a Martindale, a Constantine, a Scaley. The serious need of the West Indies is one or two additional batsmen of organised technique. Their bowling is excellent—and we have not seen Martindale in form yet; he bowled well with atrocious luck at Lord's. Put O'Reilly into the West Indies side and it would possess better all-round bowling than Bradman commanded last summer.

The disturbing fact in a mainly satisfactory scene is the poor quality of our amateur cricket. There was not one player in the University match who by any stretch of the imagination could be made to look like a Test match man. Yet, not so long ago, the University match boasted a Chapman, a Gilligan, a Jardine, a Duleepsinhji, a Pataudi, a G. O. Allen, a "Father" Marriott, an F. R. Brown. In the leading names of the batting and bowling averages this week only those of three English cricketers appear—W. R. Hammond, G. F. H. Heane and S. Pether. I cannot be happy when I see a Middlesex team with only one amateur in it coming to Old Trafford for the benefit match of a Lancashire professional. Once on a time the blazers and colours of the Middlesex amateurs made the Old Trafford pavilion balcony look like a flower show—remember the two Douglases, J. and R. N.; L. J. Moon, P. F. Warner, C. M. Wells, B. J. T. Bosanquet, G. McGregor, J. H. Hunt. If I remember well, the three "pros" had to be *squeezed* into the side. And they were Trott, Rawlin and J. T. Hearne! In Kent, Fairservice used to disappear in late July, no matter how helpful he had been. Probably his bowling analysis was 60 wickets at 19.80 each. None the less, August saw him no more. The school holidays meant the eclipse of many a good professional by a better amateur. Those days, I suppose, are beyond recall. For that reason, I cherish the appearance in the Somerset team of a new name to me, F. M. McRae, who scored 107 last week against Hampshire. Also I cherish the news that C. H. Palmer of Worcestershire is an amateur batsman of exceptional promise. I would give much to see once again at Lord's a Gentlemen's team strong enough to tackle any possible Players' team of the moment. Can any reader remember such a Gentlemen's team?



THE OXFORD CAPTAIN BATTING

E. J. H. Dixon fails to drive Webster. He played a subdued but extremely useful first innings



CONSTANTINE SWEEPS THE BALL TO THE LEG BOUNDARY WITH TYPICAL VIGOUR

ROUND THE WICKETS

WHEN Oxford and Cambridge came to play at Lord's last week they came like newcomers to some extremely exclusive club in Pall Mall. The members looked them over. They wondered what youth was coming to. They sighed for the days of yore. They thought of F. S. Jackson and C. B. Fry and the time when Cambridge beat Yorkshire. Cricket was not what it was. The batting was bad—rank bad; the fielding, true, was passable, but then any young man should be able to field. The bowling was only fit for one end—the Nursery end. But if cricket is not what it was, to quote the words of Mr. Punch, "It never was." It is only human to idealise the glory of the past and realise the faults of the present; and this respect of the past, this hallowing its deeds and garlanding its victors is as much part of the 'Varsity match as the play itself.

* * * *

But, good or bad, past or present, there is one thing about the 'Varsity match which always remains—and always will remain—the same. It is the spirit in which it is played. It is not merely the raucous shouts from the tweed-coated partisans clustered round the Tavern. Not merely the undertone of rivalry which pervades the voice of crowd and everyone watching. But the very nature of the game itself. The men who are playing it out there are men—of flesh and blood. They are not the infallible heroes of county cricket who play a game so exclusive to themselves, so shut off from the crowd that it might not be the same cricket at all. The opening batsmen are nervous, and we feel it.

The young leg-break bowler is anxious about his length. First slip is hoping he will hold the catch which must come to him some time. The fielding captain is wondering about changing the bowling. When the bat of the side plays forward we can almost hear the advice of the school coach, almost see the net. We appreciate the 'Varsity match. It is a game; and a game after our own hearts, a game we all play.

Perhaps that is why it is so widely, and consequently so often unjustly, criticised. But it would be no injustice to say that the batting we saw was weak. It was weak; and it was stereotyped in its weakness, its lack of imagination. Only one batsman caught the eye, and he was only on view for a short time. But in that time he had made 31 very quick runs, and had shown us almost every shot known to technique, from an exquisite leg-glance to the latest of late cuts. And when E. D. R. Eagar swung his bat at a fast rising ball on the off-stump and rocketed it into the air to a towering height, not even the highest, most piercing discord in the flow of a Beethoven sonata could have shocked us more.

The bowling was no better. It was almost rotten. It was not an attack at all. It lacked initiative. It also wanted length, and leg-spin, and variation. The best of the bowlers was Webster. He bowled fast, very fast for a young amateur. He swung the ball, when it shone, literally feet—once or twice enough to beat his own wicket-keeper. He cut the old ball viciously, brought it back from outside the off-stump beautifully. He was extremely accurate. Webster comes from the north. He learnt his cricket at Bradford Grammar School. That, I think, significant. The North is where the real bowling is—the bowling that is hostile, that attacks, that gets the wickets. A look at the averages, and then a look at the Championship table, will tell you that.

But the fielding—— The fielding we saw from Cambridge would, I swear, have rivalled the Australians themselves. It was absolutely brilliant. It held Oxford in a grip of iron. When the ball was hit along the ground it was snapped up cleanly, returned to the wicket accurately. Anything that went up—and to a fielder—was almost gobbled up. The Cambridge captain at silly mid-off took a full-blooded off-drive in his huge hands with as much relish as picking a red apple off a tree. Cover-point stood under Eagar's mis-hit and held it safe after an interval as long and as nerve-racking as anything an international player has had to face. Square-leg took a hit which skimmed hard and low against a kaleidoscopic background of spectators' faces. Not a catch was dropped, not a chance missed all day long. Even the most persistent diehard, even the most ardent follower of the shades of the cricketers of the past, even the oldest Blue present must have found it difficult to decry the fielding we saw from Cambridge.

And yet the youth of to-day cannot bat, does not know how to bowl. They cannot propel the ball, they cannot hit it; and yet they can outstrip the best cricketers in the world and their illustrious forefathers themselves when it comes to running after it, fielding it, catching it. This is obviously extraordinary. But it is significant. The art of fielding is entirely different from the art of batting or bowling. Its demands are different. It requires not so much excellence of technique as a sense of anticipation, a highly-developed "ball-sense." It also requires a certain amount of courage, physical fitness and a great amount of determination. Anyone can learn to field, they say. It is the art of collecting the ball in the quickest, and therefore the most natural, way. Fielding is natural, which is the whole point.

Batting and bowling at schools and universities to-day are too minutely studied. There is too much coaching. A boy "with cricket in him" is pounced upon at once. He is stuck in a net. It cramps the freedom of his shots like the wings of a butterfly. He is told he must not do this, he must not do that. He must not play across this ball, he must play straight at that. He must not bowl the ball too fast. He must not try to do too much with it. He is pampered. He develops into one of Mr. Cardus's "suède-shoe cricketers." Cricket is a game of art, of beauty, of culture—sometimes. It should always be a game of character and natural personality.

* * * *

Copson continues to take wickets. He is still at the top of the bowling averages. He persists in his claim to be the best fast bowler there is playing. And yet there were quite a number of people at the Test match the other day who asked who the small, frail, red-haired man opening the bowling from the pavilion end was. Very few people, too, could tell them much more than his name, and his county, and his position in the averages. They might have remembered vaguely that he had gone to Australia sometime, and, perhaps that his stamina had been unequal to the strain of the tour and the severity of the wickets. Or they might have realised that no one with red hair played in any of the Tests against Australia last year—the result of that tour. That is about everything we know about Copson, the bowler of the year. Copson, in fact, is rather a mystery. Because he comes from rather a mysterious county. Derbyshire have always been an unknown quantity. It is their position on the map. So much is written, and so much is heard of the thunderings of their mighty neighbours in the North that we forget all about Derbyshire. But three years ago they eclipsed even the might of Yorkshire. They won the Championship. With someone else to bat as well as Copson can bowl they would win it again. HUMPHREY DANIEL.



WELLARD, THE SOMERSET HITTER, ANTICIPATES SIX OVER SQUARE-LEG'S HEAD



Sh - Sh - Sh - Sh -

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE
IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE



IN THE FORESTS OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS
"Broken by openings in which grew beech and oak, with, at intervals, glades"

IN PURSUIT OF THE HARZ MOUFLON

By FRANK WALLACE

With illustrations by the Author

HAVING reached an age when I am uncertain about a great deal in life, having done many things that I ought not to have done and a few that I ought, it is pleasant to look back on something about which there is no uncertainty.

I had always wanted to shoot a mouflon. Why, I am not quite sure, except that he is such a handsome little beast with his white saddle, rich chestnut and black colouring and smartly marked legs. That, and the fact that wild sheep of any species have always held a great attraction for me. No sporting trophy is equal to theirs, and the big sheep of the great mountain ranges of Central Asia provide the blue riband of the stalking world. Never, alas, now am I likely to see one of these in the flesh, but I was more than delighted during a visit to Germany when I was told that I had been given permission to stalk mouflon in the Harz Mountains.

These sheep, as everyone knows, came originally from Corsica and Sardinia. They were introduced into Germany by a business man called Tessdorf about 30 years ago. Small herds have now been established in many parts, and, being very strictly preserved, are doing well. They were imported into Austria in 1841, again into Upper Austria in 1868, fresh blood being brought in in 1890 and 1910.

The best German heads come from Pless, and the four best in the International Hunting Exhibition in Berlin in 1937 were from Czecho-Slovakia. The best head from here, on formula, had 225.8 marks. The best German head gained 221.8 marks on formula and came from the Harz. The best from this district, of which I have measurements by our own system, was 33¼ long by 10¼ in circumference.

To be successful in an international exhibition measurements of, roughly, 32 long with a girth of over 10 would be necessary (something over 180 marks by formula). Heads with a wide tip to tip measurement are more highly prized than those with ingrowing horns.

The number of rams allowed to be shot in the district in the eastern end of the Harz which I visited, was from three to five out of a total number of shootable rams of fifteen. The whole herd numbered about 50.

The pleasure I anticipated from the trip was enhanced by the fact that the diplomat with whom I had made friends in Berlin said that he would accompany me. Not only was it very much pleasanter to have a companion, but the fact that he spoke German fluently smoothed away many difficulties.

We set out one morning from Berlin in the diplomat's car and drove westward for mile after mile down the wide double-tracked *autobahn*, through country which, flat though it was, had for me the charm of novelty. Towards midday, after we had left the *autobahn* at Magdeburg, a low range of hills rising above the plain told me that we were nearing our destination, and soon we were climbing the foothills. The Harz Mountains average about 1,300ft. for most of their length, which is about 50 miles. The highest point is the famous Brocken (3,700ft.), and they cover about 20 miles from north to south. At the eastern end there are two State and several private forests.

At Magdesprung, the Virgin's Leap, we were met by the Forstmeister who had charge of the district. Dressed in a smart green hunting uniform with a flat-topped peaked cap, he engaged the diplomat in conversation, whilst I, feeling rather a fool as one always does on such occasions, even though the latter gave me the translation of their talk, stood by catching a word or two occasionally and reflecting how much more interesting life would be had I realised years ago what I should miss by not being able to talk French and German. Cold lunch occupied but a short time and we were ready to start. A few minutes' drive in the car took us to a path which branched off into the wood. Here stood a familiar object, a "machine," as such conveyances were always known in Scotland in my youth.

At once I knew what was to take place. We were going to do a "pirschfahrt," to which I had grown accustomed in Schorfheide. This consists in driving round the rides and open spaces of a wood until your quarry is sighted. You then descend from your machine, take the nearest cover, and, unless you make a mess of it, secure your beast. At Schorfheide I did make a mess of it! I missed my stag, the only one of the whole party who had done so, and returned in the evening feeling an outcast and a pariah. Next day, it is true, I retrieved my mistake with the aid of a borrowed rifle and a telescopic sight, though my performance still rankled.

I had anticipated driven game, and for this reason had armed myself with a D.B. .275, which is an ideal weapon for such sport, but unsuitable for the kind of shooting on which I was engaged. However, all this had happened a month before, and now the diplomat had added to my indebtedness to him by giving me the loan of his Mannlicher fitted with a telescopic sight. This, under his

directions, I now proceeded to try. The first shot was high, the second at the right elevation, and the third in the bull. Up to my knees in undergrowth, propped against the stem of a tree, very cold and not too happy, this seemed good enough to go on with, so on we went.

I always feel rather guilty when I am allowed to "pirschfahren"! At the back of my mind I am conscious of the feeling that I ought to be doing more to earn my shot. It was the customary method of hunting, so there was nothing to do but acquiesce, though very different to my imaginings. I had had visions of snowclad rocks, wintry, windy heights, and wide open spaces with a few stunted pines. Here I had pictured myself climbing precariously, a spy-glass on my back through which, if I were lucky, I hoped presently to spy a herd of mouflon.

Instead were sombre woods of fir, broken by openings in which grew beech and oak, with, at intervals, glades and narrow rides which bent and twisted round corners and undulations. The woods were bounded by meadows, now dull and grey, gloomy, and I was not feeling too happy about my shooting. I found it, as I always do in a bad light, shut in as we were by trees, extraordinarily difficult to see. In a sneaking subconscious sort of way I had the sensation that this driving about in a carriage-and-pair was not quite fair on the "muffles."

I felt that to be on equal terms with them the entourage by which I was accompanied ought to be rather more piratical in appearance, and that there should be the prospect of rather more hard work. Bronzed mountaineers with long moustaches, rope sandals, dirty but picturesque clothes and belts bristling with weapons, who would not be above taking a pot shot at others similarly attired on the neighbouring hill tops, would, I felt, be more in keeping with the atmosphere which my imaginings had built up about a "muffle." Instead, my glance showed me the diplomat, a very smart fur collar buttoned on to a heavy overcoat, a jaunty green hat cocked rakishly over one eye, and the spruce and severe Forstmeister. Even the driver had a better overcoat than mine! However, make up my mind, one, whether he carried a head which I, subsequently, should be pleased to possess; and, two, whether I should hit him if I fired. Such a state of mind is, as every stalker knows, hopeless.

My doubts were settled without action on my part by a low drone, of which I had been conscious for some time suddenly developing into a shattering roar. An aeroplane shot over the tree tops, and the "muffles," to my secret relief, vanished. Rejoining my companions I made unconvincing explanations which were duly translated and we continued our drive. Beyond the edge of a bank across the ride, before we had been driving for ten minutes, I saw something move and gave an exclamation. We stopped. More "muffles." I thought at first, so close were we to the scene of our late adventure, that they must be the ones we had just left, or rather which had just left us. The driver, however, who seemed to be a bit of an expert, maintained that they were a different lot and contained a ram with a head far superior to any that we had seen. They moved slowly on and we followed. Crossing



MOUFLON IN THE SNOW-COVERED RIDES

Coming originally from Corsica and Sardinia, mouflon were introduced into Germany thirty years ago, in many parts and, being very strictly preserved, are doing well. Small herds have now been established

but which in summer must be lovely to look at. It is true that in among the trees were occasional rocky knolls on which I was told mouflon were often found, but the differences between my imaginings and the reality were great.

Through aisle-like rides we did our "pirschfahrt" for some time without incident, and I thanked my stars that I had brought a heavy overcoat. It was cold and inclined to drizzle, and in the back seat of the machine I cowered beside the diplomat, endeavouring to keep warm. Then the driver, a lad of parts, pointed with his whip and exclaimed, "Schaf!" In the gloom of the trees I could see nothing, but the diplomat, after a look through his glasses, said, "ordinary sheep, not 'muffles'." The latter is the term by which mouflon are always called in Germany, and very catching it is. I do not to this day know whether he was right or not, but by degrees I made out several pale ghost-like faces peering out from behind the tree trunks. Almost at once they vanished. We drove on.

The next excitement was the sight of a stag, an eleven-pointer with good brows but in no other way remarkable, who gazed at us from the edge of a ride and then disappeared into the wood. The deer in the Harz are not particularly good, though they are improving both in heads and bodies. Half an hour later we came across more "muffles." There was no doubt about them this time, though according to the Forstmeister they were all ewes. They watched us, when a roe suddenly dashing out of the thicket put them off.

I began to feel a little depressed. The day was turning to a wet misty afternoon. The wood was there we were and it was no use cavilling. I only hoped that if I did get a shot I should not repeat my Schorfheide performance.

About three o'clock the next "muffles" appeared, this time with a ram. The Forstmeister anxiously scanned them with his Zeiss. Yes, the ram was a good one. A muttered colloquy in German with the diplomat. Did I think, he inquired, that the ram was good enough? Never previously having seen a mouflon ram in the flesh, I modestly replied that he was a better judge than I. There were, perhaps, three better rams in the Harz. This was a good representative head. It was getting dark and I very cold. I agreed to pursue it. We drove on, turned down a bisecting ride at right angles, saw the ram walk over a knoll and disappear. The ewes followed. They were not frightened. If, said the Forstmeister, I thought it good enough to shoot, would I kindly descend, walk up to the knoll and do my stuff. This reliance on my, *my* judgment was beginning to influence me. Was the ram so good, after all? I debated this as I walked up to the knoll.

Some of the ewes were to be seen walking into the wood on my right. The ram was not with them. Then I saw him. He stood, 30yds. off, watching me, then moved slowly away stern on. Certainly he looked pretty big, but back views, we all know, are very deceptive. I made a mental note to aim low and, not knowing much about telescopic sights, wondered if he was too close. He pottered on while I dodged from tree to tree, occasionally, when I had a chance, trying to get a clear view of him through the sight. I could not the ride in front of us they strung slowly out among the trees. Said the diplomat: "The Forstmeister will tell you where you get off!"

Pondering the familiarity of this phrase I got off without waiting to be told, and lumbered, half-numbed, behind a tree, which, at any rate, gave some cover. I saw no ram and scrambled to the next tree. I had no doubts this time as to whether I ought to shoot or not. Even without a glass I had seen that he carried a much better head than that which I had formerly pursued. "Stalked" would be too flattering a term. Then I saw him as he stopped to look back. The cross lines with the little pointer between were on his shoulder, and I set the hair trigger with which all continental rifles are fitted. Then he moved forward, and as he did so the cartridge exploded!

I should be very sorry to have to say on oath that I meant it to at that exact moment. I was quite certain I had missed, and, as he kept on, made a gesture of impotent rage. Following, I heard a cry and looked back. My smart companions, gesticulating wildly, were scrambling out of the cart. The diplomat yelled, "He's down!" The Forstmeister waved. Turning, I saw a dim form beneath a tree. When we got up to him he was quite dead, and I pretended that my gesture had been one of joy! I was not quite sure from the look in the diplomat's eye whether he was convinced. The bullet had raked right forward, passing through the heart, but, pleased though I was to have a good head of this splendid little sheep, I could not honestly feel that I had fairly earned it.



WITH THE MITUMBA MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND
Aquatic bird life on the shores of Lake Edward, one of the richest in fish in the world

BIRD-BANDING IN THE CONGO

By LEON LIPPENS

DURING a year's stay as assistant game-warden of the Parc National Albert, in the Eastern Congo, in 1935-36, I often spent some time on the shores of Lake Edward.

This lake is one of the richest in fish in the world. It also has a big variety of aquatic birds, which seek out an easy living in its shallow waters, its sandy or muddy beaches and its sheltered sandbanks.

The African birds themselves are very numerous; but are joined up in wintertime by a crowd of European migrants. They come from every point of the Northern Hemisphere to gather there: Stilts, sandpipers, snipe, garganeys, terns, ruffs, greenshanks and many other little waders.

It is a fascinating thing to observe the life and behaviour of these birds in their African surroundings. Watching them, one is often led to wonder: "But where do they come from? Where will they be in a few days' time—in a few months' time?"

These are difficult problems to solve, and yet there exists a way of solving them, if only partially. This way is the scientific process of banding birds.

In Europe, banding has been especially confined to young birds, in their nests, or as chicks. In Africa, it would be necessary to band adult birds in their winter haunts.

The first difficulty to surmount is catching them. This makes excellent sport, much more difficult than shooting them with a gun.

Before going to the Congo, I had had plenty of experience in this kind of thing, ratching and banding storks, for instance, and all sorts of more little waders in our meadows. I may say, without undue exaggeration, that catching one single snipe with a net, and leaving it loose with a ring on its leg, is much more exciting than shooting ten. This sport I highly recommend to all those in search of a thrill!

Seeing all those birds running about on the shores of Lake Edward, I felt I must try to catch them—to band them, too.

Nothing was easier for me than to place a small net (30ft. by 12ft.) on the edge of a little sandy beach which I always observed to be frequented by numerous birds.

My net was rolled up on the very edge of the water and shot out over the birds to be caught with a sort of spring.

The natives could not understand anything about all this; catching birds in order to let them loose a few minutes later seemed sheer madness to them, or, most likely, pure imbecility. Or, perhaps, it was just another of the "white man's tricks."

Up to this date, of all the birds I caught near Lake Edward none have been recaptured in Europe. However, banding them has made me able to ascertain a fact. One might think that our northern birds, spending the winter months under the Equator, roam about from one marsh to another, from one lake or river to another, until springtime.

I believe this idea is false. These birds, which come from so far away, and have passed through so many lands, come to winter at a given spot, which seems to be very localised, and from which they do not depart during several months.

I found this opinion to be correct with stilts and the common sandpipers (*Himantopus himantopus* and *Actitis hypoleucos*).

I banded some of these birds at Kamande, on Lake Edward, in October, 1935. In November, January and February I was able—with field glasses—to discern the same birds on the same spots.

In April, 1936, to make sure, I laid my net there again, and among the birds I caught that day were two stilts and one common sandpiper which I had banded during the previous October.



PORTRAIT OF A STILT
An occasional visitor to our shores

A few days later all those birds had left the lake to fly back to their breeding places, north.

I feel ready to believe that the following year these same birds would have come back to the same spot, but unfortunately I was not there to observe it, and so my experiment remains unfinished.

As a conclusion, I venture to suggest, would it not be interesting to establish a bird-banding station of palæarctic birds in their hibernating grounds in Central Africa?

Capturing these birds is not difficult if one has some experience and plenty of time at one's disposal. It would be possible, too, to train natives to catch and band them under European supervision.

In this way one could get interesting information concerning the origin and habits of palæarctic birds hibernating on the Equator, about which so little is known up to now.



ON LAKE EDWARD
Pelicans gathering on a sand bank at the mouth of the Ruindi River. A striking study of light and shade

AFTER BROADBILLS OFF CHILE

By W. E. S. TUKER

WHY is it that the first sight of a broadbill swordfish finning on the surface causes all other fighters of the ocean at once to step into second place? It happens every year. I start the season with the firm intention of pitting my skill against the striped marlin whilst it is in these waters up to the end of May and to let "old man Broadbill" sun himself to his heart's content. On May 1st my good intentions were shattered as soon as my look-out man shouted "albucora," which is the local name for swordfish. Everyone moved at high speed aboard the launch getting in the "teaser," putting away the marlin rod and tackle in the cabin, rigging up the rod for broadbill and fixing on the skipjack for bait. This was all accomplished in a short space of time and, when the launch had been manœuvred into position for working the fish, the bait was thrown out over the stern.

This was the first broadbill of the season and the crew were as keen as possible to get on terms with it. It certainly is a grand sight to see one of these huge fish swimming along at a leisurely pace with dorsal fin and tail cutting the surface of the water. Our first visitor soon showed that it was in no two minds about being interested in the bait, for, as soon as the launch had worked the bait into its line of vision the water boiled as the fish, with a swish of its tail, went down to get a better look at the skipjack.

The launch keeps moving ahead slowly while the fisherman, whose nerves are at tension point, waits with the drag brake very lightly on the reel for the first strike as the fish slashes the bait with its sword. The look-out man, who is standing high in the bow of the launch, keeps his eyes fixed on the bait which can be seen flashing through the water about 40yds. astern; he can also see the swordfish as it turns to slash the bait and shouts "alli viene," then whack! and the line is jerked off the reel with the strike.

At that exciting point the launch must be stopped as soon as possible and the fisherman must leave his line absolutely slack; if he does not do so and the bait is jerked by the line, the fish will return and hit once more with its sword probably tearing the bait off the hook. So, with everything slack, the fish returns and grabs the bait across the body with its mouth. The fisherman must keep cool and do nothing except let the line run absolutely freely off the reel; if he puts bait into its throat; the skipjack is about 20in. long and is swallowed head first, which is quite a mouthful for a big fish which is not in the habit of bolting its food.

As soon as the swordfish has the bait in its throat it will move off slowly at first; then, as it feels the drag of the line in the water it will speed up. Now the fisherman must come into quick action to take up the slack in his line and strike hard three or four times to pull the wire leader through the fish's mouth and bury the hook deep.

I succeeded in carrying out the operation successfully and had my fish well hooked, much to the joy of my crew and to the satisfaction of myself. The swordfish very seldom goes in for jumping when hooked; it may come out once to splash back heavily, but will not tire itself out with jumps all over the ocean like the marlin. This fellow acted up to form and made some fine runs, keeping under the surface all the time, then settled down to steady pulling with vicious shakes of the head, which nearly lifted me out of the chair each time and definitely shook my head in none too comfortable a manner.

Time passes and the tug-of-war goes on. After three hours of give and take I can feel that the fish is feeling the strain and I am able steadily to pump its head up and recover line on to the reel. I also have my troubles, for every time I bend forward to pump the fish and wind the reel my back, arms and hands are just one block of pain. Finally, I succeed in getting the fish close enough to the launch for my boatman to have a look at it; he decides that the fish is still much too full of fight to be brought alongside, so I let it take line and then start working on it again. This has to be done several times, until at last after three-and-a-half hours the fish begins to turn a grey colour under water, which is the sign that it is practically played-out. The final effort can now be made to pump in line and get the wire leader to the surface so that the boatman can grab hold of it. Gradually, foot by foot, the leader nears the surface, but with only a few more feet to go the gear inside my reel snaps off and the reel is useless. I grab the line with both hands, lean back in the harness to keep the rod up and manage to keep the fish from sinking and dragging out line. The boatman looks over the side at the fish and to me it seems ages before he makes up his mind that it is dead. With my reel out of action there is nothing left to do but hand-line the fish up alongside the launch. That ends a four-hour battle and a very unsatisfactory ending too, because no hand but that of the fisherman is permitted to touch the rod or line and the boatman can only catch hold of the wire leader when the fisherman gets it within his reach. That fish weighed 593lb. If it had been a record fish I could not have claimed it according to our rules over here. Serve me right for not keeping to my resolution to hunt marlin and leave swordfish alone.



F. W. UTZ, WITH BROADBILLS TAKEN OFF TOCOPILLA, CHILE
The fish on the left weighed 615 lbs., and was captured after 4 hours 15 minutes; that on the right weighed 487lbs., and the one on the planks, 482 lbs.



IT TAKES FOUR MEN TO DO IT
An eight-hundred pounder being hauled aboard



THE COPIHUE IN ACTION AND THE AUTHOR WORKING ON A BROADBILL

tension on the line then the fish will clamp its jaws on the bait and swim off—the harder the fisherman pulls the harder will the fish pull and shake its head like a dog with a rat until it gets tired of the game or pulls the bait off the hook. With everything slack the fish will turn the bait in its mouth to swallow, during which operation the actions of the fish can be felt on the line. The fisherman must still keep cool and do nothing, because it will take several seconds before the fish gets the

What is without doubt a unique incident happened when I was out with a friend after "Old man Broadbill." We were out in two launches, he in the Quinchihue and I in the Copihue. Early in the day we found a swordfish and the Quinchihue went into action at once and the fish was hooked soon after. While my friend Hope Norton was fighting his fish I was hunting the ocean in the vicinity of the battle to find another surfacing fish. It was not long before we spotted one about 400yds. to the north and 150yds. to the west of the Quinchihue.

I got the bait to the fish and the strike was not long in following. The fish was well hooked and went away on a fine hard run. What was my disgust to see that the line the fish had taken was going to pass dangerously near the Quinchihue and my fish would pass under or over Hope Norton's line. I did everything I could to stop or turn that fish, slacking off the drag to see whether the easing

up of the pull would persuade it to stop, then clamping on the drag to try to turn it, but all to no avail. The fish kept on its course.

Soon came the awful moment when I felt the other line rub on mine. I hoped the other boat would realise the critical situation that had arisen and immediately get under way and swing round ahead of my fish in the direction in which their fish was travelling, so I clamped on all the drag I could and held on to the fish which was towing the Copihue astern at a good pace. The rub of the two lines became more pronounced as my launch was being dragged along, until Hope Norton's line appeared above water running up my line. That left no other way out of the jam but to break my line, which I did, and, fortunately, his line sank at once allowing the launch to pass over it without cutting it. He killed his fish, a 53½-pounder, in 3hrs. 40min.

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS

III.—On Playing and Landing Fish

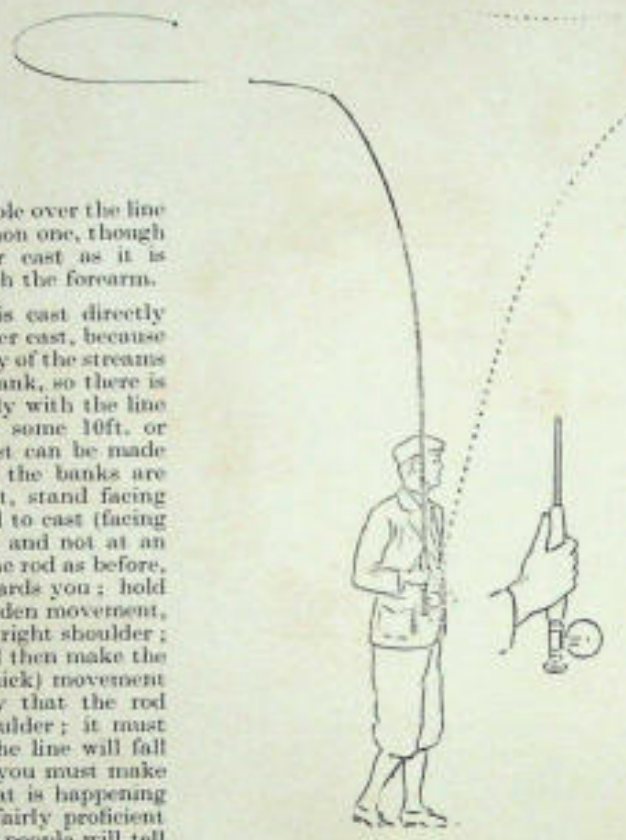
MY DEAR BOB,—I sympathise with your difficulties. Casting is a most irritating thing to learn; but you will find, I think, that quite suddenly the knack is acquired. You will probably be very pleasantly surprised, after a few more trials, to find your line going out beautifully and wonder how you did it. After which you will be back again for a while at the old coils and tangles; and then suddenly you will put in another good cast; after that things will become easier. The trouble over the line catching in the rod is a very common one, though not so common with the shoulder cast as it is with the "overhead" cast made with the forearm.

By the way, you must learn this cast directly you have got the hang of the shoulder cast, because you will want it in Devonshire. Many of the streams there are small, with trees on the bank, so there is not always room to cast comfortably with the line travelling backwards and forwards some 10ft. or more to the side. An overhead cast can be made in quite a narrow stream, even if the banks are bushed on both sides. To make it, stand facing in the direction in which you intend to cast (facing the line as it lies out on the grass, and not at an angle of 45 deg.); lift the point of the rod as before, so that the line begins to move towards you; hold the rod firmly, and then, with a sudden movement, bring the rod up vertically over the right shoulder; pause to allow it to straighten; and then make the forward drive with a *small* (but quick) movement of the forearm. Note particularly that the rod must not point back over your shoulder; it must never go beyond the vertical (or the line will fall behind you); and, as before, that you must make the rod bend. You cannot see what is happening behind you with this cast, so get fairly proficient with the shoulder cast first. Some people will tell you to keep the upper arm from the shoulder to the elbow pressed close to your body while you make the overhead cast; and if you find any difficulty in making it with a free arm, try it. You may find it a help.

But to return for a moment to your difficulty. The reason the line catches in the rod is that it is not high enough in the air—not out beyond the point of the rod as it ought to be, and that means either that you are not making the rod bend enough, or that you are allowing too long a pause between the backward and the forward cast, in which case the line falls towards the ground behind you. But I will make a moderate wager that the former is the explanation: you are not putting enough beef into your back cast. It is generally with a following wind that one's line adopts this maddening trick of curling itself round the rod. It is, of course, that the wind checks the back cast, and the line does not straighten out properly behind. The result is that when the forward cast is made the end of the line (which is not yet straight behind you) comes round with a swish, checks its pace in doing so, and falls a foot or two towards the ground, thus coming into the area of the rod instead of travelling over its point. Whenever you find this happening, put more energy into the back cast and less into the forward drive. It is really the back cast that matters. If you can make a good and well-timed cast in the air behind you, you will find that the forward cast follows almost automatically.

Now to try to answer the very wide question which you put so briefly in your postscript: "What happens next?" You mean, after you have made a cast on the water, I suppose? I am almost tempted to answer, "Nothing. Lift your line and make another cast"; which is what happens nine times out of ten (to put it optimistically). But should you have the good fortune to get a "rise" out of a fish, then you will, I hope, hook it, play it, and land it—and I expect you want a dissertation on this part of the art of angling. To you, at the moment, it is probably the most important part. To an old hand it is secondary—inducing the fish to rise being the more important and enjoyable feature of his pastime.

On the best method of hooking a fish anglers will wrangle, I expect, till kingdom come. The wrangling is caused by the term which is used to describe it. This, in fisherman's English, is "strike." Disputants claim that the term is too belligerent; that it implies violence and that violence leads to disaster and is the last thing to be desired. They suggest all kinds of modified terms to smooth over its vicious character. But, after all, it does not seem to matter much what it is called, as long as the term is understood. The object is to drive the hook home.



BACK CAST AND FORWARD CAST (DOTTED), IN MAKING THE OVERHEAD CAST WITH THE FOREARM.

The line should always be above the tip of the rod so that it does not catch in it. (Only a very short line is shown.)

If too much vigour is used the gut will break and fish and man will part company; if too little, the hook will not penetrate beyond the barb, and again, sooner or later, man and fish will part company. So here is another case of the happy mean, which can only be acquired by experience. What is wanted is to raise the rod point quickly but firmly. It is no use just "pulling at it." If the fish is a heavy one that may possibly get the hook home, but with a half or three-quarter pounder, let us say, it will simply pull the fish towards you. Fish are very light in the water. So the strike must be reasonably vigorous—but do not go to work as if you intended to pitch the fish on to the bank with one sweep of the arm.

At first you will be well advised not to hold the line against the rod with your finger while you are fishing. Let the line come directly from the reel. In this case you have a sort of safety device in the "check" which prevents the drum turning on its own account, though line can be pulled off very easily. Consequently, a little too much energy in the strike will cause the reel to turn and save the gut.

Actually, the best way of avoiding a break is to keep a nearly taut line between the rod and the fish. It is a great length of slack line which is the danger. This has to straighten before the strike is effective, and the jar as it comes taut suddenly is what does the damage. So, for a start, strike "from the reel," as it is called.

When playing a fish always remember to keep the rod upright. Do not let it slope away towards the fish. The rod should be well bent. There is no need to fear the tackle will break. Gut will stand as much strain as the rod is capable of putting on it provided it is a steady strain and not a sudden jolt. Try to get the fish in as soon as possible, but do not "grasp the rod and hold on." Let it have line if it must, but do not be weak about it. A steady strain with the rod held well up will soon tire any fish up to a pound. If a fish gets into the weed it generally grabs hold of it with its mouth, and the rod will not be strong enough to move it. Walk downstream (if necessary) and get below your fish. Pull in line gently through the rings (or wind it in on the reel) letting the rod point down slowly as you do so, until rod and line are in a straight line. Then grasp the rod and line together (so that you are pulling directly on the line) and pull gently. This will bring a fish out of a weed bed in nine cases out of ten.

If by the time you go fishing you have not been able to acquire a landing net, play the fish till it turns on its side at the top of the water; then point the rod back over your shoulder till you can get hold of the gut and pull the fish gently out on to a shingle bank. If no such landing place is possible, one can generally get a fish (up to ¾lb., which means a fish up to 12in. long) on to the bank by taking hold of the gut and lifting it gently in one movement from the water to the bank. Do not try to do this by the rod, of course; take hold of the gut. But be sure the fish is played out, so that it does not wriggle on its aerial journey, or it may fall off the hook.

If you have a net, let it bide where it is until the fish shows signs of exhaustion. Then take the net in your *left* hand; hold it under the water; keep it quite still, and guide the fish over it with the rod held in the right hand. When it is over the net, lift the net gently, letting your line go slack at the same time. Never try to scoop a fish out with a net. It should be guided over it by the rod while the net is held still. Kill your fish as soon as possible by hitting it on the head with something. The best thing is a short stick with a lump of lead at the end known as a "priest"—but you can easily devise something for yourself.

Your affectionate uncle,

HARVEY.

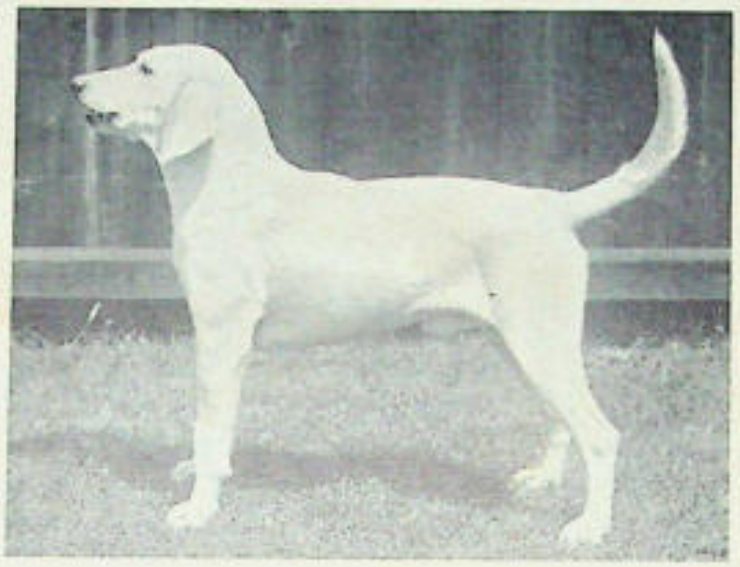


If you have no net put your rod back over your shoulder till you can get hold of the gut and draw the fish up gently on to the shingle.

FOXHOUNDS, HARRIERS AND BEAGLES AT PETERBOROUGH

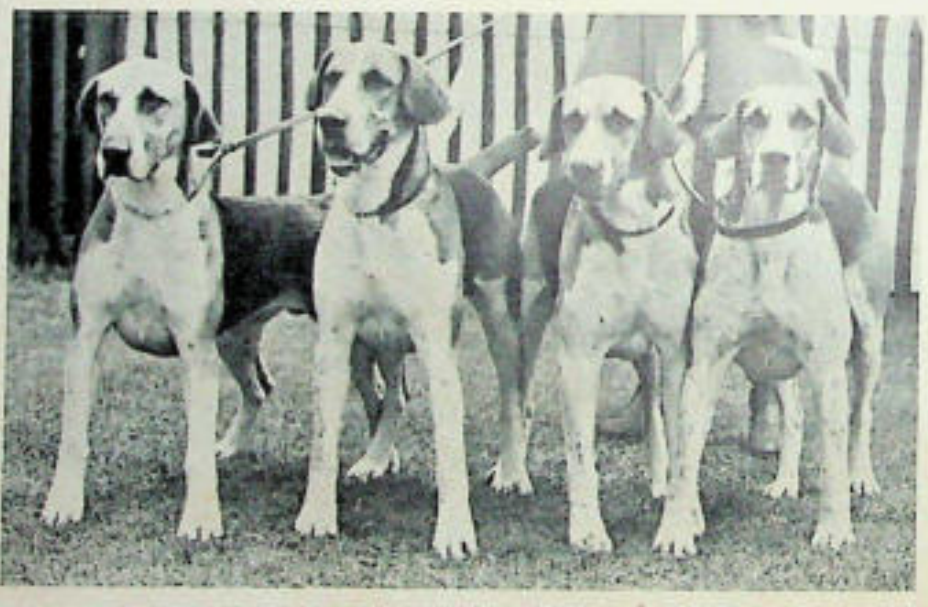
"PETERBOROUGH" is always a summer landmark in the hunting calendar, and once more Masters of Hounds have had an opportunity of taking stock and seeing what "the other fellow" is doing. The day is now past when the foxhound stamp was dominated by the influence of one or two ancestral kennels, and the modern hound-breeder, taking as his motto "Hounds for Countries," selects his type according to his individual requirements, going for the blood he wants wherever he can get it. The consequent latitude adds piquancy to a foxhound show, while increasing the judges' difficulties. After a period of transition a more or less definite prototype seems to be emerging, which, with slight modifications, combines sufficient scope and substance to avoid degeneration into shelliness with that lightness and activity which is now more than ever in demand.

Last year's "Peterborough" was described as "the best for years"; this time most people seemed to agree that in the foxhound section the general level, though good, was not particularly outstanding, though in the beagle classes the standard was higher than ever throughout the enormous list of entries. Judging began with the foxhounds on the Wednesday, 21 packs being represented as follows: Albrighton, Albrighton Woodland, South Atherstone, Duke of Beaufort's, Blackmore Vale, Braes of Derwent, South Cheshire, Croome, South Durham, Fitzwilliam, Middleton, South Oxfordshire, Percy, Puckeridge, Rufford, Seavington, Sinnington, North Staffordshire, Old Surrey and Burstow, Tynedale and South and West Wilts. Captain T. Wickham Boynton, M.F.H., and the Hon. C. G. Cubitt judged the Doghound Classes in the morning, and the Rev. E. A. Milne and Lord Grimthorpe, M.F.H., officiated over the Bitch Classes after lunch. The North Staffordshire were conspicuous winners on the day with three firsts, a Champion Cup and a Special Prize.



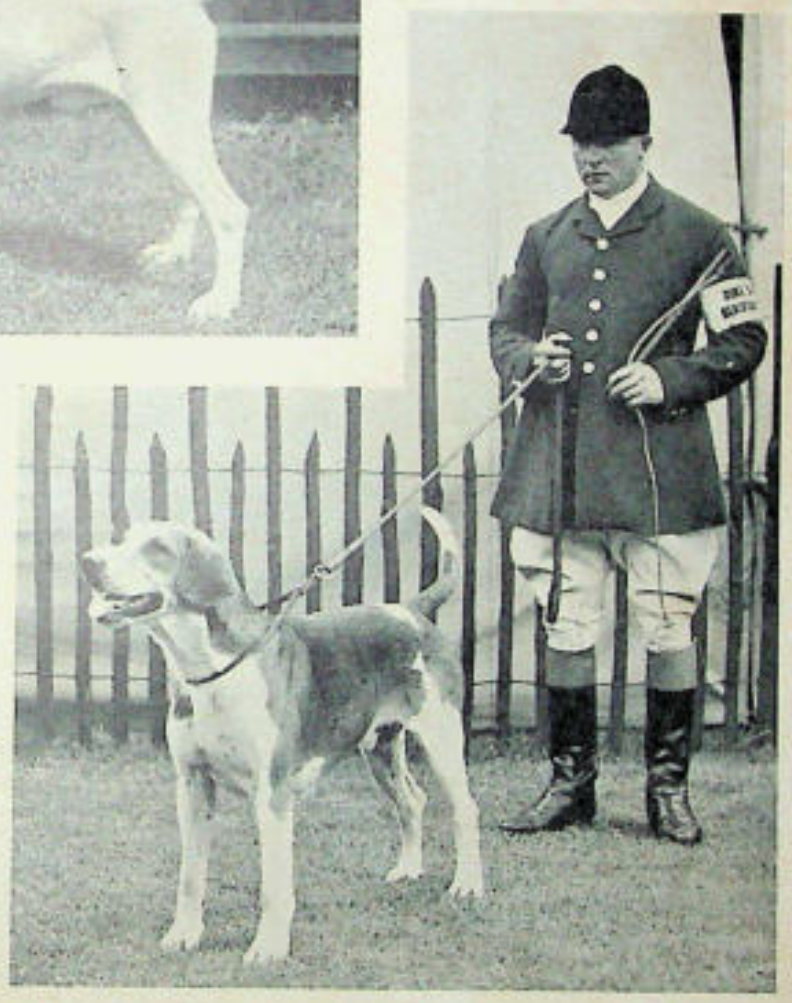
DART VALE REGENT, CHAMPION HARRIER DOG

It was a well-deserved triumph for the West Country to carry off the honours. Regent, '36, is by Jester, '34—Random, '30, by Mr. Spooner's Raylan, '27



THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE TWO COUPLES OF ENTERED HOUNDS

Left to right: Warrior, Warden, Prodigal and Harbinger



ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE BADMINTON KENNELS

The Duke of Beaufort's Champion Doghound Darnley

The first class, for novice unentered single hounds, was rather disappointing, being hardly up to standard. Croome Sailor (Vanguard, '34 out of Satin, '36, by S. and W. Wilts Lumberer), who was placed at the top, was a light, active sort who looked like galloping on, but still a bit puppyish. Sinnington Hereford, who was second to him, was a nice-looking, dark-coloured hound, more stuffy than the winner, but without the same liberty.

The next class, for unentered couples, was a big one but of rather mixed quality—in more than one case a good hound being let down by his companion. The winners, North Staffs Rider and Rifleman (litter brothers by Belvoir Rifleman out of Charity, by Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Chimer) were a very taking couple, and shown in beautiful condition. The Middleton Gaoler and Savage, who were second, were well matched, with plenty of substance and timber, so once more the verdict went to the lighter, more active type, though the Middleton moved well in the ring. The entrants for the Special Prize were eventually whittled down to the North Staffs Rifleman, the Puckeridge Colonist, a real stuffy sort, and the Duke of Beaufort's Douglas, who were finally placed in that order.

In the next class, for two entered couples, one



CHRIST CHURCH PRUDENCE

Champion Beagle Bitch by Major Birkbeck's Pansy, '34—out of Finder, '31

more quality than the dogs, which seems usually the case, and they were more difficult to judge.

The first class, for unentered hounds, was an exception to both rules, however, and the judges had little trouble in placing Seavington Amorous above the S. Atherstone Laura, who looked rather light of bone, but improved on acquaintance.

The next class, for unentered couples, was much better. The Rufford Cobweb and Countess looked outstanding as a couple, and were placed first. The Puckeridge Bargain and Wonder, who were second, had substance and well-sprung ribs (so difficult to get), and the Duke of Beaufort's Vision and Brenda, of whom I liked Vision the best, were third. The Seavington Agnes joined her sister Amorous to make a good couple, who were kept in the ring till the last. For the Special Prize, the process of elimination left us with Puckeridge Bargain, Rufford Cobweb, the Duke of Beaufort's Vision and S. Cheshire Drastic. Cobweb deservedly got the verdict. She shows real quality and has beautiful neck and shoulders. Vision was second.

The class for two couple of entered hounds was a good one, well up to "Peterborough" standard. The eleven entries took a deal of sorting out, and, watching the 22 couple in the ring, I fell to wondering what account they would give of themselves as a

"pack" in a woodland country when they got to know each other! Here are some of the notes I made at the time: "Albrighton, very nice; Trusty and Truthful, well-matched litter sisters: the old bitch Dutiful ('35), bigger than the others. Duke of Beaufort's: Dulcet, Feasible, Damsel, Vernal. Quality here. Tiverton Actor blood. Well shown by Holland, who has a knack with hounds; they're fond of him, and follow him whenever he moves. Braes of Derwent: Long and scopey, but look rather flat-sided from here; like Laudable best. S. Cheshire: Ready, a beautiful bitch (dam's sire Rifleman, used by N. Staffs). S. Durham: All same litter (by Pieman—Placid—Brecon Brusher). Shy and won't show themselves. Fitzwilliam: Light, active quartet, a bit up in the air. Puckeridge: A contrast to the last lot; plenty of substance. Scavington: All by Heythrop Seaman; good type of brood bitches, stuffy, substance. North Staffs: Good, scopey sort; look as though they'd last. (Cheshire Rifleman doing the kennel a lot of good.) Tynedale: Very nice, medium-sized, short-backed—the classic 'square box with four pegs.'" The last four in were the Albrighton, Puckeridge, Tynedale and Duke of Beaufort's, and the final placings were in this order.

The brood bitch class was won by N. Staffs Problem ('35, by Warrior—Prudence out of Dandy). Puckeridge Columbine, who won the championship when unentered in 1937, was placed second. Problem, a smart and roomy bitch, went on to win the championship this time, with S. Cheshire Ready in reserve; Rufford Comfort (unentered) was in the last three, and put up a good show against older hounds.

Harriers and beagles were judged on the following day, the judges being: Harriers: Lieutenant-Colonel D. C. Part, M.F.H., and Sir Francis Brook, Bart.; Beagles: Mr. E. N. Crowder, M.H., and Mr. J. Dimsdale, doghounds; Major H. A. Birkbeck, M.H., and Mr. C. Fitzherbert, bitch hounds. Harrier classes were not too well filled in the doghounds, but there was some beautiful quality throughout. I was particularly taken by the pure West Country Harriers shown by the Dart Vale, beautiful examples of their type. Their Regent in particular, who deservedly won the Doghound Championship, was a very nice, short-backed, compact sort, who showed great activity in the ring, and looked as though he could give a good account of himself with a fox! One would like to see a class confined to the West Country, as they are difficult to judge against the "Foxhound" type of other kennels.

In the Beagles the Christ Church, bringing nine couple, which fully demonstrated the excellence of their kennel, carried off most of the honours against very strong opposition, winning eight firsts and a championship, which latter they clinched by filling reserve and third in the same class. I was glad to see included this year a class for "not exceeding 13½in.," which was well filled. Rewards were as follows:

HARRIERS.—Class 1. Single unentered hound: Lartington Prowler, by Arle Court Garland out of Ranger. Class 2. Couple of entered hounds: Lartington Hotspur, by Weston Hannibal out of Gaudy. Class 3. Silver Cup for single hound not less than a second-season hunter: Lartington Hotspur. Class 4. Single unentered hound, between 18in and 21in.: 1st, Rockwood Scamper, by Sinbad out of Spitfire; 2nd, Lartington Pilot, by Arle Court Pilgrim out of Garland. Class 5. Couple of entered hounds: Rockwood Spider and Batchelor. Class 6. Two couple of entered hounds: Rockwood Batchelor, Spider, Sporty and Scamper. Champion Cup: Dart Vale Regent (Jester out of Random).

BEAGLES.—Class 8. Single unentered hound not exceeding 19in.: Rockwood Heather (Lartington Hannibal—Rattle); 2nd, Lartington Sportive. Class 9. Couple of entered hounds: Lartington Heedful and Garnet. Class 10. Single unentered hound between 18in. and 21in.: High Peak Rally (Lartington Random—Handmaid); 2nd, Rockwood Saucy. Class 11. Couple of entered hounds: High Peak Nightshade and Nosegay. Silver Cup for two couple, any age: High Peak Nightshade, Nosegay, Rally and Rein. Champion Cup: High Peak Rally. Class 13. Single hound: High Peak Rally. Class 14. Silver Cup for brood bitch: Rockwood Bridget (Windermere Benedict—Special A.).

BEAGLES.—Doghounds. Class 1. Couple of unentered hounds: 1st, Major Birkbeck's Justin and Juniper; 2nd, Christ Church Dabbler and Justice. Class 2. Single unentered hound: 1st, Ampleforth Gaylad; 2nd, Major Birkbeck's Juniper. Class 3. Couple of entered hounds: 1st, Christ Church Pagan and Foreman; 2nd, their Minor and Marvel. Champion Cup: Ampleforth Ringwood. Class 5. Stallion hounds: 1st, Christ Church Foreman; 2nd, Old Berkeley Rector. Class 6. Two couple: Christ Church Pagan, Foreman, Dabbler and Justice. Class 7. Couple not exceeding 13½in.: 1st, Thorpe Satchville Angler and Airman; 2nd, Pipewell Buster and Bluecap.

BEAGLES.—Class 8. Couple of unentered hounds: 1st, Christ Church Famous and Fallacy; 2nd, their Fairmaid and Fabric. Class 9. Single unentered hound: 1st, Christ Church Fallacy; 2nd, their Fabric. Class 10. Couple of entered hounds: 1st, Christ Church Patience and Prudence; 2nd, Trinity Foot Stately and Damsel. Champion Cup: Christ Church Prudence. Class 12. Brood bitches: 1st, W. Surrey and Horsell Midnight; 2nd, Bolebroke Croney. Class 13. Two couple: 1st, Christ Church Fabric, Fairmaid, Honesty and Pansy; 2nd, Bolebroke Crocus, Craven, Croney and Crockery. Class 14. Couple not over 13½in.: 1st, Pipewell Foot, Witchcraft and Dainty; 2nd, their Playful and Glimmer. Class 15. Novice couples, either sex: 1st, Storrington Playful and Pastime; 2nd, Miss Massick's Barbara and Sunlight.

HOPLEAF.

BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS

THE HAWKSTONE-WYE VALLEY JOINT WEEK

THE joint week of the above hounds commenced at Crickhowell on Monday, June 26th, when the River Usk was at its best, and when the Hawkstone pack arrived there was a very big field, which included members of nearly every otter hunt in England and Wales.

The Hawkstone met on Wednesday at Llanhamlach, and then it was our turn to meet at the Castle Hotel, Brecon. Hounds were vanned above the Newton pool to continue upstream. Unfortunately, the river had risen during the night, and we found about a foot of extra water which, tumbling over the rocks, made the currents very fast. Hounds soon hit a drag, and spoke to it up a small stream, but it soon petered out, and back to the river, where an intermittent drag took us up to the Clinker Pit Pool. Here hounds went full cry on a very fresh drag, and soon we saw the pack swimming upstream with Benedict leading them. Increasing their pace, they raced to a big holt under the bank, and then away they came with a great cry, following their otter from his bed, who, to show his disregard for the pack, came up to the surface, had a good look round, and then gracefully dived down again. Now began the most exciting and brilliant hunt most of us have ever seen. Upstream first, ploughing through the swiftest currents, past islands with hounds in close attendance, throwing their tongues in unison as they got the wash full in their noses. Getting into a hollow tree he tried to rest, but Harbinger saw his rudder, and soon had him into the river again. Down now for the first time, and back into the pool, where hounds gave him no rest, he tried to turn upstream. The currents were too strong for him, although he tried to imitate a porpoise in his endeavour to get back into the pool. Failing to do this, he turned downstream, and then began a great hunt through pools and rough water cascading over the rocks in a great roar. Hounds were soon after him, and he showed himself time after time as he continued this swim. Deep down in the ravine the river took its course, and as hounds raised their voices the whole woods and hills above re-echoed their music. Continuing this hunt through most glorious scenery, our otter came to some islands. Still he did not land, but found refuge in a fallen tree. Mr. Stannier poked him out of here, and we now had to keep to a steady trot to see anything of the hunt. Hounds had by now been swimming for nearly two hours, and as far as we could see the otter was as strong as ever, and the water was all in his favour.

Mr. Thompson quite rightly let the otter go where he liked, and this made the hunt outstanding, for with nobody to impede his progress, he kept floating with the water, and hounds were getting the full benefit of his wash. His objective was the big Newton Pool above Brecon, and we were now within a short distance of it. Hounds increased their pace, and were getting quite a few views of their otter, but could never get within striking distance of him. Past the small river on his left, and on downstream, he eventually reached the big Newton Pool, but hounds swam him about 250yds. down this before he reached a safe refuge, and we all took our hats off to a very stout otter, who had given us a magnificent hunt of 2 hours 50 minutes, and a three mile swim. Hounds hunted beautifully, and deserved their otter. Friday we hunted again, meeting at the Tanners Arms, Devynock. This proved to be a blank day, although hounds had quite a nice drag on the River Senny.

I cannot finish without expressing to the Joint Masters of the Hawkstone Otter Hounds our sincere thanks for a most enjoyable week, and for three hunts that will remain in our memories for many years.

M. L.

DARTMOOR HUNT WELL FROM DUNMERE BRIDGE

FROM New Bridge on June 26th, after dropping down to the island above Spitchwick Lodge, hounds hit off a drag just above the meet and spoke freely on the right bank, across to an old dry ditch. Drawing on, they again opened on the right bank, a few hundred yards above, and continued to draw very keenly till they marked solid in the right bank at the top of Widdecombe Island. The terrier soon had him away, and hounds hunted nearly to the bottom of the island; before turning and crossing over they went up the left side and marked in a bend, again near the top of the island. It was a difficult place to get a terrier away, but after some time he was viewed down; and now came the best of the hunt. Hounds drove him on down, never dwelling anywhere for long. It was a very pretty sight seeing hounds hunting so well on this lovely bit of the Dart. When about 30yds. above the island at the bend under Holne Gott the otter landed on the right bank, and running a right-handed semi-circle came back to ground in a drain by an old disused pond in the wood. This proved to be a small place, and he bolted at once and was killed just before making the river again. A big otter (20lb.) and a really good hunt.

D. C.

On Thursday we had another nice hunt from Dunmere Bridge on the Camel, by invitation of the Tetcott Otter Hounds. Drawing up hounds hit off a line at the head of Dunmere Weir Pool. On reaching the Clerken Water hounds raced up this in full cry for over a mile before turning back to complete the double. Continuing the draw up the river, hounds found their otter barely a quarter-of-a-mile above in the right bank. Bolting at once he was hunted down to the weir pool, where he was viewed going over the dam. Hounds hunted on down, turning beautifully up a little runnel which went across to the leat where he was marked. After some holing he must have left unseen in this coloured water as hounds marked him a little farther down; he shifted at once and returned to the river by a small overflow. Hunting up and down for some time, the field next viewed him beautifully as he landed and ran across the meadow to the leat where he again put into a drain. The terrier soon got busy and moved him; hounds hunted him well in the leat, driving him on down over the end of it to the river and into the pool below Dunmere Bridge. Here he must have got in somewhere out of mark from where hounds had the wash. In spite of every effort of our huntsman and his hounds he had to be left after a grand hunt of 2 hours 20 minutes.

R.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES AT STOKE FERRY

MEETING at Needham Market Station for the Gipping, on June 29th, hounds drew Bosmere blank, and it was not until they had got right down river by Great Blakenham and Claydon that they discovered any trace of an otter; but on getting into Bramford Osiers they opened up on a rare drag which they hunted well down to Sproughton, where, as it was now 4.30 and their otter was apparently in Ipswich, they were taken out.

On July 1st hounds went up to Norfolk, as a prelude to the Norfolk week, and met at White Bridge, on Boughton Fen, near Stoke Ferry. Having tried down the Oxborough Stream, with but a stale touch or two, Master had them back and drew up. There was a little work in the fen, and no line up the brook to Barton Bendish Fen, but on reaching Oxborough Wood—a rare place for otters and very thick cover—they spoke well to several fresh touches, and driving on through the big covert, which is over a mile in length, they put their otter up in the bog near the top end. She ran the covert for a time until she got into the Oxborough Stream, near the top of the wood, and was viewed coming down. There was little scent on the water, but this otter, as is customary with Norfolk otters, soon pulled out and ran a big circuit of the wood, with hounds simply screaming along in her wake. They gradually worked up to her, however, and she took to water again, only to draw out almost at once, when she was viewed by many of the field. Down through the wood she went again, with the great cry of hounds thrilling us all as it echoed through the covert with the whole pack, which included several of the Bure Valley hounds, crashing their way through thick undergrowth. It is really amazing how these Norfolk otters stand up to it all during a land hunt, but it seems that they can slip through the cover just a little quicker than hounds.

This rare otter was soon leading them back again at the back of the wood, and having taken them for a couple of circuits she got into the water again and once more, after several narrow escapes, she drew out and hounds hunted her right down the whole length of the carr at a rare pace. They then lost her for a few minutes, but picking up the line again they came up to her and forced her into the stream, where, after a short period of exciting work, she drew out for the last time with hounds just behind her, and ran up the covert until reaching a spot near to the bog in which she had been found. Here they pulled her down after a grand hound hunt of 65 minutes, during which hounds had hardly been touched. She was a good bitch of 17lb., who had put up a brave show, and given us a fast hunt, nearly all on land.

Having drawn up as far as the Old Carr, above the Oxborough—Stoke Ferry Road without drag, hounds were taken back to the meet to draw down to Stoke Ferry, but, as there was no line at all downstream, hounds were vanned up on the bridge soon after four o'clock, to end a capital day.

DRIFTER.

GOLF WITHOUT THE RULES

Lack of Knowledge a Handicap

By E. R. TIPPLE

IN no other game do so many problems and awkward incidents occur as in golf. This is largely due to the fact that few players are really acquainted with the rules and how they should be applied when troublesome points arise. The 35 general rules, together with the special rules for stroke play, and the hundreds of decisions given by the Rules of Golf Committee are as comprehensive as possible; yet experienced golfers participate in tournaments without possessing even a working knowledge of rules.

True, it may be said that there are far too many rules; that some of them are so phrased that they are difficult to interpret clearly, but these arguments do not excuse sheer ignorance.

Unfortunately, when an incident regarding the rules occurs the person concerned is not the only one affected, but his innocent opponent as well. The delay and the discussions frequently prove so disturbing, that for the rest of the round he may play indifferently, and so lose a match that might have been won. No golfer likes to be dogmatic, nor does anyone wish to take advantage of a rule in order to gain an easy win at any hole. But if one's opponent is guilty of a breach of any rule, attention must be drawn to the fact at once, otherwise you will suffer a penalty yourself. This is when trouble starts, and it often happens that the person who has pointed out the error subsequently suffers more than the one who committed the fault.

Not long ago I was playing a friendly round on a course where an inter-club match was being decided. After driving off at one hole, one of the competing pairs came over to ask for an outside opinion on a point that had just arisen in their match. The visitor had attempted a long carry off the tee and had failed to make it. They and their caddies searched for the ball for some time, but without success, so the player called for another ball and walked back to the tee to drive again. He drove, played his approach shot, but on reaching the green he was handed the first ball, that had been found in the meantime. Thereupon he said that he could have played the ball himself, and that his opponent had no right to pick it up. The latter was so upset by the incident, that he failed to concentrate on his game and ultimately lost the match.

The player whose ball was lost was quite wrong. The fact that he retraced his steps to play another ball suggests that he had given up the first as lost. He is not allowed to go back to play a provisional ball. Rule 22 clearly states that "a provisional ball may only be played *before* the player or his partner goes forward to search for the ball which has been played with the previous stroke." Therefore, if a golfer drives off, walks up to the place where he thinks his shot finished, but cannot find the ball he can only go back to play another under penalty of one stroke.

Questions concerning lost and provisional balls arouse more controversy than almost anything else, and secretaries are constantly being bothered with these cases. Confusion would be eliminated if players understood that the provisional ball must be played before leaving the place from where the first shot was hit. Five minutes—and five minutes only—are allowed for the search for a ball, but it can be declared lost before then if the player wishes.

After giving my opinion on this problem I finished the hole I was playing, but before the next tee was reached another couple came over with yet another query! Apparently the player A had hit his opponent's ball when putting and knocked it further away from the hole. B putted from the new position, missed and lost the hole.

No comment was made until they had played the following hole, when B remarked that he thought he could have replaced his ball in its original position. Rule 32 (2) gives this clear definition: "If the player's ball move the opponent's ball, the opponent, if he choose, may replace it, but this must be done before another stroke is played by either side." So B could have replaced his ball without penalty but having not exercised this right the result of that hole must stand. Rule 35 states "If a dispute arise on any point a claim must be made before the players strike off from the next teeing ground or, in the case of the last hole of the round, before they leave the putting green."

As in the first case, A was naturally upset by the incident, and could not help feeling he had benefited when he should not have done so. His subsequent play suffered, and he also lost his match.

These two incidents may appear simple yet similar cases occur all too frequently. Even the obvious rules are not understood by some golfers, and occasionally this ignorance gives them an unfair advantage if they but realised it.

Other rules that are commonly violated include those dealing with a ball driven out of bounds and the grounding of a club in a hazard. You cannot select another spot, say on the tee, for your second drive when you have hit the first out of bounds. Yet how often does one hear a golfer say: "That place was no good; tee the ball up over there, caddie."

Rule 23 provides that "If a ball lie out of bounds the player shall play his next stroke as nearly as possible at the spot from which the ball which is out of bounds was played." In a hazard the club must not be grounded. Even on the backswing if the sand is touched by the club head the player has broken Rule 25 just as much as if he had deliberately placed the club in the sand at the address.

AN INTERESTING MATCH

Next Saturday, July 15th, Henry Cotton will play the best ball of Miss Pam Barton, Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Wanda Morgan, present and former winners of the British championship, over the Maylands Club's course, near Romford. Last year he beat Lady Heathcoat Amory, Mme. Lacoste and Miss Enid Wilson mainly due to a wonderful display of accurate putting, but these new opponents should provide him with sterner opposition. It should be worth going miles to see.

The match is due to begin at 3 o'clock and admission to the course will be 2/6. All proceeds will be devoted to Mr. Robert Middleman's "Fairplay" children's outings scheme. Since he inaugurated this work four years ago his fleet of old buses have provided thousands of poor children with opportunities of days in the country—some of them had never left the streets of London before.

BOLLINGER

By Appointment to The Late King George V.

CHAMPAGNE

1929 VINTAGE AND SPECIAL CUVÉE

Goodwood



BINOCULARS

of quality for racing and all sports.

Finest selection in London.

50 different models in stock.

Prices from £3 · 7 · 6

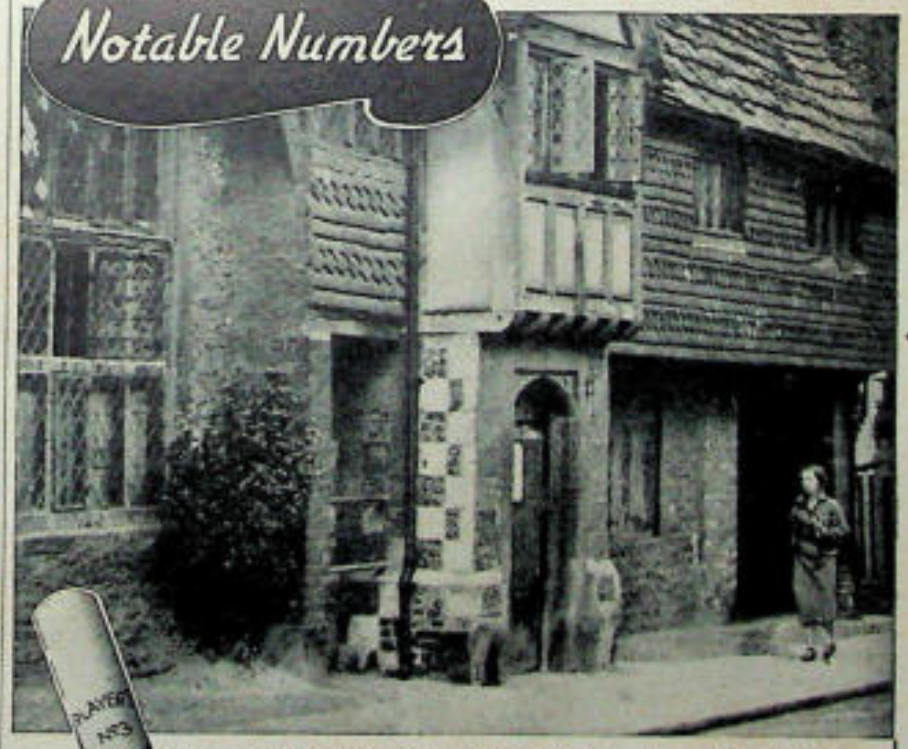
Call or write for Illustrated List.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.1

122, REGENT STREET, W.1

Notable Numbers



52, SOUTHOVER, HIGH STREET, LEWES. Anne of Cleve's House —a gift from Henry VIII to the Queen on her divorce.

The individual charm of this old place serves to remind one of another number notable to-day — Player's No. 3 — a cigarette of distinctive character and charm, with a reputation for giving that little extra quality and enjoyment.



Cork-Tipped or Plain . . .

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3

EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

20 for 1/5 · 50 for 3/5½ · 50 rew (plain only) 3/6½

3P60 R.



DRAGONS, THE STRONGEST ONE-DESIGN GROUP ON THE CLYDE, RACING AT HUNTER'S QUAY. THEY ARE BOATS OF 20 SQUARE METRES, 29.2 FEET OVERALL, 18.7 FEET ON THE WATERLINE, WITH A BEAM OF 6.5 FEET AND DEPTH OF 4.9 FEET

BOATS OF THE HANDICAP CLASSES

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

THE amount of limelight shed one way and another in the course of a yachting season on the International Metre classes, the Ocean Racing "out-and-outers," and, to a lesser extent, the various One-design class racing boats, tends inevitably to push into the background—so far as the "public eye" is concerned—a very large number of interesting boats which do not happen to come into any of those categories.

They may well be described as "the backbone of sailing"; from them are drawn the ranks of the handicap classes—big, small or medium—which, with some infiltration from the ocean racing ranks, infuse such interest and variety into the coastal regattas. Extremely varied in rig and design, and ranging in size from something under 5 tons to nearly 100, they make a very absorbing study.

The main home of the really big chaps is, of course, the Clyde. Fleets are a trifle depleted there this year, compared to last; but there is nevertheless a better showing than at one time seemed likely.

The Over 50 tons class came out for the first time this season when Clyde Fortnight began on June 30th; notable among them is Thelma IV, a fine old-timer built in 1906 at Fairlie. A Bermudian yawl of 80 tons, she is owned by Mr. E. Lynton Viears, long prominent in Clyde racing. Colonel Wordie's Fiumara also made a welcome reappearance; like many of the Clyde boats, she retains her gaff rig, and is a Mylne ketch of 77 tons, in her fifth season.

Last year Golden Hind, owned by Captain Kitson, D.S.O., R.N., was much to the fore; also a Mylne boat, she is a graceful schooner of 144 tons, but her absence from the Clyde racers this year, so far, is greatly regretted. Mr. Robert French's 82-ton ketch Albyn was another that it was not intended to fit out, but news now comes that she is being got ready after all, and will be welcomed; she won the Clyde Points contest last year. Eilean (59 tons, owned by J. V. and R. W. Fulton), a Bermudian ketch by Wm. Fife, has been out this year, winning the Inglis Memorial Prize on the first day of Clyde Fortnight.

Among the slightly smaller vessels, which usually race in the Over 20 and Under 50 tons class, Mr. Ian Fraser-Marshall's 34-ton yawl Zigeuner is notable. Last year, in her second full season, she won eighteen flags, some of them in southern waters.

Her percentage of firsts over others increased when she came south, perhaps implying that the Scottish craft encounter less serious opposition when they leave their home waters! So far Zigeuner has been unlucky with firsts this year, but she has gained several seconds and a third or two. Designed and built by Robertsons, of Sandbank, she is a graceful boat, recognisable by her rather prominent wheelhouse amidships.

Eileen (not to be confused with Eilean, in the bigger class), owned by Mr. A. W. Stephen, beat Zigeuner in the matter of flags last year, and has half-a-dozen firsts to her credit this season; a 33-ton cutter, she is another Fife boat, and looks like keeping her position at the head of her class. Sonas, another beautiful cutter, designed by Mylne and built by Fife, spent most of last year cruising, under the ownership of Mr. J. G. Allan, D.S.O. She was bought this year by Mr. J. C. Guthrie, and is being raced by him; she has the respectable sail area for her size (25 tons) of 1,229 sq. ft.

Other notable boats in the Over 20 tons class are Mr. R. J. Dunlop's ex-12 metre Veronica, and Noreine, a 25-ton Bermudian sloop owned by Mr. R. G. Perry, but somewhat under-canvased compared to some of her compeers; while, owing to the fact that this season there does not seem to be much support forthcoming for the Under 20 tons class, Panther (14 tons) has at times been pressed into service with the bigger boats.

Panther is a most graceful boat, born 1895 (and still going strong) with a flaring "swan" bow, low freeboard and flat overhanging counter, and together with her long boom and gaff and tall, fidded topmast, she has all the marks of the old-time racer, discarded one and all by modern boats. Yet last year she was top of the under 20 tonners, with eight flags (four of them firsts) out of eleven starts. Built at Sandbank and designed by Watson, she is owned by Dr. J. P. Leckie; the doctor prescribes hard sailing and takes his own medicine, and, though a bit outclassed, even on handicap, when compelled to sail against the 20-50 tonners, if the Under 20 tons class gets going again this year, Panther will no doubt come into her own once more.

Last year there was an Under 7 tons class, in which Sunbeam, owned by Mr. G. B. McKean, was the most frequent starter, and topped the class; but the Clyde season is buzzing merrily now, after a rather shaky start earlier in the year.

Turning to southern waters, handicap racing cannot be said to have got into its proper stride, even yet. August, of course, is the best month for this branch of the sport, but even so, the season does not promise to attain such a high standard of entries as last year. On the East Coast and Thames estuary, three staunch supporters have been The Blue Peter, Noreen and Diadem.

Noreen, owned by Mr. Hugh M. Crankshaw, is an ex-12 metre, and has been the subject of much interesting experiment by her owner in the matter of rig. Her mast is stepped 3ft. abaft the centre of the over-all length, and because of the fact that the eye tends to discount the last 2ft. or 3ft. of the counter when viewing broadside on, it seems to be even further aft than it actually is.

This gives Noreen a very distinctive and instantly recognisable appearance, and—from the point of view of a non-class racing boat, as she now is (in the International class sense)—makes her handier close-hauled and needing only a small crew.

The Blue Peter, owned by Mr. D. W. Molins, is a well-known and very strikingly good-looking teak planked sloop of 34 tons, built by King & Sons to a Mylne design. She has recently undergone a "surgical operation," having another 8ft. added to her bow.

Diadem, Mr. G. Glynn Terrell's 41-ton cutter, is one of the best-known boats in Solent and East Coast waters; built by White Bros., to designs by Shepherd, she dates from 1907, but her years have impaired neither her trimness nor her sailing qualities. She was sailing at Harwich this year and also at Ramsgate, at which latter Cariba, another Shepherd design belonging to Mr. Arthur Moy, lost her topmast in the heavy weather.

Last year Colonel Cleaver's If, a 12-ton sloop hailing from Fredrikstad, won many prizes in the coastal regattas; but she has been sold, and has gone to Ireland. So far we have seen neither Colonel Robinson's 12-ton cutter Chrisando nor Squadron-Leader Reid's 15-ton sloop Ingeborg afloat, two vessels which did much to keep the handicap classes on their toes last year.

In the West Country, where the Plymouth and Torquay regattas have recently concluded, Mr. I. D. Spooner's 10-ton cutter Naiande is a notable boat. She won four firsts, two seconds and two thirds in the Under 25 tons handicap last year, but was beaten in the race for the Kathleen Cup at Plymouth this year by Morva, belonging to Mr. P. M. Holman. Morva was launched in the latter half of last season at Port Mellon, Cornwall; designed by Mylne, she was built at the same yard as Colonel Ionides's Wind Star, another stout handicap and off-shore racer. Morva competed in the Cowes—St. Malo race last year, but though rating well under the R.O.R.C. rule, she is not primarily an ocean racer.

Echo, Mr. F. Morgan Giles's new boat, was also out at Plymouth (in the under 10 tons), and got two third places.

THE BIG FLEET RACING DURING THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT





LEFT: EILEEN, MR. A. W. STEVENS'S AUXILIARY BERMUDIAN CUTTER. RIGHT: THELMA IV, MR. E. LYNTON VICARS'S AUXILIARY BERMUDIAN YAWL, RACING WITH MESSRS. J. V. AND R. W. FULTON'S EILEAN (ON LEFT) IN THE OVER 50 TON CLASS AT THE MUDHOOK Y.C. REGATTA



A CLOSE-UP PHOTOGRAPH OF THELMA IV, THE LARGEST YACHT COMPETING IN THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT RACES. SHE IS OF 80 TONS, AND WAS BUILT IN 1906

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A JULY DINNER MENU WITHOUT MEAT

The Fare: Bouillon aux Herbes
Mitan de Saumon Henri IV
Courgettes frites
Croûtes aux Laitances gratinées
Cerises étuvées
Dessert

The Wines: Pouilly-Fuissé 1935
Chassagne 1926

THE *Bouillon aux Herbes* is the simplest and one of the most refreshing of summer soups; it is made by boiling together some sorrel, lettuce and chervil (twice as much sorrel as lettuce and twice as much lettuce as chervil) in three times the amount of water required. Let it boil until a third of the water has steamed itself away, and by that time the herbs will be thoroughly cooked and the soup ready to be served after you have added the usual salt and pepper and more butter than usual.

The *Mitan de Saumon* is the middle cut of a large salmon; it should be cooked rather slowly in the oven in a baking dish with lots of butter and, of course, the usual pepper and salt. The *Henri IV* are the garnishings, and they consist of new potatoes and artichoke bottoms, the first being *rissolées* and the second poached in water first then finished in butter. At the time of serving, the artichoke bottoms are filled with a *Sauce Béarnaise* (Henri IV was Béarnais) and more *Sauce Béarnaise* is served with the salmon. It is an excellent and different way of serving salmon, but it is more suitable for a meatless meal than when one's appetite must be saved for the joint that is to come.

Courgettes frites are vegetable marrows peeled and cut up in little sticks of about the same length and thickness as the ordinary *Pommes de terre frites*. Dip them into some cold boiled milk, flour them and drop them in *boiling* olive oil, for choice, or else in some very hot fat, and cook them as if they were fried potatoes.

The *Laitances gratinées* are soft herring roes poached in white wine and lemon juice, then placed upon a thick piece of buttered toast, sprinkled with finely chopped shallots first of all, and some grated cheese after. Pour some melted butter over them and brown under a very hot grill just before serving.

The *Cerises étuvées* are a new way of serving stewed cherries at a time of the year when cherries are cheap and ripe. Stone the cherries and put them in a deep baking dish; give them a free dusting of caster sugar; put in the centre of the dish, in a small muslin bag, a dozen or so cherry stones which you will have crushed so that the bitter almonds may add their flavour. Cook in a slow oven, the dish being left uncovered, and when sufficiently cooked, serve in their own juice with or without a little kirsch added at the last moment, according to taste.

As regards the wines, a young white Burgundy from Pouilly should provide a pleasant and modest opening, leading the way to a more highly-bred and more satisfying white Burgundy from Chassagne and from an older vintage.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of July 6th, 1889.

HENLEY'S Jubilee. "From a single race, interesting to, and attended by, some few scores of undergraduates, has arisen the enormous programme of 30 races, for its three eight-oared and three four-oared Challenge Cups, its Diamond Sculls, and its pair-oared Goblets, into which it has now developed. Its more modern and less desirable features of a lavish and sensuous picnic, with its wine, its music, its flowers, its houseboats, its steam launches, its gaily-dressed company, and its utterly selfish disregard of the rights and claims of the rowing men who have made it what it now is, it is unnecessary to dwell upon. But those who have not failed to be present since 1857, or the still more memorable year of 1859, when, for the first and only time on record, a Metropolitan boating club gained a brilliant victory over the representative crews of both Oxford and Cambridge Universities . . . . cannot help drawing comparisons between the past and the present—by no means to the advantage of the latter."

IN THE SALEROOM

ON July 11th and 12th, Sotheby's are selling further properties of Mr. Hearst, comprising prehistoric, Babylonian and Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Etruscan, Irish Celtic, Merovingian and South American antiquities. Habitués of the British and the Victoria and Albert Museums will no doubt be drawn to this sale, which includes some very wonderful antiquities.

The Babylonian and Egyptian antiquities include rare inscribed Stele, Ushabti figures and rare granite, basalt and limestone sculptures. There are Greek vases, marble figures, ancient glass and wonderful Greek, Roman and Etruscan bronzes; a most valuable collection of gold, jewellery and Irish Celtic gold treasure, and South American ornaments in gold and stone. It is impossible to particularise any items, there are so many that merit special mention, but the head of a granite statue of Rameses III, King of Egypt, about 1200 B.C., and two fine Ushabti figures in limestone, painted, of the eighteenth–nineteenth Dynasty, are alone worth a special pilgrimage to Bond Street.

A WELL-TIMED TRIBUTE

There is no work that requires more painstaking application than the compiling of records; there is none that gets less recognition or is subject to more criticism; and yet it is upon records that history depends. So it is a good thing for rowing that among its devotees there have been a few (comparatively very few) who have been willing to sacrifice their time, without thought of reward, in monotonous labour for the glory of the cause. Mr. Clifford Thomas Steward is entitled to the gratitude of all who take any interest in Henley, for the crown he has placed upon its centenary in bringing the records right up to date.

Mr. H. T. Steward, the author's father, compiled the volume dealing with the early history and Henley racing from 1839 to 1902. Sir Theodore Cook has carried it on to 1914, and now comes the final touch. The book is in the same style as the first volume, and it would have been pleasant to have had the interim period of Sir Theodore's in the same handsome style.

From the Peace Regatta until last year, the accounts of each year are recorded with a note of any exceptional occurrences, while at the end are the tables of fast times and close finishes, and an analysis of records which gives times to the Barrier.

Mr. Steward acknowledges the great help he received from Mr. George Drinkwater, who annually since 1929 cut up programmes and pasted them in books, together with cuttings from newspapers concerning each heat; but for the existence of these, the work might not have been completed. Anyhow, it is a great task well done, and of immense value. R. N. ROSE.

Henley Records, 1919–1938. By CLIFFORD THOMAS STEWARD. (Hamish Hamilton, Ltd.; 21/-.)

Craven 'A'

quality is always dependable . . . . they never vary



Craven 'A' appeal to me in so many ways!

I like their flavour, their mildness and the way they maintain such fine quality. And I must say that whether I buy my Craven 'A' here in England, on the Continent or in America, they never disappoint — they are always just as smooth to the throat.

10 for 6d . 18 for 1/- 10 for 6½ . 20 for 1/1

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Cavenac Ltd.— 150 years' Reputation for Quality

C.A. 634

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

I HAVE previously written of the Swiss Guard and the Janissaries, now perhaps you will be interested to hear something of the French Foreign Legion, a corps which has had so much to do with the pacification of North Africa and one as ready as ever to give a good account of itself. Much has been written on this subject, but so many writers seem to think it a suitable one on which to indulge in airy flights of fancy that it becomes exceedingly difficult to disentangle fact from fiction.

* * *

The Legion was founded on March 9th, 1831, by King Louis Philippe of France, and played a prominent part in the war waged against that great warrior Abd-el-Kader and in the pacification of Algeria. The Legion fought at Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol, in Mexico, Dahomey, the Soudan and Madagascar; in fact they fought everywhere, though their most notable feat of arms was at the Camerone, where 60 men put up a heroic defence against a force of 2,000 Mexicans. This action is commemorated each year by a fête held at Sidi bel Abbes and Meknes.

* * *

During the Great War the Legion dispatched a column to France, which became known as Le Regiment de Marche de la Légion Etrangère; and a battalion fought with distinction in the Dardanelles. But perhaps the name of the Legion is better known in regard to Morocco than anywhere else, for it took part in the initial pacification, held the country during the Great War, repelled the attacks of Abd-el-Krim, and later formed the core of the army that pacified Berberland and the Riff. This was very aptly put by the great Marshal Lyautey in the following words: "La Légion a été, dans tout mon commandement oranais et marocain, ma troupe, ma plus chère troupe, et, pendant la guerre, de 1914 à 1919, elle a constitué ma première force, ma suprême réserve."

* * *

The Foreign Legion to-day is said to be about 20,000 strong and is stationed in Algeria, Indo-China, Morocco, Syria and, as one may well imagine with the world as it is, in Tunisia. The depot and the headquarters of the 1st Regiment are at Sidi bel Abbes, where the men are quartered in excellent barracks—built by the legionnaires themselves—and made comfortable in every way. "You may see everything, monsieur; we have nothing to hide," the Colonel said to me proudly, and told off an officer to show me round the barracks and the training ground.

* * *

Of course, the Legion is at its best when there is fighting to be done, for at other times the men, the large majority of whom have joined owing to the unfortunate outcome of a love affair, are apt to brood. Then twice a week pay day comes, and they are liable to smash things up and cause a great deal of trouble to their officers.

* * *

It is a disgraceful thing that the gallant officers of the Legion should ever be accused of ill-treating the men. In actual fact they look after them very well indeed and are on the best of terms with them. Of course, on active service the men do have to endure real and terrible hardships, since one day they campaign in the desert and the next in the Atlas snows; but the fact that they fight so well and follow their officers so well testifies to the sound foundation of mutual trust and even affection on which the Legion has been based. At all times life in the outpost forts is dull and uncomfortable, but no worse than that our soldiers lead on the North-West frontier of India.

* * *

Legionnaires are, it is true, like the French poilus paid very little, but an intelligent, well-behaved man has no difficulty in rising to the rank of sergeant, when he will become a member of a comfortable mess and receive very greatly increased rates of pay. Having less expenses, he is as well or even better off than the officers. There are many Germans and few Englishmen in the Legion. The Englishmen do not seem to like it; they find it difficult to learn the language, and the food, though good, is different from that to which they are accustomed. But they are treated with the greatest kindness. Prince Aage of Denmark, a Commandant in the 3rd Regiment—whose great-grandfather, Louis Philippe, founded the Legion—has an Englishman as his orderly, and so has a lieutenant whom I know.

* * *

The following anecdote concerning an Englishman of good family will illustrate how well the officers handle their men. This man had been punished several times for small offences and at last, having done something really dishonourable, was brought before the squadron-leader. "Allez," shouted that officer, a noble of France, "You no gentleman, allez!" And these few words, about all the officer knew in English, shamed the man so much as to alter his career. H. F. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—There have been many complaints that gamekeepers, as a class, do not do enough to state their case to the world. In the main, their case has to state itself. "The truth will out," they say, and with that they remain silent.

Such was about my own attitude to the inquiry that was given to the little owl in 1936-37. But I welcomed that inquiry, and did my utmost to help on my naturalist friend who was working with "might and main" towards the desired end in that particular part of the country. Then came the report which, among many other interesting factors, stated: "The little owl's good qualities far exceeded his bad ones." That may be true, but my complaint against the report is this: So many of the bad qualities of the little owl were not mentioned at all.

Then the question was put: "Does the little owl kill chicks to such a degree as to cancel his undoubted usefulness in destroying rodent and insect pests?" The answer, judging from the records of two seasons, is "No." For only one game chick was found in pellets representing over 2,000 meals of little owls. None were found in 78 nests and holes. None were found in gizzards, though most of the birds were shot on game estates, some of them actually sitting on their nests.

How is this conclusion to be reconciled with the contention of many keepers? Take a recent experience of my own.

On the morning of June 17th, 1939, about 7 a.m., I opened out and fed a coop of pheasant chicks, numbering seventeen. At 10 a.m., when moving the coop to fresh ground, only ten birds were on view, so I sat down to watch what was happening. I had not been watching ten minutes when along skimmed a little owl, grabbed a chick and made for a Rundle oak tree in the corner of the rearing field. (I could have shot it as it went away, but wished to know where it was nesting.) I got my boy to climb up the tree. He found ten pheasant chicks, all with blood on their heads. I think the chicks were killed with the owl's talons. The birds were stuck in crevices in the hollow of the tree. No young owls were visible, but we had reason to believe they were far down in the hollow of the tree and out of reach. Needless to say the old ones "received their due" after that evidence. The point is this, when a little owl starts on a brood of chicks (wild or on a rearing field) it will clear the lot if not stopped. But think of the damage several pairs will do on an estate. It tends to make a keeper uneasy when you get first-hand information like that regardless of the Little Owl Inquiry, 1936-37.

But I can still say, and will say, much in favour of the little owl. He has many excellent attributes. The great point is: If in similar inquiries that will take place in the future we are to arrive at a truthful conclusion, we must have proper representation. By this I mean representation of sporting men, on the one hand, and bird-preservers, on the other hand. The idea of a conference between the two classes is more than appealing, but the keeper must play his part also.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK H. BLAKELEY (Head Keeper).

Leominster.

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—Though a life-long interest in birds has made me a keen bird's-nester, I have never had an egg in my possession or done any bird photography, but have confined myself to making rough sketches and taking notes. A collection of eggs is to me a most unsatisfactory possession. The egg is such a small, though important item in a bird's life history that a collection of eggs alone, though most attractive to look at, does not appeal to everybody. The eggs of some different species of birds are so much alike that in many cases an expert may look at an egg and be unable to say for certain, without some data to go upon, what bird laid it. Birds whose eggs are subject to great variation are, indeed, unlucky, for the collector will take clutch after clutch to acquire varieties.

I have seen a collection of 33 clutches of tree pipits' eggs, and read an account of another collection which comprised literally hundreds of red-backed shrike's eggs. I once found what I thought was a ring ousel's nest in Hampshire. I saw the cock bird several times with a white patch on the throat, and eventually found the nest with four eggs, but it was deserted and the eggs cold. I showed the eggs to several experts, but they could give no definite opinion as to whether they were blackbirds' or ring ousels' eggs.

I have personal knowledge of several nests containing eggs being deserted through too much disturbance by photographers. The ordinary observer is content to look at the nest and go away. The photographer may stay by the nest for days till he gets a picture. Though the photographer may in some cases cause the desertion of some nests, the collector makes a clean job of it and takes the lot.

A healthy common near home with scattered trees about it was a favourite woodlark ground, and I have known as many as four pairs to frequent it. An artist of my acquaintance found a woodlark's nest with a full clutch of eggs and prepared to come next day with his apparatus to photograph it. An egg collector from a neighbouring town had been watching him, and when the artist returned next day the eggs were gone; and with the aid of a gipsy lad this man collected three other clutches of woodlark's eggs.

At my home in the New Forest extensive fires have done far more harm to birds who nest on or close to the ground than either collectors or photographers. One fire alone destroyed several hundred acres of lovely good-conditioned gorse and heather in one swoop.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES C. DALLAS.

Eastley Wootton, New Milton, Hants.

SIR,—The great majority of egg collectors now refuse to be drawn into this or similar correspondence for the reason that they are at once marked down for attention by the so-called bird watchers and wardens, apart from the knowledge that letters to the Press seldom lead to any satisfactory conclusion.

This "nest adoption" scheme stimulates the sporting or adventurous spirit of the younger generation to outwit the "adopter," with the result that nests get taken which might otherwise be undisturbed. In Surrey this year an "adopted" great crested grebe's nest was taken whilst the "adopter" slept in his tent which was advertising the whereabouts of the nest nearby.

The results to be obtained by "adopting" individual nests or tracking down egg collectors are infinitesimal in comparison with the same enthusiastic effort which might be more sincerely exerted to catch and bring to court those who carelessly and too often deliberately set fire to heaths, commons and woodlands. These acts of incendiarism, both accidental and intentional, are becoming almost regular week-end tragedies in the Home Counties. In almost every instance the whole of the immediate local bird-life is exterminated for years to come.

Or, again, let these bird watchers and wardens and protectionist societies combine intelligently and concentrate their influence and energies to the extermination of the plagues of grey squirrels, magpies, jays, rabbits, &c. These search the woodlands and gardens, and overrun the undergrowth day and night throughout the nesting season and destroy all but a small percentage of the constantly repeated nests of nearly every species, with deplorable results to the bird population.

In the two seasons during which I have been living in Surrey I have been appalled by the damage to bird-life by vermin, and the apathetic attitude of many who consider themselves to be bird-lovers is most disappointing.

I should like to shake hands with everyone who can honestly say that he is doing as much as I am trying to do to increase the non-vermin bird life in his immediate neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,

EDGAR P. CHANCE.

Gurdons, Witley, Surrey.

HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGES

SIR,—May I, as you suggest, come to the help of your correspondent, Mr. J. V. Taylor, in connection with his letter in your issue of June 17th on the subject of his travelling chariot of 1840.

The Science Museum in South Kensington, as the national museum of science and industry, is charged with the preservation of the history of road vehicles from early times down to modern usage.

So far it possesses 37 examples of horse-drawn carriages of various types. The nineteenth century is well represented, though a few gaps remain to be filled, but vehicles of the eighteenth century and earlier are so scarce as to be almost non-existent. It is intended to represent these in due course by small scale-models constructed from such data as is procurable.

Gifts of contemporary prints or drawings or designs are welcome to achieve this object, as also are the various appanages of road travel.

Owing to certain delays in rebuilding exhibition space is restricted for the time being, and only thirteen vehicles are on view (these are changed at intervals), but there is a present need of preserving examples of all types before they perish away or, as Mr. Taylor hints, become hen houses.

Yours faithfully,

G. E. B. MACKINTOSH (Director, Science Museum).

South Kensington, London, S.W. 7.

[Will Mr. J. V. Taylor, Dunmore, whose letter is referred to above, kindly communicate with the Editor.]

SERVICE TO READERS

Each week the *Field* contains a page devoted to Answers to Correspondents. This feature has been running for just on eighty years now, and like every well-established feature in every walk of life now causes little or no comment. But it is the feature of which the *Field* itself is most proud, and we feel that readers may like to know something of a service of whose scope they can have little or no conception.

Every question that comes into this office is answered by the Editorial Staff through the post. Only a selection of the answers is published week by week. Many of these questions are answered by return of post, but some take days and a few take weeks to answer. They come from all over the world; in 1938 from all the Dominions, from every British colony, protectorate and mandate; from every European country; from the United States; from Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Ecuador and Mexico; from Cuba; from Siberia, China, Japan, Siam, and Borneo; from Iraq and Syria; from Egypt, Algeria, Morocco, Belgian Congo and Portuguese East Africa; from Madagascar, the Philippines and Hawaii. And they are on every conceivable subject. During the year 1938, for example, we planned three honeymoons, and a shooting trip in Africa; we dealt with Toby jugs and stage coaches; with illnesses of pet cats and a baby bear; with the fertility of soil and of mares; with parrot disease and coccidiosis; with the choice of cameras, field-glasses, guns, rifles, clothes, hotels, pets, hunters, yachts and country houses; with rivers to fish and moors to shoot; with every sort of gardening query from the most obscure to the most simple; we identified birds uncommon and common, mammals and reptiles and insects; we diagnosed the cause of death in game birds and aviary birds and goldfish; and we answered a question about tombstones.

Year by year the number of questions increases.

From January 1st to December 31st we answered, excluding cartridge tests (which themselves make a good total), 2,698 questions, made up roughly as follows:

Angling	Hunting	Shooting	Farming	Gardening
91	303	300	601	354

Naturalist	Travel	Dogs	Miscellaneous (including post-mortems)
301	201	100	358

We are proud of this service. It costs the reader nothing at all. And we think it compares favourably with any similar service provided by a newspaper anywhere in the world.



A FINE BIRD WITH A WING SPAN OF 40 INCHES
(See letter "Carrion Crow")

CARRION CROW

SIR,—I am interested to know if any reader has ever seen a finer specimen of a carrion crow than the one shown in this photo. It has a wing span of 40in. and was killed by me on the Brockhampton Court Estate.

I have killed some fine specimens from time to time, but never one to equal this, nor have I heard of such a fine bird.

Yours faithfully,
Stone House, J. F. ASPLEY.
Brockhampton, Hereford.

HOOPOE IN DORSET

SIR,—On the morning of April 12th I had the good fortune to meet with a hoopoe quite close to the town of Dorchester.

On my return in the evening it was near the same spot feeding on the ground as before.

On the following day, and again on April 14th, I watched it for a long time, but on my next visit, April 19th, it had gone, and I am glad to say it went away unmolested.

Yours faithfully,
Blandford, W. J. ASHFORD.
Dorset.

THE BEST DEFENCE—ATTACK

SIR,—The following incident seems worthy of notice.

On the 22nd instant a young thrush, fledged but unable to fly, occupied our front garden. The parent came to feed it at intervals. On the following day my mother was in the garden with her French bulldog, which was routing about in the ferns, apparently in the vicinity of the young bird. Suddenly the parent appeared and, alighting on the dog's back, proceeded to peck the animal with some violence. The dog, taken by surprise, made off.

Yours faithfully,
31, Hillcroft Crescent, E. S. WALLS.
Ealing, W. 5.

EARLY PARTRIDGES

SIR,—On May 17th, while going my rounds on the boundary of Hetton House Estate, I found a partridge nest containing ten eggs. I could see by the nest and eggs that the bird had been sitting some time. I did not get back to the nest until May 27th, when everyone had hatched. By the condition of the shells I could see she had hatched out at least a week. This is very early, especially so far north.

The following may interest some of your readers. On the same estate, on April 27th, I shot a male hybrid, a cross between a corbie crow and a hoodie (the latter a native of Norway). The bird was slightly larger and had a much longer tail than either a corbie crow or hoodie. As far as is known, it is the only one that has been killed in Northumberland. It is preserved in Hancock's Museum, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Yours faithfully,
Mealkiln Knowe, R. SIMPSON
Chatton, (Head keeper).
Northumberland.

MOLE CRICKET

SIR,—May I through the medium of your paper thank the many who have written me in reply to my letter *re* the above, which appeared in your issue for May 27th.



THE INSECT IN QUESTION
(See letter "Mole Cricket")

All have been from abroad, or relate to it there, and no one seems to have any first-hand knowledge of it in this country.

It is certainly strange that this curious insect is so little known, and one can only conclude that so far as this country is concerned it must be counted extremely rare.

Its appearance is so strikingly unusual that if it were in any degree common it would most assuredly have been remarked upon more frequently. The only other authentic record besides my own for this county is one preserved by Mr. Alfred Thomas, taxidermist, late of Gloucester, but this, too, dates back 30 years or more.

I enclose a plate which gives quite a good illustration of the insect, and if space allows of its publication it might assist those who do not know the name mole cricket to identify it.

Yours faithfully,
Parkend, M. LEIGHTON RIDGWAY.
Moreton Valence,
near Gloucester.

CANADA GEESE

SIR,—You may think it worth placing on record that I have had a similar experience here to that which Mr. Eric Hardy relates of the Knowsley flock. A hatching of nine took up their quarters in my waters of 40 acres. They increased to a flock upwards of 200 and, like the Knowsley flock, became a nuisance to the farmers. They proved so clever in escaping the guns that the only way of reducing the flock was to collect the eggs from the nests, of which there were many. These intelligent birds defeated our intentions, for after pairing they went off and nested elsewhere, returning later with their broods, so that now, as in the case of the Knowsley flock, we only have a nest or two. The flock which makes its headquarters here takes an annual holiday of from 14 to 21 days in the autumn to some unknown destination. I wonder whether the Knowsley flock do the same.

Yours faithfully,
Gatton Park, JEREMIAH COLMAN.
Reigate, Surrey.

A GIANT SHARK

SIR,—I think the enclosed photograph may interest your readers. It shows a huge shark caught off Mousehold recently by Mr. Harold E. Dennis. The creature, which was harpooned twice, fought for an hour and 50 minutes before it could be brought alongside, and was later found to measure between 27ft. and 30ft., though its exact weight—somewhere between 5 and 6½ tons—could not be ascertained accurately, owing to lack of adequate tackle to raise the fish out of the water. Eight men on the Mousehold crane could not raise it and the task was given up as a bad job lest the crane should crash.

Yours faithfully,
Penzance. H. L. PENRAUL.

RINGING OAKS

SIR,—From the photograph published in your issue of June 3rd it is fairly clear that the object of the high ring-barking of the New Forest oak trees is to secure a good crop of acorns so that the ground may be carpeted with young oaks to replace the mature trees.

As Mr. Sketch points out, ring-barking is well known to the fruit grower who applies it to trees that are growing too strongly and failing to fruit satisfactorily. Its effect is to stop all wood growth below the ring, and to administer a shock that causes the tree to take stock of the need for ensuring reproduction.

It could not possibly have the reverse effect suggested by your correspondent—namely, to improve the circumference of the tree and check top growth. It does not hinder the upward flow of water, but does prevent the food materials passing below the ring. This food is therefore retained in the crown and available for fruiting purposes.

Yours faithfully,
East Grinstead, REGINALD DAVEY.
Sussex.

GAME POLICY COMMITTEE

SIR,—There are, I have no doubt, among your readers many who will be interested to know that a committee has been appointed by the Government in Kenya to consider and report on certain matters of vital importance in conserving the rich indigenous fauna and flora of the colony.

The committee, known as the "Game Policy Committee," has as its two chief terms of reference:

"(1) To consider and make recommendations as to the policy to be adopted in regard to the preservation and control of game with special regard to the necessity for preventing game coming into serious conflict with the economic development of the country.

"(2) To consider and make recommendations concerning the institution in the Colony of a National Park or Parks, including their location extent, constitution, control and management."

The committee is inviting anyone who wishes to do so, to submit evidence on matters falling within its terms of reference, and it is probable that some of your readers have views on National Parks or on Game Policy, either generally or with special reference to Kenya conditions, which they would wish to place before the committee. Memoranda setting out such views will be welcomed by the committee, and should be in the hands of the secretary (care of The Secretariat, Nairobi) by the end of July or as soon thereafter as possible.

The committee will be most grateful if you can find it possible to take an early opportunity of bringing this matter to the notice of your readers.

Yours faithfully,
A. T. A. RITCHIE, Captain
(Game Warden).

Game Department,
P.O. Box 241, Nairobi.



SEVEN FEET SEVEN INCHES ACROSS THE TAIL
(See letter "A Giant Shark")

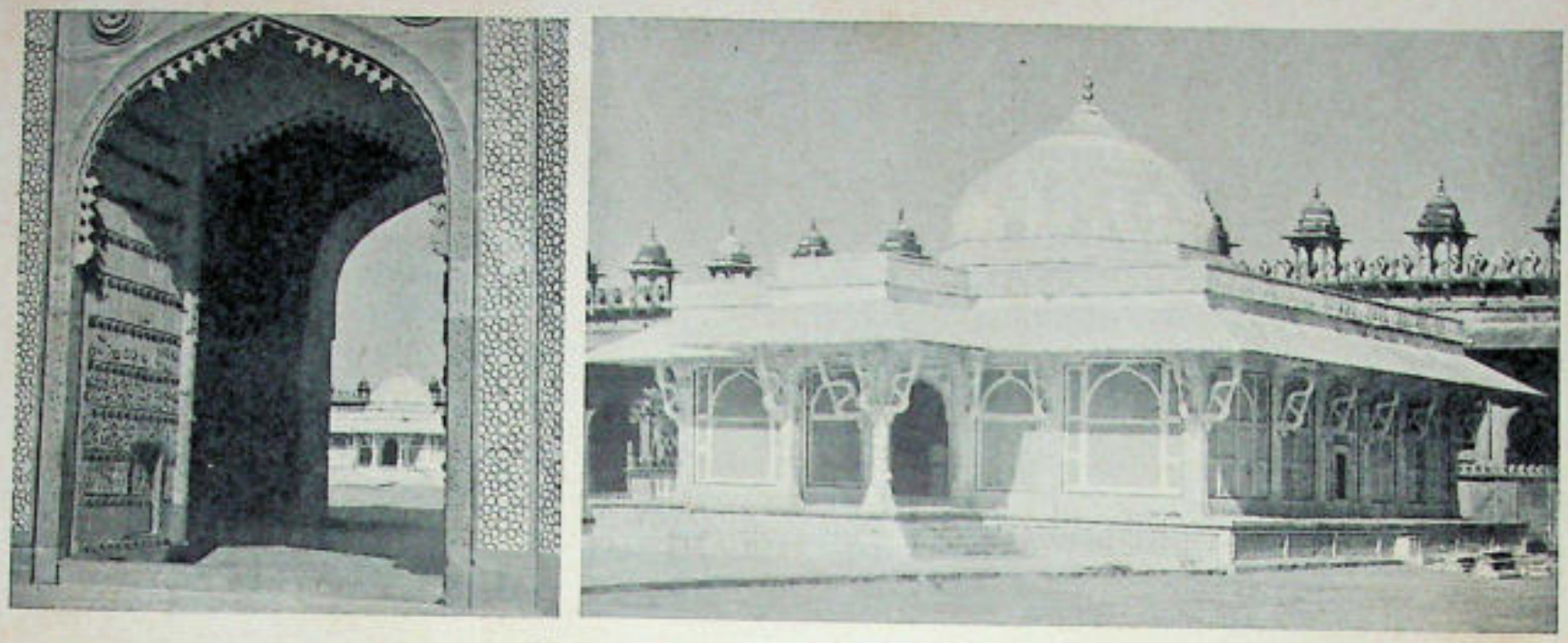


Gentlemen!
your
Johnnie Walker—

However many racquets a champion may need, for real refreshment he need only order a Johnnie Walker. Every whisky in the Johnnie Walker blend — which includes all Scotland's finest whiskies—is chosen for some special quality, which is enhanced by the blending. If it's men's doubles —make them Johnnie Walker.



BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG



THE HORSE-SHOE GATE AND THE TOMB OF SHAIKH SALIM CHISTI
(See letter "A Deserted City")

A DESERTED CITY

SIR,—Twenty-three miles from Agra lies the deserted Mogul city of Fatehpur Sikri, Akbar's "City of Victory," the building of which was begun in 1570. The city is built of red sandstone, all very finely carved, and is said to be entirely the work of one man. Two outstanding features in it are the Horse-shoe Gate and the tomb of Shaikh Salim Chisti, a noted Mohammedan saint.

The tomb of the saint is of white marble, carved with possibly unrivalled skill and delicacy. The windows, which can be seen in the second photograph, form a transparent marble lattice, and contain no glass. It is said that the shaikh advised Akbar, who at the time had no son, to send his wife to Fatehpur Sikri and tie a strip of coloured cotton to one of the windows. This apparently did the trick, as a son was born within the year! The custom is still observed by Hindu and Mohammedan women who desire children.

Regarding the Horse-shoe Gate, legend has it that sick horses are cured by nailing one of their shoes to the doors; these doors are studded with shoes dating back to the sixteenth century, and can be seen in the first photograph.

By an inscription over the doors, Akbar warns those who leave by this gate that ". . . The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house on it. The world endures but an hour; spend it in devotion."

Yours faithfully,
India. E. WATSON.

THE BAOBAB TREE

SIR,—I have just read "W. H.'s" letter headed "Baobab Tree" in the *Field* for June 17th. I have no doubt that the interesting statements about the



THE BOX AS IT NOW APPEARS
(See letter "Nuthatch Nesting")

growth of this weird tree are correct, for the part of Africa to which "W. H." refers, but I am sure they also grow like any other tree in West Africa.

I have seen plenty of young baobabs; they always marked the site of deserted villages in the bush.

In 1918–19, as everyone knows, the world was in parts decimated by influenza. All over the bush of the hinterland of West Africa there were deserted villages which I was told had been left during the influenza scourge; they looked to me older than this, but in every one there were two or three baobabs from 7ft. or 8ft. to 20ft. high. I do not think these young trees could have engulfed any other tree, as for one thing their limbs were only about 9in. in diameter; for another thing they were growing on the village midden heap, where there never are any trees. I have myself fired through the biggest with a .303 rifle, which does not suggest there was the trunk of any other large tree inside, or does "W. H." consider that the trunk of the victim tree would be rolled away or assimilated by the aggressor?

The seed-pods of the baobab contain a white substance much like the cuttle fish one keeps for birds to peck at, but it is very sweet, and quite pleasant to eat.

Yours faithfully,
Higher Holditch, South Chard, Chard. C. ST. B. SHIELDS.

DOMESTIC OVERCROWDING

SIR,—Last year I had a pair of moorhens nesting on a nearby pond, which brought off an early brood. When these were not more than three-parts grown, a second hatch was on the water.

Now happened what to me appeared most unusual: the parents turned over these youngsters when only about a week old to the first brood, and went off to another pond in an adjacent field to raise yet a third family. The birds of the first brood tended those of the second with great care and devotion, and in every way acted as ideal foster parents. After many years of nature study I have seen nothing like it before.

Yours faithfully,
Gloucester. M. L. R.

YOUNG BIRDS BRICKED UP

SIR,—Your bird-loving readers may be interested in the following: A little fully-fledged blue tit was flying about in a ventilator above a window—the mother feeding it from outside. The inner side of the ventilator was removed, which necessitated a considerable amount of hammering (and mess!), the bird was released and flew off quite happily. Later in the morning two more birds were in other ventilators on the same side of the house; they were also freed in like manner. The following morning all three were happily flapping about in No. 1 ventilator—waited quite unconcernedly while they were being unscrewed and sent flying away. The nest apparently is high up in the cavity walls and the young birds had fallen or crawled to the first available, to them, opening. The question arises: How many poor little birds get bricked up in cases where there are no ventilators other than those below floor level, which is to my own knowledge sometimes the case?

Yours faithfully,
Croswick, Burnham-on-Sea. E. E. VIGNE (Mrs.)

NUTHATCH NESTING

SIR,—This year we decided that separate bird boxes were an unnecessary luxury, so we made community boxes with several distinct compartments. The one in the photograph had four chambers. Two pairs of nuthatches immediately took possession and at once proceeded to close up the alternate openings with clay. It took them some considerable time, but the work is so well carried out that the fillings are almost invisible. Both pairs successfully reared families and the last of the young birds flew away on June 5th.

Yours faithfully,
Greenlands, Keymer Road, Burgess Hill, Sussex. J. G. WILSON.

ELEPHANT'S DOUBLE HEART

SIR,—In my letter on the above in your issue of June 17th I notice two errors which I shall be glad to see corrected.

The measurements given as "13 by 14 in." should read "13 to 14 in," and the word "lober" is a printer's error for "lobes."

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

TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK

SIR,—On visiting his coops one morning lately my keeper found all the young pheasants at one coop dead. Inside the coop the murderer, in the shape of a young stoat, was fast asleep and the old hen was brooding him most affectionately. I do not know whether anybody has ever heard of such a queer case before.

Yours faithfully,
Addington House, nr. Croydon. W. H. HILL.



A LONELY BONE

SIR,—I was surprised to read in your issue of May 27th that the "Lonely Bone" was unknown to all to whom your correspondent had spoken on the subject.

These bones are common to all the cat tribe.

I have shot tiger or panther in India in the U.P., C.P., Behar, Orissa, Bengal, Kashmir and in the Kanarese jungles, and have always found that the local shikari or "skinner" knew where these bones were to be found.

I have always been under the impression they are the survival of a prehistoric collar bone.

Yours faithfully,

Ministry of Defence, Baghdad. D. O. W. LAMB.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

THE CUCKOO AND ITS EGGS

SIR,—During 26 years of interest in ornithology I have examined many nests containing the egg of the cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*), but never had I seen this bird give her secret away. I had never even seen a cuckoo visit a nest. Therefore, little did I think that the whole scene would be enacted before me on the evening of May 29th, and less possible did I imagine that Mr. Edgar Chance, the eminent authority on the cuckoo, would be with me when I was privileged to see what so few of us have seen.

On the evening in question I was walking in a garden with Mr. Chance, who suspected that an active pair of hedge sparrows had their nest in this garden, and if so, this evening was a suitable opportunity to watch the cuckoo of this vicinity visit the nest. The nest was found containing three eggs. Suddenly at 7.10 p.m., as if at the command of Mr. Chance, a cuckoo appeared, flying from a row of trees, across the garden to the fence by which was the nest of the hedge-sparrow. The flight was heavy and careful, as if the weight of an egg, ready for deposition, was being carried.

From the fence the hen cuckoo flew to a pear-tree near the nest, and for a few moments remained stationary, all the while surveying the area, and seeing all was clear for the visit to the nest. Then at 7.16 the bird returned to the fence and entered the bush from behind. At 7.19 I saw the cuckoo fly from the nest carrying the blue egg of the hedge sparrow in its bill, seemingly as near the tip of the bill as possible. The bird flew from the nest to the trees from which it had originally flown at the opening of the episode, and the distance was sufficient to enable me to see the egg in the beak of the cuckoo with the naked eye and also with glasses. The lack of trees or any obstruction in front of us gave us a perfect view of this remarkable enactment.

One thing which stood out in my mind when watching the bird in flight was the great difference in its flight before and after laying the egg. On the one hand, heavy and careful, and on the other, light and free, proving that the egg had been carried in the body of the bird and the flight lightened after the laying of the egg.

Yours faithfully,

Kestrels, St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe, near Dover. G. E. TOOR.

SIR,—To your correspondents who see cuckoos with eggs on their beaks, might I suggest that in every case it is the egg which they always abstract before they lay their own in the nest. These they either swallow (as the best means of getting rid of them) or drop. The cuckoo is not an egg eater otherwise, as is so often supposed.

The one seen by your correspondent Kismet (if it were an egg) had probably been dropped by accident, and the bird regained possession of it.

Until recently only one man, and he a monk and no ornithologist, had actually seen the egg emerge from the cloaca and drop into the nest. Quite recently a friend of mine has actually got this performance in a film.

Yours faithfully,

Lancaster. H. W. ROBINSON.

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. Chance's letter in your issue of June 24th in reply to "Kismet." May we now have his comments on the problems raised on "Two Cuckoos" in the letter from Mill Hill? Is not the hissing noise made by the young cuckoos, and not by the fosterer? and is not the bare patch on the fosterer's head caused by the act of thrusting her head into the young birds' beaks when feeding them, and not by the thick foliage? But why two cuckoos? Why did not one (or each) eject the other? Did they hatch simultaneously, and are they mutually tolerant of each other?

Yours faithfully,

Brockhurst, Chiddingfold, Surrey. H. M. BRICE-SMITH.

SHETLAND PONIES

SIR,—Being at present engaged upon some research in connection with pony breeds I should be greatly interested to hear the opinions of your readers upon the following statement which I have read in connection with Shetland ponies:

"It has been suggested that the ponies became so small by reason of the severity of the conditions under which they lived, but this is refuted by the fact that ponies reared in southern climates and on rich pasture show no tendency to increase in size."

The author does not put forward any alternative theory.

Yours faithfully,

Fenstanton Manor, Huntingdonshire. R. ASSELL WELLS.

CONGREGATING RAVENS

SIR,—Referring to your request for information regarding ravens congregating together. Two or three years ago I had the same experience as your correspondent. On my hill, where there are a few grouse, there appeared a gang of between 30 and 40 ravens in the month of August. They remained there for some weeks in about the same place. They were a nuisance when out shooting, as they kept mobbing my old setter and just kept out of gun-shot. When a shot was fired they cleared away, but very soon returned and again annoyed the setter by flying close over her. I shot one of them who ventured too close. Since then I have not seen them.

Yours faithfully,

Plâs Penhelig, Aberdovey, Merioneth. J. M. HOWELL.

ROEBUCK ANTLERS

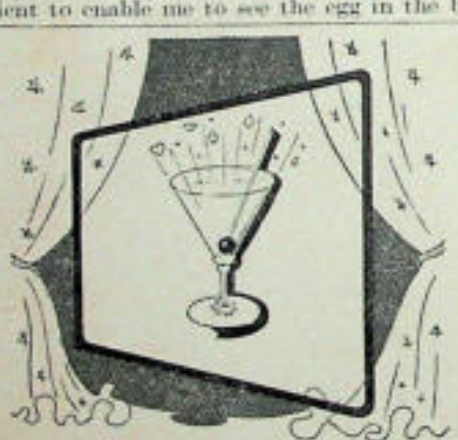
SIR,—When visiting "Skansen," i.e. Stockholm's Zoo, on May 29th, I observed a roebuck with full-grown antlers. Surely at this time of the year all roebucks have shed their antlers, and the new ones are not yet full grown?

Could any *Field* reader suggest an explanation?

Yours faithfully,

Djurs-holm, Sweden. G. RAUSING.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EMERY STREET, S.W. 1, appeal for 4/- weekly for a poor old lady of nearly 80, living in North London. For many years she was helped by her family, but unhappily she has now lost them all, her fourth and only surviving son dying of cancer in 1931. She is now old, alone and frail, with fast failing sight and she has only her Old Age Pension. Please send us something for this pathetic old lady.



CINÉ COCKTAIL

Baby's first steps . . . Doris diving, in slow motion . . . a procession filmed from your office-windows with telephoto lens . . . You can take all these with a Magazine Ciné-'Kodak' as simply as ordinary snaps. Yet this handy camera, that slips into your pocket, can be loaded with a magazine of 16mm. film in three seconds . . . that's all!

PLAIN OR IN COLOURS

When you want colour shots, just substitute 'Kodachrome' for black-and-white film. (You can do it in the middle of a reel without wasting any film.) The results are incredibly lovely.

Examine the Magazine Ciné-'Kodak' at your Ciné-Kodak Dealer's and ask for a booklet on Ciné-'Kodaks.' Or write to Mr. F. Taylor, Dept. 57, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, for *your free copy*.

P.S.—You can now take pictures indoors on fine days, or you can even film at night in good lighting conditions, by using Ciné-Kodak Super-XX Film.

Ultra-fast f1.9 Anastigmat lens; seven lens-focus and wide-angle lenses available (extra); 3 speeds (16, 32 and 64 per sec.). Capacity 50 ft. magazine of 16mm. film. Price (with carrying case), £40.



The MAGAZINE CINÉ-'KODAK'

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

PROFIT figures now being published by brick-manufacturing companies and other concerns associated with the building trades show contraction as compared with recent experience. I must point out that companies in this industry have enjoyed several years of great prosperity.

There has of late been a severe falling-off in the building of houses for private occupation. The building industry as a whole is reasonably well employed, even now, but most companies are engaged on constructional work of an industrial nature and on Government contracts.

It is generally accepted that the falling-off in the construction of homes for the people results from a lack of definite Government plans for insurance against damage from the air. Few, therefore, can be tempted to put their money into bricks and mortar while the international situation is bristling with difficulties.

Some move by the Government to give insurance protection may result from pressure now being brought to bear on behalf of the building industry and insurance companies. When such a step is taken there will undoubtedly be a revival in private building which would, I might add, have a marked effect upon the activities of the building societies.

It is observable on the Stock Exchange that the popularity of the securities of property companies has dwindled a good deal. Some such securities to-day offer most satisfactory returns and, in my opinion, they are really worth consideration on the part of those with money to invest. One concern in particular, whose ordinary shares are, in my opinion, really attractive is in Slough Estates Ltd.

This company owns factory estates at Slough, in Bucks, and also at King's Norton, Birmingham. In addition it owns a controlling interest in Slough Motor Supplies, Ltd. It provides tenants on the Slough estates with electricity, water and gas. Revenue has been steadily increasing since 1933. In that year the issued capital was £588,000 in £1 shares receiving a 10 per cent. dividend.

The existing capital of £735,000, and for the last two years dividend has totalled 15 per cent. Development of estates in other parts of London is constantly before the directors. The concern is regarded as having a distinct future. The £1 shares at 63/3 give a return of roughly £4 15s. per cent.

There are many selections among the securities of property companies nearer London. London County Freehold & Leasehold Properties has a most satisfactory record. Its properties are situated in almost every district of Greater London.

It has been the policy of the directors for many years to pay three interim dividends a year. These have been a regular 2 per cent. with a final of 4 per cent. and a bonus of 1 per cent. to follow when the accounts are available. That means 11 per cent. in all.

The 10/- shares have a market price around 15/- to yield as much as £7 6s. 6d. per cent. I consider the shares quite a good investment.

Covent Garden Properties Company has particularly steady revenue-producing capacity. Its freehold estates include Covent Garden market and Royal Opera House, London, but there are other freehold and leasehold properties in the Metropolitan area. For years the ordinary dividend has been a regular 7½ per cent. The £1 ordinary are valued in the market around 15/9, which means a high return of £9 10s. 6d. per cent.

The first indication of any improvement in the European political situation would undoubtedly have immediate effect on prices for securities such as I have mentioned. There is probably a risk in buying, but risks have to be accepted in order to get yields such as offered on these securities.

SNAKE SUBTERFUGE

An interesting consignment of snakes has recently arrived at the Scottish Zoological Park, from Texas. The most interesting amongst them is the hog-nosed snake or "spreading adder," as it is called in the States. It is not an adder; it is not even poisonous, but it carries through a huge bluff. When disturbed, it inflates its lungs with air causing the body to spread out with a bloated appearance which carries a strong suggestion of the body of a rattlesnake; that is probably sufficient to warn off most intruders. If that bluff fails a more interesting one is tried. The hog-nosed snake rears up the fore part of its body, with its neck flattened and broadened and its head pointing forward in a manner strongly resembling the pose of a cobra about to strike. If still the intruder is either blind to these warnings or "calls the bluff," it will turn over on its back and remain rigid as though it had been dead for a week.



LORD INVERCLYDE'S BERYL CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE TO WIN THE "FIELD" TROPHY OVER A COURSE OF ABOUT 156 MILES

A GREAT "FIELD" TROPHY DUEL

Lord Inverclyde's Fine Win in the Motor Yacht Endurance Test

By K. MARILLIER MILLER of the "Yachting World"

FOR the fourth time the contest for the *Field* Gold Challenge Trophy has been held on the Clyde. For the fourth time it has been a really great success. So much so, in fact, that it is fast becoming the most important event of the year for British motor yachts and cruisers.

Since the Trophy was brought to the Clyde by Mr. Harry Turley in 1935, the Royal Scottish Motor Yacht Club have had the organisation in their hands, and they have shown most conclusively that they are supremely competent.

Of the sixteen entries this year only three failed to present themselves at the starting line. One of these was an Irish entry, and we were all sorry to miss him, but the little Kathleen had, of course, come over from Northern Ireland, and no more welcome or popular ship and crew could be found.

The limit boat, Mr. Ninian Stewart's Rosemary, put all the others on their mettle by crossing the line only 8sec. after her gun was fired on the Commodore's steam yacht Minona. All did their best to beat that start, but none of us could quite manage it. So she set off all by herself, just after lunch and then there was an interval of more than two hours before the little Kathleen, with her cheery bearded owner at the wheel, started after her.

At this stage, in spite of the most optimistic weather forecasts, the breeze from about N.N.W. began to pick up. It seemed that there was every likelihood of a fairly tough patch once clear of Garroch Head, although in the Firth itself the Clyde was in smiling mood. The puffs of white clouds were travelling much faster and showing firm edges. Down the Holy Loch the wind now whistled through Minona's rigging, but the fleet set off in good order, anticipating plenty of sea off the Craig, but, in that bright sunshine, positively looking forward to the 156 mile trip.

By the time the big 'uns at the tail end of the list were due to start the limit boat must have been close to the Craig, 45 miles from Hunter's Quay. She practically carried the ebb for the whole distance, and when she turned the mark she took the flood up Kilbrennan Sound—right into the teeth of the breeze which had now hardened considerably. Every ship in the test took a pretty heavy beating on that open water between Pladda Light and the Craig. We did not know until much later that Metopa and Morna sought shelter in Lamlash and Brodick.

Between individual ships there were many keen duels. As one of Clarinda's crew, I watched Lord Inverclyde's Beryl round every possible mark, checking each gain and calculating our chances. Lord Inverclyde was doing much the same from the time he crossed the line nine minutes astern of us, right until he finally passed us on the leg from Garroch Head to Tarbert.

It was most interesting. His Beryl is a light displacement Nicholson 93-footer, while Clarinda is just over 60ft. on the waterline and is of quite different type—a hefty, heavy ship from Silver's yard. Beryl sleeks her way through or over the water, looking almost slow for her size. Clarinda is about as purposeful a ship as I know. She stamps



By Courtesy of the "Yachting World"

THE ENDURANCE TEST COURSE

TEN YEARS OF PERFECT SHAVES WITH ONE BLADE!



In ten years, Segrave's record of 231 m.p.h. has been raised to 377. But through these fast-changing years Mr. C., of Welling, Kent, has never changed the blade in his Rolls Razor. He says: *"I was given a Rolls in March 1929. I am still using the original blade, and have not had to renew any part, or even adjust anything since I have had it. Above all this I can get a* **perfect** *shave with it, not just a good one."*

21/-. 27/6 presentation Sets up to 20 gns.

ROLLS RAZOR

SELF-STROPPING · SELF-HONING SELF-CONTAINED

Shaving Bowls 1/6. Shaving Sticks 2/6 (Refills for either 1/6). Shaving Brushes 5/- to 15/-.

Write for illustrated catalogue. Our Service Department exists for your enquiries and convenience.

ROLLS RAZOR LTD., LONDON, N.W.2
Showroom: 197a Regent Street, W.1

D.A.57b

along at ten knots through almost anything, throwing spray high, wide and handsome, and making a fine mark for Beryl to follow through the night and morning.

Once outside the narrows, by the light of the big full moon we could see the seas running down Bute Sound as wind met tide. We rolled, pretty fiercely at times, until we felt a lee from Arran. But never for a moment did Clarinda lose a fraction of her speed.

Then from Pladda to the Craig the seas were more quartering, keeping helmsmen hard at it to hold a true course when a big one caught the stern. A moment of lee under the Craig, a quick look back for Beryl, and then out into it again, head seas now and hard ones all the way up to Kilbrennan Sound. This was where Clarinda's weight and great power should tell against any others in the fleet. She was given no mercy, nor did she ask for it as she was slammed into it remorselessly, dead on her course by a little hawk-eyed man at her wheel. Beryl gained nothing on us on this leg, but we were both closing up on Golden Gleam, Eun Mara and Melora.

Dawn saw us in quiet water off the measured mile posts on Arran's north-east shore. Sure enough we could just see some other competitors out in the Firth rolling their way over to the Cumbraes almost hull down away on our beam. "How much had Beryl gained on us?" was the next question.

I timed her to be just over 4½ minutes astern round Holy Island. She had picked up only half our lead in about two-thirds of the total distance. We were delighted, but we forgot about the comparative quiet of the water ahead. From now onwards she began to close steadily on us.

Half-way to the Cumbraes we passed first Senora and then the gallant Irish Kathleen. Melora and Golden Gleam were added to our bag off Inch Marnock, and then without seeming effort Beryl slid past us.

Considering the bad weather out at the Craig it was not surprising that the bigger boats came right through the fleet. They naturally could keep their speed easier in a lumpy sea which had given the smaller craft a tough time. And so between Ardlamont Point and Tarbert we picked up Marabeth, Rosemary, Tunnag and Eun Mara, all going well, and set off after Beryl, now a minute or so ahead of us. Barring accidents we were bound to finish first and second.

As always we found peace, quietness and beauty in the Kyles. In lovely warm sunshine and smooth water Beryl slowly increased her lead, getting her gun, a most popular winner, nearly 8 minutes ahead of Clarinda. It had been a great race. Then Golden Gleam and Eun Mara had a mere 2 minutes or so between them, followed by Tunnag and Melora only 5 seconds apart. Clearly the handicappers had done their duty admirably, as always, and the weather had sorted the fleet in a most interesting way into approximately comparable ships, in pairs.

Of the dinner, held on Saturday evening at the Queen's Hotel, Kirn, one need hardly say more than that the Commodore, Mr. George Urie Scott, was in the chair, as usual. That is a certain guarantee of a friendly, cheerful meeting. Good seamen are not usually the wittiest of speakers, but Lord Inverclyde proved himself the exception. Commander Gibson, a pillar of the club, was brief and to the point in his speech, and Major Tom McGill found no more hardship in announcing the results and times than we did in listening to him.

"FIELD" TROPHY RESULTS

Racing No.	Name of Boat.		Friday. Start at P.M. H. M. S.		Saturday. Finish at P.M. H. M. S.
1.	Mr. Ninian B. Stewart's Rosemary	Prize Best Start	2 5 0	..	1 3 47
*2.	Mr. Ernest D. Kennedy's Westward		2 43 16	..	—
*3.	Mr. James M. Tolmie's Zephyrus		3 42 20	..	—
4.	Mr. W. H. Roberts's Kathleen	Gave up (in Millport)	4 9 32	..	—
5.	Mr. James F. Ross's Tunnag		4 38 25	..	1 5 34
6.	Mr. J. Miller Murdoch's Marabeth		4 46 8	..	1 16 36
7.	Mr. T. R. Patterson's Metopa	Gave up (Lamlash)	4 50 44	..	—
8.	Mr. John U. Wright's Senora		4 57 10	..	2 25 0
9.	Mr. J. A. Wotherspoon's Fresonia	Gave up (returned to start)	5 4 55	..	—
10.	Mr. Joseph McLauchlan's Morna	Gave up (Brodick)	5 32 15	..	Not timed
11.	Mr. Nigel Laird's Melora		6 5 53	..	1 5 29
12.	Mr. Thomas Angus's Eun Mara	Fourth	6 7 8	..	12 45 37
14.	Mr. Harry Turley's Golden Gleam	Third	7 20 37	..	12 43 23
*15.	Dr. Alfred C. Seymour's Cruiser		7 28 5	..	—
16.	Mr. John C. Sloan's Clarinda	Second (Wylie Cup)	8 54 15	..	12 16 8
17.	The Rt. Hon. Lord Inverclyde's Beryl	First (*Field* Trophy)	9 3 6	..	12 8 22

* Non-Starter.

Commodore ..... Mr. Geo. Urie Scott, S.Y. Minona
Hon. Starter and Judge ..... Commander Robert Gibson, R.N.V.R.
Hon. Official Handicapper and Timekeeper .. Major Thos. McGill

BOAT RACE TRAINING

By DENIS GUYE

I SUPPOSE no athlete is in such constant training as the modern rowing Blue. No sooner will Henley Regatta be over when, according to a recent announcement, Messrs. C. B. Sanford, A. Burrough, M. Buxton and J. L. L. Savill, representing the C.U.B.C., will be leaving Croydon Aerport to fly to South Africa to compete in various races.

Not only will they have to borrow a boat and oars, but also that unknown quantity, a coxswain, because, just as here in the provinces and generally abroad, the coxswainless craft has not yet established its popularity, which is surprising, as it is a vastly more pleasant form of rowing.

Excursions abroad are rapidly becoming popular with the universities. Two years ago the Boat Race crews raced in Paris against picked crews from the Seine and Marne clubs, whilst last year and this they flew to the Riviera to try their hand at sea rowing in the bay at Cannes against the leading coast clubs. Despite a form of training, which I do not think would be condoned by the strict disciplinarians, the late W. B. Woodgate and Dr. Bourne, they had no difficulty in winning these races and, at the same time, giving a first-class exhibition of Fairbairn and orthodox rowing, which was much appreciated by French clubs, who are endeavouring to raise the standard of their rowing.

The Cambridge Boat Race crew of 1932, as the Granta, represented this country at the Olympic Games held at Los Angeles and other excursions abroad included racing in Germany and on the Danube, where the crew received tremendous ovations.

When one considers that quite apart from the Boat Race, which, excluding the trial eights and experimental work in the Christmas term, is a three months' concentrated job, there are such events as the summer eights, college representation at Henley, light fours, pairs and sculls in the "Blue's" calendar, it will be readily seen that he has little time in which to get fat. In view of his continued activity, one cannot help concurring with the popular view that Boat Race crews would benefit from a less gruelling form of training. The fact that it cannot be necessary to train solidly for three months for a 20 minutes' contest, is rather proved by the Head of the River race, when any number of the 140 crews taking part, on the most scanty preparation, are able to strike just as fast, if not faster, over the whole of the course, than the losing Oxford crew of this year; and, furthermore, that men like Len Harvey, the Empire Boxing Champion, requires little more than three weeks in which to get fighting fit for contests which nearly always last at least 30 minutes, also emphasises the same point.

Again, it might be less severe on the nerves if only two instead of four weeks were spent at Putney, where the "hero worship" and incessant battery of cameras would make even a film star a little weary. No doubt it is largely taut nerves which influence those last-minute changes in the personnel of the crew that completely nullify the cohesion and meticulous time-keeping which are the chief assets of a long training.

Whether or no the University Boat Race training is right, and which, after all, is a matter for the universities themselves to decide, there can be no doubt that our past policy in choosing and training our representatives for Olympic events was altogether wrong and did not give our competitors a chance against the strong foreign opposition. The fact that we have failed to win the eight-oared event since 1912 can be ascribed to the faulty policy of either picking the winning Grand crew of the previous year or a representative crew a fortnight before the event, rather in the manner of making up scratch eights at an end-of-season club regatta.

The latter policy was adopted with the English eight at Berlin in 1936, and despite a miraculous piece of coaching by Kenneth Payne, the effort was a débâcle. There was no excuse for an English eight to be lying second at 1,500 metres and to finish fourth of five at 2,000 metres, except that they were not together. It is, therefore, exceedingly pleasing to learn that plans for the 1940 Olympic games to be held at Finland have already been made. A representative committee, has been formed with no less a personage than Jack Beresford, jun., who must know more about Olympic Games than any other living man, as its chairman.

The present idea is that our intended crews should be thoroughly representative of English rowing regardless of the calls of club or college, and should practise throughout the winter at week-ends.

Despite the strong American Olympic invasion which has been invincible in the eights since 1920, I am quite sanguine of our success next year. English oarsmanship has never at any time been inferior, but, alas, our method of selection and preparation has been totally inadequate for English crews to justify themselves against foreigners who have been specially trained for the events.

THE BISLEY MEETING

By CAPTAIN ERNEST H. ROBINSON

DESPITE all difficulties there will this year again be three full weeks of competitions at Bisley. They started on Monday, July 3rd, and will end on July 22nd.

This week the Royal Navy and Royal Marines have held their rifle and revolver championships as usual. The cancellation of the Army Rifle Association meeting has allowed the senior service and the "Jollies" to shoot in considerably more comfortable conditions than in normal years.

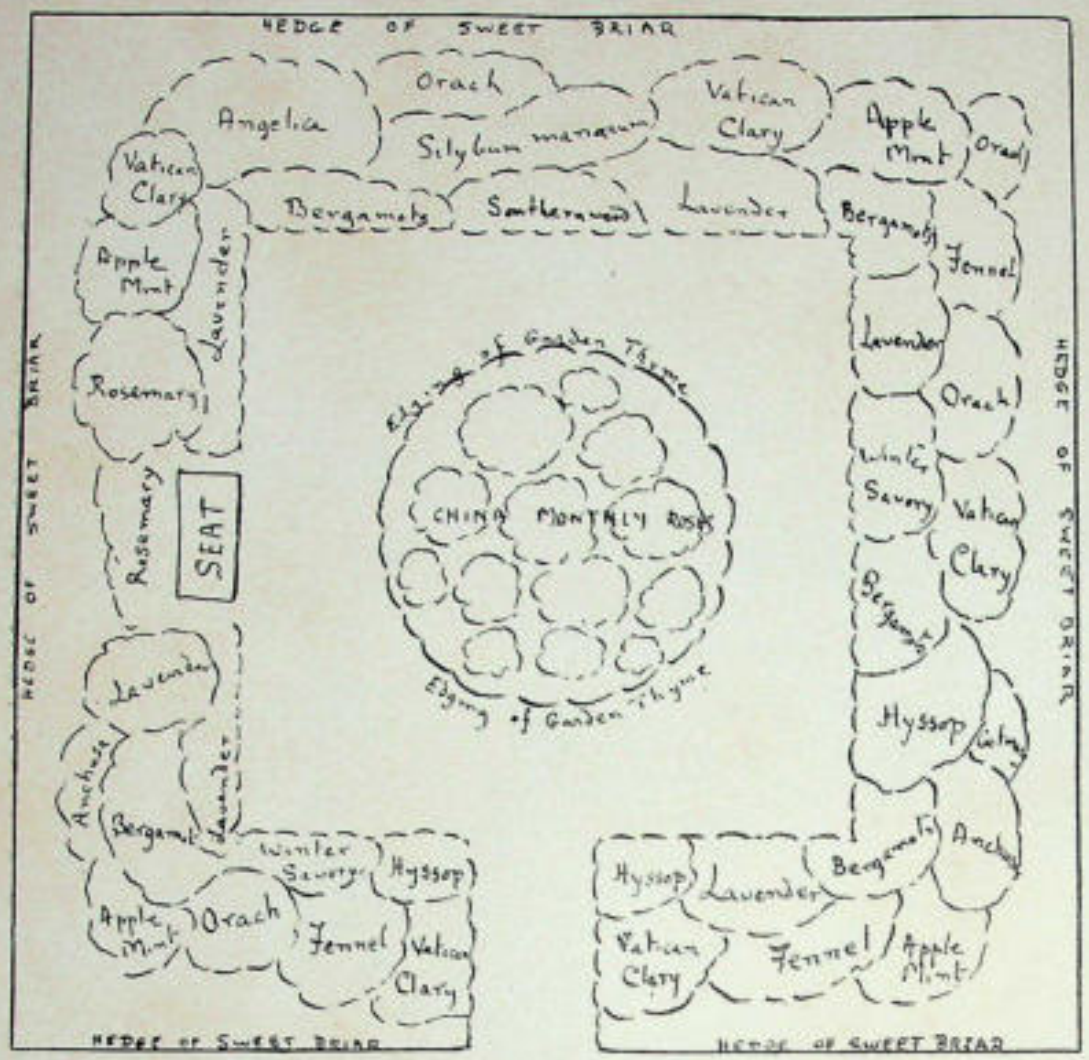
The difficulties which beset the National Rifle Association are primarily concerned with tent accommodation. The Territorial Army is now attending camp at double strength, and the instructional staffs and recruits at every regimental depot are now going into camp under canvas to make way for the Militia which will occupy the depots from July 15th. The shortage of tents has made impossible the housing at Bisley of the two full infantry battalions which are usually detailed by the War Office for butt and range duties. A sufficiency of tents to accommodate competitors and a maximum of 250 markers from the Royal Navy, Royal Marines and Royal Air Force have been obtained.

The N.R.A. has managed to crowd the whole of the important competitions into one week, July 10th to the 15th. There have, of course, been considerable alterations in the programme, but the King's Prize starts as usual on the Wednesday, the Ashburton Shield match and the Public Schools Veterans match will be held on Thursday, the 13th, and the King's Prize Final and prize distribution will take place on Saturday, the 15th. The Clay Bird meeting will be held as usual, and the new sporting range will be in full operation.

The Match Rifle events have been crowded out, but will be held on the first three days of the next week, ending with the Elcho match on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, July 19th.

For the benefit of those who want a full fortnight of service rifle shooting, or, because of holiday arrangements, will not be able to shoot in the grand aggregate events, the N.R.A., in collaboration with a committee from the Bisley clubs, has arranged a series of auxiliary competitions, starting on Monday, July 17th, and finishing on Saturday, July 22nd. There will be a separate competition each day for which the final prize will be a cup and £5. There will also be a grand aggregate of the full series. Entries for these competitions are coming in well, and it is expected that at least 300 competitors from all over the country will attend.

To enable the N.R.A. competitions to be held at all, many interesting innovations have been made. As a result of these experiments it is possible that there will be many changes in future Imperial meetings.



The Country House

A GARDEN ENCLOSED

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THERE is a great charm about enclosed gardens, especially small enclosed gardens. I have many mental pictures of different examples, and it is extraordinary the variety that is possible. I recall one comparatively small one enclosed with a lofty yew hedge (the hedge is double on one side and tunnelled to form a shady walk), and the centre of the garden is laid out in a simple design taken from the embroidered crown of a baby's cap two centuries old. The design is laid out in box, and the interstices were filled, when I saw the garden, with marigolds which looked like a pool of gold with the sombre background of the yews. I recall another little "garden enclosed," also surrounded by a yew hedge, and in it there is only a tiny lawn and a trough-garden containing a few Viola species and a seat. It is a pleasant restful spot.

Yet another comes to mind, which consists of four gardens enclosed, each about 20ft. by 20ft., all within an encircling hedge. Each enclosure is a different type of spring garden.

The plan depicted above is for an enclosed small garden, which is designed specially for its restful atmosphere. A pleasant place in which to sit and read, or, still better in these restless days, to sit and do just nothing at all. There is no formal arrangement, the old-fashioned and mostly aromatic plants in the outer bed being in irregular clumps. They are mostly plants beloved by bees, for what pleasanter than to sit and listen to bee-music?

This garden is enclosed with a Sweet Briar hedge, which should not be kept mercilessly clipped, for this ruins the beauty of this shrub in flower. It is kept about 8ft. high, and all through summer there is the delicious scent of the leaves (at their best after a shower of rain), in June the lovely flowers, and all through autumn and winter it is hung with scarlet berries like fairy lanterns. They hang on till March, for birds never touch them.

In the outer bed and round the edge of the centre bed are a few Crocuses and other early-flowering bulbs. The centre is planted with pink China Monthly roses and thickly edged with garden Thyme, for these two associate perfectly in flower, and these roses flower from June till well into December. I far prefer their exquisite colouring and age-old dignity to the modern Poulsens. For spring the roses are interplanted with the cherry-red Pride of Haarlem Tulips, which are enhanced by the rose foliage. The path is flagged, and the interstices are planted with creeping Thymes and tiny Thrifts, &c.

The level of the outer bed is broken by a bush of Rosemary on one side of the seat and Lavender Walhampton Giant on the other, and at irregular intervals are clumps of the Vatican Clary (taller growing and far more attractive than the type), Fennel, Angelica and the thistle known throughout Southern Europe as Our Lady's Thistle (*Silybum marianum*), which is so curiously decorative in flower. Amongst the less stately plants are clumps of Lavenders—one or two of the tall kinds, several of the lovely white-flowered form, and some of the early-flowering richly-coloured dwarf kinds.

Winter Savory, one of the most attractive August flowering sub-shrubs, is placed here and there. Bergamots in mixed colours associate delightfully with Lavenders and Winter Savory, and with the Hyssops. The pink-flowered Hyssop is particularly attractive. There are also generous clumps of Southernwood, kept bushy and a mass of green throughout summer and autumn by being kept well clipped to within 15in. of the ground every spring.

I think it is pleasant, in a small garden such as this, to have any out-of-the-way plants for which one may happen to have a special liking. They should, however, be of a kind that do not mar the restful atmosphere of such a garden. The blood-red Orach, with its slender 5ft. stems, makes an occasional colourful break—and small clumps are effective. Every part of this plant is blood red, and in seed it is particularly attractive, for the seed hang in crimson tassels. It is so slender that it can be fitted in anywhere. Anything in the nature of half-hardy plants would be out of place in this garden.

The placing of such a garden needs careful consideration. It requires sufficient sun, and if in such a position that from the seat there is either a pleasant distant view or a vista of another part of the garden such as a herbaceous border, so much the better. There is little space in the garden depicted for any ornament in the way of a sun-dial or a bird-bath, except for very diminutive ones.

Old sun-dials are costly treasures, and a modern pedestal frequently strikes a jarring note. I think the best solution where cost is a consideration is to use an old tree stump about 3ft. high as a pedestal.

DESIGN OF FLUSH POINTS

THE success or otherwise of the coverts described in last week's *Field* will depend upon the siting and design of the flush points. It is well known that the ideal is to drive a bird over the guns back into the covert from which he has just come. This is not always practicable, and very largely depends upon the lie of the land.

If the woods are disposed on both sides of a central valley, flush points set on prominences on each side of the valley will enable the birds to be driven in a zig-zag course from covert to covert down the valley and finally with the last drive back up the valley again. On a flat or slightly undulating country advantage is taken of every small rise to secure high birds, but the principal method is to rely upon high trees to secure this end. The disposition of the drives is designed to cause the birds to fly towards the centre of the estate.

The more difficult problem is the woodland which crowns a hill or ridge, with no other wood on the estate to aim the birds at. In the case of a wooded hill the birds will be driven round the hill, the flush points being directed slightly downhill, so that advantage is taken of the slope of the ground to secure high birds.

The wooded ridge invariably has subsidiary prominences projecting down the slopes like the legs of a centipede. If the flush points are placed on these and directed along the slope, the birds can be made to fly swinging backwards towards the ridge over guns standing well below on the lower ground between the prominences.

Most guns prefer high birds and, to secure these, dense rises are placed in front of the flush points so that the pheasants leave the wood at a high elevation. The rise is semi-circular in shape consisting of three rows of evergreen conifers. On heavy soils douglas fir, on medium soils with plenty of moisture Norway spruce, and on the dry sandy soils a central row of Corsican pine with two rows of Scots pine, on chalk Austrian pine.

The flush point is set at the apices of the three wedge shaped coverts, and is itself triangular in shape with slightly convex sides, the flushing face being more deeply convex so that the birds tend towards the middle. Its aim is to give a steady stream of birds, rather than the all-too-frequent rising of the birds in a bunch. To this end it should not be too small. A flushing face of 100yds. and a depth of 150yds. to 175yds. is about right.

The usual keeper's flush point, consisting of odd shrubs dotted about and much artificial covert and hedge brushings is not to be recommended. Seldom is it really efficient. Either the ground is bare, or the shrubs have outgrown their usefulness.

A flush point should not be too dense at its commencement, or the birds may rise too soon and swing to one side or back over the beaters. It should be thicker as the flushing face is approached, and the swelling should be set about 60ft. from the rise, so that the birds have plenty of room to gain height and top the trees in the rise.

If the flush point and rise is set a little way inside a wood, the guns will see none of it, and have the impression of a more or less continuous stream of pheasants flying from somewhere in the wood.

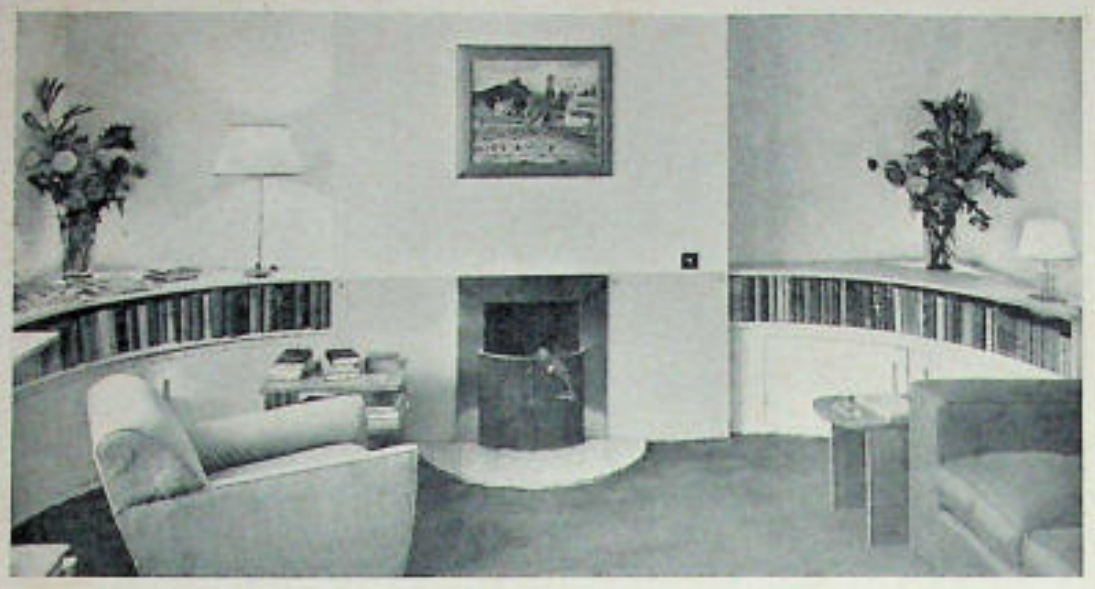
The condition of a flush point is exactly similar to that required for nesting. It is the state of a young plantation during its first three years of life. This means the lightest of shade, no trees and plenty of weed growth and stool shoots.

A reproduction of these conditions can be secured by planting ash as coppice and cutting it every six years. On lighter soil birch will be satisfactory, and on a heavy clay hazel. All these enable weed growth to thrive, giving the desired cover and impeding the free movement of pheasants on the ground and causing them to take to the wing. To prevent this occurring too soon lanes may be cut in the brambles and weeds to allow the birds to reach the centre of the flush point before rising. They should be of different lengths.

Bracken is the only weed that is quite useless for the purpose, and where it grows it should be killed by cutting when the leaves are just beginning to expand. On this lighter type of soil quite the best flush point is heather cut over every six years, and it is well to plant heather in preference to birch coppice.

To avoid the one year of hareness following from the six-yearly cutting, it is advisable to cut in alternate 20ft. strips running parallel with the flushing face, thus visiting the flush point every three years.

REGINALD DAVEY.



IN THIS ROOM THE SPACE BEHIND THE CURVED BOOKCASES HAS BEEN USED TO FORM LIGHTED PANELS THAT GIVE AN ADDED EFFECTIVENESS TO FLOWERS

BUILT-IN LIGHTING

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.A.

ONE of the most expensive luxuries of the present day is space. Living in towns and cities has produced a state of affairs when site values have risen to phenomenal levels and practically every square inch has to be used to the greatest possible advantage. Architects have struggled with the problem of designing flats with the best possible accommodation for certain rentals, with the result that, although in some cases contemporary flats have a reasonable spaciousness, all furnishing and equipment has to be chosen to take up the least possible room.

In common with every other piece of household equipment, lighting has inevitably become more and more a part of the interior of rooms, to be as inconspicuous as possible and to take up little space. A few years ago it was immaterial whether half-a-dozen wall lights or portable lamps were used to light a room, but nowadays restrictions on space have made it absolutely necessary to reduce the number of lighting fittings to a minimum.

Electricity has supplied a clean, safe and efficient means of providing light without elaborate precautions being necessary for ventilation or prevention of danger from over-heating. Lighting can be introduced behind ceilings, in walls and above cornices, and, in fact, in innumerable ways that make the lighting fitting an integral part of the room itself.

Perhaps the only disadvantage of built-in lighting is that to make an installation worth while it should be reasonably permanent. If houses or flats are taken on short leases then it is uneconomic to make elaborate alterations to rooms, but in most instances it seems well worth while to provide ourselves with pleasant surroundings, even if this involves some expenditure.

The practice of building in light has been developed to an extraordinary degree in the cinema, the theatre, the modern hotel, and in many restaurants. We are all of us aware of the extremely pleasing and often soothing lighting effects produced by many forms of indirect lighting, and there is no reason why simple and easily installed ideas on these lines should not be adapted for our homes.

Each house or flat has individual characteristics arising from its plan and its relation to the structure, and quite often the placing of beams or breaks in ceiling levels provide ready-made opportunities for wonderful lighting effects. As a simple example in thousands of interiors a break in the ceiling occurs where bay windows project from bedrooms or sitting rooms, and strip-lighting or a simple architectural lighting fitting screened behind this would light up curtains and perhaps the dressing-table too. In spite of this opportunity, it is common to find a pendant fitting hanging in this position, and almost invariably this makes no contribution to the pleasantness of the room, and is not a satisfactory means of lighting.

There is always a certain amount of fixed furniture, such as bookshelves, cupboards, wardrobes, and so on, that are made up to fit particular positions and to make the most use of recesses. While these are being made and erected it is a simple matter to extend existing wiring or run new points so that lighting becomes a definite part of the design, adding to its effectiveness and its efficiency, and at the same time making it unnecessary to use lighting fittings or portable lamps as an afterthought. All wardrobes could have tiny built-in tubular lamps housed in the thickness of shelves or other suitable positions, using switches that were operated by the opening or closing of the doors. Corner cupboards with glass tops lighted from below are simple to construct and give a new beauty to flowers or leaves that stand on them.

If lighting is to form a definite part of the interior, then the greatest possible care must be given to its position, and the placing of lighting points. Although it seems obvious advice, it is surprising how many houses, and expensive houses and flats, have lighting points put in impossible positions. For example, there are a number of instances where a door opening would cut any lighting fitting on the ceiling, or smash any lighting fitting on the wall behind it. Invariably, in bedrooms, a lighting point is put near the window, irrespective of the shape of the room, and the probable arrangement of furniture. Lights in kitchens in such a position that one cannot avoid working in one's own shadow. Most living rooms, and certainly all bedrooms, have nothing like enough skirting plug points, so that lighting on a dressing-table is only possible by means of a trailing flex going halfway round the room. Bathrooms are given one point only, in the middle of the ceiling, and yet it is so obvious that there should always be another available point for a light over a mirror for shaving, or a self-illuminating mirror of a type which most of us know. How many men have lacerated their chins morning after morning for the want of a light in the right place? This lack of thought on the part of the builder or the architect often prevents us from lighting our homes as we would wish, and we hesitate to have walls cut away and decorations spoiled to run lighting points to the right positions, and often put up with inconvenience for years and years as a consequence.

The building of the future will have all its general lighting provided with it, and forming an essential part of it, in the same way that a motor car is bought complete with all its equipment. After all, no one nowadays buys a motor car and puts in his own lighting fittings, and it seems quite possible that in a very few years' time kitchens will be built up of standard electrical and other equipment, working on the unit principle, so that the room will not be made and the equipment put into it, but the equipment decided on and the room assembled to take it. The time has come when, quite apart from the actual electrical installation, the ultimate lighting of every part of a building must result after every consideration of its position and purpose has been reviewed in the early stages of the setting out.

Lighting should be either a part of the architectural form, or, if fittings are used, their positions should be carefully decided upon in relation to their type and their place and importance in the general scheme. Points must be provided, not for "a light of some sort," but for the right fitting in the right place.

The development of many types of lamps has made it possible to introduce lighting into very small spaces. Not so very many years ago it was necessary to use ordinary lamp bulbs, or rather inefficient flame-shaped lamps, but to-day there are many quite efficient and durable tubular lamps of varying lengths that do not exceed 1¼in. in diameter. These lamps make it possible to use lighting behind narrow mouldings or beams by the side of bedheads, in bookcases, in china cupboards, in decorative niches and recesses of all kinds, and they have opened up new possibilities for useful and decorative lighting.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Carnations for All

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THERE are carnations to suit almost every part of the garden, both under glass and in the open. The oldest type is, perhaps, the border carnation which flowers during the summer out of doors.

The cottage carnation, on the other hand, is quite a new race. It is hardy, flowers abundantly, and has a dwarf habit of growth. The Malmaison blooms under glass the entire year, but should not be grown in a cold greenhouse or out in the open. The Perpetual Flowering carnation does best in a heated greenhouse, where it will flower quite happily for twelve months of the year. It does not do well in a cold greenhouse, but I have used it as a summer bedding plant.

This should not be confused with the Perpetual Border Carnation, which is, perhaps, the ideal race of hardy outdoor carnations and which flowers in the open from May till October. It is quite a good cold greenhouse plant also. The Room Carnation is the type that grows with a short bushy habit, and is used much in the country as a pot plant. It flourishes on a table or shelf near the window.

Closely connected to the carnation, and yet coming from quite a distinct origin, is the Pink, which blooms early in the summer. The *Allwoodii* may be said to be of mongrel origin, as they are a cross between the carnation and the pink. They are very hardy and robust, and if they are protected with a glass cloche in the autumn, they can be kept flowering right up till Christmas. The *Allwoodii Alpinus* is a hybrid race which do well not only in the rock garden, but in a stone wall or growing between crazy-paving. And so one could go on describing the dianthus family.

Whether for outside or under glass, carnations may be obtained from various firms—Messrs. Allwood Brothers, of Haywards Heath, Sussex, have specialised in the dianthus family for years. Mr. Montagu Allwood is a very well-known horticultural character, and the man who has written two books in the subject.

Stuart Lowe & Co., of Enfield, Middlesex, are also carnation experts, and so are C. Englemann Ltd., of Saffron Walden, Essex. Other firms that offer carnation plants for sale are, for instance, Blackmore & Langdons, of Bath, the Farnham Royal Nurseries, Farnham Road, Slough, Keith Luxford & Co., Sawbridgeworth; and for Scottish readers there is, of course, John Forbes, of Hawick, Scotland.

Border carnations are quite easy to grow, providing they are planted where they can have direct light and are not overshadowed by trees. They do not like acid soils or badly drained land.

In the ordinary way it is best to plant in the autumn, though March and April plantings may be necessary if the soil is heavy and cold. The best results are obtained from planting young carnations from 3-inch pots rather than direct from rooted layers. The roots should be buried, but never the plant stem; 12in. apart is necessary, though if it is known that the plants are to be left down for two or three years, a distance of 18in. should be given.

The Hardy Carnation should never be protected in the winter time. It is much better to leave it exposed. Frosts may loosen young plants, and when the thaw comes the soil may need firming again.

During the summer the soil will have to be hoed regularly and slow-acting organic foods should be given once a month throughout the spring and summer. Cornish Fish Manure has proved excellent for the purpose, and so have some of the specially compounded carnation manures.

Disbudding should be carried out regularly—the side buds around the centre end bud being removed. Some prefer to allow all the flowers to develop and the lower buds will produce quite good blooms later, if they are left on.

Reference has already been made to the Cottage carnations which are really an improved type of the common old red variety, called Rifleman. They are nicely perfumed, and do not need to be layered so frequently because of their ideal habit of growth.

The *Allwoodii* will grow almost anywhere. As Montague Allwood says in his book: "It is a plant for the million, as well as for the millionaire." Like other carnations, it must have direct light, and hates shade. No special cultivation or manuring is necessary, and all that need be done after planting is to keep the ground hoed regularly.

The sayings of Henri . .



A brandy such as this, m'sieu', does not boast. You must nurse it in the warmth of the hand to realise its true flavour, to learn what lineage of nobility retires behind the label of

HENNESSY

"XO"

OVER 45 YEARS IN CASK . .

Liqueur Brandy



IT'S THE AGE IN THE WOOD THAT COUNTS

ENSURE BEAUTIFUL HEDGES

OUR SELF-CONTAINED WILSON PATENT ELECTRIC HEDGE CUTTER AND TRIMMER will cut the toughest hedge, leaving the surface even and smooth, more beautiful by far than is possible in any other way. It is the quickest Hedge Cutting Machine in the World and will easily cut wood half-inch thickness. It is easily operated at a low cost either from **OUR WILSON PORTABLE GENERATING PLANT** or **FROM YOUR OWN MAINS SUPPLY.**

Demonstrations given free of cost

Write for Booklet giving full particulars and prices.

Sole Manufacturer and Patentee:

C. I. WILSON

F. Dept.

2 KING EDWARD ST., LIVERPOOL, 3

Telephone Nos. Central 5091 and 5092



A Tree Hedge being trimmed with the "Wilson" Electric Hedge Cutter

"AWARD OF MERIT," 1936, Royal Horticultural Society, Wisley, Surrey

"CERTIFICATE OF MERIT," 1936, Southport Flower Show

"CERTIFICATE OF MERIT," 1937, Shrewsbury Flower Show

GOLD MEDAL, 1938, Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society.



UNIFORM CORRECTNESS

in detail is the keynote of all Military Dress made by Burberrys as approved by the War Office. High quality tailoring is immediately apparent, all-weather comfort assured by the dependability of the materials employed in the making.

BURBERRYS

have been Military tailors for over fifty years. Officers will be interested to know that, without extra cost, Burberrys will send expert military tailors to measure prospective or already commissioned officers for their requirements. Army Dress regulations are strictly observed. When commissioned to either Regulars or Territorials place your equipment order in the hands of Burberrys with the assurance that the work and materials will pass the inspecting officer in every detail.

On Request . . . **Burberrys will be pleased to forward patterns and prices to officers or intending officers of the various Services.**

BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1



AN AUSTIN "8" BESIDE THE OLD PACK-HORSE BRIDGE AT BECKFOOT, YORKSHIRE, WHICH ONCE TOOK A MAIN ROAD INTO BINGLEY. THE FARM BUILDINGS IN THE PICTURE ARE OVER 300 YEARS OLD

MORE MOBILE PATROLS NEEDED

A Successful Lancashire Experiment Which Must Become Routine

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE unprecedented success of experimental mobile police patrols in certain areas provides sufficient justification for immediate action by the Government in establishing a system of such patrols of "courtesy cops" throughout the country. Results from an experiment in Lancashire reveal a 46 per cent. decline in road casualties, while extension of the tests applied in Cheshire, Manchester, Liverpool, Salford, Essex and the Metropolitan Police area have produced figures which are equally encouraging.

But the Government do not yet propose to go any further with the scheme, despite its proven worth, merely on the count that the annual financial demand upon the State (estimated at £2,500,000) is too great. They are prepared to meet half the cost, sharing the burden with local authorities, providing they are assured of the co-operation of these local bodies. But it has been clearly stated that they will only do so with great reluctance.

Evidence has never been lacking that Whitehall is invariably and stupidly short-sighted where the national roads and the safety of the people using our highways are concerned. Normally the critics of the lack-lustre transport policy of the Government have been confined to the ranks of the motorist and cyclist. Even now, with a matter of vital, country-wide importance concerning the personal safety of every man, woman and child in Great Britain held in abeyance, the mass of the public is slow to condemn. The frequency of transport fatalities and the appalling annual road casualty statistics apparently fail to illustrate the proportions of the problem which the Government is refusing to face.

The monotonous repetition of the monthly deaths and injuries figures fail to register in the public mind, yet every year there are approximately a quarter of a million casualties of all kinds and between 6,000 and 7,000 people are killed on British roads. To drive home the enormity of the losses, I need only point out that the number of deaths on public highways in this country total more per year than the number of men killed in the Italian Army during the Abyssinian and Spanish wars.

We know we can do something about reducing this pathetic toll. It has been proved by a practical test that the death rate comes tumbling down when mobile police patrols are at work in any one area. The Lancashire experiment offers the finest example. During the year before the "courtesy cops" were on the road there were 393 deaths on the road in the county Palatine, persons receiving serious injuries amounted to 1,839, while slight injuries numbered 5,200, giving a full total of 7,342. In the months of the patrols' activity deaths number 248, serious injuries 1,050 and slightly injured 2,807—an aggregate of 4,105. Between the two years, therefore, there is a difference of 3,237. Expressed in percentages, the differences are, perhaps, even more striking. Deaths declined by 18 per cent. and the total number of accidents by 44 per cent. Throughout the remainder of the country the reduction has been only 5 per cent. Surely these results need no further recommendation, and most certainly they merit the expenditure of two-and-a-half million pounds, to extend the system to other parts of Great Britain.

The case against new expenditure is that at the moment the Government is facing enormous outlay necessitated by the international situation and are unwilling to undertake new commitments. I realise, and moreover am one of the most ardent supporters of, the need for national defence; but, at the same time, I maintain that it is futile to plan for safety of lives which may be in peril in the future, yet simultaneously neglect now the lives of citizens who are already endangered and who are being needlessly sacrificed. This has been brought to the notice of the Government by Lord Sandhurst speaking in the House of Lords. He said:

"I cannot see that there is any value in making this land safe from air raids if we are going to kill the inhabitants of it before the air raids come. To my mind we have to keep an even balance before us and distribute our money so as to secure the greatest benefit for all the people. I cannot see how the man who is killed in a road accident to-day can benefit by the air-raid precautions of to-morrow."

It is argued by the Government that if they made the whole grant for these patrols, without invoking the assistance of local authorities, the precedent thus created would "upset the whole series of arrangements with regard not only to roads but also with regard to such services as health services." This is a feeble pretence. It merely signifies that the Government realise that the money should be disbursed, but are opposed to the methods by which it should be spent. In other words, a trivial technical difficulty stands in the way. The money must come from somewhere, and it must be spent. The people will pay, in either case, whether the Government—as the central authority—make the expenditure or whether the local government organisations are required to meet a portion of the bill. This vital question is, therefore, reduced to the status of a petty departmental argument causing a delay during which slaughter on the roads continues unabated because the mode of spending the people's money involves certain accounting adjustments.

Haggling, now that a means of improving road safety has been evolved, means that the death-rate mounts while the powers-that-be are in possession of a weapon which can effectively combat it and diminish the toll.

I have long been a consistent advocate for new and better roads, but I have been an even more persistent agitator for improving the safety factor on all existing highways. I would willingly see work on new roads suspended temporarily—if the Government is so short of finance—and the money thus saved utilised in instituting an efficient corps of "life guards" in the form of mobile police patrols. The advantages—including the strategic values—of a new trunk road are undeniably great, but they are completely overshadowed by the importance of establishing and extending a proved method of curbing the march of death upon our highways.

It has been suggested that money to meet this project should be obtained from the Road Fund. Motorists receive little direct benefit from the sums they contribute to the fund, and obviously some charge should be made upon it to meet this contingency which affects all motorists. When this suggestion was mooted in the House of Lords, the Government spokesman said that he had no control over the administration of the Road Fund, but he promised to recommend its consideration to the appropriate quarter.

The other proposal was that the Government should make 75 per cent. of the grant and the local authorities, who would still be responsible for the spending, should contribute the remaining 25 per cent. The supporters of this proposal aver that if the local bodies were obliged to find a quarter of the total expenditure, this would not unduly overburden them, and would, at the same time, ensure that the Government would not be saddled with unnecessary expense.

Either of these suggestions might be put into effect by Whitehall, but they must do so without loss of time. Delay is manifestly dangerous, but present indications are that no further action will be taken yet, and, in any case, the Lancashire experiment will be concluded in September. The danger is that the Government will be satisfied with the results of the test, and will then quietly shelve it.

To my mind the Government has no case upon which to base its "reluctance" to face the costs of extending the mobile patrol system. Even if the annual demand was greatly in excess of the present estimate, they have an obligation to fulfil when the question of human lives is at stake and when there is a known means of protecting it.

M.G. 1½ litre open tourer



The engineering genius which built Major Gardner a 12 h.p. car to travel at over 200 m.p.h., is behind this 1½-litre M.G.★ we build for you. Only unparalleled manufacturing resources make possible such a car at so moderate a price.

Safety fast!

★ *Illustrated : 1½-litre Open Tourer 4-seater. Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall, £295 (ex works).*

M.G. Midget from £225, 1½-litre from £295, Two-litre from £398, 2.6 litre from £450 (ex works).

Full details of all models from Sales Dept. M.G. Car Co. Ltd., Abingdon-on-Thames, Berkshire.

IN MY OPINION . . .

The Problems of Car Tests and Criticisms

ONE of the duties of a motoring journalist is the testing, appreciation and description of new models. In the course of a year he may try 40 or 50 cars of widely different appeal and price, and in his writing attempt to convey an impression of their qualities, performance and atmosphere.

Obviously, as a few hundred miles are the limits of his tests, there are several important aspects with which he cannot deal. He cannot hazard an opinion on the durability or all-round accessibility of the car. Nor can he delve deeply into the service facilities that an owner may expect. He does not know how long the tyres will last or at what intervals the engine will require decarbonising. And unless he is unlucky he will not discover any unsuspected weakness in the design, for to-day it is almost impossible to find a bad car. Some, it is true, are better than others, but none is wholly to be condemned.

It was very different in the old days, when a man with a wide experience of many different makes of car could often be of help to a manufacturer or designer whose experience might not have been as wide as his own. It was different, too, because serious failures on these journalistic tests were not unknown, partly because the critic's views on what a car should do were then often in advance of the manufacturer's notions on the subject. The critic's tests, therefore, often discovered such elementary weaknesses as too high a bottom gear for restarting on steep hills, overheating and so on.

So to-day the motoring writer has to content himself with stating the facts and letting the reader, who may be a potential buyer of the car under review, judge for himself. By the facts, I mean, first and most important, the capabilities of the car, how fast it will go on various gears, its acceleration and cruising speed, braking, petrol consumption, turning circle, controllability, suspension, smoothness, and so on.

Coachwork details are equally important, for potential owners pay much attention to such factors as visibility in a forward and backward direction, comfort and accessibility of seats, luggage accommodation, weatherproofing, interior and exterior lighting and, last but not least, "gadgetry."

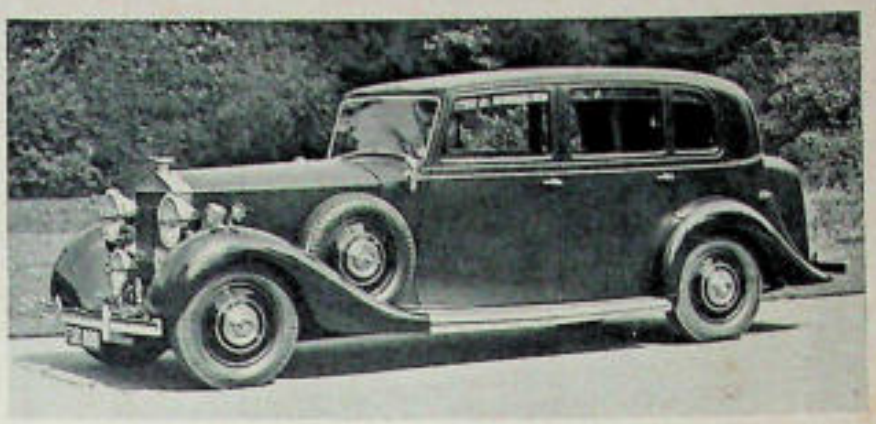
As far as is possible the honest critic will suppress his personal likes and dislikes, because a feature which does not appeal to him may be considered of value to another owner. He will consider, first of all, in writing his appreciation, the price of the car, the type of owner it is intended for, and what the car is supposed to be. Having made up his mind on these points, he can then compare the car with others in the same class and write enthusiastically or guardedly on its various qualities and capabilities.

I am often asked what attitude one takes when a car does not come up to reasonable expectations. It is a very natural question, especially as most car descriptions are supposed to be write-ups and not write-downs. The answer is that if a car puts up an indifferent performance, a very rare thing to-day, one returns it to the makers with regrets that owing to such and such a failing, which may be a piece of bad luck, one would prefer to omit this test. The maker then investigates the defect and, having cured it, may re-submit his product to the critic.

There is also another side to the question. In very rare cases the maker may consider that the critic's views or tests are not fair to the car. In that case he may withdraw the car from the test before it is completed. Actually, when working for a large and successful manufacturer some years ago, I did that myself, as I considered that one of the tests imposed on the car was ridiculous in view of a certain peculiar feature in its design. In this case no sane owner of this make of car would have attempted to do something which the critic wanted the car to do. And as a manufacturer does not submit his product to these tests with the idea of having it publicly pulled to pieces, the test concluded abruptly.

The accurate testing of a car's capabilities needs the greatest care, concentration and conscientiousness. To do the job efficiently one should use a place like Brooklands track, where quarter miles are marked out, there are special places for carrying out braking tests, a test hill of known gradient and plenty of space for measuring turning circles. Brooklands, too, provides the same sort of conditions for all cars, the only variable factor being the wind and weather. Thus if all tests are made on the track the keen and careful reader can draw far more accurate comparisons than when one test is made on one bit of road and another on another. To show in what detail some car tests are conducted it may be noted that certain critics even state in their reports the height of the barometer, for the reason that this has a certain influence on the power output of the engine and is regularly given in all Air Ministry aero engine tests.

Having selected the testing ground like Brooklands, the next thing is to arm oneself with a stop-watch. With its aid one can determine accurately the car's speed over any distance from a quarter of a mile upwards. In circling Brooklands track all out it will be found that the speeds over various quarter-miles vary considerably, generally owing to wind. The more conscientious critics make a large number of timed runs and give the average as well as the best. With the stop-watch and measured distance it is also possible to check the accuracy of the speedometer at various speeds. Sometimes it may be found accurate at, say, 30 or 40 m.p.h., and optimistic at the top end of the scale. Brooklands has this advantage, that this degree of accuracy can be discovered as easily at 80 m.p.h. as at 30 m.p.h., whereas on the road it will be very difficult to test the speedometer at all at the higher rates owing to the exigency of traffic.



A ROLLS-ROYCE WRAITH, WITH BODYWORK BY MESSRS. THRUPP & MABERLY, WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

Braking and acceleration tests are to-day often conducted with the aid of a Tapley instrument which gives a percentage reading of efficiency. If this is translated into ordinary figures, such as a stop from 30 m.p.h. in 30ft., or an acceleration from 10 to 30, 40, 50 or 60 m.p.h. in so many seconds, the public can gauge the car's capabilities quite easily. In the old days the braking tests, especially at the highest speeds, were not very reliable because of the difficulty of gauging exactly where the pedal had been applied. Also, as can well be imagined, the full power application of the brakes at a speed of 60 or 70 m.p.h. was quite a thrilling experience.

Brooklands also has the advantage of possessing a weighbridge, and, having used it on many occasions in the past, I can say that the catalogued weight of a car does not always coincide with the reading on the scales. This may be due to the fact that factory cars are often weighed dry—*i.e.*, without water, petrol or oil, or that since the original weight was taken it has been found necessary to add new accessories or to strengthen up certain parts.

The measuring of petrol consumption, as pointed out in a recent article in the *Field*, requires a true understanding and a full statement of the prevailing conditions. The identical car running under conditions that may vary enormously as regards load, speed, weather conditions and even tyre pressure and fuel used, will give equally widely varying results. To provide the reader with really useful data, therefore, it would be wise to quote the worst and best consumption figures that could be obtained. And, in fact, that is what some manufacturers do to-day in their book of words.

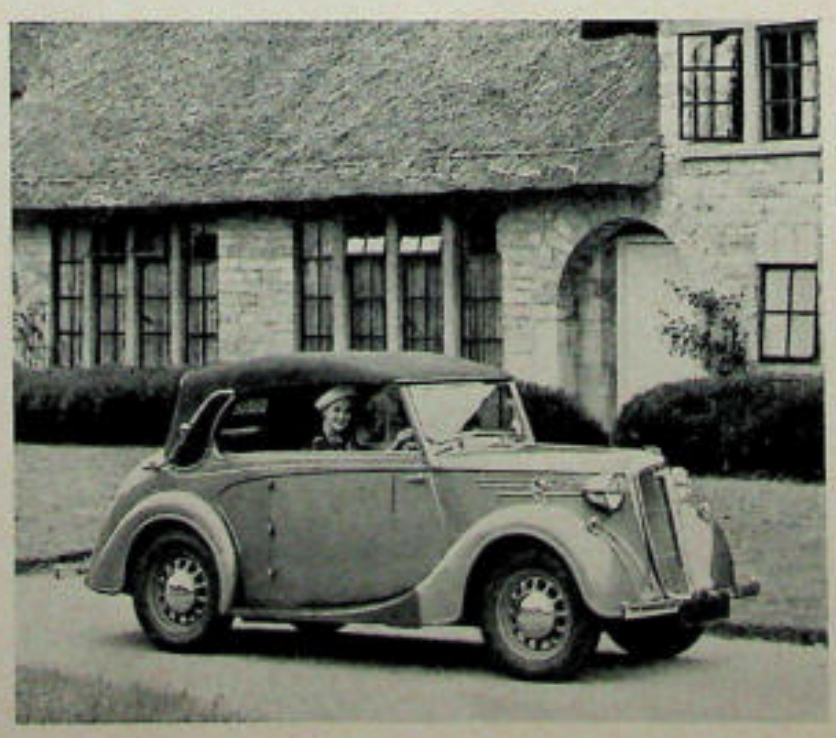
Now let us turn to the more indefinable qualities of a car, such as controllability, comfort, smoothness, silence and roadworthiness. The appreciation of these qualities is fraught with difficulty. You, for instance, touring at not more than 40 or 50 m.p.h., may consider a certain car ideal in all these respects. Another driver may want to proceed faster, and may find that the soft suspension that suits you makes him sway on corners or bump his axle on rough roads. Silence and smoothness are matters of personal opinion—at any rate, at the moment—for the ordinary tester cannot measure them and give a figure as he does for speed, braking or petrol consumption. And the same is true of appearance. A line, colour, contour, shape or style of furnishing and appointment that appeals to you may horrify your friend just as his or her ideas on dress, decoration, food and wine may be at variance with yours.

Comfort, too, is equally difficult to assess. The angle, suspension and size for a certain type of seat may suit you. You feel instantly that this layout fits you like a glove. But your wife, perhaps shorter and slimmer, may feel lost and ill at ease. And while on the subject of seats, I should point out the importance of testing a car from the back seat. Personally, whenever possible, I make a point of this, for I want to know, if I feel sick, whether I have a tolerable view of the road ahead, whether I can stretch out my legs and do not get stiff after a longish run, if I can wear a hat and whether I am likely to be brained when going over a moderate bump. Back-seat comfort is a vital consideration on any type of car, but it is of most importance on the larger, more expensive types, where the owner usually sits behind and employs a chauffeur.

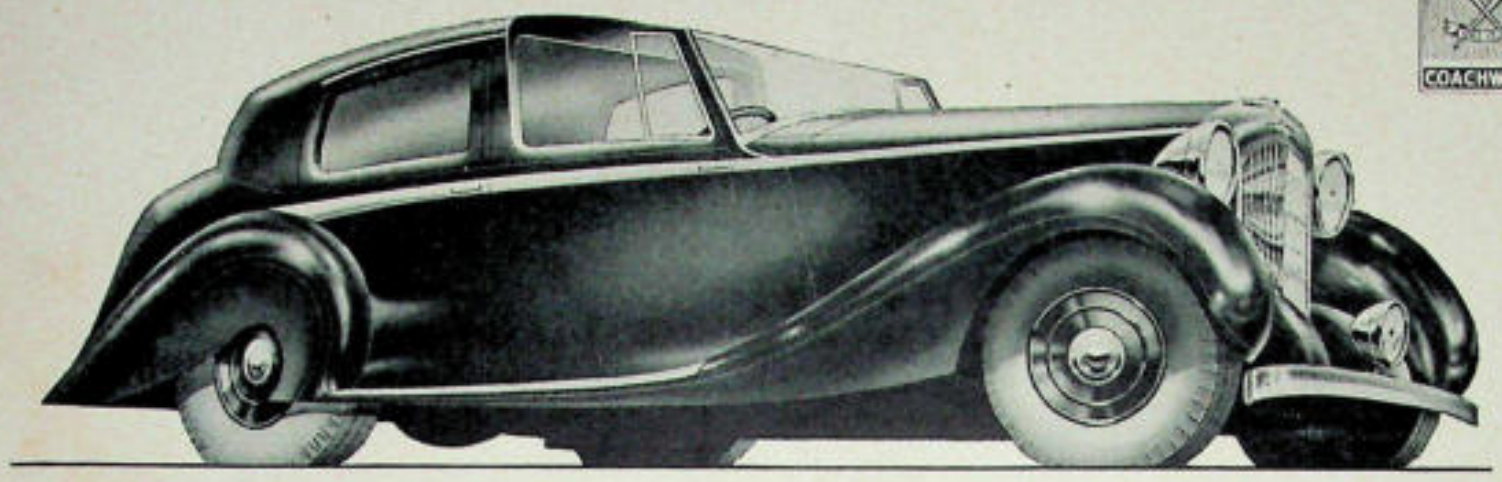
An unusual way of assessing the qualities of a family car is to test it with the family on board, letting them change places during a day's journey and asking them to award marks out of a possible hundred under various headings. By this means a more general view of a car's appeal can be obtained.

But when all is said and done the acid test of a car is its performance over long distances in the hands of the public. What does the critic's paltry week-end trip avail against even a 20,000 miles a year motorist's experience? That is the man who can tell you whether his car is good, bad or indifferent. True, he has not the all-round experience of the professional critic who drives many different cars. But on his one and only car he is a real and reliable authority. And, after all, it is the public that decides in the long run as to the merits of a car, and any car which sells and continues to sell freely must be worth the money asked in the opinion of large numbers of people. In time, of course, a better car will make its appearance in the natural way of progress, and when this comes along one of the useful functions of the motoring journalist is to explain and assess its appeal and quality to the best of his ability.

W. G. McMINNIES.



THE NEW WOLSELEY TEN DROPHEAD COUPÉ, WHICH HAS A LIVELY PERFORMANCE AND A SMART APPEARANCE FOR A SMALL CAR



BARKER SEDANCA
V.12 LAGONDA

FOR 229 YEARS *the highest praise of Coachwork has been expressed in the phrase . . .*

"By Barker"

The car illustrated provides an outstanding example of Barker LAGONDA *Craftsmanship*

BARKER & CO. (Coachbuilders) LTD., 66, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W. 1 *Telephone: Grosvenor 2421*

The SPIRIT of 1790



The House of Sandeman was founded in 1790 in the heyday of the sedan chair. And to-day this mellow, warm-hearted Whisky still serves to remind us of an age less hurried and more serene.



SANDEMAN
SCOTCH WHISKY
The King of Whiskies



FLY TO DEAUVILLE

Only **55** minutes by plane from London (Croydon), and **40** minutes from Brighton

Via OLLEY AIR SERVICE, LTD.
(Great Western and Southern Air Lines, Ltd.)

3 to 4 departures daily, including early Monday morning special from Deauville to London. **Brighton-Deauville Service begins July 29th.** Information at: LONDON OFFICE, 7b Lower Belgrave Street (Tel. Sloane **5855**); CROYDON AIRPORT (Tel. **5117-8-9**) and at all Travel Agencies.

By boat via Southampton and Le Havre (Southern Railways).

Normandy Hotel · Royal Hotel · Hotel du Golf

Room with bath from **£1**. Room with bath and full board, inclusive, **£1 12s.**

JULY 10-17, **GREAT GOLF TOURNAMENT WEEK.**
For Amateurs and Professionals. 125,000 francs in prizes.

JULY 9th to SEPTEMBER: **35** Days of **HORSE RACES** on two courses. **£50,000 in prizes.**

JULY 22, 23, 24, **AERIAL RALLY,** under patronage Royal Aero Club.

For information apply to C'd't, Harold Perris, 119 Piccadilly.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27, **GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE**

2 GOLF LINKS. POLO. ALL SPORTS.

ROULETTE and TRENTE ET QUARANTE-BANQUE OUVERTE

DEAUVILLE
LA PLAGE FLEURIE

F. Andel: Managing Director. *Same management as in Casino Municipal, Cannes, in Winter.*



THE YELLOW ANTHEMIS GROWING BY THE MILLION, CAUSING A BRIGHT PATCH VISIBLE FOR MILES

LIGURIA—LAND OF FLOWERS

ON the terraced slopes of Liguria—that province of Italy forming a narrow strip of mountains and coast between Spezia and the French frontier—facing the deep blue of the Mediterranean, stretches acre upon acre of ground dedicated to the cultivation of flowers. Every inch of the available land in the growing districts is occupied either by flowers, shrubs, plants and greenhouses or colour-washed dwelling houses, with an occasional round water tank of concrete.

The flower-growing industry of Liguria is one of the few industries in the world which does not suffer by competition from other sources of supply. During the summer, when the rest of Europe is producing its crop, the workers in Liguria are preparing for the next season. Their busy period begins in November and finishes in April, and during those six months miles of countryside are scented by millions of blooms of every conceivable colour.

The richness of the soil, the mildness of the climate and above all the extraordinary clarity and purity of the atmosphere, which allows the sun to exert its full beneficence, are such that plants thrive in the open air during the winter. In consequence they have a stamina and reserve of strength which gives to the cut flowers the advantage of great durability.

Some plants need protection against frost and wind, and this is provided mainly by matting; certain others must be started or grown entirely under glass.

Liguria produces about a million pounds worth of flowers a year; of this over £810,000's worth are flowers for cutting. Carnations and roses form the foundation of the industry: at the last exhibition at San Remo the catalogue printed the names of 90 specimens of carnations and admitted that over 400 others were shown. The variations in size, shape and especially in hue are incredible, entrancing and beautiful beyond description. Twenty-three varieties of roses appeared by name at the same exhibition. Nearly every other flower for which such an exceptionally good climate is suitable is also grown, and a number of specialities has been evolved.

The work of rearing the flowers occupies about 5,500 people over at least 5,000 acres of land. About another 160 persons are employed in distribution, without taking into account the many buyers who peddle their wares throughout the neighbouring regions.

Imperia is the centre of production, but San Remo the most important centre of distribution; about 800 baskets of flowers change hands there daily during the winter, compared with about 450 baskets at Ventimiglia.

The market itself is at present held in a temporary building until such time as a fine projected construction can be erected. It opens daily at 6 a.m. for an hour's sale of roses; from 7 a.m. carnations and other flowers are dealt with until 9. The sellers are mostly women, and the business is carried out in a quiet and orderly manner, each seller having baskets arranged according to name, quality and shade, while the buyers wander round purchasing their requirements.

In spite of an appearance of calm and ease, however, the flower market of San Remo is one of the most sensitive exchanges in the world. Outside influences, often unpredictable, can send prices up or down by 50 per cent. or more, generally without any warning. A severe storm, the death of a well-known person, a society wedding, or some special anniversary can alter the finely balanced relation between supply and demand to such an extent as to cause enormous movements in price.

Roses vary in price from about 1/3 to 10/- per dozen. The price of carnations ranges from 1/3 per hundred to as much as 12/- a dozen. On a day when the market is quiet narcissus are on sale at 2d. a dozen and daffodils and hyacinths at 1d. A few of the commoner flowers are even sold by weight.

Owing to their remarkable powers of keeping fresh, large quantities of cut flowers are packed into straw boxes and exported. In fact about 45 per cent. of Italy's production is sent abroad, the principal buyers in order of importance being Germany, Great Britain, Jugoslavia, Switzerland and France. The weight of these boxes is over 3,000 tons a year for a total value of about £550,000; in good years, such as 1929, 1930 and 1931, the value exceeded £1,000,000.

It is easy to imagine that the Ligurian flower-grower lives the ideal life in perfect surroundings, but production figures help to modify this view by giving some indication of the long hours of back-breaking work, beginning before dawn and ending after sunset; remember, too, the disappointment at a sharp fall in the market just when one's finest blooms are ready for cutting.

Nevertheless they will tell you that it is a fascinating and satisfying industry . . . for the industrious.

S. V. THORMAN.



PIAN DI POMA AND BORDIGHETTO WITH SAN REMO ACROSS THE BAY

Holidays in SWITZERLAND

Davos



GRISONS
5,000 FEET

for

ALL SUMMER SPORTS

Information of all TRAVEL OFFICES and the
SWISS FEDERAL RAILWAYS
11B, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1



BERNE
SWITZERLAND'S OLD CAPITAL

One of Europe's most beautiful cities. Renowned as an unrivalled excursion centre.

Therefore, on your next trip to Switzerland, See Berne First

JULY—AUGUST:
THE FAMOUS MYSTERY PLAYS will be re-enacted with new subjects in front of the magnificent portal of Berne Cathedral.

For full particulars please apply to all Travel Agencies, the Swiss Federal Railways, 11b, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, and the Tourist Association of City of Berne.

AXENSTEIN (SWITZERLAND)
Above BRUNNEN—LAKE LUCERNE 2,400 ft.

The loveliest spot on the loveliest Swiss Lake invites you. The **GRAND HOTEL and the PARK HOTEL** provide every comfort and all the amenities for an ideal Summer Holiday.

Information: **SWISS FEDERAL RAILWAYS, 11b, Regent Street, London, S.W.1**; your local Travel Agent; or from the Management.

SWAINE & ADENEY, LTD. ESTABLISHED 1750

By Appointment to the late King George V



"Sam Browne" Belt
Super quality hand-sewn .. **£3 3 0**
Second quality **£2 2 0**

Military Map Case
Waterproof khaki cloth .. **18s. 6d.**

Send for Illustrated Lists.

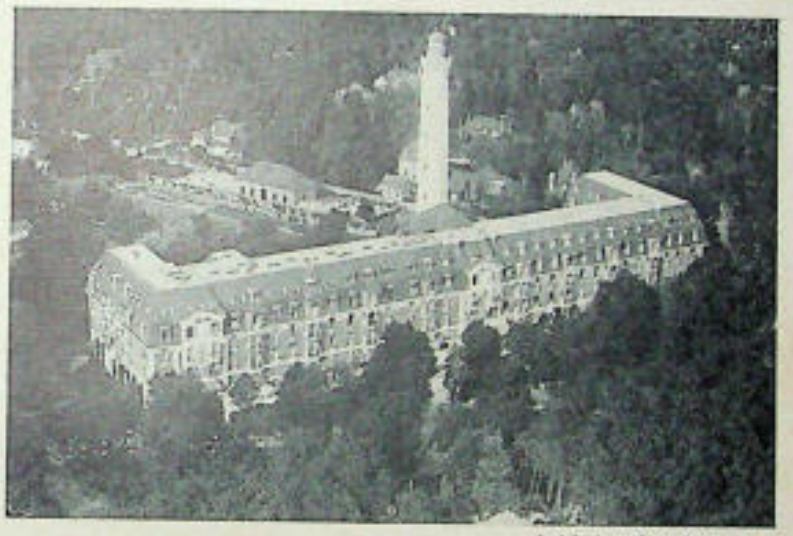
185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1



LE TOUQUET

—Where Britons meet for Happy Holidays

2 CASINOS, 3 GOLF COURSES, POLO, TENNIS, RIDING AND EVERY OTHER SPORT.



Aerial view of the Westminster

THE WESTMINSTER

in Pine Forest close to Casino.

FULL BOARD FROM **27/6.**
250 ROOMS WITH BATH.
DANCING AT DINNER NIGHTLY.

LE TOUQUET

Gayer than Ever this year!



GO-ANYWHERE AIRCRAFT

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

IT is one of the paradoxes of flying that, though aircraft use a universal medium—the air—and are limited in their journeys by no such barriers as apply to surface transport, they are yet very dependent upon ground organisation. While the increasing reliability of engines has practically eliminated the need for emergency landing grounds—at any rate on the regular airways—other trends in design have served, in some measure, to increase the dependence of aircraft on properly prepared aerodromes. Generally speaking, the heavily-loaded machine of to-day demands a large aerodrome from which to take-off, while their high landing speeds mean that, for safety, the alighting surface shall be reasonably smooth and well prepared.

That this is one of the chief handicaps to aviation progress has been recognised for many years—and, as a result, the ease for ever more airports and aerodromes has been pressed almost *ad nauseam*. But when all is said and done, there is much to be said for attacking the problem from the other end, and for seeking means whereby the aircraft themselves can be rendered less exacting in their requirements and more capable of going anywhere.

Before indicating briefly some recent advances in this desirable direction, it may be worth while to show how great a hindrance this ground-dependence is. In commercial flying it has the grave disadvantages that aerodromes cannot be placed near the centres of towns served and the cost of construction is high.

The preparation of the trans-Canada airway, recently mentioned in these articles, provides an example of how much time and money must be spent to make virgin country suitable for regular flying. Admittedly not all of this expense is for landing grounds as such; radio control and so on are necessary under modern conditions. But there can be no doubt that cost could be considerably reduced if aircraft were more versatile, and could be, in the popular phrase, "put down anywhere."

From the military point of view, these limitations are even more serious. An aerodrome is necessarily a vulnerable target, and it is to be noted that, even if no machines were destroyed in an enemy raid, serious scarring of the aerodrome surface might well immobilise the squadrons using the station—at any rate, for a time. Furthermore, the position of units serving the Army would be difficult. Even admitting that the higher speed of modern types would enable aerodromes to be located even farther from the lines than in the last war, the task of preparing sites suitable for use by modern high-performance designs would impose great burdens on the work of the field engineers.

A recent demonstration of the latest autogiro shows that these problems are not being entirely neglected—and that, in fact, some notable progress is being made. This machine showed its ability both to land and to take off from ground of a roughness that would probably have proved insurmountable to an ordinary aeroplane.

It is, of course, of the "jump-start" type—that is to say, the rotor is run up to speed by being connected through a clutch to the engine, so that the aircraft is enabled to make an almost vertical take-off. The height gained by this initial impetus is not very great, it amounts to 10ft. or so, but it is sufficient for the machine to get out of small fields bounded by hedges, since the normal climb commences immediately.

These advantages are gained at present at some expense of top-speed performance; but it is easy to visualise circumstances, particularly in Army co-operation, in which ability to land and take-off in bad country would more than offset the loss of speed.

For general touring, too, the special abilities of this new type would seem to be specially attractive, since the present necessity of planning a flight so as always to have an aerodrome for refuelling within the range of the machine would be largely obviated.

While progress is being made on the development of slots and flaps and tricycle under-carriages—all of which tend, however, to be of more assistance for landing than taking off—there can be little doubt that the rotating-wing type of machine seems in the light of present knowledge to offer the greatest promise for making the aircraft free to go anywhere. A machine that needs no special surface or large space for taxi-ing is obviously inherently more adaptable than one that does demand such facilities.

Nor is the gyroplane the only type that is receiving close attention at the present time. There is revived interest in the helicopter, both here and abroad, and some encouraging success has been gained, more especially in Germany. Present types of direct-lift machine are, it must be admitted, somewhat crude; they do little more than demonstrate that the helicopter is not impracticable. Even so, the mere fact that the helicopter principle has been vindicated sufficiently to justify further research and experiment serves to indicate clearly that there is no reason why the conventional aeroplane of to-day, with its obvious limitations, should be accepted as the final solution for the problem of flight.

It has always been urged that the great advantage of air transport is its ability to make point-to-point journeys without changes or transhipment. As things are to-day, that advantage is to some extent obscured. The growing use of the flying-boat for long flights means that bases are located on the coast, and passengers and goods for the interior must continue by other forms of travel or by feeder airways, which are themselves limited in their scope by the availability of aerodromes. The go-anywhere aircraft must be the ideal ever to be kept in mind, and it is reassuring to know that sufficient knowledge now exists for us to say definitely that it is within the realms not merely of possibility, but of probability.



IN COMFORT OVER THE DESERT
The Imperial Airways liner Caledonia flying over the Mogattam Hills shortly after leaving Cairo en route for Basrah



THE 3-LITRE SUNBEAM TALBOT—A CAR WHICH PROVIDES AMAZING COMFORT

THE 3-LITRE SUNBEAM-TALBOT

FIRST reactions are very often good criteria of the worth of a car, and I was not surprised when a friend of mine who had travelled in a good many new models, and therefore had reason to be somewhat *blasé* about them, seeing the vehicle under review remarked, "What a lovely car!" Perhaps the word "magnificent" would be more suitable.

Is is very easy to over-state the value of a car when space is limited to a column, and everything must needs be said succinctly, but the 3-litre certainly deserves the praise I would accord it. Here is a car which, with a standard saloon body, costs £415, and provides a happy combination of most qualities sought in the large car.

If one word had to be given as the focal point of the Sunbeam-Talbot's design I think it would quite definitely be the word "comfort." Here are seats which support your back in just the right place, and window handles which do not irk your thigh when you drive—a small but important point—while the suspension neither gives those sickening undulations noticeable on some vehicles which have squashy springing, nor makes the occupant wobble like a jelly in a high wind through springing which has been taken to the other extreme.

The engine is a six-cylinder unit with a bore and stroke of 75 mm. and 120 mm., having a cubic capacity of 3,181 c.c. Since the R.A.C. rating is 20.9 h.p. the annual tax in Great Britain becomes £15 15s. Transmission is through a silent four-speed gearbox with synchromesh on third and top, making the task of changing gear a very simple one. The gear ratios are as follows: Top, 4.30 to 1; third, 6.30 to 1; second, 10.62 to 1; and first and reverse, 15.90 to 1.

I should not call the car particularly fast, but it will cruise very easily at about 65 m.p.h. with a top speed about 15 m.p.h. higher, and unless speed is the be-all and end-all of your motoring this is a very practical performance. In traffic the car handles well and will crawl through a jam at 10 m.p.h. on top gear without stalling, if necessary; while on the open highway it holds the road well.

The view forward is good, the screen being raked to give the best visibility, and blind spots are reduced to a minimum, though, like its young brother, the Sunbeam-Talbot "Ten," the rear view, via the driving mirror, is not as good as I should like.

Suspension I have already mentioned as being first class, and it is achieved by means of independent front wheel springing and long semi-elliptic springs in the rear, while double-action hydraulic shock absorbers with adjustable ride control give further comfort. The brakes—Lockheed hydraulic—are exceptionally effective.

The lines and lay-out of the car are good except for the front doors, which open forwards—a dangerous practice, as I know from experience on another car—and luxurious leather seat upholstery adds to the general impression of ease and well-being. Altogether the car is refreshingly British and what better recommendation could I give it than that?

W. R. J.

BRIDGE

FURTHER NOTES ON PAR CONTRACT

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

SINCE I wrote my last article, the scores of the fourth Waddington Par Contest have been published. At last one pair has managed to get over 90 per cent., Dr. J. Whitby and Mr. L. Ellison, of London, obtaining 91 per cent. London regained first place amongst the leading towns with an average of 86 per cent. on the best four scores, which were as follows:

	Per cent.
Dr. J. Whitby and L. Ellison	91
Harrison Gray and J. C. Marx	88
L. Tarlo and N. Novello	83
R. Swingler and S. Bendix	82

The hands played were devised by S. J. Simon and Terence Reese to illustrate various points of play. Points were awarded for play bidding and initial lead, and irrespective of the actual bidding and initial lead each hand was played at a given contract and opening lead. Thus each declarer started with the same problem, and the hands were so interesting that I make no apology for reproducing two more from the official hand analyses bulletin published by Messrs. Waddington. The second hand illustrates a fairly simple play by the declarer, and the first a rather more difficult squeeze play.

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

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Three Clubs	Three Hearts
Four Spades	No bid	Four No Trumps	No bid
Five Spades	No bid	Six No Trumps	All pass

The "Four Spade" bid by Z, a jump bid when a forcing situation is in being, is an effective way of showing a solid suit with no losers. As Y also has a suit which looks solid, and as he wants the lead up to his King of Hearts, the final bid of "Six No Trumps" is clearly marked. "Six Clubs" is not too bad a bid, but "Six Spades" should never be allowed to stand. Although B is not vulnerable, he should certainly not attempt a sacrifice above the level of Five, for it is sure to cost a million, and there is a very fair chance that partner has some defence in the black suits.

When B leads a Diamond to "Six No Trumps" prospects look good, but any attempt to claim balance will be stopped by a roar of rage from A. The first Diamond should be taken with the Ace and the Clubs tested. B shows out, so Y tries Spades; the nine drops and then B again shows out. This marks A with five of each black suit, including a minor tenace in Spades. So it is clear that a position is about to be reached. Two more rounds of Diamonds are played, and A has to discard a Heart; if a black suit is unguarded declarer makes thirteen tricks. Then three rounds of Clubs are taken and A is put on play with the fifth Club to lead into dummy's Spades.

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

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No bid	Two Clubs	No bid
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three Clubs	All pass

Z is worth the constructive rebid of "Two No Trumps" over "Two Clubs," but he must respect Y's sign-off on the next round.

B has no better lead than the fourth best Spade, and A, having won with the Ace, will naturally return a Spade in the hope of a ruff. Y's play is clearly marked: he must play out Ace and King of Hearts and discard the third Spade from his hand, thus confining his losers to two trumps, a Diamond and a Spade; failure to make this play will result in defeat, for the defence will make a fifth trick through a Spade ruff.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

A, 10, 6, 5, 2

Y
A B
Z

K, 7, 4

What is Z's best way to play this distribution to avoid using more than one trick?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

A leads Eight of Hearts against Four Spades by Z. A-B to make four tricks against any play by Z.

SOLUTION

After A's opening Heart lead is taken with the Ace, Z can see that he requires two entries to Dummy in order to discard losing Diamonds and Clubs on Y's Hearts. His correct play, therefore, is to lead the Jack of Spades and if this is taken by B's Queen of Spades he has two re-entries in Dummy for the Hearts. A clever defender can still beat the contract by refusing to play the Queen of Spades. This difficult defence was made by very few people in the recent Par contests.

CHESS

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, the 17th of the match between these two German masters early this year, shows a strong attack by Eliskases.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Eliskases.	BLACK. Bogoljubow.	WHITE. Eliskases.	BLACK. Bogoljubow.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	27. P to K 6	Kt to B sq
2. P to Q B 4	P to B 3	28. P to R 5	B takes Kt (*f*)
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	29. R takes B	B to K 5
4. P to K 3 (*a*)	P to K 3 (*b*)	30. P to R 6 (*g*)	Kt takes P
5. B to Q 3	Q Kt to Q 2	31. B takes Kt, ch	R takes B
6. Castles (*c*)	Kt to K 5	32. P takes P	R to Kt 3
7. Q Kt to Q 2	P to K B 4 (*d*)	33. R to R sq	P to R 5
8. Kt to K 5 (*e*)	Q Kt takes Kt	34. Q to R 3 (*i*)	K to B 2
9. P takes Kt	B to K 2	35. R to B 8	R takes P (*j*)
10. Q to B 2	Castles	36. B takes R	K takes B
11. P to Q Kt 3	B to Q 2	37. Q to Kt 3, ch (*k*)	R to Kt 3
12. R to Q sq (*f*)	P to Q B 4 (*g*)	38. R takes R	Q takes R
13. P to Q B 2	Kt to B 4	39. Q to K 5, ch	K to Kt sq
14. B to K 2	B to K sq	40. R to Kt 2	Q to R 2
15. B to Kt 2	P to R 5 (*h*)	41. R to Kt 8, ch	K to B 2
16. B to Q 4	B to Kt 3	42. Q to B 4, ch	K to K 3
17. Q to B 3 (*i*)	Kt to Q 2 (*j*)	43. Q to Q 6, ch	K to B 4 (*g*)
18. P to B 5 (*k*)	P takes P	44. P to Kt 4, ch	K to Kt 4
19. P takes P (*l*)	P to Kt 3 (*m*)	45. R to Kt 8	Q to K B 2
20. P to Q Kt 4	Kt P takes P	46. R to K B 8	Q to K Kt 2
21. P takes B P (*n*)	R to R 2 (*o*)	47. Q to B 5, ch	K to R 5
22. P to K 4 (*p*)	Q to R 2 (*q*)	48. R to B 6 (*z*)	P to R 5 (*aa*)
23. Q R to B sq	B to Kt 4	49. K to R 2	P to Q 5
24. B to Kt 4	K R to K sq	50. Q to B 2, ch	K to Kt 4 (*bb*)
25. P takes P	K P takes P	51. R to B 5, ch	Resigns (*cc*)
26. P to K B 4 (*r*)	B to R 3 (*s*)		

(*a*) Kt to B 3 is more aggressive.
(*b*) B to B 4 is a good move here, but Bogoljubow, being behind in the score, had to play for complications.
(*c*) Q Kt to Q 2 (to prevent Kt to K 5) is better.
(*d*) Black has now got the Stonewall formation (pawns at K 3, Q B 3, Q 4 and K B 4).
(*e*) This seems of doubtful value, since after the exchange of Knights the pawn at White's K 5 blocks the only possible line of action of his Queen's Bishop. Q to B 2, to be followed by P to Q Kt 3 and B to Kt 2, seems preferable.
(*f*) Played to prevent 12. . . . B to K sq, to which the reply would be 13. Kt takes Kt, B P takes Kt; 14. B takes P.
(*g*) Threatening P to R 5, to be followed, if Kt P takes P, by Kt to B 4.
(*h*) A good move. If now P to K 4, then B to Kt 3.
(*i*) White now threatens B P takes P.
(*j*) Threatening to win a piece by P to B 4.
(*k*) 18. B P takes P seems better. If, in reply, 18. . . . P to B 4, then 19. Q P takes P, P takes B; 20. P takes Q P and White has three pawns for the piece and a good game. After the text-move Black has the preferable position.
(*l*) He plays this move instead of Q takes K P as he wants to open up the game by playing P to K 4.
(*m*) A good move. White cannot play P takes P because of P to B 4.
(*n*) White has a bad pawn-formation.
(*o*) P to R 5, threatening R to R 4, is better.
(*p*) A good move. We understand that in reply to 22. . . . P takes P, Eliskases intended to play 23. B to B 4 followed, if 23 . . . Kt takes B P, by 24. B to B 2 (not B takes Kt since Black would recapture with check).
(*q*) Not good. He should play P to R 5, to be followed by R to R 4 and Q to R 2.
(*r*) A good move. Black cannot play B takes P because then Q to R 3 wins a piece.
(*s*) This loses valuable time (see his 28th move). He should play B takes Kt and then Kt to B sq.
(*t*) If 28. . . . B to K 5, then 29. Kt takes B, B takes R; 30. Kt to Q 6 with advantage in position to White.
(*u*) A strong move. If now 30. . . . P takes P, then 31. Q to R 3, or, if 30. . . . P to Kt 3, then 31. R to K B 2, Kt takes P; 32. Q R to B sq, Kt takes B; 33. Q takes Kt, threatening R to B 8, ch followed by B to K 6, ch and Q to Kt 7, mate.
(*v*) Threatening 35. R to B 8, ch. B takes R; 36. P takes R = Q, ch. K takes Q; 37. Q to B 8, ch, K to K 2; 38. R to K B 2 and wins.
(*w*) Black has nothing better.
(*x*) Very good. If now 37. . . . K takes R, then 38. R to B 2, ch and wins. Black having nothing better than 38. . . . Q to B 2, after which there follows 39. R takes Q, ch, K takes R; 40. Q to B 7, ch and 41. Q takes B P.
(*y*) If K to B 2, then R to B 8, ch followed by Q to B 6, ch and R to R 8, mate.
(*z*) Played to prevent any checks after his next move. 48. P to Kt 5, ch also wins, *e.g.* (1) 48. . . . K to R 6; 49. Q to R 2, ch followed by 50. R to B 8, ch and 51. Q to R 4, mate; or (2) 48 . . . K to R 4; 49. Q to R 2, ch, K takes P; 50. Q to Kt 3, ch, K to R 4; 51. R to B 5, ch, B takes R; 52. Q takes Q.
(*aa*) Black has no good move.
(*bb*) If K takes P, then R to B 4, ch and mate next move.
(*cc*) White mates in two more moves.

A CRUSHING DEFEAT

A game from the tournament at Kemeri and Riga last March. Bogoljubow suffers a crushing defeat.

(Dutch Defence.)

WHITE. Bogoljubow.	BLACK. Dr. Hasenfuss.	WHITE. Bogoljubow.	BLACK. Dr. Hasenfuss.
1. P to Q 4	P to K 3	12. P to Kt 3	B to K 2
2. Kt to K B 3	P to K B 4	13. K to Kt 2	Castles (K R Kt)
3. P to K Kt 4 (*a*)	P takes P	14. R to B sq	R takes B (*d*)
4. Kt to K 5	Q to R 5	15. Q takes R	R to K B sq
5. P to K 4 (*b*)	P to Kt 6 (*c*)	16. Q to Q 3	Q to Kt 5, ch
6. B to Kt 2	P takes P, ch	17. K to R sq	Kt to Kt 5
7. K to B sq	Kt to Q B 3	18. Q to Kt 3 (*j*)	Q takes P
8. Kt (Kt 5) to Kt (*d*)	Kt P takes Kt (*e*)	19. Kt to B 3	B to R 5
9. P to B 4	Kt to B 3	20. Q to K 3	P to B 4 (*k*)
10. P to K 5 (*f*)	Kt to Q 4 (*g*)	21. Q takes Q	P takes Q
11. B to B 3	B to R 3	Resigns.	

(*a*) Not a good move.
(*b*) A mistake. He should, instead, play P to K 3.
(*c*) Taking immediate advantage of White's mistake. If, now, B P takes P, then Q takes K P, ch.
(*d*) If he leaves his Knight to be captured, his pawn-position is weakened still further. The text-move, however, opens an important diagonal for Black's Queen's Bishop. Probably Kt to K B 3 followed, after Q takes K P, by K takes P is best.
(*e*) Threatening the deadly B to R 3, ch.
(*f*) Development by Kt to B 3 is better.
(*g*) A good move. If P takes Kt, then B to R 3, ch and wins.
(*h*) Another good move. If now 14. P takes Kt, then 14. . . . P to B 8 = Q, ch; 15. R takes Q, B takes R, ch; 16. Q takes B (if K takes B, then R takes B) Q takes P.
(*i*) After this the attack soon proves overwhelming.
(*j*) If Q to Q B 3, then Q to K 5, ch and mate next move.
(*k*) Threatening B to Kt 2, ch. White is helpless.

A BOOK ON THE OPENINGS

The large number of tournaments and matches played in the last few years has resulted in numerous important innovations in the openings, and it is becoming increasingly difficult for the average player to keep up to date his knowledge of that part of the game. All chess-players will, therefore, welcome the appearance of a sixth edition of that well-known work *Modern Chess Openings*. This edition, which shows an increase of 32 pages and 155 columns on the fifth, has been prepared by the American master Reuben Fine, under the editorship of R. C. Griffith and P. W. Sergeant. Mr. Fine has obviously performed his arduous task with very great care and he has produced a really valuable book, indispensable to all match-players. We heartily recommend it.

Modern Chess Openings. (Published by Whitehead and Miller, Elmwood Lane, Leeds, 7. Price for ordinary copies 7/9, for interleaved ones 10/4, in each case post free.)

PROBLEM No. 4021

By C. MANSFIELD.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at Q B 5, Queen at K Kt 8, Rook at K R 3, Bishops at K R sq and Q R 7, Knights at Q B 3 and K Kt 4, Pawn at Q B 2.

BLACK (5 pieces): King at Q B 5, Rooks at K sq and Q sq, Knights at Q 4 and K 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* Second prize, *Magyar Sakkvilág*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4020

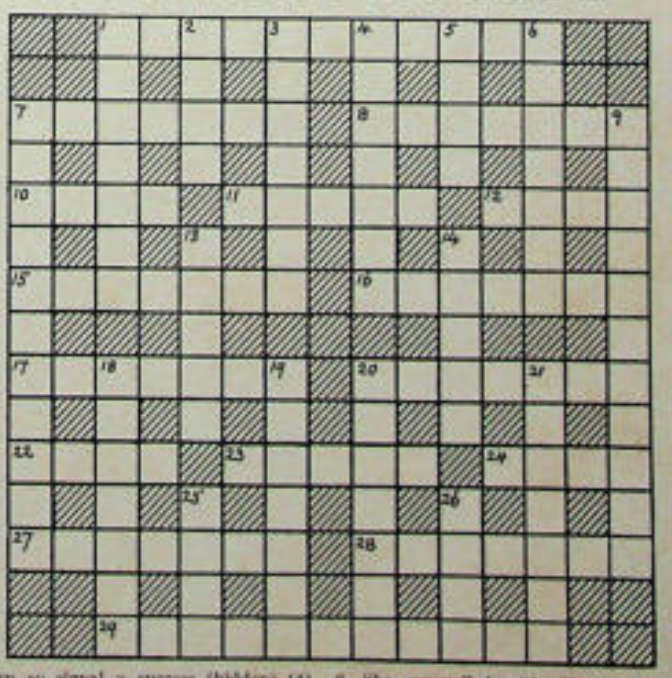
1. Kt (B 8) to K 6. If 1. . . . R takes Kt, then 2. K to Kt sq, &c. If 1. . . . P to Kt 3, then 2. K to Q sq, &c. If 1. . . . P to Kt 4, then 2. K to B sq, &c. If 1. . . . R to Q B 3, then 2. Q takes Kt P, &c. If 1. . . . R to B 5, then 2. Kt takes B, mate.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 524

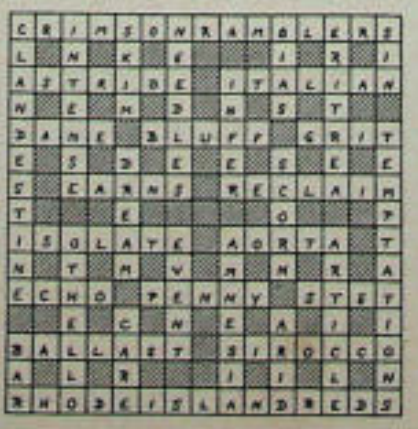
ACROSS.—1, Obviously this person has no need of spectacles (11). 7, Acting strongly (7). 8, Ill cast—being flexible (7). 10, We trust there will be no rift here (4). 11, 101 – 6 – 50 (5). 12, Presently to be found on a subscription list (4). 15, Anger at the refreshment counter (7). 16, Clothing becomes useless with age (7). 17, A red rose in church (7). 20, This entertainment centres around the bar (7). 22, A sweet idea for a schoolboy (4). 23, Sudden fall of plums (5). 24, Hallo! Fifty gone? (4). 27, Strangely enough, cutlets may be got from this (7). 28, "What dire offence from —— causes springs" (Pope) (7). 29, For Ralph Rackstraw there concerned his nationality (11).

DOWN.—1, Undoubtedly a batter in a hundred (7). 2, Examples for the lazy man (4). 3, Ere vice you take into possession (7). 4, The Queen's Gambit is a popular one with three masters (7). 5, The manager said he had never known so signal a success (hidden) (4). 6, She quarrelled with Oberon (7). 7, "The woman that —— is lost" (Addison) (11). 9, There are none between this chic and the next (11). 13, And Pa? At the Zoo! (5). 14, Beds for boys who don't like translating (5). 18, Concerning a noble (7). 19, Entails (anag.) (7). 20, A closely-packed agreement (7). 21, "If —— were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a —— upon compulsion (*Henry IV*, pt. 1) (7). 25, Essential to every system (4). 26, It's not quite so hot (4).



SOLUTION TO No. 523

Published July 1st



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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Trout Fishing in October.—There are several places in England where the trout fishing season extends into October. For example, at Blagdon, the famous Somerset lake, the season goes on to mid-October. On the Welsh Dee the trout season closes on October 13th, and on the Towy, in Wales, the season closes on October 14th.—*R. F. E. C., Cheshire.*

Scales from a Lough Erne Trout.—All the scales proved to have re-grown centres, which means that at some time the scale has been rubbed off and a new one grown. The result of this is that the new scale has no lines on its centre part, and it is impossible, therefore, to read the age correctly. There were five years after the scale had been renewed, and, since the first spawning mark occurs in the first winter after renewing, it can, perhaps, be assumed that this spawning mark represents the end of the third year in the fish's life, or possibly the fourth year. We should put the age of this fish, therefore, as being eight years.—*W. D., Northern Ireland.*

Country House

Harm to Hedge.—There can be absolutely no risk of harming the foliage of the cupressus hedge by chlorinated water splashed from the swimming pool. Even if the hedge were watered with swimming bath water containing these small quantities of chlorine, no harm could result. Nor can there be any risk of harm to the hedge by absorption of chlorinated water through the roots. Such minute quantities of chlorine would most certainly be absorbed in the passage of the water through the soil. Assuming that sodium hypochlorite disinfectant was used, all that would remain after a very short time would be a trace of common salt. Incidentally, the only risk to be guarded against is the dirtying of the pool by debris blown in from the hedge, and the sterilisation measures outlined should be regulated to allow for this.—*C. G. D., Dunmurry.*

Nettle Destruction.—Nettles can easily be destroyed by spraying them with a solution of 50lb. of sodium chlorate in 100 gallons of water per acre. Grass is resistant to this chemical and although the surrounding turf may be scorched it soon recovers. More effective results can be obtained, but damage to the grass is increased, by using a solution of double this strength. Although a powerful weedkiller, sodium chlorate is non-poisonous to animals or birds, and there is no danger of it harming livestock except when administered in large quantities. It decomposes slowly in the soil and several months should be allowed to elapse before planting crops on treated land. The great disadvantage of sodium chlorate is that materials sprinkled with its solution are liable to burst into fire by spontaneous combustion after the water has evaporated. Care should, therefore, be taken not to allow solutions to come into contact with wooden floors, sacking, clothing, boots, &c. Clothing that has been accidentally splashed should be washed afterwards with clean water. If the area to be treated is not very large it would be more convenient and safer to use a proprietary preparation of sodium chlorate called "Atlacide," in which fire hazard has been eliminated. This is made in powder form and is applied simply by dusting the powder on the weeds by means of the sprinkler-top tin. It can be obtained from seedsmen and ironmongers everywhere.—*G. E. T., Salop.*

Farm

Technical Advice.—There is a bureau where you can obtain advice on how to deal with your various problems. Farmers, market gardeners, fruit growers and allotment holders can all obtain advice on their cultural problems from the County Agricultural Organiser and his staff, whose offices are in the county town, or elsewhere, the address of which is given in the leaflet on "Technical Advice for Farmers" issued by the Ministry of Agriculture. For the further purpose of this service, England and Wales is divided into fourteen divisions, called provinces, each served by an advisory centre, which may be either a university (or university college), a department of agriculture or agricultural college. The Agricultural Organiser and his staff give the agriculturist advice in the first instance. Problems needing specialist advice are referred to the provincial centres. The specialist advisers include entomologists and mycologists, who advise on insects and fungi pests, and the damage done by other micro-organisms; chemists, who specialise in soils, manures, feeding and feeding-stuffs; economists, who deal with such matters as farm management and farm accounts; veterinarians, who advise on questions of animal disease of general public interest, e.g., epidemics or cases of high and long-continued mortality in flocks or herds; dairy bacteriologists, and some others. The whole service is explained in detail in a special leaflet issued by the Ministry, and obtainable free on application to its offices at 10, Whitehall Place, S.W. 1.—*M. W., Ipswich.*

Spraying for Potato Blight.—The disease is most to be feared when the weather is continuously damp or humid, and a spell of such weather in summer before the tubers have reached any size may result in the haulm being so badly damaged by blight that a negligible crop is obtained. Spraying is an insurance against such a contingency, and even if no weather favourable to blight is experienced during the summer, sprayed plants usually last longer into autumn and give a heavier yield. To be really effective, spraying should be begun before blight appears, and repeated two or three times so that new growth is also protected. Bordeaux and Burgundy mixtures are the most satisfactory fungicides, but under certain conditions dusting with copper-containing dusts is cheaper and easier and provides a sufficient measure of protection if applied often enough. Besides the loss in yield arising from early destruction of the foliage by the disease, the tubers may become infected by spores washed into the soil or, at digging time, by spores falling from partially blighted haulms. As a result the tubers may rot in storage. Losses from infection at digging-time may be reduced by spraying the haulm with sulphuric acid about three weeks before digging. When sulphuric acid has not been sprayed, care should be taken not to dig the crop while the haulm is still living and affected by blight. Particular care should be taken that no haulm is placed on boxes or bags of freshly dug tubers. If tubers must be dug when blight is prevalent on the haulm, dipping the tubers in formalin will prevent much of the decay which might otherwise develop in storage. If you require further information on the subject, we advise you to obtain the Ministry's Advisory Leaflet No. 271, from H.M. Stationery Office, York House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.—*J. B., Portsmouth.*

Garden

Destroying Tree Stumps.—Soak the tree stumps in dry weather with a solution of sodium chlorate or saltpetre. When thoroughly saturated and dry, set alight and they will gradually smoulder until consumed.—*G. P., Glasgow.*

Raising Paeonies from Seed.—The writer has often raised paeonies from seed, both the tree and herbaceous kinds. They are slow in germinating, the seed should be sown as soon as ripe, not over dried, if at all. Some plants may emerge the following spring, and again others from the same sowing for one or two years afterwards. Keep the pots in a cold frame and the soil in a healthy condition.—*G. P., Glasgow.*

Disease of Blackcurrant Bushes.—From your description there is little doubt that your blackcurrant bushes are suffering from "reversion," a silly name given to a condition brought about by a virus disease. As far as is at present known, this disease is only communicable by the conveyance of the sap of a diseased plant to that of a healthy one, by the pruning knife, but more often by a sucking insect such as green fly. Once affected, there is no known cure, though good cultivation may help the plant to resist it for many years. The Currant Gall Mite (*Eriophyes ribis*) "Big Bud" is often present, and, besides causing mechanical injury to the buds, may be responsible for the conveyance of the virus. Destroy the bushes as soon as the fruit is gathered. Plant clean stock as far as possible from the site of the previous bed. In spring, when the leaves are about the size of a shilling, spray with lime sulphur, 1 gallon to 60 or 70 gallons of water, to control Currant Gall Mite. If any one plant is affected by virus, generally noticeable by the more pointed and sharply divided leaf, it should be destroyed before the disease is communicated to the neighbouring bushes. Virus diseases have been with us for ages, but it is only of late years that they have been scientifically examined and reported on. Hence the absence of any reference to them in your gardening books.—*G. P., Glasgow.*

Miscellaneous

Matter Identified.—We thank you for your letter, together with the matter sent for inspection. This is glass and from its curious shape it probably resulted from the melting of a portion of a beer bottle. The crack may have been formed by the hot glass falling into the water. Then on cooling the water would have entered via the crack owing to contraction of air inside. The water will probably, in course of time, evaporate through the crack.—*Anonymous.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Asphyxia of a Greenfinch.—A hen greenfinch (*Chloris chloris*) died of asphyxia or suffocation due to blockage of the windpipe by some regurgitated food. The condition of her crop proved that she was feeding young. The presence of three hairs from cattle and a piece of vegetable fibre in her mouth suggested that the onset of the choking had occurred when she was on her nest, possibly feeding her young, and that in her struggles she seized the side of her nest with her bill. She was picked up about 10yds. from a clump of rhododendrons.—*H. K. P., Moat.*

Partridge Losses.—From casual reading of our reports in this column it might be assumed that all specimens sent for post-mortem examination had been suffering from infectious disease. We have to report shot as the cause of death in a cock and hen partridge, each from different estates. They were in prime condition for the breeding season and had been picked up by the keeper. One of these keepers about a month later sent us another partridge, a cock, which lay dead on its back and was warm when picked up. The keeper noticed that bleeding from the mouth had occurred; he also recorded that he had observed two cocks with the one hen, and surmised that the one cock had killed the other. The bird was in prime condition there was a wound on the neck near its junction with the skull, and several bruises on the breast. The bird had died from rupture of the right auricle of the heart, probably the result of fighting as the keeper had suggested. From another estate we received a hen partridge which had died of a crush fracture of its backbone and ribs; it also was in prime condition. No evidence of any germ or parasitic infection was found in any of the four birds.—*F. B., Salop; T. A., Golspie; J. C., Hants.*

Fatal Wounds of Birds.—We received a female clucking teal which had died of a deep and extensive wound over the back and sides of the pelvic region. The probable cause of the injury was a rat. Rats are a common cause of loss of sitting waterfowl by springing on to the bird's back and worrying its neck or backbone until it dies of loss of blood or a broken spine. Another fatal injury was a compression fracture of the skull of a hen chaffinch, the broken bone having lacerated the brain; a blow was the probable cause. When birds are killed as a result of a head-on collision, the cause of death is almost invariably a broken or dislocated spine, not a fracture of the skull. A hen greater spotted woodpecker (*Dryobates major*) had died from loss of blood from numerous deep or tearing wounds all along its back. The owner of the estate on which the bird was nesting suggested probably correctly, that the woodpecker had been mobbed by starlings. The fourth accident was that of a cock grouse whose ribs on the left side had been broken and driven into the lungs. She was in prime condition, although mildly infected with bowel tapeworms. No evidence of trichostrongylosis was found. Her injury was probably the result of colliding in flight against a post or fencing.—*J. V. F., London; N. B., Yorks; T. O. D., Northumberland; L. P. H., London.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 15th

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 8th), Byley Bridge, near Middlewich; M., Montgomery Bridge on Severn; W., Carrawa Bridge on Severn; S., Bala Bridge on Tryweryn (down)—10.30.

BURE VALLEY.—All meets cancelled until further notice.

CHERITON.—Saturday (July 8th), Umberleigh—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (July 8th), White Swan Hotel, Swathling; M., Where leave off; W., Charlton All Saints, Salisbury (Avon)—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (July 8th), Dartmeet (W. Dart); Tu., Rills Mill (Lyner); Th., Bow Bridge (Harbourne); S., Holne Bridge (Dart)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 8th), Anchor Hotel, Thetford (B.V.O.H.)—10.30.

HAWKSTONE.—Saturday (July 8th), Leintwardine—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Owing to foot-and-mouth disease all meets in Yorkshire are cancelled until further notice.

WYE VALLEY.—Tuesday (July 11th), Mordiford, near Hereford (by invitation); F., Wilton Bridge, Ross-on-Wye—10.30.

OTTERHOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (July 8th), Williamwath Bridge (Annan); M., Canonbie Bridge (Esk); W., Khock Bridge (Nith)—9.30.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Hamilton Road, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, July 8, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4516. SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D. | CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D. | FOREIGN 3D.



"The Times"

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S CENTENARY SHOW



CVS-320

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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL . . . 165
A GREAT CENTENARY ROYAL SHOW . . . 165
THE ORIGIN OF GREYHOUND RACING . . . 166
AMATEUR RIDERS AT SALISBURY . . . 168
THE SERVICES AT BISLEY . . . 168
THE "ALL AMERICAN" WIMBLEDON . . . 169
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS . . . 170
CRICKET AND THE SPECTATOR . . . 171
ROUND THE WICKETS . . . 172
A FINE CLYDE FORTNIGHT . . . 173
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: BROOKS'S . . . 174
A FOREST SANCTUARY IN ASSAM . . . 176
SNIPE DRIVING IN MANDALAY . . . 176
AN ECLIPSE FOR ENGLISH ROWING . . . 177
A ST. ANDREWS SURPRISE . . . 178
WHAT CAN A FISH SEE? . . . 179
GOOD POINTER WORK . . . 180
THE WILD BIRDS PROTECTION ACT, 1939 . . . 180
A FAMILY OF TREE PIPITS . . . 181
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING . . . 182
FIFTY YEARS AGO . . . 182
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK . . . 182
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Bird Protection; Henley and After; Scarcity of Landrail . . . 183
IN THE CITY . . . 186
NEW BOOKS . . . 187
BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS . . . 188
JULY SOWING: THE SPRING CABBAGE . . . 189
THE JULY HERBACEOUS BORDER . . . 190
DUCK COVERT . . . 190
A GOOD GARDEN ALWAYS . . . 192
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE . . . 192
ROAD LAW REVISION . . . 194
JUNIOR CAR CLUB'S VISIT TO AMERICA . . . 196
A SWEDISH SUMMER HOLIDAY . . . 199
SPECIALISATION IN AIR DEFENCE . . . 200
CARDS AND CHESS . . . 201
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS . . . 202

OTHER PEOPLE'S PLEASURES

SOMEBODY once remarked that one half of the world had no idea how the other half lives. If that is true of the other half's worries and hardships, it is no less true of their pleasures and luxuries. The former are ignored whenever possible because they are rather unpleasant and rather disturbing. Why the latter are ignored is rather more difficult.

Darts, for example, is distinctly fashionable nowadays. A few years ago the game was quite unknown socially. Association Football remains the social inferior of Rugby Football so far as the crowds that watch the game are concerned: in another way Association Football is most fashionable. Almost everyone "does" the pools. And there is another sport—almost as huge an industry as Association Football—and that is greyhound racing. Horse racing is ultra-fashionable: it always has been, and, we hope and believe, always will be. Greyhound racing remains, it would seem, socially "not quite."

Yet somewhere around 24,000,000 people pay to watch greyhound racing during the course of the year. That, in proportion to the population of Great Britain, is an enormous figure. There must be something about the sport. Yet one wonders how many *Field* readers know anything about it; how many, indeed, have ever been to watch it? We who are not without opportunity, know nothing about it—and have never watched it—a fact of which we are rather ashamed. But we are certainly not alone in our ignorance.

Greyhound racing has been called every name under the sun, and few of them complimentary. It has been described as crooked; it has been said that the winner of each race is known beforehand; it attracts, we have been told, the worst element in our population; the race gangs, we have been assured, have left the racecourse for the stadium. But we do not believe that 24,000,000 people would pay to see a sport that was run on those lines. They could not all be mentally deficient. And we do not believe that 24,000,000 people would pay to see a sport that was not attractive; would not come again and again if that sport did not give them something they earnestly desired, which they could not get elsewhere.

Obviously, then, greyhound racing is a factor of some importance in our national existence. The baby among our popular sports it is now an enormous industry employing a great many people, caring for a great many dogs, handling an enormous amount of the nation's money and amusing a very large proportion of the population. As such it surely deserves some consideration from "the other half."

In this issue of the *Field* there appears the first of a series of ten articles on greyhound racing as it is run by the Greyhound Racing Association. The articles will deal with every aspect of the sport from its inception: its constitution, the legislation that controls the racing and the betting: its kennels and the management and training of the dogs boarded therein: and so forth. The articles are in no way propaganda, but rather a plain statement of fact. The reader can make up his own mind afterwards. But we feel that, no matter what that reader's opinion of the sport may be when he has read the completed series, he cannot as a lover of animals be anything but interested in one aspect at least—the feeding and training of many hundreds of highly-bred animals. That is, in itself, a science and is quite apart from the sport.

And it is worth while noticing that certain diseases that are causing concern to dog-lovers are more or less unknown in these greyhound kennels.

A VETERAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

LEN HARVEY, at the age of 32, has earned the right to call himself light-heavyweight champion of the world—in Great Britain, at any rate. It really was a magnificent performance on the part of a man who, in the boxing sense, is truly a veteran. He was opposed to a fit and very powerful man, one some years his junior (McAvoy is a good boxer, too), but, while he looked drawn, and rather haggard, and very, very tired, his skill was such that at the end of fifteen strenuous rounds he was a clear winner on points. A magnificent victory, but a doubtful commentary on the standard of British boxing, when an "old man" remains at the top of the tree and his only challenger is a middle-weight, himself of long ring service. It is to be hoped that before Harvey retires—that event cannot be postponed for long—he will have the opportunity of fighting America's No. 1 and so prove himself beyond any doubt champion of the world. On the same evening Jack Doyle lived up to his reputation as One-Round Doyle.

FISHING IN THE DOG-DAYS

With the arrival of the dog-days, the usual summer lassitude on the trout streams may be predicted with reasonable certainty. Even if the sun is thwarted of its authoritarian intent, trout will accept the will for the deed and retire into the cool glades of the weed during what ought to be the hottest part of the day, only to be roused to activity for a spell before the creeping mist damps their belated ardour. But where a good coarse-fishing stream is available, many pleasant mid-day hours may be spent stalking chub as they also enjoy a siesta under the arching willows which fringe the bank. If it were not for the inherent, though largely unconscious, value anglers in England attach to the table qualities of their fish, Chavender would not so often be left to snooze away a July day in idleness. The excitement of watching an aldermanic form roll lazily up to engulf a well-placed palmer, apparently fallen from the tree above, and the mad tussle afterwards, is worth more than a long, if pleasant, wait for belated activity on a trout stream.

OUR GREAT WEEK OF SPORT!

Tom Webster has suggested a memorial to Richard Burton for having saved us from complete extinction in a week of sporting depression. Had Bulla won the Open at St. Andrews the United States triumphs this year would have been complete; their representatives have drawn rings round us at Meadow Brook, at Wimbledon, and at Henley. Oarsmen will smart the most at the figure they have cut at the Centenary Regatta, for if there is one thing this country prides itself upon it is the ability to turn out a crew capable of putting up a show against the world's best. No amount of explaining away defeat can evade the fact that we have been hopelessly outclassed; no amount of discussion on styles or training can avoid the conclusion that a rot has set in somewhere, for one refuses to believe the material is inferior to that of our opponents. Old watermen at Henley were talking of the days of Dr. Bourne, and it remained for Beresford and Southwood to show what sort of a fight can be put up by perfect combination, racing ability and watermanship.

ATHLETIC HOPES

Some relief from the outlook in other quarters was supplied by the A.A.A. Championships at the White City. Many of the races were noteworthy for close and exciting finishes. Sydney Wooderson received a great ovation after his mile victory in the new championship best time of 4min. 11.8sec., while D. B. Pell, who was second, ran the race of his life in pushing Wooderson so hard. Another fine performance was that of C. A. J. Emery, who beat P. D. Ward by 5yds. in the three miles, setting up a new British record time of 14min. 8sec. The race was reminiscent of duels we have seen between the great Finnish runners. The championship meeting was the herald of to-day's match between Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard and Yale. Let us hope the 'Varsities will be able to uphold our prestige on the track.

STRIKING OIL

It is with mixed feelings that we contemplate the Anglo-American Oil Company's efforts to find oil in commercial quantities in Great Britain. There can be no doubt that such a discovery would bring an added prosperity to this country and would do much to alleviate the fears felt for our petrol and oil supply during a period of war. At the same time, such a discovery would at once turn that area into a danger zone from enemy aircraft, while those of us who still trust for peace, fear, too, for the natural beauties of the countryside which would suffer over a great area were production to be carried out on a large scale. We realise that national needs must come first and that it is better to have damaged scenery than none at all, as might be the case if we could not cope with enemy incursions. Let us hope that they may strike oil—but not in the Trossachs!

SHOWER

Raindrops simper
On the soft tresses of the sleeping grass,
Slowly the minutes pass
And the quiet leaves whimper
In the languid breeze.

I have heard the anger of great storms, the thrills
Of cannonading thunder;
Have seen the earth tremble and wonder
Before the sombre frown of black-browed hills,
The apprehensive silence of old trees.

But the raindrops lisp
Among the quiet leaves,
The air quivers and grows cool,
The spider weaves
An airy web of silver,
The sparrows twitter by a wayside pool.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

MANY years ago I collected an anthology of poems about birds. When it came to examining nightingale literature through a period of some fifteen hundred years, I discovered a mere handful of poems (mostly indifferent) out of innumerable references in four languages which did not describe the song as a feminine lament for the vanished nestlings. Nearly every account, whether in poetic prose or often enough prosy poetry, committed no fewer than four *gaffes*, that it is the hen-bird which sings, that the song is sung after the young are hatched, that it is exclusively night-music and that its tone is sorrowful. The writers, that is to say, were not writing about the nightingale at all, but a mythical bird of metempsychosis that actually was not a real bird. Well and good; but the character of the imaginary bird, as the myth grew dimmer, was transferred to the living one and took its own poetic reality away from it.

Such has been the power of a single Greek legend, handed on by Vergil, Shakespeare and Milton, and from which even Izaak Walton, who wrote words supreme in beauty about the nightingale, did not altogether free himself: "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of *her* little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and cry, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth." Yet to the best of my knowledge only two naturalists, Hudson and that excellent observer Oliver Pike, have pointed out this singular truth about the nightingale, that a bird in full rich passionate song, when it easily surpasses in range and power the songs of all other birds, is a rarity. Perhaps I have heard a hundred nightingales in song during my life, but there have certainly not been above half-a-dozen among them, and they were most definitely not any of those that have been broadcasted, that were master-craftsmen. A nightingale will often sing best against a thunderstorm or a chorus of other birds at dawn, at eve or during the day, but the majority of the birds that I have heard were day-singers among a host of others, and still they failed of that plenary inspiration and enchantment of which some nightingales are capable.

Nightingales cease to sing soon after the middle of June, and the last one I heard (of course in an oak-coppice) was what an Oxford don would call in his or her horrible jargon "beta-minded." He was, that is to say, a good average warbler, but his repetition of that high, pure, long-drawn-out and rapturous call, so translunary that it seems to pierce the skies, the call that preludes the "jugging" and shows a virtuosity that no other bird can achieve—that was more frequently uttered than among all except the most brilliant singers. Otherwise, the rest of his song was definitely inferior to blackcap, garden warbler, woodlark or marsh warbler, and I should like to say to the second or muted song of the lesser whitethroat, except that I have never succeeded in hearing the latter except in snatches.

But the crescendo of the nightingale—the very heart of the upsurging life of the nature spring seems to pass into that fiery note that is yet just touched with unearthliness. And the proper time to hear it is, I am convinced, either at dawn, when it salutes the first flowering of the day, or at dusk, when it lifts like a clear tongue of flame above the ebbing, fading, lulling chorus of the singers all about it. It disentangles itself from them and acquires a mystery from the thickening of the light and the primrose-coloured afterglow in the west. The drowsy earth sinks into sleep, but that gleaming hail penetrates the languor and the twilight like a sword and wings its way into space. It might be the cry of a soul on its release from the heaviness of the world, from fear and disappointment and all the pettiness of things, into a purer element.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a nature note:

"You have had much to say as to the beauty of our woods and hills at the present time with their profusion of dogwood and May flowers.

"Last week I was admiring these when in a moist and shaded spot I came across a bed of wild conubines that while not great or showy, were certainly worthy of note in their red and yellow dress.—Millburn & Short Hills (N.J.) Item. . . . Noted."

* * *

From an evening newspaper: "The King and the Princesses had a ten-mile gallop in ideal weather."



A GREAT CENTENARY ROYAL SHOW

The Implications of the Past and the Present

THE Centenary Show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England has been anticipated and has passed. Held amidst international tension and domestic agricultural discontent, it was an event which provoked a good deal of reflection in one way and another.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that centenary shows tend to make the onlooker cast his mind backwards rather than forwards, yet in the present state of agriculture this attitude is inevitable even without provocation. It is interesting to recall the figures of this year's show, to compare them with those of past years and to draw certain inferences and conclusions. The number of horses, exclusive of double entries and those entered in riding and driving classes, has varied very much during the last 50 years. In the present year's show there were 673 entries. The cattle entry, exclusive of double entries, amounts to 1,819—which was a record. Goats showed an increase of 51 over last year's show at Cardiff, and the entry for sheep had gone up from 662 to 728. Pigs showed an increase of nearly 300 as compared with last year, the highest figure between 1889 and 1938 being 841 at Ipswich in 1934.

The general total for livestock this year was the magnificent figure of 4,245, which was a record in the Society's history. It is good to note that cattle and sheep were well represented, having regard to their importance should a war break out, and this reflection applies more, perhaps, to the pig entry. Pigs would be invaluable in a multitude of ways. But even more important is the fact that these figures reflect a very great determination on the part of the British farmer to overcome his difficulties.

The poultry and produce entries were also satisfactory, being 522 and 383 respectively, and the total length of shedding in the show was 9,294 ft., which was a record since 1889, when the figure was 15,602. One of the most encouraging features of the show was the machinery section, which was an assembly of every conceivable kind of implement which can be of assistance to farming. But I could not help feeling what a tragedy it was that these implements—for they are costly and require a certain amount of initial capital outlay—should be far beyond the reach of so many farmers to whose prosperity and success they would contribute so much.

Among the cattle the shorthorns drew a general admiration, though it is really invidious to pick out any breed for special praise out of entries of such general excellence. It is impossible not to remark on the King's success with his wonderful entry of Devons from the Stoke Climsland herd, or to forget what a magnificent lead the first farmer in the country gives to the rest of the agricultural community by his genuine interest and work.

The arrivals of the King and Queen, in all the pageantry of the Ascot tradition, and of Queen Mary and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, were greeted with great enthusiasm and set the seal on what was, from every point of view, a Royal Show.

It may seem to savour something of a carping spirit to utter any complaints where there was so much that no one could do anything but praise. Yet I could form no general opinion of hunters and ring horses, as the director found it "impossible" for me to be in the grand stand—where one must be if one is to see the horses properly—on every day. And even more difficult to understand were the motives which led to Major Faudel-Phillips being asked to leave the ring as soon as the parade of ancient vehicles began—an event to which he had given at least six months' physical work and probably a great deal more in thinking the parade out.

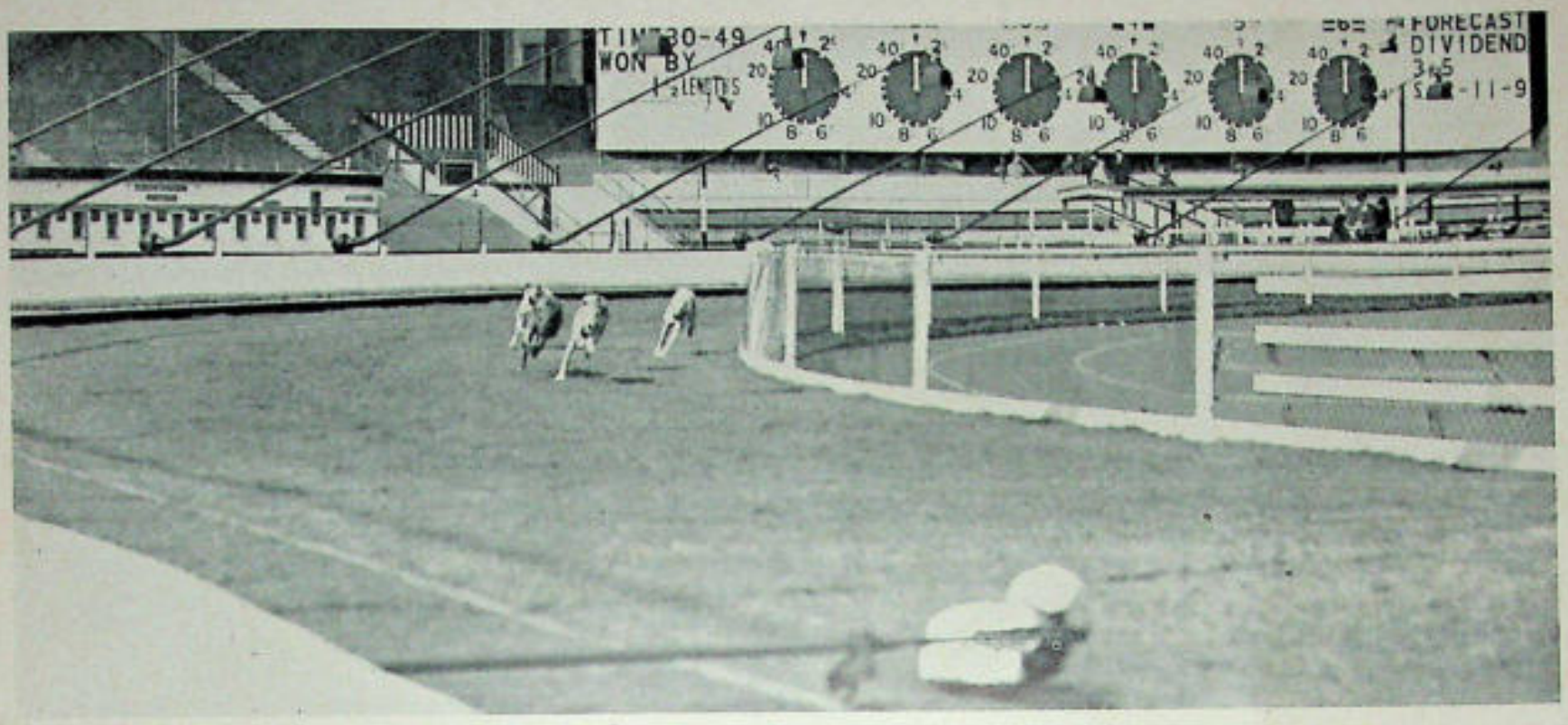
No doubt these were unavoidable incidents, and in any case it is impossible to allow them to do anything to spoil the recollection of the show as a whole. For it was in every sense a show worthy of its occasion. The general layout was beyond reproach, and one could not but regret that so much that had all the air of permanence was there for only a few short days.

Yet if the actual show has passed, the spirit which produced it remains. No one could walk around the stands, examine the machinery and let the eye wander over the magnificent and satisfying lines of the finest products which the stud farmers of the world can show without being impressed by the show's wealth of purpose and potential prosperity. There was no sign of depression anywhere, and everyone was determined to take a cheerful view of things.

Yet no one could but remember that this was farming at its most successful, or forget the hundreds of farmers, small and big, scattered up and down the English countryside to whom everything that the show stood for—except, perhaps, determination and the will to carry on—must, as things are, remain a dream.

At this show was collected everything which could possibly make for a successful agricultural community. The soil and pastureland of this country could be improved out of all recognition and might easily become the finest in the world. One has only to remember what has been done in this way in Italy and in Germany, where hardly an acre is wasted, to see just what can be achieved. Yet a journey through almost any part of this country cannot but fill the observer with despair at the enormous waste of land and man power.

Perhaps the main significance of the Royal Show was that it proved our ability to restore farming to a suitable and deserved prosperity. Our engineering and scientific brains are second to none, and there is no branch of farming in which experts are not immediately ready to give assistance. Hundreds of men who drifted away from what they quite excusably regarded as financial suicide on their farms have been disillusioned in the towns, and would return to the land to-morrow if they could hope for any possibility of improvement. It is very much to be hoped that this show will convince the Government of the ability of manufacturers, engineers, scientists and farmers to make agriculture pay and to restore to its fitting place in the economy of our country. If this were to be the result, the Centenary Show of the Royal Agricultural Society would indeed go down in history as having justified all the work and efforts of the great Society which produced it. CREAGHT.



TRIALS AT THE WHITE CITY

It is here that the "Greyhound Derby" is run, and 90,000 people pay to see six dogs race for the Blue Riband of Greyhound Racing

THE STORY OF GREYHOUND RACING

I—Origin of the Sport

By DALE BOURN

IT is a well-known fact that greyhound coursing is one of the oldest sports in this country, about which we have authentic details as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Had there been no such thing as "coursing," it is obvious that greyhound racing as known to millions of people to-day would never have come into being.

Greyhound racing, as opposed to greyhound coursing, is not the comparative new sport that so many people imagine it is, although, as we will see, the true birthday of modern greyhound racecourses was as recent as 1926.

Attempts to race greyhounds after the "artificial hare" were made as far back as 1876. In that year, at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, a small band of sportsmen laid out a racecourse in a field. Quoting from an article in *The Times* of September 11th, 1876, headed "Coursing by Proxy": "For a distance of 400yds. in a straight line, a rail has been laid down in the grass. It is traversed through its whole length by a groove, in which runs an apparatus like a skate on wheels. On this sort of shuttle is mounted the 'artificial hare.' It is made to travel along the ground at any required pace and so naturally to resemble the living animal that it is eagerly pursued by greyhounds. On Saturday afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, a trial was made of the new mechanical arrangement. A considerable number of persons were present . . . the whole scene was that presented by a racecourse . . . when the hour came all that was seen was the 'artificial hare' bounding out, quite naturally, like the real animal, from its bag, and followed at once by the hounds, like so many kittens after a cork. It was amusing to watch the eager greyhounds in their headlong race, striving in vain with all their might to overtake the phantom hare, which a touch of the windlass could send spinning like a shadow away out of their reach. The new sport is undoubtedly an exciting and interesting one. It is perhaps entitled to the commendation bestowed upon it by its promoters. 'It is,' they say, 'well worthy of the attention of the opponents of sports involving cruelty to animals, as it will afford an innocent recreation to all.'"

History does not relate how many greyhounds took part in the race, nor whether wagering was permitted. However, it does relate that the effort soon died a natural death as the public were not attracted. The reasons for this may have been that in those days the greyhound was known purely as a coursing dog, and its speed was not recognised nearly as much as its intelligence and cleverness in *coursing* the hare.

Again, the fact that the course was straight would make it unpopular with the coursing fraternity.

As far back as 1780, there were attempts to course the hare artificially. At Ashdown Park Coursing Club a hare was caught and put into a sunken trap. The dogs were held in traps and released at the same time as the hare. In this case the first dog to reach the hare was declared the winner. Incidentally, the dogs at this meeting each wore a distinguishing ribbon, this method of marking obviously being the ancestor of the present system of marking by various coloured coats and numbers. This system of racing was also the obvious forerunner of the "enclosed" coursing meetings in Ireland which became so popular.

In 1890, an enterprising sportsman patented the idea of a *circular* greyhound racecourse, but it never came into actual being owing to lack of financial support. Whippet racing has, of course, been practised for years, and this form of racing, though popular in Southern England in the 'nineties, is now mostly carried on in the manufacturing districts of the North and Midlands. It is interesting to note that in 1895, starting boxes were used for whippets at the Beckenham meetings in order to try and defeat the somewhat dubious methods of some of the competitors when hand-slipping their dogs. Here, again, we have the forerunner of one of the devices that go to make up the equipment of modern greyhound racing.

The true birth, weaning and upbringing of the modern sport reads more like a romantic novel than modern history. It is, in fact, the greatest romance of modern sport. No sport has ever captured the imagination of the public to such an enormous extent in such a short space of time. Not only is it a "poor man's" sport patronised by millions of the public, but it is a vast industry, commanding millions of capital, employing thousands of men, and benefiting, the Treasury, local governments and charities to the tune of many thousands of pounds each year.

For the first successful beginning of greyhound racing we must primarily go to America. In 1925, Mr. Charles Munn, a well-known American sportsman, happened to be motoring through Oklahoma City. He noticed a crowd gathered round a certain space, and, being of an inquisitive and enquiring nature, he stopped to investigate. He discovered that a farmer, one O. P. Smith, had been in the habit of entertaining friends and guests to enclosed coursing meetings on Sunday afternoons. These meetings had become so popular and noisy that the neighbours had complained to the State authorities, who had immediately raided one of them and fined Mr. Smith for "coursing live rabbits in an enclosed space!" Not to be outdone, however, Mr. Smith, realising the entertainment that this sport had given, and its growing popularity, was struck with the idea of coursing a *dummy* hare in a *circular* track. Having looked into all the patents then existing concerning this form of racing, he patented his own idea, and eventually established a series of circular tracks in various States. It was this spectacle, then, that greeted Mr. Munn's eyes. The hare was drawn on a cable attached to the back wheel of a jacked-up car, and was chased by straining dogs to the yells of delight of a crowd, most of whom had a financial interest in the result of the race.

Being an astute judge and realising the commercial possibilities of this game, Mr. Munn had moving pictures taken of the sport actually in action—a sport that had taken Florida, Cincinnati and Chicago by storm. He found, however, that coursing people were not interested, and others were sceptical.

On coming over to England he happened to be asked to a country house party, at which his friend Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, the well-known Canadian soldier and sportsman, was also staying. He showed the films to the General, who was immediately impressed with the possibilities of the sport for the man in the street, if organised on a commercial basis.

He, later, sought out Munn for more details as to track lengths, equipment, statistics and, more important still, the amount of cash needed. Here we have, then, Munn and General Critchley as the small acorn that was destined to grow into one of the tallest oaks ever.

They formed the Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd., as a private company, and looked around for shareholders. Many were they who scoffed and scorned; some ridiculed; some politely refused; some laughed and said they would take a gamble and mentally waved good-bye to their money.

The General approached big men in finance—men in the industrial world, the sport world; but there were few who could be impressed. The few have lived to bless the day they "parted"—the others must be metaphorically kicking themselves. I, personally, know several of the latter.

£14,000 was raised for the G.R.A., Ltd., after strenuous and unceasing effort upon the parts of Munn and the General. A site was looked for, and eventually, with the generous help of Sir William Gentle, chairman of Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, a racecourse was begun at the Belle Vue Stadium, Manchester was chosen as a location, as it was thought that the popularity of whippet racing and coursing in this district would influence the interest of the public towards this new sport.

It was all a colossal gamble. Experts in coursing were sceptical, avowing that greyhounds would not take to chasing the "tin rabbit" as they contemptuously called it.

Mr. L. O. Browne, now racing manager of the New Cross Stadium, managed to collect together, from all over the place, about 160 dogs by bargaining and persuasion, the prices ranging from £10 to £25 a dog.

The racecourse itself had to be built, kennels erected, rules drawn up, and a system of identification of the dogs devised; the electric hare had to be constructed and made to work. It was made to work all right—round and round it would go but no one could stop or control it. Eventually it

was arranged that it should be switched off its track into a heap of sandbags. It stopped all right then!

The main driving force behind all this planning, scheming and organising was General Critchley, who threw all his well-known energy into the work. He even called into service his father, the late Mr. O. A. Critchley, who helped to devise the method of identification of the dogs by noting their measurements, markings and scars, and the set of their toes and toenails—a system still used to this day. Mr. Critchley was also to act as a steward and judge with Browne.

He acted as chief steward to the G.R.A., Ltd., until his regretful death, at the age of 72, in 1935.



THE START OF IT ALL

The first mechanical hare chase. An impression of the historic event held at Hendon, in 1876, from E. G. Ash's "Book of the Greyhound"

As matters progressed at forced speed and difficulties were surmounted (and they were many and various), it was found that more money was required. Nothing daunted, this band of pioneers raised another £10,000 on their own bond, and eventually all was ready for the opening night.

Word had gone forth, advertised all round the district, that on the night of July 24th, 1926, the public would be able to see, for the first time in England, organised greyhound racing on a circular track. By sheer driving, slaving and rush, on that night all was ready. No one knew what to expect. How many people would turn up? Would they laugh? Would they jeer? Or would they just look on, go home and not come back?

What a flop! Only about 1,700 turned up, and they appeared none too enthusiastic.

Everyone in the organisation was disconsolate except the General. He refused to be downcast, and never once did he waver from his confirmed opinion that it would be one of the greatest sports of all. "I know it is good," were his averred words. How right was he eventually proved to be!

The first race was begun. The dogs in their distinguishing coats and numbers were brought out from their kennels and paraded by their kennelmen. Even then the uniform of the kennelmen was the same as to-day. Bowler hats, white coats with the number of their dog on the left sleeve, black leggings and boots. The dogs were put into their respective traps, which had previously been drawn for—round went the derided "tin rabbit," up went the doors of the traps (thank heavens they worked!) and out flashed the dogs. Round they went hell-bent and all out after their quarry. What would happen? Would they fight as they ran? What were the stewards to do if the dogs ended up in a battle? But everything went smoothly—Mistley, a dog bought for about £15 and boasting only half a tail, flashed over the finishing line 500yds. from the start, the first winner. Mistley made history that night.

Being summer-time the first few races were run in daylight, but as it got darker the lights were switched on, throwing into relief the stands and the green ribbon of the racecourse. As the hare was started in one of these dark races, it was found that the current was not sufficient to drive the hare and keep on the stand lights! These were turned out, and so was born another custom that has continued to this day.

That first night there were six races, five dogs to each race, the third race being over hurdles. The last race was run and the evening ended. What a disappointment! The public were apathetic; the personnel of the company were crestfallen; they had expected a bigger and better response and a bigger reward for all the work, thought, care and money that had been put into the project. The General and his father alone persisted in optimism, but worse was to come. On the third night only 500 turned up. Black despair prevailed. Still the General persisted that success was just around the corner, and there sure enough it was. The very next week the attendances jumped to 21,000. Greyhound racing had "arrived," and it never looked back.

A close season was suggested and adopted. It was rightly said "it would be good for the sport and good for the dogs." Belle Vue closed down on October 9th. More planning and scheming were put into operation, and it was resolved to bring the sport to London.

The G.R.A., Ltd., endeavoured to get hold of the White City, but it was at first refused them. However, General Critchley spotted a site at Harringay where the North London tube had dumped earth from their excavations. They began to build a racecourse there—a colossal undertaking, as 40,000 tons of earth had to be shifted. It was done—nothing was going to stop the General's grim determination. Then a lease of the White City was obtained, and in 1927 the G.R.A., Ltd., opened up four more courses, two in London at the White City and Harringay, one at Powderhall, Edinburgh, and one at Hall Green, Birmingham. The White City opened its doors to 25,000 people on June 20th and Harringay followed on September 13th. Wembley Stadium, Ltd., followed suit with an opening on December 10th to 35,000.

Thereupon racecourses sprang up all over the country—Clapton, Wimbledon and West Ham, in London, each under different promotion, started up, followed by others in the provinces. Truly, "going to the dogs" had taken on a new and significant meaning.

In 1927, greyhound racing at the White City alone produced an average attendance of 50,000 per night for 40 nights racing. In 1932 it had increased to over 20 million, in 1935 over 22 million, and now over 23 million pay through the turnstiles each year in this country alone.

Greyhounds were at a premium—breeding was booming, quick money was made, shares in the various concerns rocketed. In one company alone, after a year of working, the 1/- shares were changing hands at £12 10s. As an example, when the G.R.A., Ltd., issued their shares to the public in 1927, the original 1/- shares later sold to the company for £7 10s. per share—an approximate increase of 14,900 per cent. on the original investment.

Besides the financial aspect, great armies of men were employed—men from all stations of life. Men were needed to build courses and stands, men were required to run them; breeders, trainers, veterinary surgeons and kennelmen all found a new outlet for their activities. Ex-officers and others found employment as stipendiary stewards, directors found new boards on which to sit; in a word, a vast new industry had sprung up, a lucrative business combining the two great attributes of giving employment as well as a sporting spectacle to the "man in the street." Even a new school of bookmakers opened a fresh field of operation.

Of the original band of pioneers, the name of General Critchley, now managing director of the 1½ million pound company, the Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd., alone stands out to the public as epitomising greyhound racing, although Charles Munn is still a director and L. O. Browne still a racing manager of the same organisation. Critchley's "chrysalis" has grown into a great butterfly whose wings stretch far and wide.

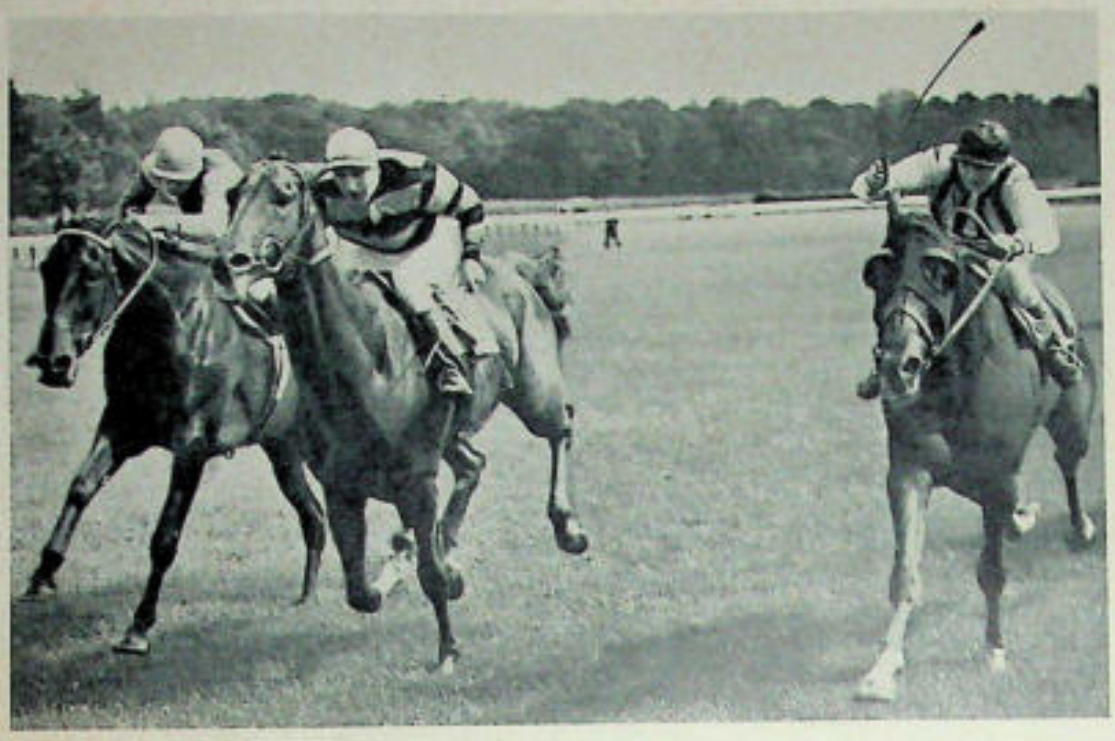
It was only too obvious that such a money-maker would attract thousands of "gentlemen" of the get-rich-quick type who would operate at the expense of the public. Just as there is a "gold rush" or a "diamond rush" so there was a "greyhound rush." This had to be controlled. Various methods suggested, but in 1928 the National Greyhound Racing Club was formed to control the sport even as the Jockey Club controls horse racing. Legislation was introduced, legal battles were fought, but it is an almost incredible truth that in the small space of ten years an entirely new sport was introduced, commanding the attention of over 23 million people each year and turning over millions of pounds, stabilised and controlled to a pitch of as near perfection as possible. But of the nature and details of this control more anon.

It must appeal to the romantic nature of every sportsman when he harks back to that birthday night at Belle Vue and compares it to the present-day "Greyhound Derby" night in June at the White City, when over 90,000 people turn up to see six dogs race for the Blue Riband of greyhound racing—when over £120,000 goes through the totalisator alone, and the people shout and yell from the start to the finish of a race that takes less than 30 seconds to run. Truly, wonders never cease.



THE "SNOWBALL" ROLLS ON

Only a section of the enormous ground which the Greyhound Derby attracts. Over £120,000 goes through the totalisator alone



MENDICANT FRIAR (CENTRE) WINNING THE SUMMER HANDICAP AT LINGFIELD FROM FLYING SPRAY (RIGHT) AND KNOLE STAR (LEFT)

AMATEUR RIDERS AT SALISBURY

Some Promising Sprinters for Goodwood

THE Southdown Club, which holds its meetings at Lewes, and the Bibury Club, are almost the only two clubs which foster and try to encourage amateur riders under Jockey Club Rules. Now that most of the cavalry regiments have been mechanised there is a shortage of amateur riders from the cavalry, most of the gentlemen riders of to-day being either business men or rich young men with time to spare. It was pleasant to see young Mr. Jack Astor, the third son of Lord Astor and a nephew and godson of Major John Astor, ride his first winner on the flat when he won the Amateurs' Welter Handicap of a mile and six furlongs on his father's horse Bookseller.

This six-year-old gelding by Buchan out of Pennycomequick—a Derby second and an Oaks winner—had not won a race for a long time, so that it was a feather in the cap of this very young rider to win on him. He rode him well and won by half a length from Prince Charlie III. Mr. Astor is attached to the Life Guards, who are in camp near Pirbright. His uncle was a very good man across a country before the War and also a polo player of the greatest promise. Unfortunately he lost a leg when commanding a battery in the War. He himself had been in the Life Guards, but finding things rather too dull was seconded to the Gunners. But for this unfortunate loss he no doubt would have played polo for England and taken a great interest in racing under National Hunt Rules. It is to be hoped that his nephew will continue to do so.

The Aly Khan has been winning races at this meeting and at Lewes for several years. He generally buys a horse in France to run in such events and they are nearly always successful. He has made himself a very efficient rider on the flat, and rode two winners at the meeting. His first winning ride was on Tramail in the Dundridge Welter, and then he won the George Thursby Plate on Moonray. This latter event was named after Sir George Thursby, who is now a steward of the meeting. When he was young he was the leading amateur rider of his day, and able to hold his own with the leading professionals. Amateurs and professionals no longer are allowed to ride against each other under Jockey Club Rules. Sir George twice finished second in the Derby, first in 1904 on John o' Gaunt, who was beaten by St. Amant, the race being run in a thunderstorm, and then in 1906 on Picton, who was beaten by only a length-and-a-half by Spearmint. None of the amateur riders of to-day could have held their own with him, but then he had a great advantage that they do not have. He was able to ride with the great professionals of his time, and that must have taught him a lot, as many of us know from being allowed to play other games with the great professionals of the time.

All of which must not be taken to mean that the amateurs of to-day cannot ride, for many of them are very good. Captain Cundell, Mr. Hislop, Captain Peter Herbert, Mr. "Bobby" Petre and Mr. Teddy Underdown are all capable men, as is the Aly Khan, to whom I have already referred. Mr. Underdown rode a really well-judged race and a strong finish when he won the Waliop Selling Handicap on Black Witch. He, like many other amateur riders that I have mentioned, rides early, and go and ride work with any trainer who will give them work to ride, and then hurry off back to military duties or work in the City, or, as in the case of Mr. Underdown, on the stage or on the screen.

Liverpool and Hurst Park are next week, and then comes Goodwood, for which let us hope most seriously that the weather is better than it is as these notes are being written. Goodwood, when the weather is wet or there is a sea fret, is an abominable place. When it is fine, it is one of the show places of the world. There was a time when there was much ante-post betting on the Stewards' Cup, a six furlongs handicap, but those days seem to have gone for all time. Yet the race which will be run on the first day of the meeting, July 25th, is still one of the most popular sprint races of the year, and one of the most delightful to watch. The field line up for the start just over a hill, and it is some seconds before they appear charging over that brow and begin to gallop down the hill to the flat run in. The winner seldom comes from the stand side of the course, and yet there is no reason why they should not do so, for the course appears to be quite fair. Yet there is an idea that the far side is the better, and the riders flock to it, thus creating much unnecessary scrimmaging. There are some really good sprinters in the race this year, and naturally they are at the top of the handicap. The top weight is old Reliance, followed by Caerloptic and America, whose easy win at his second attempt at Ascot this year showed that he was a high-class sprinter.

He has, however, been given quite enough to do this time. Still, good sprinters can carry weight and give it away. I like his chance best of the top weights. The middle weight to appeal most to me is Knight's Caprice, a four-year-old colt by Knight of the Garter out of Caprice. He is trained by Dawson at Whatcombe and has had only two races this season. In his first, at Newbury, he won from Real Estate and Tallboy, with the consistent Shalfleet just out of a place. Shalfleet then gave Knight's Caprice 18lb. The difference in the Stewards' Cup is 12lb. Knight's Caprice's other race was at Ascot, when he just missed a place in the Wokingham, won by America with Shalfleet third. Knight's Caprice is handicapped with those two horses on that running. He then seemed just unable to stay the six furlongs, but the going was very holding, and this six furlongs at Goodwood is easier than the six at Ascot. Of the lighter weights I like best the chance of the ex selling plater, Ethland, who, through Lovely Woman, is surely kindly handicapped. The winner of this race generally comes from the middle weights, and is a four-year-old. If, therefore, I had to make a selection to-day for the race, it would be Knight's Caprice.

GNOSTIC.

THE SERVICES AT BISLEY

By CAPTAIN E. H. ROBINSON

THE triumph of the Royal Air Force in the historic Methuen Cup match was the outstanding event of a "Services Week" made rather colourless by the unnecessary and "panic" cancellation of the Army Rifle Association's Central competitions.

For some years the Royal Air Force has been nibbling at prizes which the Navy and Army have regarded as the guerdon of their own private fights. The nibbles are now giving place to very decided bites. Last year the R.A.F. captured the Inter-Services XX trophy at the Imperial Meeting. Now the Methuen Cup is in their possession. Their eyes are hungrily fixed on the United Services cup and "they won't be happy till they get it."

Three men chiefly are responsible for the steady rise in the quality of the match shooting of Royal Air Force teams. They are Air Vice-Marshal F. C. Halahan, chairman of the R.A.F. Small Arms Association; Squadron-Leader "Joe" Pearce, hon. secretary of the association; and that indomitable enthusiast Squadron-Leader J. C. Stevens, of Eastchurch. After something like eighteen years of constant drive their labours are being rewarded with outstanding achievement outside their own service.

The conditions for the Methuen Cup match are difficult enough on an ordinary day, with their close simulation of shooting in war. This year there was the added difficulty of a very high wind which made steady holding almost impossible. As a consequence scoring was on the low side of "bogey," which is usually taken to be in the neighbourhood of 1,280 points for the team of eight.

Royal Air Force (Training Command) won with 1,249. Next was a team new to the competition—Small Arms Experimental Establishment, Hythe. The success of this team somewhat compensated Hythe for the fact that its old and trusted regular entrant, the Small Arms School, suffered almost complete eclipse, ending seventh in a field of twelve. The only other Army teams to enter were the Greenjackets, Brigade of Guards and the Royal Engineers. These entered more as a matter of sentiment than with any hope of winning in a year in which the Army has seemed to consider that the expert in the use of small arms is to be discouraged in every possible way—so far as ordinary regimental shooting is concerned.

H.M.S. Excellent took third place, followed by Royal Marines (Eastern Command), H.M.S. Drake and Royal Marines (Southern Command).

The Aldershot Cup, which is a yearly bone of contention between teams of the Navy and Marines, was this year won back for the "Royals" by Royal Marines (Portsmouth Division). Last year H.M.S. Drake had it, and in 1937 it was held by R.M. Depot, Deal.

The new rifle champion of the Royal Navy is Petty-Officer Records of H.M.S. Pembroke, and the revolver champion Petty-Officer Bird of H.M.S. Drake. The rifle champion of the Royal Marines is Company-Sergeant-Major Baker of the Portsmouth Division.

RACING ENGLAND

MR. CHALMERS has never written a dull word about racing, but he has never done anything better than in his last book, *Racing England*, published by Batsford at 12/6. Enlivened with a wealth of reminiscence and anecdote is a great deal of valuable information on the history of racing in this country, reflections on some of our racecourses and an unusually interesting account of the surprising origins of the Jockey Club.

There is about this book all the atmosphere of racing in the past, and it is impossible to avoid a comparison of the days of Admiral Rous and Mr. George Payne with our own days, when one never knows whether another Derby will ever be run or not. They were great days, and if there was much trickery, there was also much character about them.

There was then, I think, a very much more widely spread enthusiasm about the great races of the Turf, and I am quite certain that there was very much more knowledge among what might be called the racing public as opposed to the racing experts. Possibly this is the result of the general movement to enable people to go through life without thinking of anything for themselves. Nowadays the number of townsmen who have the least idea of the form or appearance of the horses which they so happily back is very small.

Mr. Chalmers has written a book which the most knowledgeable racing man will enjoy, while the illustrations are varied and extremely well chosen. In a second edition, perhaps, one shock might be removed—the attribution of certain immortal words of the Swan of Avon (incidentally quoted incorrectly) to the Stricken Deer.

THE "ALL-AMERICAN" WIMBLEDON

By J. E. COLLETT

IT has been a weird Wimbledon! The tournament began as the most open affair for years, and ended with such a triumph for the United States that it might almost have been a close championship.

The only event not American owned was the Ladies' Plate, which Mrs. R. D. McKelvie, once Ireland's No. 1 as Miss A. E. L. McOstrich, managed to rescue for Scotland. R. L. Riggs won the men's singles, the men's doubles with E. T. Cooke, and the mixed doubles with Miss A. Marble. In addition to the mixed doubles, Miss Marble won the ladies' singles, and the ladies' doubles with Mrs. S. P. Fabyan.

Records for "triple triumphs" only run since 1913, when the mixed doubles event was added to the programme. In 1937–38, J. D. Budge won three titles (the doubles in each year with G. Mako and Miss Marble), a feat not previously accomplished. In 1922 and 1925, Mlle. Lenglen did the triple, her doubles partners being Miss E. Ryan (U.S.A.), P. O'Hara Wood (Australia), and J. Borotra. Thus America has always had a racket in this record.

Miss Marble was the high light of the finals. Her score of 6/2, 6/0, against Miss K. E. Stammers, who was, nevertheless, playing well up to form, was equalled in 1925 by Mlle. Lenglen, when her opponent was Miss J. Fry. Miss Stammers probably could have beaten Miss Fry with a similar score. Miss Marble's earlier round scores—Mrs. J. S. Kirk, 6/3, 6/2; Miss B. G. Beazley, 6/4, 6/3; Mme. A. Halff, 6/1, 6/1; and Panna J. Jedrzejowska, 6/1, 6/4—had not the inevitable quality or queenly power of Suzanne's, but the 6/0, 6/0 defeat of Fru. S. Sperling, and the score in the final certainly had.

Against Fru. Sperling we saw complete moral and technical supremacy, the best existing lady baseliner was never allowed even to begin establishing a base, and throughout the twelve games only made one shot of any importance, a backhand pass.

In the final, Miss Stammers made a continuous stream of strokes of importance enough to upset any ordinary aspirant for the championship; Miss Marble merely made use of them. Every lady champion since the list of honour was started by Miss Maud Watson in 1884, has played an essentially feminine game. Miss L. Dod (1887–88 and 1891–93) is not admissible as an exception; she was a volleyer and smasher of merit at contemporary standards, but Miss Marble's overhead work is equal to, if not better than, that of most of the men of Miss Dod's time.

It is almost permissible to say that Miss Marble is the first lady champion who at reasonable odds might give the current man champion a good game. Her methods are non-feminine, and for the modern woman, however athletic, to try to imitate them would be hopeless. In the sense that she may create a leaning towards a style too strenuous for young girls to attempt, she is not the pattern



SAFE OVERHEAD!
Miss Alice Marble in her final against Miss Stammers

champion Mlle. Lenglen was. For the same reason, the most magnificent woman's match I can imagine would have been one between Alice Marble, and the great Suzanne. The probable outcome of this ideal clash is highly debatable, but would be argued along the lines of Suzanne's impatience of equality. Alice rejoices in and improves on it.

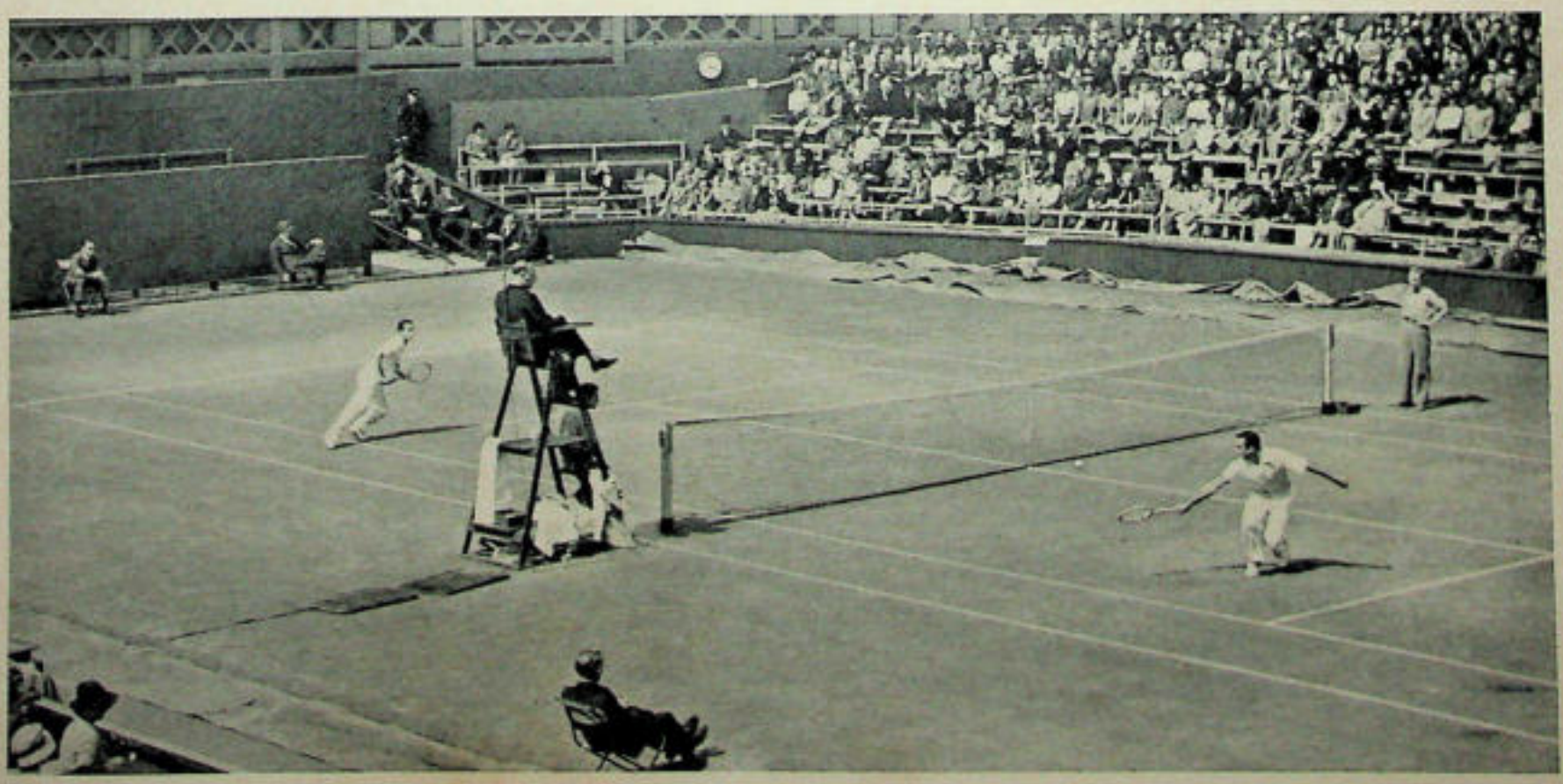
I feel surer of Riggs than when I was writing about him last week, having seen him dispose both of Ghaus Mohammed and F. Puncec in straight sets without overt extra exertion, and then in the final wear the sturdy Cooke right down to a first-aid case, after five sets of stuff almost as wearying to watch as to bear up against. A spectator for several decades said to me during the opening stages of the final that the play reminded him of the first championship final he had seen which was won by E. Renshaw. Certainly here were the aforetime academic exchanges from the baseline, and the copy-book advances to the net, but certainly not the air of adventure which Renshaw imparted. The Renshaws, E. and W., invented the mixture. If, after the lapse of some 60 years, it was not being served up so as to appear a much superior article, the game cannot have advanced as tremendously as some would have us suppose. The fact is that the advance has been superficial and spectacular. Riggs, being a shrewd person, perhaps soon noted this, and living in the land of the spectacular, was able thoroughly to exploit a theory of beating the heavos by technique.

As he proved against Puncec, a better player than Cooke, Riggs is a superb technician, expert enough to be perfect or imperfect at will without ultimate detriment. The procession of his strokes can be appreciated as theoretically spectacular by a student lover of the grammar of the game, but for a sensation seeker he provides only occasional satisfaction when circumstance calls for exceptional hazard. He has no bogey stroke like the backhand of Budge, and no personal mark like the bustle of F. J. Perry, the forceful forehand of E. Vines, or the careless rapture of J. H. Crawford.

These were his immediate predecessors in Wimbledon championships. He may either go farther forward than they went, or farther back, because, regarded classically, he has a completer equipment than any of them.

In general, the play in the doubles finals was disappointing. We had the efficient opportunism of Riggs in the men's double which turned the scale against the raggedness of C. E. Hare and F. H. D. Wilde. The compensation for the decisive elimination of Miss H. H. Jacobs and Miss A. M. Yorke at 6/1, 6/0, by Miss Marble and Mrs. Fabyan, was the utter efficiency of the process.

The feature of both the semi-final and final of the mixed doubles was the marked improvement of Miss N. B. Brown, whose graceful presence and darting cross-volleys enlivened her defeat with Wilde of Cooke and Mrs. Fabyan at 6/3, 7/5; and also the final English defeat by Riggs and Miss Marble at 9/7, 6/1. Both in the men's and mixed doubles, the English pairs owed a large measure of their losses to an inability to clinch chances. This deficiency is, in my opinion, directly traceable to the easy-going nature of most matches our ranking players meet with in their weekly round of ordinary tournaments.



R. L. RIGGS v. E. T. COOKE IN AN ALL-AMERICAN FINAL
Riggs, up at the net, with an open court at his disposal

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS

IV.—Why Artificial Flies Are Such Oddities

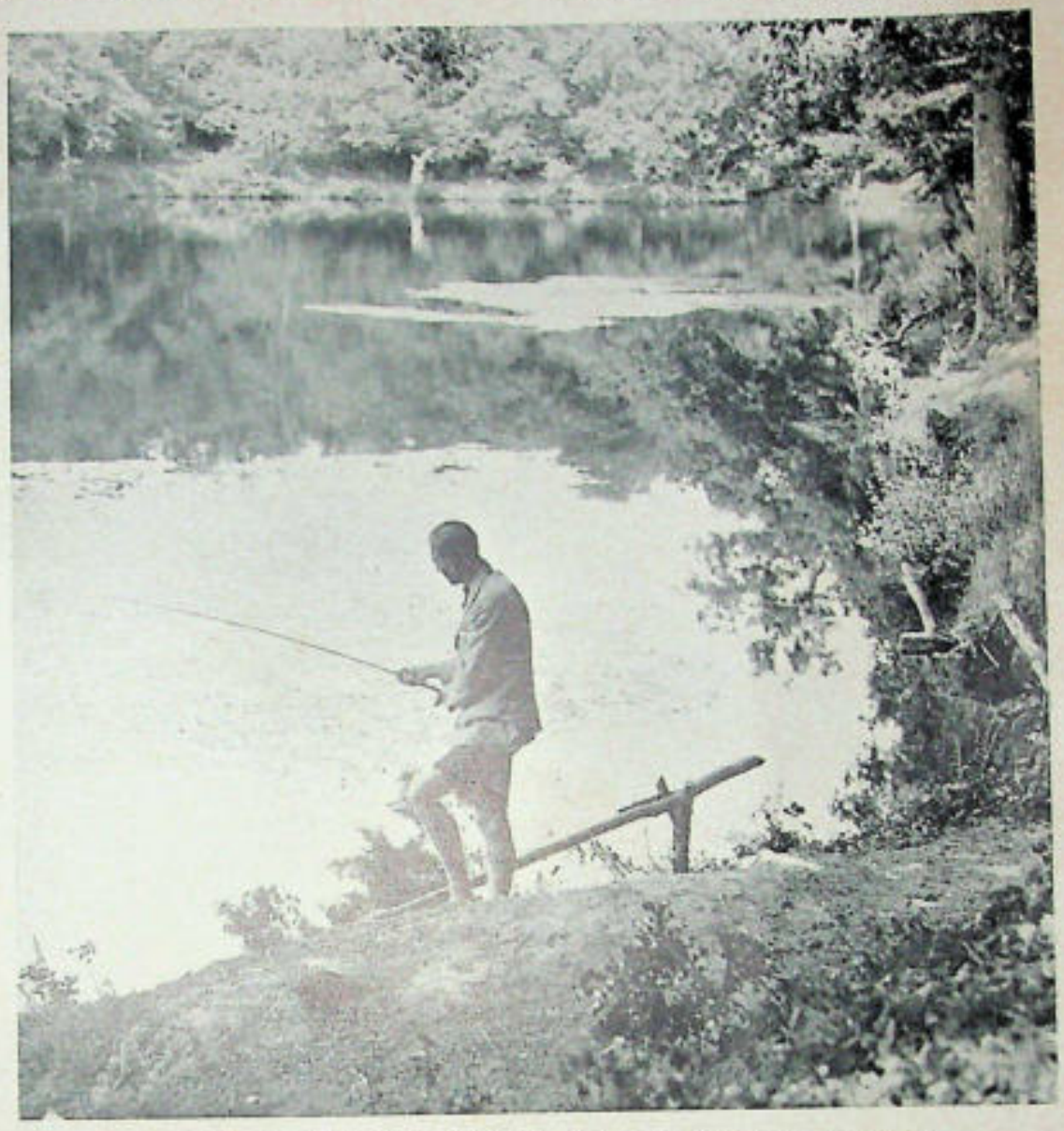
MY DEAR BOB,—To answer, first, your question about buying flies. No, it is not necessary to wait for your holiday in order to get flies for Devonshire. You can get them during the few days you will be in London, or when you get to Devonshire just as you like. The majority of them will be the same flies tied, in all probability, by a wholesale house. Formerly the patterns most in use were tied locally, and, as a rule, there are still local fly-dressers who make a speciality of certain patterns which have a reputation as fish catchers on this or that stream, but whether they are really any more attractive to trout than other patterns of the same fly is open to doubt. It is always the fly which is most used that catches the most fish; but whether any given fly catches most fish because it is used oftenest, or whether it is used oftenest because it catches most fish, is a conundrum I must leave you to guess for yourself.

But local flies are always worth studying for their size and general appearance. The fly with a local reputation is pretty sure to be sound practice in its size, so when you purchase you can get yours tied on the same size of hook. As to general appearance, I mean that a fly will either be heavily dressed, *i.e.*, it has a rather "buzzy" appearance with plenty of hackle on it, or very skimpily dressed with little hackle and a rather attenuated body—a spidery appearance, in fact. It is useful to know roughly what the local dressings look like—even if you do not invest in any—for this will give you the cue for the type of dressing you should select, and also (this is a tip worth bearing in mind) what the exact opposite of the local fly looks like. This last point is to be remembered when things are going badly, when, for example, your flies are ignored by the trout altogether. Then is the time to try something entirely different from the local favourite. If this is rather a buzzy-looking object, try a very thinly-dressed fly of the same pattern; this quite often proves successful.

You have probably been rather puzzled over these remarks about different dressings of the same pattern; and on consideration I am perhaps using the term "pattern" in a rather unusual sense: I am referring to different artificial flies which are all supposed to represent more or less the same natural insect. To understand it better, turn up the colour page (Plate V) in your copy of *Where to Fish*. The lower half of the page, as you will see, gives a dozen flies selected from those in common use on west-country streams. You will see there four flies—olive quill, blue dun, olive dun and blue upright. All those flies, although so different in appearance, are used to represent the same insect—the olive. How this apparent curiosity comes about I will try to explain.

Flies on which trout feed are water-bred insects. Land flies are occasionally blown, or fall, on to the water, and are often greedily taken by trout, but they are few and far between compared with those which spend practically all their lives in the water. When you get down to Devonshire, take an early opportunity to pick up some good-sized stones from the bottom of the stream and look at their under sides. You will find they are covered with small insects which look rather like thin flies without any wings. Most of these are water-bred flies in their early or larval stages. They are safe enough under the stones, though trout will eat them readily if they are dislodged or when they swim from stone to stone. If you pull up pieces of weed and examine them, you will find that they also contain a considerable number of insects.

These water-bred flies have much the same kind of existence as butterflies, which spend most of their lives as caterpillars, form themselves into a chrysalis, and then break out into a winged insect. A little later in the year (some of them next spring) these water-bred insects form themselves into the counterpart of a chrysalis, known as the pupal stage, then they float or swim up to the surface, where they break their shuck, shake out their wings and fly away to the bank. In this stage they are known to the scientist as "subimagines," and to the angler as "duns," probably from their rather drab appearance, though they are certainly not drab if examined closely. After a day or so some of them undergo a further change, shedding another skin and become what the scientist calls an "imago" and the angler a "spinner." In this stage they mate, lay their eggs on or in the water, and finally drop on the water dead, where they are known to the angler as "spent" flies. The term "spinner" has come from their peculiar flight over the water during the mating time, when they look rather like little spinning tops. You will see them in the evening, particularly on a warm, still day. Not quite all of them have both a dun and spinner stage—some of them hatch out direct into the perfect insect—but most of the ones particularly interesting to the angler have both.



A YOUNG ANGLER FISHING BRADMERE POOL, NEAR CHAGFORD, DARTMOOR

It now, I think, becomes clear why quite different dressings represent the same fly. When the fly first comes to the surface it is still inside its shuck, and it takes quite a little while for the insect to struggle free. The trout get an uncommonly good chance of a meal during this period, which some scientists believe to be as long as 20 minutes. This is calculated from the time the insect takes to free itself from its shuck in an aquarium. It may be less in running water. I do not know. But anyhow, it is a matter of many minutes which means a long journey downstream in fast water, and accounts no doubt for the number of "nymphs," as the angler calls them, found in trouts' stomachs.

In this stage, when it is still encumbered with its shuck, the fly must have a "generally buzzy appearance"; hence dressings with a fur or wool body are a fair imitation of it when floating down on, or near, the top of the water. When it has got clear of its shuck, it stands for a moment or two on the surface drying its wings, and then its body has the delicate ring-marked appearance which is well represented by a strand of quill from a large feather wound round and round the shank of the hook. This explains, I think, why both fur and feathers are equally successful at times in deceiving a trout, though they both represent the same natural fly.

You may be wondering also why the colour appears so different; why, quite apart from its general appearance, *blue* dun and *blue* upright should be used indifferently with *olive* dun and *olive* upright. I am afraid this is more difficult to explain than the other. I was brought up in the belief that blue duns and blue uprights represented another, and smaller, fly called the "iron blue," which is of that colour. But later consideration has altered that belief. I cannot remember to have seen any hatch of iron blues on Exmoor such as one gets in the south country, and a resident fisherman has told me that it is a rare fly in the west. The blue dun is a very old dressing. Nearly all old writers on fly fishing give some form of it, blue dun or whirling blue dun, or something of that kind—a fly the size of an olive (which the iron blue is not), but of a different colour. All olives which I have examined seem to merit their name, though some in the early spring in particular are very dark in the body and have, perhaps, a slightly blue tinge to the wing. Nowadays, anglers are gradually coming to believe that these olives, which come up all the year round, are really several different species, and it is quite possible that the colour of the different species varies, or that the colour varies with the type of water in a stream. Anyhow, these blue olives have shown their ability to deceive trout for several centuries, so if they do not look much like the natural insect to us, they evidently do so to the trout.



SOME TYPES OF OLIVES

Top row: Blue quill, left; blue dun, right. Bottom row: Red spinner and olive quill. A spent pattern is shown in the middle

In its final (spinner) stage, the fly has a distinctly reddish appearance; hence the "red spinner" in artificial flies, the red quill, red upright and pheasant tail, all of which are often taken when spinners are on the water.

I had intended to answer your question about what flies to buy for your Devonshire holiday, but must now leave this till next week. In the meantime I will try to think out what I, myself, should take with me if I were going there in August with only a few shillings to invest in these attractive but (what with bushes and one thing or another) too often ephemeral creations.

Your affectionate uncle,

HARVEY.



HUTTON CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN AN UNUSUAL POSITION
He slipped in ducking from a rising ball from K. Farnes during the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's

CRICKET AND THE SPECTATOR

By NEVILLE CARDUS

I HAVE often wondered why somebody does not write a short book for the average spectator at a cricket match showing him how to watch the play, what to look for, and why. Even in the pavilion at Lord's I have heard strange questions concerning some obvious procedure in the field.

"Why doesn't he take the new ball?"—a criticism directed at a captain who preferred to use the old ball because at the moment his best spin-bowler was doing well.

Such a question would not, of course, have been unintelligent once on a time, when slow spin-bowlers cheerfully opened the attack with a fast bowler at the beginning of a match; recollect the famous "opening" combinations of Mold and Briggs, Hirst and Rhodes, Wass and Hallam, to name a few. Not many seasons ago I saw one bowler polishing the new ball on his trousers, and at the other end of the pitch the slow bowler rubbing the same ball on the ground, a procedure which probably puzzled even the most expert observer in the crowd. It should always be remembered that cricketers, like most human beings, are subject to fashions and to spell-binding phrases. And what is the custom in one period becomes obsolete in the next, not necessarily because of a development in the technique of cricket, but simply as a result of a shibboleth or craze.

No doubt all of cricket's procedure and ritual has had some practical origin, but in many cases the outward form of it has survived the first useful purpose. I have actually seen an English batsman patting a cast-iron Australian wicket between overs—a clear case of the habit of a lifetime. When I was a boy I never saw a wicket-keeper returning the ball to the bowler via point or short square-leg.

Nowadays the ball is seldom sent directly back to the bowler, especially if he is a quick bowler; indeed, I am expecting any fine morning to see, say, Wood "take" a ball from Bowes and then to see it tossed from backward point to third-man, and so on, all round the field. I suppose the modern idea is to return the ball from the wicket-keeper in a way that will safely get it back to the bowler without risk of the seam suffering damage by contact with the ground; the bowler might miss holding a direct return! Besides, we must protect our bowlers' fingers at all costs.

The "average" spectator varies in knowledge considerably in different parts of the country. My primer on watching would have a special edition for Yorkshire, where they know most of the tricks of the trade. Yet it was in Yorkshire that a dear old writer on the game achieved a precious gem of innocence. Shortly after the War, Yorkshire on a soft pitch would begin attack with Robinson and Waddington. Then, as the new ball waned, Macaulay would come on, over the wicket, just to get the "feel" of the turf. But as soon as his off-spin started to "bite," he went round the wicket. And then our beloved scribe sent off his message: "Macaulay, obviously experiencing some difficulty in obtaining a foothold, was compelled to go round the wicket."

The "average" spectator at Gloucester still wonders why Goddard bowls "round" rather than "over"—at least, I recently heard puzzled remarks at Gloucester on this subject. And under the "new" l.b.w. rule, is it as advantageous for an off-spin bowler to exploit his spin from *round* the wicket as it was under the old rule? Have we not here another case of necessary procedure changing into mere custom?

A few years ago it was a familiar thing to see a slow left-handed bowler on a hard pitch choosing over the wicket as his point of attack, against all "classical" precedence. Did Rhodes or Blythe, not to mention Peel, ever bowl over the wicket in all their lives? I recollect that Sir Pelham Warner once deplored in print that so naturally gifted a slow left-handed bowler as Roy Kilner frequently bowled over the wicket. No doubt it was a "trade secret."

In Lancashire, during the great Makepeace regime, the left-hand over the wicket tactics were employed whenever on a hot day the spear-head of McDonald had been blunted. A widespread on-side field supported good length bowling aimed at the leg-stump, and thus the batting side's merry-making (and that of the crowd if the batting side was playing at home) was spoiled. A favourite complaint against Lancashire in those days was: "You won't score quickly yourself and then you bowl tight and make it impossible for batsmen who *have* got strokes to make them!"

Oh, the lovely summer afternoons I have seen ruined for patriots at Hove by those "dour" Lancashire clods of the bad old times! I have heard retired colonels fuming; I have seen them helpless with mortification as Lancashire put into effect the two match-saving specifics—the "dead" bat one day, and "Hopwood over t' wicket" the next. But I am not sure that Rhodes was not as much the prophet of the "dead bat" (on bowlers' pitches) as Makepeace himself, though no batsman has played "dead bat" more skilfully than Makepeace. The "dead bat" meant a passive stroke to the abrupt spinner, so passive that the ball fell harmlessly off the bat to the ground almost at the batsman's feet. Thus was the expectant close-up "leg-trap" thwarted. The "dead bat" prevented the ball from spinning, or ricochetting, from any part of the bat to the fieldsmen.

The close-up leg-trap is a post-War "gadget." (I do not refer to the packed leg-side field for the so-called "body line" stuff; I mean the legitimate supports for off-spinners on a "sticky" wicket, or for Root's inswingers, which never threatened anything except a batsman's innings.) Who was the first off-break bowler to employ a short-leg field?

Hugh Trumble once told me he used such a field at Manchester in the 1902 Test match which Australia won by three runs. My memory cannot confirm this point. Did Spofforth ever bowl off-breaks from round the wicket? By going round the wicket, post-War bowlers of Parkin's or Macaulay's order hoped to thwart the batsman's defensive pads; by going round the wicket, the angle of the spin was, as the saying had it, got at the bowler's end. As I have already asked in this article, is it any longer necessary to bowl off-breaks from round the wicket? I should have thought that the new rule would favour the angle of spin occurring at its abruptest at the batsman's end.

The spectator's guide should certainly be written. And one of the first things it must explain is the general absence of a fieldsman in the straight deep nowadays when a slow bowler is on. A few years ago, old Bill Howell, the Australian, visited a cricket match at Sydney, the first he had seen for many years.

He watched in silence, then after half an hour he spoke: "When did this new rule come in?" "What new rule, Bill?" "Why, the one which stops the batsman from hitting a four in front of the wicket!"



A TYPICAL PAYNTER SHOT DURING THE GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS MATCH
A sporting declaration by W. R. Hammond resurrected the game from a watery grave

ROUND THE WICKETS



The Derbyshire Mitchell bowling his leg-break

ON the third day it looked as though there would be a fitting finish to what is always the greatest family feud of the season. And a fighting one. After two days of cricket in fits and starts, the Gentlemen had to make 315 runs to beat the Players. They had an extremely playful wicket to make them on, and the most varied and probably the best attack in the country to make them against. They had three-and-a-quarter hours to do it in.

Chalk and Wyatt came down the pavilion steps to take first tilt. They were an odd pair. Chalk's cap of red and yellow quarters is so brilliant that it almost scintillated in the sun. It reflected his batting, too. It made him look vaguely like a Jester. And the cricket of Chalk is, above all, full of the fun of all Kent cricket. At the other end Wyatt might have been a substitute from the Players' eleven. His batting was reserved, orthodox, correct. It seemed somehow a freak in the game that this man, so tanned by the sun of every land where cricket is played, his face and hands almost black against the brilliant white of his shirt, should be able to bat so entirely without colour.

They began cautiously, like boxers sparring for an opening, expecting some notorious right hook. And the punch was there, too. Copson had found a place in the wicket to make the ball kick like a mule. One outside the off-stump rose swiftly. Chalk, aiming at a safe single to third man, slipped it up with the bat's edge into point's hands. A moment later Copson finds the opening again. Wyatt retires from the field and the game, one of his hands battered numb. The Gentlemen hesitate, distrust the wicket. And Hammond strides in to stop all the nonsense. A lovely shot off the back foot, a hefty straight drive, a horrifying whack at a short-of-a-length from Copson and he is walking back again, well caught at point. He is followed by a surge of turning heads and inquiring looks in the crowd. And by most of the Gentlemen's hopes of beating the Players.

The ball is flying all over the place. Once or twice it goes clean over the batsman's head. The next pair on the programme were left-handed, swarthy Heane, faint reminder of dour Nottinghamshire, Larwood and coal-pits—and fair-haired Valentine of the county of Kent. But to-day was no day for hitters, no time for happy-go-lucky batting. This was business. And so Valentine flicked at a ball from Bowes which rose almost breast high and was caught miles behind the wicket. A dainty, shy sort of shot; almost in keeping with the name of one of the most vigorous batsmen playing.

With the score at 53 for three, time was slipping on. The game was swinging to one side. But the Gentlemen made one last noble effort to win it. Hugh Bartlett came to view, and the crowd chattered in anticipation.

The Players accepted the challenge. Wright took the ball. The field spread out. His first delivery sailed smoothly through the air, pitched, and whipped towards the leg stump like a top. Two were then over-pitched, and he settled down to his length. There were only seven wickets left to fall, but Wright bowled as if he wanted all of them. A beautiful googly beat batsman, bat, stumps and wicket-keeper. Another one was edged into—and out of—first slips hands. A third was banged in desperation at cover point—and ricocheted off the end of his fingers. Cruel fortune—for fielder and bowler alike. But Wright was irresistible. His art was lasting. He clean-bowled Heane with a lovely piece of guile. The batsman played at a ball on the off, expecting, or hoping, it was going towards slips. It scuttled in between bat and pad to lay back the leg-stump, like a ferret seeking its prey.

Meanwhile William Bowes had disappeared into his sweater like some gigantic Jove vanishing into the clouds. He had bowled well, but not his best. Things were too easy. The wicket was on his side. The batsman had not a chance. Bowes was bored. There was nothing to play for. He comes from Yorkshire.

His place was taken by a familiar apparition. He looked like the ghost of O'Reilly. He was tall, lanky, long-legged. He was bald-headed. He waved his arms wildly, shot out his considerable feet. He bowled well, very well. And there are some who say that George Pope rivals in more ways than the physical the greatest bowler in the world.

Freddie Brown came in. His face swelled with an enormous smile. It belied his intentions. He set about the bowling hip and thigh. A colossal straight drive, a crack past cover, and sundry heaves at the Clock Tower, sent his score galloping along dizzily. He thrived on Wright. The wretched bowler is like the prophet in his own country. Brown treated his spin disgracefully. He knew too much about it. But this could not go on. He was intoxicated with runs, and he had hit one over the eight. The Gentlemen had not a chance then of winning.

Hugh Bartlett was laying about him with lusty vigour. His batting was almost boyish in its simplicity, its directness of method and object. A mighty slash over cover and we were applauding a gallant 50. But it was minutes not runs that the Gentlemen needed.

Then came the time for Bowes to miss his catch. Bowes never fails to miss a catch if he can possibly help it. Like some popular variety artist and his even more popular joke, he never lets his audience down. Shrieks of derision mingle freely with shouts of applause in the crowd's acceptance of Bowes. It seems almost grotesque that anyone could bowl so beautifully and at the same time bat so badly and field so disastrously.

Bowes later missed another catch. He was rooted on his usual site, mid-on—the dunces' corner of the cricket field (the on-drive is quite the most difficult of shots). The ball came at him high. He pawed the air hopefully, missed it hopelessly. But I believe he actually got a touch. And I can quite imagine him going home and telling his friends, not that he had clean bowled so-and-so or had taken so many wickets, but that he got that touch.

Bowes went after another catch, this time at mid-wicket. His technique was not uninteresting. Seeing the ball coming in his direction, his first reaction was to look about him to see if anyone could possibly take it for him. Finding himself alone, he resigned himself to his fate, shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Well, if you will send them at me——" and vaguely put up his hands. This time he held the ball while the bowler looked as if he had bowled Bradman. The batsman was so dumbfounded that he forgot to walk out. Completely oblivious of the thunderous applause, Bowes flung his massive length on the ground to rest. "I do it every day when I want, you know."

And then Bartlett went, bowled all ends up. The game was over. The Players had won.

HUMPHREY DANIEL.

ENTENTE CORDIALE.—On July 28th, 29th and 30th a novel lawn tennis tournament takes place at Deauville. Instead of famous amateurs and professionals, the competing teams will be made up of tennis-playing members of the House of Commons and the French Chambre des Députés. To foster the spirit of friendly rivalry between the two great nations, President Lebrun will offer a cup to the team which will have won three consecutive sets or a total of four non-consecutive sets. The team for the House of Commons includes Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Hamilton Kerr, Mr. Cazalet and Miss Thelma Cazalet, and for the Chambre des Députés: MM. Pierre Etienne Flandin, du Fretay, de Beaumont, de Clermont-Tonnerre, Tixier-Vignancour, Crouan, P. Peugeot, B. Béranger, E. Quinson. The British team will be accompanied by Mr. Anthony Eden.



Ames takes off the bails and appeals to the square-leg umpire

A FINE CLYDE FORTNIGHT

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

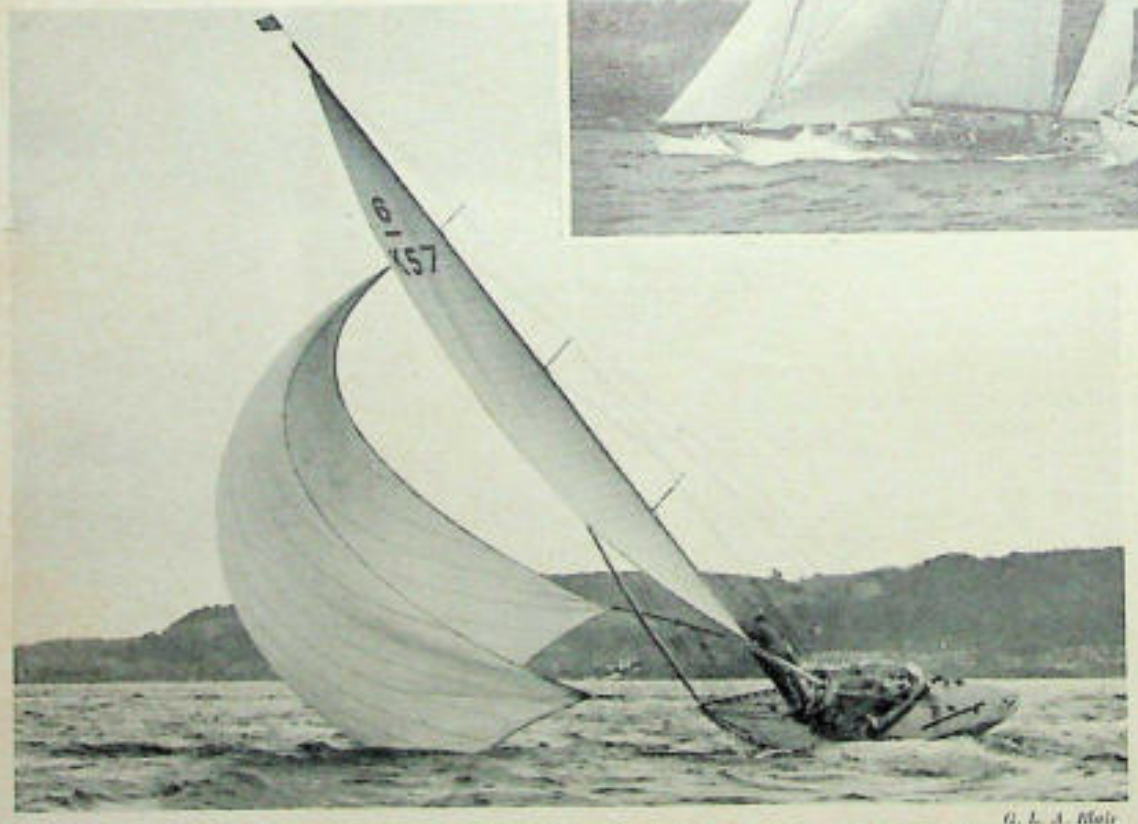
CLYDE FORTNIGHT—thrown on its own resources this year, as it were, by the absence of the international flavour imparted to it last season by the great Exhibition, and without any visiting yachts from the south, except the big handicapper, Thelma IV—has produced some fine sailing, and has shown clearly that the Clyde can more than hold its own with other yachting centres in the organisation of a series of yachting events, such as the "Fortnight," which hold the interest unflaggingly to the end.

Apart from a lamentable lack of sun on most days, the weather really did all it could to help things, with breezes sometimes hard and sometimes soft, from north-west through south-west and southerly to east, giving a variety of windward work and plenty of incident—not excluding a dismasting or two!

The Fortnight opened with the Mudhook Yacht Club's day on Friday, June 30th, with a large attendance, and a westerly breeze which rather tended to tail off just when it was needed most. If anything can be said to be a Clyde "speciality," it is the 6-metre class, of which there is a particularly good fleet this year. The most successful of the new Sixes is Johan, owned by the brothers W. B. and N. P. Donaldson, and built by McGruer's at Clynder to the designs of James McGruer.

Johan took a little while to find her form at the start of the season, but two firsts, three seconds and a third up to the Saturday showed she has "got it in her." The present Seawanhaka Cup holder—Circe, owned by Mr. J. Herbert Thom—has been showing such consistent good form that it is perhaps doubtful if anyone will be able to wrest from her the privilege of defending that Cup in the contests beginning on August 14th; but it would be rash to prophesy.

The other new boat, Maida, also built by McGruer's but designed by her owner, Mr. John G. Stephen, attracted a lot of attention with her abnormally



G. L. A. Main

ERICA IN DIFFICULTIES WITH HER SPINNAKER DURING THE SIX-METRE RACING

short boom and her curious truncated sail-head, with its abbreviated horizontal "gaff"; but her record so far has not been too good. Her appearance during the Fortnight was disappointingly brief; after getting a third flag in the second day's racing on July 1st, she was dismasted while returning to her moorings. Maida has also a somewhat unusual underwater form; her rudder only comes half-way down the sternpost, that portion of the keel lying below the heel of the rudder having a large semi-circular "bite" taken out of it.

The premier racing class on the Clyde is, of course, the 8-metre; and those waters are fortunate in possessing the only amateur designer of International Metre boats in Great Britain, in the person of Sir Thomas Glen Coats. There are three of Sir Thomas's designs in the Clyde 8-metre fleet: Pandora, his own boat; Helen, owned by Mrs. Peter Simpson; and Sappho, owned by Mr. F. P. Rankin, and he had the gratification of seeing all three in the prize list together on July 3rd, the second day of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club's fixture at Hunter's Quay.

After several days of generally light and sometimes variable weather, the Royal Western Yacht Club's day—the last of the Hunter's Quay race-days—produced a hard, business-like southerly blow, hardening as the day wore on, and putting up a stiff sea—conditions which put everyone through their paces. The second dismasting of the Fortnight occurred on this day, to the 6-metre Senoia, owned by Mr. C. A. Allen.

This was handicap-class weather *par excellence*, though only two boats were out in the over 50 tons event—Colonel Wordie's big ketch Fiumara, and Mr. E. Lynton Vicar's yawl Thelma IV; the latter though first home, had to give away just under 12min., however, and Fiumara took the flag with half her time allowance in hand.

Owing to the depletion of the Clyde ketch fleet this year, most of the over 50 tons events consisted of duels between these two; Thelma turned the tables at Rothesay on the 8th, the Royal Northern Yacht Club's day, in a light south-westerly that failed towards the finish, when, reaching grandly from Ardine Point to the line, Thelma saved her time to win.

In the 8-metre class, Helen got her third win on this day; as far as one can judge, half-way through the season, the three winners on this day—Helen, Fulmar and Pandora, in that order, comprise the "short list" from which will emerge the leader of the class for this year.

There must have been well over 100 yachts actively engaged in the course of the Fortnight; and with some close racing—occasionally very close indeed—over varied courses, and with only a very few isolated spots of the well-known "Clyde calms" which on less fortunate years have marred whole days together, this year's Clyde Fortnight can certainly be regarded as an unqualified success.

But why do not more boats go up there from "down South"?

There is now a pause in the 12-metre racing—a pause punctuated in some cases by the licking of wounds, or, to be more explicit, the stepping of new masts—and although it is possible that some of the class will visit Deauville Regatta on July 17th, the next event scheduled in home waters is Lymington on the 22nd. Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht has the enviable record of eleven firsts out of fifteen starts; and if one examines the four occasions when Vim has failed to bring home first flag, this record will be found to be even more creditable than it looks.

The first defeat was sheer hard luck, when the visiting yacht (together with Jenetta) went round the wrong side of the buoy at Harwich and incurred disqualification; since she gave herself slightly longer to sail, yet got home first, this can hardly be regarded as being vanquished in the field. The second occasion was after the famous luffing match



ZIGEUNER, VERONICA AND EILEEN BOWLING ALONG IN THE OVER 20 AND UNDER 50 TONS RACE

A photograph taken at the Royal Western Regatta on the best day's sailing of the Fortnight

at Ramsgate, when Mr. Sopwith, tackling the visitor with dogged persistence, converted the race into a private duel between Tomahawk and Vim, leaving Evaine to steal up and get first flag. Vim got third place that day, but even so, Tomahawk only saw her off by a matter of 11sec.

On the first day of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club regatta at Dover, Vim again failed to win; but then, no one else won either, as after a weary drifting and kedging match, the race was abandoned. However, it has to count when computing the number of starts.

The fourth occasion was in Torbay, when, after winning the "Channel race" round from Plymouth the day before, Vim, in the honourable company of Jenetta, Tomahawk and Blue Marlin (the last named recently bought by Mr. W. Westhead), lay totally becalmed off the Thatcher, watching helplessly while Evaine, steered by Mr. Fairey himself for the first time this season, together with Ornsay, took a nice little breeze with them around the second triangle. Vim and Blue Marlin stuck it out, and getting in two-and-a-half hours after the winner (Evaine) Vim managed to get a third flag.

This again was largely a matter of luck, rather than a defeat-at-arms, and but the kind of thing all racing yachts expect on occasion when the dice goes against them; and with only these paltry exceptions to set against a series of slashing victories, Vim has shown herself a conqueror indeed. There is no doubt that Vim's super-excellence in the matter of rigging arrangement and adjustment, together with faultless sail-handling and a skipper who knows every move of the game, sets a standard which, when it is consistently maintained—as Vim certainly does maintain it—leaves almost no opening for an opponent to get the better of. However, some of the British Twelves have shown that if there is a chance going anywhere they are ready to snap it up, and we may look forward to some "needle" matches before the last race of the season is sailed.



A VIEW OF THE LIBRARY

"The rooms throughout the house convey a sense of dignity and repose. The Duke might still be lying dead upstairs"

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—II. BROOKS'S

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

FOR very many generations, Brooks's was the great Whig fortress. It is indelibly associated with the name of Charles James Fox. But in its origin, like White's, it was not political. It owed its rise from the same cause—the inclination of men, moving in the same social circle, to mix together in a place where they could do so more freely and comfortably than in one of the coffee houses of those times, which legally were open to all.

The establishment was first formed and started by a man called Almack, whose name, according to one authority, was really Macall. The first mention of "Almack's" appears in a letter dated July, 1765, and the first reference to Brooks's or Brookes's in a letter of August, 1774. The original site of the Club was in Pall Mall on or near where the present Marlborough Club now stands, and it cannot be said positively when it moved into St. James's Street, but it is certain that the existing house was built by Brooks, who had succeeded Almack as manager in 1774. By the name of Brooks's, the Club has ever since been known.

Brooks employed Holland as his architect for the new house in 1778. This year Townshend, afterwards Lord Sydney, referred to Brooks's new house "fitted up with great magnificence, which is to be opened in a few days." He quoted it as an instance of the growing opulence of the country. Other fashionable writers had done the same about Brooks's.

But why this professed astonishment at the magnificence of these small St. James's Street clubs, in those more than spacious times? One might well ask. The eighteenth century saw the height of the power and riches of the great landowning class, and in particular, of the Whigs. Throughout the length and breadth of England their stately mansions stood, packed with treasures, serenely surveying the broad acres of their smiling parkland. The clubs which now caused so much astonishment were scarcely larger than the lodges they built to guard the entrances to their numerous long carriage drives. The cause of the astonishment can surely only have been the contrast between these new club buildings and the old coffee houses. In its early days the Club had consisted of 150 members at an annual subscription of 4 guineas. In 1778, in order to pay for the new building, it was increased to 8 guineas, and in 1779 raised another 2 guineas. For the first 40 years of its existence the Club was famous, or notorious, for the unlimited gambling that went on within its walls. As Trevelyan says, society was at this time one vast casino, and Brooks's exceeded all others in this respect. Anyone who was short of money borrowed from Mr. Brooks, who appears to have been a most accommodating person. In a copy of verses addressed to Sheridan, he is described as:

> .....
> .....
> Liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill
> Is hasty credit and a distant bill,
> Who nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
> Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

It seems hardly necessary to say that when he died in 1782, he was a very poor man with many creditors. His body was interred in a small vault, said to be still existing, under the pavement of St. James's Street. Though there were very strict rules in force on the subject of arrears by members, Griffin, who had succeeded Brooks as the manager, reported the arrears to be £6,000 in May, 1806 and by 1809, they had risen to £10,000. In 1789, both White's and Brooks's gave balls. These events were the cause of much ill-feeling between the court party and the Prince of Wales's party, and at the time little else seems to have been talked of. Pitt was a member of both clubs, having been elected to Brooks's in 1781, with Fox as his proposer. He had, however, made White's his headquarters, and this club had then become identified with the King's party. The Prince detested White's for this reason, and as soon as their dance was announced, he forbade friends to go and sent his own ticket, and it is said, that of the Duke of York, to be sold at a public library. In consequence of this when, three weeks later, Brooks's followed suit with a grand ball, all the ladies of the court refused to attend it. Another incident to depict the feeling that existed between the two clubs, when party passions were running very high, happened when Pitt was being dragged up St. James's Street in a coach after having been given the freedom of the City. When opposite Brooks's, it was attacked by men armed with bludgeons, amongst whom, it was said, were certain members of Brooks's. Some of the rioters forced open the doors and aimed blows at the Prime Minister. At length Pitt and his companions made their way into White's in an exhausted condition.



A SECTION OF THE SUBSCRIPTION ROOM

The stories relating to Fox's gambling in Brooks's would fill a volume, and one can only quote a few here. Not only did he lose a very large fortune himself, but he half ruined many of his friends in annuities given by them as securities for him to the Jews. Walpole wondered what Fox would do when he had sold the estates of all his friends. He was a very good whist player, and had he contented himself with this game, it is said that he could have made a very good income out of it, but unfortunately he could not keep away from faro and other games of chance. On one occasion, Fox played hazard from Tuesday evening, February 4th, until 5 p.m. the following evening. An hour before he stopped he had won back £12,000, but by dinner time at 5 p.m. he had ended up a loser of £11,000. The following day, Thursday, February 6th, 1772, he made a speech on the Thirty Nine Articles. That night he had supper at White's at 11.30 p.m., when he drank until seven the next morning; from here he went on to Almack's, where he won £6,000, and between 3 and 4 p.m. he set off for Newmarket. In 1774, his father left him £154,000 to pay his debts. It was all pledged, and a short time afterwards he had not the wherewithal to pay the chairmen who carried him from his lodgings to Brooks's. A friend of his who called on him at his lodgings in the early hours of the morning, after he had lost practically his last penny the night before, found him stretched on a sofa calmly reading one

of the Greek classics. Once he became involved in a duel. He had spoken disparagingly after dinner of the gunpowder issued by the Government, and a man, Adams, who was in some degree responsible for it, took exception to his remark and sent him a challenge. Fox went out and took up his station, giving a full front. Adams said: "You must stand sideways," and Fox replied, "I am as thick one way as the other." The order to fire was given. Adams fired. Fox did not. When they said he must, he replied, "I'll be d——d if I do. I have no quarrel." They then advanced to shake hands, and Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me if it had not been Government powder."

Whenever he won money, he was anxious to pay his debts and on one occasion wrote to a certain baronet saying that he was prepared to discharge his debt if he would come and state the amount. Seeing his creditor making certain calculations on paper, Fox asked him what he was doing and he replied: "Working out the interest on it." "I thought it was a debt of honour," said Fox and walked out of the room, remarking: "As I make it an invariable rule to pay my Jew creditors last, you must wait a little longer."

Sir Philip Francis, said to be the author of the *Letters of Junius*, and the lifelong and implacable enemy of Warren Hastings, was a very successful whist player at Brooks's. Another who won a lot of money there was Major-General Smith, who had made a fortune in India. He went by the name of Hyder Ali in London, and his son, who was also reputed to be a very good player, was called Tippoo. Even Samuel Wilberforce, the great philanthropist, was seen to be seated at the gaming table in Brooks's. In the old betting book, like at White's, are to be seen the entries of bets on every conceivable subject. There is a bet of 500 guineas to 10 that none of the Cabinet was beheaded by that day three years to come. Against the name of Mr. Thynne is written, "won only £12,000 during the last 2 months, retired in disgust, March 21st, 1772; and that he may never return is the ardent wish of members." A complete set of the old gaming-counters is still to be seen, and the old gaming-table, with a semi-circular cut in it to accommodate Fox's figure.

The early election ballots at Brooks's used to take place between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. A single black ball excluded, and a member who joined any other club, except White's, was at once struck off the books. Needless to say, the amusement of black-balling candidates was indulged in freely at Brooks's. Fox tried to get Sheridan in, but he was repeatedly black-balled. Two of his enemies, George Selwyn and the Earl of Bessborough, made a compact never to miss an election, so as to ensure that he would not get in. Eventually, by marking the balls, it was discovered who put in the black balls. By a trick, Selwyn was kept away at one election and Sheridan got elected at last.

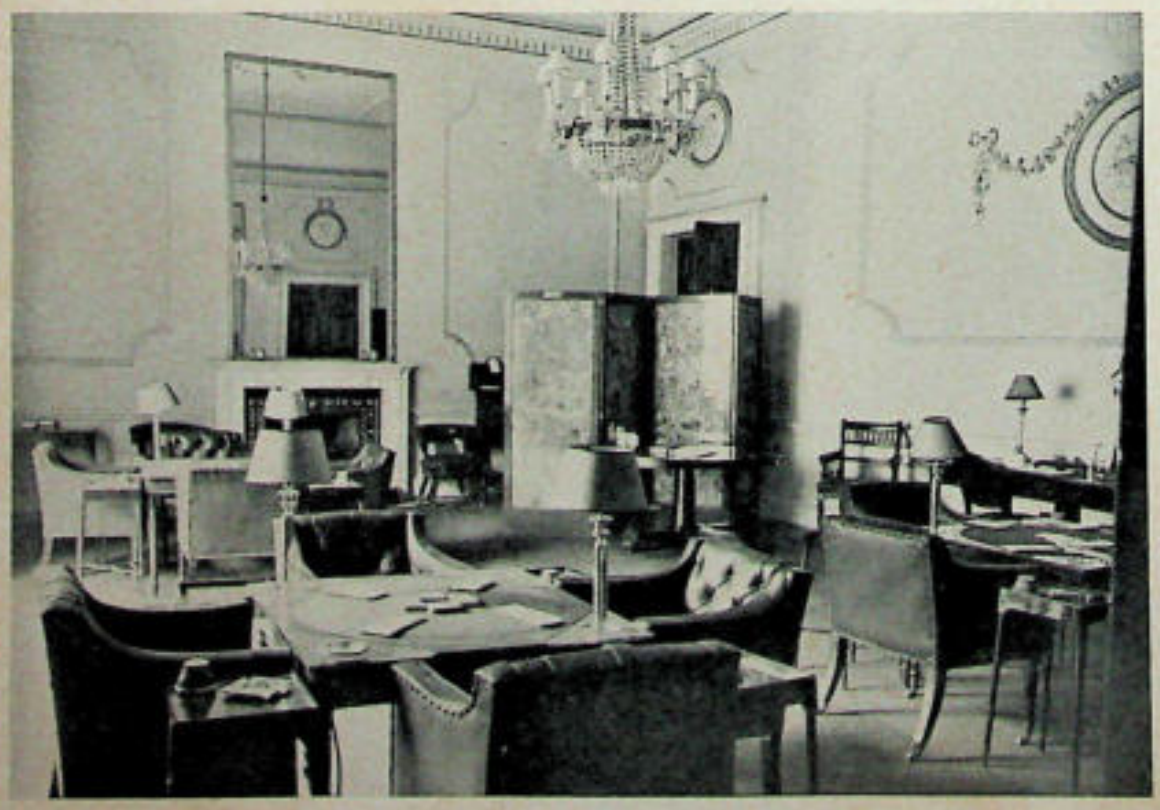
George Selwyn, who is said to have had a kind heart, had also a morbid love of horrors, and never missed attending an execution if he could help it. One day he called on the first Lord Holland, who was on his death bed. Lord Holland said: "The next time he calls, show him up—if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me."



THE ENTRANCE HALL AND MAIN STAIRCASE
It is pleasant to think that this Club and White's with their great histories, founded so long before the majority of existing clubs, are still to-day in such a flourishing state

As late as 1886, owing to the high passions excited by Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill between Mr. Gladstone's supporters and his opponents, the black-balling reached such a pitch that it became nearly impossible for anyone to get elected to the Club.

Lord Granville then made a soothing speech in the Club imploring the members to calm their passions, with good effect. In 1846, Henry Bandaret assumed the management. Like their original manager, Bandaret was a kind and generous man and allowed extraordinary credit to the members. He once reported a member to the committee as being £800 in debt to him, and said that although he would be ready to trust him to any amount, he hardly considered it necessary that this gentleman should insist on having ortolans for dinner every night. He is said to have only left the Club once for a few hours in the course of his management lasting 34 years. Bandaret looked after the comfort of the members so well and generally provided such a dignified style of luxury, that to dine at Brooks's was described by someone as like dining in a Duke's house with the Duke lying dead upstairs. In 1823, some enlargement of the house was carried out, and when Bandaret took over in 1846, a smoking room and dressing room were provided, and a room in the adjoining house in Park Place was adapted to form a small library. In 1854 the Club purchased the freehold of their house from a Mr. Haldimand for £25,000. Eventually the complete sum was paid, in 1878. Earlier than this, in 1857, the Club had bought No. 2, Park Place, for £5,673 odd. Little, however, was done to it at the time, and it was not until 1889 that it was incorporated in the Club house. Great alterations were carried out, the present coffee rooms and library being built, and the hall and staircase entirely reconstructed.



THE CARD ROOM
Like other clubs Brooks's was at one time notorious for its gambling. Fox's gambling at the club would fill a volume

There are some fine examples of the engraver's art to be seen in the Club, and Rowlandson's celebrated drawing of the old Subscription Room at Brooks's, where the gaming took place, is of great interest, as nothing of any importance has been altered in the room since the drawing was made. There are also some beautiful pieces of silver in daily use in the coffee room. Reference has already been made to the old gaming counters—starting at a modest sum, they rise in value until one finds a single counter marked "500 Guineas." *O tempora! O mores!* surely one may exclaim here! To place this counter now in the hands of a modern club member and suggest that he should stake it on the turn of a card or the throw of a dice box, would convert him, I feel sure, into an urgent ambulance case for the nearest mental house.

The rooms throughout the house convey a sense of dignity and repose. The Duke might still be lying dead upstairs. Brooks's rejoice in a full membership and a long waiting list. It is pleasant to think that this Club and White's, with their great histories, founded so long before the majority of existing clubs, are still to-day in such a flourishing state. In the midst of all the heavy gambling and deep drinking that went on within their walls in the past, someone amongst them must have always kept his head and watched over their destinies. Neither of them is likely to lack such a man in the future.

A FOREST SANCTUARY IN ASSAM

IT is said that the average Londoner does not know his Tower, yet he lives "next door" to it, and on a parallel scale so it is with most of us, and we were determined that living, as we have done for some years, within a few miles of a Game Reserve, it would be a pity to waste such a wonderful chance of seeing the animals that live in this sanctuary.

And so it was that at 4.30 one morning we met the forest guide at a point near the reserve, and while it was still dark we hauled ourselves up by the ropes on to the silent, massive shapes that were our hired elephants, and without which a journey into these rhino-inhabited parts would be precarious indeed. Soon we were on our way over the paddy fields and into the long 12-foot grass, and gradually we got accustomed to the curious heave and roll of our conveyances. The stars had gone and the sky began to tinge with the first pinky streaks of morning as we approached a stream with the silence so curious to such an unwieldy creature as an elephant. The two cow elephants ahead stopped, and our tusker took up the van as we came upon a rhino half submerged by the cool water. There was a battle of wits, and the small piggy eyes looked baleful; then with a snort of challenge from our elephant the armour-plated beast turned and thundered away through the water. Our first glimpse of one of these prehistoric, horned monsters!

On again through the high thatch grass and reeds, through dried-up riverbeds, stalking the rhino and photographing them from 30ft. and less distances, we came across hog deer with little white tufted tails, looking so like large rabbits in the distance and from our elevation. They proved very shy and, even though our mahout's soft whistle, so like their own cry, delayed the smaller deer, they were off with a bound at our further approach.

Water buffalo were near the big bhil (lake), placidly grazing. One large male well out in the middle of the water swam hastily and with surprising speed to the edge and crashed away through the grass. They were shy, and we were unable to get close enough for photography.

On the water were hundreds of birds—Brahmini duck, that "golden goose" that has taken in would-be shikaris until a taste of its fishy flesh has belied its looks; the snake-bird (Manuri), so very like its name when swimming, all its body submerged and only an elongated neck and bill gliding through the water; herons and peewits, the latter continually calling "Did you do it, did you do it," and towering over them all the neatly dressed Secretary bird, slowly picking its way in search of breakfast. In the season the water is packed with duck, our guide told us.



"STALKING THE RHINO AND PHOTOGRAPHING THEM FROM 30 FT. AND LESS"

The wild boar, too, were shy, and we only glimpsed two. Their size enabled them to hide in the long grass, but as with the buffalo, we felt we had not "missed much," for their cousin the common domestic Indian pig, so alike in looks if not in manners, is a daily sight in the villages round the tea gardens in Assam. We turned and were making our way back—we had been out three hours—when in a clearing we sighted a rhino, back turned, quietly feeding. Slowly we approached to the leeward; he had not seen nor heard us. Our tusker in the front, we entered the surrounding grass 100ft. from him, and like a flash at the sound of the trampled grass and reeds he had turned. For perhaps a minute he stared at us and we at him, then with a rush he charged and we clutched the ropes wondering what was going to happen next.

Our elephant stood firmly although the two cows stampeded, and then, perplexed at such bravery, the rhino stopped dead within 15ft., turned, and was gone. We breathed again, disappointed that we had been too occupied keeping our seats and had missed a picture record of this exciting moment.

And so we made our way out of this sanctuary, stopping once more to view a young rhino with its parents—a jungle family group—after what might be called a "bag" of 25 rhino to remember, and left them in peace. We had been out six hours when we finally reached the P.W.D. Rest House and slid off our huge, whimsical, though graceful "steeds."

J. BULLEN-CASE.

SNIPE DRIVING IN MANDALAY

By COLONEL W. F. BRAYNE

FOR a number of seasons in Mandalay a regular system of driving snipe has been adopted, instead of the more usual method of shooting these birds by walking them up. In view of the very fine sport obtained, it seems worth while to publish a few notes on the subject in order that others may try it.

The main reason for starting the driving was the undoubted fact that in this country a large bag of snipe killed by walking-up is merely a test of endurance, and not of shooting, as most of the birds in the middle of the day are so sluggish that they are as easy to kill as waterhens. On the other hand, if properly driven, the snipe is certainly as hard to hit as any driven grouse or partridge at home. The reason for this is the extreme variety of the shots obtained with regard to height and pace, combined with the fact that the frightened snipe, who has been driven before, puts on a most baffling swerve when it sees the guns.

On the other hand, driven snipe can be so easy as to be hardly worth shooting. In order to get the really difficult birds described above, a start should be made as soon as it is light enough to see, as good shots are not obtainable in the heat of the day. The best birds are always got during the first two hours after daylight when there is a cold nip in the air. In the afternoon, if the sun is not too hot, good shots may be obtained, though never so difficult as those got during the first two hours of daylight. In the evening the lower the sun sinks the lower the snipe fly, until just before sunset they are skimming along the ground.

Another essential for the obtaining of difficult shots is the education of the birds. Snipe which have never been driven will sometimes give good sporting shots, but a number of the birds come over low and give easy shots.

Further, better sport is obtained on ground where snipe are regularly shot by walking them up, as the wilder the snipe are the fewer the beaters required to put them up and the more snipe will come to the guns, as if they are lying close a number will get up between the beaters and fly back.

So the ideal ground for driving is a ground which is regularly shot by guns walking up snipe, and on which drives are held regularly.

On such a ground the snipe rise 50yds. ahead of the beaters, and as soon as they are up and hear the firing they realise that they are in a trap and rise as fast as they can and exercise all their wiles in the way of swerving to escape.

A number will, of course, try to get out on the flanks, and to prevent this the flank men of the beaters must be well in advance of the line, and must be provided with large white flags to turn the birds. The flank guns also should be at least 60yds. in advance of the line of the guns.

The beaters require special training for this sport. At first we used to put several trained sepoys in the line to keep the beaters right. Now we have trained the male population of a small village to such a point of perfection that, under their head man, they can do a drive as well as any beaters in England. If snipe start breaking out to a flank the line automatically halts, while the men on the threatened flank advance right up to the flank gun.

When the beaters come on to a patch of ground where the snipe are thick they halt as soon as the first snipe rise, and do not advance again till shooting stops. A few steps forward put up some more birds and again the men halt. If this is not done a swarm of snipe will come over, and only a few shots can be fired, instead of a steady stream of birds which the guns can deal with.

The beaters are all provided with small white pieces of cloth which they tie on to sticks, while the flank men have large white flags.

The beat is run by the head man who is in the centre of the line, and his two assistants, who are the flank men.

Snipe must always be driven in the direction they naturally take when leaving any patch of ground. It is useless to try and force them to go in any other direction.

After ground has been once driven this is easy; on new ground it pays to walk over the ground and shoot a few birds some days before the drive in order to note the direction of flight from the patches which hold snipe in any numbers.

As regards the length of the beat, 400yds. is a good average length. Short beats do not give the birds time to get sufficient height and pace.

For a 400-yard beat, five or six guns are necessary, as otherwise too many birds escape on the flanks. With fewer guns the beats have to be shorter, and the class of shots obtained is not so good.

Each gun is provided with a hurdle 6ft. long and 3ft. 6in. high, which is carried by his man. These hurdles have sharpened ends some 18in. long, which are stuck into the ground. The hurdle is dressed with green rushes or grass. Behind these the gun sits on a bamboo stool some 12in. high, so that he is entirely concealed from the birds on the ground in front of him.

The guns are placed some 70yds. apart, so that each gun can take every bird which comes to him without having to consider whether it is his neighbour's bird or his.

All hawks coming into the beat are shot at, whether they are in range or not. This is necessary because if there is a hawk about snipe tend to fly low along the ground instead of rising high.

A hawk behind the line of guns will prevent any birds from coming over the guns, and they will all break back or out to the flanks.

Many a beat has been entirely spoilt by hawks before we made this rule of shooting at them. On one occasion, at least, 500 snipe came over the guns so low that no one could shoot at them in front without danger to the beaters or behind for fear of hitting men working in the fields.

We do not allow a rising snipe to be shot, nor do we allow any shooting, except at hawks, between the drives.

As regards picking up birds, we find that it pays to send men back at once to pick up birds falling behind the line, but no man is allowed to go in front of the guns till the drive is over.

It is true that the men picking up birds prevent shooting at low birds behind, but it is so much easier to pick up a bird if a man is sent as soon as it falls, that we find that the saving of time is worth the low birds which escape.

Two guns and a loader are a distinct advantage and hand guards are a necessity.

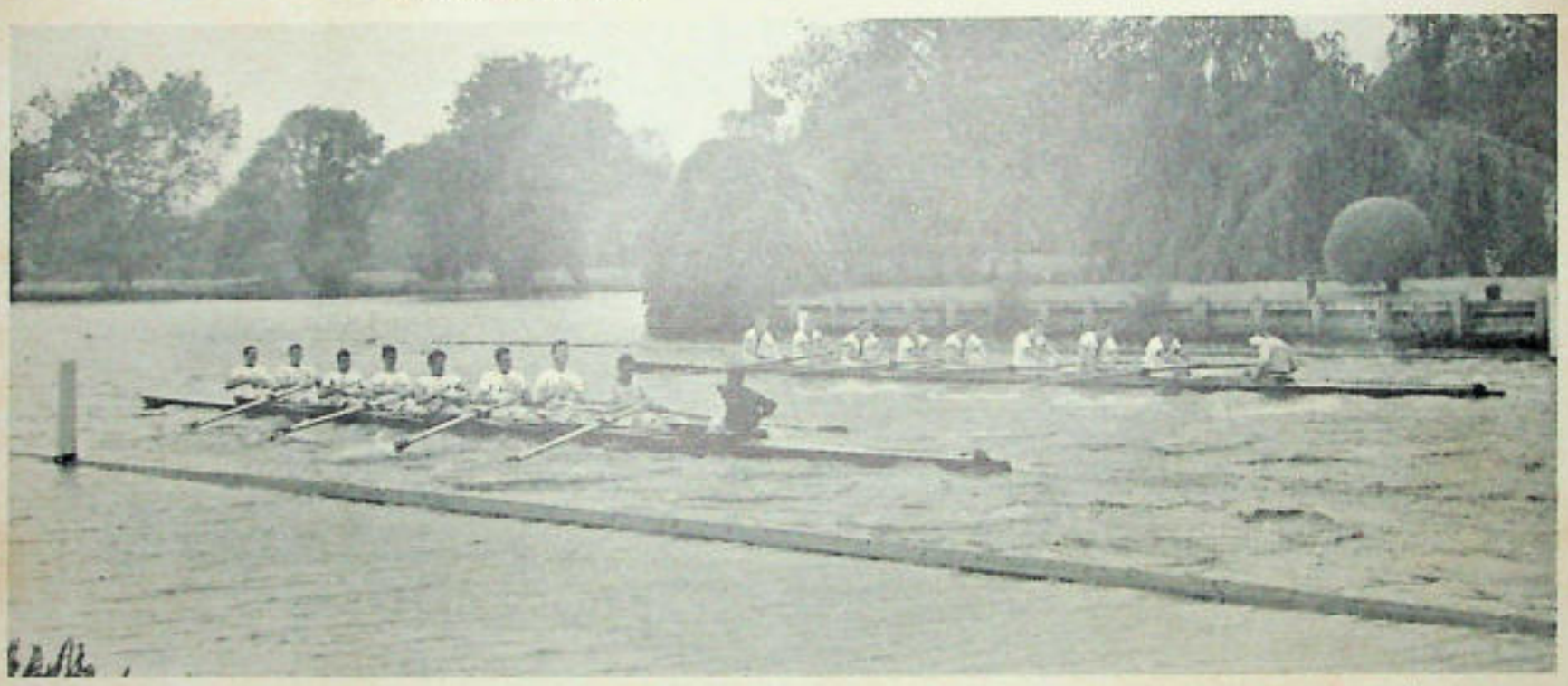
The total bag for a season has been 1,020 couple, the best day being 118 couple.



JACK BERESFORD AND L. F. SOUTHWOOD IN THE CENTENARY DOUBLE SCULLS
They led by three-quarters of a length against the Italian pair, G. Sciorli & E. Bruschi, near the half-mile, but the latter came up at Fawley and a gruelling race resulted in a dead-heat

AN ECLIPSE FOR ENGLISH ROWING

By E. E. D. TOMLIN



HARVARD UNIVERSITY (NEAR SIDE) AND THE ARGONAUTS AT THE TOP OF TEMPLE ISLAND IN THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP

AFTER four days of fine racing in the Henley Centenary Regatta, which finished last Saturday, many of us must be wondering what is happening to English rowing when we see the final of the Grand fought out between American and Canadian crews, the final of the Stewards won by the Swiss, the Diamonds go to America, and the Thames Cup an all-American final, too.

Although England did record a win over Tigre Argentina in the Wyfolds, the "foreigners" were, after all, our own countrymen, and so the only redeeming feature was the superb race put up by Beresford and Southwood, when they rowed their memorable dead-heat in the final of the Double Sculls on Saturday. And even then the English pair can hardly be classed among the modern band of oarsmen, because they could probably give away anything up to 20 years to the average competitor at Henley to-day.

What is the explanation of it all? And how are we to put matters right, for unless we do—and very soon—English rowing prestige will suffer eclipse.

It is surely idle to argue that in more favourable conditions our crews would have shown up with greater success. If we are going to be "fine weather crews" only, then the sooner we hang our oars up for good the better. No. The explanation clearly does not lie there, but it does lie in the style at present adopted by the majority of English oarsmen, and although I believe the so-called unorthodox, or Tideway methods, are most of all at fault, English orthodox rowing to-day cannot altogether escape the blame. Naturally, the obvious answer to such a statement as this is the fact that Jesus, a college crew from Cambridge (and first-rate exponents of the unorthodox style), were able to defeat the Leander eight which this year included an exceptionally good array of orthodox talent. To which I reply, "Did even Leander row as the Swiss row, or did they achieve the magnificent style of the Harvard eight, which won the Grand so convincingly in the head wind on Saturday? With the single exception of the fine Jesus crew, what unorthodox crew could cope with the conditions we had during the Regatta this year?"

Four years ago, when the Swiss Four romped away with the Stewards Cup, a strong plea was put forward for a return to a controlled combination of swing and slide, so that body swing and slide movement might be combined to finish together in the way we saw the Zurich crews demonstrate. Four years have gone by, and again Zurich take the Stewards against our best fours, and again the long, hard, accelerated finish of Harvard and the Argonauts, of Tabor and Kent, took them to the finals with little difficulty. And in that time one can think of no single crew which has even seriously attempted to copy the Swiss methods—odd, no doubt, but surely not so odd as the Fairbairnism-run-riot which has graced so many of our regattas in the past few years?

I cannot help feeling that this long-neglected art of combining leg drive with accelerated swing has, by its gradual disappearance from our rowing clubs, been one of the chief reasons why English sculling has never been able to compete with a Buhtz, a Ruffli, or a Burk. Yet one glance at Beresford as he came past the enclosures in the final of the Double Sculls should have told us what we are in danger of losing, and one look at the efforts of those who take exercise sculling up and down our rivers should show us what we have already lost.



R. VEREY (FAR SIDE) WELL AWAY AT THE START OF THE DIAMONDS FINAL AGAINST J. W. BURK

Burk, who took the record in the Diamonds last year, did not find the head wind at Henley so easy to manage, and Verey, who came from Poland,

ran him to 1¼ lengths in a very gallant race. Burk's style is enigmatic, and I am inclined to believe that he himself is more responsible for his undoubted pace than the style which, with its short strokes, seems hard to parallel with the work of the fine German, Buhtz. Burk has unlimited energy, and that is a great asset for a sculler. Burnell, the Oxford Blue, showed unexpected pace against Verey, who only beat him by a narrow margin. I think we shall see more of Burnell in the Diamonds.

The double sculling event was well fought and the final provided the high spot of the whole regatta. It was clear that Scherli and Broschi, the Italians, were the only pair capable of dealing with our Olympic veterans, Beresford and Southwood; and so it proved. Their dead-heat brought the spectators to their feet cheering, shouting, waving their arms madly, in a way I have rarely seen at Henley, though we witnessed a similar scene when Radley won the Ladies' Plate last year. This was racing indeed.

This year school crews were good, and Eton, who survived longest, achieved a magnificent win over Lady Margaret on the Thursday. They were beaten by Clare, the ultimate winners, in the semi-final. Westminster had a very fine crew, too, and their win over Radley on the first day brought them into the limelight at once. But I doubt whether any school crew this year would have beaten Clare even under favourable conditions. By their win over Corpus on Saturday they proved their undoubted pace, and the speed they revealed at Cambridge in the Mays was amply rewarded at Henley.

Tabor and Kent provided an all-American final for the Thames Cup, King's College, London, being the only English crew to reach even the semi-final, where, with the Fana Roklut from Norway, they fell to the American challenge. Fana were deceptively fast, and a welcome entry for this event, but Tabor, who went on to win the final, proved quite devastating. To me the sight of these American crews—Harvard, Tabor and Kent—all rowing into the wind with such fine precision, was at once a challenge, and an example which we would do well to take seriously to heart.

Harvard, indeed, won the supreme eight-oared event—the Grand Challenge Cup—with consummate ease. It is true that Leander had, I think, the greatest potential racing capacity of any English crew in for the event, but they proved a disappointment, and the way in which Harvard disposed of Jesus was a revelation. On that same day the Argonaut Boat Club of Canada defeated Sydney. The Australians were remarkably neat and had beautifully smooth wristwork, but they rowed as if their blades were wrapped in cotton wool to prevent them being damaged. In the final, against a strong head wind, both crews fought out a great race, though after Fawley, where Harvard had gained a length, the race was over, for the United States crew pushed their boat into the wind with a smoothness that was worth watching. They do not swing nearly so much at the back-stop as one would expect, yet despite the fact that their slides are almost vertical under their bodies at the beginning, they succeed in getting into just that very strong position over the stretcher that some of our crews exceed by swinging too far forward. The Argonauts were well beaten by three lengths in 7min. 40sec., but they kept their form right over the course.

I have already spoken of the Swiss victory in the Stewards. Oriel, who reached the final, were not as clever as last year, for their boat did not seem to run so straight, none the less, they could scarcely have had stronger opposition in the shape of a crew which was stroked by a man like Schmid, and which included Ruffli, the former Diamonds winner, at "two." Their almost lazy recovery, and the way they leant against their finish, was something that made racing in a Four look what it is—the most enjoyable form rowing can take.

Sanford and Parker, who won a popular victory in the Goblets, were also members of the fine Trinity Hall Four which beat New College in the final of the Visitor's Cup, and thus were the only two men to win two finals at Henley this year. But the most unfortunate crew in this event was Durham School, who were leading Pembroke 50yds. from home, broke part of a rigger, and had to stop. It was cruel luck for this fast schoolboy crew.

Bourne stroked New College well in the final, and was well backed up by Robinson at "three," but Trinity Hall had the spurting power they lacked, and won in the extraordinary fast time of 8min. 9sec.—over 1min. faster than the Wyfolds, though, admittedly, that event was rowed into the teeth of a moderate gale, with which Maidenhead seemed better able to cope than Tigre, the Argentine crew. Lion stroked Maidenhead with great determination on Saturday.

The Centenary Royal Regatta will be remembered on account of the fine standard of the rowing from all the foreign countries entered, and also because of the poor conditions of wind and weather throughout most of the days' racing. But if it does nothing else, it should have stimulated our oarsmen to even greater efforts to improve the style, and so the pace, of the crews we produce at the present time.

A ST. ANDREWS SURPRISE

By E. R. TIPPLE



The New Open Champion

AFTER one of the most exciting week's golf in the history of the Open Championship, Richard Burton sprang a surprise on all the favourites and won the title with an aggregate of 290 for the four rounds over the classic Old Course. This is the first victory for a professional attached to a northern club since Alex Herd took the cup to Huddersfield in 1902.

Although only 31, Burton has been in the front rank of golfers for several years. A Ryder Cup player, his former victories include the Dunlop Southport event and, earlier this season, he tied with Padgham at Moor Park, but lost the replay. Tall and powerfully built, he is one of the longest hitters in the game to-day. With his upright swing he gets the club-head moving at a terrific speed, lashing it through with his strong wrists. His hands are held high, both at the top of the backswing and at the finish. The way his left hand guides the club is an object-lesson to anyone. To make sure of a firm grip with the left he wears a leather glove—a habit that is becoming increasingly popular.

The new champion scorns safety-first tactics and enjoys nothing better than having a "bang" at the ball. Even in a tense situation he will swing with gay abandon, and if the shot goes deep into the rough he remains unperturbed. He is an adept at recovery shots and a bold putter, so he frequently saves a stroke when others expect him to lose several. His length may be of great advantage, but his fine equable temperament—he treats golf in a happy-go-lucky attitude—is an even greater asset. A typical North Countryman with a great sense of humour Burton does not train for golf, neither does he allow himself to take it too seriously.

His gallant display in the final round proved beyond doubt that his technique is shock-proof. Before this was played the position was very open. His own hopes had suffered a setback due to an indifferent third round of 77—that vital stage in the championship in which so many potential winners have crashed.

Young Fallon had taken the lead with 215, Shankland was one stroke more, Perry 218, Posse, Bulla and Burton 219, then a bunch of others, including the holder, King, Rees and Locke, all within striking distance. Fallon, who during the winter months had done a course of physical training so as to prepare himself for a gruelling season, had the luck of the draw to start first. Short and lacking in physique, he failed to seize his opportunities, and a 79 was not nearly good enough. Nevertheless he finished well up the list for the second year in succession.

Posse, one of the Argentine team, whose easy, graceful style had impressed the keenest critics, found the strokes slipping away under the pressure of the struggle and so failed to take the lead. Perry and Shankland, a hard-hitting type of golfer who had never been prominent before, also failed on the last few holes; but the big American, Bulla, finished strongly with a 73 to total 292. The championship of 1933 came back to memory; would a repetition of those events occur once again and an American win, whilst the British "hopes" wilted? Bulla had got his blow in first—a tremendous advantage.

Burton, starting late, knew what he had to do, and was also aware that he was the only one with any possible chance of catching the American. Playing with admirable consistency and calmness he reached the turn in 35. That meant 37 home to win; difficult enough on a calm day, but against a strong wind and in a championship—well! Two characteristically wild shots at the tenth and fifteenth gave the spectators shocks, but he recovered from both, and at the latter hole sank a long putt with utter nonchalance. A five and a four to win, with the dreaded road to avoid at the seventeenth. Wisely he played short of the narrow green, chipped up safely and got his five.

A gigantic tee shot to the home hole, hit straight towards the flag—always the bold line—left him within 40yds. of the green. Burton did not then play a safe scuffle along the ground, but pitched boldly for the flag, played it perfectly, and holed the putt for a three almost without looking at the line!

Unlike so many modern golfers, he wastes little time over his shots, not anticipating difficulties where there are none, and his bold attacking plan received its just reward. If he had tried to play safely, to steer the ball down the course, he would have failed like the others. Happily he did not, and so brought off a gallant victory, fulfilling the prophecy he made weeks ago at Little Aston that he was confident he would beat the field. This performance will rank among the most memorable in the game.

As Lawson Little failed through indifferent putting to figure among the thirty-four players eligible for the final day's play, the smallest number on record, Bulla was the solitary American challenger. To finish second at his first attempt was a truly great performance, particularly as he had to experiment with a variety of putters, for his centre-shafted club is banned in this country. Over 6ft. in height, he hits the ball a long way, keeping his left arm straight. After an indifferent first round his game was steadiness personified, and he was one of the few who avoided making any really fatal blunders.

The fourteenth and seventeenth holes were the graves of many of the favourites. Bobby Locke in his first two rounds took an 8, and a 7 at the fourteenth. Lengthened by over 50yds., this hole provided a severe problem. Locke drove into a bunker on the left, then tried to get too far with his recovery shot, and failed to extricate the ball. After he did get out he cut his brassie into "Hell" bunker. In the second round he tried the right-hand line off the tee and sliced out of bounds, and that was a 7. He found the Road Hole nearly as expensive, and so did not figure among the first eight.

Cotton on at least one day had the worst of the weather, but, like Locke, he played far too many loose shots. His seconds were far from accurate, and his chances disappeared when his ball bounced over the road out of bounds just as he seemed set for a 69 at the half-way stage. Throughout the week the huge greens made putting awkward. R. A. Whitcombe finished equal third with four others at 294—a praiseworthy attempt to retain his title. He made few really destructive shots, but his approach putting, as it so often is, was timid. From 3yds. he would not give the hole a chance, and you have to be bold with those putts if you are going to win.

No less than five amateurs completed the four rounds—in contrast to last year—and J. Bruen was one to enhance his reputation. For a youth of nineteen to lead the qualifiers with two 69's was remarkable. Bobby Jones is the only other amateur who has achieved such distinction. Despite the fact that he took a wretched nine at the sixth in the final round he finished only eight strokes behind the winner, and is obviously a golfer of the highest class, having all the necessary shots in his bag plus an ideal temperament.

It is certainly a long time since a British amateur can be regarded as a potential Open Champion, skilful enough to match most professionals.

The playing conditions were difficult throughout the meeting and the Old Course proved to be as great a test as ever. Despite the fact that the greens were rather slow and soft, quite unlike the real St. Andrews in July, no player was able to beat 70 in the championship proper. And in the qualifying rounds just three 69's were returned—by Bruen, Little and Cotton. The several parallel fairways made the control of the vast crowds difficult, so that not a few of the players were disturbed by the long waits. But the most astonishing of all the incidents was the case of the scorer who could not score. This would seem quite incredible anywhere, but particularly so at St. Andrews. The players concerned discovered the incompetency of this official at the ninth as one of them was told he was out in 58 when his total was actually 38! As if a championship was not sufficiently nerve-racking without such an unprecedented disturbance! Fortunately, this scoring had no bearing on the actual result, but such an unfortunate incident should never have taken place.



C. Metcalfe

"GIVEN THAT A FISH CAN SEE AS WELL AS A MAN, THEN IF WE, WADING, CAN SEE THE FISH, THE FISH CAN SEE US"

WHAT CAN A FISH SEE?

By J. L. DICKIE

MOST of us have been puzzled, at one time or another, to estimate the size of a trout, more particularly a trout cruising around in an eddy. One sees, sideways on, a long, thin fish, then one loses sight of it, and, a few minutes later a short fish, in much better condition, appears end on. Are there *two* fish? As we watch, the short, fat trout continues its inspection of the eddy; as it turns, it lengthens and visibly loses condition—the eel-like fish and the short fat trout are one and the same.

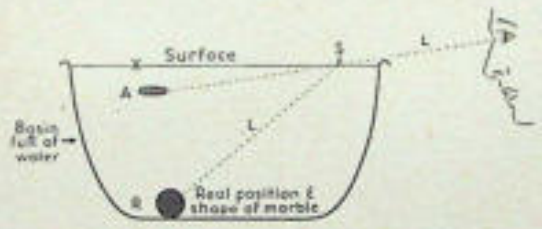
Actually, the maximum sizes are the right ones: what looks, end on, like a fat ¾-pounder often pleasantly surprises one by going ½lb. better when caught and weighed, and the "thin" pounder, seen sideways on, does the same.

Two factors have caused confusion about this business: confusion between reflection and refraction, and the protective colouring of fish. I have heard it said, and even seen it in print, that if a fisherman is wading and below a certain level, the fish cannot see him at all. It has even been suggested that, at a certain level and distance, the fish sees only the angler's head; that, in fact, below a certain angle, there is an area of *total invisibility* to the fish. This is not so. Given that a fish can see as well as a man, then if we, wading, can see the fish, the fish can see us.

I first began to doubt the "total invisibility" theory when I discovered that I could see a pale green weed patch, in quite 2ft. of water, from over a hundred yards away. It was in shadow, in mid-stream, on a bend of the Test, and looked, from far upstream, like a narrow green streak, right on the surface, under the far bank. Had a big trout been a sufficiently conspicuous colour it would have been visible also as an extremely narrow streak. My line of vision was certainly not more than 5deg. from the horizontal, yet, though the underwater world was out of position and distorted in shape it was not invisible.

The same applies to the overwater world as viewed by the trout. Had I been in tennis flannels it could have seen me as a white streak. This can be explained quite simply. We all know that if we push a straight stick into water it seems to be bent where it goes through the surface; it is this bending, or "refraction," which causes optical delusions for the benefit (or otherwise) of fishermen. The *maximum* angle of refraction of fresh water is a constant—the same in a basin as in Lough Neagh; but it gradually increases from 0deg., straight overhead, to about 40deg. as one squints almost along the surface.

Before arguing further about angles, I ask my readers to try a very simple experiment, which will explode a lot of theories and may, I hope, help them to catch more trout: Take a basin and fill it to the brim with water; put a marble (not glass) on the bottom of the basin, on the far side; now look at it from above. It looks round, exactly like a marble, but it does not look as deep down as it is—it only seems to be at three-quarters of its real depth. Stoop, and you will still be able to see it, though the side of the basin would block your view if it were not for refraction; but as you stoop



AN EXPERIMENT WITH A MARBLE

the marble ceases to be a sphere and gets flatter and flatter. Finally, when you are squinting almost dead along the surface, your marble becomes merely a narrow strip of the same colour as the original, which gets narrower and narrower until it finally disappears into the surface as you look directly along it.

Seeing Round a Corner

In the diagram:

A shows apparent position and shape of marble.
R shows real position and shape of marble.
L shows light travelling from marble to eye, refracted or bent at point S, on surface.
Note that under-water angle RSX (about 37°) is apparently contracted to angle ASX (about 8°).

Now as to what is known as the trout's "window." Take a glass of water and look through the side of it at the underside of the surface. You cannot see through the surface obliquely—it looks like a mirror—it is a mirror. Push a match, head first, through the surface and you will see the head of it and the reflection of its head—you will not be able to see the shank of the match or your finger through the surface if the angle is more than 48deg. from the vertical. This phenomenon is familiar to everyone who has kept an aquarium. Yet, as has been shown, one can see in from almost any angle. The point is that all objects, visible through the trout's "window," are seen in an angle of 98 deg., not 180 deg.

Instead of calling it a "window" one might clarify the situation by calling it a "funnel" which collects or compresses the whole overwater world (180 deg.) into 98 deg. Naturally, things look narrow.

In the second diagram:

——————— *SSS = Surface.*
..... *RR shows path of rays of light from setting sun, bent about 40° where they meet the surface.*
TA shows apparent direction of the sun as seen by fish.
WW = Limits of fish's "window": surface beyond "window."
MM is a mirror, as viewed by a fish in calm water. Only objects overhead at O are seen undistorted and in their real positions.
Note that the sun has become flattened as viewed by the fish.

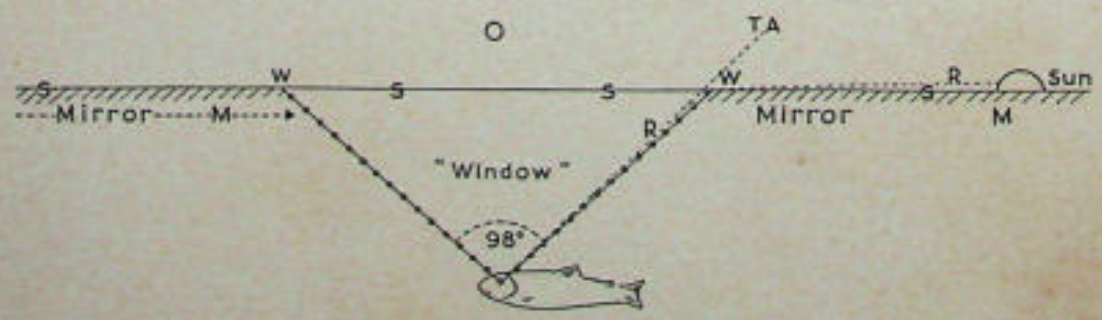
This "compression" is not regular. From nearly overhead objects appear a normal shape, but in the area of maximum refraction—i.e., nearly along the surface—the "compression" gets more and more pronounced, as we saw in the case of our marble. Thus there is no area of total invisibility, only an area of extreme distortion, everything under the surface to the man, or over the surface to the trout, finally merging into one line—the surface to the man or the edge of the "window" to the trout. Beyond that edge the underside of the surface becomes a mirror to the trout, like the underside of the water in the glass was to us.

Thus the trout sees things in the upper air distorted and changing their shapes—a man walking towards him seems to grow taller as he approaches, and the angle of vision becomes less oblique. In his under-water world the fish frequently sees the same thing twice over—directly and in its mirror.

One final knock at the total invisibility theory commonly expounded, i.e., that if one keeps fairly low and far away the trout cannot see one at all. Try sinking a white jam pot a foot or so under water in your local river. Choose a shady spot (otherwise the reflection of the sky will interfere, the sky being brighter than the jam pot). Now try from how far away you can see the pot and from what angles.

When you have finished, imagine that the pot is a trout in position and do not forget that there is no one-way traffic in light—if the light can reach you from the fish it can reach the fish from you. Therefore keep low and far away—try to melt yourself and your rod into as narrow a strip as you can in the area of maximum distortion.

One other point: some trout not only see more than one thinks they do, but know what is dangerous and what is not. For instance, at Heytesbury-on-the-Wylye, there is a path beside the river; the trout take no notice of people walking along this path—they still feed at their very feet—but show them a rod and it is a very different story.



THE FISH'S ANGLE OF VIEW

GOOD POINTER WORK

By DUGALD MACINTYRE

HEAD gamekeepers of grouse moors where point shooting is still practised do not always approve of pointers which have been trained with a view to winning heats at field trials. The dogs run too fast and range too widely to be really useful in grouse shooting. Grouse are not such fools as to sit on while a shooting party is coming up to a long-range point, and it is certain that a pointer which ranges within reasonable bounds, and leads swiftly into the centre of the broods without need for coaxing, is the best pointer.

The practice of setting pointing dogs, which are to run a beat against each other, off in opposite directions at the command "Go" is spectacular, but has nothing else to commend it. The best pointers for shooting over which I knew would walk to heel (without leads) like retrievers, and ordered to "Go!" first made good the ground in front of them by two or three short cross-beats, reaching gradually further on alternate ranges until going all out; when their widest range on either side was somewhere about 150yds. The dogs ranged closer in thick cover than on naked grass country, where, realising that broods were few and far between and that the going was good, they showed their paces to advantage, but found little game. Field trial teams of pointers which were brought into competition with teams trained by keepers for actual work on the moors, ranged and pointed so fast and "well" that the ordinary beat to keep a party of two guns going for a day was finished before lunch. And not only that: the bag from the beat which should have lasted out the day was less than half-a-day's bag. That was because wide ranging and spectacularly pointing dogs miss the scents of a great many single birds, and single birds are what make up the bag.

Say that a perfect grouse team is wanted. The first dog of the team, to be called No. 1, is used for the preliminary gathering of grouse from naked wilds into better cover. No. 1 ought to be fast, and to range widely on naked ground and close on heather. He ought to carry his head high, and it is no matter if he is a better pointer at broods than of single birds, for grouse are in broods at their first rises of the day, and quite a different stamp of pointer is best for scattered single birds in thick heather and where there is little wind in the hollows.

Here is our bag-maker No. 2. He is a large heavy dog, but with bone and muscle to carry his weight, and his speciality is detecting faint scents, and leading carefully to them without pointing. See him draw out to a faint scent, and at a closer approach recognise the doubtful odour as that of a "stink-lark," from which he turns with a toss of the head. There he is again! But this time he recognises the scent as that of a single running grouse and stiffens to attention.

Now he has a rabbit in its scent, but assured that it *is* a rabbit he leaves it sitting and ranges on, for he is absolutely off pointing fur, and can be worked for pheasants and woodcock, in the glens, where rabbits abound, and if he points it is at a bird. No one ever saw him point fur in cover, or on the moor.

Here is the bag-maker at an actual point, and five dead grouse lie in front of him after the brood has been shot at. Ordinarily he displays a faint interest in dead grouse, and a more lively one in winged birds, on which he places one of his massive paws, if master is hard pushed to catch it. None of that at this point. The dog moves through the dead birds, at a steady point all the time, to a fresh brood 100yds. upwind from the first. Four birds from that brood, then back to pick up our five from the first point, when the keeper and his dog get the best compliment of their lives from about the best dog judge in England, "I thought I knew something about pointer work, but evidently I did not."

No. 3 and No. 4 of the team ought to be young dogs, and no pointer can work better than a well-trained young one. There are no tricks in a young one, and it is delightful to see it enter into the spirit of the game by dropping without a word spoken and without even looking back. Its education is only complete when, in an afternoon's outing of a full hour, it has pointed steadily, gone up to its birds fast and truly, and dropped to shot without orders. Perhaps it has pointed a rabbit or hare, and been rated for even looking at such a detestable creature. Unlike the field-trial dog, the out-and-out worker was, and I think should be, used to find out such dead grouse as cannot be found by the keeper.

Generally speaking, a retriever is out of place at point shooting, and in a year's work a winged grouse was seldom lost by us. The nose of a pointer is a very fine instrument indeed, and grouse rarely run fast or far. If a young pointer failed to find a winged grouse, No. 2 of the team would quickly show him how to do it.



A SHOOTING PARTY ON RANNOCH MOOR

THE WILD BIRDS (DUCK AND GEESE) PROTECTION ACT, 1939

THERE has been much controversy upon this Act, and now that the matter is settled and the measure is about to come into force—it does so on August 1st—it may be well to state exactly the changes in the law without discussing the ultimate objects of the Act, or whether those objects will be achieved.

It is impossible to understand this year's Act without going back to the various other Wild Birds Protection Acts, which were passed between 1880 and 1908. These Acts had fixed the close season for various birds from March 2nd to July 31st. The Act of this year changes the dates for wild duck and geese to the period February 1st to August 11th.

During that period—February 1st to August 11th—it is unlawful "to shoot or attempt to shoot or use a boat for the purpose of shooting or causing to be shot, any wild duck or wild goose; or to use any lime, trap, snare, net or other instrument for the purpose of taking any wild duck or wild goose."

Altering the date of the beginning of duck shooting has also meant altering the date after which it is illegal to have or expose for sale any wild duck or goose recently killed or taken. This may not now be done after February 28th, instead of March 15th as formerly.

These prohibitions are not, however, absolute. To understand the position we must go back to the Act of 1880. Under that Act orders could be made, on the application of the county council, to vary the dates of the close season in the county concerned. And orders might also be made exempting from the Act any county, or parts of it, as far as any sort of bird was concerned. Several of such orders were, in fact, made in different districts. Obviously, if such orders could still be made, the whole object of the 1939 Act might be defeated. It is therefore provided that, as far as wild duck or geese are concerned, no more orders of that nature are to be made (with the exception to be noted in the next paragraph), and any now in force are to be valid no longer.

The exception is as follows. It was realised that though it was desirable that inland shooting should end on February 1st, yet that was thought to work hardly on the man on the sea shore, and that the shooting he could do there would be permissible up to a later date. So that an order may still be made on the application of the county council that such gunners may continue, *but not after February* 21st. Further, such an order can only permit shooting up to that date on "parts contiguous to the low-water mark of ordinary tides." These words must be construed strictly, however difficult it may be to do so. It is suggested that the area between high and low-water mark may be "contiguous to the low-water mark of ordinary tides," but not land above high-water mark. If this is so it would have been simpler to say so.

The main section of the Act of 1880 contained a scheduled list of wild birds. It is declared by the 1939 Act that wild geese shall be added to the Schedule. (Wild duck were already on it.) The reason for this amendment is that unless a bird is on the scheduled list it is not an offence under the Act for the owner or occupier of any land, or any person authorised by them, to kill or take it on his land. As wild geese are now on the Schedule they are protected, even from the owner or occupier, during the close period. But here is another exception made by the 1939 Act. An order may be made in respect of any county, or part of it, that wild geese shall not be on the Schedule. So that if such an order is made, the owners or occupiers of land, or those authorised by them, may kill wild geese on their land which is covered by the order at any time without offending against the Act.

There is a minor amendment in the law to the effect that it is unlawful to import into the country any dead wild duck or goose from February 1st to August 11th. This is the only part of the Act which applies to Northern Ireland. There is also a minor amendment as to the possession or sale of birds killed in or imported from a place not covered by the Act, but that need not bother us. "Wild duck" are, for the purposes of the Act, defined as eider duck, mallard, pochard, shelduck, shoveller, smew, teal, wigeon, and wild duck of any other species whatsoever, except merganser and goosander. "Wild goose" means a wild goose of any species whatsoever.

To sum up. After August 1st the close season for wild duck and geese will begin on February 1st and end on August 11th. *But*, orders may be made extending the open season for shore gunners not later than February 21st. Again, if, and only if, an order is made in their district, owners or occupiers, or those authorised by them, may shoot wild geese (but not wild duck) without bothering about the Act. Fines may be imposed up to £1 a bird killed or shot at in contravention of the Act.

A word may be added as to orders. The expense of these is defrayed by the county council. Any order in their district must be published in the three weeks before the year of the order begins, in two local newspapers, and also affixed in conspicuous spots near the district where the order operates.

W. J. BROWN.



FIVE HUNGRY MOUTHS TO FILL

A FAMILY OF TREE PIPITS

By GUY B. FARRAR

SPRING is a very pleasant time in the water-meadows when irises fill the ditches with a golden glory and violets blossom at the foot of the hedgerows. Then one can expect to hear the song of the tree pipit but newly arrived from Africa, a strong vibrant song, having in it something of the joy of the coming season, of a new beginning, an awakening from winter's sleep.

Later one may discover the nest itself hidden in thick rushes, or the lush grass growing on the steep bank of a lane, containing four or five eggs of extraordinarily varied colouring. Blue, grey, brown, and a pinkish red, may form their ground colouring, superimposed with blotches, streaks, or uniform speckling. The only certain thing to say about clutches of tree pipits' eggs is that they are scarcely ever alike.

The nest at which these photographs were taken was situated at the foot of a large clump of rushes in a water-meadow much frequented by cattle. For this reason I was unable to erect my hide the previous evening and had to put it in position on the morning I intended to begin photography. Fortunately the tree pipits took not the least notice of its presence.

The most striking characteristic of these pipits was their stealthy approach to and departure from the nest. Never once during the whole day did they alight nearer than 20yds., the remainder of the journey being made on foot. When leaving the nest, often with droppings in their beak, the same procedure was enacted, the same stealthy walk through the long grass before taking wing.

If you can imagine a rather attenuated, elegant, and aristocratic-looking lark, you will have some idea of the outward appearance of a tree pipit. Both birds carried themselves very gracefully, walking daintily, each having a separate route to the nest, the cock always appearing from the rushes on the left-hand side and the hen from a grassy tunnel on the right.

It was impossible to distinguish between the sexes until one bird, presumably the hen, tried to brood the half-fledged youngsters. Her efforts were not very successful, as her growing family completely filled the nest.

As far as my observations went, the food brought to the young consisted entirely of insects—grasshoppers, craneflies, and, in one case, what looked like a spider. Meal times were extraordinarily erratic, a succession of rapid visits being often followed by an absence of over half an hour. Once I thought some tragedy must have happened, so long were the youngsters left without food, but at last a movement in the herbage heralded the return of the hen on her regular route to the nest.

An unusual and exciting incident occurred when taking these photographs. After being in the tent for a couple of hours, I thought I heard a trampling noise outside and peeping through a slit in the side wall was horrified to discover a semicircle of cattle closing in on the hide in most menacing attitudes.

A bold counter attack seemed the best means of defence, so leaping out of the tent I rushed at the intruders, sending them galloping madly to the far end of the field.

This bull-fighting act seemed to have no effect whatever on the pipits, who continued their methodical walks to and from the nest as if nothing unusual had happened. Placid is, perhaps, the word that best describes these dainty little birds, whose one concern was to visit and leave their nest as unobtrusively as possible.

Their shorter hind toe and distinctly yellower plumage distinguishes them from meadow pipits, while their rather harsh call note, an oft-repeated *tees*, is another identification mark.



"HER EFFORTS AT BROODING WERE NOT VERY SUCCESSFUL, AS HER GROWING FAMILY COMPLETELY FILLED THE NEST"



REMOVING DROPPINGS AFTER FEEDING THE YOUNG



THE COCK AT THE NEST

"The cock always appeared from the rushes on the left of the nest"



IN SEARCH OF MORE FOOD

After leaving the nest, the stealthy walk through the long grass before taking wing

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A JULY DINNER MENU WITH BOTH FISH AND MEAT

The Fare: Potage Purée St. Germain
Filets de Sole Chauchat
Selle de Pré-Salé Jardinière
Mousse de Canetón
Beignets de Framboises
Dessert

The Wines: Gewurztraminer
Château Pape Clément 1929
Coteaux du Layon 1926

THE *Purée St. Germain* is a soup made with mashed garden peas and served with a sprinkling of garden peas whole; a simple and delicious beginning.

The *Sole Chauchat* is equally delicious but not nearly so simple. The fillets of sole are placed in a baking dish and seasoned with pepper and salt and a squeeze of lemon juice; they are placed in a hot oven and left some six or seven minutes only. They are taken out of the dish, which is then thickly coated with a sauce *Mornay, i.e.*, a *Béchamel* with cheese. The fillets of sole are then put back into the dish upon a soft cushion of *Mornay* sauce, and they are surrounded with a beading of small round pieces of potatoes, already cooked in water. A thinnish coverlet of *Mornay* sauce is spread over the fillets of sole and the potatoes, and then a fair sprinkling of grated Gruyère or Parmesan cheese; lastly, a little melted butter is poured on top and the dish is browned in a very hot oven.

The Selle de Pré-Salé is a saddle of Southdown lamb roasted and served with a number of fresh vegetables, the more the better.

The Mousse de Canetón is a cold confection of duck meat and foie gras pounded together; rich and tasty withal. A salad of bitter oranges served at the same time helps the duck but not the wine.

The *Beignets de Framboises* are raspberry fritters, not the best of all ways to enjoy raspberries, but a change when raspberries are plentiful. The fruit is lightly sugared and soaked in Eau-de-Vie de Framboise, an Alsatian speciality; failing this, kirsch will do. They must then be left to dry before being dipped in batter and dropped in very hot fat, not too many at once, so that all of them may be equally caught up in the boiling fat. When taken out of the pan, the raspberries are drained dry, dressed on a folded napkin and sprinkled with castor sugar before being served.

As regards the wines for such a meal, a white Alsatian wine would be acceptable as an opening wine. The wines of Alsace are not marketed under the name of the village nearest to the vineyards where the grapes grew from which the wine was made, but under the name of the species of grapes used, irrespective of its vineyard of origin. Among the best grapes grown in Alsace, that is the grapes responsible for some of the best white wines of Alsace, are the Traminer and the Gewurztraminer. With the saddle of lamb and the duck, a good red wine from the Graves district of Bordeaux, such as the 1929 Pape-Clément, will prove most acceptable, whilst a little known but charming white wine from Anjou should bring the meal to a happy end upon a distinctly sweet note.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of July 13th, 1889.

ROYALTY at Kempton. "As the Shah has been once again among us to see our institutions, it was only in the fitness of things that he should be conducted to a race-course, in order to witness the British public take a holiday after its own fashion.

"At the bidding of Mr. Hyde a royal pavilion sprung up like the handiwork of a fairy; and it needed but the announcement that our guest would be present to bring together an assemblage that Ascot itself could scarcely excel. A late Emperor of China, it is said, was sorely puzzled, on receiving a present of a state coach, to know where he ought to sit; but after much deliberation came to the conclusion that the loftiest seat was the seat of honour, and so, on his next appearance in public, took up his position on the hammer cloth, while his coachman sat inside, and drove with the reins through the front windows. Now it is just possible that the Shah, on his visit to Kempton, may have been slightly uncertain as to who were the persons most to be honoured—the people in tall hats and black coats, or the mannikins in their gaudy colours. His Majesty, however, is not of an ecstatic temperament; he made no sign; but, after handing his race card to his Grand Vizier, composed himself to see all that was to be seen, and is reported to have vastly enjoyed the brilliant scene before him. In the paddock he is reported to have shown himself a good judge of horseflesh."

More Henley Complaints. "The curse of Henley regatta is the picnicking—we care not a straw whether it is afloat, on houseboats, steam-launches, or row boats, or ashore on the meadows on either side of the river by the occupants of these boats. This picnicking, this ostentatious display of female finery, of flower, of fruit, of wine, of viands, is a modern innovation, and a sign of the luxurious selfishness of the times—a selfishness which is exemplified in a total disregard of the competitors, and in the *bon mot* uttered on a houseboat, that 'the regatta would be perfect were it not for those horrid rowing men.' These rowing men, however, have first claim on the protection of the regatta authorities, and 'they should see that they get it,' as they do when they buy Reckitt's blue, or else stop away from the meeting. . . . A novel nuisance was the dust which rose from the foot traffic along the bank, the dresses of the ladies being mainly responsible for the cloud of powdered gravel which hung like a pall over the towpath during the afternoons."

IN THE SALEROOM

SOME of the finest arms and armour will be sold at Christies on July 27th. The property of the late Clarence H. Mackay, it vies in rarity with the finest to be found in public museums in this country. The late owner scoured the whole of Europe for all that was outstanding of the armourer's craft. Many of the items now included have come from such well-known collections as Sir Guy Laking's, from Brassey and the Earl of Pembroke, and from Continental armouries.

To make a choice from the hundred lots or so is difficult, but the following may deserve particular mention: A pair of English double-barrel flint-lock pistols by Barbar, in perfect state with a crest surrounded by a garter, Montagu with Churchill in pretence; a wheel-lock sporting rifle, English, dated 1650; a bastard sword, English, *circa* 1450, found in the Zion House reach of the Thames; a court dress sword, English, *circa* 1745; a suit of armour for the tilt, German, 1580, from the Royal Armoury, Dresden; a demi-suit of armour, French, *circa* 1560, from the collection of Hollingworth Magniac; a cabasse Morion, Italian (Milanese), 1550, from Prince George Fuggers's collection; a sixteenth-century locking gauntlet, German (Augsburg), *circa* 1550; and a fourteenth-century Bascinet with visor "Hundsgugel," Italian (Tyrol).

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

THE Janissaries, who for centuries served the Sultan of Turkey, made up what was without doubt one of the most formidable corps of fighting men the world has ever known. The corps was instituted in this fashion. Each year, by the command of the Sultan Amurath, or, as some Turkish historians say, by Sultan Orkhan, 1,000 Christian boys were taken away from their homes and initiated into the Moslem religion with the customary rites. In the first instance this was done by a holy man named Haji Bektash who, with his sleeve touching the head of the novices pronounced the following words: "Let these youths be called the Yeni Cheri; let their countenances be ever bright, their hands victorious and their swords clean, and wherever they go may they return always with a white face." Thus they became Janissaries—Yeni Cheri, or new soldiers.

* * *

Training was severe in the extreme. First of all the recruits were divided up, the more beautiful and intelligent among them being reserved for employment about the Court, while the remainder were all designed for service in the army or some menial occupation. But even life at the Court was no bed of roses for these houseboys, who lived a most Spartan life and who, unless exceptionally talented and well-behaved, never attained those favoured positions about the Sultan all so much desired. They were more likely either to be transferred to the fighting Janissaries or else given some subordinate post in the administration. The soldier apprentices endured an even harder lot. Rigorously trained in the use of weapons, everything possible was done to toughen them.

* * *

On leaving school—a merciful relief, no doubt—they were posted to an Orta, or company, remaining in it for the rest of their life. They were forbidden to marry, so that they might devote themselves to the Sultan and the regiment only. The uniform seems to have been quite simple; but the felt head-dress, with its gilt sheath at the front and white sleeve at the back was a magnificent affair, especially in the case of veteran soldiers who placed in the sheath a bird of paradise plume so that it fell down the back. During a campaign, it is true, their appearance must have been somewhat ludicrous, as the Turks did not issue armour, and the pieces worn by the Janissaries were either looted from Christian dead, or taken from Christian captives.

* * *

The Agha commanding the corps had under him regimental and company commanders, and was by merit of his appointment one of the great officers of the Empire. Curiously enough, the captains were known as Tchorbadjy, or ladle-bearers, and the cooking pots, carried at the head of the troops, even when marching into battle, were held in greater veneration by the men than their standards. If a company lost one cooking pot it was disgraced; if both it was disbanded.

* * *

Later in the history of the Empire the rule as regards marriage became relaxed, and recruits for the corps were usually obtained from among the children of the Janissaries. By degrees their power increased, and even the Sultan trembled when they turned their stewpots upside down as the signal of revolt. Some rulers were deposed, others murdered by these fierce soldiers, so that it was not surprising they were in the end disbanded. This was done at the command of the strong Sultan Mahmud II, by the simple method of a general massacre. There were supposed to be some 40,000 Janissaries, and few escaped, for the Turkish rulers used to do these things thoroughly.

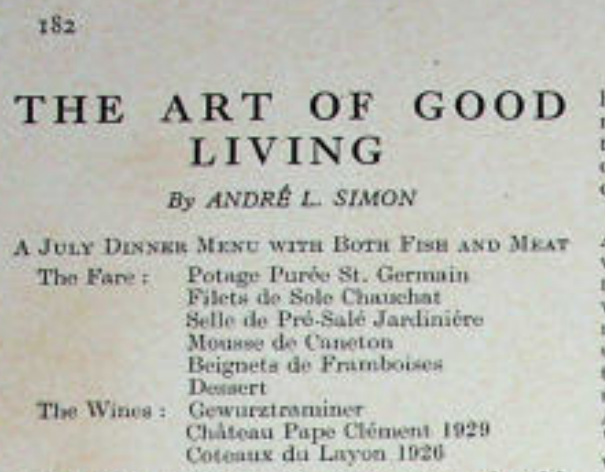
* * *

The institution of the Janissaries was without doubt a very clever move on the part of an Empire continually engaged in war, as otherwise the male population might almost have been wiped out. But like the Slavonic Guard in Cordova and the Mamelukes in Egypt, they were allowed to become too powerful and thus provided a source of weakness rather than of strength. Their military achievements were unrivalled, however, and it is curious to think that these men of Christian origin formed the spear-head of the attack when Suleiman the Magnificent thundered at the gates of Vienna, and it seemed as if all Christendom would be overrun by the Moslem hordes.

* * *

Every now and then one still comes across something that reminds one of these famous fighting men. It may be a sword, an old book illustrating their uniforms, or their drums and cooking pots in some museum. I, myself, saw only the other day a remarkable brass tray made by a Janissary. On it were engraved the names of the countries he had visited and the battles in which he had taken part, and it was decorated with pictures of his uniform and his very varied selection of weapons.

F. H. M.



Gentlemen!
your
Johnnie Walker—

However many racquets a champion may need, for real refreshment he need only order a Johnnie Walker. Every whisky in the Johnnie Walker blend — which includes all Scotland's finest whiskies—is chosen for some special quality, which is enhanced by the blending. If it's men's doubles —make them Johnnie Walker.



BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—I was very glad to read Mr. Vincent's letter in your issue of June 24th. On the whole he apportions his criticisms of those with an interest in birds who have visited Hickling fairly impartially. The tendency to appear to view Norfolk as a small village in Hicklingshire (!) is perhaps no bad trait in one concerned primarily with the birds of the Hickling area and their preservation. I had an instance of this a few days ago. "Jim Vincent told me that long-eared owls always nest on the ground in Norfolk," remarked a total stranger. My reply was to the effect that I had seen the species sitting on nests in trees in Norfolk, where taking the county as a whole, the proportions of long-eared owls using the two types of site is probably similar to those obtaining in other counties—Yorkshire, for example.

It is true that the bittern, harriers and bearded tits I photographed in Norfolk had already been well and truly tamed to a hide by Major Buxton and Mr. George Cree before I began. But again Hickling and Horsey are not Norfolk. Nor have I had any "trail of disaster" with the bittern elsewhere, or with the hen harrier, or with other birds to the number of some 500 pairs, covering over 150 species; and I must protest against Mr. Vincent's calm and unwarranted assumption that I should have met with such near Hickling had I gone there "with a free hand." I could name other photographers of birds who also can work without a "trail of disasters," and who would never have allowed Mr. Vincent to cut and lower a tree to bring a nest into range of their cameras, as I believe has been done near Hickling!

Any photographer may have an odd accident; but those who cause a series are either callously careless, or do not know their job, and have no right to learn it with rarities. Inexperience, carelessness of method, haste due to lack of time without which no one should attempt a difficult species, insufficient gradualness in the erection of hides, the choice of too early a time—with many birds the operation is best left until after the eggs have hatched—over-keenness to obtain portraits clear of surroundings of the "close-up" type giving the kind of striking (and often unnatural) effect so often apparently desired by sections of the Press, do cause risks which no photographer would run who places the preservation of birds as of greater importance than his photographs—as we all should. I know photographers who suffer from none of these defects, and who would not work under conditions that would make possible other than the odd accident due to the exceptionally nervous temperament of a particular bird, and who would guard against even that by the abandonment of the attempt as soon as the fact became apparent.

I can still count my own disasters on my fingers; none of them concern rarities; a "trail" of such I have never had, even in my early days more than 30 years ago. The shy and nervous marsh harrier is the only Broadland species of which I should have any doubts of my ability to photograph without disaster, if the site was favourable, given a free hand and no outside interference.

Yours faithfully,
Larkspur, RALPH CHISLETT.
42, Broom Crescent,
Rotherham.

HENLEY AND AFTER

SIR,—The Grand, Thames, Stewards' and Diamonds, all gone to foreign parts. Not only this, but out of the eight boats in the finals only one was English. It is seriously to be hoped that this will open the eyes of rowing men to the state of rowing here. It is as well, therefore, to deal frankly with the question: Where does the fault lie? Is it in men, or material, or coaching?

As regards men, there is no doubt that they are as good as in the past, but not better. At the same time they often do not do themselves justice. Except for Putney, weight does not matter much. I myself have been in a crew which won the Visitors' with an average weight of 10st. 5lb., and I do not think it was anything out of the way. But it is unwise to overdo rowing, at least for University men. There is a full programme here for the year, and to add to it by the Thames Head of the River race, Monte Carlo and other foreign races is fatal. I know that the Fours, Trials, 'Varsity Eights, Pairs and Henley finished me. Rowing is hard work, and flesh and blood will not stand an overdose.

There is much to be said about material. The ideal shape of a boat is not known. The well-known Bedford School boat was copied exactly without equalling its speed. Professor Bourne's model, tested at Teddington against one which he asked me to design, was not a success in practice. More investigation is needed. And there are solid arguments against the present practice of central seating, long slides and swivel rowlocks. Long oars seem to be less popular, which is all to the good for mechanical reasons.

But it is the coaching which requires most examination. I know coaches are difficult to get, but judging by results and the output of Rowing Correspondents in the Press, I think it is clear that the principles of rowing are not properly understood. There is no accepted style, which means that there is no accepted view of the necessary ways of using strength to propel the boat to best advantage. But if there is one thing necessary in coaching, it is that the coach should make sure that the pupil understands fully the why and wherefore of every instruction given, and unless the principles of rowing are understood this cannot be done.

Good coaching, at the Universities at least, is not merely for the instruction of the particular crew coached. It is absolutely necessary, in that the members of the crew are the potential instructors of other later crews. And the absence of this careful instruction means the dearth of capable coaches in the future. Men will not heed instruction which merely tells them to do such and such without reason given.

What, then, is the remedy? There is only one. If coaches will get together and try to understand the principles of rowing, which, while complicated in fact, are comparatively easy to understand, English rowing in two or three years' time can be lifted to a respectable level and, later, to superiority over all comers. If we are not prepared to make the effort we can write Ichabod over it.

Yours faithfully,
A. G. SMART

Oxford.

SCARCITY OF LANDRAIL

SIR,—It would be interesting to hear whether the landrail is as numerous in the Kintyre district of Argyll as it was some twenty years ago when I knew that district well.

It is no exaggeration to write that walking in the low ground of Kintyre on nights of early summer the ground seemed absolutely to vibrate to the craking of the cornerakes, which was continuous.

The landrails arrive in Kintyre on April 15th at the earliest, yet I saw their black young running among the cut hay on June 20th. When the hay fields are mown the birds go into the oat fields, where they rear second broods, the young of which are sometimes quite small when the oats are cut.

When the oats are cut the birds are compelled to seek the fields of rushes, and in certain mountain straths, at a good elevation above sea-level, landrails were often seen when snipe shooting in September.

Once a few years ago the field behind my cottage was cropped with hay, and I could see the landrails meet in the hay after long calling and answering. Two males arrived to the calling of a female on one occasion, and the scuffle which ensued was of short duration, as one male was much the stronger.

Many landrails used to kill themselves on the telegraph and telephone wires on their first arrival, and in Kintyre, and nowhere else in Scotland, did I see the birds flying across country on their first arrival, to alight in the clover fields, which, at that season, are the only adequate cover.

Stoats, and more particularly weasels, hunt out the young landrails in the corn, and may be seen emerging from their cover with limp landrail chicks in their mouths. While a good many landrail's nests are cut out of the hay, the birds nest again in the oats, and I should say that a hay-field of 20 acres held ten nests of landrail in my time in Kintyre, and may do so still.

Here in Perthshire I would put the landrail population at about two couples to the ten acres, and the population seems neither to increase or decrease.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview. DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie.

A "DEGENERATE" MOOSE

SIR,—Never having visited Poland, I know that beautiful and hospitable country only from pictures and the descriptions of a few Polish gentlemen, possibly and naturally biased in its favour. So, of course, I have never hunted there; but it was a complete and stunning surprise to find the statement in the *Field* that there the elk was considered a "degenerate moose."

To an American rifleman familiar with both animals in the United States and the tremendous wilds of Canada, the thesis is wholly untenable, so much so that it is impossible to conceive any reasonable basis for it. The two animals differ in every way possible; habitat, habits, size, appearance, disposition, horn formation, skin hoofs and general character.

It is true that the books assign both to the *cervidæ*, but many hunters do not think the moose a deer at all. The only one I ever cleaned had only three stomachs, while the deer has four and has no appendix. They do not interbreed, either in the wild or in the zoos, and avoid each other as far as possible in the few places where they live near together.

I have seen a New Brunswick moose which weighed 1,460lbs. on the railroad scales after cleaning and bleeding, and in life weighed 1,600lbs. at least. Another in Maine weighed 1,200lbs.; we trailed him over frozen snow for three hours, when the wind shifted and he ran; the guide got him next day. The big fellow in New Brunswick had antlers 5ft. broad with palms 30in. by 24in. I have never seen the big moose of Alaska, which run to 2,000lbs. or 2,300lbs., except mounted, and that one had horns 6ft. broad with palms 38in. by 24in., or so.

On the other hand, the elk runs to about 400lbs. and odd; a 500lbs. one is very large. The moose is ungainly and ugly; the elk is an enlarged Scottish red deer, slim and graceful; except for the white seat of his trousers he might come from Sutherland or Argyll; the antlers are the same.

The moose likes the low country, with hills and lakes and lives much in the water. The elk lives in the hills and on the plains of the Rockies in Montana, Idaho and Colorado, where it is dry. The moose is a great swimmer; I have seen him start to cross a lake five miles over. Also on the Allegnash in northern Maine I have seen the moose stand neck-deep in the white water to get lily-pads, which he loves; and our canoe went past him at 10ft. or so; he knew as well as we did that it was closed season; though I am sorry to say that there are "sportsmen" who fear not God, neither regard man, who would have shot him anyhow.

Surely the great Irish elk dug up in the Erse bogs are proof enough to the contrary; standing 10ft. high, they are about as degenerate as G. Lyttleton Rogers, for example.

Come again, Poland, with a new theory; this one does not wash.

Yours sincerely,
51, Hamilton Place, THOMAS J. JOHNSTONE.
New York City.

[The above letter was forwarded to the author of the article mentioned, and below is appended his reply.—ED.]

Mr. Johnstone's "complete and stunning surprise" is due to the fundamental error that American riflemen will persist in miscalling wapiti "elk," which they resemble superficially no more than does the American bison the buffalo, by which term this animal is almost universally known in the United States. Both moose or elk and wapiti are members of the *cervidæ*, the horns of the former attaining their greatest development in Alaska, a development which can never be equalled by the European variety, despite its close relationship.

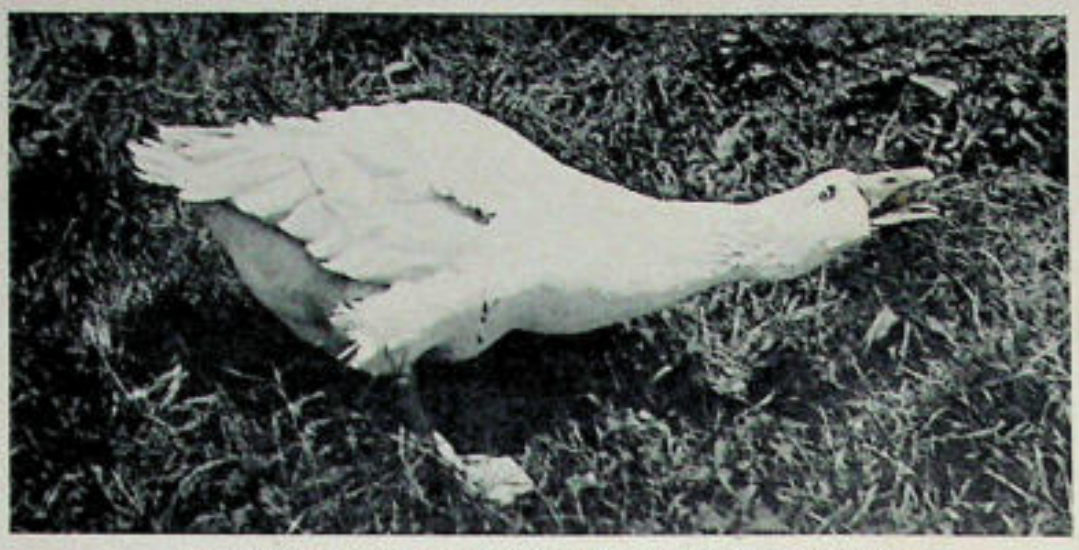
A good wapiti will weigh about 700lbs. to 800lbs., which is very roughly the weight of a good Polish elk. The former may resemble superficially a red deer, though more closely allied to certain Asiatic members of the deer family. There is, however, a marked difference both in colouration, antler formation and the call.

A typical wapiti head can be readily distinguished from that of a red deer by the formation of the tops. The fourth tine is always the largest and, with the fifth and sixth, develops on the same plane without lateral divergence. Mr. Johnstone's last paragraph is rather absurd in meaning. The "great Irish elk" is another common misnomer. This giant fallow deer which stood from 6½ft. to 7ft. high at the withers, was not an elk. Mr. Johnstone says: "Surely the great Irish elk dug up in the Erse bogs are proof enough to the contrary." Proof of what? In my ignorance I am afraid Mr. G. Lyttleton Rogers is only a name to me.

CANINE SAGACITY

SIR,—The wonderful intelligence and sagacity of a dog prompts me to send you the following account of a friend's accident not long ago. Mrs. F. Brock, of Fawcett Street, S.W. 10, was in her kitchen when the ceiling fell upon her and knocked her unconscious. Rose, her six-year-old spaniel bitch of Devon breed, dashed into the kitchen, removed the debris from her mistress's face, and then licked away the plaster from her nose and mouth, thus bringing her mistress back to consciousness. Rose then dashed upstairs and called assistance. The Canine Defence League have granted their medal to Rose for saving life.

Yours faithfully,
228, Tufnell Park Road, FRED CHERRY.
N. 19.



A 45-YEAR-OLD GANDER WHICH DOES NOT APPRECIATE PHOTOGRAPHY
(*See letter "Gander"*)

A RABBIT IN A TREE

SIR,—For some weeks I have been searching for a rabbit in my garden as it was doing a lot of damage, and recently I discovered its hiding place, which to my utmost astonishment was about 5ft. up in a Cypress tree, where it had made a nest. It jumped out when I was poking about underneath the tree, which is a fairly tall one. It is quite easy to see the way by which it reached its "nest." The garden has wire netting all round, so the rabbit must have got in somehow and been unable to get out.

Yours faithfully,

Bursted Manor, W. H. BRADFORD.
Upper Hardres,
near Canterbury.

GANDER

SIR,—"Gander" is 45 years of age, his wife a mere child of 42. For years he has established himself as protector of a large poultry run, allows no one, except his mistress, near the fowls, and rules them with a rod or, rather, a beak of iron.

For years when the last fowl has gone to roost, he taps with his beak on the back door of his mistress's cottage, letting her know it is time to lock up, and if she does not walk as fast as he wishes, he pulls her by the skirt or from behind has a nip at her legs with his beak.

Some time ago, his owner discovered that hens which had been ailing for a day or two were drowned in the pond. She could not account for this epidemic of suicides amongst sick hens. One day, however, the mystery was solved, for she saw old "Gander" dragging a sick hen by the wing down to the pond, where he deliberately drowned it, keeping it under water by standing on it till it was dead. He evidently disapproves of sick hens amongst a flock of fine birds. Now, however, every ailing hen is removed out of his reach.

Though murderously inclined himself, he is a strong supporter of law and order amongst the fowls, and should he see any birds fighting he immediately rushes in, stops the fight, and woe betide the bird he thinks was the aggressor.

Yours faithfully,

London. P. C. SAUNDERS.

WERE THE FISH CHOKED?

SIR,—The following may be of interest. In September, 1937, five trout of approximately 3in. each were taken from a very small moorland trickle about 1,000ft. above sea level, and placed in my garden pond. This is only about 50ft. above sea level, and is an entirely artificial structure of concrete, fed by rainwater from the roof gutterings. The approximate length and width are 50ft. by 7ft.; the depth slopes to an average of 18in. in the centre. It is well stocked with gold fish and golden rudd and well planted with weed.

A week ago, on consecutive days, I found two of the trout dead. The first was a very plump healthy-looking fish of 8¼in. with a bulging tummy. I opened this, to find inside a full-grown female common newt, dead but undigested. The trout's mouth was widely distended, as though it had choked.

The second was also healthy and plump but had a very flat tummy and widely gaping mouth. On opening, I found its stomach exceptionally empty. Had it also swallowed a newt and had the newt escaped after the spasms of choking and vomiting had proved too much for its captor?

Yours faithfully,

The Pyghtel, J. WALLER COVERNTON.
Cliff Park Lane,
Goodrington,
Paignton.

YOUTH AND THE SPEY

SIR,—I was very interested seeing in your issue of June 10th a photograph of a young angler and his first fish caught on the Bray water of the Spey.

I do not think that this can be quoted as a record, and I should like to say that I well remember two similar cases—both of which occurred in the Quarry pool of the Spey—in 1915 and 1919, when two Gordon-Lennox brothers aged seven and eight, caught their first fish.

Incidentally, since then, these two—G. Gordon-Lennox and A. Gordon-Lennox—have become two of the finest rod fishermen in Scotland.

Yours faithfully,

Fochabers, JOCK SCOTT.
Morayshire.

"DON'T GO DOWN THE MINE, DADDY"

SIR,—Possibly you might be interested in the enclosed photograph. A great tit built its nest in one of the hollow tennis posts on my court, and the photograph shows the parent bird about to enter the post for the purpose of feeding its young with a worm.

This happened on several occasions whilst we were actually playing tennis, and I had no difficulty in securing this snap (which is, of course, enlarged considerably) from a distance of some 25ft.

The nest was so far down the post that it was quite impossible to see anything of it. Therefore it is a matter of conjecture as to whether, and if so how, the young birds managed to leave it.

At any rate there is no longer any sound to be heard, and so I hope they are not all dead at the bottom of the post.

Yours faithfully,

Ashton House, G. O. HERBERT.
Steeple Ashton,
Trowbridge.

CAT'S CRADLE

SIR,—I have a rearing field close to the main road, and between the road and the wire-netting there is a spinney. Recently my son heard the alarm cry of blackbirds, &c., and went to the spot. In a blackthorn tree about 12ft. from the ground there was an old nest, and he saw a cat's head appear over the side. On closer investigation he found the bottom of the nest was an old wood-pigeon's, but this was covered with another nest of hay and feathers, a sparrow's, and in this flattened nest were three kittens a few days old.

Yours faithfully,

Lyons Game Farm, DOUGLAS F. JOHNSON.
Slinfold, Horsham.

ARMY HORSEMANSHIP

SIR,—Much that is depressing has been written about the mechanisation of the Army, therefore the following statistics about the International Horse Show may be of some comfort to your readers:

(1) In the "First Jumping Competition" there were 85 entries, of which 37 were British, 26 of which were entered by individual officers of mechanised units.

(2) Thirty-two horses qualified for the *Daily Mail* Cup, of which twelve were British.

(3) Big Sweep (Butler) and Cark Clever Vixen (Brunker) together jumped more clear rounds than any other two horses, and individually more than any except Honduras (Bizard).

(4) Seventeen horses qualified for the final of the King's Cup, of which eight were British.

(5) More British horses jumped one or more clear rounds than those of any other country. There being seven horses in all.

(6) Great Britain won the Prince of Wales Cup by a fairly wide margin.

Statistics may be made to prove anything, it is said, but I feel that the above may be of some comfort to those who fear that the interest of the British officer in horses is dead.

On Wednesday, Captain Butler jumped two clear rounds in the Prince of Wales Cup and then went on to Hurlingham and played in the winning team of the semi-final of the Champion Cup.

Yours faithfully,

London, "STICK HEAP."
S.W. 3.

GREAT DANES

SIR,—In regard to Great Danes, I can remember those belonging to the Comte de Lalaine on the Avenue Louise in Brussels some 60 years ago! They were huge beasts, not at all coarse, and very fierce looking.

Mostly blues or harlequins, the latter marvellous to look upon, they wore collars of silver about 4in. wide and had, of course, cropped ears, which makes a different dog of a Dane.

They used to always accompany the Comte's young sons, who wore their hair "en Mérovingien," no hats and dark brown surcoats with belts. The whole effect was unique, so I have not forgotten it.

Yours faithfully,

Home Farm, MARGARET HEINEMAN.
Old Sodbury, Glos.



SERVICE!
(*See letter "Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddy"*)

A match for each other



Romance to-day has none of the handicaps of past generations. Young men and women can share the same interests, play the same games, smoke the same cigarettes. The latter was inevitable once women learned to appreciate the man's cigarette—Wills's Gold Flake. The flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos appeals to modern women. They've got Wills of their own, you see, in every sense of the word.

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

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake CORK-TIPPED as well as Plain.

G.F.8. 752

A MOORHEN 40FT. UP

SIR,—While shooting vermin on a neighbouring chicken farm to-day, I noticed a fairly large black bird fly from a large nest at the top of a high tree and disappear into a nearby wood, evidently disturbed by my shots. I was 400yds. away at the time and could not see the bird very easily. However, I informed my host of this, and later in the day we went to inspect the nest, as he suspected it was a crow.

Standing underneath the tree he said he could see the bird's head, and, on firing, down fell 40ft. fell—a moorhen!

One has heard of these birds building in low trees, but has any reader ever heard of a moorhen's nest built at such a height?

A problem which would eventually have presented itself to the mother-bird is—how was she to convey the young to the ground safely?

Yours faithfully,

Tuckness, J. B. WILSON.
Hawkhurst, Kent.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF A GREENFINCH

SIR,—Some weeks ago I took this bungalow. Adjacent one of the windows stands my dog-house. The whole day long a greenfinch spends his time flying from the dog-house up the window or tapping at it. If I open the window he will venture on to the ledge but no further. Sometimes he brings a mate to look on. He takes no notice of my Basset hound and two puppies. Hemp seed is refused, and he eats little bread. I have wondered if minute flies on the window attract him, or could it be his reflection—or what?

Yours faithfully,

IANTHE ST. AUBYN FORT.

Jubilee Bungalow,
Haldon Moor, South Devon.

A.R.P. IN PARIS

SIR,—Visitors to the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris have been rather shocked to notice that trenches have been dug in some of the few fine old lawns of that city.

However—as usual in Paris—art triumphs over all difficulties, and the trenches have been carefully planned not to disturb the statues, however much the grass is disturbed. In my photograph we see (paradoxically enough) the well-known group, "Peaceful Night," rising from a neat square of surrounding concrete trench!

Yours faithfully,

56, Oakwood Avenue, C. A. HARRISON.
Beckenham.

A COCK PHEASANT SITTING

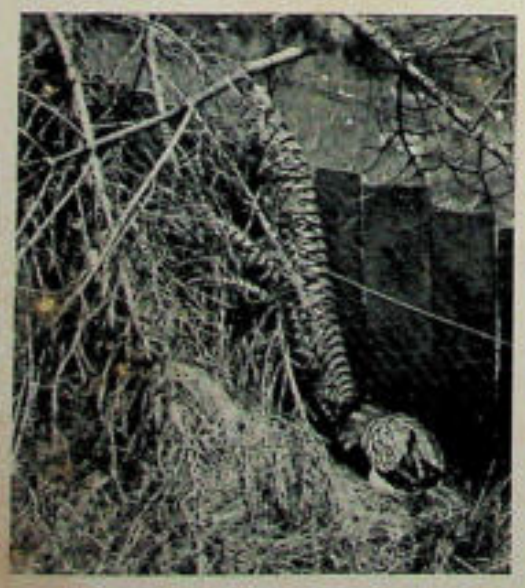
SIR,—I took the accompanying photograph recently at my home in Sutherland; it is of my three-year-old cock Amhurst pheasant sitting on a nest of his own hen's eggs. His six wives were all sitting hard when apparently he got bored and thought he would "take a hand" himself. So he turned one hen off her nest and has sat on those eggs himself for the last seventeen days! Meanwhile the hen he turned off spends most of her time sitting on the bare ground about 2ft. away from him! She would not allow me to get near enough to include her in the photograph.

He is very fierce if one goes too near, pecks one's hand hard and nothing will dislodge him. It will be interesting to see if he hatches the eggs and if he will rear the chicks.

I would be interested to hear if any of your readers know of a similar case.

Yours faithfully,

Balnacoil, Brora. JESSIE TYSER.



HERE HE HAS SAT FOR SEVENTEEN DAYS
(See letter "A Cock Pheasant sitting")

DECLINING DONKEYS

SIR,—Though donkeys are still to be seen in considerable numbers on the sands of the larger seaside resorts, these animals are rapidly disappearing from the roads—largely because costers find them too slow. At the annual donkey show organised in London by Our Dumb Friends League, over 150 donkeys were exhibited in the year 1909; in recent years, fewer than 30 have appeared.

A clipped or partially clipped donkey is now such an uncommon sight that the enclosed snapshot may be interesting. It was taken in West Cornwall, which probably boasts a bigger donkey population than any other part of England. Some donkeys are still bred locally as well as in the New Forest and the Gower Peninsula.

Yours faithfully,

73, Iffley Road, J. D. U. WARD.
Oxford.



A SMARTLY CLIPPED DONKEY
(See letter "Declining Donkeys")

MR. TATCHELL'S SCULLING BOAT

SIR,—Rowing men who have seen the photographs of the flat-sterned sculling boat published in the *Field* may be interested to hear what has happened to her.

She was sent down to Putney at the time of the Boat Race, and there tried by several leading scullers, most of whom, however, were considerably over the 12st. for which she was designed. Owing to an over-estimation of the floating power of her flat stern the seat had been placed too far aft, and she was down by the stern. Since then she has been sent back to Kingston, her seat and outriggers moved 6in. further forward, and now floats to her right waterline.



ART TRIUMPHS OVER ALL
(See letter "A.R.P. in Paris")

The following is an account of her behaviour when sculled by Mr. G. D. Mackway, of the Twickenham Rowing Club, who is 11st. and of medium height.

"When moving ahead her stern remains practically steady at the designed level just above the water. As the stroke is pulled the bow rises considerably: in other words, she planes up, thus markedly reducing her displacement. As long as this happens, *i.e.*, so long as the sculler is fresh and sculling at a lively rate, she seems to be distinctly fast. At the end of the stroke the bow does not sink below the normal flotation level. There is not the least semblance of a following wave."

Whether the design is fast is hard to tell, as she has not yet been raced; but in practice she certainly appears to be no slower than the usual type of racing boat, while the flat stern does in some degree exert the steadying effect originally aimed at.

The boat is now at Turk's, Kingston-on-Thames, where she is at the disposal of any sculler who will be kind enough to try her. Possibly a tall oarsman of about 11st. 8lb. would get the best result. Why tall? Because the bow does not sink at the end of the stroke, and, therefore, the boat would stand a long swing.

Yours faithfully,

London, PERCY TATCHELL.

ELEPHANT LYING DOWN

SIR,—While shooting shamba-raiding elephants for the Game Department of Kenya, my boys and I were following up the spoor of a bull, which had been raiding native shambas.

After following his tracks for a couple of hours, we suddenly came on him in thick bush lying down on his side, enjoying a siesta after a good feed of maize. As it was impossible to get in a vital shot, we retreated, and he must have heard us, for he was up in a flash and moved off among the thick bush. After carefully stalking him, I eventually got in a brain shot.

The same evening the boys brought in the tusks, and on cutting him up found that his stomach was full of maize. There was much rejoicing over his death.

Yours faithfully,

Limoru, J. PITCAIRN HOLMES.
Kenya Colony.

CORACLES

SIR,—I must ask Lord Dorchester to accept my apologies for having left his letter, which appeared in the *Field* of June 3rd, so long unanswered. The address of a skilful coracle maker is Mr. Parry, Head River Keeper, Chirk Castle Estate, Pentre, near Ruabon.

In this part of the county he is the only man I know of who makes coracles, and from personal experience I know he makes them well.

Yours faithfully,

Llangollen-Fechan, R. J. HUGHES PARRY.
Llangollen, Denbighshire.



TAKE all that holiday-time offers and leave your skin and complexion in the safe-keeping of Larola. The beautifying and protective qualities of Larola on the face, hands and arms never fail throughout the seasons. Use it regularly. Revel in its refreshing, soothing properties. Enjoy the becoming suntan which it ensures, without fear of sunburn or peeling of the skin. Larola softens and smoothes by penetrating and stimulating the cells of the skin and enhances natural beauty. Refuse all substitutes. *Write for free Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty."*

Larola

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets 2/-. Single Tablets 8d.
From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

LONGEVITY OF A PARROT

SIR,—Stories of longevity in animals are not infrequent, but many of these are unsubstantiated, so that it may be of interest to record the following authenticated instance in the case of a parrot belonging to Colonel Langlois, of Alderney, C.I.

In February, 1889, the ss. City de Barri, an Italian vessel from South America, with a cargo of maize and 46 green Amazon parrots on board, was wrecked on the coast of Alderney. Nearly all the parrots died, but two lived on, one to the age of about 20 years and the other (Colonel Langlois's bird) to February 24th, 1939, or to well over 50 years. Its age on landing in Alderney is not known, but it was full grown at the time. He was a really wonderful bird, and I have not seldom held conversations with him. In the words of Colonel Langlois, he "called the dogs and cats, crowed, barked, sang songs, asked for all he wanted, called us by name, and would answer correctly numerous questions."

Yours faithfully,
W. R. THOMPSON.

Clements,
West Moon Road, Ferndown,
Dorset.

FOR WHAT WAS THE IMPLEMENT USED?

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a curious implement which was found a short time ago in a barn in this county. Up to the present I have been quite unable to discover for what purpose the implement was used, and venture to ask if any of your readers can name it. When extended to its full length it measures 22in., and apparently the pointed end fitted into a handle. A shoulder can be seen in the photograph. I do not think the handle could have been very long as the iron is not thick enough to stand a great strain.

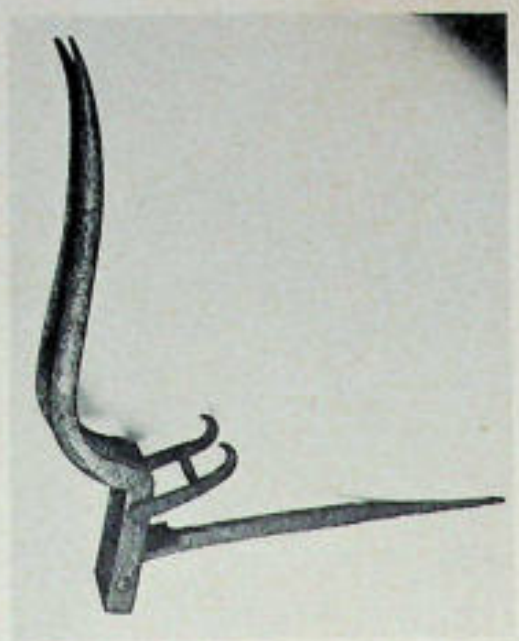
Yours faithfully,
F. C. MORGAN
(Curator).

The Museum,
Hereford.

KENNEL PROBLEM

SIR,—In the June 10th issue of the *Field*, a correspondent raises the point of the treatment of hysteria in dogs with his experience of treatment with halibut oil. As prevention is usually better than cure, the following may interest some of your readers.

I know a breeder and trainer of Labradors and other sporting dogs who, over a number of years, does not know what hysteria is. He puts this down to his method of feeding his puppies.



WHEN EXTENDED IT MEASURES 22 INCHES
(*See letter "For What Was the Implement Used"*)

When the puppies are ready to leave the mother, his method of feeding consists of throwing into the run a "lump" of raw horse-flesh on which the puppies can feed as often as and as much as they please. This is replenished as each "lump" gets reduced. This and nothing else except water.

Yours faithfully,
J. C. CLAYTON, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

The Old Rectory, Maisey Hampton,
Fairford, Glos.

EARLY PARTRIDGES

SIR,—In reply to Mr. F. H. Blakeley's letter in the *Field* of June 17th, regarding young partridges on Whit-Monday, which was without doubt early for the district, I wish to say that a covey of eleven was seen by me on this estate, Brockhampton Court, on Whit-Sunday, May 28th, and a further five coveys on Whit-Monday, May 29th. This is the earliest I have ever seen young partridges, although in Kent on one occasion I saw two coveys on May 30th, this being in 1935.

Yours faithfully,
J. F. ASPLEY.

Stone House,
Brockhampton,
Hereford.

CROW CATCHES TROUT

SIR,—A friend has drawn my attention to Mr. Tower's letter entitled "Crow Catches Trout," in your issue of June 10th last. I have seen this happen on a fishing I have on the Iton River (which runs into the Risle) three times last year. On one occasion it was also seen by two friends of mine who were fishing with me, the Hon. Reggie Fellowes and Lord Dundonald.

The crow very clumsily flops into the water or on the water, then rises with a small fish, say 4in. or 5in. long, flies on to a post or tree nearby and quietly eats it.

We all thought, perhaps, it might be a small chub and not a trout.

Yours faithfully,
A. C. M. ANDERSON.

Chalet de Buzenval,
Careles (S. & O.).

A CRICKET CRISIS

SIR,—The following extract from a letter received quite recently from the Lawrence Royal Military School at Sanawar in the Simla Hills, is sent, as I think you may like to publish an account of so unusual a cricketing incident:

"One of the first storms accompanied by tremendous wind created an amazing and rather amusing diversion down on the boys' cricket ground. The pitch matting suddenly blew up, lifting the batsman with it and hurling him down, knocked him senseless. Then the matting proceeded to roll itself up, lifting two or three of the fielders right off their feet and pitching them bodily several yards across the ground."

Yours faithfully,
J. K. TOD.

Round Windows,
Headley Down, Bordon, Hants.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, ERUAV STREET, S.W. 1.—Suffering from cardiac trouble and very high blood pressure, a poor woman who desperately needs our help has only 6/- a week. She is 64 years old, and her health has now completely gone owing to overwork and worry. May we ask your pity for this woman? Please send us £10, that we may promise her 4/- weekly for one year.

K·L·G

'CORUNDITE'

SPARKING PLUGS



K.L.G. "Corundite" Plugs are fitted as standard equipment in all Rolls-Royce, Bentley and Austin cars. There are "Corundite" types for your engine at 5/- each.

K. L. G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD. PUTNEY VALE, S.W.15.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

THERE has been a good deal of discussion in City circles recently concerning support given various new capital issues. It is well known that there are several important syndicates in existence which make a speciality of new issues. Applications are sent in by the syndicates for new loans if they are considered attractive, simply for the purpose of being able to sell the allotments at a profit when dealings begin on the Stock Exchange.

Naturally, general conditions are weighed up to a nicety before applications are sent in. Even after the lists have been opened and closed the position is most carefully watched. Should certain lists be kept open for a longer time than had been expected, there is usually a wholesale withdrawal of applications.

It is well known that withdrawals can be effected up to the time allotment letters are actually placed in the post. Just recently, Hertfordshire County Council invited subscriptions for a loan of £3,000,000. This was in a 3½ per cent. stock at a price of 96½ per cent. The redemption dates were 1954–59. Some £2,000,000 of this money was required to repay an outstanding 6 per cent. loan. Only a little over £1,000,000 was, therefore, new money.

It is on record that applications for this loan to an amount of £45,000,000 were sent in. Allotments were naturally drastically scaled down. Application money for amounts up to £600 was returned, while those for larger amounts received only a very small portion of their alleged requirements.

There is no possible doubt that a very substantial portion of the £45,000,000 was sent in by those who did not require the stock for investment, but believed that a small profit could be made on an allotment. That view turned out correct as the scrip promptly opened in the market around 12/6 premium.

Immediately afterwards the London County Council came along with a loan for £7,500,000 on exactly the same terms as Hertfordshire. This was all new money required by the L.C.C. for various purposes, such as Slum Clearance, expenditure on hospitals and schools, contributions towards establishment of the Green Belt around London, and A.R.P.

It is admitted on all sides that the credit of the L.C.C. is even superior to that of Hertfordshire. It was noticed that the two loans were on identical terms, but from the very moment underwriting of the L.C.C. loan began it was described as an issue which stood no chance of success. In the first place the amount was large, and in recent years the L.C.C. has been a hardy annual borrower.

In the case of this loan investors applied for less than £500,000. Over £7,000,000 of the loan was, therefore, left on the hands of the underwriters. Other securities had to be sold in order to provide money to carry the new loan, with the result that there was wholesale collapse in prices of all new issues.

Instead of being 12/6 premium, the scrip of the Hertfordshire loan went to 10/- discount. It means that the loan can now be bought at 96. The L.C.C. loan went to 2 discount, but has since recovered to the neighbourhood of 1 discount. These loans are worth more than their price of issue on present monetary conditions. Corporation stocks of older standing command a higher market price. It is highly probable that the scrips of the new issues will improve as overhanging supplies go into the hands of permanent investors.

I believe there is an opportunity here for the investor to acquire really cheap lines of stock. The L.C.C. loan, for instance, is a particularly sound security. Its present low price is due to market disorganisation caused, it must be stated, by the ill-advised offer of such a large line of stock on a market which has been particularly tender for some time owing to political tension.

Several comparatively small industrial companies have successfully raised new capital. In fact, June proved the best month for new capital issues since May of last year. There are ample resources in the country to provide capital for industry. All that is necessary is more settled politics which will give investors courage.

MOINA DIES

After a starvation strike which lasted for ten days Moina, the London Zoo's giant gorilla, has quitted this world of iron bars, and has gone to rejoin Mok, her former companion, in the pleasant forests of Nirvana. When she arrived at the Zoo in 1932 Moina weighed a mere 112lb., but when she was last weighed it was found that she had grown to be a sturdy young female of 20st. Her friend Mok, whose death occurred a year and a half ago, was even larger, and turned the scale at 25st.

New Books

CRICKET—WITH ITS CAP OFF

Background of Cricket. By Sir Home Gordon, Bart. (Published by Arthur Barker at 12/6 net.)

The world which lies behind the familiar setting of county cricket, the world which the players enter when they disappear into the Pavilion, is almost as interesting, as colourful, as the actual play itself. But it is a world which the "man-in-the-seat" never enters. To him the game is always dressed up, decorative, a mere echo of what it really is out there in the middle. To him its players are always so many masks made famous by the daily Press, like statues on a pedestal. This book goes behind all that, behind the conventional setting and the masks. It looks behind the scenes. It sees the famous for the men they are, learns their feelings, their exploits, their views on the game. It is about the background of cricket.

It would be hard to find a better man to write it. Everyone in the cricket world knows Sir Home Gordon. And Sir Home knows almost everyone, and certainly everyone that matters, in cricket. He has probably seen more of it played than any one man living. He can remember the first Australians. He saw G. F. Grace make his catch under the gasworks at the Oval to dismiss Bonnor and make cricket history. He has watched cricket at Princes'. He has sat at a Lord's flourishing with trees and resembling a village green. He has followed every 'Varsity match but one for 60 years. He was the first real writer on the game.

But it is not as a journalist that we know Sir Home. It is as a statistician. His collections of records, and runs, and wickets have amazed us. He has brought the tabulation of the facts of cricket to a fine art. And this book of his is more the book of the statistician than the journalist or the novelist. It is a collection of facts; of amusing stories, interesting incidents, intimate character studies. There are stories about Yorkshire and, of course, Tom Emmett; stories about every county, and especially Sussex. One of the incidents described is typical. It is about Duleep. He had challenged Lord Harris. And so Sussex had met Kent at Maidstone. At the time there was a prolonged drought. There was also, however, a considerable amount of water on the wicket—to help Freeman's spin. Sussex lost. Duleep was furious. He vowed vengeance. Lord Harris was told he would see Duleep score a century in each innings of the return match. He did; and one of them was a double century. There are thumb-nail sketches of Bradman and Hammond, Thornton and Jackson, and a whole host of cricketers.

It is a plain tale. Sir Home rarely gives theories, only occasionally gives opinions, never ascends to the clouds of idealism. There is nothing here of the summer game as Neville Cardus sees it, with its green fields, white figures, yellow sun. Nothing of the brilliant insight and vast knowledge of all its technicalities which are in the writing of C. B. Fry. But simply as the record, the photograph of one man's view of the game, for the ground it covers and for the details it absorbs, it may never be surpassed. Humphrey Daniel.

* * * *

Cruising with a Camera. Phototips for Sea and Shore. By F. W. Frerk and Oswald Blakeston. (The Focal Press; 6/–.)

Writing in rather a racy style, the authors of this book give some very sound ideas on photography for the vast army of camera-users that have come into being and want some real records of their cruises and holidays. Amateur photographers are ambitious these days and wish to show their friends something more than the small fuzzy snapshot which needs a terrific amount of explanation to describe what it represents. To the purchaser of a new camera the writers say: "Buy it well in advance. Read the instructions and practise the methods of handling it before you expose a picture. Learn the snags before they happen, and find out how to make yourself foolproof." "It is a mistake to buy a new camera which you have never used when you start the adventure of a cruise." And with this sound initial advice the differences in cameras, the art of composition and the mysteries of film speeds, filters, exposures, &c., are then explained in simple language. There are excellent illustrations to show what pictorial excellence can be achieved on the cruise. A point on which the critic might differ is in regard to the table of shutter speeds for motion. This seems to err on the slow side in several instances with respect to its rather wide definitions. *Cruising with a Camera* should prove a great help towards better pictures. R. N. Rose.

* * * *

Trailing through Siberia. By Joseph Crad. (John Gifford; 10/6.)

This is a book teeming with adventures, written by a man who has lived in some of the most out-of-the-way places in the world. Mr. Crad knows Siberia and Alaska as few writers can, for he has spent years among the Eskimos, prospectors, sealers and others who live or travel to these northern regions. And from beginning to end there is not a dull page. The habits and customs of the natives are described in that vivid style which is the outcome of an intimate knowledge and a ready understanding. This will intrigue all and sundry, as the accounts of big game shooting will interest the sportsman. But to get a good idea of this book it is but necessary to hear a very few of its contents. A dog-team race in Alaska—fur trading—Eskimos of Port Clarence—a lecturer on women, their uses, how to treat them—journey in a blizzard—a walrus hunt—my first visits to the Tchuck-Chis of Siberia—polyandry.

Speaking of the family life of the Eskimos from the Mackenzie River in Canada right away to Arctic Siberia, Mr. Crad says that their treatment of children was splendid. Brutality, such as is known in the slums of large cities or elsewhere, was absolutely unknown. To show the differing types of humanity to be found, he mentions meeting the owner of a trading post near Kuknipto Island who was of mixed Gakut, Bariut and Russian blood. This man was not more than 4ft. 6in. in height, with the torso of a gorilla. His chest measurement next his skin was 58in., and his huge muscular arms, thick as the average man's thigh, were so long that his hands reached below his knees. This will give an impression of what to expect—but read the book and find out all about it.

* * * *

Unknown River. By J. M. Scott. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)

Peter Sherwood by a stroke of chance meets Lucky Long, who has knocked about the world and who fires his imagination with a desire to break away from humdrum life and to go to North East America, where the latter has an old score to settle with an ex-partner who let him down. He offers to pay all expenses, and the two set off. Many adventures follow in the backwoods of this wild region, where the search for gold, trapping and shooting, the rough and tumble of prospecting life, queer characters and unexpected thrills and shocks make the book an entertaining companion. But if you want to know how the two eventually come safely out of a series of tough situations you must read the book. It will certainly hold you to the last page, which comes all too quickly.

* * * *

The Death Treasure of the Khmeres. By Lance Colam. (Stanley Paul; 12/6.)

This is a most exciting story about an adventure which starts in Macao, the Portuguese colony in China. Here Lance Colam meets a half-caste French-Cambodian who, under the influence of opium, tells him of his finding the hidden treasure house of the Khmeres, a vanished race that flourished 800 years ago. The secret had been kept by priests, who would have killed the half-caste had he not made good his escape.

The account of how the author, after journeying to Angkor, makes his way into the densest jungle and locates the treasure is very thrilling, especially when he sees a death ceremony and the daughter of the half-caste, whom he had hoped to save from captivity, stab herself. He does, however, succeed eventually in rescuing her sister. By masquerading as a butterfly collector and thus being allowed to remain in the district, though regarded with suspicion, he actually gets to the treasure in an underground chamber, but fails to secure any reward for his daring, as, at the critical moment, a 20ft. python is released.

The story is exceedingly well told, the accounts of native life and ceremonies being as interesting as the adventures of the writer are hair-raising; there are some good half-tone illustrations, and it is unlikely that the book will be put down until the last chapter is read.

W. H. T. Long.

* * * *

Sailing on the South Coast. By K. Adlard Coles, with charts and drawings by T. L. Stocken. (Faber and Faber; 5/–.)

This is an extraordinarily valuable little book which every cruising yachtsman should have aboard. They will know too well the difficulty encountered when making a landfall in thick weather, but Mr. Adlard Coles, with Mr. Stocken's valuable help, has simplified their task for the future.

Sailing on the South Coast includes photographs of most of the harbours and a sufficient number of prominent headlands to form, as it were, stepping stones of identification at intervals from the South Foreland to the Longships. Then, too, there are Mr. Stocken's excellent charts, so that no yachtsman should fail to get a copy of this book.

The information crammed into its 144 pages is truly amazing. I thought I knew most of the South Coast harbours, but I learnt something new about nearly every one of them from Mr. Coles's notes.

William Lusombe.

* * * *

The Compleat Goggler. By Guy Gilpatric. (The Bodley Head; 10/6.)

One may admire a book for many reasons. One may like the subject, its presentation, the style or the author, but it is rare to enjoy a book which one realises one does not fully understand. Mr. Gilpatric has an unusual subject, and he deals with it in so delightful and witty a manner that anyone innocent of goggling is never quite sure whether his leg is being pulled. Nor is a feeling of confidence restored by the author's candid admission that he has included "a rather superior lie or two." Yet what Mr. Peter Fleming has done for travel, Mr. Gilpatric has achieved for goggling.

Quite simply, goggling consists in the art of killing fish beneath the surface, protected only by goggles and armed with a minimum of weapons, such as a spear. In the course of this sport, Mr. Gilpatric has seen undersea landscapes of incredible beauty, has encountered remarkable fish—and fought them—on their own ground, and has seen many things which no one would believe possible. Merou the Bonehead was an old friend and remained sublimely indifferent—like Moby Dick, with whom he is compared—to all attacks by spear. The idea of attacking a large octopus under the water is one to which I myself should feel bound to give some consideration—yet to Mr. Gilpatric it is a daily delight. Nor is the account of the weapons and the way in which they were evolved any less interesting than that of their ultimate destination. As a final and convincing plea for the sport, Mr. Gilpatric includes some suggestions as to the cooking of the trophies.

Goggling is, of course, a sport which may be abused, and the author rightly has a horror of the crowded beaches of the Mediterranean generally and of those sections in particular where the occupants have lowered themselves to goggle in 3ft. of water. But it is quite clear that if goggling is properly carried out it is a sport of the first order and attraction. Robert Colville.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

We recommend to our readers *Citizen Service*, the monthly journal of the Citizen Service League, which is dedicated to the cause of national security. The May issue contains articles from eminent authorities on Conscription, German Colonial Demands, the Auxiliary Fire Service, and Army Training this Summer.

The photographs in *Phototips on Cats and Dogs* (Focal Press; 6/–), as might be expected from studies of two such domesticated animals, are, almost without exception, very good indeed. Their action is good, their setting good and their effect on the eye through contrasts of light and shade good. The tips which accompany them, although couched in a language frequently exploded with a series of interjections and question marks, give some useful technical advice.

We have received a copy of the *Anglo-Argentine Review* for May. This is of particular interest in its survey of trade between Britain and the Argentine and the effect of the lowering of minimum freight rates. Following the death of Colonel Charles Morley-Knight, almost the entire herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle owned by Messrs. Knight & Porteous has been bought by Dr. Enrique Larreta. The herd was the largest of red Aberdeen-Angus in the world, and the bulls were in great demand for crossing purposes. It has descended principally from stock reared by the late Mr. W. K. Macdonald, of Ballintuim, Perthshire, and the sale put through covers a total of 808 head. Mr. Harold J. Hardy writes of sport in Argentine waters.



BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS

The Wye Valley Returns to the River Usk

AFTER our joint week, we resumed operations in our own country with a meet at Clytha Arms on the River Usk. Included in the field were Mr. D. Prothero and Captain Howell, of Pembroke and Carmarthen Otter Hounds.

Hounds tried the drain at Pantygoystre, but nothing resulted, and it was not until we came to Llanellen Bridge that hounds were at all interested, and here old Granby marked his otter in the river bank; terriers had a great to-do with the otter, who left its teeth marks in one of them before bolting.

Upstream was the first move, and hounds hunted with plenty of vim and threw their tongues on what seemed to be a good scent, up through the rapids they went, hunting every yard of water. Soon, however, they became silent, and were casting about for the resting place of the otter. Looking up the bank, I saw what looked like an otter running through the rocks and undergrowth above us. Slipping up the bank, this is what I saw. Running a small path was the otter, and in its wake was a stoat, who every few yards would attack the otter's side without making the least impression on the otter. Getting in front and turning the otter back down the path caused a collision between these two, and the last I saw of the stoat he was flying through the air like the trapeze man.

Hounds were running the line of the otter full cry and were soon back in the river swimming downstream, with the two new Dumfries hounds in the van, on this their first day in the Wye Valley. This swim took us down nearly to Penpergum Bridge, where hounds turned and came back upstream, to lose their otter in this pool.

Mr. Thompson kept them at this pool for some time, and then Charlie came with the news that he had just seen a cub of 7lb. or 8lb. on the bank below us. This, of course, decided the issue, and hounds were called off, and we finished for the day.

On Friday we met at Hostelrie Goodrich, when our usual luck on the Wye, in the extra water coming down, made it too dangerous for hounds, and we had, in consequence, a poor day. M. L.

EASTERN COUNTIES' NORFOLK WEEK

OWING to serious illness in his family, Dr. Samuel Shepheard, the Master of the Bure Valley O.H., was unable to hunt his hounds during the period that the E.C.O.H.-B.V.O.H. joint week had been fixed. Dr. Shepheard, however, kindly loaned eight-and-a-half couple of his hounds to us, and Mr. Jack Russell, the E.C.O.H. Master, took on the strenuous task of hunting hounds for six consecutive days, a mixed pack being taken out each day.

The first meet was on July 3rd at Euston County Bridge on the Duke of Grafton's estate, and hounds drew up the Little Ouse, through Rushford Carr, without drag, and it was not until they reached Rushford Heath that they opened, and came up to an otter in the big carr. They hunted him well in a big right-handed circuit of the covert before he got into the back ditch, down which they roared at him until he pulled out and ran another circuit of the carr. He then crossed the main river to the island, where they were close at him, hunting with a terrific cry, and soon forced him into the river. He came away at the bottom end and was viewed going down, but he soon doubled back to the island, around which he led the pack until he again took to water and swam down to the footbridge, where he was viewed. Hounds swam on down for half a mile, but presumably flashed over him, for he was never seen or winded again. This had been 70 minutes' of fast work, and another hour was spent trying to fresh find him, but he was safely tucked away somewhere, and at five o'clock he was given best.

The venue on the 4th was Didlington Mill, and a very representative field assembled. Hounds had a line over from the Wissey to the lake, and soon put up a brace of otters on the middle island at 11.25. Having taken the dog round the island, they crossed the channel to the reed bed, throwing their tongues in a rare chorus and soon had their pilot back on the big island again, where they hunted him for a spell until he got into the lake. Now commenced a long period of swimming, with a brace of otters in front of hounds, and during which they, no doubt, changed pilots at times. After swimming round the big island, they hunted across it to the top end, where the dog otter was caught on the sand spit, but managed to escape again before they could close in on him.

The pack next roared away down the channel and across to the sluice, where they changed on to the bitch and went back with her to the island, which they crossed to get into the channel and over to the far lakeside. Another rare swim now followed as, with the brace in front again, they went right up to the top of the lake, by the Lily Pond, where both otters were viewed, the dog being a very big otter indeed, just about a 30-pounder. At the reed beds by the Lily Pond the otters separated, the dog going back up the lake side and the bitch, with hounds swimming her well, across to the big island. It was now 2.30, and the going was as good as ever, and having been viewed across the island, the bitch got into the channel, where they lost touch with her until they hit her off again, and after a further spell of hunting in the reeds, she took them right down to the Lily Pond end of the lake, where they were hard at her under the overhanging trees, until she crossed back to the island, and then over to the reeds by the sluice gates, where they lost her, and this magnificent hound hunt of four and-a-half hours concluded. Hounds were now all in, and so, one imagines, were the otters. Hounds had been swimming practically throughout this long hunt, and had received little assistance in their tussle against a brace of strong otters.

We were at Didlington again on the following day and hounds drew round the lake, speaking only by the Lily Pond, into which forbidden territory it was presumed that the otters hunted overnight had gone. They were, therefore, left, and having tried up the Wissey to the cattle bridge, hounds were taken back to try below the lake. As they discovered only stale work here, they were next lifted to Foulden, where Borough Fen was drawn. There was stale work in the fen, but no otter, and having tried the Cockley Cley stream to My Lord's Wood without event, the closure was applied.

From Thetford Bridge Station on the 6th we drew up the Little Ouse, across Barnham Common to the railway with a stale line before lifting the pack to Fakenham to try up the Ixworth stream. Hounds got on to a fair drag by Honington, and hunted it up by the Grange to Thorpe Carr, where foxes caused a halt. The drag went on to the mill near Bardwell, but hounds had not come up to their otter when we finished.

We met at the Narborough Ship on the 7th, and having tried down the Nar towards Pentney, we vanned up and took hounds to Baulk Bridge to draw up, but it was not until they got above the West Acre Road Bridge that they found really fresh work, and from here they had a rare drag hunt across the water meadows to West Acre Mill, where they got into the carr and put up a brace by the dyke. The selected pilot swam down the dyke before pulling out and ran a circuit of the carr with hounds screaming away in her wake. After a short spell in the river, she crossed the carr again and got into the Nar at the top end, where they swam her up well and, pushing her out on the far bank, killed her after 40 minutes' fast hunting, a 13lb. bitch.

At three o'clock they put the other otter down above the carr. She went hard upstream, and with a good scent on the water, hounds were able to hunt her well, some exciting work going on as she took them up and down river, occasionally hanging up in the rushes. She was viewed many times, and hounds were never far away from her; at times, in fact, she was forced to draw out and run the covert, but after an hour's hunting she swam right down and, crossing the shallows, drew out and was killed after 70 minutes, a big bitch of 19lb. This was a good day's sport.

The concluding day of the week saw hounds at the Thetford Anchor, to draw up the Little Ouse, where they had a stale line across Abbey Heath to the Stanch by Warren Wood. Here they got on to roebuck, and some time was spent collecting them, but in due course the draw continued, the drag running out by the Vitriol Works, the otter being presumably back in Thetford town. Master drew on to Santon Downham without drag before finishing the day; not a good day to finish with, especially as a wheel came off the hound trailer! However, we were very grateful for the loan of the Norwich Staghounds' trailer which enabled hounds to get back to kennels, where, having been fed, they climbed up on the benches for a well-earned rest, after seven days' hard work, during which they had found six otters and caught three of them. It is true that this could not be termed a joint week in the accepted sense of the term, but hounds of both packs hunted together and put up a very creditable performance in difficult country.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Michael Dill and Mr. C. A. Hopkinson for assisting our regular whippers-in during the week. DRIFTER.

MIXED SPORT WITH THE HAWKSTONE

THERE is not much to write about the first two days of this week. On Monday Mr. Stanier hunted hounds and met at Hope-under-Dinmore at the bottom end of the Lugg. He drew down to Eaton almost without a touch.

On Wednesday hounds met at Croome Court, the home of Lord Coventry. Mr. Wallace carried the horn, and he drew the artificial river first, where there was a drag on one side. He then tried the lake, but with no result, and the Croome otters again triumphed.

Pirton was tried without a whimper, and then after lunch hounds were vanned to Leigh Station and drew down to the Teme and then up the Teme as far as Broadwas. So ended a blank day.

On Saturday the meet was at the old rendezvous, Leintwardine. Mr. Wallace put hounds to water, and they immediately spoke to a drag which took them away from the Clun and across country. They eventually returned to the river, where the drag continued up to the Tay pool and on to Broadwood. After lunch Sir Henry Ripley's decoy pool was blank—for the first time—and a very intermittent drag went on as far as Coston. They came up to their otter at Oaker and put him down from the thick undergrowth between the back-water and the River Kemp. He went down to the Mill Stream, which was very deep owing to the torrential downpour which continued all day. After a sticky period, the otter was hunted well, with a good cry up the River Kemp to a mark under an oak tree. He then slipped back and landed in the undergrowth and into the back brook, which was in flood by this time. Hounds pushed him out into a big holt in the mill leat, and there—at 7.30—he was left. S. W.

THE DARTMOOR'S LIVELY HUNT

ON Tuesday, July 4th, the meet was at Sowden Bridge on the West Looe. A pouring wet morning unexpectedly provided us with a really exciting hunt. Raymond took the pack down below Shallow Pool to start the draw in tidal water. Hounds spoke immediately, indicating a strong line, which, however, weakened as we approached Sowden Bridge. Drawing on upstream, hounds suddenly marked solid in the right bank at 11.50. Five minutes later a large otter was seen taking the water and swimming downstream. He was given a good long start, after which hounds were laid on, and went away with a great cry. They over-ran him about 300yds. down; here he had landed, running upstream. He took the water once more near the silver fox farm some way above the original find. Putting into the right bank, he was very soon on the move again, and dashed downstream, hounds following with tremendous music. A few short checks during a really fast run brought us nearly back to Sowden Bridge. Here he landed once more, and was pulled down after this lively hunt of 45 minutes. A fine young dog otter of 24lb. A great chance had been given to the 4½ couple of puppies, brought out that day, and every one of them made full use of it.

Continuous heavy rain has not improved our sport. In spite of this we had a long and interesting walk up the beautiful Tamar Valley by the kind invitation of the Tetcott Otter Hounds on Thursday, July 6th. Hounds spoke at frequent intervals to a drag, which finally brought us to the end of our draw, rather late and very wet indeed. C. R.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, games, country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, August 1st. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4.

2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete.

3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned.

4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final.

5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.



A FIELD OF SPRING CABBAGES IN KENT
"It much depends on the district and the county as to when the seed should be sown"

JULY SOWING—THE SPRING CABBAGE

A Profitable Large-Scale Crop

THERE is probably no more profitable brassica crop than the spring cabbage. It comes in at a time when greenstuff is scarce, and so is welcomed on the market. Under farming conditions this cabbage may follow early potatoes, beans or peas, or even a corn crop.

The spring cabbage trade may be divided into two groups : (*a*) spring greens, and (*b*) hearted cabbages. The spring green types are grown where the seed is sown but plants of the hearted cabbage types are raised in seed beds and are planted out in the open field two months later. When the seed is drilled in the field for greens, 5lb. of seed should be used per acre. When the plants are raised in the seed bed, only ¼lb. of seed is required for the same area.

In some districts it is possible to market a good crop of well-hearted cabbages by the end of April and have the ground cleared for another crop. If this is done, the spring cabbage can be regarded as an excellent catch crop. Naturally, early maturing varieties have to be chosen, for this particular purpose, and fortunately one or two firms have specialised in producing such types.

It much depends on the district and the county as to when the seed should be sown, but it should be between the second week of July and the end of July. In the north, the earlier time of sowing is preferred, and in the south the later—but successful sowings have even been made in August.

To obtain a succession—*i.e.*, for those who find a ready sale for cabbages up to the end of May—the first sowing may be definitely followed by another in August, while sowings for greens are often delayed until September in the south—one sowing say the first week, and another the third week.

When raising plants, the usual precautions should be taken against the club root disease, though it must be said that the autumn sowings are never so severely affected as those in the spring. The seed bed should be watered with a corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), using 1oz. of the chemical to 12 gallons of water. As mercuric chloride is somewhat difficult to dissolve in cold water, it is advisable to use half a gallon of hot water first of all, and then add the remainder of the water to make up the correct solution.

The seed bed should be soaked two or three days before seed sowing and again a fortnight later. Plants are thus raised which can be guaranteed to be free from the disease. If the land is known to be badly infected, one-eighth of a pint of a similar solution may be poured into every hole at planting time. This, when done on a commercial scale, need not cost more than 2/6 per 1,000 plants.

Corrosive sublimate is poisonous, and should be used with care. Further, it will eat away metal vessels if the liquid is left in them long.

Brassisan—a non-poisonous powder—may be used as an alternative "control." The seed bed should be treated with this material at 2oz. to the square yard before seed-sowing—a good raking-in being given. In order to obtain even distribution, it is as well to mix the required amount of the product with four times its bulk of nearly dry sifted soil.

Brassisan should also be applied to the dibble holes before planting the cabbage and for this purpose one part by volume of the powder should be mixed thoroughly with five parts of sifted soil. A dessertspoonful of the mixture is then applied to each hole.

As soon as the previous crop has been cleared, the land should be ploughed, this being followed by a good harrowing and one rolling. Some market gardeners do not roll, for they say that cabbages on land that is slightly rough face the winter better. After potatoes, it is hardly necessary to plough, and the soil can be got down into a fine tilth with a disc harrow or similar implement.

During the cultivations—on light land, 1cwt. of sulphate of potash with 2cwt. of hoof and horn should be used, and on heavy land perhaps 2cwt. of sulphate of ammonia with 5cwt. of meat and bone meal. The spring cabbage responds well to a top dressing of nitrogen, but this should not be applied until the early spring; 2cwt. of Chilean potash nitrate is advisable, for the available potash helps to impart a dark green colour to the hearts and the nitrogen "pushes on" the growth. One dressing may be given about February and another a month later. On land which tends to be deficient in lime, nitro-chalk is sometimes applied instead.

When the crop is to be cut as "greens," the rows may be 1ft. apart, and the plants set out 9in. apart in the rows. By this method over 44,000 plants can be put out per acre. If intended for hearting, the rows should be 2ft. apart, and the plants put out 1¼ft. apart in the rows. In this case only 14,000 plants are necessary. The planting takes place some time in September, when the previous crop has been cleared and when the plants are sufficiently large.

Naturally, cabbage that is drilled in direct is not transplanted, and if the seed drill is set correctly, the plants may grow without being thinned. Such greens, however, do not fetch as high a price on the market as hearted cabbages.

Transplanting machines such as the Robot are most useful at this time of the year, for they will plant up to 12,000 plants per hour, automatic watering of the plant roots being done at the same time. The machine may be drawn by tractor or horse, and there is no need to have skilled labour, except for driving the tractor or horse in a straight line.

At Wye College it was found that there was a greater mortality among the hand-dibbled plants than among the machine-set plants, and that one machine could do the work of nine or ten first-class dibblers. A transplanting machine of this kind has considerable cash value in that it is able to plant up a large area at a time when a favourable planting condition may be short-lived.

After planting, not more than two good hoeings should be necessary before the winter sets in. One is often sufficient. It is advisable, in addition, towards the end of October, to run a double-sided plough in between the rows to form a shallow furrow. This helps to drain away the excess of water and the ridges thus formed give some protection to the plants.

In the early spring, as soon as the land is fit to work, cultivation should commence again, and the necessary artificial manures are given after hoeing, care being taken not to allow the chemicals to scorch the leaves.

When cut as greens, no grading is done. The cabbages are sold in half-bags or nets, by weight.

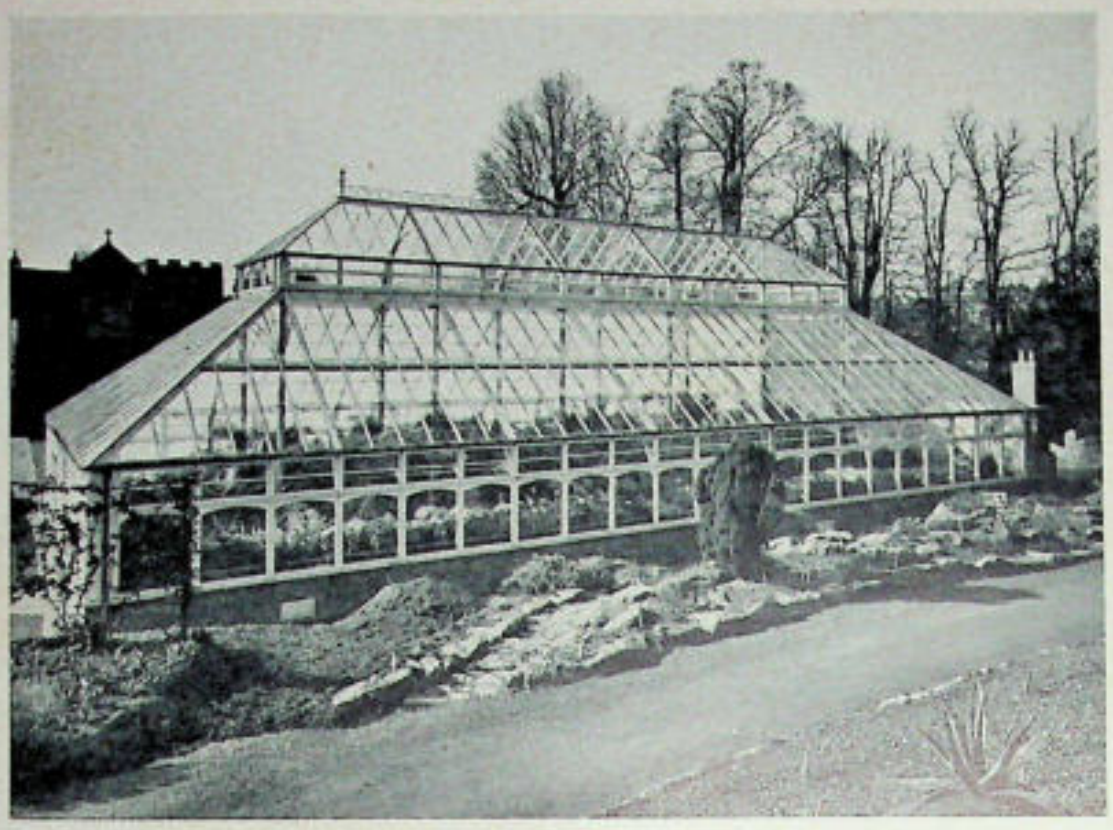


HOEING THROUGH A PLOT OF CABBAGES GROWING IN BETWEEN FRUIT TREES—A CUSTOM IN SOME PARTS OF THE WEST

The hearted cabbage should be cut at least twice a week, as soon as it starts to turn in and may be packed in bags or deep baskets. When prices are good it pays to grade and market packed in light crates similar to those used for broccoli.

Probably the earliest variety to turn in with a large firm heart is Cluces's First Early Market, No. 218. This is a one-plant selection and received an Award of Merit of the Royal Horticultural Society. The cabbage is really dark green. Durham Early is fourteen days earlier, but is not quite so hardy as No. 218. Ellams Early has a small conical head while Harbinger produces small hearts with bright leaves. Flower of Spring is considered a second early, and is a large conical-headed type. The seed of this variety is usually sown in August.

W. SHEWELL-COOPER.



THE NEW PALM COURT IN TORQUAY'S EDUCATIONAL GARDENS CONSTRUCTED BY MESSRS. BOULTON & PAUL, LTD.

Among the palms and ferns kept here perhaps the most interesting is Encephalartos Villosus, *which was brought from South Africa and is over one hundred years old*

The Country House

THE JULY HERBACEOUS BORDER

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN the rich beauty of the border this month the more delicate colourings which characterise the early summer border give place to those that are a foretaste of the opulence of autumn. For, apart from the late-flowering Delphiniums and Irises (and in both cases the late kinds are usually the most richly coloured), Phloxes, *Lychnis chalcedonica*, Spiræas, *Thalictrum dipterocarpum* and *T. flavum*, Verbascums, Gaillardias, the common Monkshood, early Anemones such as *A. Hupehense*, *Aster Thomsonii*, *Centaurea macrocephala*, Valerian, *Centranthus coccineus*, *Heliopsis incomparabilis*, Hemerocallis, early Kniphofias, *Lythrum virgatum*, *Liatris pycnostachya*, the various Houndstongues are amongst the outstanding features of the July border.

Amongst the less commonly grown border plants in flower at this season those that appeal to me especially are *Clematis erecta*, *Hedysarum coronarium*, the belladonna Delphiniums, *Phlomis Leonorus* and *P. samia*, various Salvias and Nepetas, and the double form of *Geranium pratense*.

Clematis erecta, with its graceful habit of growth, its glistening foliage and almond-scented white flowers on slender yet strong upright stems invariably attracts the attention of those who do not know it. It grows well over 3ft. and deserves a place in every border. Established plants in good soil attain nearly 5ft. It can easily be raised from seed.

Hedysarum coronarium, though best treated as a biennial, makes such abundant bushy growth that, unlike most annuals and biennials, it does not look out of place in a border. The flowers are a deep crimson and show off to perfection against the rich foliage. This Hedysarum, a native of Southern Europe and sometimes called French Honeysuckle, grows over 3ft. high and in full sun sows itself. *Phlomis Leonorus* (syn. *Leonotis leonorus*) and *P. samia* are amongst the most striking orange-yellow flowered plants in bloom this month. The former is a native of South Africa and in mild parts grows from 3ft. to 6ft. high. With its woolly branches and leaves and vivid orange-red flowers it is most decorative, but in most parts it is too tender to be left out of doors during the winter. It likes a good sandy loam. The best method of increase is to take cuttings of the young shoots and strike them in gentle bottom heat in spring. In my part of Surrey on sandy soils this Phlomis came safely through the last exceptionally cold winter. *Phlomis samia*, the woolly sage, is hardier and very free flowering.

The belladonna Delphiniums are, to my thinking, amongst the indispensable border plants, and I have frequently lauded their virtues in these articles. I think the reason they are not more popular is because their first season they usually grow only 15in. or so high and look insignificant. But each year they increase in beauty, and clumps over 3ft. high and 2ft. across are amongst the loveliest blue flowers in the border. I never can have enough of them. The tall hybrids are surpassingly handsome and indispensable in the summer border, but consider the staking they involve! Unless every one of those towering top-heavy stems are separately staked they are sure to break in the first high wind. Further, when their flowering period is over they leave large unsightly "holes" in the border and their foliage in late summer is anything but attractive. But the graceful belladonna hybrids only need two stakes to each clump, and when the clumps are in flower the stakes are quite inconspicuous and even gales leave them unharmed. Their outstanding virtue, however, is their long flowering period. After a brief pause in August they begin again in September, and all through autumn when sky blue is a scarce colour in the border they are flowering merrily.

These belladonna hybrids are easily raised from seed. It is always advisable to sow Delphiniums in boxes as slugs find the young growths irresistible. If sown now the seedlings should be wintered in a cold frame kept open except in very severe weather.

Then there are the less common Salvias. The pick of these is indisputably *Salvia sclarea Vaticanus*. This true Vatican strain is far finer than the type, for it attains nearly 5ft. With its large pink bracts and pale mauve flowers and handsome foliage it associates perfectly with the taller Delphiniums. It has a long flowering period—from late June till cut by frosts. Strictly speaking, the actual flowering period is not so long, but the pink bracts that remain to the end of the season look just as decorative as flowers.

S. argentea is another charming Sage with its woolly silvery foliage. It does not begin flowering as a rule till its second season. *S. dichroa magnifica* is another decorative species, and in common with most Sages very easily raised from seed. The flowers are violet blue enhanced by white mid-lobes. These Sages both grow about 3ft. high.

Amongst the Nepetas my favourite is *N. grandiflora*. Established clumps of this well over 3ft. high, and as much across, look like blue clouds in the border, and they are continually haunted by bees and butterflies. This Nepeta is a Persian species, introduced over a hundred years ago, and for a time almost lost to cultivation. It is perfectly hardy even in bleak parts. It is propagated either by division of the roots or by cuttings taken now and struck in sandy soil in a cold frame till rooted, which takes about a month; the frame should be kept closed and shaded.

DUCK COVERT

OPINION is divided as to the practicability of planting aquatic plants that will encourage natural food and give cover for duck. I.C.I., whose excellent game leaflets are such a help to all shooting men and keepers, do not think it worth while, and in this opinion they are by no means alone.

Their experience, which coincides with that of many landowners, is that any considerable number of duck coming to a pond would demolish two years' growth in a night. On the other hand, American experience, notably with rice grass, tells another tale. Their conditions are not quite the same as in this country, for their waterways are extensive and the number of duck per acre of water is certainly greatly below ours.

If duck are to be encouraged something must be done, for they will not resort in numbers and regularly to a pond or lake which is bare of cover and therefore of natural food. We are all too accustomed to the lake which is entirely artificially fed, and from which the duck can scarcely be persuaded to rise, and when they do they circle it at a low elevation. Shooting in these circumstances is a sickening business, and gives rise to the longing to tackle really wild birds that have to be stalked, and then a swish and they are away out of gunshot. This is sport, and well worth the trouble of securing.

Part of the difficulty is that some owners wish to combine duck and trout in the same water. This can never be achieved satisfactorily. The duck make the water too muddy for the fish. The fish require weed growing tidily in the shallows, and these the duck will punish and kill. Weed that grows in deep water will survive attack, but makes the lake unfishable.

There are no two opinions as to the advisability of keeping duck and trout apart. Their needs are too opposed to be reconcilable.

Duck require snails and shrimps and other water denizens, whose multiplication depends largely upon food supplies, principally algæ and other minute forms of life. These in turn appear to multiply most rapidly when there is plenty of weed about. Apart from food, the duck, which are shy birds, like to feel safe, and prefer to feed among high growing weeds which give cover and a sense of security.

The common reed-covered pond is excellent, and the introduction of bullrushes or Norfolk reeds can always be successfully undertaken. The trouble is that they are certain to get out of hand and take possession of the whole pond. This can be prevented by yearly attention with a boat and chain. The eventual silting up which they hasten is a matter that must be thought of and can be dealt with by partial draining and digging out the mud, or else by heightening the dam which forms the lake or pond

Other weeds that will withstand the attention of duck are the American Pond Weed, the Broad-leaved Pond Weed, and the rather useless Water Milfoil, which grows in peaty lakes.

Two plants of local occurrence and which grow well if there be a strong gravelly bottom, are Water Lakewort and Water Lobelia. They should only be tried as an experiment, for if conditions do not suit they will grow only weakly and suffer at the bills of the duck. On a suitable site they will grow strongly and spread into the deeper water, but are not likely to get out of control.

I.C.I. recommend two ponds for duck. The morning flight pond, where duck can sit, sun themselves and preen during the day; and the evening flight pond, where they feed at night and where all artificial feeding is carried out.

It is not always practicable to use two ponds, and where an owner has only one available it can be made to serve. It is best that it be surrounded by trees for shelter, but not overshadowed, so that the duck can look about and are not hindered by branches when arriving or leaving. Except on the north side the trees should be far enough away to let the sun in. No sepulchral woodland pond will attract or hold duck.

It is best if the banks are shallow and slope but slightly so that the birds can leave the water and sun themselves on the banks.

With but one pond it must be made to do double duty, and duck can be kept there for long periods if the water is attractive with plenty of cover and food, both natural and artificial. A few clipped or pinioned birds will help to keep the others about and encourage them to return. It will be necessary in this case to surround the pond, 20ft. or so from the water's edge, by 6ft. wire netting to prevent the duck from walking away, and to act as a barrier for foxes. Within this enclosure nesting will take place, provided there is a suitable reed-covered shallow end.

REGINALD DAVEY.

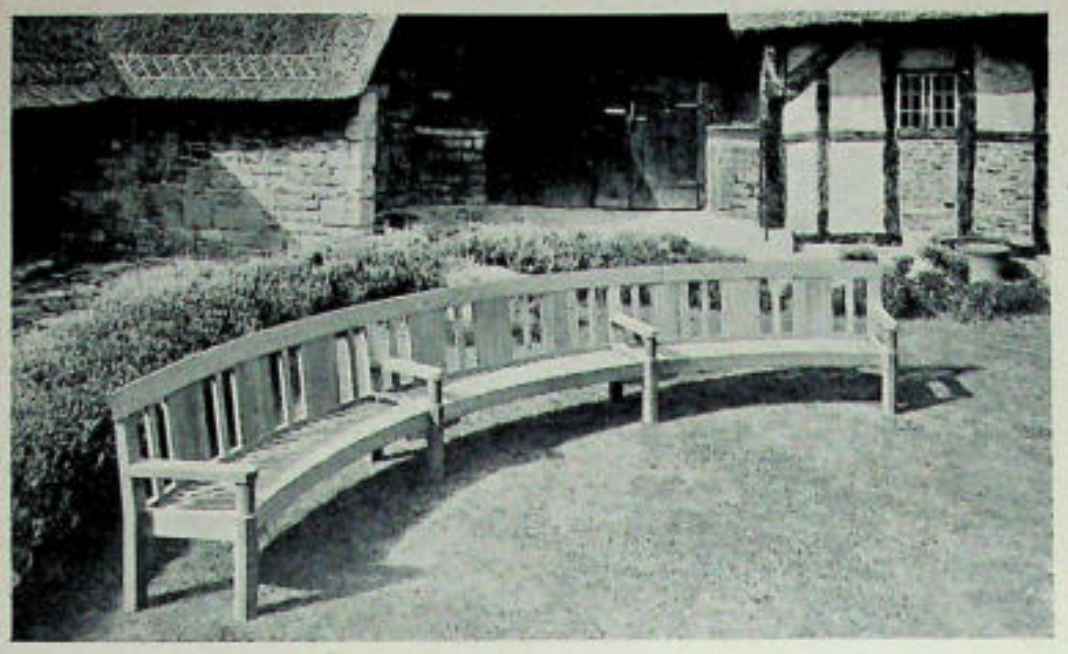
This England . . .



Newton Flotman—Norfolk

SPEED the plough . . . once more the cry is heard in our land; yet are we so sure now what it means? More corn, says the townsman. Perhaps—in good time. But when grassland has been ploughed (and mayhap cross-ploughed) and harrowed and made clean, some soil will prove poor and some over-rich. First crops, then, must be chosen to suit the soil—not us; linseed perhaps, or cabbages, or roots. For we are ploughing up not to grow more "corn" but to put more land in good heart against our need. Slow—yet so do we come by the truest riches, in patient labour and ancient skill. This way alone will you have the perfect seed-bed for the golden barley, the richest malt for the brewery, and the re-captured sunshine of our Worthington—to put Englishmen in good heart.

. . . by Worthington



A CHARMING GARDEN SEAT IN OAK DESIGNED BY MESSRS. GORDON RUSSELL, LTD.

A GOOD GARDEN ALWAYS

The Part of Furniture and Ornaments

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

IN the course of many visits up and down the country I notice that a great many people who spare no pains to furnish their houses with good taste, to make them comfortable and good to look at, entirely neglect this part of garden making. Very often, too, the good gardeners are the worst offenders. It is as if they found so much pleasure themselves in wandering round borders and browsing over rock gardens, that they never felt the need for seats.

As a matter of fact, a garden in which there is good grass, a proportion of shade, and comfortable furnishings in the way of seats and tables is always a good garden, even if it lacks any special horticultural merit.

Furniture divides itself naturally into two groups—the permanent furniture that remains in the garden all the year round, and may be quite unmovable, and the temporary furniture that is stored indoors in bad weather. Most gardens require a proportion of both types.

I think the right way to choose and use permanent furniture is to select the site first, and design the garden accordingly. Then the type of furniture is more easily chosen. For instance, if you have a formal water garden with flat stone copings to the pools, stone flower boxes at the corners, stone-flagged paths, and a stone fountain, you would naturally need a stone seat to harmonise with the general layout. On the other hand, if your water garden is only a little less formal, and if there are oak or teak tubs of flowers, you might prefer a semi-formal seat in oak or teak, while in the truly informal water garden, where stepping stones and a rustic bridge are a part of the picture, you might place a rustic seat or furniture of the plain monastic type.

Something depends, too, on your feelings about upkeep. Oak and teak furniture is almost everlasting, and needs no regular attention apart from cleaning over with an oily rag. I am afraid there is no way to avoid cleaning: all garden furnishings get dirty if they remain out in all weathers, and even stone seats must be watched.

Painted furniture, of which there are to-day a good many different styles, some very good indeed, needs an annual overhaul, but rarely anything more. Painted furnishings last well if they are rightly treated, but not otherwise.

A good many modern types of lounge chair suitable for the garden are made on the principle of letting the rain fall through instead of remaining on the surface. The comfort of these new lounges is indisputable: the appearance is a matter of personal taste, but a great many people, when they once get over the shock of seeing what they take at first for a partly upholstered chair, find that the style improves on acquaintance.

These furnishings are not permanent inhabitants of the garden, and their place during a large part of the year is in the loggia or garden room.

Rain, and the vagaries of the weather generally, are catered for rather more than they were at one time. Seats that tip up so that they do not get very wet, seats that fold over in the middle so that they protect themselves, tables and folding tops, easily adjusted waterproof covers for tables and chairs—these are some of the devices that make for garden comfort to-day.

Among the truly portable furniture—the sort of things that a guest can carry for himself to any odd corner that suits his fancy—there are also two types. The one is the lightweight cane or reed furniture, which again finds its general home in the loggia or the garden house. The other is just a variation of our old friend the deck-chair, but the modern deck-chair does not pinch the fingers. It can often be set up by hand, and it may be adjustable to any position—merely by the sitter leaning back or raising himself to a vertical position.

In all these varied styles of furnishing, colour plays a large part, and an all-green garden, or old-fashioned topiary garden takes on quite a festive air at times when these furnishings are in use.

I said that the site should be chosen first, and I think this is generally true. There should also be some definite planning of the surroundings. A garden seat should be provided with dry foot-rests. Either the foot-rests should be portable like the seats, or a portion of the ground by the seats should be specially paved. Stepping stones let into a lawn flush with the grass are useful under trees, where seats are often set in high summer.

Permanent seats should generally be in full sunshine. They are mostly used for a few minutes rest during a tour of the garden, and sunshine is not troublesome during a short rest. On the other hand, seats in complete shade are cold and unattractive in early spring and late autumn, and at all times when there is a keen nip in the air—at all times, it seems, except in the hottest weather, when there will probably be plenty of portable furniture available.

So set your permanent seats in full sunshine, provide a foot-rest, and, then, as an extra touch, make sure you have some scented flowers near enough to be appreciated.

Now just a word on garden ornaments. I think mass production has ruined a great many gardens, and this not because the ornaments produced lack quality. Quite often they are full of good lines and would, alone, grace many a situation. But because they are produced in quantities, and are, therefore, reasonably cheap, there is a tendency to crowd several pieces into a garden that should take only one.

The remedy is obvious. If you can do so, avoid the mass-produced article. There are good artists who specialise in garden statuary, and who will consider each site separately and design something of real merit, and something that intrinsically "belongs" to the garden. In the old days they had to rely on artists of this kind for garden statuary, and I think they did better than a great many of our contemporaries. In short, I advise garden makers to limit the use of ornaments, and rather to have made one statue of exceptional merit, which will really be a feature of the layout, than to buy numerous "pretty" pieces and dot them here and there in meaningless fashion.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Pests of All Kinds!

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

I GET a very large number of letters from *Field* readers every week, and if I were not a gardener I should be very depressed! It would seem that the gardens of this country are being decimated by pests and diseases and that there is little chance of any garden succeeding! Of course, I know that this is not true really, but it is the sort of impression one gets from being a Garden Doctor.

It is curious the way that slugs are causing a great deal of trouble this year (despite dryness in May), and I think this may be because some people have not been careful enough in destroying plant remains. Garden refuse provides a harbour for slugs, and it is often on old heaps that they hide and breed. A compost heap rotted down with Calcium Cyanamide is quite all right, but heaps, as heaps, are a danger. Badly drained heavy soil seems to encourage slugs and so do soils that are acid. I, therefore, always advise a good application of lime plus draining.

The use of Meta Fuel and Bran has been much recommended for slug control, but I use, most successfully, the formula consisting of Bran and Paris Green. I damp the Bran, stir in the Paris Green and mix well. I use 5lb. of Bran and ¼lb. of Paris Green to a quarter of an acre of ground. This mixture should be scattered thinly on the ground, *not* on the plants. Paris Green is a poison and must be handled carefully. Should it rain in the night, apply again the next day.

In slug-infested gardens, powdered copper sulphate and ground lime (note, not ground limestone) may be used for digging in, in the autumn. Be careful to use the finely crystallised form of copper sulphate, and having mixed this with the ground lime in equal proportions, apply it at the rate of from ½oz. to 1oz. per square yard. When trenching, sprinkle lightly in the bottom of the trench.

A similar mixture may be worked into the ground fifteen days before sowing seeds or setting out plants, while to prevent the passage of slugs from another garden, into one's own garden, some of the mixture may be used sprinkled along the edges. This acts as a kind of surface barrier.

One must be careful not to overdo the copper sulphate business, for heavier dressings might lead to ground poisoning. The slightest speck of copper sulphate is death to a slug and seems to finish him off by burning him.

A garden "pest" that can cause a great deal of trouble is the rabbit, though a hare can be even worse! It is not always convenient to surround the garden with wire netting, nor is this particularly beautiful; anyway, wire netting has to be buried in the ground to be of any use.

Renardine has, however, solved the problem in many gardens. It is said to smell of fox, and if string or binder twine is soaked in it and this is stretched from bamboo to bamboo, say, at a height of 1ft. from the ground, no rabbit or hare will ever pass. Renardine can be used in other ways, of course, but it is an effective rabbit-scarer. It may be obtained from Messrs. Gilbertson & Page, Ltd., of Hertford, or from any local horticultural sundriesman.

In the greenhouse at this time of the year the white fly may be causing a good deal of anxiety. Some gardeners like to introduce the chalcid wasp, which will, of course, eventually parasitise the white flies and so keep them down. If chalcids are used, no fumigation can be carried out to control other pests, and so it is often more convenient to use a white fly fumigant regularly.

Messrs. Corry & Co., Ltd., of Shad Thames, London, S.E. 1, sell a fumigant known as "White Fly Death"; Messrs. Murphy, of Wheathampstead, offer a product known as "Cleandie"; and Messrs. George Monro, of Waltham Cross, Herts, market a product which I have used for years now, called "Cyanogas." All are quite simple to use, particularly the latter, which merely has to be sprinkled on the path at the rate of about ½oz. per 1,000 cubic ft. of house (it naturally depends a little on the crops which are in the house, but the makers will give all particulars). Messrs. G. H. Richards, of 234, Borough High Street, S.E. 1, supply a control for white fly also.

One of the objections to Bordeaux Mixture has always been the difficulty of preparing it. Wooden utensils had to be used and there was a good deal of time lag. Messrs. Bayer Products, of Africa House, Kingsway, London, have, however, brought out an excellent dust or powder which mixes with water in an amazing manner. It is seemingly a powdered Bordeaux, but it dissolves in water in what might be called a miraculous manner. I can recommend it for spraying potatoes as a control to Potato Blight, and no doubt it will be equally useful against Celery Blight. It is called Soltosan.

SKILLED ADVICE BY

Archie Compston



THE MOMENT OF IMPACT

The only time you need a straight left arm is at the ball, and through the ball; compare the two photos and notice the "soft" left arm of the photo on the right with the rigidity of the left in the opposite photo.

fourth of a golfing series by Archie Compston



For skilled advice on independent electric light and power and water systems, consult R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd., Head Offices and Works: Dursley, Glos. 'Phone: Dursley 177, and at London, Glasgow, Stamford, Belfast and Dublin





Pintail Sherry



72/- per dozen bottles, CARRIAGE PAID.
Sample bottle, post free, 6-

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:
MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, LTD.
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Estd. over 40 years

HARRY HALL LTD

Highest Awards 12 Gold Medals

GOVERNING DIRECTOR—HARRY HALL

NAVAL, MILITARY & R.A.F. SERVICE OUTFITTERS

"THE" COAT, BREECHES, HABIT & COSTUME SPECIALISTS

R.A.F. OUTFITS

Harry Hall Ltd. are approved Outfitters to the R.A.F., and Special Attention to every Order ensures that Uniforms supplied conform in Every Detail to Air Ministry Regulations. Finest Quality Materials, Best Workmanship and a Perfect Fit is guaranteed.

PRICE LIST and ESTIMATES Sent on Request.

MUFTI

Suits	.. ..	from 6 gns.
Overcoats	.. ..	„ 5 gns.
Plus Four Suits	.. ..	„ 6 gns.
Dinner Suits	.. ..	„ 8 gns.
Dress "Tails"	.. ..	„ 10 gns.

Suits and Overcoats can be made to measure in 24 hours.

American and Overseas visitors specially catered for.

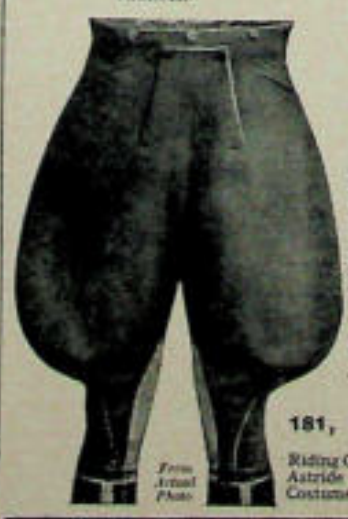
Visitors to London can Order and Fit same day or leave record measures.



From Actual Photo

"HALLZONE" HAND-CRAFT CLOTHES are distinctively Tailored from Finest Quality Materials, are of Irreproachable Cut, Fit and Style, and of Utmost Value, and are Hand Finished in every Essential Detail.

PATTERNS and Simple Self-Measurement Form from which a PERFECT FIT is guaranteed, POST FREE.



From Actual Photo

ONLY MAKERS OF THE "HALLZONE" IDEAL GOLD MEDAL
RIDING BREECHES
(As sold elsewhere from 3 to 4 Gns.).
In Cavalry Twills, Bedford Cords, Indian Whipcords or Saddle Tweeds, Sheppards Checks, Split Falls or Fly-Front, Laced or Button knees. From **42/-**

"Hallzone" Ideal **RIDING LOUNGE** from 4 gns.



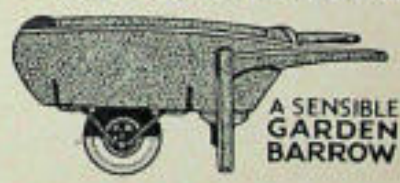
From Actual Photo

LADIES' SALON: 181, OXFORD STREET, W.1

Riding Coats from 4 gns. Jodhpurs from 3½ gns. Astride and Side Saddle Habits a speciality. Costumes from 7 gns. Long Coat from 5½ gns.

181 OXFORD ST. W.1. & 149 CHEAPSIDE E.C.2
NEAR OXFORD CIRCUS TUBE — NEAR SAINT PAUL'S

The WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) - - - 64/-
(Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.



37/6. Postage U.K., 6d. extra (abroad 2/6)

FOR YOUR HEALTH AND COMFORT, IDEAL FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

It is astonishing how many ills come from boots with heels, say the greatest foot specialists. If you want to be in good health, adopt

THE "SIOUX" SHOE
made Without Heels in Pig Skin.
Explanation sent by **"PIGSKIN LTD."**
115, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



'MINICAMERAS'
LEICA, CONTAX, ROLLEIFLEX KORELLE, ETC. From £8.7.4 a month
Lists post free.
Expert processing of miniature films.
The finest book on photography ever published. "Minicamera and Cinematography." Just out free.
W.1

WALLACE HEATON New Bond St.
AND BRANCHES

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A SUNBEAM-TALBOT TEN ON THE PLEASANTLY WOODED INVERARAY ROAD

A FANTASTIC STATE OF AFFAIRS

Revision of the Road Laws and Other Necessities

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

IT is significant that the major portion of my correspondence with readers of the *Field* and with those generally interested in motoring is devoted to the peculiarities of the law where the driver is concerned, and to the question of road safety. While it is gratifying to see that the public is becoming increasingly conscious of the paramount importance of road safety and how legislation may affect it, the trend of these letters reveals that a deep dissatisfaction exists because the authorities do not appear to possess an over-abundance of energy or initiative, neither do they appear willing to lend a sympathetic ear to the opinions or proposals of experts who are unconnected with the bodies controlling motor traffic and the highways.

There are many who feel it their duty, in the public interest, to make an objective study of salient modern problems and to place their findings before the people. Many of these persons are experts possessing sound and original ideas, but unfortunately only a meagre proportion of their projects finds a place in the columns of the press of this country. Only rarely, too, is prominence given to the more obscure, but, nevertheless, serious, inequalities within the scope of the law.

A solicitor correspondent has described to me some of the controversial cases which have arisen during the course of his practice, which indicate that both adjustment and amendment are definitely needed. In the first place, a motorist can be guilty of committing no less than 105 separate and distinct offences. A pedestrian, however, apparently enjoys comparative immunity since his sole transgression punishable by law is to loiter on a traffic crossing! Every one of us knows how frequently pedestrians can and do cause accidents through gross carelessness; yet in the majority of cases the only punishment meted out is a verbal reprimand—and this only occasionally. The momentarily careless driver, on the other hand, may stand to be convicted. Surely this state of affairs calls for drastic alteration.

Traffic lights give rise to a variety of dangers and a motley collection of uncertainties. Here is an interesting instance. A traffic light fails to function correctly and a policeman assumes control of the crossing but fails to veil the light. A pedestrian not seeing the policeman and relying upon the light crosses the road, and in so doing is knocked down and injured by a vehicle which has been expressly beckoned on by the constable. Now against whom, if anybody, has the pedestrian a legal remedy?

There are cases when a driver will be guilty of committing an offence whatever he may do in certain circumstances, yet there is no ruling to safeguard him. A driver may begin to negotiate a crossing with the light in his favour, yet half-way across it is possible that a policeman may signal him to stop. Which signal has he to regard, the policeman's or the light? He has the option of disobeying the light or the constable, but whichever he elects to do he has definitely, if theoretically, committed a breach of the law. Most of us would unquestionably say that the policeman's authority demands priority, but if an accident and the matter were taken to a court of law there is no recognised precedent upon which an arbiter could give a clear decision. Surely such ambiguity should not be permitted to remain.

These two cases provide excellent argument for a real revision of the law relating to road users and the adaptation of a system which will not militate unfairly in one direction. There are innumerable intricacies which demand clarification and straightforward ruling, and there is ample room for entirely new legislation. For instance, the fact that a pedestrian is at liberty to disregard the lights—whether green or red—while within the confines of a Belisha beacon area is from the common-sense point of view a highly dangerous right and manifestly unfair to the motorist. Those who draft our laws should make some provision to meet this contingency, but they display no desire to do so.

Road safety is inextricably bound up with highway regulations, and there are many experts with a thorough practical knowledge of both legal procedure and the factors governing safer motoring, but it would be unusual to see that knowledge utilised to the best possible advantage by our Ministry of Transport, who seem content to "educate" each successive new Minister, lose him, and begin work upon his successor.

No sensible expert on road safety would condone the apparently indiscriminate erection of "Keep Left" signs on the new by-passes, yet we see them cropping up everywhere and providing a most dangerous obstruction. At night they are difficult to see on unlit roads, and by day or by night they cause embarrassment to drivers who pull out, prior to overtaking, and find themselves uncompromisingly faced with an unnecessary centre-of-the-road obstacle in the shape of a solid concrete island with equally solid pillars at either extremity.

In fog the dangers of driving rise tremendously, for the chances of running into these "Keep Left" signals naturally increase the ordinary hazards of driving. I have already described how many of these islands with their posts have been razed to the ground on some sections of our roads, and feel that this alone provides sufficient justification for their immediate removal.

It is difficult to see what functions some of these islands are intended to fulfil, because in some places the normal white line would suffice or, better still, when the road was being laid the authorities concerned could have made dual carriageways divided by a grass strip upon which bushes should eventually be planted to provide an effective screen counteracting the dazzle from the lights of vehicles proceeding in the opposite direction.

On numerous occasions safety experts have advised the construction of roadside bays, and although these would be inexpensive and prove a boon to all classes of drivers, the Ministry do not seem inclined to carry the suggestion further. Personally, I cannot see any argument against the provision of such pull-ins, which would have a host of advantages, but apparently both the local councils and the central authority prefer, except in isolated cases, to turn a blind eye and continue to neglect such obvious methods of increasing the highways safety standard.

On far-sighted, sweeping but expensive projects designed for the future—as all road plans should be—one has grown to expect complacency and inaction with the consequent pigeon-holing of admirable schemes in the dungeons of Whitehall, but with smaller and inexpensive suggestions possessing excellent grounds for their execution, it is reasonable to assume that experimental action might be taken. I doubt, however, whether work—even in a minor way—will commence in the near future on the construction of bays despite the emphatic recommendations which accompany the proposal.

Condemnation of the wood block type of surface has been severe by all road users—particularly from the motor cycling community—and the menace of this costly form of roadway must be obvious even to the Ministry of Transport; yet it continues to be laid with unabated frequency, and accidents through skids on its treacherous surface persistently recur. Amateur experts are unanimous in demanding its banishment from our cities, but feel they are fighting vested interests and that we shall see this insidious type of roadway for many a long day yet. If the authorities know anything at all about the highways they are controlling, they must admit the deficiencies of wood blocks. But they do not admit anything and blocks are still being used, therefore one must believe that they are appallingly ignorant of practical conditions and obstinately refuse to be led in the right path indicated by those who do know and who are endeavouring to do something about safety on the road. It is a fantastic state of affairs.

"Ethyl . . . has done much to make possible the amazing performance of the small car of to-day"

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL



"...and this is an amazing little car"

said the School of Motoring Instructor

Horse-power basis of taxation in Great Britain makes for small engines of high-compression. Esso Ethyl is a vital necessity for *all high performance engines.* British small cars lead all over the world for value and have a performance which is little short of miraculous.

ESSO ETHYL— THE PETROL THAT STOPS MUFFLED PINKING

ESSO ETHYL

LOOK FOR THE OVAL GLOBE
YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL

MAINLY THE MAURETANIA

The Junior Car Club's Visit to America

I AM writing this on the promenade deck of the Mauretania. Glancing to the left I see the great sweep of the Atlantic, as serene as the proverbial mill pond. And did I not know that we are nearing New York at a speed of twenty something knots there is nothing in the way of sound, vibration, smell or sensation to warn us that we are not living at ease in a first-class luxury hotel or club.

Somewhere in the hold of this noble ship are 20 or 30 motor cars belonging to the members of the Junior Car Club, that alert and enterprising body which belies its name by travelling in Phantom III's, Bentleys and other fine motor cars, staying at world-famous hotels like the Waldorf Astoria in New York and organising amusing tours of the high spots of Europe and America.

The idea of touring in America, pioneered by Autocheques as an alternative to France, Italy or Switzerland, is not as fantastic as it might appear. And if you like to sandwich the road part of a month's holiday between two Atlantic crossings you add a new and different angle to your adventures. This is the better fun if you have never before crossed the ocean in a great liner. It is rather like reading an exciting book or watching a new film in which you and your friends play various parts. In our party there are between 40 and 50 players. A few days ago the curtain went up at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, and the cast, their parts unrehearsed, commenced Act One, entitled "Mauretania Maiden Voyage."

It took some days—the stage, its properties and effects being so spacious and varied, for us to learn our exits and entrances: in other words the way about the ship. Certainly she is the last word in luxury, equipment and ease, and as she is not quite so fast as the greyhounds like the Queen Mary, fares cost less. But that does not mean that there is less comfort or fewer facilities for the passengers' enjoyment. The lower charges are only made possible by the lower speed, and not by any reduction in food, fittings or convenience. It is rather like the question of fuel consumption on a car. If you want to average a high speed the consumption increases enormously, and so do the running costs. But if you are content to tour along comfortably and enjoy the scenery you save money in all directions.

Perhaps the thing that has impressed our party most is the extraordinarily pleasant atmosphere on board. Our fellow passengers are a jolly lot, and as we get to know them better by meeting them in the ballroom, swimming pool, observation cocktail bar or sports courts we appreciate them more and more. Behind this feeling of bonhomie and contentment produced by lotus living is a service which in a wide experience of hotels in England and abroad, is unequalled. Silent, courteous and efficient stewards, waiters and officers anticipate your smallest whim. Perhaps at a meal you express your like for a special wine or dish. It is quite on the cards that it will appear automatically on your table. And this perfected service is allied with equipment and facilities which seem equally efficient and perfect in detail.

I happen to have a very extensive experience of touring hotels, both in this country and abroad. I study details and their effects on my comfort and well-being with more than average interest. And this interest has taught me to notice such trifles as the placing and arrangement of lights, the condition of stationery, the comfort of chairs, the slickness of doors and drawers, the placing of mirrors, the efficiency of the plumbing and ventilation systems, the preparation and presentation of food, and so on. Well, I can truthfully say that out of the hundreds of touring hotels I have stayed in when motoring on land I have never found more perfect detail work than in this Cunard White Star liner Mauretania. That this perfection on the mechanical side is allied with the most delightful effects in decor, furnishing and creature comfort makes the general impression all the more delightful.

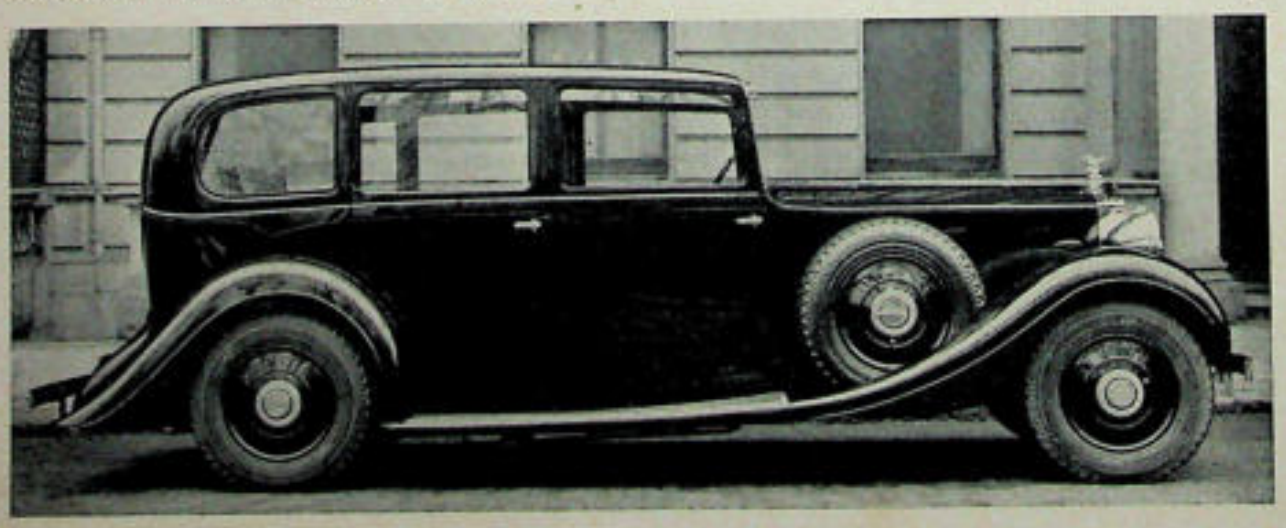
There is another point, too. The same sort of effect prevails throughout the ship, and experienced travellers have been amazed at the charming effects and wealth of pleasant facilities provided in the tourist and third-class accommodation. While most of the Junior Car Club party is travelling cabin, some are using the tourist class, which in their opinion is every bit as good as the cabin class on most other ships. In one most important respect it is practically the same, for the same kitchen—a model in sparkling cleanliness, airiness and efficiency, serves both classes with the same food, the only difference being that the tourist class has a slightly smaller selection.

Life on board seems to centre on doing nothing in the most elegant manner. What a contrast it will be to the hectic days on the road ahead of us when we have to cram nearly 2,000 miles, not to mention much sightseeing and many entertainments, into a strictly limited schedule of time. This gentle art of doing nothing elegantly has as its mainstays the matter of eating and drinking. Immense and varied menus of English, American, French, Italian and Scandinavian food face us every few hours. The more adventurous taste dish after dish, whose names mean nothing whatever to them. It is exciting work. Between these stern exercises of the digestive organs come parties in the great observation cocktail bar, tiered up to afford a sea view forward. To fill in odd corners I note snacks and hot and cold drinks at eleven in the forenoon, at afternoon tea, and again after dancing in the evenings.

Previously I had no idea that the human body was capable of so much. But to offset this constant fortification there are other attractions. The immense promenade decks encourage pedestrian traffic, where people with fixed jaws and determined expressions step out boldly in an effort to prepare for the next meal. Meanwhile youth and beauty in all three classes disports itself on the decks. Here deck tennis, table tennis, shuffle board and a miniature form of hockey are popular amusements. But perhaps the high spot of the sporting facilities is the pool, where the slightest motion of the ship manufactures interesting undulations of the naturally warm and briny water. Then, of course, there are several gymnasiums, complete with machinery on which you can bicycle, horse and camel ride, box, fence, massage and row. Each gymnasium has its own instructor. There are several rooms in the various classes set aside for children, and equipped with toys and apparatus dear to the heart. But, alas, I have only found three children on board, and they were being entertained by the company to a glorious spread of brightly coloured cakes, jellies and delicacies most suitable to their juvenile digestions.



A 2½-LITRE M.G. NEGOTIATING A TRACK NEAR BALA, NORTH WALES



A SMART 12-CYLINDER 40/50 H.P. PHANTOM III ROLLS ROYCE FITTED WITH SPECIAL SEVEN PASSENGER LIMOUSINE COACH-WORK BY HOOPER, WHICH HAS BEEN SUPPLIED TO MR. CECIL L. FOX BY JACK BARCLAY LTD., OF HANOVER SQUARE

Of more sophisticated entertainment for the grown-ups there is an abundance. Excellent and luxurious libraries, writing rooms, several dance floors, a trio of cinemas and a first-class band, which plays not only snappy dance rhythm but also orchestral music. The films, often in colour, and on one or two occasions so new as not yet to have been seen in London, always attract a full house, which begins to assemble at least an hour before the programme starts at 4.45 p.m. The evening's fun is divided into two parts. The first consists in some simple games of chance, such as Keno or horse-racing, where one fills up numbers on a card as they are called out or backs a wooden horse whose progress is controlled by the throw of the dice. As one can enter these competitions for the modest sum of one shilling and may win a fiver, the thrill is well worth the outlay.

The second half of the evening is spent in dancing in one or other of the beautifully decorated lounges. There is a welcome informality about these proceedings with just the right amount of decorum thrown in. These evening dances, which for all one knows might be taking place at the Café de Paris or the Berkeley, are an amusing conclusion to the day. We watch friendships and perhaps romances, who knows, flower and sometimes wilt. We see the grimmer melt under the influence of music, laughter and liqueur. We pick out personalities and paint in our minds pictures of who they are and what they do. We criticise and comment on the women's dresses, make-up, jewellery, and on the men's motives, manners and mentality, which reminds me of a sentence we heard on a film the other afternoon which proclaimed, most appropriately, that all the best things in life were either illegal, immoral or fattening. And sometimes we join the throng in the Chestnut Tree, Palais Glide, Veleta or Viennese Waltz, a whirl of colour and rhythm.

To-morrow all this will be but a happy memory. We shall be early awake to see the great sights of New York, the Statue of Liberty, and the famous skyline of skyscrapers. Hundreds of feet of film will bear witness to these events, and then we shall have to get on with the real object of the trip which is to see America. And so Mauretania, dear lady, we bid you good-bye and God-speed on your great adventure.

W. G. McMINNIES.



STORA LE, SEEN FROM ED

A SWEDISH SUMMER HOLIDAY

I HAVE a friend who works very hard and owns a collapsible canoe. I like to think that I, too, work very hard. We both needed a proper holiday, something really restful and refreshing, with as little journeying, as few stuffy trains as possible. At the same time somewhere well away from home, and far from the alarms and excursions of the Continent. We had both already "done" most of the rivers and lakes of France. We had no wish to risk the anxiety of a holiday in Germany. What more pleasant, what more suitable for our purpose, than the lakes of Sweden with our collapsible canoe?

We were worried at first about the weather. Was it really hot enough in Sweden? Did it often rain in August? Would the country be flooded with tourists? Proper enquiries in the right quarters put our qualms at rest. We were assured that the interior of Sweden was as hot as the South of France; that it seldom rained in August; that very few tourists penetrated as far inland as the Dalsland lakes. The language problem was not difficult, we were told; all educated Swedes spoke English or German, and everywhere the country people understood signs. We packed up the canoe, reserved berths on a comfortable Swedish-Lloyd steamer, and, at the beginning of August, set off.

This two days' voyage across the North Sea is a very restful way of starting a holiday. I always think that the scramble and discomfort of crossing the Channel mars the pleasure of any trip abroad; but this peaceful cruising in comfort—sitting in deck-chairs in the sun all day—was an excellent beginning and put us both in a very good temper—essential for our particular sort of holiday. At Göteborg, too, we avoided the universal rush for seats in the Stockholm express; we waited until the crowd had gone, then took a slower, emptier train to Ed. There was no fussing at the customs over our canoe, as there always is in France; no unsewing of the canvas bags, no brutal examination of the contents. On the contrary, all the officials were most considerate and helpful.

Ed, about a hundred miles north of Göteborg, is a tiny town of wooden houses and gardens full of flowers, scattered about on a raised strip of wooded, fertile land, an isthmus between two lovely lakes. From Ed's Turisthotell you can see on one side the Lilla Le, the Little Lake, with the white tower of Ed's church rising above the trees and the woods coming right down to the water's edge all round. On the other side the Stora Le, or Great Lake, stretches away in a series of magnificent headlands and bays and beaches to the horizon. Stora Le is 50 miles long, and even then is connected at the other end to more lakes by canals, so that if you have a mind to it you may travel by water for weeks on end through all the lakes in Dalsland. You may even paddle over the border into Norway. Ed is only twelve miles from the frontier; Eddites go to Oslo rather than to Stockholm for their week-end fun.

The Turisthotell, with its splendid views over the two lakes, was a perfect resting-place for such a holiday as ours. Excellent meals, consisting of good, simple, Swedish food; enormous Swedish ladies sat about in the garden afterwards digesting them. The worthy middle-aged waitresses, equally vast, dressed in white satin blouses and black satin skirts, especially tickled our fancy.

It was a healthy life. We got up early and bathed before breakfast in the Lilla Le; the water was already warmer at eight o'clock than in any English lake or river in the afternoon. After breakfast, laden with large picnic lunches, we went down to the Stora Le, where we kept the canoe. All day long we paddled about or sailed if the wind was kind; first to one bank to be in the sun before lunch for a bathe; then to the other to catch it again in the afternoon before tea. Wherever we landed there were little beaches and grassy banks, utterly secluded; we were absolutely alone. We might have been somewhere in the backwoods of Canada; tall firs and larches all round us, the long lake stretching away on either side, and great white clouds which perfected the picture but never seemed to get between us and the sun. It was extremely hot, our bodies became really brown, and it never rained all the time that we were there.

In the evening, the sunsets over the lake beat anything I have seen in the way of sky effects. Every night visitors stood and watched them from the hotel windows. The ever-changing purple lights and shadows, and the stereoscopic appearance of the many headlands, which seemed to rise up, tier on tier, into the sky, were certainly a sight worth seeing.

After supper, which was early, about half-past six, we would walk into the town, or round the Lilla Le, or through the woods. It was then that the gardens were at their best; the flowers filled the whole night with their scent. We usually went to bed early, after a pint or so of Swedish ale.

We spent ten days at Ed. We could have spent ten weeks, ten months. But we wanted to see something of the rest of Sweden. We went north to another excellent hotel at Hälland, near Are, before ending up our holiday at Stockholm to see the sights of the city.

JOHN EVELYN PEPYS.



SAILING ON THE STORA LE

SPECIALISATION IN AIR DEFENCE

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

TWO reasons make the present moment particularly opportune for a review of the development of our defence system, not with regard to the ever-publicised expansion but in the light of certain basic trends. Of these reasons, one is the coming-of-age of the Royal Air Force; the other is the transfer of the complete control of the Fleet Air Arm to the Admiralty.

The coincidence of the two events certainly arouses some interesting reflections. In 1918, when the Royal Air Force was formed as a union of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps, military aviation was given a new and independent status. Up till then, the flying services had been neither more nor less than auxiliaries of the forces on land and sea. The operations of the Independent Air Force, in bombarding strategic centres in enemy countries, and owing no direct responsibility to the military command in France, seemed to signalise the arrival of a new method of making war.

To-day, 21 years after, we are witnessing what seems a return to earlier conditions and the definite subordination of the air arm to one of the older services. On the face of it, that looks like a retrograde step. Yet the impression is purely superficial, and actually it is the outcome of the remarkable progress in air defence, a strengthening of it rather than a weakening, and a purely logical development.

The division of duties within the flying service has, indeed, always been implicit. In 1918, when the Royal Air Force came into being, the bulk of its duties lay with the Army and the Fleet; and the change was more an administrative and titular one than a revolution. Aircraft had still a comparatively small range, and their primary functions were reconnaissance and the bombing of military targets close behind enemy lines. Command of the air through fighters was necessary to enable their operations to be carried on.

Development since the War has, as we have all become only too well aware, altered these conditions. In a war to-day aerial bombardment could be systematically carried on by an enemy actually in the heart of this country, and by our own machines in the heart of his. Hence has arisen, slowly but surely, the new conception of air defence.

The duties of the Royal Air Force to-day are to make direct attacks on significant objectives in enemy territory and to prevent comparable air attacks on this country. The operations of armies and fleets are, in this conception, of no direct importance to the flying service. It works in its own element in its own way. That is not to say that co-ordination is either impossible or unnecessary. It merely means that the R.A.F. has a special sphere of activity, just as, in the past, the Navy and the Army have.



FORMATION FLYING AT LEE-ON-SOLENT, NOW H.M.S. DAEDALUS
The Navy's latest aircraft, Blackburn Skuas, flying over other machines assembled on the aerodrome of the Headquarters of the Naval Air Arm

But while a new strategy and new tactics have been evolved and become, under the general title of air defence, the *raison d'etre* of the Royal Air Force, the growing power and potentialities of aircraft have become of increasing importance as auxiliaries for the older services.

Work of this kind demands specialisation in operations differing in many and essential respects from the duties of air defence. The Admiralty contended, from the first, that effective reconnaissance and similar operations for the Fleet could only be satisfactorily performed by naval men with a specifically naval outlook and training. To meet these views, which logic certainly upheld, the Fleet Air Arm was formed, in which control was shared between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry, and in which a large proportion of the personnel consisted of naval officers and other ratings. Training and maintenance were carried by the Air Force, but other duties tended more and more to become exclusively the province of men of the Royal Navy.

There are, on the R.A.F. strength, a number of squadrons whose duties are Army co-operation. The system seems to work well, but there would surely seem to be a sound case for the re-creation of an Army Flying Corps, trained, manned and maintained by the War Office on the lines of the Fleet Air Arm. This case is not solely concerned with the Army point of view. It is arguable that the Royal Air Force itself would gain by its acceptance. As it is, the Army co-operation squadrons cannot legitimately be considered as part of the air-defence strength of the R.A.F. In the event of war these units would be needed by the Army, and the Air Ministry would be responsible for seeing that their strength was maintained and that arrangements for expansion were made as necessary.

The fundamental fact appears to be that the Air Ministry's first duty is air defence; and as that duty becomes more and more onerous, secondary duties, such as providing the Army with air strength, should be placed in the hands of those primarily concerned. The future may well see this problem of army co-operation become of greater importance in practical politics, and it is essential, therefore, that the main issues should be grasped now.

Twenty years ago believers in the future of air strength had to fight hard to prevent the dissociation of the newly formed R.A.F. into army and naval corps. They feared that the conservatism of the older services might retard the proper development of the air arm. To-day there is no need so strongly to uphold the belief that all air units should be under one control. Specialisation would seem to demand otherwise, and provided that the vital question of supply is not complicated by the evil effects of competition between services, the ultimate ideal would seem to be that the Royal Air Force should be left free to concentrate its entire energies on the immense problem of air defence of the Empire, at home and abroad.



THE LANCHESTER ROADRIDER DE LUXE WHICH IS PRICED AT £375

THE LANCHESTER ROADRIDER

LANCHESTER is a long-established name in the motor industry for they were the first to build a four-wheeled British petrol-driven car. That was in 1896; since then the industry has suffered many vicissitudes, but Lanchesters are still with us, though numbers of their contemporaries have their place in memory only.

For those who desire a smart town carriage which is easy to drive and comfortable to travel in, the Roadrider de Luxe should have a special attraction, for it possesses all these advantages in a marked degree. The engine is a six-cylinder unit with a bore and stroke of 61.47 mm. by 101.6 mm., and the R.A.C. rating is 14.06, making the annual tax £10 10s. The engine is rubber mounted at four points, and has been carefully designed to exclude noise and vibration. Transmission is by means of the well-known and well-tried Daimler fluid flywheel and pre-selector gearbox, and this is one of the reasons why the car handles so well in congested traffic. Those whose experience has been limited to the orthodox gearbox will be surprised at the simplification of the whole gear-changing problem. The engine cannot be stalled, or the gears crashed, and it is possible to be stationary with the car in gear. The price of the car with the fluid flywheel is £375, but for those who still cling to the traditional type of transmission the same car may be obtained with a normal clutch and synchromesh gearbox for £350.

The car's suspension is particularly praiseworthy, consisting of semi-elliptic springs in the rear and independent springing in the front, while anti-roll stabilising bars are fitted front and rear to cope with side sway. Translated into practice, this suspension provides a quite remarkable stability on the road and, frankly, I was most impressed by its effectiveness. It gave a feeling of security on corners, and did not turn the rear seat passengers into human shuttles when negotiating them—a fault of so many cars.

The brakes are Bendix self-energising, and seemed to me quite capable for their task, giving smooth, straight line stops without danger even on wet surfaces.

The coachwork on these Roadriders is extremely smart, and I think most people would be agreed that the lines are far more attractive on these 1939 models than those supplied a year or two ago. The comfort of the interior is in keeping with the body-work. There are two bucket seats in the front, well sprung and well built, and since the gear pre-selector lever is on the steering wheel and there is a pistol grip hand-brake, the floor is left clear of obstacles. At the rear, the seat is deep and comfortable, while there is plenty of foot room for passengers with long legs.

The Roadrider is quite a fast car, and cruises particularly comfortably at about 50 m.p.h. with a most satisfying lack of noise, while its acceleration is rapid. On the open highway the Roadrider puts up a good performance, and as a town car it excels.

W. R. J.

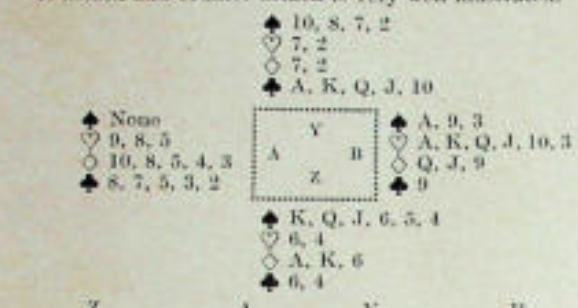
BRIDGE

ATTACK AND COUNTER-ATTACK

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

ALTHOUGH in some hands the declarer may be able to make his contract irrespective of the opponents' defence, in most cases he has to readjust his play according to the play of the opponents. The opponents in their turn may produce a second line of attack, and the declarer must again endeavour to meet their play.

It is most interesting to analyse the hands played by two well-matched pairs of players, and in the following hand taken from G. Coffin's *End Plays*, this sequence of attack and counter attack is very well illustrated.



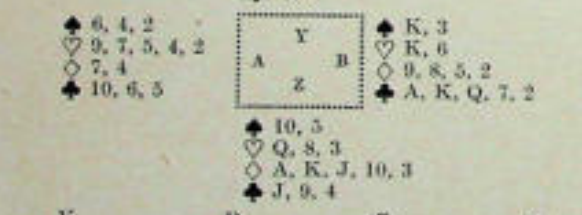
Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Two Clubs	Four Hearts
Four Spades	No bid	No bid	Double
No bid	No bid	No bid	

B takes A's opening lead of the 9 of Hearts with the 10, and decides that his only chance of defeating the contract is to obtain a Club ruff as well as the two Heart tricks and the Ace of Spades. He therefore returns the 9 of Clubs which is taken by Y. It is now Z's turn to think; he realises the significance of B's Club lead. Obviously, B will get in with a trump, put his partner in with a Heart, and obtain a Club ruff. To circumvent this, Z tries to discard Y's losing Heart on the third round of Diamonds, at the same time throwing B in the lead. Z therefore leads a Diamond from the Dummy.

It is now B's turn to shine: he exits by playing the Jack of Diamonds. Z takes the trick with the Ace of Diamonds and leads the King of Diamonds, on which B throws the Queen. On the third lead of Diamonds, it is A's turn to be brilliant. He plays the 10 of Diamonds (if he played a small Diamond Y discards a Heart, and B is on play, and cannot get into A's hand). Y trumps this and leads a Spade. B plays the Ace of Spades and *underleads his Four Honours* in Hearts to give the lead to A with the 8 of Hearts. A Club return, and the contract is defeated.

The composing and solving of problems introduces many difficulties, since it is always necessary to be on the look-out for the various lines of defence, and it is by no means easy to compose a foolproof hand.

In the recent Waddington Par Contests the hands were so devised that very few justifiable appeals could be made, but in the following hand, the composers overlooked a line of play by the declarer by means of which the contract could even be made against the recommended defence.

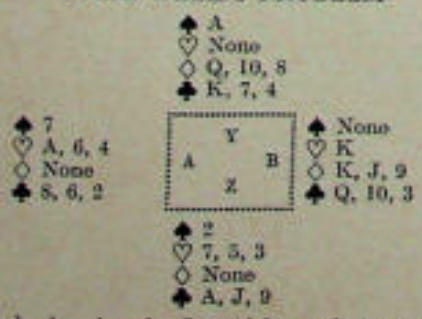


Y	B	Z	A
One Spade	Two Clubs	Two Diamonds	No bid
Three Spades	No bid	Four Spades	All pass

In this hand, B leads the King and Ace of Clubs, and then obtains a par by switching to Diamonds, and again leading Diamonds when he gets in with the King of Spades. This play should kill the Diamond suit in Dummy, and eventually Y must lose a Heart trick.

However, if one examines the hand closely, it will be seen that Y can still make his contract by finessing the Queen of Spades after the first Diamond lead. B takes the Queen with the King of Spades and returns the Diamond, and the Diamonds are led from Dummy. If A ruffs, Y over-ruffs and enters Dummy with the 10 of Spades, *et voila!* Alternatively, if A refuses to ruff, Y discards his losing Hearts.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z to lead and make five tricks against any defence by A-B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

A, 10, 6, 5, 2



K, 7, 4

What is Z's best way to play this distribution to avoid losing more than one trick?

SOLUTION

First the King should be led, and then a small card towards the Ace and 10. If A follows the 10 should be finessed. This guards against cases in which A holds Queen, Jack and two others. If B holds these cards, two tricks must be lost, however the cards are played.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT AT AMSTERDAM

The following game was played in a recent tournament in Amsterdam in which four Dutch players—Dr. Euwe, Dr. Landau, N. Cortlever and J. H. C. Fonteijn—took part together with S. Flohr (Czecho-Slovakia) and L. Szabo (Hungary). The final scores were: Dr. Euwe, Flohr and Szabo each 3½ points out of 5, Cortlever, Fonteijn and Dr. Landau each 1½.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Flohr.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Flohr.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	21. B to B 6	Q to R 4 (i)
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	22. R to B 5 (j)	Q takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	23. R to K R 5 (k)	P to K 4 (l)
4. Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 3 (a)	24. P takes P	B to K 2 (m)
5. B to B 4	B to Kt 2 (b)	25. Q to R 4	Q takes P
6. P to K 3	Castles	26. B to B sq (n)	B to K 2 (o)
7. Q to Kt 3	P takes P (c)	27. Q to R 4 (p)	B to Q B 4
8. B takes P	Q Kt to Q 2	28. R to R 6 (q)	P to R 4
9. Kt to K 5 (d)	Q to K sq (e)	29. R to Q 3 (r)	B takes P, ch (s)
10. B to K 2 (f)	Kt takes Kt	30. Q takes B	Q takes Q, ch
11. B takes Kt	Q to Q sq	31. K takes Q	P to R 5
12. Castles (K R)	Q to Kt 3	32. B to K 2 (t)	R to B 4
13. Q to R 3	R to K sq	33. P to Kt 4	R takes P
14. Q R to B sq	B to B sq (g)	34. B takes R	B to B 5
15. Kt to B 4	Q to Q sq	35. R(Q5)to K R3	B takes B
16. K R to Q sq	Kt to Q 4	36. B to B 6	R to K 3 (u)
17. P to K 4	P to K 3 (h)	37. P to K 5	B takes P
18. Q to K B 2	Kt to Kt 3	38. B takes P	K takes B, ch
19. Kt to B 5	Kt to Q 2	39. P takes R	Resigns (v)
20. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt		

(a) This move, which can well be played if White has shut in his Queen's Bishop by P to K 3, is not good here. The game is now turned into a variation of Grünfeld's Defence (1. P to Q 4, Kt to K B 3; 2. P to Q B 4, P to K Kt 3; 3. Kt to Q B 3, P to Q 4) with White playing B to B 4, to which move Black has to reply with P to Q B 4 as soon as possible. Having already played P to Q B 3, he can play P to Q B 4 only with the loss of a move.

(b) The variation 5. . . . P takes P; 6. P to K 5, P to Q Kt 4; 7. P to Q R 4, Kt to Q 4; 8. P takes P, Kt takes Kt; 9. P takes Kt, P takes P; 10. Q to Kt sq, Q to Q 4; 11. B to K 2 is advantageous to White.

(c) A necessary preliminary to Q Kt to Q 2, which move, if played at once, would result in the loss of a pawn.

(d) If 9. Castles (K R), then 9. . . . Kt to Kt 3; 10. B to K 2, B to K 3.

(e) Loss of time. He should, instead, play Kt takes Kt.

(f) Best. If, instead, Castles (K R), then Kt to R 4.

(g) Not a good move. He should play P to Q R 4, to be followed by Q to Kt 5. If, instead, B to K 3, then Kt to R 4 followed by Kt to B 5.

(h) This weakens his K B 3, but, if, instead, Kt to Kt 3 at once, then P to Q 5.

(i) If, instead, B to K 2, then P to K 5.

(j) A very good move. If now 22. . . . B takes R, then 23. P takes B, Q R to Q sq or Q to B 2; 24. Q to K 3 (threatening Q to R 6) with a winning game for White.

(k) Threatening Q to K R 3. If now P takes R, then Q to Kt 3, ch, and mate next move.

(l) If 23. . . . B to Kt 2, then 24. B takes B, K takes B; 25. R takes P, ch, K takes R; 26. Q takes P, ch, K to B sq or R 2; 27. R to Q 3, Q to Kt 8, ch; 28. B to B sq, P to K 4; 29. Q takes B and wins. If, instead, 23. . . . Q takes P, then 24. B to B sq with transposition into the line actually played.

(m) If Q to K 3, then Q to B 4, threatening Q to R 4.

(n) B to B 3 is better (see note q).

(o) Not B to Kt 2 because of the winning reply R takes B.

(p) Not 27. Q to R 6 (because of 27. . . . B takes B; 28. Q takes K P, ch, K to B sq; 29. P takes B, Q takes P) and not 27. R takes P (because of 27. . . . B takes B).

(q) Not 28. R takes P because of 28. . . . Q takes P, ch, White being forced to play 29. Q takes Q, for if, instead, 29. K to R sq, then 29. . . . Q to Kt 8, mate. (This would, however, not have been the case if White had played 26. B to B 3).

(r) Threatening R to K B 3 (to guard the Bishop's pawn) followed by R takes P.

(s) There is nothing else to be done. If 29. . . . R to Kt 5, then 30. P to K R 3 or, if, instead, 29. . . . R to B 5, then 30. R takes P, Q takes P, ch; 31. Q takes Q, B takes Q, ch; 32. K takes B, K takes R; 33. R to R 3, ch, and mate next move.

(t) A strong move, to which Black has no adequate reply. If now 32. . . . P to R 6, then 33. P to Kt 4 (threatening 34. R takes K R P, K takes R; 35. K to R 3, ch, and mate next move), B takes P; 34. R takes B, P to R 7; 35. R takes P and mate in two more moves.

(u) If 36. . . . R takes P, then 37. R takes P, R to B 5, ch; 38. K takes R, R takes B; 39. R to K 8, ch and mate next move.

(v) After 39. . . . B takes R; 40. R takes B, P to Q Kt 4; 41. R to K 3 White wins easily.

INGENIOUS PLAY

A game from an inter-club match at Philadelphia. It shows some ingenious play by Black.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

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

(a) Kt to B 3 gives more chances. In reply to the text-move Black can play B to B 4 and has then little difficulty in getting an even game.

(b) The Meran variation. It has been under a cloud since the introduction in 1935 of Stahlberg's move 13. Q to B 3, as played in this game.

(c) This position has been analysed a great deal and no completely satisfactory line has found for Black. Probably the best is 13. . . . B to Kt 5, ch; 14. K to K 2, R to Q Kt sq, *e.g.*, 15. Q to Kt 3 (first suggested by Reshevsky. If 15. Kt to B 6, B to Kt 2; 16. B takes P, then 16. . . . Q to Kt 3 with advantage to Black), Q to Q 2; 16. Kt to B 3 (that 16. Kt to B 6, Q takes Kt; 17. Q takes R, Castles; 18. P to B 5, B to Kt 2 is very dangerous for White was shown in a game Reshevsky v. Petrow in the Kemeri tournament, 1937). P to K 4 (better than Q takes Q); 17. Q takes P, ch (not Q takes P, because of P to K 5), Q takes Q; 18. Kt takes Q, R to Kt 5; 19. B to Q 2, B takes B; 20. K takes B, B to Kt 2 with advantage to White.

(d) If Kt to B 6, then B to Kt 2. The text-move, however, is not good. White should, instead, play 14. Castles. In a game Capablanca v. Löwenfisch (Moscow tournament, 1935) the continuation was 14. . . . P to Kt 5; 15. B to K B 4, B to K 2; 16. K R to B sq, Castles; 17. Q to R 3 with the better game for White.

(e) Threatening 16. . . . Kt to R 4; 17. Q to B 3 (if Q to Kt 5, then P to K 3 and wins), Q takes Q; 17. Kt takes Q (if P takes Q, then B to Q 3), B takes Kt; 18. P takes B, B to Q 3 with a good game for Black.

(f) Not B to K B 4 because of Kt to R 4. The text-move, however, is finely refuted by Black. White should, instead, play Q to R 4, although in any case he would have the inferior game.

(g) Very neat. Now the Queen can no longer guard the Knight.

(h) If Q to R 8, ch, then R to Kt sq, mate. If, instead, Q to Kt 8, ch, then K to Q 2 and wins.

(i) After 24. Q takes B (the only move), Q takes Q; 25. P to B 3, R to Kt 3 Black threatens P to K 4 followed by P to K 5. White can play on for a while but his game is hopeless.

PROBLEM No. 4022

By S. KRELENBAUM.*

WHITE (10 pieces): King at Q R 2, Queen at Q 2, Rooks at K R 5 and K Kt 7, Bishops at K Kt 2 and Q 8, Knight at K Kt 6, Pawns at Q Kt 4, Q R 4 and Q R 6.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at Q B 3, Queen at Q Kt sq, Rook at K R 6, Bishop at K B sq, Knight at Q B sq, Pawns at Q 2 and Q 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Tijdschrift van den Koninklijken Nederlandschen Schaakbond*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4021

1. Q to B 8, Any move; 2. Q, B or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

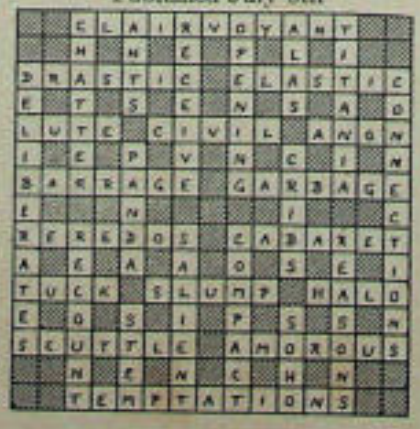
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 525

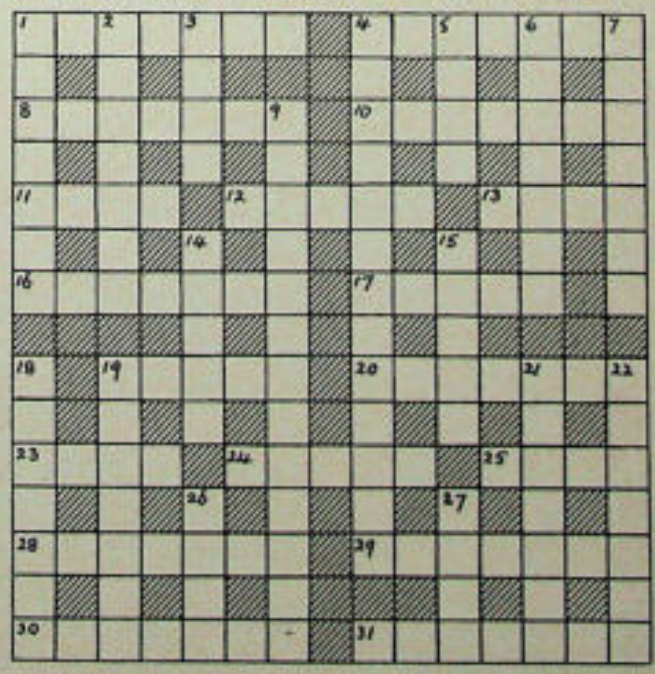
ACROSS.—1. Day and Martin's B——. What should be there is this (7). 4. Laconic and pointed (7). 8, Retains a more unpleasant aspect (7). 10, 1 to 10 (7). 11. This may tire you (4). 12. A rare flower in the midst of the bird (5). 13. I'll sound just like it (4). 16, "A man must serve his time to every trade Save —— —— critics all are ready made" (Byron). 17. You can start with the sweets (4). 19. The wise men of the East begin conjuring (5). 20. To be in these circumstances is a come-down (7). 23. Here's a job for you! (4). 24. Compass (5). 25. This is absolutely true (4). 28. One of the races to which Ralph Rackstraw might have belonged (7). 29. Longed in the deanery (7). 30. Infers and is seduced (7). 31. Late in bed (7).

DOWN.—1. "The ——, the lover and the poet, Are of imagination all compact" (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) (7). 2. Cretins make a tank (7). 3. I's twice for a goddess (4). 4. Tea is at the heart of brotherhood (13). 5. "He left the ——, at which the world grew pale, To point a moral, or adorn a tale" (Dr. Johnson) (4). 6. Do they roll the pitch to remove these? (7). 7. Not so much freedom from hardship? (7). 9. When this happens the overdraft grows (13). 14. Associated with 15 in our history books (5). 15, "The Devil did grin, for his darling sin Is—— that apes humility" (Coleridge) (5). 18. Intrude (anag.). 19. A star in the mail probably accounts for the colour and form (7). 21. Less than a kind heart, if we are to believe Tennyson (7). 22. Greatly feared and red dead (7). 26. A billygoat's stomach lining (4). 27. A chilly greeting (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 524

Published July 8th





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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Cards

Playing a Hand.—A correspondent sends us the following question: Z is playing a hand in Three No Trumps and A leads his fourth highest Diamond. Dummy has a singleton Ace of Spades. I, as B, have Spades Q, 10, 8, 5, 2, and the Ace of Diamonds. How should the Spades be played to indicate to partner that I have four or more? With Spades 10, 8, 5, 2, or Q, 10, 8, 5, on the first Spade lead the 10 should be played, and when B gets in with the Ace of Diamonds, the 5 of Spades should be returned. With similar holdings an encouraging high card should first be played and then the fourth highest returned.—*E. L., Moillet, British Columbia.*

Farm

Clean Milk Production.—A series of demonstrations on this matter is being organised for the farmers of Scotland. If you could manage to attend one of them we think that the visit would answer your questions adequately, as they are of a practical nature. Arrangements are being made for each area. The demonstration will be conducted by the county agricultural organisers and the dairy instructresses of the agricultural colleges, who will be assisted by the dairy workers at the selected farms. It is hoped that it will be possible to arrange demonstrations at one or more farms in each county in order that every producer may have the opportunity of attending without being unduly inconvenienced. During the demonstrations every detail in the methods of production will be fully explained, and the pitfalls which the producer should avoid will be emphasised. To assist those producers who contemplate making alterations to their premises the essential features to be observed in the construction of a byre and dairy will be discussed. After the demonstrations there will be ample opportunity for those attending to ask questions and to bring forward their own particular difficulties. Producers will be able to obtain details of the schemes organised by the agricultural colleges under which samples of the milk are tested monthly with a view to assisting producers to control the quality of their milk and improve its hygienic condition.—*D. A. P., Dumfries.*

Treatment for Sick Goat.—Here is part of the British Goat Society's advice on how to treat a sick goat which will help you. It is quoted from their Year Book. "A sick goat must *never* be left tied up. She must always have her freedom in a dry, airy, warm, loose box. Keep her bodily warm by clothing her with thick, light, well-aired rugs, of which she may require one, two, or even three and feel the comfort of them. If she cannot get up, a large carriage rug may be put right over her, feet and all. She must not be allowed to be flat on one side. Prop her up against a wall, with sacks half filled with straw, and turn her every two hours from one side on to the other. This can be done by keeping a sacking under her and raising her on it. For feeding, try to tempt her to eat by offering anything and everything, but never the same bit twice over, and if she will not touch it, be quite sure that she can swallow before you attempt to drench. Do this slowly and carefully, making sure that the liquid does not 'go the wrong way,' as that may cause pneumonia. For this reason it is sometimes well to flavour the medicine with brown sugar, which is also an excellent heart tonic, or treacle, or give it in milk, which will induce the patient to suck it down with satisfaction. Any food or medicine that is taken with relish does much more good than what is forced down. Never fuss your patient when nursing her. Do not let her realise that you are nervous and worried, but be quiet, calm and cheerful, for it is wonderful how animals respond to the tone of their attendants. If the poor goat is lying down, do not get her up to see whether she can stand (leave that for the vet. when he comes) and do not neglect her at night. If she is really ill she should be visited at least once between 10 p.m. and 7 a.m. If about 1 a.m. you find she is comfortable, she may then be left till about 6, but remember the early morning hours are when vitality is at its lowest, so a possibility of collapse must not be overlooked. The best stimulant for a goat seems to be a teaspoonful of strong black coffee, which may in serious cases be administered every four hours. Spirits such as brandy, whisky or sal volatile are not advised except in cases of very acute illness when up to a dessertspoonful of one or other may be given, well diluted with warm water, but they should never be employed where there is a high temperature nor if there is any risk of hemorrhage."—*E. M., Taunton.*

Garden

American Blight on Gooseberries.—At this season remove all affected fruit and prune the infected tips of the shoots and burn them. Spray with Bordeaux or Burgundy Mixture, winter strength, early in the year, before the buds open and again at summer strength three weeks later. Repeat again in three or four weeks.—*G. M., Isle of Mull.*

Getting Rid of Tree Stumps.—Prepare a strong solution of sodium chlorate, obtainable from any horticultural sundriesman, 1lb. to 1 gallon of water. Soak the stump thoroughly with repeated applications, and, when quite dry, set fire to it and it will gradually smoulder away; it may need a second soaking to finish the lower part.—*H. M., Perthe.*

Disease on Beech Leaves.—The R.H.S. entomologist to whom your query was referred reports "that the beech leaves are attached by a very small weevil, namely *Orchestes fagi*. This pest is not one to worry about unduly, owing to the fact that it is only every few years that it becomes epidemic, and spraying or dusting large trees is not practicable. This weevil attacks the common beech, although the copper varieties are occasionally attacked. It is found that the trees attacked suffer slightly, but it is not known to destroy the trees owing principally to the heavy parasitism that occurs in this species of weevil."—*G. M., Windsor.*

When sending plants to be named, send as many parts as possible—basal leaves, stem, flowers and fruit. Pack in moss, moistened paper, or damp leaves, in a stiff cardboard, tin or wooden box.

Eradicating Horse Radish.—Horse radish is often a difficult weed to eradicate as the roots penetrate to a depth of 2ft. or more. Close mowing and weeding usually kills it out on a lawn, though it may take some time. Try cutting the stem at ground level and placing a pinch of lawn sand on the cut. Other parts of the garden are more easily dealt with. Mix a solution of sodium chlorate, 2½lb. to 25 gallons of water. Use a fine rose can and spray the foliage thoroughly. This will gradually penetrate to the roots and kill them. You must leave the ground fallow; no crop will grow on it for six months. Do not use it too close to hedges or shrubs.—*H. W., Heathmere.*

Asparagus Growing.—There is no doubt that "male" plants of asparagus bear a greater number of heads than "female" plants which exhaust themselves by seed-bearing. For this reason some growers plant only selected "males" or clear out the "females" when they can be detected. The stems of both "male" and "female" plants should be left until they turn yellow, usually in October or November, for the well-being of the plant depends on matured stems and leaves. Asparagus plants continue in bearing for a great number of years, but there is no doubt that old beds are often replenished by seedlings from fallen berries. It is wiser to plant new beds than depend on this.—*de C. V., Cheltenham.*

Kennel

Catarrh in the Nose.—We should be inclined to consult a veterinary practitioner about the springer spaniel. When catarrh is chronic, the nasal cavities sometimes become affected, and that, of course, would interfere with the dog's scenting powers. They may require syringing with one part of listerine to two parts of warm water.—*A. P. B., Colinton.*

Miscellaneous

Handmill.—After extensive enquiries, we have been able to find where you can obtain the handmill for grinding down household bones. These machines can be obtained from Messrs. Geo. Munro, Ltd., Sundries Dept., Hertford Road, Waltham Cross, Herts. We understand that the price is 37/3 each, carriage forward. Various forms of ground bone, such as bone meal and steamed bone flour, can be obtained from any fertiliser merchant at very low cost, and these would certainly be more suitable as a source of plant food than the product of a handmill. Mineral fertilisers containing phosphates and lime—the main constituents of bone—are still cheaper, the best known of these being basic slag, which is subsidised by the Government under the Land Fertility Scheme. For the garden, however, it would be better to use a soluble complete fertiliser containing potash and nitrogen as well as phosphates, and various proprietary preparations with a guaranteed content of these plant foods can be obtained from seedsmen and ironmongers everywhere.—*J. M. H., Hazel Grove.*

Shooting

·22 Pistols.—There are two weapons which we think would suit your purpose, and both are obtainable from Messrs. Parker-Hale Ltd., Bisley Works, Whittall Street, Birmingham 4. They are: (1) The Colt Woodsman Automatic Pistol; capacity of magazine: 10 cartridges .22 Long Rifle; length of barrel, 6¾in.; length over-all, 10¼in.; weight, 29oz.; will handle high-speed ammunition; is fitted with slide safety lock; price £9. (2) The Webley Single Shot .22 Pistol; barrel, 10¼in.; weight, 37oz.; fires .22 Long Rifle ammunition; price £3 15s. Both of the above have adjustable sights, great accuracy, are fitted with excellent grips and give splendid handling.—*J. B., Punjab.*

Travel

Hotels in South Cornwall.—If you do not think South Cornwall is too enervating, we would recommend the Manor House Hotel at Budock Vean, near Falmouth. You can get away from asphalt pavements and promenades yet you have all the attractions normally to be found at a seaside holiday, and it is not one of those places where it is necessary to stake your claim to a square yard of beach early in the morning. The hotel, itself, is open all the year round, and is completely modernised without being "gawdy." The grounds overlooking the famous Helford River and Falmouth Bay are extremely beautiful. There is plenty to do there. Two hard courts for lawn tennis players, and the hotel has its own private nine-hole golf course, planned by James Braid, in the grounds. A golf professional is always at the service of residents who may become temporary members of the club on payment of 10/6 weekly. Excellent sea fishing is available for those who prefer the feel of a rod to that of a putter, and then the small boatman can enjoy himself to his heart's content in the local creeks. Probably, however, you would prefer North Cornwall to North Devon in August. Why not try the Dormy House at Rock, Wadebridge? We have had very good reports of this place, and the spirit of the place seems to be to make one comfortable and at home. The fact that you can get golf, hard and lawn tennis, squash, badminton, rough shooting and fishing will give you some idea of the type of company you can expect. We think you would like this place. If you do not mind being slightly inland, we would recommend the Bullaven Farm Hotel at Harford, two-and-a-half miles from Ivybridge. At one time Bullaven was a farmhouse, as its name suggests, and its conversion to a hotel has been made possible by adding to the original building. The core, therefore, is the old farmhouse, with its thick walls and attractive fireplaces. You cannot help admiring the large open hearth in the entrance hall leading to the lounges or the splendid views obtainable from the dining-room. In the evenings dancing is sometimes arranged, though always so that it does not interfere with the pleasure of the non-dancers. Indeed, everything is done for the consideration and comfort of guests, which makes it a happy centre for a holiday. Leave the hotel in the morning, complete with luncheon basket—for which there is no extra charge—and wander over the Devon moors, and you will return tired and contented.—*G. M., East Sheen.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 22nd

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 15th), Bala Bridge on Tryweryn (down)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (July 15th), Wheatley Bridge, Oxon; Tu., St. Ives, Hunts (down) (Doh); W., St. Ives, Hunts (up) (Ecol); Th., Bubbenhall, Warwick; S., Compton Verney, Warwick—10.30.

BURE VALLEY.—All meets cancelled until further notice.

CHERITON.—Saturday (July 15th), South Molton Road; W., Weare Giffard; S., Eggesford Station (up)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (July 15th), Ring up Grasley 206; M., Julian's Bridge, Wimborne (Moor); W., In district; S., Darweston Bridge, near Blandford—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Monday (July 17th), Axe Bridge, Culyfort (Crowhurst); Tu., Yarty Bridge, near Axminster (Culmstock); W., East Budleigh Station (Crowhurst); Th., Feiny Bridges, near Honiton (Culmstock); F., George Hotel, Axminster (Crowhurst); S., Hawbridge Mill, Curry Rivel (Culmstock)—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (July 15th), Holne Bridge (Dart); Tu., Postbach Bridge (Yealm); F., Staverton Station (Dart)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 15th), Navland Bridge; M., Judes Ferry, near Mildenhall; W., St. Ives Hunts (by invitation); S., Hillborough Swan—10.30.

HAWKSTONE.—Saturday (July 15th), Llanfyther—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Owing to foot-and-mouth disease all meets in Yorkshire are cancelled until further notice.

WYE VALLEY.—Tuesday (July 18th), Monmouth Troy, Monmouth; F., Westbury-on-Severn, Glos—10.30.

OTTERHOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE AND ROXBURGHSHIRE.—Saturday (July 15th), Kelso Bridge (Tweed); M., Where leave off 15th (Tweed); W., Jedfoot Station (Teviot)—9.30; F., See Seedsman, of 20th.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Bucklet & Kelsey, Ltd., Hatfield, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1939) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, July 15, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4517. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. C. CRITCHLEY, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Among the pioneers of greyhound racing, Brigadier-General Critchley is now the Vice-Chairman and Managing Director of the Greyhound Racing Association



EVS—325

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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL . . . 217
WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD SHOOTING? . . 217
A FINE OTTER HUNT ON THE TAW . . 218
BLUE PETER'S FORM DURING THE SEASON . 220
A NAVAL STAR TURN AT KIEL . . . 221
BONTEBOK IN SOUTH AFRICA . . . 222
THE REST CURE 222
THE SPIRIT OF CRICKET 223
THE SILVER LINING 223
ROUND THE WICKETS 224
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS . . . 225
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: BOODLE'S . . . 226
THE PROS AND CONS OF THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT . 228
LONDON POLO IN RETROSPECT . . . 229
GREYHOUND RACING LEGISLATION . . 230
WINNERS AT THE BISLEY MEETING . . 231
THE EYESIGHT OF BIRDS 232
SOME LOW WATER TACTICS 233
BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS . . . 234
A HOLIDAY LURE FOR GOLFERS . . . 235
ART OF GOOD LIVING 236
FIFTY YEARS AGO 236
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK 236
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Bird Protection; School and College in the Ladies' Plate 237
IN THE CITY 240
NEW BOOKS 241
AUTUMN FLOWERING BULBS 243
DIVERTING A FOOTPATH 243
SQUASH RACKETS COURTS 244
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE 244
THE MOTOR CYCLE'S PLACE IN TRANSPORT . 246
AN ENGLISH MOTORIST IN AMERICA . . 248
A MIRROR OF SWITZERLAND 249
THE NEW AIRWAYS CORPORATION . . . 250
THE RILEY TWELVE 250
CARDS AND CHESS 251
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 252

100 YEARS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

IT is just 100 years ago this summer that two men, working independently of each other, evolved the first practical processes of photography. There had, of course, been "imitations" of photography before 1839, but it was not until that year that the great difficulty of permanence was surmounted.

To the Frenchman, Daguerre, we owe those metallic, mirror-like and infinitely faithful portraits of our grandparents, known as daguerreotypes, while at the same period an Englishman, Fox Talbot, evolved the process of the negative, which, unlike Daguerre's invention, had the great advantage of making it possible to produce an unlimited number of positive copies. Fox Talbot's process, known as "Calotype" or "Talbotype," is the foundation of modern methods, and he can therefore be looked upon as the father of photography as we know it.

It is possible to see the works of both these pioneers at an exhibition, "100 Years of Photography," which opens at the Science Museum in South Kensington to-day, July 22nd. Divided into three sections, the exhibition illustrates not only the labours of these pioneers but also the development of pictorial photography and the varied applications of the camera to everyday life.

These applications are perhaps more important than most people realise even in this "camera-carrying age." To many photography means little more than a family album filled with snapshots, the illustrated pages of a newspaper or the cinema. They do not realise what a dull world we should live in without the great art of the camera; they do not realise the power of photography. No one will deny that it is a great art. Proof of this, if proof were needed, can be seen any week in the pages of this paper, and, for that matter, at the exhibition at South Kensington, in which is shown some fine examples taken from the collection of the Royal Photographic Society. In these pictures will be seen the ultimate æsthetic heights of which photography is capable.

To return to the part played by photography in our everyday life. The clothes we wear, the food we eat, the water we drink, all rely upon photography as a recording device for research and control of the product. Take, as another example, the unbounded good done by X-ray photography from the medical point of view. Think how many lives have been saved and how much pain alleviated by this art, just as it is possible for the safety of airmen to be ensured by the examination by X-ray of hidden parts of his machine during construction. Undoubtedly science and industry possess one of their most valuable weapons in the rapid advance in photography, as the exhibition at the Science Museum ably illustrates.

It is to-day not uncommon for an exhibition to be staged at a museum. The idea is a good one, for it has broken down the conception that museums are dull and interesting only to the antiquary. Nothing is further from the truth. People visiting the Science Museum during the next five weeks, the duration of the exhibition, may be tempted to visit for the first time other rooms besides those in which the photographs and apparatus are displayed. In this way the museum will receive ample reward for their collaboration with the Royal Photographic Society.

Admission to the exhibition is free, on weekdays from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and on Sundays from 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. The public are therefore offered a great chance of seeing famous objects in photographic history. It is an opportunity which should not be missed.

EYES TURNED TO FINLAND

WHILE cricketers all over the country are discussing possible players to send to Australia next year, keen followers of athletics are just as anxious about those who will represent this country at the next Olympiad in Finland. Their cup was filled to the brim last week-end when, following our 'Varsities sensational defeat of Harvard and Yale, we learnt that Great Britain had won the Challenge Cup at the International meeting in Brussels. Looking dispassionately at the results of the two meetings, one singles out the half-mile of G. E. Wethered at the White City meeting as the outstanding performance of the week-end. In setting up a new time of 1min. 52.4sec. he beat a record held by D. G. A. Lowe since 1925, the year after he won his first Olympic title. Does Wethered mean to reverse the order of events? Individual performances apart, there was a decided improvement in the standard of our field events men. Against Harvard and Yale we won the long and high jumps, while J. L. Newman won the latter event in Brussels with 6ft. 2¾in.

THE NATIONAL TRUST

It was good to hear from the Marquess of Zetland, at the annual meeting of the National Trust, that there is hope of saving about 160 acres on the west side of Birling Gap. This will be a notable addition to the stretch of cliff and downland which stretches westward from Beachy Head and which is already preserved for public enjoyment. And it will save from building development a place which has not altered very much during the past 200 years. Other gains were also mentioned, notably the last bit of Rosemullion Head in Cornwall. In all, 80,000 acres scattered all over the country are now controlled by the National Trust. We hope that the public will realise to the full the magnificent work being done by the Trust, and by their support enable it to acquire many thousands more acres. The countryside of England is being swallowed up at an incredible pace—not only by the builder, but also by the War Office and Air Ministry and these, with the attendant considerations of transport, electricity and water supplies and housing, while unhappily essential, must not be allowed to ruin altogether the scenic amenities which have always meant so much to us as a nation. The modern idea, for example, of building large factories on excellent agricultural land is a form of insanity much to be deplored.

SUMMER SEA TROUT

Mid-July spates arrived just in time for the spring tides early this week, and West Coast streams by now should be well peopled with those lively little sea trout of a pound or less which go by so many different names in different neighbourhoods and provide the cream of the sport for holiday anglers. They are erratic visitors, these youthful sea trout. One day the tidal pools will be empty of life save for a shimmering shoal of fry, perhaps, which wander like lost souls seeking who can say what; the next, its sandy bottom will be covered by shadows from which an occasional flash is heliographed as a fish turns in changing its position; and the observing angler departs hurriedly in search of his tackle. Despite its disagreeable features, this season has worn a benevolent aspect on many West Coast streams, for though spates have been few, they have been timed with apparent solicitude for trout-fishers' needs.

AN UNREWARDED EFFORT

When Miss Marjorie Foster won the King's Prize at Bisley in 1930, her success came as a shock to some military marksmen, who felt that such things should not be. Under the conditions, however, she could not be barred, though possibly she was not expected to go so far. Since then, Miss Foster has become a part of Bisley, and last week she nearly added her name to the roll of prizewinners for the second time. It was decided this year, owing to the Territorial Army Rifle Association's meeting having to be abandoned, to make the King's Medal for the best Territorial shot dependant on the King's Prize scoring. Miss Foster had the second highest score, and, as an assistant company leader in the Woman's Transport Section of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, not unnaturally, considered she had a claim to the King's Medal. The War Office has decided otherwise. Therefore, we have the anomalous position that whereas she can head the Forces in shooting she cannot claim a place in her own particular branch. She, at least, has compensation in the fact that her scoring was six points higher and sixteen places above the actual winner, and that her performance, among the expert shots of the Services, evokes admiration, as also the section she represents.

THE FISHER

Under the bridge by the salmon-pool
(Dark as velvet, still and cool)
Where the leaning rowan-tree looks down,
Brave in her green and scarlet gown,
I saw a fisher stand,
Motionless as the old grey stone
He rested on—a fisher lone
Upon a lonely strand.

Nothing to him the lissome grace
Of the greenheart over the water's face,
Nor the tearing screech of the spinning reel,
Nor the glistening catch in the fisher's creel—
These are not for him;
Yet greatest of all the fishing clan
Is that grey, motionless old man
Beside the river's brim.

I moved. As by a sudden blow
The spell was shattered there below;
The lovely rowan, leaning down,
Brave in her green and scarlet gown,
Claimed him for hers no more,
As, with ungainly, laboured flight,
Jack Heron vanished from my sight
Along the dreaming shore.

NONA HERMON-WORSLEY.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I FANCY that no obituary notice of old "Tal," the dry-waller of Winchcombe, just dead at the age of 83, will appear in *The Times*, and so I shall give him one. He lived rough to the end, stepping outside a civilisation he did not approve and making his home with the woods and the fields. He altered not when he alteration found; there was no bringing Tal up to date. But he was no philosophising Thoreau; cheerfulness, content and the things of the passing day were his writings in the book of fate. They and his dry-walling at which he was a master. When he fell ill he was taken from his open air in a car to Cheltenham and passed through his birthplace, Winchcombe, on his way to the Poor Law Infirmary. Two or three of the older natives were standing on the pavement as he went by. He called on the driver to stop, and said to them: "I shan't be coming back. I'm going to Heaven." A week later he was dead.

He was a Gothic craftsman: there was no difference at all between him and the corbel-heads to be seen on the churches through the length and breadth of the land. Progress meant nothing to Tal; it was just a piece of bad luck that he was living in 1930 instead of 1330 or 1430, dates in which he would have been thoroughly at home. For some time past he had been unable to get any work, not because he was too old for it, but simply because he was a highly-skilled craftsman and the age has no use for such men. They must either starve or become slaves of the machine, and neither way suited Tal. He was so stubbornly and organically Gothic—the jovial sardonic figures on Winchcombe Church looking out over the hills were his born folk-fellows—that he had as it were walked out on the period in which his body but not his spirit found itself. Material anxieties did not press heavily upon him; just as the foxes had their holes and the birds of the air their roosting places, so for Tal there was always the side of a hedge or a stack or the inside of a barn.

In more abundant days he would amuse himself with a little poaching, tickling for trout and then going to the police station to ask: "Did you get him?" When he was in work he always insisted on being paid every evening, because, as he said, "I might be dead to-morrow," but his real reason was his wariness not to lose his liberty. Like a labourer I know in my own village, who has built his own round hut of corrugated iron and straw (there is just room enough for him to sit but not to lie down in it) and whose wife (he has often told me) was a mermaid, he was the happiest of men. To see him come swinging down the road in his patched homespun, his face beaming under its white thatch, to hear his high voice shrilling the brightest and loudest of welcomes was enough to make a man wonder whether Tal had not chosen the better part. He literally had not a care in the world: he had no more troubles than coin to make them for him. Such men do not receive obituary notices in *The Times*, not because they are too common, but too rare. They are so rare nowadays that nobody notices it when they die.

Like his Gothic kin, he was a born craftsman, and had built, as he said himself, "hundreds and hundreds of yards" of mortarless wall for a period of 60 years. There are hardly any dry-wallers left now, but even those that survive would not have understood the terms that Tal used, the immemorial terms, the Gothic terms, such as "parpin" for the the big bonding stone that stretches across the whole breadth of the wall and "quoining up the gateway" for building up the corner-stones of the wall. He lived to see his fellow-craftsmen die out one by one, to see miles of walls falling in ruin about him and masses of scree lying beside them for want not only of the hands to build them up again, but want of the interest, not to mention the means, in standing walls that under the hands of men like Tal would last a century without repair. In Tal's young days men cared about the earth, its fields, its hedges and its walls, whereas nowadays all they care about are the roads, not the thing in itself but the way through it. So, since nobody bothered about the walls any more, Tal retired from business.

He lived in his memories, and they were an odd mixture of mild vagabondage and that passion for his work which Shakespeare, Rembrandt and Mozart shared with him. He was grave when he talked about building a wall and would assume the natural superiority of inward knowledge explaining itself to children. I hope he is building the battlements of Heaven: they seem in sad want of repair these days.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a London daily:

"The King will shoot over the wide grouse moors around the Castle and stalk deer in the thickly wooded forests."



At Six Mile Bottom, where shooting history has been made

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD SHOOTING?

THE bare principles which underlie sound performance with a gun have recently been discussed and in due course their application in respect of the various types of shots will be set out in detail. The tyro will then, it is hoped, appreciate the full force of the conclusion that upon good judgment and footwork depends success. In the meantime the question as to what really is meant by good shooting may be asked. What should a man be capable of doing before he can be considered a good shot? What is the standard by which he can be judged?

As in many other spheres, the epithet "good" is often loosely applied. It may in actual fact mean a great deal or very little. So when it is said that Mr. So-and-so is a good shot, one may be not much the wiser. It is only when one experienced man hears this said by another experienced man that there can be no doubt as to what is meant. Under any other set of circumstances the statement is practically valueless as regards the conveying of a precise definition. A man may be described as a good shot merely because he can, with fair regularity, roll over five rabbits out of seven out in the open. Or, again, because he can kill three out of seven in covert. Or it may be because he can bag his bird each time at walked-up partridges in September with an occasional right and left. In the other direction he may only be considered good when in addition to killing 70 per cent. or more of ground game and walked-up birds, he can average 30 to 40 per cent. at all driven game. This latter standard is, of course, much nearer the real qualification. But except between people who are in a position to pass judgment, the use of the prefix is of little account.

In view of all the circumstances, it may be best to treat the matter in both a limited and a general way. Since it is given to few to enjoy every kind of shooting, more especially so in these days of high pressure and an accelerated rate of living, it is generally the case that the experience of any single individual is limited either to driven game or to walked-up game with a sprinkling of the former or else to genuine rough shooting and wild-fowling. Now all these kinds provide difficult birds, though it will probably be agreed that driven game provides the highest percentage. That being so, it may be argued that a man who can account for, say, 40 per cent. of driven birds, is a better shot than his fellow who can do likewise at the other kinds of shooting. Yet they may all be considered good performers. Again each may think that his own kind of shooting requires a special sort of skill and, further, that anyone who has not had experience of it would fail to show up to advantage. In this they will probably be right up to a point, but only up to a point. For if a man has a certain degree of shooting skill, there is reason to suppose that he can, with practice, extend this skill to whatever kind of sport comes his way. It is, as stated, simply a matter of practice. In other words, there is no reason why the sportsman who has attained a degree of success at mixed shooting should not attain a similar degree at rough shooting and all that it can entail, provided of course that he first has sufficient practice to accustom himself to the different circumstances. Of course there are always the exceptions which prove the rule. I used to know a first-rate snipe-shot who literally was no good at other forms of shooting. Out on the bogs he was a marvel. Almost as soon as a bird was flushed and had done its first twist, it was snapped down. And his success was due as much as anything to the fact that he knew how to walk a bog! He never seemed to get into difficulties with his feet or be caught on the wrong balance when a bird rose. Certainly this is a great part of the art. He appeared to know instinctively what ground was safe and what should be avoided. But put that man in a grouse butt—he got plenty of chances at grouse—and watch the result. He just could not hit the birds, and the more time he had for his shot the more he "poked." Those even well-timed movements, which are so necessary with driven game, were beyond him. His footwork, while a marvel for purposes of bog-trotting, was not that of the game shot.

What sort of conclusions can be drawn from this preamble? It is not easy to reduce the whole question, with all its manifold implications, to one of precise and categorical definitions. But this is how it appears to me. There are among those whose shooting is confined to limited kinds many potential good shots; that is to say, among those who are good at what they do are a number who would be good all-round, had they the chance to prove their worth. And so, if they had, they would really qualify for the title of good shot. At the same time there are those who would never become good except at the kind of shooting which they do, which happens to suit them. As, generally speaking, driven game shooting requires the highest skill, it is likely that the good shot here would sooner prove himself in an all-round capacity than other kinds of performers. Of course it must be remembered that strength and staying power play their part in rough shooting and the man who can stand all day outside a covert and pull down high pheasants may not be equal to some gruelling test on a wild Irish mountain. Short of wind and inactive of limb, he may early become so physically played out as to be unable to deal with the simplest of birds. And as shooting is essentially a field sport, these things must be taken into consideration.

There are men who kill their 60 per cent. of driven game and more throughout the season. This is first-class shooting, entailing exceptional abilities. If they are sound of wind and limb, they should be fine all-round performers, able to acquit themselves with outstanding credit at any kind of shooting; though it must be said that they might need practice before they became accustomed to the different conditions of, say, wild-fowling. While I consider, then, that a good driven game-shot can be a good shot at anything, I do not feel so sure that a good shot at walked-up game can necessarily be good at driven game. As has been said, there are potentially good all-round shots to be found anywhere, but they are most likely to be found among those who are adept at the driven bird.

Good shooting, in its fullest sense, should mean the ability to deal with any kind of quarry under any kind of conditions. This entails practice where there can be no question of picking shots at the angles which suit. Yet the picking of shots can be taken to mean either of two things—the picking of the easier ones or the more difficult ones. And there is a sufficient number of first-class shots who by picking the more difficult ones justify the contention that they could show a fine average under the varied conditions that sport can give.

"SCOLOPAX."



THE CHERITON OTTERHOUNDS JUST BELOW UMBERLEIGH, ONE OF THE BEST MEETS ON THE RIVER TAW

A FINE OTTER HUNT ON THE TAW

IT would, I think, be difficult to find a more sporting neighbourhood than that which lies in North Devonshire. There is excellent pheasant shooting, and, not far away, is the River Exe with its fishing. To the east lies the country of the Tiverton Staghounds, and there are many packs of foxhounds which, in a difficult country, show the most excellent sport.

I do not know whether these smaller packs are not mentioned more frequently by accident or design. For there is a certain charm in hunting with a dozen people out, and such packs are unquestionably the haven of the lover of hound-work. Not that very good hound-work is not to be discovered and enjoyed elsewhere, but the whole atmosphere in the smaller country is more intimate. And yet it must not be forgotten that were it not for the help of the residents in the small country and the visitors to the larger packs, hunting would have been well on the way to disappearing some time ago.

These reflections, which may possibly meet with disapproval, were prompted by the very great kindness of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Thurston, who entertained me for a night at Leigh House, where the kennels of the North Eggesford, of which Mr. Thurston is Master, are situated. It was most exhilarating to hear, in place of the aeroplanes which nightly drone over London and whose sound, however protective it may really be, always appears most alarming, the sounds from the kennels during the night. And in the morning I had the privilege of seeing hounds fed, and formed a very high opinion of their standard. Certainly they show consistent sport in a country in which it is only too easy to be left behind. I wondered again, as I have wondered before, whether the nature of the country produces its own type of sport and inhabitants or whether it is the other way about.

My object in visiting North Devon was to have the pleasure and interest of a day's hunting with the Cheriton otter hounds, among the oldest packs of otter hounds in the country. Before coming to the present pack and my own experiences, a few words as to the history of the Hunt may be interesting, for it is, I think, always fascinating to look back, however briefly, over past records and hound breeding.

The Cheriton otterhounds were first formed by Mr. William Cheriton, who was born in 1828, and lived at Ellicombe in the parish of Down St. Mary. He was Master for 56 years, and was a farmer of the type which has meant so much to every type of hunting in the country. Would that agricultural conditions at the present day had not made their number fewer—they have certainly not lessened their spirit.

Mr. Cheriton owned the land which he farmed, and gave up all his spare time to hunting and to the furtherance of the sport which he loved. The original Cheriton pack was made up, in equal halves, of pure-bred otterhounds and of the old-fashioned type of harrier.

It is impossible to recall in detail the achievements of the various Masters over so long a period of years, or to estimate the effect which their different views on the right type of hound had on the sport which they showed. Mention of two Masters must suffice, and I have, with diffidence, selected Mr. Arthur B. Heinemann and Mr. W. Littleworth.

Mr. Heinemann lived at Porlock, and at the time when he was invited to become Master of the Cheriton was Master of the Essex otter hounds. For some time he combined both offices, but then gave up the Essex in favour of the Cheriton hounds. His Mastership lasted from 1902 till 1904, and during that time he showed himself as a most wonderful breeder of hounds. Mr. Cheriton had favoured the rough-coated hound, and Mr. Heinemann had the wisdom to retain this strain while mixing in with it the smooth hounds from his Essex pack and Staghounds from Mr. Peter Ormrod's country. It would, I believe, be fair to say that a finer pack has never hunted the Cheriton waters, though it must be remembered in looking back over the records that conditions have changed.

Mr. Littleworth, of the Fox and Hounds Hotel, was a marvellous all-round sportsman, and was Master from 1907–14. The only hound retained from the previous Master's time was one called Banker, and Mr. Littleworth built up a new pack with which he showed sport well worthy of the Cheriton traditions.

The present Master is Mr. C. R. Tritton, who took office last year, and, as I hope to show later on in this article, is admirably maintaining the traditions of breeding and sport which have characterised the Cheriton pack for almost 100 years. The secretary is Mr. F. H. Leake, who gets through an enormous amount of work, and I think it would be reasonable to say that the success of the Cheriton otter hounds is in no small measure due to his untiring efforts.

The Hunt uniform consists of a white bowler hat with a dark blue coat and waistcoat. A white tie and white breeches are worn with dark blue



A GROUP OF CHERITON PERSONALITIES

In the centre is the Huntsman, Mr. C. R. Tritton, the Master, is third to the right of him, and Mr. F. H. Leake, the Secretary, second to the left



HOUNDS BEING UNLOADED AT UMBERLEIGH



SCENT IMPROVED DURING THE LATTER PART OF THE DAY

stockings. A peculiarity of the costume is that only the Master wears a yellow waistcoat, and this custom was first introduced by Mr. Loraine Bell, who was at one time Master of the East Galway Foxhounds.

A great deal of uninformed prattle is heard from time to time about the cruelty of otter-hunting. It may be freely admitted that the old custom of using a spear gave a decided advantage to the field, and it is interesting to note that the spear was used for the last time in the Cheriton country in 1874.

The waters hunted by the Cheriton hounds are all in Devonshire. The principal rivers are the Taw, the Teign, the Torridge, the Creedy, the Kenn and the Lyn. All the tributaries of the Taw and Teign are hunted, but only those of the Torridge which are on the left bank.

I was glad to have the opportunity on the day after hunting of seeing hounds in kennels. Long before I ever saw a hound I knew what standard the Cheriton huntsman maintains by the perfect order in which he keeps the buildings. The dogs' and bitches' sections are spotless, and there is a most ingenious and successful method of ventilation achieved by a skilful combination of door and ventilator. In this way a constant inflow of fresh air is maintained. There is a good yard and also a useful wired-off enclosure. The huntsman has a most attractive cottage, which had every appearance of comfort.

Two dogs I particularly admired, both hunting and in kennels, were Dolphin and Pedlar. Dolphin came from the South Tetcott and Pedlar from the Dulverton.

Wasteful is a fresh-entered and light-coloured bitch also from Lord Poltimore's pack; and Fancy, who distinguished herself as usual when hunting, is one of the Cheriton's own breeding. One of the best drawers is Racer, who never leaves the water. Altogether there are fifteen couple of otterhounds and foxhounds in kennel.

Hounds meet twice a week, and on the day on which I hunted with them the meet was at Umberleigh on the River Taw. There were several past and present Masters of otter hounds out, and among them was Mrs. F. M. Beaumont who, with Mr. A. J. Heaman, was joint-Master of the Cheriton from 1929–1933. In 1933 she became Master, and retired at the end of the 1938 season in which she had been joined by Mr. C. R. Tritton, the present Master. Another ex-Master of the Cheriton out was Mr. W. H. Rogers, who was joint-Master with Major the Hon. T. R. Graham-Murray from 1928–29, before which he had been sole Master for some years. Mr. Rogers has done a great deal of work regarding the history of the hounds and country, and I, as everyone who writes on this subject must be, am greatly indebted to him. Mrs. Beaumont must be one of the few lady Masters to have been in charge of foxhounds and otter-hounds at the same time, and almost certainly the only one to have killed a fox with otter hounds and an otter with foxhounds.

Mr. Geoffrey Pring, who has been Master of the Culmstock otter hounds since 1935, was also out, and did a great deal by his enthusiasm and admiration to counteract the effects of the continual and drenching downpour. A grand old sportsman whom I met on another day was Mr. John Tripe, who began hunting with the Eggesford Hounds on a donkey when he was five years old and continued to hunt with them for 60 years.

Hounds moved off from Umberleigh at 10.30, and made good to Hawkridge. There were no otters in this part of the river, but, at all events, we had the consolation of seeing much very beautiful scenery, which is one of the greatest charms and delights of otter hunting.

Hounds were accordingly taken back to Umberleigh to try up, but for a long way nothing happened. Then we arrived at Four Acres, and here it seemed for a time that something might happen. Undoubtedly there was an otter there, but so soon as he got into the water and became wet the scent failed completely, and it was decided to try on. I was told that this not infrequently happens in this difficult pool, yet I could not but admire Fancy, who was perfectly certain that there was an otter about, and who went so far as to give a faint whimper, which she never does without a very good reason.



HOUNDS MADE GOOD TO HAWKRIDGE FROM UMBERLEIGH THEN WERE VANNED BACK

However, there was nothing to be done but to try on, and hounds were at last rewarded about a mile below South Molton Road, where they marked. It was still pouring, if anything harder than ever; but, fortunately, the rain was quite warm.

Hounds soon had the otter away, and with a cry which it did everyone all the good in the world to hear, started on a long swim up. After some minutes, scent appeared to be getting a little patchy, but hounds kept him on the move splendidly. Several times everyone expected to see him go down, but he decided to go up, and then came the best part of the hunt. With an exhilarating cry hounds raced up for about 200yds.—it was a cry that made everyone forget even the weather. Then he got back without anyone seeing him to the pool, but the dependable Fancy knew he had returned. On landing hounds soon had him killed. He was a splendid 21lb. otter, and not one inch of his skin had been punctured.

It was a 60-minute hunt such as anyone would give a great deal to take part in, and no hounds could possibly have put up a finer performance. Tom Moran, who hunted the Dumfriesshire otter hounds and also fell hounds before coming south, is to be congratulated on the way he handled his hounds, as are the past and present Masters for breeding and assembling a pack of such exceptional ability with which to hunt.

The huntsman cut up the otter in a way that I had never seen before—just like a fox—and I am greatly indebted to the Master for kindly presenting me with the mask, which will be a permanent reminder of a grand day's hunting among a very sporting number of people.

This is the first occasion on which a special article dealing with otterhounds has appeared in the *Field* for many years, and I must express my great thanks to all those in North Devon who made this occasion so pleasant and interesting.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

BLUE PETER'S FORM DURING THE SEASON

LORD ROSEBERY'S colt, Blue Peter, duly won the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park last week. He beat Glen Loan, a four-year-old whom he was meeting at 12lb., weight for age, by a length-and-a-half with his stable companion, another four-year-old, Challenge, beaten for second place by three lengths. Just after the race there were many regular followers of racing who wondered whether the winner was, after all, as good as had been thought after he had won the Derby. I admit that I was one of them. My attention was called to the previous race of Glen Loan. This very good colt had won at Ascot over seven furlongs from Wansfell, to whom he was giving 24lb. He had beaten that three-year-old by half-a-length, so that allowing for a possible improvement later in Wansfell, the two races, that at Ascot and that at Sandown Park, mean that Blue Peter is about a stone in front of Wansfell. At first glance that looks rather silly, but in spite of more than one failure this year, he is a very good three-year-old when willing to give of his best. Further, it is to be remembered that the Ascot race and the Sandown Park race were run the one over a severe seven furlongs and the other over a comparatively easy mile and a quarter. The distance of the Eclipse was, in my opinion, not nearly far enough for Lord Rosebery's colt, who did not win the Derby until the last quarter of a mile. There should be no doubt that he will appreciate much more the mile and six furlongs over which the St. Leger will be run early in September. It appears now, after thinking it all over, that Blue Peter did all that could be expected of him at Sandown Park, and that if the race had been a mile and-a-half, or even more, then he would have won by a much larger margin than was actually the case.

The St. Leger, if all goes well with Blue Peter, Pharis and Heliopolis, is going to be a most intriguing affair. The French racing people consider that Pharis is a colt of quite exceptional ability, and that he will win at Doncaster. I saw him win at Longchamps, and it has to be stated that he sailed past Tricameron, who was in front close home and won in quite sensational style. I am, however, not one of those people who saw him win who have since gone into ecstasies about him. Tricameron had twice been on a visit to this country, and he was going very slowly at the end of the race at Longchamps. Indeed, when Pharis sailed past him he was doing little more than a walk, and whatever happens neither Blue Peter nor Heliopolis will be doing that at Doncaster. The fact that Allegory was fourth in the Grand Prix in my opinion discounts the value of that form.

I consider that the danger to Blue Peter, if any danger there should be, is Heliopolis. Yet these two colts met in the Derby when Lord Rosebery's colt slammed Heliopolis. Since then they have not met, but Heliopolis has won two races. In the second of them he finished three lengths and a short head in front of Challenge, who was giving him 16lb. At Sandown Park last week Blue Peter beat Challenge by four-and-a-half lengths, and was receiving 12lb. from him. On form, therefore, as it stands, it would seem that Blue Peter has the better of the argument, but there is not as much in it as there had seemed to be after the Derby. Still, as I pointed out at the time, Heliopolis did not get too clear a run at a very important part of the race, but for which he would have finished closer to the winner without beating him. All things, then, being taken into consideration, there is little, if anything, wrong with the form of Blue Peter, Heliopolis and others using races at Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket and, last of all, Sandown Park. Blue Peter is fully entitled to be considered the best colt of his age, and in addition to that a very high class three-year-old, probably well above the average standard of recent years.

Lord Glanely's colt, by Colombo out of Rose of England, had won in such good style at Ascot and at Newmarket that he was generally considered to be the best of his age and a colt of great possibilities. He started at 5 to 2 on for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park and won by three-quarters of a length from the Aga Khan's Stardust, with Piping Rock third, and the King's good filly, Great Truth fourth. The five furlongs races at Sandown Park are run down, or up, the middle of the park, some distance from and broadside on, to the stands. It was, however, certain that Stardust had met with serious interference from the winner when making his challenge inside the distance. Smirke had to check Stardust and then was beaten by only three-quarters of a length. He was certain that if he had not been interfered with he would have won, and such is my opinion.

He was running on very strongly when he caught up with Lord Glanely's colt. The Stewards very soon sustained the objection. One of the Stewards, at least, and a very able one too, was down the course, and saw for himself all that happened. The fact that the Rose of England colt was beaten does not mean that he is not a good colt in the making, but it means that Stardust is just as good, if not better. Stardust is a chestnut colt by Hyperion out of Sister Stella, and is really good-looking. He had just failed at Ascot when beaten by Tant Mieux, but he had then gone on to the First July Meeting at Newmarket and won cleverly from Illuminate, who has won since, at the Second July Meeting at Newmarket. Incidentally, when they first ran in public, Illuminate met the Rose of England colt, at Newmarket, and beat him so that there is probably not much wrong with the form. The Rose of England colt won at Ascot, but the later running of Engaged and Congratulations who were second and third to him has not been of much account. Racegoers had begun to think that the Aga Khan at last had got no two-year-olds of outstanding promise. This success of Stardust proves them to be wrong. Smirke has the highest opinion of this good-looking and beautifully bred colt.

The great feature of next week's racing is the Goodwood Meeting, which will be held in the Duke of Richmond's lovely park on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week, a week which will be ended with a one-day meeting at dear old "Ally Pally." If only the weather will be fine Goodwood will be delightful. There is no more lovely racecourse in the world, so far as I know. The going is never too hard.

Rain, however, or that awful sea fret which sometimes covers the course, spoils everything, and on such days Goodwood is the most melancholy racecourse anywhere to be found. The class of the racing will be of the highest, with the race for the Stewards' Cup on the first afternoon the most popular event. There are, as ever, many tips for the race, but the best handicapped horses seem to be Davy Dolittle, Scotland for Ever, Neuvy, and Knight's Caprice. Davy Dolittle was third in this race last year, beaten by Harmachis and Old Reliance. He is better handicapped with them by many pounds than he was last year, the reason being that his form this season was much below that which he had shown twelve months ago. Since the weights were made known he has shown that he is back in his old form, for he was beaten by only inches at the last meeting at Newmarket. A repetition of that form makes him about the best-handicapped horse in the race. Knight's Caprice has run only twice this season, winning the first time, and failing in the mud at Ascot. He is nicely in on his Newbury form. Scotland for Ever ran very well at Ascot and is about the best-handicapped horse in the race. Neuvy, who looks likely to be favourite for the race, is also well handicapped on his best form. As only one horse can win my selection is Davy Dolittle. GNOSTIC.



W. A. Rouch

BLUE PETER (E. SMITH UP) BEING LED IN AFTER THE ECLIPSE STAKES.
His trainer, Mr. J. L. Jarvis, is on the right

SALES AT DUBLIN

At Messrs. Robert J. Goff's sale, held in conjunction with the Dublin Horse Show next month from the 8th–11th, 713 thoroughbred yearlings will be offered for sale. A glance through the distinguished sires is an indication of the importance of this event. On the 12th, 176 lots of hunters, show horses, &c., will conclude the sale. Catalogues may be obtained now from the auctioneers at 60–61, Lower Mount Street, Dublin.



TYPICAL STAR BOATS RACING IN KIEL HARBOUR. GERMANY HAS A FLEET OF ABOUT TWO HUNDRED

A NAVAL STAR TURN AT KIEL

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

FOLLOWING on "Kiel Woche," the International Navy Cup contest, in which teams of naval officers from nine different countries took part, resolved itself into a most exciting event, in which the favourite, Germany, built up a lead in the initial stages, only to have it reduced and then surpassed by the English team, it being anybody's cup until the last of the five races which formed the series.

The races were held in Star class boats, a type of boat which has a world-wide distribution; the Royal Naval Sailing Association has raced in this class for several seasons at Burnham, but this is the first time they have pulled it off at Kiel.

Last year Sam Woodcock, the star helmsman of the British team—Sub-Lieutenant Woodcock he was then, but is now a "two-striper"—put up a good fight, but finished third in the final placings, nearly 29 points behind Germany, the winners. This year the tables were turned; perhaps that second stripe put just the extra edge on his helmsmanship that was needed, or, maybe, it was just hard luck last time—whichever the way, he has pulled it off, ably seconded by Lieutenant Grattan.

This victory was really more than we had dared hoped for, because the Star boat sailers have always been at a disadvantage in this country, owing to the few boats available, compared with the quite enormous fleets abroad. There are about 1,600 boats of this class actively racing in various parts of the world, all over it, in fact. There must be getting on for a thousand of them in the United States by now—the monthly list of new numbers which the I.S.C.Y.R.A. publishes always shows at least a dozen new ones each time—while Germany has something like 200; further, Germany has always made the Star class her particular pet, and—the rules of the class allowing considerable play in the matter of price—the German-built boats are the recognised Rolls-Royces of the class, costing about £260; not bad for a 15½ft. waterline.

German masts have always been the envy of other Star boat owners; laminated and streamlined, and of super workmanship, they have played a big part in the supremacy of that country, hitherto; and many have been the tall yarns told about the "flexible" German masts, juggling with which was alleged to be the secret of the Germans success.

The point is that, owing to the elasticity of the rules, much variation can be played with the rigging; although the dimensions, scantlings, weights and proportions are very strictly laid down and must be adhered to, it is permissible to move most of the salient fittings of the boat a limited distance in either direction; thus, the heel of the mast may be moved forward or aft about six centimetres; the placing of the shrouds, runners, height of the boom, jib-tack, and so forth may likewise be varied within fixed limits, so that individual ingenuity has plenty of scope, and, in the United States particularly, following rumours of German mast jugglery, has been given full play. It is even possible to alter the raking of the mast at will while racing; in fact to "trim" the mast, as ordinarily one trims the boom.

However, the Americans' skill was of no avail in the World Championships last year, held at San Diego; the crack German pair, von Hutschler and Weise, sailing that wonderful little boat Pinun, carried off the prize, and the betting odds must certainly have been on Germany when the Navy Cup races began at Kiel.

The main Star fleet in England is at Burnham-on-Crouch; but there are only nine boats there all told, an average racing day bringing six to the line, so that although Woodcock has some pretty good metal to race against—such capable helmsmen as Gumprecht, Roy Mitchell and Fitz. Carse—prospective international challengers must always be at a disadvantage as compared with countries where the picked helmsmen of a dozen or more fleets, in boats equally picked, are perpetually contending for pride of place. It probably helped this year when the R.N.S.A. invested in a second boat of its own (Glitter, the first one being Twinkle), so that Woodcock and Grattan raced against one another, and could compare notes as one skipper to another.

The Kiel races opened with good omen, Woodcock winning the first day's event. (The boats used were all, of course, local German ones lent to the competitors, an advantage one way, in that they were all crack, selected boats; a disadvantage in another, as it meant the competitor was not sailing the boat he knew.) Seven points down on this race, the Germans made a great come-back and won the next two days. Racing was suspended for one day by a great storm, which rather broke up the weather; but the Stars seem to love it when it's tough, and though the day after the storm the German team had pouched 47 points, the English pair were on their heels with 37 points.

The fourth day the weather was mild again, and the German team came out right down the list; the English pair coming in first, found themselves ahead on total scoring with 55 points to Germany's 50 points. The nearest rival was Sweden, with 35 points.

Sweden now came into the limelight; her only hope was to win this event and hope that neither England nor Germany would succeed in getting second place. Eighteen points were given for a win, and eleven points for second, so that by winning, Sweden would convert her 35 points into 53 points, and with both her rivals unplaced would gain second place.

Well, she won, after a tough struggle; but Great Britain was close behind, and sailed through into second place to win the series and the cup.

This has really been a splendid effort on the part of Woodcock and Grattan, and shows that not even countries far outnumbering ours in the matter of Star boats, and which go in for intensive training and selection undreamed of over here, can keep a good helmsman down.

A fine feather for the R.N.S.A. cap!

Final placings of the first three were: Great Britain, 67 points; Sweden, 53 points; Germany, 50 points.

As has been shown, the Star class is one of great individuality; and in different hands the same boat can change her racing personality according to that of her owner. Nevertheless, the exact dimensions and specifications have to be followed very rigorously, like any ordinary one-design class.

Stars are "hard-chine" boats, with a flat bottom and a fin keel, with bulb. The rudder is detached from the keel, on a fin or skeg of its own. The cockpit is comparatively small (it needs to be, as Star boats mostly travel on one ear, with the crew lying full length on the upturned side of the boat), and the mainsheet can be carried either on a horse on the counter or on a bar across the after end of the cockpit, according to the sheeting arrangements preferred. The rig is ordinary Bermudian sloop, with four battens in the leach; the sail plan is laid down, and is the only one permissible. They were designed in 1911 by William Gardner, and it is interesting to note that—as related in the *Star Bulletin* a few months ago—Stars Nos. 1, 2 and 3 (the numbers are perpetual, are not transferred but die with the boat) still race regularly on Long Island Sound; new sail numbers are now approaching 1,800! The dimensions of the class are as follows: Length O.A., 22ft. 9in.; L.W.L., 15ft. 6in.; beam, 5ft. 9in.; draft, 3ft. 4in.; sail area, 281 sq. ft.

BONTEBOK IN SOUTH AFRICA

By MAJOR H. C. MAYDON

UP to two years ago I was under the impression that bontebok were practically extinct, and most other men keen on game seemed to think likewise. I therefore made it one of my principal objectives, whilst at the Cape during the last two winters, to make close inquiries.

Bredasdorp—an old-time Dutch township—is some 100 miles S.E. of Capetown and fifteen miles from Cape Agulhas. Half way between the town and the sea, in a district of sour veld, scrub and dried vleis, lies the farm of Mr. Albertyn, and it is on this farm that the last of the bontebok exist.

All praise is due to Mr. Albertyn and his forebears for preserving this two-mile square of sour veld as a game sanctuary and religiously protecting the few herds of bontebok, which have been hunted to death elsewhere. This portion of Mr. Albertyn's farm has now been taken over by the Government to keep as a game reserve. Unfortunately, Mr. Albertyn has now resigned his interest in the reserve, and on my second visit last March I found no white man in charge, although the precinct is closely fenced and has a native warden. A permit is necessary to visit from Bredasdorp.

Last year there were 100 bontebok alive and doing well, divided roughly into seven or eight herds. Visitors are frequent and there is a fair motor road encircling and crossing the park. The herds are so tame that they can be approached to within 150yds. without difficulty in one's car, although they grow restless at once if one gets out of it. I spent a few hours trying to stalk them for photography and closed one fine buck to 60yds.

Bontebok closely resemble blesbok, save for the prominent white patch on the rump, more white on the legs and very brilliantly marked puce coloured coats. It is very difficult to distinguish a male from a female, as both carry horns of very much the same shape and size. Herds ran to as many as a dozen beasts. Like all the hartebeest family, they seemed to live and graze in the open, were very conspicuous and rather stupid in habit, as all their tribe. An easy prey to the hunter in the old days and very different to the various steinbok, duiker, and at least one large herd of Vaal rhebok in the same reserve. The Vaal rhebok, a herd of fifteen, were the most timid of all, and although seen on both my visits could never be approached nearer than 500yds.

Although nothing much as a trophy and probably indistinguishable from a blesbok as a mounted head, it is good to know that bontebok are apparently safe so far from extinction. Mr. Albertyn assured me that the stock of 100 has been maintained for the last few years, although the area of the feeding grounds does not seem able to carry any more.

Old bulls have to be shot off from year to year, but the young cows breed freely. From his experience, bontebok would be difficult to introduce elsewhere, as they are so timid that they usually die if man-handled.

It is reported that there is one more small herd of bontebok preserved on a farmer's private land near Swellendam.

It seems a great pity to me that the Cape authorities do not attempt to establish a herd at Cape Point, a six-by-two-mile stretch of sour veld, useless for farming, and already possessed of 100 or more (at a guess) Vaal rhebok. This is one of the favourite motor drives of visitors—being so close to Simonstown—and an excellent picnic resort. The country and hills are wild, reminiscent of Scotland, and it would make an ideal game reserve for the survivors of old Cape game.

Since the Cape is proving more and more popular for overseas visitors each year, let me assure them that there is still plenty of small game left as a lure for naturalists. A visit to the Cedarsberg Mountains, beyond Piquetburg and 150 miles north of Cape Town by an excellent road, is well worth doing.

It is a Government forest reserve of many square miles, and contains the Cedarsberg spine of mountains up to about 4,000ft. Here are several mountain huts for mountaineers and visitors, where good climbing may be found in wonderful and wild mountain scenery and where many large herds of Vaal rhebok still exist. They and klipspringer are strictly preserved, but a permit to shoot one or two



"CLOSED ONE FINE BUCK TO 60 YARDS"

specimens for authentic collections may be had and the most meticulous shikari could not demand a more sporting beast in more wild and natural surroundings. Blaine and I located some six herds of rhebok in ten days wandering, but it took Blaine every minute of it, and many failures, to bag the head he wanted.

Rooi rhebok have apparently disappeared from the Cape Province from lack of protection. But grysbok, steinbok and duiker are fairly common, although by no means easy to bag in thick scrub. The small game shooting (birds) in certain districts from April 1st is excellent.



BONTEBOK ON MR. ALBERTYN'S FARM NEAR BREDASDORP WHERE THERE ARE A HUNDRED ALIVE AND DOING WELL

THE REST CURE

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

"WAKE up! Wake up! And drink your early morning tea. Quickly now—everybody else has finished theirs a quarter of an hour ago."

I rub my eyes sleepily and wonder where I am. Through the big windows in front of my bed the cold light of dawn shows with a background of red sky. It cannot be more than 6.30 a.m., but all around me is the hum of busy, feminine life. It is like nothing I have ever experienced before.

Then I remember the words of the regimental M.O.: "You're badly run down, my boy, and this bout of malaria has left you very shaky. I'm sending you down to the base hospital for a complete rest. There you will be able to lie on your back and do nothing."

Down the ward again comes the rapid tap-tap of Sister's shoes, and the tempo quickens. Orderlies in list slippers hurry past with piles of sheets, junior nurses flit along with an even more rapid tap-tap than Sister, popping thermometer from mouth to Lysol basin and from basin to mouth. Charts are written up, bed baths administered, blankets stripped off; and the whole ward is a hum of feverish activity suggesting a rush order in the assembly shed of a mass production car factory. Those who say old England is sunk in lethargy and inertia and losing her grip of the Empire in consequence should see a military hospital ward in the morning hours.

Breakfast comes and goes with a clatter of plates and gulping of scalding tea, and now the staff really get down to it. Orderlies scrub the floor with flying brushes; patients are brushed and combed; spare blankets are folded neatly at the foot of the beds; and the sheets are turned back neatly and smoothed, and on no account must they be disturbed afterwards.

If having a complete rest consists of watching others work like a hive of bees on a warm June day, I am having the laziest time of my life. The question is, however, whether I should lie in bed when others—better men and women than myself—are working themselves to death for some great cause. I do not know what that cause is, but I feel instinctively that it is one the whole nation should have at heart, and the urge is to spring up, grab a broom or brush, and join the toilers.

The hands steal round the clock's face, and one feels that the climax is near at hand. The great moment for which we have been striving and straining is imminent. Sister stands by the door to sound the fall-in, and bustling orderlies dress the folded blankets and sheets, and even the beds, by the right. Then comes a sudden hush, and we dare not breathe for even our heads and upturned feet are part of the general scheme of "By your right: Dress."

When the tension has reached breaking point steps are heard outside, and a sigh of awe and foreboding goes through the room. The door flies back on its hinges, a hoarse sergeant-major's voice roars, "Shun," and in all his military, medical majesty an R.A.M.C. captain walks in.

THE SPIRIT OF CRICKET

By NEVILLE CARDUS

IT is good to get away from the main tracks of county cricket now and again, and to journey, as I did last week, to some remote place in Somersetshire, where the sight of a famous player has not become common. Familiarity does not necessarily breed contempt, but it tames the spirit of hero-worship, even amongst the young.

At Yeovil last Saturday Lancashire were down to play Somersetshire, but the morning was stormy. The Yeovil cricket field is approached along a narrow lane; there were puddles in this lane on Saturday morning, and when the weather momentarily cleared, they reflected the blue of the sky like magic mirrors. Outside the ground a small crowd waited patiently, although they knew that cricket was not likely to occur until late in the afternoon. From time to time a scudding cloud sent out a blinding shower and everybody huddled under the nearest shelter. But few people went home—as the man in Phil May's drawing put it: "Anything in reason, but I will *not* go home."

I heard these humble anonymous lovers of the game speak of Wellard and Gimblett in affectionate accents. Yeovil gets few chances of watching these heroes. But not only Wellard and Gimblett were extolled; after all, we all know Wellard and Gimblett; their prowess has gone beyond the local boundaries. The little throng in the rain on Saturday spoke of Luckes, Buse, Hazell, Lee, Andrews in much the same admiring tone that they spoke of Gimblett and Wellard. I imagine that Yeovil folk are like Yorkshire folk—they would pick an England team in terms of Somersetshire. And rightly so—every village or little town worth its salt is convinced that "our lads" are the best in the world.

An old Scot once said to his son, before sending him out into the greater world, "If ye ever become a great man it'll be in a small toon." The boys and girls at Yeovil elevated Buse to the ranks of the immortals. And why not?

Wellard, of course, is one of the game's great possessions. I think that he should have been put into the England eleven years ago and left there. He may not be a great player in the technical sense but contemporary cricket is not so rich in all-round players that a Wellard can be counted as only a "county performer" of unusual personality. He is a hitter of potentiality; he is a good fieldsman. Also he is two bowlers in one—he can use a new ball at a decent pace, and then on a soft wicket he is capable of spinning an off-break. In the absence of really distinguished specialists, the useful all-rounder is not to be despised, especially in long-series Australian Test matches. This time next year we shall be picking the England team for Australia.

I cannot at the moment point to a single match-winning bowler of the Barnes or Spofforth order. And if we take a glance over history of Australian Test matches, we find that few bowlers have achieved averages of under 25 a wicket—that is to say, there have been few match-winning bowlers in Australian Test matches. Rubbers in Australia are won by enduring batsmanship, backed up by all-round utility in the field. Wellard is now beyond the age when a cricketer makes his first visit to Australia—I am simply using him in this article as an example of the kind of player the Selection Committee should look for in an age when the land is terribly naked of great specialist bowlers.

I was struck by a fact at Yeovil which has been forced on me at Lord's, Old Trafford and other places. The hero-worship of the spectators was directed entirely at contemporary players; even the elders on the pavilion seldom referred to the "giants" of the past. When I was a boy, even young folk had a sense of the past, a background. They knew what Spofforth meant, and Hornby, and Bonnor. When first I visited Old Trafford I was thrilled to think that on this sacred turf Hornby and Barlow stole their runs long ago, and Crossland bowled out the parson, saying as he did so, "Down goes his —— pulpit!" To-day the young people not only know little of cricket's old masters; they even belittle them. This is a sign of the general inferiority-complex shared by the age we live in. Before the War the crowds that hailed the coming of Hobbs to greatness never dreamed of using him as a means of "debunking" Trumper. No period is likely to produce great men, in any walk of life, if it is a "debunking" age, and one not inspired by tradition and ready to reap where the best forerunners have sown.

But these may be pompous thoughts to bring any from Yeovil. Better far to reflect on the new spirit which has come into the game this season. There is no lack of sportsmanship amongst the county teams; indeed, the irresponsibility of the country club is apparently being cultivated in certain high places. Teams aspiring to championship honours are acting on the "win or lose" principle. Declarations are fashionable—declarations which give the batting side a more than reasonable chance. Then, when the batting side is beating the clock, *and are not losing many wickets*, the bowling side does little or nothing to close up the game, to change from match-winning to run-saving tactics.

Surely the "bright" cricket enthusiasm can be overdone. A match should be saved if, after the right gesture, it cannot be won. Bowlers have their tricks, their artful ways of withdrawing from an offensive to a defensive policy ("Over t' wicket and t' leg policemen!" as they used to say in the North). If the secret of protective bowling dies out, if the art of playing back-to-the-wall for a draw becomes obsolete, we shall certainly get into trouble in the long-lengthed Test matches of Australia. By all means, let teams play for victory for all they are worth. But, having failed in their advance, it is then their job to try to frustrate the other fellows. The rigour of the game!



AFTER THIRTY-ONE YEARS

A. O. L. Lithgow, the Harrow Captain, being carried shoulder high to the pavilion after Harrow had defeated Eton for the first time since 1908

THE SILVER-LINING

FOR 31 years there has been a cloud over the Hill. On Saturday the sun broke through. There have been better sides than this Harrow eleven during the past 30 years, very much better sides, that have been beaten or had to be content with a draw. But no Etonian can complain about Harrow's victory. It was most decisive. It left no possible room for doubt as to the respective merits of the two sides. It was—from every point of view—a thoroughly good thing. Thirty-one years is a long time.

This year's Harrow side is young. Though not a good side it was well drilled (the ground fielding was on occasions slovenly) and it looked all through to have a fighting spirit, notably absent among the Etonians. Perhaps the names Crutchley, Anson, Cowley—names associated with former Harrow victories—had something to do with it. And then, of course, D. F. Walker and Patsy Hendren, great fighters both, are in charge of cricket on the Hill. Anyway, it was the will to win rather than any outstanding skill that brought victory.

Eton were not a good side. They looked passable when batting on Friday. They looked passable during the first half of Harrow's first innings. Thereafter they were very ordinary. And in their second innings they produced strokes not in the book at all, strokes more in keeping with preparatory school cricket. It seemed then as though they did not expect to win.

Eton batted in this second innings without concentration. Personally, I have thought, for a number of years now, that there has been a sight too much concentration about this game. Too frequently has it been forgotten that this—cutting out all the glamour (and glamour, anyway, is largely false)—is a game between two sets of *boys*. It should be a cheerful, youthful, virile game. How many times in the past few years have we seen grim cricket, grim concentration, dour batsmanship, the atmosphere without the skill of an Australian Test Match? We might have had all this again this year—there were signs of it in Eton's first innings—but for the Harrow batting, joyful attacking stuff, full of mistakes and full of fire. And for that we may thank Patsy Hendren.

Of the Eton side Fiennes was the best bat, and looked as good a bat as any on the side. And Pearson was unafraid of reputations or results, a man who would be useful higher up in the batting order of a school side. For Harrow Crutchley added glory to the family name, and hit a good century, and Anson did the same without the century. In the second innings it was Paul and Lithgow. Paul has the strokes of a racket player, Lithgow the strokes of a good batsman. And Lithgow played a captain's part in every way, even down to hitting the winning run.

Byam was by far the best bowler. He bowls more like a good professional from the north than a public schoolboy, and his three for 30 was a poor return for excellent work. Henley took three for 14, but that was due to good catching rather than good bowling. The Eton bowling, once the shine was off the ball, was made to look moderate. Some school sides of this year would not have noticed the shine. Both wicketkeepers were good, with Fiennes rather more stylish. Harrow's catching was remarkable—their ground fielding mediocre. Eton's fielding was consistently good, despite a dropped catch or two.

The crowd, a good one, though not so smart as usual, was delighted—at least the Harrow portion of it; and quite a number who watched, owing allegiance to neither side, had acquired Harrovian nationality by the end! They swarmed round the pavilion and wanted vociferously to see the heroes. They cheered and cheered and then sang "Forty years on" (not very well). Then they started on the top hats. Some top hats were dribbled, some were bashed, and some just tapped. But few, I think, were left alone. There was some good single-stick play, some rather crude fencing with umbrellas, and some all-in wrestling. Harrow was very pleased with itself. Thirty-one years had begun to make "Forty years" look a bit sorry. And the old gentlemen in the pavilion looked down benignly and with pride. "England" you could almost hear them thinking, "stands yet where she did."

Well, Harrow will have pretty well the same side again next year. They may well make it two. And, personally, I hope they never take their victories so decorously—and Foreign-Officey—as Eton used to do.

B. V-F.



Townsend, of Derbyshire, about to bring off a late cut through the slips

ROUND THE WICKETS

WICKETS fell all day long at Maidstone the other day when Kent were playing Gloucester. The small boys in front of us got a lot of fun out of filling in their score cards. So, apparently, did the man in the bowler hat sitting next to me. He put down everything so neatly and correctly on his card that he might have been filling a ledger. And at the end of the day he asked his friend—a red-faced man in a cap—whether it was a record for the lowest aggregate in a day. The man in the cap could not tell him. No wonder. He had sat all day, his arms folded, his score card in his pocket. The score did not mean a thing to him. Just as the game did not really mean a thing to his friend.

A game is pretty obviously whatever its followers make it. If, for instance, England played Australia, not at the Oval, not at Sydney, but away out in the country somewhere before a handful of villagers, it would, I think, be a very different affair indeed. There would be no doped wickets, no body-line bowling nonsense, no trouble about fast bowling or slow batting, no record mania. In all probability it would be a very peaceful affair. So that any unpleasantness can, to a great extent, be suspected from the spectators. And I do not think there is much doubt which of the two types of spectator is the most suspect—the man who loves the game and what it stands for, or the man who loves its figures, its scores, its records, its sensationalism—the man in the cap or the man in the bowler hat. When the first two Tests had been drawn the bowler-hatted one thought he was not getting his money's worth. In no uncertain terms he demanded results at all costs. Timeless Tests became his watchword, his banner with a strange device. And so eventually we went to Kennington Oval to witness his invention. Those who survived went abroad to recuperate—and ran head-first into the biggest farce which the game of cricket ever conceived—the ten-day Test at Durban.

But then the man in the cap intervened. He had been ready to put up with people who had evidently never heard of Hirst, who stormed that something called "body-line" would assuredly wreck the game. He had been ready, too, to look on both sides of the "barracking" controversy. But he was not going to stand by and watch the game made into something like a Six-day Cycle Test. He demanded that cricket should be governed by time, because if it were not its pace would come to a standstill; that cricket should be played on English turf and not some product of science; and that it should be played with a spirit worthy of the game, its players and its followers. And people listened to him. So long as they continue to do so, cricket will always be a game worth watching.

* * *

We were watching Townsend bat. Rain had made the wicket a mat of black rubber and the ball was leaping about all over the place on it. Every now and then one would rear up and smack him on the hand. And every time the little man sitting next to me on the seat would stir uneasily. He had come a long way apparently to see Derbyshire play and Townsend bat. So that when a particularly vicious ball suddenly flared up at Townsend, rapped him on the gloves and then settled down again, nestling quietly in the hands of first slip, he was moved to a degree. But not beyond words. As the white form of his idol, banished to the obscurity of the pavilion, grew smaller and smaller he grew more and more heated. It was, it seemed, all about gloves.

Townsend had been wearing the wrong sort of gloves. They were, I had noticed, somewhat out of the ordinary. Instead of horse-hair padding wrapped in leather or spikes of rubber for protection, they had what looked like strips of solid rubber. The little man was claiming that Townsend would never have been out, would still be on view if he had been wearing the right sort of gloves. It was ridiculous to wear such things — the ball bounded off them higher than it did the bat. Horse-hair gloves were no better. What was wanted was something which would check the ball, put the break on it, put it on the ground. Rubber spikes were the things. The ball had not half the chance of going up and being caught if it hit rubber spikes.

I thought a lot about the little man's theory during the next few days. I kept an eye on all the cricket pictures in the papers. I noticed what kind of glove the batsmen were wearing. Almost to a man they wore gloves with rubber spikes on them. I was just thinking that there might have been some sense in the fury of the little man's exaggeration when I came across three pictures — one of Hammond, another of Bradman and another of Hobbs. They were all wearing gloves backed with horse-hair padding, great things which looked like bolsters. But then, I realised, the three greatest batsmen which we have seen since the War were so rarely hit on the hands that they might never have worn gloves at all except for their peace of mind and confidence. Besides, if a bowler hits Bradman on the hand he must almost be tempted to appeal for l.b.w.

* * *

Wilkinson was toiling in the blazing sun of a July afternoon. The Old Trafford wicket was as hard as iron, the batsmen in their element. He had been bowling for over two hours. And he had taken but a single wicket for well over 100 runs. Not a very imposing feat—from the figures. But in point of fact Wilkinson was bowling very well indeed, well enough to be kept on in spite of all the runs he was costing his side. The fast bowlers were finished. He was holding the fort until the new ball came along. It was a thankless task. The dice was heavily loaded against him. Almost his only hope was his googly, in trying to trick the batsman to think the ball was going one way when it was really going the other. The wicket hardly helped. It was as shiny, as unresponsive, to the bite of a ball as a sheet of glass; and just about as icy in its relentlessness.

Wilkinson had beaten his man more than once, had deserved more than one wicket. Four times he had lured him out, spun the ball round his bat, watched it go on—and hit his pads. And four times he had plotted in vain. The ball had not pitched on the wicket. And because it had pitched on the leg the batsman had not been given out. That is the law. Don Bradman has suggested that the words "that part which is between wicket and wicket" should be cut out of the new l.b.w. rule. I will be extremely rash. I will go further than he. When that is a rule,—as I think it will be soon, and when it has proved insufficient, as I think it may quite possibly prove to be, then, I suggest, make anything which is going to hit the wicket count as if it had hit it. Make a ball good enough to beat a batsman, but simply not good enough to pass clean through his pads to hit his wicket good enough to count him out. Do let us give the bowler a fair chance.

HUMPHREY DANIEL.



Arthur Wood anticipates the decision to an l.b.w. appeal

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS

V.—Flies and How to Tie Them



BROUGHT TO THE NET

MY DEAR BOB,—During the week I have been meditating, whiles, on your problem. When you have bought your casts and points I think I reckoned you would only have 6/6 left for flies, and to speak frankly that is not very much for an original stock, as it were. It seems to be a question of whether you should get three kinds of fly only—say a dozen of two of them and half a dozen of the third, or whether you should buy half a dozen of each and get five different flies. As you will find later, there are, quite literally, hundreds of different dressings of flies, and they go by all kinds of curious names. A few years ago a book on fly tying gave details of 515 different patterns. A great many of those would not interest you at the moment, for they are meant for sea trout or lake trout, and are not really intended to represent "flies" at all; they are more in the nature of lures, brightly-coloured affairs which attract fish from afar by their showy appearance and the way they are fished.

But even among genuine trout flies—flies which are taken by trout in mistake for their natural food—there is hopeless confusion for the beginner. Some of them are named after the natural fly they are intended to imitate—olive dun, olive quill, rough olive, red spinner, and so forth. Others, particularly flies used in Yorkshire and the North, are named after the materials used in their construction: waterhen bloa (hackle from the underwing of a waterhen and a blue—*i.e.*, slate-coloured—body of mole's fur); pheasant tail. Others, again, are called after their designer, or some famous angler: Greenwell's glory; Gilbey's upright. One could, no doubt, easily select a dozen or two more examples of this curious nomenclature, but I have selected these because they are all taken by trout for one and the same natural fly in one or another of its stages—our old friend the olive, which I mentioned in my last letter. You will, I think, gather from this what a prominent place olives hold both in the trout's diet and in the angler's estimation.

So when you have to tie yourself down to one or two patterns, you, too, had better specialise on the olive. There have been anglers who have gone through a whole season using nothing at all but a red spinner, which, as I mentioned before, is the name of the olive after it has made its final change into its mating and egg-laying existence. It is rather odd, perhaps, that this particular fly should be taken so readily, since a trout gets much less chance of feeding on it in this stage than it does when it first hatches out as a dun, except when it falls dead on the water. However, the difference between spinner and dun is very little more than the colour—one being olive, the other a rusty red—and it is quite likely that the dun appears redder to the trout than it does to us; so, for the first choice, I should suggest an imitation of the red spinner and the particular fly had better be an orange quill. This is a compromise. It is of a sufficiently red colour to represent the spinner of several flies, and its quill body has the rather noticeable segmental markings of the fly in its dun stage. The size for summer fishing had better be No. 0, say half-a-dozen flies.

Next you must have a fly which represents the insect when it is hatching out at the top of the water, as it is in this stage that it is taken most frequently by the trout. For this there is nothing better than a gold-ribbed hare's ear, made from the fur of a hare's ear with a thin gold wire ribbing down the body. But see that you get the right dressing. The hackle should not be made from a feather, as has become the reprehensible practice of some professional dressers. It should be made of longer strands of hare's fur. Get two sizes, No. 1 and No. 00, as this fly is a good one for a sort of general pattern; it is probable that many flies have much the same appearance when struggling from their shucks, but their size differs. If you get half-a-dozen of each size you will then have two other patterns of half-a-dozen each to select.

One of these had better be a fly of a different type altogether—say, a black spider. "Spider," in fisherman's English, does not mean an imitation of the insect which spins its web in the grass or vexes the soul of the careful housewife. It is simply a fly tied with a long and sparse hackle which has rather the general appearance of a spider. The reason I suggest a pattern of this kind is that in summer there are often days when trout do not seem to feed in the ordinary way at all, but when a fish here and there will be found lying in shady and comparatively still water, lazily rising from time to time, to suck in some inconsiderable trifle that happens to float slowly over its nose. It is then that some small black fly will often get a rise when the more usual patterns will be ignored. So get half-a-dozen black spiders on No. 00 hooks.

For the final half dozen I am torn between Devonshire practice, which almost invariably includes a March brown on the cast, and my secret conviction that a tup stands more chance of attracting a fish in summer. If one could rely on getting genuine tups I, personally, should invest my last eighteen pence in half a dozen. They should be made from soft fur from the underside of a ram, and I suspect that the real attraction of this sometimes remarkable fly lies in the natural oil in the wool, but I am very doubtful about the shop-tied article. Too often it looks to me as if "any old wool" had been used. So perhaps you had better lay out your last pennies on March browns. One fly of this name comes up periodically through the summer, and the imitation will also be taken occasionally for one of the sedges. No. 0 is perhaps the best bid for size at this time of year.

All these flies are best tied as hackle flies—flies without wings—and should be on eyed hooks, and not whipped on to lengths of gut. As to putting them on, there is a multitude of knots which have been devised for making up tackle, but for all practical purposes three, or four at most, are all you need to learn: one for tying two lengths of gut together; one for making a loop; one for tying on the dropper links when two or more flies are being used; one for tying on flies. Here are some which are easy to learn:

For tying two lengths of gut, putting on points, for example: Lay the two pieces of gut alongside each other; make an overhand knot, pulling the short end through; put the short end through again and pull tight (Fig. 1).

To make a loop turn back about 3in. of the gut so as to form a loop (do not stint yourself, as you will find short lengths on a gut cast difficult to tie), then proceed exactly as if you were joining two lengths of gut together. Put the loop through the overhand knot twice and pull tight.

In tying on the dropper link your object is to make it stand out at right angles to the cast. Select a point in the main cast just above a knot, so that a fish pulling on the link will pull it down against the knot. Then with the link make a simple overhand knot round the main cast, pull tight; now make a half-hitch between the overhand knot you have just made and the knot on the main cast, pull tight and pull the completed knot against the knot on the cast (Fig. 2).

For tying on a fly, the simplest knot is the "figure of eight" (Fig. 3), but for wet-fly fishing I think a fastening which goes round the neck of the hook is more secure, and as, for this type of fishing, the fly does not need to "swing free," I suggest that you adopt this type of knot. There are two ways of tying it: one is the Turle, in which the gut is passed through the eye and the fly pushed up the gut out of the way. Then a loop is made, not by the method described above but by a simple overhand knot which you can see in the sketch.

The fly is then slipped down the cast and passed through the loop, which is pulled tight round the neck of the fly just behind the eye (Fig. 4). The other method can be seen from the sketch (Fig. 5).

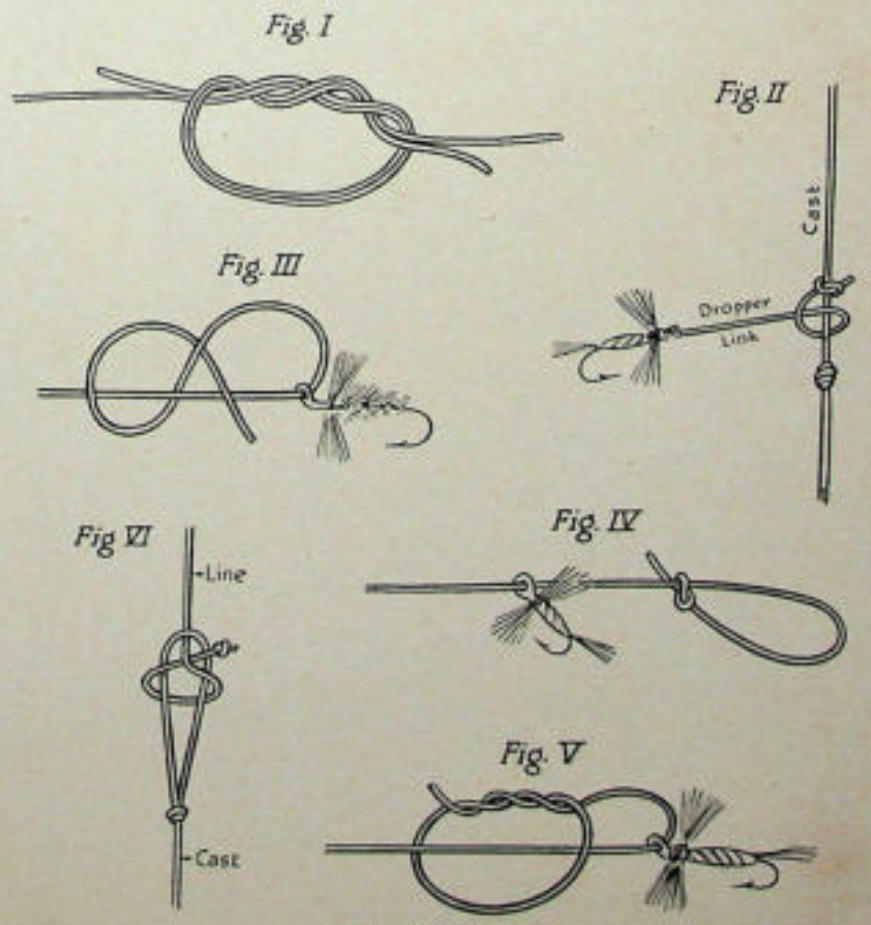
The loop is slipped back over the eye and a pull on the cast settles it in behind the eye as before; but be careful in making the overhand knot to pass the gut through *twice*. In turning back over the eye it looses one turn, so to speak, and if you only put the end through once you will find you have only a half-hitch round the neck of the fly and this is liable to pull out.

For attaching your cast to the line you can either use the "figure of eight" or what is simpler and just as effective—tie a knot in the end of the line, put it through the loop at the end of the cast, then pass it round the outside of the loop and slip the knot under the main line—a half-hitch, in fact, secured by the knot, which will not allow it to pull through (Fig. 6).

You had better get some string and practise these knots till you can tie them quickly, and without having to refer to a diagram to do so.

Borrow a kitchen skewer for the fly. The loop on the end will serve for the eye of a fly, especially if you bend it up at about 45 deg. angle. This will save you a lot of time in Devonshire when you will want to get to the water without waiting for anything. By the way, when do you go, and where?

Your affectionate uncle,
HARVEY.



FISHERMEN'S KNOTS

I, Double overhand knot for tying two lengths of gut together. II, Attaching dropper link to cast. III, Figure of eight. IV, Turle knot. V, Double overhand knot for flies. VI, Half hitch for attaching line to cast



THE DINING ROOM AT BOODLE'S CLUB
Sporting prints and Adam candelabra give this room an atmosphere of its own

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—III. BOODLE'S

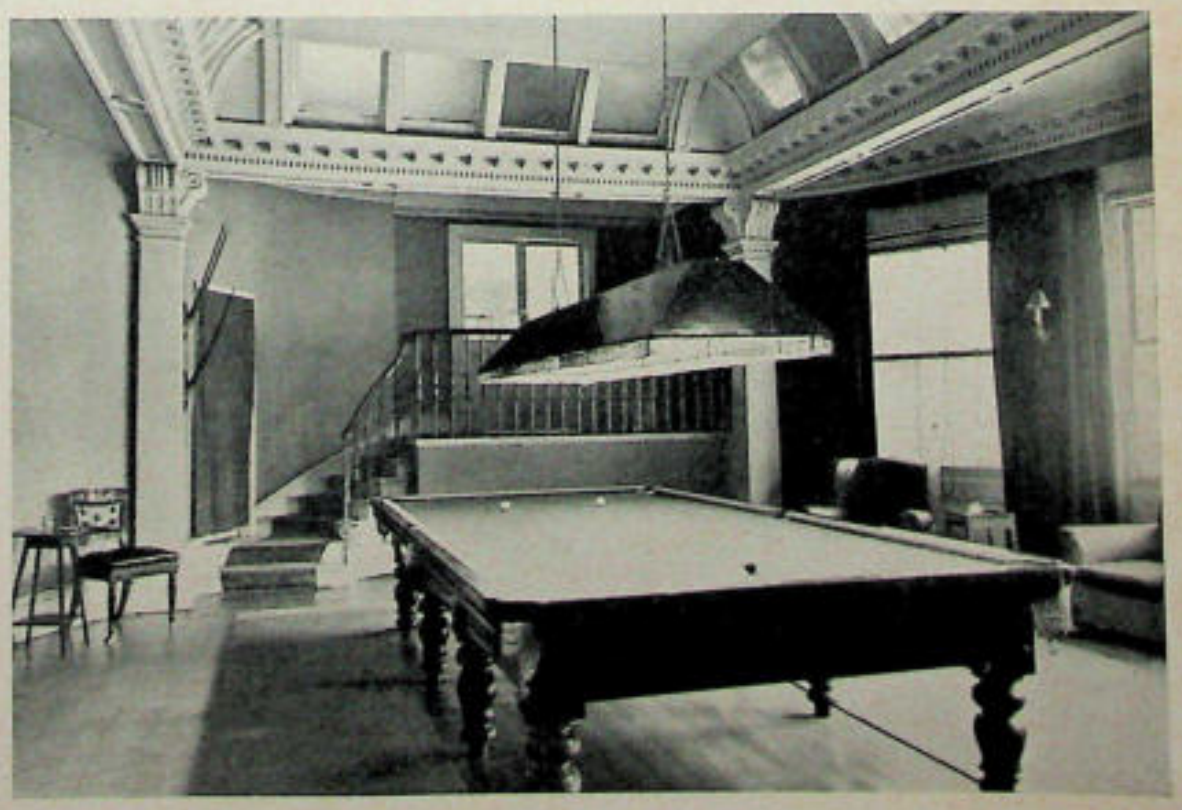
By BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. G. HIGGINS, C.M.G., D.S.O.

THERE are, I am sure, very few foxhunters, and certainly no foxhunters of the Victorian era, to whom Boodle's is not a household name. For many generations it was the great club of foxhunters, and there are very few famous Masters of past times who were not members of Boodle's. It has never been political. Founded in the year 1762, it therefore ranks next in seniority to White's in the list of the famous small social clubs under review.

Mr. Boodle, who founded it, appears to have been a genial and hospitable man of the type likely to make a good club proprietor in the times he lived in. His first club house was in Pall Mall, and was probably built by Robert Mylne, and here they remained for 20 years before removing to their present premises in St. James's Street, in 1782. In this house they have remained undisturbed for 157 years. The house had been built for a certain Mr. Nicholas Kenney in 1775. Kenney had been for several years previous the owner of a house on the west side of St. James's Street. It had been one of the usual fashionable gambling clubs, and Kenney, doing well out of it, decided to embark on an increased membership and larger premises.

For this purpose he bought three very old houses on the east side of St. James's Street, and on this site he built the existing house. Having done this, he moved into it in 1775 with his Savoir Vivre members. The magnificence of the house for club purposes attracted much attention at the time, and Horace Walpole wrote, in March, 1776: "A new club is opened in St. James's Street that piques itself in surpassing all its predecessors. But this is almost commonplace." In a monograph written and published by Mr. Richard Miles, a well-known club proprietor of those times, he wrote on the subject of Kenney's new house: "The house when built was furnished in a style beyond any preceding club: classical pictures, sofas and chairs covered with satin. And when opened I will venture to affirm that no club ever did, or ever will flourish as this club did for some years." To find the additional members to enjoy and pay for this magnificence, about 200 members were combed out of White's and Almack's. The betting now in these new premises was very heavy. Colonel Crawford of the Guards (Equerry to the Queen) won 100,000 guineas in a season. A Kentish baronet, Sir Edward Dering, lost in one night 11,000 guineas, and brought the money to the house the next day. On the night of this same day he lost 19,500 guineas, the house giving credit to the winners for their respective shares. This sum was all repaid in a fortnight. This mad rage for gambling in these St. James's Street clubs had now been going on for years. There is little wonder, therefore, that it was a constant theme for comment in the Press and private letters of those days. Lord Lyttleton had written a few years earlier: "The Dryads of Hagley are at present pretty secure, but I tremble to think that the rattle of a dice box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see, not only there, but almost in every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play."

In 1782, Nicholas Kenney sold out of his club the Savoir Vivre, and the premises were then bought by a Mr. Harding, who had succeeded Boodle in 1772 in the management of the club which bore his name. Harding then moved his members from their original home in Pall Mall into Kenney's house in St. James's Street. For a short time after moving into the Savoir Vivre old premises it appears that Boodle's was known by their name, but very soon reverted to their original title. There is evidence that about this time the gambling fever somewhat abated for the very good reason that money was not now so plentiful throughout the country, and Boodle's, in a chastened mood, even went in for passing rules apparently devised for reforming Society. Rule 14 read: "Every member of the Society must promise upon his word and honour not to give money to the servants of a private house in London where he dines or sups. Any member who has a house must likewise promise upon his word and honour not to allow his servants to take money in London." Other rules were:



THE PLAYGROUND OF EVERY CLUB
The billiard room at Boodle's, with its excellent lighting and pleasant decoration

"There cannot be more than 250 members in the Society," and "The dinner is always to be on the table, if there is only one member in the house exactly at half an hour after four, uncalled for. The bill, uncalled for, is to be at seven: supper at 10.45 and the bill at 12.30. Any person in the room is to pay his share of the bill. The dinner is 8/–, supper 6/–, the fire in the room is not to be paid for. Port is 2/6 and claret 5/6 a bottle."

In later years, the system of the wine bill being pooled and everyone having to pay for it, whether he drank it or not, did not suit some of the younger and more temperate members and they appealed to the proprietor, Mr. Gayner, against this rule. Gayner agreed with them and tried to enlist the Duke of Beaufort on his side. The Duke, however, backed up the Old Brigade, who were naturally all for the pool system, and as Gayner would not yield, the Duke walked out of the Club, taking his friends with him. This was a very serious blow to Boodle's. In fact, at the time, many prophesied that it would be a knock-out blow to them.

Indeed, for one of the great Dukes of Beaufort, the hereditary owner of the most famous family pack of foxhounds in England, and the recognised arbiter on all matters concerning the noble sport, to leave such a Club, taking with him his numerous followers, could only be considered in the Club life of those days to be a major disaster of the first magnitude. It was long before the Club recovered from such a shock.

Gayner was a very generous man, and allowed his members the most extraordinary credit. They were allowed to cash cheques for any amount, for Gayner always kept two or three thousand pounds in notes in his safe. At his death, it was said that he was owed over £10,000 by certain members of the Club. He seems to have anticipated this, for he left a special clause in his will to the effect that no member of Boodle's was to be asked to repay any money.

In its early days in its new house, Boodle's had been noted for the expensive masquerades and ridottos given by its members. Gibbon speaks of one that cost 2,000 guineas. But as White's thought nothing of spending £10,000 on a ball, one is surprised that it should have been considered worthy of recording. The epicurean taste of its members, which were well-known to the satirists of the times, brought forth the following ode on this subject:

"For what is nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plant and ground.
Prolong the peal, yet, 'spite of all your clatter
The tedious chime is still ground, plants and water;
So when some John his dull invention racks
To rival Boodle's dinners or Almack's,
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three buttered apple-pies."

For many years the Club was managed not by the usual committee, but by a species of secret tribunal, the members of which were supposed to be unknown, though their duties corresponded to those of an ordinary club committee. Little was known of their work by the other members and only very occasionally did they issue anything in writing—and when they did, it was generally on the subject of dogs or strangers, both of which seem to have been equally disliked by them.

Another peculiarity was the method adopted at their elections. Gayner, the proprietor, used to sit near the ballot box in a back room while the members assembled in another room, and when a candidate's name was proposed, they walked across, deposited their white or black balls, and then retired again. After a short pause, Gayner would then shout out "Elected" or "Not elected." It was said that Gayner in reality never counted the balls, but took upon himself to elect all candidates he considered suitable and to reject the others. Another subject for the humorists of the day was the very large number of baronets who belonged to Boodle's. It was said that when a waiter opened a door and announced that "Sir John's carriage was waiting," half the members in the room rose to go.

There must be very few people who have ever walked down St. James's Street, who have not commented at some time or other on the charming exterior the front of this Club presents to the street. A well-known authority on architecture writing not long ago, said: "The modest and domesticated front of Boodle's Club is justly regarded as a masterpiece of the later eighteenth century architecture." For many years, it had been regarded by most people as a fine example of the work of Robert Adam. It must, therefore have come as a shock to many when about 20 years ago, Mr. Arthur Bolton, the famous architect and one of the most reliable critics of all time of the Adam period, definitely ruled out that it was the work of Robert Adam. From reliable contemporary evidence, it appears to be safe to assume that the builder was John Crunden. In Mr. T. Malton's book *Picturesque Tour through the Cities of London and Westminster*, published in 1792, we find on page 107, a plate 94, which gives us a view of St. James's Street. Malton describes it as "Brooks's Subscription House on the right-hand of the view, designed by Mr. Holland, and another called the Savoir Vivre, nearly opposite on the left, designed by Mr. Crunden, are the most prominent objects, and have great claims to praise." The latter is, of course, the Savoir Vivre erected by Kenney's orders in 1775, and now Boodle's.

And here we have reliable data. Mr. Malton speaks almost as a contemporary of Robert Adam, who died in 1792, and we are therefore justified in assuming that Boodle's was built by Crunden. Whoever the architect was, he gave us a most satisfying house and one which remains one of the chief ornaments in one of the very few London streets still retaining much of their former charm and dignity.

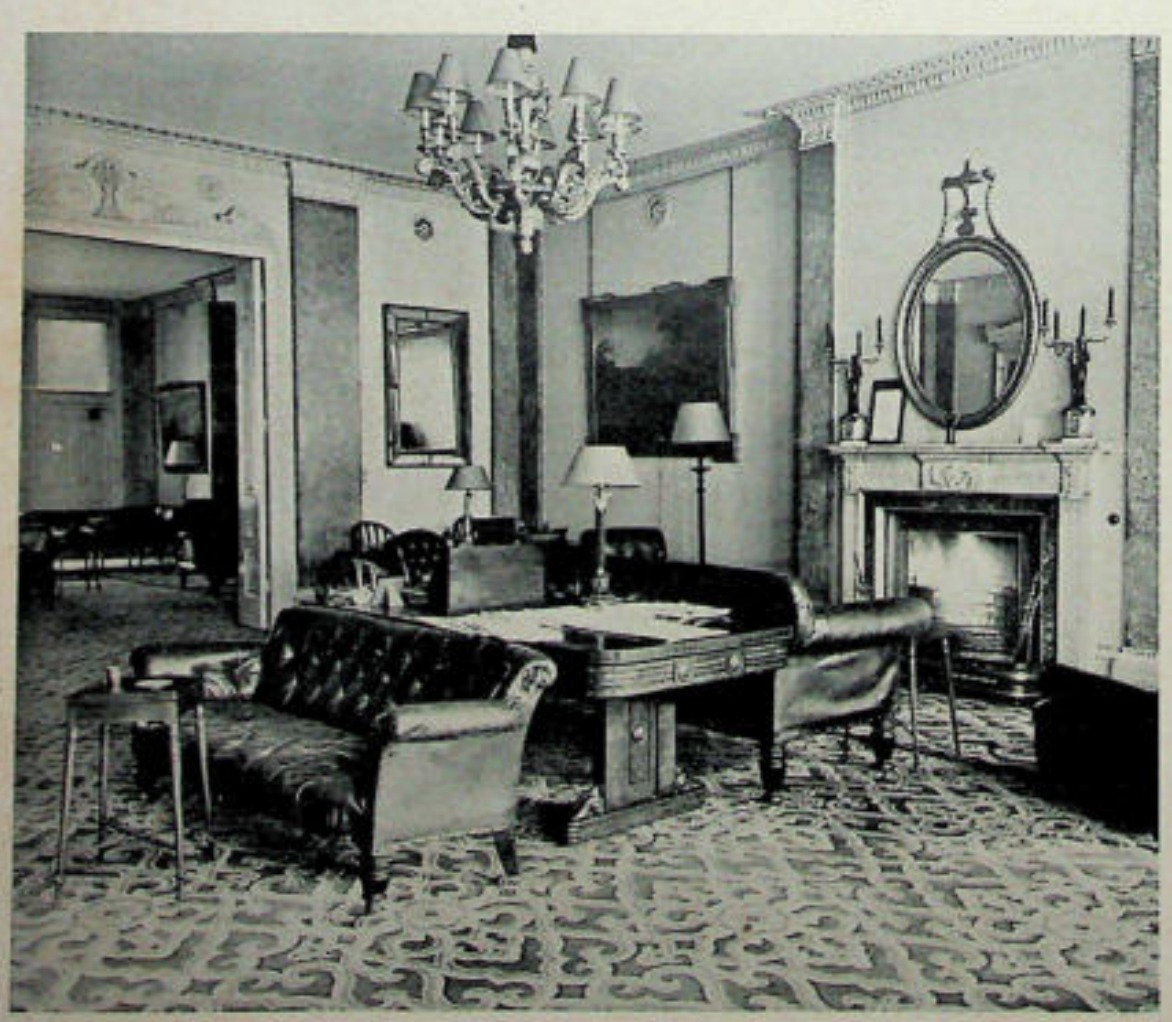
The grand salon on the first floor presents a noble interior, very characteristic of the Adamitic period. The ceiling here is very fine with a carved medallion in the centre consisting of figures in the Grecian style. Below the frieze ornamented with carved urns and swags, are a number of rectangular panels in which are enclosed paintings. A magnificent candelabra hangs from this ceiling. On a table in this room are to be seen the old gaming counters and the betting books with complete details of all the bets made. There is also the original auction sale notice advertising the house belonging to Mr. Nicholas Kenney, called the Savoir Vivre Club, to be sold by Mr. Christie at his Great Room, Pall Mall, on November 18th, 1802.

The membership of Boodle's to-day continues to reflect strongly the countryside atmosphere which has prevailed since the Club's inception.



THE MAGNIFICENT SALON

"The ceiling here is very fine with a carved medallion in the centre consisting of figures in the Grecian style . . . A magnificent candelabra hangs from this ceiling"



THE MORNING ROOM

"The membership of Boodle's to-day continues to reflect strongly the countryside atmosphere which has prevailed since the Club's inception"

THE PROS AND CONS OF THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

SEVERAL years ago, when I suggested to the Shooting Editor of the *Field* an article on my experiences with the sporting telescopic sight, it was turned down. He felt, and I admit with some justification, that the scope took unfair advantage of the game, that its use was akin to hitting below the belt. Under some conditions this is undoubtedly true, but the reverse is equally true. The use of the scope has its time and place, and while it can detract from the thrill of the stalk it is also far more humane to game under certain conditions when due to uncertain light one could not be sure of properly placing a shot without it.



THE AUTHOR WITH A 2½x SCOPE ON A SPRINGFIELD RIFLE

Sporting traditions are worth as much to me as to any man, but much as we may regret the changes we cannot prevent progress; we can, and do, defer it at times for sentimental reasons, but in the end the world moves on. Sporting rifle shooting is, and always has been, influenced by military advancement. It was the Army that first used the magazine rifle; it was the Army that first used smokeless powder; it was the Army that first used small-bore high velocity cartridges with their jacketed bullets; and as the Army is now equipping specially trained marksmen in every infantry unit with precision-rifles fitted with telescopic sights, it is certain that many more sportsmen will be using them in the course of time. In fact, the handwriting is already on the wall in the form of advertisements of a wide variety of rifles mounted with scopes which are recommended for rook and rabbit shooting, while many sportsmen of unassailable reputation are using them for stalking in the Highlands. So there can be no good in ignoring the subject any longer—the scope is gaining ground. It is far better to admit its virtues and expose its vices and thus guide its usage in the right direction.

The slow advance of the telescopic sight in popularity is not due so much to the discrimination of sportsmen on ethical grounds as to the fact that early models were utterly unsuited to withstand the hardships of stalking conditions. In most instances they were too long and too heavy; the flimsy spring mounts in which the tubes were held were for ever getting out of adjustment; they were never dust- or water-proof, the field of view was too narrow for running shots, and the luminosity insufficient in a poor light, and the lenses frequently came loose under the shock of recoil.

With the advent of small bore high velocity sporting rifles came the demand for sighting equipment that afforded the sportsman the full advantage of their additional range and accuracy. The coarse open sights, so satisfactory for quick shots and short range, rapidly gave place to the more accurate aperture sight and advanced sportsmen acknowledged that from a practical point of view a reliable telescopic sight would be better. It was but natural that the Austrians were the first to solve the problem. They had a splendid rifle for the purpose in their Mannlicher, using the .256 cartridge. They also produced the finest optical instruments in the world; furthermore the Tyrolian chamois-shooters had a very small target with which to contend, with which no amount of stalking skill would permit getting on intimate terms, so the need was father to the thought, but they had not learned all there was to be known about it.

While their glasses were excellent in most instances they were too powerful. The mounts, while sturdy, were very difficult to adjust; furthermore, they were mounted on top of the barrel instead of being attached to the side of the receiver, so the mounts had to be channelled to permit the use of the iron sights without removing the scope. This was responsible for a very high mount, which was bad in itself, but made worse by simply attaching the scope to a standard rifle with a very low comb to the stock instead of accommodating the rifle and scope to each other. Accuracy was not assisted, because to aim through the glass one had to stretch one's neck with only the tip of one's chin resting on the stock when shooting from the prone position. This easily corrected feature was responsible for many people being disappointed. They did not get the additional accuracy which they expected, and why use a scope for any other reason?

While looking over the Zeiss exhibit in New York City in the spring of 1924, my attention was attracted to a unique telescopic sight. It was compact, being only 10in. in length by about 1in. in diameter, and weighed only 8oz. Yet it had an internal elevation drum, a magnification of 2½ power, and a field of vision of 34½ft. at 100yds. The manager of the branch waved it aside, remarking that it was only for little .22 rifles for rook shooting; but I was interested. Providing that it would stand the recoil of a heavy rifle, I knew that on a mount which I had seen it was exactly what I had wanted for years, so he gave me one to test that I had fitted to a Noske mount with micrometer windage adjustment and fitted to a .30-06 sporting Springfield.

That combination made sporting history in the Canadian Rockies. The following autumn I did all of my shooting with it, accounting for eleven head of big game on a 29-day trip, at ranges from 50ft. to 400yds., and did not fail to stop anything at which I shot. Quite naturally I wrote enthusiastically about it when I got home. Sportsmen became interested, the Zeiss Company sold 150 of the little scopes in three months and the telescopic sight vogue was under way. As usual with the Yankees, when they adopt anything they went mad about it. In the open season some idiots are now still hunting deer in the thick forests of Pennsylvania and similar places, where they cannot see 50yds. ahead, with telescopic sights which they need no more than a third leg.

One does not want high power. Because a scope magnifies the target, it does not make it any easier to hold on it. Actually it appears to make it more difficult because it magnifies the tremors of the shooter in exact proportion to the magnification of the target. High power also means a narrower field of view, lower illumination and increased eye strain. What we need in a sporting glass is the reverse—not magnification which is detrimental but definition—the purpose of the glass is to let us see where we are holding.

In the order of their importance we should demand the following qualities. A readily detachable mount so that the glass can be carried in the pocket and quickly snapped on when required. Obviously it must be a reliable mount that will not change its zero in the operation if detached and replaced 20 times a day. It should be a side mount that does not interfere with the rapid loading of the magazine and in no way obstructs a clear view through the iron sights. This is important. A scope may receive a knock which will put it out of adjustment and the shooter not be aware of it until he has fired and missed. After falling down with my rifle this once happened to me, but, thanks to the side mount, I was able to retrieve the situation by dropping my eye to the iron sights and stopped a fine bighorn that was rapidly getting away.

The field of vision should not be less than 35ft. at 100yds., so that running game can be quickly picked up. The luminosity or light gathering power should be high, to increase its usefulness in the early morning and evening when one is most likely to get a shot as game comes out to feed. It should be as light and compact as possible, for it is at best a cumbersome appendage to a rifle. It should never be more than 4x in power, or the magnification of vibration will be too high when one is breathing unsteadily after a stiff climb; 3x is better and 2½x better still.

The attendant advantages of the scope of this type are rapidity of fire, as one does not have two sights to line up (one simply looks through the optic lens and places the aiming post on the mark and the ability to use the aiming post which usually covers 4in. at 100yds., as a range-finder and to see exactly where one is holding, irrespective of whether one is shooting into the light or away from it.

While its greatest value is at long range, and certainly I would not recommend its habitual use at medium or short range, by an odd paradox there are occasions in jungle or forest conditions when it can be of great service. When a partly concealed beast is standing in deep shadow it often happens that after spotting it with the binoculars it is impossible to pick it up again through iron sights. With the telescopic sight the two actions become one. Spotting the game through the scope sight, the rifle is already on it when seen and the shooter can immediately distinguish the sex and species; it springs into relief when seen through the light-gathering telescope, and one can even avoid hitting a small intervening branch which might be in the line of aim. I do not advise its use on dangerous game, though I have stopped a grizzly with a scope-sighted rifle at under 20yds.; but there are times in forest shooting when it is worth its weight in gold.

On the other side of the fence are its handicaps. To begin with the most compact telescopic sight is a clumsy, awkward appendage to tie on to a rifle, and adds a pound or more to its weight.

It cannot be used to advantage when it is snowing, or raining heavily, or in a thick mist which it magnifies like everything else.

Though often of value in thick cover it is always a bother and constantly getting caught on brush and vines, unless the rifle is carried so that the projection is tucked under the armpit.

Lastly, it cannot make a good shot out of a bad one; it cannot stop him wobbling or jerking the trigger. It simply permits a good shot who can hold steadily to see where he is holding and therefore hit more consistently than he would without it. Consequently I would not recommend it to the average indifferent shot who cannot hit consistently at over 150yds. with a peep sight.

So much for the practical side of the argument. For the sportsman I believe that the ethical side of the matter is of equal importance. There was a time when I did not; I had brought it into



A MULE-DEER IN VELVET SHOT AT 500 YARDS

popularity, and naturally I was proud of the offspring. Also I was a rifle enthusiast and took a pardonable pride in bringing off a long shot. I was also collecting specimens, and that scope was responsible for one world's record and several other fine trophies that I would not have secured without it.

All that is changed now. I am not shooting as a collector, or for necessity, but simply for recreation.

It was the Duke of Montrose, who several years ago made me see the light while I was visiting him on the Isle of Arran. "When you return next year," he said, "leave your telescope at home, you are doing a lot of good shooting, but you are missing a lot of good stalking." He was right, and my scope has taken a back seat ever since. I never used it again in Scotland, where I consider it out of place, and when I returned to the Canadian Rockies a few years ago I left it at home because I had everything to be taken out there on previous trips and being more anxious to see my wife fill her bag, I contented myself with taking a good bear and a fine caribou stag with iron sights.

LONDON POLO IN RETROSPECT



CAPTAIN R. P. GUINNESS ON THE GIANT PANDAS ON JOHN

ONE of the disadvantages of attending the international matches at Meadow Brook is that, unable to be in two places at the same time, one has seen very little of polo in London. But from all accounts there is no doubt that everyone has thoroughly enjoyed himself. The polo, if not quite up to the standard of normal years, has been extremely interesting. Games have been almost invariably very even, and this season, so short alas, so far from being desultory and dull, has indeed been one of the pleasantest of recent years.

In view of the distinctly uncertain situation, there have been fewer players than usual, but in spite of expansion and the need for intensive training, the soldiers seem to have managed to play quite a lot of polo in London (though we were told that this would be frowned on by the big brass hats at Whitehall), and altogether everything has been as pleasant as could be.

The Jaguars, who, for the most part, exchanged their spots for the distinctive markings of the Panda, Giant, Baby and just plain, ordinary Pandas, won at last the Champion Cup with Keith Rous and Humphrey Guinness the two survivors of the team that reached the final in the last two seasons, only to lose to Goulburn and the Texas Rangers respectively. Guinness is just about a class above any other player that has been seen in London this season and, with all respect to the Maharaja of Jaipur and Raj Kumar Prithi Singh, it might have made a lot of difference to our international team had he been able to join the squad in America, even as late as May 1st, when they came to Long Island. He certainly is a happy warrior, capable of devastating brilliance, and he might have brought to our team some of the "drive" that they so conspicuously lacked in their practice matches before June 4th. Rous has improved enormously in these last three seasons, and on his showing in London this year is full value for his five goals.

The Optimists, led and, for the most part, mounted by Mr. W. L. Horbury, have not had much of the success expected of them. They have, of course, those two great Indian players, the Maharaja of Jaipur and Prithi Singh, but to them their polo this year has not been a *raison d'être*, as it would have been had Jaipur, as a team, come over in quest of the Champion Cup; rather they have been out to enjoy themselves as they, and everybody else, have done. They have had the choice of Mr. Horbury's excellent ponies, but there is a difference, and the Indian polo player is, perhaps, a shade less adaptable than are the westerns. What I should really be interested to see would be an entry of the Jaipur team in full force, for the American Open Championship, although I do not believe that they would win it, even if the championship is to be restricted, so far as America is concerned, to 28-goal teams. The only player since the War—and since the Americans introduced, or developed, the modern long-hitting, up-and-down-the-middle game—who could "get away" with an Indian-type of game, was Pat Roark. However, it would be interesting to see what a great Indian team would make of American polo and American grounds.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER PLAYING FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE V. THE ROYAL NAVY

The Navy won the Duke of York's Cup by 4 goals to 3

The future is naturally uncertain until some kind of *modus vivendi* can be found for Europe in general, and it has become increasingly difficult to manage to play polo at all, let alone running a side for a season. Last week a number of Colonel Sir Harold Wernher's ponies were put up for auction, which rather suggests that there will be no Someries House team next year, which would be very sad. He has, however, retained some of his best for his own use and that of his son, who put up a promising performance last week in the Villavieja Cup. Moreover, Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten will be going to sea shortly, which will presumably deprive us of the Adsdean team until he returns to "the beach." They won the Whitney Cup again at the start of the season and ended up with a well-deserved and thrilling victory in the final of the Ashton Cup, when they beat by half a goal that excellently mounted and well-balanced Edmundsbury team after a memorable battle.

It is an unpalatable truth that there is far more interest in America in the matches played between the States and Argentina than in those against England, and that has been intensified since recent happenings at Meadow Brook. This autumn Charlie Wrightsman intends to take down to Buenos Aires a team to challenge again for the Cup of the Americas which the Argentines won so splendidly in 1936. His team, according to my latest information, will consist of Eric Pedley, No. 1; Cecil Smith, No. 2; Winston Guest, No. 3; and Raymond Guest, back. That is a team which would give any American combination a tremendous game and would most likely beat them. Wrightsman has an ample sufficiency of first-class ponies to mount Pedley and Smith, such as Bonny J, Past Master, and so forth, and he has added Cop, an outstanding member of the British team, by Spion Kop, who played superbly for Eric Tyrrell-Martin in the internationals.

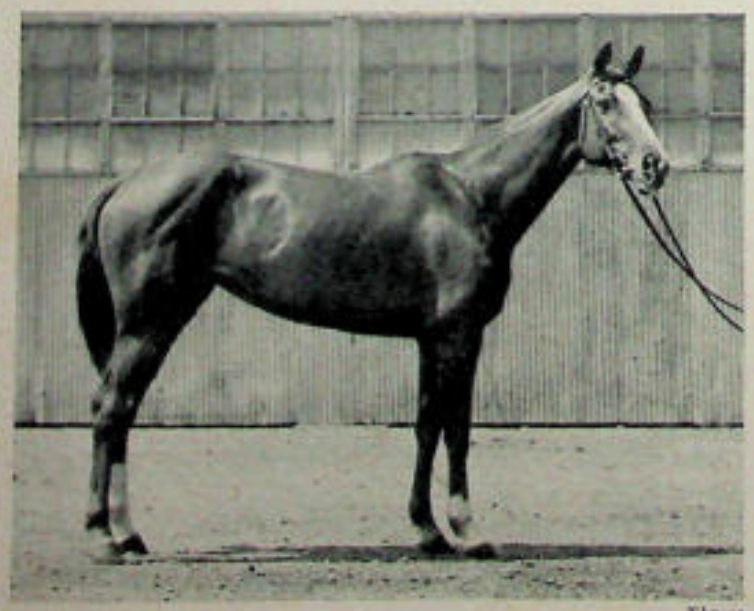
For the Argentine Championship Raymond Guest will drop out and Wrightsman come in at No. 1, Pedley going back to No. 3, and Winston Guest to back. Raymond Guest is giving up polo this year, and will dispose of his string, presumably to Wrightsman.

The sale of the Hurlingham ponies at East Williston that followed the international series must have been most disappointing, but had been expected. For the most part they sold poorly, especially the Argentines that formed the nucleus of the string.

Guinda, to be sure, fetched $2,000, which in these times is not so bad, and that showy pony Atalanta, by Dhoti, brought $1,600. Of the Wales, Sea Foam sold reasonably well at, I believe, $2,200, and Brown Sherry attracted the highest bid, $3,300. The top price of the sale was paid for Brujola, of the Nawab of Bhopal's string, who realised $5,500, and Blue Socks $4,000. I think these will find their way into the stables of the Maharaja of Kashmir, who is making a great challenge for the I.P.A. Championship this winter. Cop was bought by Charlie Wightsman for $3,500.

The sale brought in £6,000, or thereabouts, as against the estimated £15,000. The gates were miserably poor, and it looks as though the guarantors who made this challenge possible will have to provide a quite substantial amount.

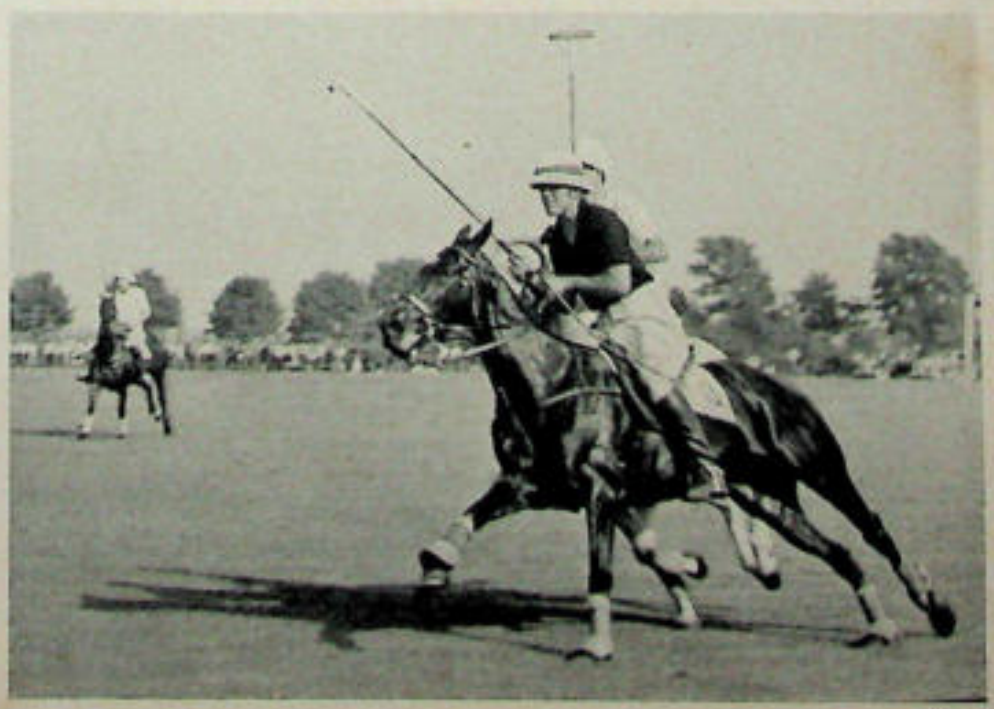
JEMADAR.



Thayer

SOLD IN AMERICA

Ponies of the Westchester Cup String. Above: Blue Socks. On right: Brown Sherry, ridden by Mr. E. Tyrrell-Martin



Freudy

GREYHOUND RACING LEGISLATION

By DALE BOURN

THE new sport of greyhound racing, once established, grew apace. The public demand for courses was clamorous. By the end of 1927, there were over 30 courses either operating or in course of promotion, and the sport had been proved an unqualified success in almost every district it had been presented.

From its inception the sport was bitterly attacked by the many anti-gambling and moral bodies in the country, who prophesied all sorts of dire consequences as a result of its popularity.

As early as 1928 a Bill for the control of greyhound racing was introduced into Parliament heavily supported by the Church, Nonconformists, heads of free churches, municipal representatives, the National Emergency Committee of Christian Citizens, and other religious and moral bodies. However, it was dropped through lack of interest, and as time went on their attacks lost their sting, and by 1931 it was obvious to all that greyhound racing was here to stay.

In that year, however, a new attack developed from an entirely different quarter, this time from the bookmakers. By the Racecourse Betting Act of 1928, for the first time in English history, gambling was legalised by the legal establishment of the totalisators on horse-racing courses. Greyhound racing was not mentioned.

On August 31st, 1929, the first tote on a greyhound racecourse appeared at Stanley, in Liverpool. No one appeared to know whether this was legal or not. Court proceedings were taken in England and Scotland, the results of which seemed to indicate its legality. The net result was that greyhound racecourses with totes and tote clubs sprang up like mushrooms, the latter presumed to be legal as well as the totes themselves.

The whole sport appeared to get out of hand. By 1931 there were more than 300 courses operating throughout the country of which only 50, those controlled by the National Greyhound Racing Club, appeared to be giving the public a square deal. In other cases, the scandalous misuse of the tote by "unlicensed" racecourses and clubs, the uncontrolled percentages derived therefrom, and the unlimited number of meetings on weekdays and Sundays, were the source of enormous profits. Naturally, the bookmakers regarded this unwarranted competitor with hostility, as it constituted a serious menace to their trade.

Eventually, the Northern Bookmakers and Backers Protection Association brought a case against the Leeds Greyhound Association, claiming that the use of the tote was a breach of the Gaming Act, 1853. The National Greyhound Racing Society took up the challenge on behalf of greyhound racing, and won the case before the local stipendiary magistrates. The bookmakers appealed against the decision, and on December 16th, 1932, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart, sitting with Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Horridge in the Divisional Court, unanimously upheld the appeal. Later a similar judgment was given in a test case in Scotland.

Consternation prevailed in the greyhound racing world. The effect was colossal. When it is considered that this decision affected about 20,000,000 public followers of the sport; 20,000 either directly or indirectly employed in the game, and that about £5,000,000 capital invested producing an annual turnover of somewhere near £10,000,000 yielding a quarter of a million to the Government in revenue; and that 2,000 or so "tote" clubs were put out of business, it is not to be wondered at that greyhound racing shares slumped and became a drug on the market, and that there was a general outcry for the Government to take immediate steps to deal with the position.

By early January, 1933, tote clubs had disappeared, and the totes had gone from the racecourses. Some courses continued without the tote, and, in some cases, they were running two meetings a day including Sundays. Nobody appeared to worry about the death of the tote clubs, but the public protest against the shutting down of the racecourse totes was strong. It was, they claimed, the old story of "one law for the rich and another for the poor." The Royal Commission on Betting and Lotteries was then sitting, and the Government promised legislation to deal with the question of totes on greyhound racecourses and other matters as soon as the Commission made their report. This report, a monumental affair, was finally produced, and it recommended the banning or limitation of most of those pleasures in which the public can take a speculative interest, such as sweeps, lotteries or football pools. The report recommended that greyhound racing be limited to 104 days in a year, and that the tote should not be extended to include greyhound racecourses, but reserved for horse racecourses. This was so manifestly unfair that the Government ignored this recommendation when it produced the Betting and Lotteries Bill of 1934.

With the passage of this Bill into law at the end of 1934, that part of the Act dealing with greyhound racing put the seal upon the sport and gave it a charter no other entertainment possesses. In a word, greyhound racing became legally established and recognised.

The main provisions of the Act provided that the tote is legal upon greyhound racecourses, but the amount to be deducted from the pools, sufficient to cover costs and working expenses, is limited to 6 per cent.

The tote must be electrically operated and supervised by a mechanism appointed by the local authority, and the dividends must be calculated by an accountant appointed by the local authority. All courses must be licensed by their local authority, which licence is in force for seven years from the date of issue, and costs up to £50 each year and is renewable.

Racing is permitted on 104 days in a year, commencing always on July 1st. The days are appointed by the local authority after consultation with the racecourse owners. On four of the days appointed two meetings can be held, thus working 108 meetings in 104 days. The "days" are appointed before the end of May each year, but all courses in an area defined by the local authority charged with the duty of licensing these tracks have to race on the same 104 days.

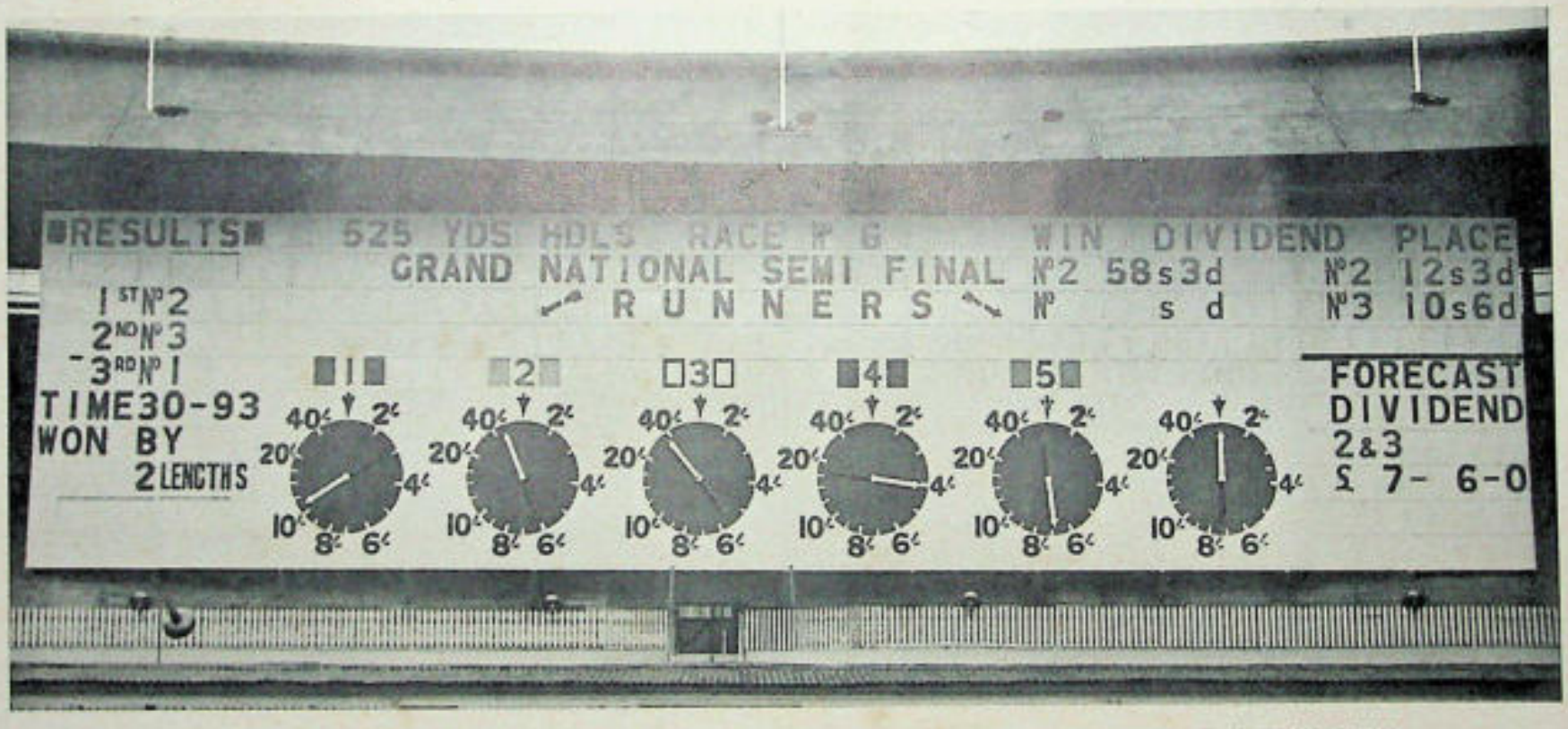
A meeting is to consist of eight races which must be run within a period of four hours. Generally speaking, the Act was satisfactorily received so far as greyhound racing was concerned, and it has worked well. Racecourse managements and local licensing authorities have co-operated to make for smooth running, and in very few cases have local authorities abused the powers given to them in the Act. The courses are now integral parts of the civic life of the communities they serve. They pay hundreds of thousands of pounds each year to the local rates. The stadiums are at the disposal of local authorities for big celebrations and functions, and in these days for A.R.P. work.

Perhaps the least happy people who go greyhound racing are the bookmakers, whose action made possible the legalisation of the tote. They now have to face greater competition than ever. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not disappear entirely from greyhound racecourses, for they give the sport that touch of colourful vivacity which no electrical robot, however legal, expensive or efficient, can provide.

The largest tote in the world is operated by the Greyhound Racing Association at the White City in London. It is calculated that throughout the country something in the region of £44,000,000 passes through the greyhound racing totes per annum. Thus yielding, indirectly, a nice sum to the Treasury. This colossal amount of turnover easily puts in the shade that amount which passes through horseracing totes each year.

The better class courses welcomed the Act for various reasons—one being that the fact that calculation of the dividends must be approved by the official accountant gave official verification to the declaration of the odds. They also welcomed the limitation of racing days. On the other hand, the public objected to the fact that all courses in the same licensing area have to race on the same days.

This dictation to racegoers as to when they could go racing meant considerable limitation upon their activities, but protests were unavailing, and that is how matters stand to-day. On the other hand, it was felt that the Act did not go far enough in many respects in protecting the public. It legalised the sport and the tote, but it gave no control over the actual racing. This has to be undertaken by those operating the racecourses, and it is to their great credit that through the medium of the National Greyhound Racing Club and the National Greyhound Racing Society, supplemented by the Greyhound Racing Board of Control and the Greyhound Racing Totalisator Control Board, they have brought the control of the sport to such a high state of proficiency and efficiency in such a short space of time. It is through their efforts and theirs alone that the confidence and respect of all greyhound racegoers has been so soundly commanded.



TOTE BOARD AT THE WHITE CITY SHOWING THE HUGE DIVIDENDS PAID ON THE SEMI-FINAL OF THE GRAND NATIONAL OF 1938

WINNERS *at the* BISLEY MEETING

By CAPTAIN ERNEST ROBINSON



CHAIRING THE KING'S PRIZE WINNER, CAPTAIN T. S. SMITH, LATE 5TH BN. THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT

WIND judgment of a very high order won the King's Prize for Captain T. S. Smith, late the 5th Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, and added the Gold Medal to the several high honours he has won during many years devoted to the cultivation of marksmanship for himself and in others.

Disregarding the howling gale of 1936, which hurled targets from their frames and blew down the huge umbrella tent, it is many years since the final has been shot in so tricky a wind. At 900yds. it was a "rear fishtail," but was changing angle so slowly that most competitors were able to follow it easily. There were many scores of 70 or over out of 75.

When shooting started at 1,000yds., the wind was freshening and coming away from the left. Changes in velocity were both quick and considerable. At times at least half the competitors were caught for magpies or outers on the 10ft. wide targets. The 30in. bullseye was difficult to hold at all times.

The story of Captain Smith's triumph can best be read in his fight with Acting Company-Leader (Miss) M. E. Foster, A.T.S., during the last five shots. It was an exciting affair as I saw it from the top of the broadcasting van, even though neither competitor could have known they were the only ones left with a chance of winning.

All others were out of the picture by the time the first of the last five shots were fired. Smith and Miss Foster had each an aggregate of 260 made up of their scores in the second stage, at 900yds., and for the ten shots they had sent away at 1,000yds. Miss Foster added an outer and Smith an inner when the wind was in its most deceptive mood. Both had bullseyes with their twelfth shots. Smith added two more bullseyes, but Miss Foster could only respond with inners. Both finished with shots in the magpie ring, but Smith's aggregate was 282 and Miss Foster's 278. Miss Foster won in 1930, the only woman yet to achieve the highest rifle shooting honour.

There was no doubt at all about the popularity of Captain Smith's win. The enthusiasm in the camp as he was carried round in the historic chair was great. He deserves his triumph.

It was good to have the Lords versus Commons match revived after a lapse of ten years, and it is to be hoped that it will be continued with something like the novel conditions that were introduced this year. The match was at 200yds. with the Service rifle and on the new Hog Lees Sporting range with the sporting rifle fitted with telescopic sight. Each man fired seven shots at 200yds. and here Lord Cottesloe and Colonel R. Ropner were "high gun" with 29 out of 35. The teams left the range to move over to Hog Lees with the Lords leading by seventeen points.

At the running bear the Commons took back four points, chiefly owing to the good shooting of Colonel Ropner, who scored 15 out of 25. The best score for the House of Lords was Lord Brocket, who had 10. At the disappearing pirate Lord Brocket found his true form, took 22 out of 25 points —three more than the whole House of Commons team—and won the Viziansgram trophy for his side.

The totals were: House of Lords—Lord Brocket 56, Lord Cottesloe 40, Lord Waleran 34, and Lord Dorchester 31. Total 161. House of Commons—Colonel R. Ropner, M.C., 50, Major the Hon. Oscar Guest 30, Colonel Sir George Courthope 30, and Sir Edmund Frindlay 19. Total 129. The last time the trophy went to the House of Lords was in 1920.

A feature of the meeting has been the long list of successes of the Royal Air Force, both in team and individual events. Amongst their most successful individuals were Warrant-Officer C. J. Collins, who won the Grand Aggregate, and Pilot-Officer A. W. Easton, who won the Stock Exchange. The Air Force had eight in the King's Final. Its teams won the Inter-Services XX match for the second year in succession and, for the first-time, the Whitehead (Revolver) match.

The Mother Country won the Kolapore match without much trouble at 600yds. after a rather weak start. Canada was second. The Mackinnon and National matches both went to England. Burma scored a fine win in the Junior Mackinnon, and Singapore put on a remarkable score to beat Kenya by 10 points in the Junior Kolapore. Cranbrook School, one of the smaller organisations, with only one O.T.C. company and who were 48th in the list last year, won the Ashburton Shield after 20 years of endeavour. They beat King's College School, Wimbledon, who have held the shield three times since 1932, and were the winners last year, by 1 point. Cranbrook's score was 482.

At the 200yds. range Edinburgh Academy led with 241, Glenalmond and King's College School scored 239, and Cranbrook 238. Glenalmond came third. It is remarkable that in a year of great difficulties, when there was no sleeping accommodation for school teams in the camp, 76 schools shot in the match, only four less than last year.

The leaders' scores were as follows:

Cranbrook School.—200/500 total: Sgt. R. F. Miskin, 31, 32—63; Pte. M. C. Batchelder, 31, 32—63; Pte. D. Grange, 30, 31—61; L./Cpl. E. C. Hibbart, 29, 31—60; Cpl. P. F. Weekey, 31, 29—60; Cpl. R. B. Taylor, 31, 29—60; L./Cpl. A. J. Reynolds, 27, 31—58; Pte. F. L. Hibbart, 28, 29—57. 238, 244—482.

King's College School, Wimbledon.—200/500 total: Sgt. Hughes, 32, 33—65; Cdt. Baker, 30, 33—63; Cdt. Rapson, 27, 33—60; Cdt. Stone, 30, 30—60; L./Cpl. Wallace, 28, 31—59; Sgt. Newton, 32, 27—59; Cdt. Jennings, 31, 28—59; L./Cpl. Roberts, 28, 27—56. 239, 242—481.

Next in order came: Glenalmond, 473; Tonbridge School, 473; Winchester, 472; Eton College, 469; Charterhouse, 469; Glasgow Academy, 468; City of London School, 467.

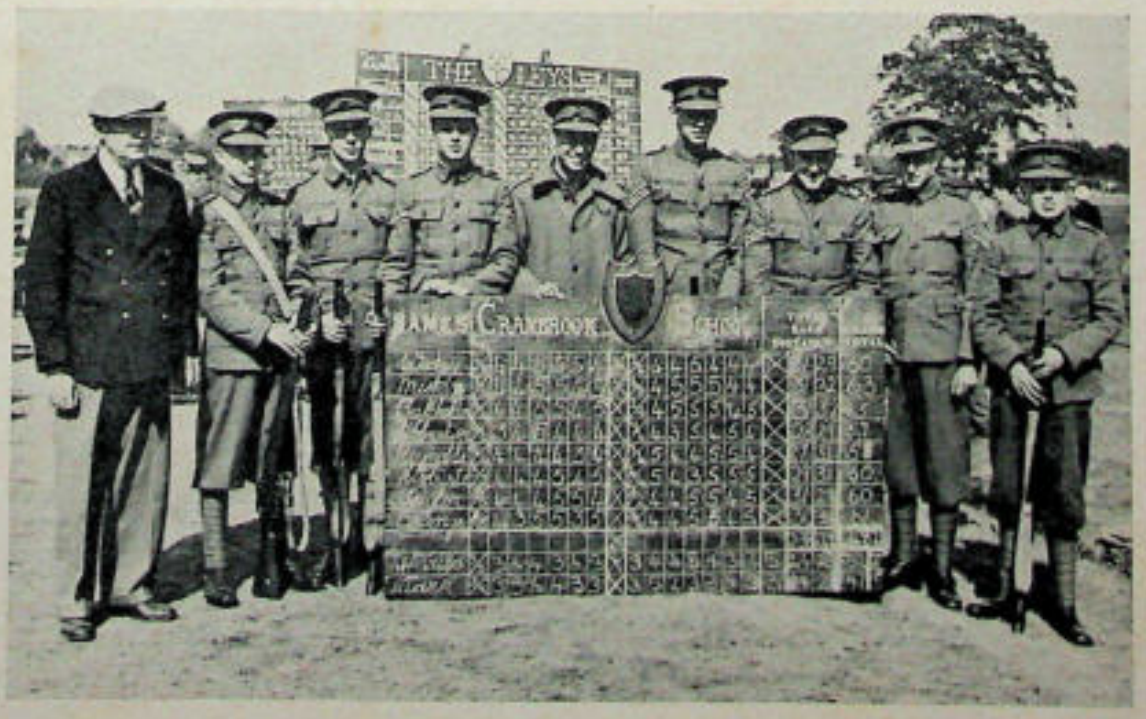
The Cottesloe Vase went to St. John's, Leatherhead, the next highest small school, who were seventeenth in the main list. The *Country Life* trophy for the best score at 200yds. went to Cranbrook, and the Kinder Memorial Trophy for the best at 500yds. to Glasgow Academy.

Charterhouse, always a useful team, took the Public Schools Veterans Trophy for "A" teams and Alleyn's School that for "B" teams. Alleyn's won the Aggregate Cup.

There can be no doubt at all about the success of the strenuous endeavours of Major-General Sir Alan Hunter and the Bisley staff to run a meeting, despite the fact that the N.R.A. could get very few tents and only 350 markers instead of the usual 1,000 officers and men from the Army, Navy and Air Force to act as register keepers and markers. The competitors kept the registers in all squadded events and "played the game" very well indeed. Except for Friday morning the weather was fine.



MISS M. G. FOSTER WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE IN 1930 AND CAPTAIN SMITH'S MOST DANGEROUS RIVAL



CRANBROOK SCHOOL'S ASHBURTON TEAM

They are seen with Major H. F. Saunders, who for 20 years has been working to put them at the top of the list

THE EYESIGHT OF BIRDS

By T. C. S. MORRISON-SCOTT

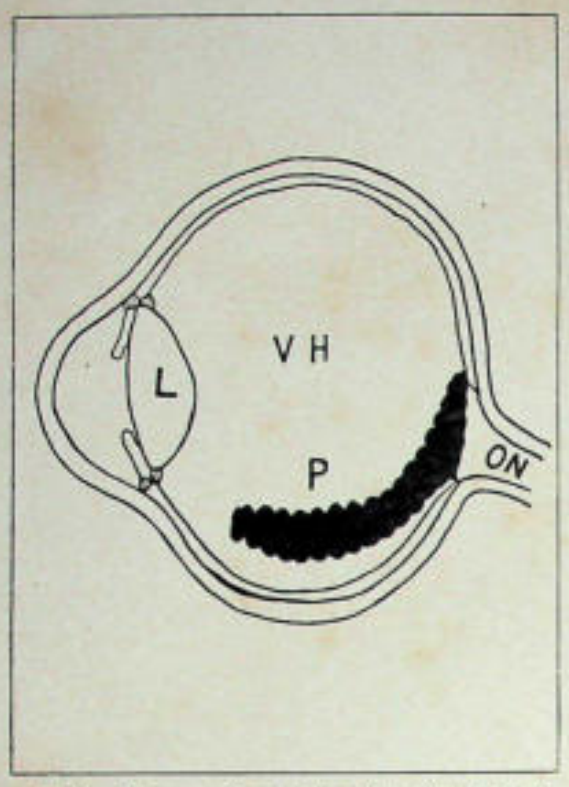


Fig. 2.—Diagrammatic vertical section (after Wood) of the eye of a herring gull to show the pecten, P; VH, vitreous humour; L, lens; ON, optic nerve

THE eyes of birds, especially birds of prey, are very efficient instruments; this is recognised by such phrases as "he has an eye like a hawk," meaning that someone has very acute sight. Every countryman is familiar with the sight of a kestrel quartering the ground in wide circles and stooping from a great height to a field mouse which would have been quite invisible to a man at such a distance.

Keenness of sight is also shown by the following experiment on some tame pigeons. These were in the habit of sitting on the roof of a certain three-storied house, and their owner would scatter crushed maize on the lawn for them. Occasionally he scattered sand of the same size and colour as the maize. Then, instead of flying down as was their custom, the pigeons remained unmoved.

This acute vision is due not merely to good sight as we understand the term, but to a more finely constructed retina, or back wall, to the eye. A retina is composed of many cells, and at a spot (the yellow spot, or fovea) near the centre of the retina the cells are more highly concentrated than elsewhere. Here most of the cells have a separate fibre going to the brain along the optic nerve, and if we want to see something clearly we must swivel our eyes or turn our head so that the image of the object falls on the fovea. Now it is obvious that the greater the number of cells per given area of the fovea, the greater the distance will be at which we can distinguish a small object. This principal can be seen by comparing photographs in daily newspapers with those in weekly papers. In both, the pictures are made up of innumerable small dots, but in the latter the dots are placed closer together, and this gives the pictures better definition. To revert to the kestrel's field mouse: at 100yds. the latter's image on a man's retina would only cover, say, one visual cell (a dot in the press photograph) and would be indistinguishable, but the kestrel has approximately five times as many visual cells in the same area and the mouse's image would therefore cover more than one cell.

Birds' eyes have, however, one disadvantage as compared with the eyes of man: they are more or less fixed in the orbits; that is to say, that birds cannot roll their eyes, and since the eyes are placed on the sides of the head it follows that a bird such as a hen cannot see things directly ahead of her, at least no more clearly than we can see things on each side of us when our eyes are directed straight ahead. That is why a hen cocks her head on one side to examine an object on the ground, and why a hawk, when quartering the ground, either twists his head so that one side is turned to the ground or else banks round in a spiral.

Owls' eyes differ from those of other birds in being set on the front of the face and are completely rigid, but owls have extremely moveable necks to compensate for this: if you walk past an owl's cage at the Zoo you may see him following you round with his eyes and turning his head so that it is always directed straight at you.

If birds of prey had no special adaptation objects straight ahead would appear blurred, as seen out of the corner of a man's eye, but they have an extra fovea in each eye, placed at the after-end of the retina. These "pursuit" fovea do not give such acute vision as the main, or "search," fovea, but they give binocular vision (Fig. 1), and although the eyes cannot be rotated in the orbits to any great extent they can be moved just enough to enable the bird to focus its prey when the latter is dead ahead. In this way a hawk is enabled not only to see clearly the prey he is pursuing but also to judge the distance.

This binocular vision is present not only in birds of prey, but also in swallows, martins, terns and kingfishers, and may prove to be present in some other birds as well. Swifts and owls have the binocular vision fovea, but lack the lateral view ones.

Owls, however, do not appear to enjoy binocular vision as we know it because, though the optic nerves cross on the way to the brain, there is no fusion between the nerve from one eye and that from the other (*i.e.*, there is no optic chiasma). This brings one to the question: what is the mental impression of a bird which has two pairs of fovea? A hawk's brain will be receiving three distinct fields of view: one each side and one ahead. To which is he going to pay attention, and can he suppress the fields in which he is not interested in the same way that a man with a cast eye does not bother about the ceiling at which the cast eye may be looking?

Another peculiarity of birds' eyes is that the cells of the retinæ of diurnal birds contain oil globules. Some of these are colourless, but most are yellow, orange or red, with a few pale green. The purpose of these is not yet clearly understood, but in birds, where the percentage of colourless globules is low, the effect will be to pass most of the light falling on the retina through a poly-chromatic filter which cuts out blues and violets—*i.e.*, the short-wave end of the spectrum. This gives a clue to the purpose of the globules: skiers and alpine climbers know that yellow glasses are a help when low cloud makes it difficult to see undulations in the snow, the reason being that under these conditions the short-wave light still gets through and by wearing yellow glasses we cut out this blue light and make blue shadows appear darker.

Another suggestion is that the globules do away with chromatic aberration. When a human eye is focused on a piece of red paper it is out of focus for a piece of violet paper at the same distance; hence human vision is made more distinct (so far as multicoloured objects are concerned) by being passed through a monochromatic filter. But this explanation holds good only so long as the bird concentrates on the impressions coming through one colour of globule only. A third suggestion is that the bird, as he moves his head, passes the image of an object through the various globules and that his experience tells him something about the object as he notes what becomes of it when seen through different filters.

Nocturnal birds have a special adaptation in their retina which enables them to see in poor light. The receptive elements of the retina (which have been referred to up to now merely as cells) are of two kinds, known as "cones" and "rods." The cones perceive form and colour, the rods light. The fovea in man, apes and day birds contains only cones, the rest of the retina has cones and rods mixed.

The fact that rods are better for perceiving light is shown by the fact that a faint star is seen better by not looking directly at it, but by looking just to one side of it—*i.e.*, by letting its image fall not on the fovea, but on that part of the retina which has rods. The fovea of nocturnal birds have a large percentage of rods; moreover, the oil globules (which are confined to cones) are colourless, or very pale yellow, so a nocturnal bird's vision is not complicated by these. It is not known why owls prefer the dark—they can take strong light without blinking.

Owls appear to be able to see light of a much longer wave-length than human beings. The human range is between 4,000 and 8,000 angstroms, but the probable range for an owl is from 6,000 to 15,000 angstroms. Experiments have been conducted in which an owl was able to see a dead mouse in a "light" of a wave-length of 9,000 angstroms. Further, a live mouse may be photographed in the dark by using a plate which is sensitive to the infra-red rays which its body emits.

There is a very interesting adaptation in the eyes of cormorants and gannets. The cornea has approximately the same refractive index as water, and so under water the refraction of the cornea is annulled; the loss of refraction corresponds approximately to that produced by a cataract operation in man. This is counteracted by strongly increasing the curvature of the anterior surface of the lens by means of the circular strands which these birds have in the ciliary muscles in addition to the normal radial strands of other birds.

Lastly, there is in birds' eyes a very peculiar structure known as the pecten (Fig. 2). It is a feathery structure arising from the retina near the optic nerve and sticks out into the cavity of the eyeball. It is really an extension of the blood supply to the optic nerve and probably fulfils a nutritive role for the "vitreous humour" with which the eyeball is filled and also for the retina which in birds seems to be devoid of blood vessels.

Since these objects could be attained without the sometimes very complicated structure of the pecten, other functions have been suggested. The pecten may protect the retina from glare, it may serve (by expanding and contracting) as a pressure compensator to maintain an even pressure within the eyeball no matter how rapidly the bird changes its altitude, or it may act as a heater for the eyeball during flight at high altitudes, though these last two seem rather fanciful theories.

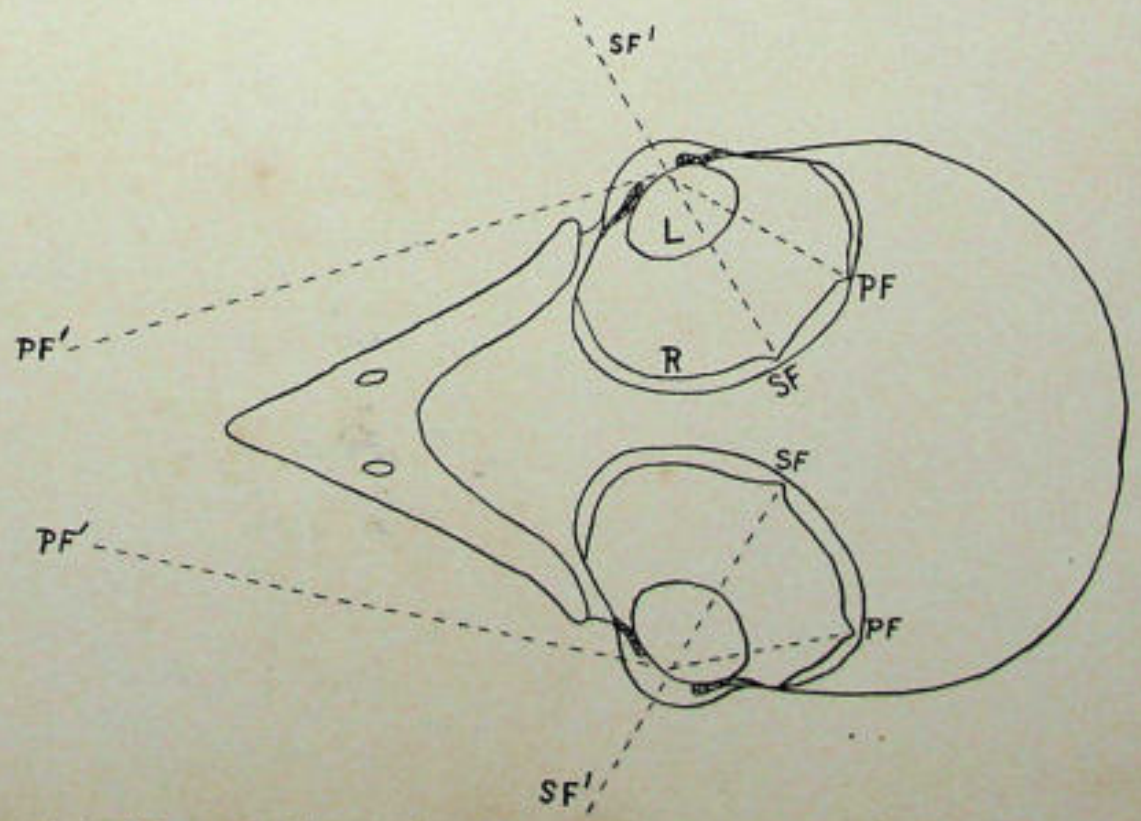


Fig. 1.—Diagrammatic horizontal section (modified from Wood) through the head of a bird of prey to show the three fields of view, the binocular and two lateral fields. SF, search fovea; PF, pursuit fovea; SF', line of acutest vision of search fovea; PF', line of acutest vision of pursuit fovea; R, retina; L, lens

SOME LOW WATER TACTICS

Lessons Learnt from Past Experiences

NOW the season is in full swing, it is occasionally profitable to look back on the last—memories of successes and failures—lessons one thinks one has learnt, but will not be sure until the occasion presents itself anew; and as fishing is a thing of infinite variety it is not by any means certain that the occasion when it comes will meet with recognition.

I have long kept my diary in such a form as to show the following particulars: Place, date and time; wind (indicated by an arrow to record strength and direction), state of water, natural fly seen, artificials found successful, general remarks and any interesting particulars of the fish caught, numbers and weight. This record is very little trouble to keep if columns be ruled in a small account book, and suitable abbreviations made use of.

Possessing such a diary, it is not difficult to reconstruct a day's sport, and to a certain extent enjoy its after taste! What strikes one most is the dissimilarity of each year from the point of view of the flies on the water and the successful artificials employed, and in addition the method of feeding employed by the trout varies greatly. Some years the "Purist" will do well, at other times fish seem to do nothing but feed under water, and a follower of Mr. Skues will come into his own; generally however each year will provide ample scope for both methods; in fact one might say each day.

Last season on the Upper Avon was remarkable for low water. The river was very low at the beginning of the season, and was never properly replenished during the summer, and at times fish would not look at any floating flies though hatches of small fly were well up to the average. As wading is not allowed, the fish in the shallows soon became almost entirely unapproachable, and in the still, deep, reaches, the film on the surface rendered fishing very difficult as it crept over line, cast and fly, making it almost impossible to float any of these things.

To the ordinary fisherman, who loves to roam the bank looking for rises and then to crawl into action, this state of affairs became most disconcerting, and when at length fish were seen scudding away for a distance of 60yds. and more it was evident that a radical change in tactics was obligatory. Where it existed a suitable background of course provided great advantages to the angler, and at times, and in certain places, this could be reached without alarming the fish, and with care a fly could be presented; though this was often none too easy, as the angler dared not venture on any movement beyond the necessary action of casting, and felt very much imprisoned in the coign of vantage that he had selected; not daring to stir out from the cover it afforded. Under such circumstances casting becomes a bit of a fine art, and to get the line out in the various necessary directions every method, including underhand, both fore and back-handed, switching, drifting and half drifting, and even left-handed fishing is called for.

There are certain reaches of this river which hold good fish, but where the banks on the angler's side of the river are destitute of all cover, while a good proportion of the fish may be found lying under the far bank or beyond the centre of the stream. Any movement along the bank is fatal to success, so, with the certain knowledge that there were fish to be got if only one could circumvent them, I would often crawl up on all fours behind the cover of sedge, rush, or willow-herb, and then sit on a piece of rubber sheeting (which I find the cheapest and most convenient sort of seat) with my gum boots dangling in the water, and there confidently await the opening move in the game from the fish!

It is curious how little the waving of the rod appears to alarm the fish as long as one has allowed a sufficient interval to elapse before starting to cast, and by casting up, across, and "drifting" down, a good deal of water can be covered without moving from one's position at all; even when playing a fish it is better to risk losing it rather than to struggle to one's feet and scare all the others away.

Another point is that these "sedentary" tactics are eminently suitable for a hot day, and the water running over one's gum boots keeps them pleasantly cool. My most successful effort last season with these tactics was three takeable trout without moving at all, and one more by crawling 5yds. downstream. The fly was a gold-ribbed Hare's ear.

Of all the physical qualities that are necessary for successful fishing none can be more important than good eyesight and the knowledge of how to use it. Any beginner can "spot" the old black trout that lies out in the open or behind a weed bar, but the recognition of a fish of normal colouring against weed, or lying deep against a gravelly bottom, calls for experience; while a shoal of grayling on gravel in bright sunlight would often be invisible except that their shadows give them away. It is especially necessary to users of the nymph that they should be able to "spot" fish quickly—not only does this faculty enable the angler to approach without scaring the quarry, but it also enables him to study the way in which the fish is feeding.

The best way to learn to spot fish is to go for a walk with a good keeper, or experienced fisherman, who is known to be an expert at this sort of thing; also, if the learner is the least bit short-sighted, let him use spectacles. Nymph fishing is extraordinarily fascinating, and also extraordinarily difficult.

As one begins to understand something of this art one undoubtedly has to develop another "sense." The indications of a "take" by a fish are often so difficult to define that it is not always easy to say exactly why one did strike at all. Fish take the nymph time after time without the beginner being in the least bit aware that this has happened. For a fish upstream pitch the nymph above it and to one side or the other; not directly above. If it is visible and turns out, strike as it turns back; if it is not visible strike at any indication. For a trout in midstream or across, pitch the nymph well above it and beyond, allow a little slack in the gut cast. Fish nymphing usually lie in a good current, so if the cast has been properly made the current should play the nymph across the fish's nose with the gut cast just about straightening as the nymph comes to it—when striking, strike quick and hard. Mr. Skues's well-known books are the books of reference and almost the last word has been said in them on this subject, but I should like to submit these methods of presentation which I have found most effective.



THERE ARE CERTAIN REACHES OF THIS RIVER WHERE THE BANKS ON THE ANGLER'S SIDE ARE DESTITUTE OF ALL COVER

Under our rules only upstream nymphing is allowed, so this method of letting the quick-running stream play upon the gut cast seems the best way of getting a proper presentation. Nymphs when about to hatch rise swiftly and on the slant to the surface; the artificial, if fished in the above way, will very often reproduce much the same movement.

I have found that with grayling a little twitch given to the nymph just as it comes to the fish appears very provoking and alluring, but that it is best to avoid this entirely when fishing for trout. As to patterns, I have always found it best and most interesting to catch nymphs and try to copy them.

One last word as regards fishing during this last season of low water. There were, as often is the case, days when fish rose apparently at nothing. When this happens, I always say to myself, it must be nymphs or smuts or spent fly. If no duns are seen to rise from the water nymphs are improbable; if no smuts are visible, the same reasoning applies to them. In this case it is best to fish a spent-spinner pattern, just awash, and of all the many patterns I know, I have most confidence in "pheasant tail," provided it is of suitable size and suitably lightly hackled. H. E. C.

BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS

Heavy Floods Spoil Sport in Many Districts

ON Monday, 10th, owing to the Teify being in flood, meets had to be changed, so the Hawkstone fixture was made for Rossers Bridge on the Lugg. Mr. Wallace hunted hounds. Casting downstream, they at once hit off the overnight drag which carried on past the mouth of the Hindwell, and hounds came up to their otter about a mile above Kinsham. Rifleman proclaimed he was there, but it took a little time to bolt him, and he was refound on the opposite bank 100yds. below, after Mr. Wallace had made good the bog. Then for 7 hours and 40 minutes the otter was kept on the move, going down stream all the time. He landed twice in the thick bracken, and cleverly dodging hounds each time, got back into the river. This very game otter was given up at 8 o'clock, after hounds had hunted him down stream for two miles.

On Wednesday the fixture was Stoke-on-Tern in Shropshire. Mr. Stanier hunted hounds, and they hit off a drag almost at once, going upstream. The grand old hound, Duplex, put down his otter in a small reed bed on the estate of A. H. Heber Percy, Esq. There turned out to be two, and a 14lb. bitch was soon accounted for. Hounds drove the other upstream very fast to the artificial holt, a distance of about half a mile, where, as usual here, he beat hounds.

They were then vanned to Sandford Hall, where they found in the boggy wood above the pool. Hounds raced him round with a grand cry for half an hour, and then lost him. It was a most difficult place to get about in, so it was hats off to another North Shropshire otter.

On Friday hounds journeyed down to Llandyssul in South Wales to put up at their old haunt, the Porth Hotel; but it rained again, and the Tiefy was again unhuntable on Saturday. So Mr. Stanier drew Falcondale Lake on the estate of Sir Arthur Harford, Bart., near Lampeter. Unfortunately, this was blank, so they drew the Grammel, where they at once hit off a drag which continued and gradually increased for about three miles, till they came up to their otter at a flannel factory. Hounds hunted him through the dense undergrowth round the mill leat. At this point a terrific thunderstorm broke, and it poured for the rest of the day, spoiling scent and raising the river. After pursuing for about three hours Mr. Stanier reluctantly gave him up. We are hoping for better things in South Wales, but the Tiefy is still in flood.

S. W.

THE WYE VALLEY'S SPORT INTERFERED WITH BY FLOODS

TUESDAY last we were at Mordiford to hunt the Lug on the lower stretch by invitation of the Hawkstone O.H.

The river had been up during the week-end, and on this day it was not much lower, and coming down very swiftly.

Hounds went down towards the Wye first, and Minstral hit the drag almost at once and the pack were soon speaking on what must have been a fairly fresh one. Primate then crossed the river and led the pack on the drag on the opposite bank. Coming back hounds pushed through the water to the withy bed by the main road, and all at once were roaring away through this very thick place. Coming to the back water they swam all round the withy bed and then overland to the bridge. Hounds swam under this and were off upstream, throwing their tongues on quite a good scent, they then turned and came downstream with the very fast water to the withy bed. The otter, however, had not landed and hounds tried the many water courses but could not locate their otter. Regaining the river they swam under the bridge again and upstream in the slack water, meeting the faster water above they could hardly move against it and had to turn again. This kept on for nearly two hours, and then Mr. Thompson tried hounds down nearly to the Wye and then back again; the otter had not moved and was evidently keeping to the more deep water and defying hounds to move it. Mr. Thompson had one more try, but the otter won, and we left it and went on upstream and had the drag right up to Tidnor Mill, where the otter had no doubt commenced its journey down to the Wye during the night.

Friday was to be Wilton Bridge, Ross, but the river was once more in half flood, and in consequence we could not hunt it. Still, this flush will benefit the salmon anglers, who, I believe, have been having quite good sport on the Wye. I hope they will not forget us poor fellows if they catch too many and do not know what to do with them. We have had to change our days next week to Monday and Thursday owing to the by-election in Monmouthshire, and to a most important function, which is the wedding of Mr. Thompson's eldest son at Burton-on-Trent. May I, therefore, conclude by wishing these two young people on behalf of all the members of the Wye Valley the very best of happiness and success in their married life.

M. L.

A REVIEW OF KENDAL AND DISTRICT

AFTER our very successful visit to the West Cumberland country the Master, as usual at this time of the year, laid hounds off on account of the hay grass, expecting afterwards to pay his annual visit to the Nydd and Wharfe in Yorkshire. But owing to the outbreak of foot and mouth he was unable to do so, and other arrangements rather difficult to make had to be made. While hounds were laid off we took the opportunity to pay a visit to the Carlisle, and had two most enjoyable days, one a joint meet with the Dumfriesshire, finding two otters on each day and accounting for three of them with some very good hunting, particularly the day of the joint meet. What a grand river the Eden is to fish or to hunt.

On June 28th we met at Churchtown to hunt the Wyre up, the Master hunting hounds. We had a long hike up through Garstang and past Scorton, and it was getting towards three o'clock before hounds marked in the old weir. It was impossible to get a terrier in, and we, no doubt, left an otter there, but following the drag upstream to the runner, which feeds the late Peter Ormrod's old fish ponds and the mill, we put the otter off, the crush of their music telling us he was away, and then followed the best hunt we have had so far this season—down the runner around the fish ponds under the road bridge, where the hounds could not get and he had a good rest, into the mill dam across the road up into the wood, a mile along, where thistles and nettles are 6ft. high and the bottom so thick that hounds could barely get through, the huntsman and whips not at all; down into the main river back across the meadow alongside the hedge into the runner again through the fish ponds and dam again, and so it went on for three hours, of which about two hours was on land, until 6.30 p.m., and as we had a long way to go home the Master blew off after the best hunt this season. Scent was very good, but the briars in the wood prevented hounds getting on terms. They could only get through with the greatest difficulty, but the music was wonderful. This is the second good hunt we have had there this season. Kitchener, who was whipping to-day, stood out on the top side of the wood as it was impossible for anyone to get to them inside, and they kept very well together and hunted in a pack.

July 1st.—We met at Elterwater. Sir Maurice Bromley Wilson, the Master, again hunting hounds. We were met by a good number of the Fell fox-hunters, local people dead keen, male and female, old and young, who never miss a meet of any sort. Same faces always there; and what a charming place to go hunting, one of the most beautiful places in the whole of the lake district. The Master put hounds into the river and we proceeded upstream. Hounds soon were feathering but could not speak to it. They then flashed across to the quarry dump, where there are always otters but where it is also impossible to do anything, too dangerous to try to put a terrier in, and we followed the drag upstream to mark in a root near Harry Place. Hounds put the otter off, and he was viewed twice, but he got under this very long root higher up and was never seen again. Hounds marked in one or two places, but it was impossible to get a terrier in, though we tried for a long time. We followed the drag heel for a little way and it gave out, and we hunted on up to Dungeon Ghyll, where we had lunch. And what matters, to walk upstream getting closer and closer to the Langdales is enough if you never find an otter.

After lunch Master took hounds across to the new duck pond, where the keeper says he has been much bothered with otters taking his young ducks. They took 40 out of one pen last year he told us. But there were no signs of any otters about to-day, though he showed us visible signs that they had been there in his trap the night before, so we proceeded downstream and hounds were sent home.

REDFORDE.

THE DARTMOOR STOPPED BY HEAVY FLOODS

ON Tuesday we met at Rilla Mill on the Lyneer. Dropping down a short distance, hounds started to draw very keenly, and continued to carry the line up to Trebartha, where they spoke up a side-stream, but threw up when this became covered in, and took no more interest, neither did the terriers think it worth further investigations. On returning to the river, hounds drew up the Cascade before calling off. There certainly had been an otter in this water, and was either below the meet or perhaps up the side-stream at Trebartha out of mark in a drain.

The following Thursday we met at Bow Bridge on the Harbourne. Hounds showed little interest till after Sandwell, when they feathered above the main road by the pond, and carried a line from this, across to the stream. A couple of hounds hung here in the bank and marked, but the terrier proved it vacant. Drawing on they spoke several times in the marshes and almost marked once or twice. Raymond tried every possible place with the terriers, but we were unfortunate again in not finding, and the draw ended at Rattery Mill.

On Saturday we were stopped hunting by the heavy floods, the river still rising as we watched it at the meet.

D. C.

CATCHY SCENT WITH THE CARLISLE

ALTHOUGH both coloured and on the high side, we started at Rack Bridge to hunt the Ottery River Lyne. A small field turned out, owing probably to the wet week-end. Mr. Glaister was in charge, and Hind turned out nine-and-a-half couple, looking like business. As expected, scent was catchy after the heavy showers, but we had touches right up to the Island, where it petered out evidently heel with our otter lying below. Nothing much was doing until we reached the junction of the Black and White Lyne just above Luckens, when hounds became very keen and raced on to the big clitter of rock above Breakings Bridge, where they all stopped, and we knew the game was there.

This is a big place, and about 30ft. high. Nearly all the pack were in out of sight, and terriers were busy, but could not corner her. She moved first down to the water, then right up a height. After some time Pip got her on the move, and followed her up. Nabob roared at her as she passed him at the top end, and she left right on the highest point. We heard Victor off into the woods, where the bracken was shoulder high, and soon all the pack was with him. She came to water at the top of the bend and swam right up the pool into a strong holt on the far side. Terriers were soon in and she was viewed making for her first harbour, but was turned away and went halfway up the pool again and took to the wood. She was a very fast traveller, and got safely into the river again, but soon left and came back on the other side. Right past the island she went, and came in just in front of hounds above the bridge in full view of the field, which was now swelled by several workers from the field who, hearing hounds, downed tools and joined in. Down stream she went where there was plenty of cover and just disappeared. We spent a long time trying both up and down stream, but were beaten by a really clever otter. Being four o'clock we called it a day.

TINKER.

EASTERN COUNTIES SHOW GOOD SPORT

ON July 13th these hounds were hunting on the Suffolk coast, meeting at East Bridge, near Leiston. Having drawn up the Minsmere river with a fair drag, which petered out, and then tried the marshes without avail, hounds ultimately put an otter down in the big reed bed below the sea wall and with a capital serving scent, both on land and in the water, they pushed their pilot hard with a beautiful cry through the reeds, and a grand hound hunt took place. After three hours of exciting hunting the otter came away through the sluice and down into the big reed bed below it, hounds nearly catching him on several occasions, but at this stage, unfortunately for them, a fresh otter joined up in the chase and hounds changed on to him, swimming him at a great pace for one-and-a-half miles towards the meeting-place before reaching which, however, they checked. The pack had now been hunting hard and well for four-and-a-half hours, and what with reed and a brace of otters, they had experienced just about enough of it, and came out on to the sea wall whacked to the wide; so concluded a magnificent hunt—one of the best of the season so far.

We were at Nayland Bridge on the Stour on the 15th, and having tried down river for a mile without discovering a line, hounds next tried upstream, and it was not until they came to Wiston Mill that they first opened to some old work. Some three-quarters of a mile above the mill, however, hounds found an otter lying rough and put him away, hunting him upstream for a distance until he turned and swam right down for nearly a mile to Wiston Mill, with hounds swimming him grandly. Right into the mill they went, and the otter was viewed by the old bridge just above the mill; but having got into the mill itself, this otter refused to budge, all efforts to shift him being unsuccessful and he had to be left. Hounds then drew on up to Smallbridge, but did not find again. Two good days.

DRIFTER.



THE ONCE BURIED CHURCH OF ST. ENODOC.
In the background the far end of the links can be seen with the short eleventh green prominent

A HOLIDAY LURE FOR GOLFERS

By E. R. TIPPLE

THERE must be many people who enjoy their holiday golf, who have not visited Cornwall. Probably, despite its wonderful scenery, the Duchy seems too remote for links they may deem not worth the journey. But those who have found Cornwall's links go back to them year after year. They enthuse over them, and there are regular visitors to St. Enodoc whose praise rises to such heights that strangers are lured there through sheer curiosity. I was one of them, and I have just spent one of the most enjoyable golfing week-ends imaginable.

With a friend I left Paddington by the midnight train on the Friday and, after a comfortable night's sleep, was on the first tee before 10.30 next morning. Two-and-a-half rounds were played that day, two on Sunday, and we were back in London by 7.30 on Monday morning. Five hundred miles were covered, and four-and-a-half rounds enjoyed in that short week-end, thanks to the admirable service of the Great Western Railway. Cornwall is not so inaccessible after all!

The first impression one gets at St. Enodoc is that the land provides a ready-made natural setting for golf. There is an abundance of fine, open, rolling country, much of which has yet to be explored by even the most wayward player; there are the huge hills, the sandy wastes, streams—difficulties designed by Nature herself. Such magnificent terrain is a gift which golf course architects dream of but rarely receive. It is not surprising, therefore, that only 36 bunkers were constructed by man. Five of the eighteen holes have no artificial hazards of any kind. This fact tells better than any words just how grand the country is.

Measuring under 6,100yds., the links, according to modern standards, would be called short. Actually it plays longer than one would suppose, and scores below par are few and far between. The winds influence the game in no small measure. They are constantly changing, so that the conditions may be quite different in the afternoon from what they were in the morning. This, of course, adds to the enjoyment and variety.

An alteration in the site of the clubhouse and the building of a new one meant a change in the rotation of the holes. The first is now over 500yds.—the longest on the links—played over typical rolling land, with a narrow gap between the hills on the right and a deep hollow on the left, through which the second must be hit. If this is achieved—and the shot is not easy, for you can get very amusing stances, one foot above or below the other—the plateau green will be visible for the pitch, or pitch and run. The latter type of shot will be the wiser, for the undulations will ruin any but the most perfectly judged pitch. At the second, also, the player needs to plan his approach with care, for the green, perched upon a hill at the end of the long and narrow valley, is guarded by cunning slopes in the ground that deflect to one side or the other all the "nearly good" strokes.

The third and fourth holes are excellent examples of what two-shot holes should be, yet they are quite different in appearance. The third is dog-leg to the left, with a hill to punish the crooked tee-shot. If the drive is placed properly a view of the green beyond the road and stone wall can be had. But the second has to be held up into the cross-wind, and this is made more difficult by a sandy hill just on the left of the green.

Holes measuring under 280yds. are usually dull and featureless, but the fourth is an exception. Indeed, Sir Ernest Holderness includes it in his "eclectic" course—a well-deserved honour. The tee-shot has to be played over an out-of-bounds field and you can take off as much as you like, the more the better, for then you will have just a run up with the land gathering towards the hole. A cautious drive will have to be followed by an awkward pitch over a deep, grassy hollow with the narrow green sloping away from you. This will make even the big hitter think twice—then he will probably miss his expected three!

At the sixth the golfer is confronted with as big a bunker as any pictured in the worst nightmare. The green, as illustrated, lies in a sheltered valley with huge hills on all sides, and the Himalaya bunker makes the pitch a blind one if the drive is hit out to the right—the safe line. Those who want to see where they are playing to can risk a drive to the left, but the mounds and winding road are more than likely to trap the ball. This is a thoroughly provocative hole calling for boldness and ingenuity and appealing to handicap and scratch golfers alike.

In my opinion, one of the best holes on the course is the tenth, 449yds. long without a single artificial hazard. But what difficulties have to be overcome! There is a marsh on the left, and if the drive is pushed out for safety the ball will finish halfway up the range of hills and then the second, taken from a goat-like stance, is alarming. The plateau green is on a ridge near the quaint old church that was buried for years by the sand. After a drive down the valley the next shot calls for much skill, as the contour of the land is deceptive. A weakly-hit second will kick off into the stream. The ordinary mortal will play it as a five and be well satisfied. Here is a hole full of adventure.

At present the eleventh is a short hole, not particularly impressive. However, a site for a new green closer to the sea has been chosen, and when this comes into use the hole will become a testing two-shotter. The change will be a wise improvement and make the round better balanced. Four short holes are quite enough for any course.

Playing round the historic church you climb gradually to the top of the hills and obtain a magnificent view of the Camel estuary and the open Atlantic beyond. The long, rolling breakers, the deep blues of the sea tempt one to lose concentration on the game and gaze on the scenery.

The drive-and-pitch thirteenth looks ordinary enough. The green is just beyond a ridge running diagonally across the line of play. Yet it is astonishing how many fives are recorded by those who treat it lightly. After the short fifteenth played across a valley, like the fifth, comes a testing long hole over undulating ground. Again the stances can be awkward and the hollow just short of the green seems to attract the ball more than the green itself! The new finishing holes call for high, carrying shots over rather terrifying country, particularly so as the end of the game is within sight.

Whatever happens, you go in for lunch with a huge appetite that is amply satisfied by a tempting array of dishes from which you are allowed to help yourself.

In addition to the eighteen holes the club has a separate nine-hole course, which, for the most part, is over as fine golf terrain as the rest. The fifth and sixth, in particular, are so interesting as to warrant inclusion in the major layout. But other equally good holes could be constructed, if required, in the expanse of virgin land bordering the present links—possibilities are endless with such magnificent country.

St. Enodoc caters for every type of golfer. Handicap players will find it intriguing without being too overwhelming. The lordly "tigers," expecting it to be simple because it is not stretched to the absurd modern length of over 7,000yds., will discover that 70 is a rare score because of the strategic design. In short, the golf is great fun under ideal conditions, providing a welcome change from everyday routine.



THE FAMOUS HIMALAYA BUNKER
Probably one of the largest in the world. The sixth green lies ahead and if the drive is placed correctly the second has to be hit high over this fearsome hazard



Photographs by D. B. Jones

THE SIXTH HOLE FROM THE BACK OF THE GREEN
On the left is the Himalaya bunker. The winding road on the right traps the player who attempts a short cut to the green

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Supper Menu for a July Evening

The Fare: Consommé Glacé Madrilène
Turbot froid, Sauce Verte
Poularde à la Néva
Selle de Veau froide, Sauce Cervelles
Fruits rafraîchis
Glaces et Patisserie

The Wine: Champagne

A COLD *Consommé* is a gastronomic heresy, but like other heresies it can, and it does, attract. However, since it has not got the saving grace of stimulating the flow of our gastric juices, which is the primary function of a hot *Consommé*, it must have the greatest possible sapidity; this is only obtained by a more generous allowance of meat in the pot and longer concentration in the cooking. The *Madrilène* means that some tomatoes and tomato *purée* have been added to the broth. Let it be quite cold, of course, but not stiff cold, jelly-like, which is tasteless and more indigestible.

A cold Turbot is an excellent supper fish dish, being easy to carve and a very good background for a well-seasoned *Sauce Verte*, that is a *Mayonnaise* with plenty of green herbs, chives, chervil and the like, as well as capers.

The *Poularde à la Néva* is a cold fowl, poached in a rich white broth, filled with a foie gras and truffle stuffing, glazed with a white meat glaze, when cold, and garnished with a *Salade Russe*, that is a salad of a number of different vegetables, such as peas, beans, carrots, &c., cooked and allowed to get quite cold, and dressed with a little *Mayonnaise*.

The *Selle de Veau* is suitable only when there is to be a large company for supper; it looks handsome upon the sideboard, and it provides a variety of different cuts to suit all tastes. But when the number of guests does not justify a saddle, let a cold loin of veal, plainly roasted, take the place of the cold roast saddle. With either saddle or loin, a *Salade de Cervelles* will be a novelty, in spite of the fact that the recipe is one of Carême's, and over 100 years old. You boil the calf's brains in water with plenty of salt and the juice of a lemon; when cold, cut the brains in thin slices which you dress in a salad bowl filled with crisp lettuce leaves; add some quarters of hard boiled eggs and pour over the lot a *Vinaigrette* (olive oil, wine vinegar or lemon juice, a little mustard, pepper and salt dressing).

Bowls of fruit salads and a choice of ice cream and water ices as well as a number of different small pastries, *petits fours* and cakes are always popular on a hot July night.

Champagne, the best of all wines first thing in the morning, that is round about 11 o'clock, is also the lightest wine last thing at night, and the most suitable wine to serve for supper, but it must not be too sweet nor of the acid sort which too often passes off as "dry" Champagne. The real Dry Champagne is made of ripe grapes and unsweetened; the other sort is made of unripe grapes, that is, made in a sunless year when the grapes did not mature completely, and it is sweetened to be made drinkable, retaining all the same an unwholesome "apple-y" acidity; to the untutored taste such a wine may give satisfaction, but to the more sensitive organs below the belt it is bound to be a source of burning irritation.

Craven 'A'

will not affect your throat—and they never vary!



Craven 'A' are in a class apart

Craven 'A' are cool—your throat will notice the difference at once—and for smoothness they are in a class apart. Yes! Craven 'A' quality makes the last cigarette at night as good to smoke as the first you light in the morning—even if you are a heavy smoker.

★

In the "easy-access" inner foil pack and sealed from moisture-proof "Cellophane"

9 for 6d · 18 for 1/-
10 for 6½d · 20 for 1/1

★

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Cravens Ltd.—110 years' Reputation for Quality

C.A. 633

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of July 20th, 1889.

UNITED States Cricket Amateurs. "Since their arrival in the British Isles, the team of American amateurs, coming from the chief centre of cricket in the United States, have got through a good deal of travelling, and have played some very good cricket. They began their tour in Ireland, where they played drawn matches against Dublin University and the Gentlemen of Ireland. At Edinburgh they did better, defeating the Gentlemen of Scotland by ten wickets, and this they followed up by a one-innings victory over the Gentlemen of Liverpool. At the beginning of this week they played, and were defeated by, the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire, but still they showed good form.

"On Thursday they made their first appearance in London, and were opposed at the Oval by a strong eleven of Surrey Gentlemen, among whom were three of the regular county team. A good number of spectators assembled to watch the visitors, who on the whole acquitted themselves well."

American Yachting Cups. "A correspondent this week makes a suggestion that a challenge cup of the value of £1,000 should be provided in the country for international yacht racing. We believe the council of the Y.R.A. had a similar suggestion under consideration two years ago; but although the proposal was favourably discussed, no action was taken in the matter. The fact is, it is by no means certain, if such a cup were started, that any American yachts would compete for it under the ordinary rules which govern match sailing in this country. But even if they could compete for the trophy under their own conditions, it is by no means certain that an American would challenge for the cup. Two American challenge cups—the Cape May Cup and the Brenton Reef Cup—have been on this side of the water for four years, one held by the owner of Genesta, and the other by the owner of the Irex. The conditions under which the cups are held were made by Americans, and they also selected the courses; and yet no American, as yet, has been spirited enough to challenge for the cups. The conditions are distinctly favourable to the challenger, as he can obtain an exact knowledge of the capabilities of the yacht he will have to compete against, and can deliver the challenge under such short notice that it would be impossible to make any alterations to the challenged yacht before the match was sailed."

IN THE SALEROOM

SOTHEBY'S are selling the interesting and valuable contents of Cam House, the property of the late Mrs. Evelyn St. George, on July 24th and following days, but the pictures, which include important works by El Greco, Goya, and Cranach, are to be sold at their Rooms on July 26th.

Mrs. St. George was the daughter of Mr. George Fisher Baker, of New York, which accounts for the contents of the house including so many beautiful things. The fine French furniture in the drawing room, with its magnificent Boucher-Beauvais tapestry, illustrated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was originally in Mr. Baker's collection, as well as a very important sixteenth-century Ispahan carpet. There are sixteenth-century leather panels from Walsingham Abbey, painted with the story of Esther and Ahasuerus; a wonderful eighteenth-century Chinese lacquer screen, a marvellous Mortlake tapestry with Indo-Chinese designs, a rare Chelsea tapestry panel, and fine Italian and Spanish needlework. The furniture includes a bureau plate of Louis XV design in kingwood; a small commode of the same period and wood, stamped D. F., with the mounts struck with the "Poincon" mark, which was only used between 1745–1749; a Louis XVI writing table in kingwood and tulipwood, 3ft. 1in. wide; and some delightful Spanish highback chairs of about 1700.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

EVERY country has its own code of manners which it is very necessary for you to learn if you want to enjoy yourself. Generally speaking, English people and Arabs become on excellent terms, for the customs of the two races are very similar in many ways. Both possess grave, quiet manners, keep their hands still, do not speak too loudly, and know when silence is golden. Si Mohammed Madani El Glaoui told me that when a boy he only saw his father once a week, and was obliged, whenever he wanted anything, to ask for it through a third person. Parents treat their children with much kindness, and yet young men are brought up in a very strict way. They must not speak except in reply to a question; they must not smoke in front of their father, or even their elder brother; they should sit with hands and feet hidden by the jellaba, keeping their eyes downcast.

* * *

It is very difficult to know when the Moors really mean what they say. Such remarks as: "We will go to Marrakesh to-morrow and stay with my friends," or "You must come and live with me for a month," are merely airy flights of fancy, trial balloons or indications of general regard. And yet it is not easy to know where one stands. I once received an invitation from a friend to stay with him whenever I might be in Fez, and thinking this mere politeness I put up at a hotel on my next visit. In the evening I met him, and he was furious. "Is not my house good enough for you?" he asked, and made me leave the hotel at once.

* * *

Appointments are infuriating, for Arabs have no idea of time and arrive, if they come at all, anything up to two hours late. They cover themselves by saying "inshalla," or God willing, though they often really mean, "It depends on how I feel about it when the time comes." You can never be certain. Sometimes your friend will start out from his house with the best of intentions and then meet Ali, who delays him half an hour, and then Mustapha and then Abdullah—as a result he never arrives at all. Very few have watches, and when they do it does not help much. I once asked a young man if his watch kept Arab or French time. "I really can't remember, but anyway, it's half an hour wrong," was the complicated answer.

* * *

Even when you are asked out to dinner you never quite know in whose house you may find yourself. Mohammed gives the invitation, and you not unnaturally think you are his guest; but, oh, no, not at all; he merely takes you along to the house of someone you may never have seen before, but who none the less shows the greatest possible kindness and hospitality. Their hospitality is, indeed, boundless, and if Mohammed really does give a dinner, and I am invited I, too, can always take a friend along with me. Once, when I was staying with Mohammed, he announced he would give a great dinner party; there would be flowers and music. On the morning of the great day he bustled out very early to buy, so he said, masses of roses; evening came, and we sat down to a very fine dinner, but not a single flower could be seen, and the nearest approach to music was a recitation by a young cousin.

* * *

Conversation is difficult as unpleasant subjects must be avoided at all costs. If asked about your health you must not even admit illness, and merely reply: "I have been rather tired." Compliments should be produced in an endless stream: "Fez has seemed empty without you; something in my heart told me I should see you; I am joyful because you are with me; you are in my heart and in my head always."

* * *

Djinns and devils complicate life considerably, and so does the evil eye. Precautions have to be taken. The word "Bismillah" (in the name of God) is said before every meal to scare away the djinns, who otherwise would come and eat. The evil eye one can guard against by holding up the open hand to spell "Allah." Persons, words, and things (such as a camera) may all have the evil eye, and so protective decoration is used, such as a hand painted on door or window, or a counter eye on ring or dagger. Only the other day I heard of a workman being dismissed because he had the evil eye and everything he touched went wrong.

* * *

You never thank a friend, because God alone is the source of all benefits, and also friends should share and share alike. I once lost a watch under very dubious circumstances, but Mohammed only laughed and said: "My house is your house, your watch is my watch."

H. F. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—Since I last wrote on this subject, I have been visiting different parts of the British Isles, and have had the pleasure of seeing many hundreds of eggs *in situ*. Out of these I have only taken one clutch. This is not "marvellous," as Mr. D. H. M. Bahr expresses it, but is the normal result of reasonable and selective collecting. I find that half-a-dozen opponents of all egg-collecting have voiced their opinions in the meantime, and should be glad of the opportunity to reply to them.

Mr. W. W. Nicholas writes from Yorkshire and identifies the sea-bird colony from which 40,000 eggs are taken as Bempton. This is, of course, incorrect, and his argument consequently falls to the ground. There has been a decrease in the number of guillemots on the Yorkshire cliffs of late years, but this is obviously due to the enormous increase in the number of kittiwakes, which have to some extent taken their places. The fulmar, too, will probably be a serious menace in the future. Living in Yorkshire, Mr. Nicholas can scarcely be unaware of these facts.

Miss C. M. Clark, writing from Windermere, expresses astonishment that a collection of eggs may comprise 10 to 15,000 eggs. Yet in Mr. Nicholas's letter printed above hers, he mentions that 130,000 eggs of guillemot were estimated to have been taken *in one year* from one colony, mainly for food.

This process had been carried on for generations without injury to the species, until the increase of rival forms began to drive them from their ancient haunts. As to the kite, protection of this species dates back to the time when Dr. J. A. Salter and I drafted a letter, which was read to the British Ornithologists' Club, when £40 was collected in the room, mainly from egg-collectors, to save the bird. Miss Clark goes on to say that it can hardly be regarded as a virtue in egg-collectors not to have taken eggs of the honey-buzzard for 20 years past, since the last breeding record was in 1899. May I point out that she is quoting from a paragraph which was published in 1921, eighteen years ago, to prove her case! In the new edition (1939) it is shown that nests were found and spared in order to give the birds a chance to re-establish themselves, from 1928 to 1932, and in other localities in 1923 and 1932. That "little knowledge" has indeed much to answer for.

As to the absurd fable about the destruction of eggs and nest by a collector of a bird which laid abnormally coloured eggs, I have the best authority for stating that no eggs of this bird have ever been destroyed, and that all the nests built by it are still intact. Either Miss Clark was misinformed or misunderstood her informant. As it has been freely stated that the buzzard and raven in Lakeland are in danger of serious diminution or even extinction, I may add that in the present season (1939) ten nests of buzzard and five of raven, all containing young were seen by a friend of mine in one county alone. This represents about 40 birds added to the population in one season in less than half the district. The peregrine, however, does need protection, for it is shot or trapped on one of the largest estates, and is hated by the pigeon fancier, as well as by the gamekeeper.

I should have thought that any intelligent person would see that if the British Museum collection contains good, bad and indifferent material, our aim should be to add to it and improve it, eliminating the rubbish. There is, of course, much that is of great value, and I have spent months in it, correcting errors, but I fail to see the object of keeping odd eggs without data of common species, often blown with two holes, and over half a century old.

Mr. D. H. Manson-Bahr's letter is so childish that it hardly requires an answer. He admits that he is a very bad ornithologist and "young in years," but adds that this has nothing to do with the question, and does not weaken his case. If this reasoning were correct, why consult experts at all? What is the use of 50 or 60 years of intensive field work and study in three continents, if a young man without a scrap of evidence can flatly contradict what he is apparently incapable of understanding? "Thug chauffeurs" must be unpleasant people (if they exist); almost as bad as *agents provocateurs*, or public-house spies.

Now we come to Dr. Manson-Bahr, whose letter contains many truisms. Certain species have disappeared: "Some blame the gamekeeper, others the egg collector, and probably both have played their part. They have vanished within the memory of man—the sea-eagle, the osprey, the avocet, spoonbill and ruff." Sea-eagles were shot and poisoned by sheep farmers and keepers, and ospreys were treated in the same way during the great massacre in Scotland. The final blow to the osprey was the slaughter of twelve birds on migration in Ireland between 1892 and 1912. Since that date only one bird has been recorded from Ireland.

As to the avocet and spoonbill, the former died out nearly 100 years ago through reckless shooting and wholesale egg-taking for food; while no spoonbill has bred for about 260 years, surely too long for any man to remember. Neither keeper nor egg-collector had any hand in the matter, for they did not exist. Ruffs were exterminated by wholesale netting in spring for eating, though a few pairs have bred or attempted to do so since from time to time. As to the Kentish plover, marsh-harrier, Montagu's harrier, hobby and dotterel, the hobby is still not rare in many places in South England, harriers are mercilessly shot by game-preservers, while the Kentish plover was always very local, and its one haunt has been ruined by "development"; the dotterel only breeds in the mountains of the north at over 3,000ft., and may exist there for centuries to come if not shot on passage. The insincerity of the present agitation is shown by Dr. Manson-Bahr's next sentence: "It is quite obvious that there is insufficient authority to prevent indiscriminate egg-collecting. The law must be strengthened," and possession of egg or skin made an indictable offence.

What really is quite obvious is that if we are in earnest in wishing to protect our rare birds, there must be stiffening of the law all round. The Pole Trap Act must not be allowed to be a dead letter; some control must be exercised over keepers, and those who break the law must be deprived of their licences. Vindictive fines on egg-collectors do not read well when contrasted with reports of "case dismissed" for open breaches of the Pole Trap Act.

Dr. Manson-Bahr's Wardens Association ignores the most important agency for the destruction of rare birds and concentrates its attacks solely on the collectors of eggs, the effect of whose work is in most cases trifling. What is really needed is the education of the landowner and the keeper as to the true value of the various hawks and owls and their importance in keeping down rabbits, rats and voles. The pole trap law should be rigidly enforced, and we should not have the farcical situation of heavy fines inflicted on all present when a peregrine's or a raven's egg is taken, while perhaps in the next parish, the keeper is nailing up specimens of both birds on his gallows and even claiming a reward for so doing. These birds are "vermin" over two-thirds of Great Britain, and ravens are so numerous in Lakeland that many are unable to find nesting places and do not breed.

Mr. Chislett writes brightly on his experiences in photographing Temminck's stint. In his first letter he queried the correctness of my quotation from Jim Vincent's letter; now the subject is dropped. He omits to state that his friends had already caused the desertion of the nest in 1934, so that he was unable to photograph it; in 1936 only one bird faced the camera, and the eggs proved infertile. Would not a few words from Mr. Chislett in 1934 have saved the situation in 1936? In Cornwall and Cumberland the magistrates fine not only those who take protected eggs, but any others present at the time; surely Mr. Chislett was guilty at least as an accessory after the act. As to Mr. Nathaniel Tracy's letter, I need only say that eyries of the golden eagle are few and far between in Strathspey, because it consists largely of grouse moors on which eagles are not allowed to breed. In some cases they are tolerated on condition that the eggs are taken, as in that case the birds generally move away. With regard to his accusations against two unnamed collectors in the district, I can state that the only detailed account of the incubation and fledging of the dotterel and snow bunting ever recorded in the British Isles (made, of course, by allowing the birds to rear their young) were carried out by a well-known ornithologist who has lived for some years past in the district. Is it to him that these accusations are applied?

I am glad to hear that so many as twelve clergy are collectors out of the 30,000 (or is it 20,000?) in the Church of England, but fear the number is exaggerated. The intellectual professions are well represented, as might be expected. The qualification to be included in Mr. Tracy's list must be a very low one, though, and I personally do not think that the possession of an ostrich's egg should entitle the holder to inclusion. I am informed that with his usual modesty Mr. Tracy has not included his own name in the famous "black book," and trust that the omission will be remedied.

No work on the breeding-biology of birds approaches completeness; but a comparison between the paragraphs in the *Practical Handbook* and those in the new *Handbook* will show the great advance which has been made during the half-century in which I have been accumulating data on this subject. To the collectors, past and present, who have contributed to this result, I can only tender my best thanks. To the landowner and game-preserver, I would say, look into your methods and, where necessary, reform them—and do not drive the true ornithologists and oologists into the ranks of those whose aim is to abolish all kinds of field sport.

Yours faithfully,

Southbourne, Hampshire. F. C. R. JOURDAIN.

SIR,—Mr. N. Tracy's graphic account of the exploits of egg collectors in the Spey Valley greatly interests me, as it so vividly recalls one of Mr. Eric Parker's delightful articles on the same subject. "Three fruitless months were spent this year in trying to catch a notorious collector. He was after greenshanks, crested tits, and dotterels. All the keepers in the Cairngorms were after him, but in the present state of the law, when only the police may search, the pursuit was hopeless. He cleaned the district of eggs." This indictment, furnished by one of the correspondents of whose *bona fides* Mr. Parker "had not any reason to doubt," was published in the *Field* on October 27th, 1934.

Let me come straight to the point. I believe that the "notorious" collector to whom Messrs. Parker and Tracy refer is myself, and I now feel that after this long interval ornithologists generally should have the opportunity of forming their own judgment. My primary object in coming to live is Strathspey five years ago was to fulfil, if I possibly could, a long-cherished project. I wished to be the first man to watch, study and record every phase in the breeding cycle of the sub-alpine birds of Scotland. And I believed then, as I do now, that if a collector is prepared to sacrifice a little he is capable of doing work on breeding biology that will compare, not unfavourably, with that done by anyone. In 1934, the year it was alleged I "cleaned the district of eggs," my wife and I spent 70 successive days and nights in camp on the high ground in order to observe for the first time in this country the entire breeding biology of snow bunting, dotterel and ptarmigan. That year we also secured, *inter alia*, incubation and fledging data about greenshank and crested tit which had then never been previously recorded.

Was it likely that I should have done anything to harm the breeding stock which I proposed to spend five further years in watching? Thenceforward, our work on these birds has been greatly amplified, and in addition, the Scottish crossbill, siskin, golden plover, red grouse and capercaillie have likewise been intensively studied. But I felt very strongly that until our story was complete, there was nothing to be gained by replying to, or even defending ourselves from, the grossest distortions of truth. We have had not only to contend with what is probably the most difficult group of birds in Britain, but to face an unparalleled campaign of persecution and misrepresentation. I have been hounded from camping-place to camping-place, faced and defeated the sanctions programme of a Highland lairdling, been made the butt of every malicious gossip, and even branded as "Public Enemy No. 1" by enraged ornithologists who should have known better. The cream of my own collection was sold in 1934 to help to defray the costs of my work. Since then I have not taken a single egg for myself, though I certainly have helped a few friends. I declare now that in spite of what we have suffered, we have never taken any reprisals, and I defy Mr. Tracy or any other to prove that we have diminished by one single pair any of the birds I have named.

Meanwhile, I recommend our critics to read the outlines in the new *Handbook of British Birds* on Scottish crossbill, crested tit, siskin, golden eagle, peregrine, &c. (all of which have already appeared), and greenshank, dotterel, golden plover and others (which are shortly due to appear) to see whether our work has or has not contributed anything new to ornithology.

In his letter, Mr. Tracy mentions three of our birds—greenshank, dotterel and golden eagle—all of which, it is implied, we are exterminating. What are the facts? I begin by asking Mr. Tracy whether I am the arch-villain who is alleged to have made the bag of eagles this year. If so, I can only say that it is as false as are the fantastic figures he adduces as to prices for clutches, &c. I do admit, however, that the status of the golden eagle is disquieting, but it must be remembered that this is a heavily preserved district, and that few gamekeepers (whether their masters approve or not) allow an eagle to rear young on their beats. In the last five years I myself have known of 50 eagles (old and young) to be destroyed by trap, gun and poison. To illustrate my argument, let me add that the one eyrie I saw in Strathspey this year was tenanted by the fourth different female in four years. Unfortunately, the best way to help the golden eagle at present is to rob them of their eggs as soon as possible after they are laid, and one will thus avoid the experience of an

acquaintance of mine who, in this county two years ago, had to lift the dead eagle off her two eggs.

Which, then, has contributed most to the decline of the golden eagle—the possible taking of a few eggs, from which in any case young would never have been reared, or the slaughter of dozens of birds, old and young?

Of the greenshank, as its Strathspey breeding-grounds are to-day, it can be truly said that it is possibly the most difficult quarry in Britain, and one which the flower of British field ornithology has vainly tried to master unless, of course, Mr. Tracy is the solitary exception. Its status here, and in its headquarters in Sutherland, is 100 per cent. sound.

The dotterel is another story. This attractive plover suffers not a little on migration from the gunner, and in the Grampians it is admitted that egg collecting has also been overdone, but without going into detail, I can prove that the Spey Valley breeding stock is not unsatisfactory. The crested tit, about which we also too often read the most alarming reports, is actually in some areas the most plentiful of our titmice.

Significant as are these facts, all of which I will gladly prove to an impartial tribunal, there is one further point which will emphasise them. Last March I was approached by an agent of Mr. Tracy's to see whether I would be willing to participate in his famous "nest adoption" scheme, but despite an affirmative reply by me, my gesture was declined. This, however, did not surprise me, because had my offer been accepted the rewards paid to me for showing successful hatches of alleged vanishing birds would, in my opinion, have resulted in the bankruptcy of Mr. Tracy's society.

But, sir, I am still unwilling to allow this controversy to distort my vision, and I confess that I am worried about the future of egg collecting. Let me make this clear, however, if it comes, as well it may, to guerilla warfare between Mr. Tracy and the police, on one side, and reactionary collectors, on the other, I have not the slightest doubt that the conflict will result in overwhelming victory for the latter, but ornithology has much to lose and nothing to gain in such a grotesque struggle.

For a century or more, collectors from Montagu onwards, both at home and abroad, have by their enthusiasm built up the fabric of modern field ornithology. To-day, having reached the end of that pioneering period, we live in the dawn of a new and richer ornithology. Our greatest living student of life-history is still an egg collector, but Eliot Howard, Huxley, Ryves, Hugh Thompson and others have shown what wonderful work can be done in the field of breeding biology. Their work, and all that it implies, appears to me to be an infinitely stronger argument in favour of reform in oology than do a thousand bitter attacks and whispering campaigns. And the plain truth is that, thanks largely to the polemics of fanatics, collectors working in this country, with few very honourable exceptions, are not now making that contribution to field ornithology I know them to be capable of. The amassing of long series of beautiful varieties, though harmless enough, is rarely of value unless each series is backed by a life-history study as full and complete as that made by the best of contemporary observers. As a field sport, egg collecting at its best is second to none, and the nest-finding technique of the ace oologist is still incomparable, but this must become a means to an end rather than the end itself. And, with this last sentence, Mr. Tracy, not so long since himself an egg collector of no little experience, must surely agree.

Finally, I would stress a point which is apt to be overlooked. Many of the problems connected with bird-protection are so complex that the sympathy and knowledge of all observers, whatever their creed, are essential to their solution. Mutual recriminations settle nothing, and I, for one, would always be pleased to meet the other side for friendly discussion of our common problems.

Yours faithfully,
DESMOND NETHERSOLE-THOMPSON.
Nethy Bridge, Inverness-shire.

SIR,—Mr. E. P. Chance is wrong when he says, that the "nest-adoption" scheme stimulates the sporting or adventurous spirit of the younger generation to outwit the "adopter." Fortunately, the members of the younger generation are gentlemen as well as sportsmen, and we have no trouble with them. It is the older generation that is doing all the harm, but time itself will remedy this.

So far we are adopting the nests of only five species of birds, and the great crested grebe is certainly not one of these. The so-called "adopter" who slept in a tent near a great crested grebe's nest was most probably some keen young naturalist who was intent on studying its habits, so another of Mr. Chance's squibs has missed fire.

The mention of fires reminds me of a true story which I heard a month or two ago. This concerned some collectors who were warned off an estate in Scotland and who, in revenge, set fire to the forest.

It is really humorous to read of Mr. Chance complaining about the harm done to birds by vermin. He does not seem to realise that these creatures whom he styles vermin are only performing the tasks allotted to them in the scheme of things, which the egg collector is certainly not doing. Or can it be that Mr. Chance is already feeling their competition? Anyhow, when he robbed the red-backed shrikes' nests as recorded in Mr. Eric Parker's book *The Ethics of Egg Collecting*, he appears to have been one too many for the vermin.

Yours faithfully,
N. TRACY
Hon. Sec., The Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. F. S. Tritton, from much experience I should say that the proportion of birds returning to their haunts of the previous year for breeding purposes is exactly the same whether they were photographed or not. They will even do so when the hide is of a permanent nature and still remains to remind them. Herons have repaired the previous year's nest in front of the same tree-hide from which they were photographed in the previous year, and have been photographed from it again—surely an extreme case. The stone curlews to which Mr. Tritton refers may or may not have nested on the same ground in the year following the one in which they were photographed (Mr. Hosking may be able to say); but if not I am sure that the photography was not the cause. Mr. Tritton magnifies the slight inconvenience to which the birds were put; and credits them with longer memories than they possess.

Yours faithfully,
42, Broom Crescent, Rotherham. RALPH CHISLETT.

SIR,—The Bird Watchers and Wardens is a society for enforcing the laws of wild bird protection on shooters and egg collectors, and Mr. Edgar P. Chance, in his letter to the *Field* of July 8th, thinks that it ought to be changed to a society for protecting heaths and commons from incendiarism. Such a society is as urgently required as the Bird Watchers and Wardens, and if he could promote it he would be doing a national service without interfering with the excellent work being done for wild bird protection in more pressing directions. Mr. Chance's other suggestion, that the Bird Watchers and Wardens should also make it their business to exterminate "grey squirrels, magpies, jays and rabbits," is undesirable. The future of the rabbit, which Mr. Chance includes among the enemies of wild birds, is at present being considered by Parliament, but on quite different grounds. On the other hand, it is generally agreed that the grey squirrel must go, though the harm it does to the rarer migrant birds is as nothing compared to that done by the shooting collector and field systematist. There remain the magpie and jay: The large public opinion which the Bird Watchers and Wardens represent does not want to interfere too much with nature, and still less to exterminate any species if it can be avoided. It is the nature of birds and animals to prey upon one another, and none should be exterminated on that account, though in some places it may become necessary to decimate them by taking their eggs, or by shooting the adults out of the nesting season. The magpie and jay do no harm among the rarer bird which are the almost exclusive prey of the collector and his satellites.

Yours faithfully,
London. D. A. MACALISTER.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE IN THE LADIES' PLATE

SIR,—Before Henley passes out of the news may I revive the plea made a few years ago for revising the regulations for the Ladies' Plate? The change by which schools are now drawn against each other in the early heats, welcome for many reasons in itself, does nothing to remedy the real trouble. Is it not obvious that school and college are unequally matched? The average age of a college crew cannot fail to be at least two years more than a school's; and it is precisely these two years that add most to strength and staying-power. No one would dream of pitting a team of schoolboy runners against a University.

To take weight first, a college crew will usually weigh 1st. a man heavier than a school crew. In almost every way the dice are loaded against the school. A college at Oxford has 150 to 200 to pick from—at Cambridge often more; a school of 400 boys (and no school should be more—before long most seem likely to be less!) has only a few dozen of the right age and weight to draw from. Then training: the college eight have ended their term a fortnight before Henley Week, they can give their whole time to training and stay at Henley as long as they like; the schoolboy, on the contrary, is in the ninth or tenth week of the most tiring term of the school year, often with an important examination ahead of him, and the school eight can put in only a few days at Henley. That, in spite of these odds, the schools make so good a showing, and have often won, is nothing to the point. It says much indeed for sound conditions at our schools. All honour to the crews, and to their coaches—schoolmasters, most of them working full time in school—for the keenness, the patience and the pluck which enable them to overcome their heavy handicap.

Let me illustrate from this year. Westminster, a very light crew, showed exceptional promise, and were picked out by rowing critics as one of the three crews—Radley, last year's winners, and Clare College, Cambridge, this year's, being the other two—out of the 28 entrants likely to figure in the final. What happened? On the first morning Westminster beat the powerful Radley crew by a canvas, after what Mr. Nickalls described (if I heard him rightly) as the pluckiest school race he had ever seen: in the afternoon they beat Bedford by the same margin. Next morning they had to meet Trinity Hall, who averaged a stone a man heavier, and had won their two heats on the previous day with comparative ease. After their two neck-and-neck races of the day before, made far more of a strain by the strong head wind, the light schoolboy crew could not possibly be at its best, and Westminster, after a gallant fight, were beaten. In less than 24 hours they had had to row three exceptionally close races, each of them in the teeth of a wind of unusual force for the time of year.

No one will grudge the college crews their well-won victory, least of all the Westminsters, who are certainly as good sportsmen as ever manned a boat. But all who are proud of Henley as the Mecca of the rowing world, and whose only wish is to see the best crew win, cannot but be distressed to find conditions prevailing which bring in a large element of chance. I speak as a dry-bob, perhaps even, like St. Paul, "as a fool"; but I speak also as an old schoolmaster whose whole life has been spent among boys in school and out, and I am absolutely certain that it is both unwise and unfair to subject boys of seventeen and eighteen to so severe a strain, and that if we want, as we all do, conditions that give the schools a fair deal, we should make a clean cut between college and school by having a separate "Ladies' Plate" for the schools.

Yours faithfully,
Moyses, Five Ashes, Sussex. LIONEL JAMES.



Gentlemen!
your
Johnnie Walker—

However many racquets a champion may need, for real refreshment he need only order a Johnnie Walker. Every whisky in the Johnnie Walker blend — which includes all Scotland's finest whiskies—is chosen for some special quality, which is enhanced by the blending. If it's men's doubles —make them Johnnie Walker.



BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

RIDING SIDE SADDLE

SIR,—I have read the article on side saddle in your issue of June 10th. I fear me that such an article will only lead to muddling people more than ever about this seat.

First of all, the writer gives us a diagram of the lower pummel right above the rider's left knee. This with a person with an ordinary length of thigh is practically an impossible feat, and, at any rate, tends to throw the weight back on to the horse's loins, which is one of the things that the side-saddle rider must surely try to avoid.

Another thing I note, the writer infers that the side-saddle rider should grip the whole time—again one of the things that we try to avoid as much as possible; in fact, the less the side-saddle rider grips, the easier and less fatiguing the seat.

I, of course, totally disagree that the left leg should be used as the main grip. A person strapped into the side saddle as per diagram in the article I am referring to, will undoubtedly get tired, and it is going back to the days of our grandmothers, or at least I should say, the grandmothers of the present generation.

If a rider distributes her weight evenly on the seat bones, letting the left leg hang in a perfectly normal and comfortable position, as in a good astride seat, allowing room for the flat of the hand between the thigh and lower pummel and allowing the right leg to steady her, I fancy she will not get tired.

One always hears people talking of a side-saddle rider sitting square to the front—this, of course, is a physical impossibility. Owing to the position of the pummels, the right thigh is further forward than the left thigh and the right seat bone is also further forward than the left, thus the body is turned quarter left; so to counteract this and sit apparently square to the front, the rider must turn quarter right from the waist.

The maintenance of the balance depends, I think, on what I call the "platform," that is to say, from the right knee to the seat bone, and if the right toe is not dropped this "platform" is maintained firm. It especially prevents the body swinging round to the left when jumping.

I am, of course, in agreement with your correspondent who does not advocate the straight left leg. There is practically nothing we can do with two main joints stiff. At the same time, as far as I understand the article and the diagram, your correspondent has gone from one extreme to the other.

Personally, I think that the side-saddle seat is far the easiest thing that we have to cope with, and anybody who rides well astride and has never ridden side saddle, should, if properly started, be able to go hunting after a very few lessons—at any rate, such has been my experience.

Yours faithfully,
H. F. FAUDEL-PHILLIPS.

Theobalds Park, Herts.

AN UNUSUAL NESTING SITE

SIR,—While walking through our camp at Buddon, Angus, some weeks ago, a small bird suddenly appeared as if from the bowels of the earth. On going to the spot I discovered a fire hydrant in which was a nest containing five eggs. These turned out to be a meadow pipit's.

The extraordinary part of the nesting site was that the hydrant was right in the middle of the camp with people continually walking past, and in addition was only about 10yds. in front of the garage for the new Bren carriers, whose trucks must have crossed and recrossed the nest many times a day.

The hydrant was left open half-way to allow easy access for the bird, and at the same time give her some protection from the carriers.



WATER LAID ON
(See letter "An Unusual Nesting Site")

In spite of all difficulties and the many sightseers who photographed her, she hatched out all five eggs.

I enclose a photograph which shows the nest. The necessary lighting was obtained by reflecting the sun into the hydrant with a shaving mirror.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN DE PREE.

Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow.

ELECTRICAL WADERS

SIR,—The cause of the phosphorescence, not electrical, was possibly due to drifting life called planktons (πλαγκτός = wandering). There are thousands of varieties, mostly of microscopic size. What your correspondent saw was possibly a variety called *Euphausiids*, or "krill" as called by the Norwegians. They are about 1¼in. in length, but are so abundant that they form a large part of the food of many northern fishes, and are the chief food of nearly all the whalebone whales. Their bodies are quite transparent except for the presence of minute red spots, and they possess enormous black eyes, and on this account the fishermen of the west coasts of Scotland call them "suil dhu," or black eye.

But they are most remarkable because along the sides of their bodies are numerous little organs that can blaze up into brilliant phosphorescence at will. It is on record that six of these little animals in a jar of water, flashing on their lights, made it just possible to read newspaper print.

Although many land animals, such as the glow-worm and firefly, are able to produce light so that they glow at night, this power of phosphorescence, or "bio-luminescence" as it is better called to distinguish it from light produced by the element phosphorous, is much more widespread amongst marine animals.

Yours faithfully,
G. PERCY ASHMORE.

11, Kings Gardens, Hove.



A FREAK TULIP
(See letter "One Stem, Five Blooms")

ONE STEM, FIVE BLOOMS

SIR,—I believe that tulips carrying two blooms on a single stem are fairly common, and I recently saw an illustration of one having three on one stem in a contemporary publication.

The enclosed photograph shows five distinct blooms, each on a separate stem, all proceeding from a single main stem a few inches above the bulb. You will notice that one bloom has already faded and that the lower one in the centre of the group has not developed in the normal way.

A further freak exists just below the large bloom, for a single petal, coloured as the flower, juts out from the stem itself. This freak tulip is growing in the garden of Mrs. Marshall, Anstead Cottage, Beadnell, Northumberland, a very old reader of the *Field*.

Yours faithfully,
J. A. MILES.

19, Lindisfarne Road, Alnwick, Northumberland.

WOODCOCK NESTING

SIR,—It may be of interest to some of your readers interested in birds to hear that on July 5th I saw a woodcock and three young ones on our tennis court quite near the house. They seemed to be sunning themselves in front of some low-growing shrubs.

We know woodcock nest here in our woods, but at a considerably higher level.

Yours faithfully,
RACHEL CHRISTIE.

Jervaulx Abbey, Ripon, Yorks.

A LANDRAIL'S NEST

SIR,—It may be of interest to record the finding of a landrail's nest this year at the end of May by a Westmorland farmer. It contained ten eggs, and his horse-drawn mowing machine picked it up on the knives and carried it intact for 6yds., only one egg being damaged. From this he ascertained that the bird had been sitting only a few days, possibly three or four. He replaced the nest as carefully as he could, but the surrounding grass having been mown down, it was without cover and the landrail deserted the eggs, much to his sorrow; he remarked that he would rather have lost a sheep!

An odd feature was that no calling had been heard on the farm this year, although the nest was in a field adjoining the yard and main buildings. Neither was a landrail heard there last year, yet I actually saw one standing in the gateway of a field next to the farmyard, on the opposite side from the site of this year's nest. It stood still for about a minute, then crept into some nettles under a hedge. This took place on April 30th, and as no landrails were heard calling subsequently, we concluded that it was a bird of passage. I wonder now whether it did nest without making its presence heard, and if this habit has been noted before.

Last year I heard seven different birds, but no nest was recorded in this particular area of about ten square miles, and this year at the time of writing, July 8th, I have neither seen nor heard a single landrail there.

I send herewith a photograph of a landrail's nest containing eleven eggs which may be of interest in view of the scarcity of this bird at the present time. It was taken at Silverdale in 1931.

Yours faithfully,
CATHERINE M. CLARK.

Fayre Holme, Windermere.



ELEVEN EGGS IN THE NEST
(See letter "A Landrail's Nest")

To Officers in the Regular & Territorial Army & Air Force



THOMAS & SONS beg to notify that they are in a position to supply Uniforms made in the very best manner and of the best quality materials by highly skilled workmen, to Gentlemen who are accustomed to wearing first-class clothes.

Their charges for these outfits are comparatively little more than the usual scale rate, but in the long run represent better value for money spent.

THOMAS & SONS LTD.
Sporting and Military Tailors
5 Carlos Place, Grosvenor Sq., W.1
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 2552

GHOSTS OF AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS

SIR,—A friend sends me the enclosed print of a snapshot he took on an Orient liner on the voyage from Australia. The subject is an inspection door, which is secured by wing bolts.

By a freak of the sun the shadows on the top and right-hand side represent a lively cricketing scene. On the top you see the bowler taking off his sweater, then two stages in his run to the wicket until finally his left leg comes down as his arm comes over.

On the side we have a left-handed batsman playing the bowling, and apparently slamming it to the boundary on the leg-side.

Yours faithfully,

38, South Eaton Place, London, S.W. 1. T. AINSLIE ROBERTSON.

THE CUCKOO AND ITS EGG

SIR,—I can verify that the cuckoo does lay its egg in the grass, having studied birds all my life, and that is a long time, as I am over 80. I made a study of this eight years ago, when there were quite a lot of cuckoos in this vicinity.

I rose early, between three and four in the morning, and took my position under an elm tree in the middle of a field, covered myself with a grey army blanket, had my glasses, and imitated its call. I attracted cuckoos; one bird settled just over my head, then flew down about 15yds. from me, laid still for about three minutes (I could only see its head at the time), then rose up, turned round, picked the egg up in its feet, then flew away. I distinctly saw this with my naked eyes. If you examine the feet of the cuckoo, you will find the feet are zygodactylous, having its toes disposed in pairs, made purposely to pick things up. The bird is not a tree-crawler, nor does it belong to that class.

I might further state I found a cuckoo's egg in a reed warbler's nest built on five pieces of water-grass stalks by the river, close to my house. The bird must have hovered over the nest to drop the egg in, for it would topple over if it rested on the nest. The egg was hatched out, but the fledgling's weight was too great. I found it dead five days after its birth.

Yours faithfully,

The Red Cottage, Enford, Wilts. ARTHUR NEWHAM.

SIR,—While examining a reed bed in the fens of Lincolnshire, I found a reed warbler's nest, in which was deposited a cuckoo's egg. From the shape of the nest, which was very narrow and deep, and from the position of the nest, which was built on



SHADOW BOWLING
(*See letter "Ghosts of Australian Cricketers"*)

slender reeds, on the outer edge of the bed, it was impossible that the egg could have been laid, as in the first place, the nest was far too small for so large a bird as the cuckoo to sit in; and in the second, the weight of the bird would have inevitably swamped the nest. Does not this fact go far, at any rate, to confirm the theory held by many ornithologists to be the correct one, that the female cuckoo drops her eggs into nests by means of her bill? She is provided with an enlargement in the throat, in which the egg could be carried in safety during her flight in search of a suitable place in which to deposit it. I have also found a cuckoo's egg in a titlark's nest situated in a hole in a bank of a loch in Benbecula, which was far too small for a cuckoo to lay an egg in.

Yours faithfully,

Cardigan Road, Bridlington, East Yorks. W. AUDAS.

THE CUCKOO'S NOTE

SIR,—In this district the cuckoo does not seem to have developed its usual double note this year. It would be interesting to know if the same peculiarity has been noticed elsewhere. They are, however, remaining here later this season than last.

Yours faithfully,

Ferndown, Dorset. W. R. THOMPSON.

WATERMILL WITH TWO WHEELS

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. E. M. Booty, may be interested to know that a water mill on the Arrow river about one mile above the town of Kington, Herefordshire, has two wheels set in line similar to those in her photograph. This mill is not now working.

Yours faithfully,

South Brent. A. T. MITCHELL.

LADIES' POLO

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of June 24th, 1939, "Ladies' Polo in Burma," your correspondent, who feels that "this polo match is unique," is quite wrong.

My battalion went to Burma in 1936, and several of the wives of the polo-playing officers took up polo at once. By April, 1938, they had raised a team which consisted of the Hon. Mrs. P. Hotham, then, as now, the backbone of the side, Mrs. Vallance, Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Ridout. The team played again at Mandalay at Christmas, 1938, when they were so much better than their opponents that a pick-up match had to be arranged.

Before the K.O.Y.L.I. went to Burma, a ladies' polo challenge cup had been in existence for some years, and had been competed for on several occasions.

Yours faithfully,

Ascot. T. B. BUTT.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, ENDRY STREET, S.W. 1. A gentlewoman, no longer strong enough to work, whose husband died eighteen years ago of diabetes, has applied to us for help till she receives her old age pension in three years time. She lives in a bed-sitting room with her daughter, and the case is very pitiful, for as gentlefolk they are existing in great poverty, both dependent on the daughter's little earnings. Please send us £13 that we may give them 5/- a week to relieve their struggle.

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray "THE VIRGINIANS"

10 for 8½d. 20 for 1/5
50 for 3/5½ 100 for 6/9
Handmade 20 for 1/8

This advertisement is set up in CASLON OLD FACE. *First cut in 1722 by William Caslon.* TT. 205E

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

FROM time to time I have made references here to the iron and steel and engineering trades of the country which are to-day enjoying enormous prosperity. Many of the engineering firms, particularly those in the machine tool trades, have order books which will keep their factories fully employed for several years to come.

A Machine Tool Trades Exhibition which was to have been held at Olympia in April next year has been postponed simply because firms are far too busy to be able to give the necessary time in making arrangements for the exhibition. Exhibitions are held in order to attract new business. Most of the machine tool companies are not in a position to-day to accept additional orders except for very distant delivery.

It must be realised that to a large extent the activity now enjoyed is due to rearmament. How the companies will fare under the new Armaments Profits Duty remains to be seen. It is admitted, however, that in recent years most of the concerns have paid very handsome dividends, and in practically every instance actual disbursements have been on a conservative basis.

In addition, many of the firms conduct a substantial export business which is, of course, entirely unconnected with rearmament. One of the best-known machine tool companies is Craven Brothers (Manchester). The business was founded in 1853, but the shares of the company have only been available to the public for the last three or four years. This concern finds no contraction in the volume of inquiries coming in from home and overseas sources.

The capital of the company is £300,000, all in ordinary shares of 5/- each. Dividend for the year to December, 1938, was 22½ per cent. with earnings of over 37 per cent., against 15 per cent. for 1937 with earnings of 28 per cent., and 12½ per cent. with earnings of over 30 per cent. in 1936. The shares at a market price around 13/3 yield about £8 10s. per cent.

Churchill Machine Tool Company, also of Manchester, specialises in the manufacture of precision grinding machinery. This company has been highly successful. The directors have consistently refused to expand the plant and buildings sufficiently to deal with anything like all the orders coming in. Despite this cautious attitude the company owns a factory whose potential output is in excess of normal requirements.

Dividend in 1936 was 45½ per cent. That was on a capital of £65,040. At the end of that year capitalised bonuses raised the capital to £197,820. On this larger capital the dividend for two years has been 40 per cent. paid in two equal instalments. Recently there has been a further scrip bonus raising the issued ordinary capital to £263,760.

The 5/- ordinary now stand around 19/-. This security can be quite useful over a period of a few years as it still has a good deal of work on hand, and substantial dividends are likely to accrue.

I hear that the firm of Arnott & Harrison is extremely busy. Its productions include precision tools, pressed tools, dyes, jigs and gauges. There are other activities. Its customers include Government departments, transport companies, aircraft manufacturers, and commercial undertakings. The issued capital is £105,000 on which there was a 12½ per cent. dividend for the year to June 30th, 1938. Earnings that year were over 28 per cent. on the issued capital.

The next report is due about the end of September. I know that dealers in the shares are looking for a rather larger distribution. The 4/- shares have a market price of 5/9. They may be regarded as quite a good speculative investment.

It must be recognised that shares such as I have mentioned, and there are many others available in the market, are attractive only from a speculative angle. Work will be more difficult to secure when the rearmament plan has been completed.

THYROID TRANSFORMATION

Not long ago, in their efforts at banting, it was fashionable for women to take doses of thyroid in various shapes and forms. The London Zoo have found another use for it in the Regent's Park Aquarium. Their patient has been the Axolotl, a Mexican salamander about 8in. long with a tadpole-like body with lengthy gills. The creature has no eyelids, and possesses fins on both body and tail. After a few meals of gland the Axolotl began to alter, and now, after three weeks, this aquatic creature has become a land dweller and has produced eyelids, while its fins and gills have disappeared and the tail, once flat like that of a tadpole, has grown round. The effect of thyroid on fishes, it would appear, is more noticeable than its effect on humanity. How trying if we had to take to our baths for the rest of our lives.

New Books

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON YARNS

Further Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron (1901–1938). By J. B. Atkins. (Geoffrey Bles; 50/-.)

MR. J. B. ATKINS'S sequel to the *Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron*, by Montague Guest and W. B. Boulton, is no cut-and-dried story. The author reviews the squadron yachts and racing from year to year, and important decisions in its history, but his text is enlivened throughout by anecdotes and notes concerning the members, and it is astonishing how he has managed to collect so much material together; every odd page brings forth a chuckle. Assistance has been given by the Hon. George Colville and other members of the R.Y.S.

There is much about Kiel and an amusing incident of the International Regatta held there in 1912, when Captain Hennessy was deputed to receive prizes from the German Emperor on behalf of absent winners. When he went up for the third time to shake hands and receive his own award for the 19-metre Corona, the Emperor burst out laughing and exclaimed that "Dis young man was taking all the prizes." That was the occasion when Herr Ballin, in an after-dinner speech, said he looked forward to Der Tag "when Neptune's trident will be wrested from the hands of the present owners." *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!* When Captain Hennessy met Mr. Milburn, of Noruda, to hand over the loot he swapped the label of his own second prize with the latter's first. "It's very strange," said the puzzled Mr. Milburn, "that the first prize is much smaller than the second." "Well, you see," was the reply, "they do things differently here. This happens to be an old Teutonic custom."

Sir Reginald Graham, the owner of Resolute, a heavy and very slow cutter of 80 tons, entered for the first Heligoland race in 1898. As he left, his son, in wishing him good luck, added: "I'm sorry you're going; we've always had such happy Christmases together." Mr. Hechert Weld, owner of Lulworth, while anxious to carry on family yachting traditions, knew very little of seamanship. He would go down below with *The Times* under his arm and often not appear on deck until a race was well in progress. "Hullo!" he would say, casually looking round, "We've started!"

There is a story of Mr. Gerard Lambert, of Yankee fame, being bidden on board the Victoria and Albert in 1935 and placed between the Queen and Lady Gore. He was apprehensive that he might be engaged in conversation with her and not be aware when the Queen desired to speak to him. So he communicated his fears to Lady Gore, who promised that whenever she observed such an inclination she would say: "Lee, oh!"

But the book is not all yarns, though these constitute such a delightful part of it. There pass in review those magnificent schooners, cutters and yawls of the pre-War period—Satanita, Valdora, Brynhild, Modwena, Evelyn, Glory and many others which took part on those great occasions when Meteor and Germania raced at Cowes. And from them we pass to the days of the Endeavours and the modern ocean racers. Britannia, very appropriately, has a chapter to herself. Sir Philip Hunloke supplies his recollections, the America Cup races of 1934 and 1937 are discussed, there is a chapter on ocean racing, and Sir Fisher Dilke writes on Tides and Tactics.

One of the most important sections is the War history of the R.Y.S. and its yachts, together with a table of the duties, and in a number of cases the fate, which was their lot in the years from 1914 to 1918. Then, in the words of Captain Lecky, yachtsmen proved themselves "a real nautical asset for emergency," and the C.-in-C. Grand Fleet said that "without the auxiliary patrol the Grand Fleet often could not have gone to sea."

Of the Squadron there are many interesting particulars, with notes on the library by Sir Charles Biron and notes on the pictures by Mr. Cyril Drummond. Illustrations are given of many fine ships, and there are a number of most amusing cartoons of prominent members drawn by the Earl of Albemarle. R. N. Rose.

* * * *

The Island of Zeus. By Ralph Brewster. (Duckworth; 15/-.)

Minos and Rhadamanthys (mythologically the sons of Zeus, but for the purposes of this book, two donkeys), Freddy and the author are the four moving spirits in *The Island of Zeus*, which is, of course, the island of Crete.

The story we are given is an account of three months spent wandering about day after day among the hills and towns of this historic spot. The publishers claim the book to be "the only comprehensive book on Crete—in fact, *the* standard up-to-date work for anyone who is not a professional archæologist," which remark, like so many publishers' "puffs," is somewhat highly coloured. The book is altogether too discursive to fall into the catalogue of standard works, but, for all that, it makes excellent reading, and has that intimate feeling about it which makes the reader desire to go to the island himself—a desire enhanced by the author's very fine photographs.

In the Odyssey we read: "There is a land called Crete, in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair, rich land, begirt with water, and therein are many men past counting, and 90 cities!" Thanks to Mr. Brewster we are able to see this fair, rich land and to meet quite intimately some of the men past counting and to wander among the fallen stones of the 90 cities.

Leslie N. Radcliffe.

* * * *

Angling at Loch Boisdale. By Major R. A. Chrystal. (H. F. & G. Witherby; 6/- net.)

C-Trout's new book is of a very different character from his speculative volume on angling theories and methods which appeared more than ten years ago, and intrigued the angling world with its suggested explanations of more than one fishing problem. This book deals with a little corner of South Uist, on the West coast of Scotland, and in it he describes the lochs fished by anglers staying at the Lochboisdale hotel of which a sportsmen's record has been kept for many years.

One of the advantages of the lochs is that they cannot be overfished, since only six rods are allowed, one to a loch; and there is no evening fishing; so here we have an account of fishing under what are virtually "natural" conditions. The main part of the volume is devoted to a study of the journal which has been kept, recording the bags made, and other items, from 1882 to the present time, though there are gaps in the earlier records.

Major Chrystal extracts items, and quotes from the journal, commenting shrewdly on the items as he goes along. It ought to be said, perhaps, that this is hardly a book for the general angler, since it consists almost entirely of the season-to-season fishing history of a group of lochs. But there must be many rods who have fished at Loch Boisdale, and others who may be interested in comparing this record of sport with their own lochs or other waters in the west of Scotland.

H. D. Tebbs.

* * * *

Suffolk Scene. By Julian Tennyson. (Blackie; 8/6.)

Mr. Julian Tennyson, a great-grandson of the poet, is a great lover of the English countryside, and particularly of Suffolk, his own county. He is both poet and sportsman—a combination by no means so unusual as it sounds—and he writes his book as a sportsman with a poet's eye and a poet's feeling. I do not know Suffolk very well, but having read this book, which is beautifully written in the most natural of ways, I want to know it very well. That is a tribute to Mr. Tennyson, but I do not think he wrote the book for those who do not know Suffolk, but only for those who do. He writes a good deal about Constable and the Constable country, and he praises the Suffolk Punches. But—perhaps my memory is at fault—Constable himself did not paint Suffolk Punches—he preferred white horses. Mr. Tennyson does not mention this weakness (to my mind) of Constable's work. Another case of love is blind? But enough of criticism. There is stuff in this book that may be read again and again: a storm on Breckland and an adventure in a dinghy, both examples of really fine writing; and a chapter on ducks and dogs and marshes and marshmen, which must rank very high in East Anglian literature. This is a lovely sensitive book. It will have a warm welcome from Suffolk lovers, and from those who know not Suffolk but love fine literature.

Brian Vesey-FitzGerald.

* * * *

Red Strangers. By Elspeth Huxley. (Chatto and Windus; 8/6 net.)

If ever there was a book worth writing, worth reading, worth publishing, it is this one. It not only has a very interesting story to tell, but a definite purpose in writing it. It tells this story with such imagination, such colour, that it would be worth reading for its description alone. And for these reasons it is obviously a good book from the publishing point of view. The setting for it is Africa; in the beginning the land of untamed nature and uncivilised tribes; towards the end the country civilised and mechanised by the white men—the Red Strangers. A tribe of Africans, the Kikuyu, are the main characters. And it is in her description of them, their way of living, their habits, their beliefs, that Mrs. Huxley is at her best. For she is not merely content to put it all down with great accuracy and great detail. With her brilliant imagination and beautiful writing she uses this plain fact as a canvas on which to paint a picture of vivid colour. As a combination of harsh realism and artistic idealism her book could not possibly have more variety, more interest. As a statement of fact and at the same time a beautiful piece of writing it will be read by people almost as varied as itself. Humphrey Daniel.

* * * *

Thorne's Complete Contract Bridge. Revised and enlarged by "Petronius." (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 5/-)

This is the fourth edition of Harold Thorne's well-known book. This enlarged edition includes a description of the Acol System and the Kempson Direct System. The former uses Two Clubs as the opening forcing bid, but is essentially Approach Forcing in character and embodies many features evolved by prominent London players. The latter is Ewart Kempson's crystallisation of the broad principles advocated by the late Colonel Walter Buller.

About 160 pages are devoted to a discussion of the better known systems of bidding and 60 well-written pages to the play of the cards. The essential points of the Two Club and Culbertson systems are thoroughly covered, and I can definitely recommend this book to the club player who wishes to have a working knowledge of the various systems. For a more detailed description of each system the reader is referred to the excellently chosen bibliography at the beginning of the book.

* * * *

Simplified Contract Standards. By Frank W. Perkins. (Fitzwilliam; 4/-.)

In 63 pages the author summarises the basic features of the Culbertson system, the "Four Aces" system, and the standardised code, omitting all highly conventional bids.

An ideal book for the beginner or the family player, it briefly gives the essential points of bidding. Each chapter is followed by a series of hands illustrating the type of bid to which reference has been made. The chapter on slam bidding refers to the Four-Five No Trump convention and the Blackwood convention, but does not include asking bids. A well-produced little book, although rather expensive, for its size.

Ralph Swingler.

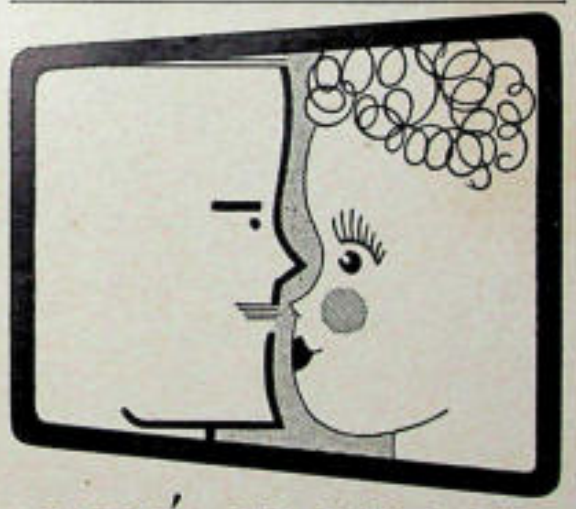
* * * *

Lord Kitchener. By Lieutenant-Colonel H. de Watteville, C.B.E. (Blackie & Son, Ltd.; 5/-.)

It is safe to say that this is a book which will be read by all. Where an outstanding figure is concerned there are bound to be differing opinions, but there can be few who do not admire the qualities which made Lord Kitchener famous and which have assured him a lasting place in history.

Colonel de Watteville's book is of particular value in that he has avoided the mistake of allowing hero-worship to obscure his pen-picture of this great man. This at once places his work in the forefront. Perhaps his remark that of Kitchener, in a way, it might truly be said that he was in the Army yet not of it, may be a good epitome of the reason for his success as a soldier. From this too it may not be difficult to understand why he made mistakes as a politician.

The author traces his life from that of a subaltern of Royal Engineers to the tragic ending in H.M.S. Hampshire. The Sudan, Egypt, South Africa, India, the Great War, all the phases of this brilliant, if enigmatic, career are described in graphic style. Naturally, the part dealing with the Great War receives due prominence, and also a good deal is said about the Kitchener—Curzon controversy. As touching his personal life, it is recorded that while he knew nothing of pheasant or grouse shooting, he was very keen on tiger shooting. There are eight illustrations, including the famous recruiting poster of 1914. W. H. T. Long.



CINÉ CLOSE-UP

Have you ever handled a Magazine Ciné-'Kodak'? It's thrilling. So ingenious, so versatile—yet it's easier to load than a cigarette case. Slide in a magazine of 16mm. film—3 seconds' work—and it's ready to film sport, home, holidays, etc.

PRESS NOTICE

Press a button and you're taking pictures. If you want to take shots in glorious colour you can change to 'Kodachrome' film instantly. Have you seen 'Kodachrome' colour movies yet? They're *sensational!*

Telephoto shots (with long-focus lens) and fascinating slow-motion pictures are simple with a Magazine Ciné-'Kodak.' For night-filming ordinary home electric light is often bright enough with Ciné-Kodak Super-XX Film.

FREE Why not pop into a good camera-shop and examine this modern marvel yourself? Ask for a book on Ciné-'Kodaks,' or write to Mr. F. Taylor, Dept. 87, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



Ultra-fast f1.9 Anastigmat lens; seven long-focus and wide-angle lenses available (extra); 3 speeds (16, 32 and 64 per sec.). Capacity 50 ft. magazine of 16mm. film. Price (with carrying case), £40.

The MAGAZINE CINÉ-'KODAK'

This is the Gin



made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon since 1769.

The Gin with world reputation

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON — *The largest gin distillers in the world*

When you have letters to write . .



He will remind you that arrears of correspondence can soon be cleared up with a "Good Companion" typewriter. It is easy to use and so well made that it will give you many years of trouble-free service. The "Good Companion" costs from 10 Guineas complete with case.

EASY SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENTS ARE AVAILABLE

The all-British portable

Imperial 'Good Companion'

Makes a 'perfect page'



Post this coupon for interesting literature
NAME AND ADDRESS

Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd., Leicester

USE A TYPEWRITER MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

SWAINE & ADENEY, LTD.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V

ESTABLISHED 1750



"Sam Browne" Belt

Super quality hand-sewn .. £3 3 0
Second quality £2 2 0

Military Map Case

Waterproof khaki cloth .. 18s. 6d.

Send for Illustrated Listr.

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

HEALTHIER MOTORING

Enjoy health-giving fresh air by motoring in Tickford Coachwork. The pleasure of touring is doubled. The Tickford Drop-Head Coupes and Four-Door Cabriolets are built up in electrically welded steel framework, giving lightness and great strength, and the ease with which these are opened and closed is not found in any other Coachwork of this type. The hoods are fully lined as in a Saloon, no framework being visible. Tickford bodies are the result of over 20 years' specialisation in Open-Closed Coachwork in which are incorporated patents giving the maximum ease of opening and closing, with complete protection from wind and rain in rough weather. No other Coachwork of this type can give you the same advantages. Thousands are in daily use giving absolute satisfaction. Tickford Coachwork is included in the Models of the Armstrong-Siddeley, Daimler, M.G., and Rover Cars. Descriptive specification with pleasure from the Patentees:

SALMONS & SONS (Coachbuilders) LTD.
NEWPORT PAGNELL

London Showrooms:
8, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2

For WIDER HORIZONS



This BISTEL Telescope gives powerful magnification and perfect definition, yet is extremely light and compact. You will find the BISTEL invaluable when shooting, yachting, cruising or mountaineering: carry it with you on all open-air or holiday occasions.

THE BISTEL TELESCOPE

PRICE £5

is easily carried and focused with simple precision. Length closed, 10 in.; extended, 16 in. On firing points shows 22 shot holes at 100 yds. Sliding dew shade. Finished black waterproof material.

Write for fully descriptive brochure.

W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.
313 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

The **COLLINGTON** PATENT **RABBIT NET DEVICE**
Recommended by the R.S.P.C.A.



The release line drops the net, thus intercepting and entangling the rabbits as they are driven back to burrows.

A Pair of Rabbits can produce

250 Young in a Year . . .

—so start protecting your crops now with the Collington Rabbit Net device—recognised as the most satisfactory and convenient method of catching large numbers of rabbits. May be set at any time—effective under all weather conditions — requires little time to erect—simple to operate—rabbit carcases unspoilt. PRICES: Supports and rods for 100 yards complete with release line and ground pegs, £3.0.0. Tanned and lined Net, 4ft. × 4 ply, 165 yards to set 100 yards, £3.3.0. Carriage paid.

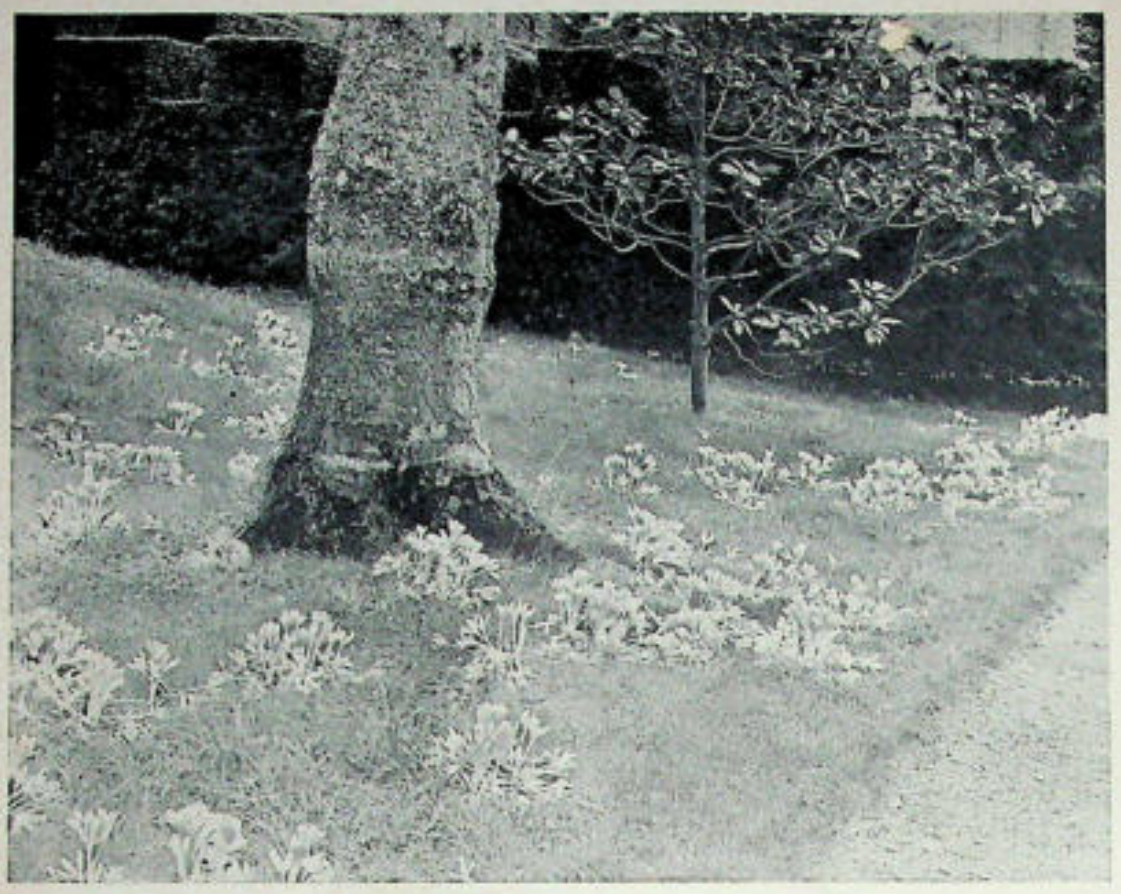
Write for full particulars to:

ACCLES & SHELVOKE Ltd.
ASTON BIRMINGHAM 6

CONTRACT PLOUGHING

The names of tractor owners who will plough, cultivate, and carry out other Power Farming operations by contract may be obtained from the Secretary:

TRACTOR USERS ASSOCIATION, LTD.,
2, Chesham Place, London, S.W.1.



"COLCHICUMS HAVE THE MERIT OF FLOWERING WITHIN TWO MONTHS OF BEING PLANTED"

The Country House

AUTUMN FLOWERING BULBS

The Popularity of Colchicums

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FASHION is as fickle in the garden world as elsewhere, and for years the autumn-flowering bulbs have been rather neglected, but now they are very much to the fore, notably the Colchicums. They have the merit of flowering within two months of being planted (though they are only seen at their best when well established), and the colourings of the best kinds are striking. The only drawback is that in spring they produce masses of large leaves, and consequently they cannot be planted indiscriminately to fill up gaps in the rock garden.

Colchicums should be planted as early in July as possible, and even so the bulbs usually arrive already sprouting. These plants are ideal for rough grass banks, for in such a position the blooms are not ruined by mud splashes as in beds. If planted in such a position, however, the grass cannot be cut the following season till the foliage has faded completely. Sometimes a suitable spot can be found for Colchicums along a hedgerow enclosing an orchard. I recall one where the short grassy banks by the hedges were planted with Colchicums, and the effect of the pink and wine-coloured flowers with the trees loaded with fruits made an unusual and delightful feast of colour.

The earliest Colchicums to flower are the new hybrids, Autumn Queen and The Giant. The latter with its slightly tessellated mauve-pink flowers is particularly fine. *C. Bornmulleri* is also early flowering and has blooms rather similar to the varieties named above.

The pick of the Colchicums, however, are perhaps the later flowering hybrids of *C. speciosum*, notably Ruby Queen, Lilac Wonder and Conquest. The flowers and stems of Ruby Queen are a rich wine colour and the centres white. Conquest is very free flowering, and the petals have a ruby tinge. The white form of *C. speciosum* is remarkably fine. Another outstanding variety is *illyricum*, which has white-centred pinkish flowers with prominent golden anthers.

The varieties of *C. autumnale* are late-flowering and, being free-flowering, are useful for picking at a time when choice flowers in the open are scarce. Unlike most double flowers, the double forms of *C. autumnale* are charming, notably the white varieties.

Colchicums belong to the Lily tribe and consequently need perfect drainage. Heavy soils have to be well lightened with sand or hop manure, &c. They do equally well in full sun or part shade. Once planted, the bulbs should never be disturbed till the flowers show signs of deterioration, when they should be lifted and divided. The best time to do this is directly after the foliage has faded. The ideal soil is a well-drained loam, but Colchicums are accommodating provided the soil is well drained. The bulbs should be planted with the tips 1in. below the surface soil.

The autumn-flowering Crocuses are not so showy, but they are eminently suitable for the rock garden. They also do well in fine turf, but cannot be planted in rough grass. One of the most beautiful is *C. speciosus*. This type has large-veined rich lavender flowers with orange stigmata, and there are several varieties, but the type is the most attractive. *C. odorus* syn. *longiflorus* has mauve flowers with vivid scarlet stigmata and is faintly scented. *C. zonatus* and *C. Salzmanni* both have mauve flowers, and the petals of the latter are streaked on the outside. *C. ochroleucus* invariably attracts attention, for whereas most autumn-flowering Crocuses range in colour from lavender to violet blue, this species has creamy flowers touched orange at the base.

The most interesting of the autumn-flowering Crocus is indisputably *C. sativus*, the Saffron Crocus listed in the Song of Solomon among such valuable spices as myrrh frankincense, calamus, aloes and spikenard. The Romans valued the Saffron Crocus for its medicinal and culinary uses, and they may have introduced it into these islands. Traditionally it was first grown at Saffron Walden, and the arms of this town commemorate the legend that the bulbs were brought by a pilgrim who hid them in a hollow staff. Saffron Hill commemorates, possibly, the Saffron grown there when this ground was part of the famous garden of Ely House. Nowadays this Crocus is not easy, but formerly it was commonly grown. Saffron is not a flavour to everyone's like. It is skilfully used by Italian cooks, notably in risotto, and in this country it is still popular in Cornwall. But whereas risotto flavoured with saffron is excellent, Cornish saffron cakes always strike me as an acquired taste.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, games, country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, August 1st. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.

DIVERTING A FOOTPATH

"ONCE a highway, always a highway," is the saying that causes so much misgiving to the landowner with an unwanted path on his estate. Like many of its kind, this saying is very nearly true, but not quite. For a highway may be legally closed or diverted, or it may have been abandoned. Abandonment is very troublesome to prove, for there is no precedent for the number of years which must elapse since it was last used. The onus of proof is upon the landowner, in itself no mean task.

It is now quite clear that a footpath is created if it is used by the public openly, not by written consent, and not secretly when no one is looking, for a period of 20 years, or if the landowner be a tenant for life, then for 40 years immediately preceding the action. The Rights of Way Act, 1935, made this clear, and also provided that proof of public user could be negatived by notice-boards maintained on the land, and by a plan and statement deposited with the County and District Council and reaffirmed by statutory declaration every six years.

The creation of a footpath is clearly defined, but its abandonment is not, and it is necessary to rely upon legal closing or diversion. The procedure is very clumsy. It may cost £100 and take from six months to a year to carry through. Great care is taken to ensure that the limelight of publicity shall shine brightly on the footpath in question, and opposition may render the proceeding abortive. A fortunate provision that an unsuccessful opposer may be saddled with a share of the costs is a deterrent to busy-bodies.

In order to divert a footpath, if it cannot be closed as unnecessary, it is required that the substituted way shall be nearer or more convenient for the public. The landowner is forced by the fiction of law to pose as a public benefactor. However absurd this arrangement may seem, it does ensure the continuance of footpaths, each of which was first created for some definite purpose.

The first application is to the rural district council, and must be repeated to the parish council. Large-scale plans showing the path to be closed and the line of the substituted way are required. The council, if they approve, will then apply to two justices to view the paths. Notices are exhibited at each end of the path, also inserted in the local paper for four successive weeks, and affixed on the church door for four successive Sundays. The justice's certificate and the plan is lodged with the Clerk of the Peace for inspection during this time.

Application may then be made to Quarter Sessions, and interested persons can object to the closing or diversion. If the court grants the application, the new way is made up by the landowner with all necessary swing gates, stiles, footbridges, and other things necessary. Some levelling may be required, but not metalling unless the original path was paved.

When all has been carried out, the justices again view and certify that the work is satisfactory and that the new way is substituted for the old, which is closed. The liability for future repairs is not affected. The cost of making the change rests upon the divertor, but the repairs to the new path are dealt with in exactly the same manner as of the old. The most general custom will be for the landowner to be responsible for gates and stiles, and sometimes bridges, and the council for any metalling.

One can sympathise with the landowner who refuses to be drawn into so complicated a proceeding, and who takes the law into his own hands, avoiding publicity, and quietly closes up the unwanted path and makes up the substitute. Simple as it may seem, this course is open to serious objection. The owner has dedicated the new way to the public, without legally closing the old way. If someone wished to be unpleasant, the landowner could be made to open the original path and suffer the inconvenience of two public footpaths instead of one. This eventuality is not so remote as it may at first sight appear, for the Rights of Way Act has caused activity among landowners, who are preparing plans and statements, and councils are drawing up their ideas of the public rights of way, with which to check the owners' plans.

Organised bands of hikers are becoming more common, and various public societies actively seek to keep footpaths alive and investigate complaints. It is by no means safe to take the law into one's own hands in these matters. Far better is it to take advantage of the powers in the Town and Country Planning Act, 1932, and secure the co-operation of the planning officer. Diversion under this Act is no more than the crossing out of one way and the marking of the substituted way on the draft scheme map. It is open to public objection, but this is not so likely at a time when so much else in the draft scheme calls for attention.

REGINALD DAVEY.



A HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT AND SQUASH COURT CONSTRUCTED BY THE "EN TOUT CAS" COMPANY OF SYSTON

SQUASH RACKETS COURTS

Planning and Cost of Construction

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

IT is interesting to recall that the game of squash, which is so popular to-day, was originally played in Arabia, and was a ball game played with one hand against one wall. This game has been developed and is now played with a racket instead of the hand. From Dickens's account in *Pickwick* one would gather the game came into vogue in this country as a *pis aller* of insolvent debtors in the Fleet over 100 years ago.

To-day it is played in most of the Public Schools, and in many of the big clubs and holiday centres. It is one of the fastest games in the world, and the building of the court needs the services of an architect conversant with this type of building and specialised construction.

The modern court measures 32ft. by 21ft. on inside wall-faces, the front and side walls being 15ft. high and the back wall 7ft. high. These dimensions were fixed by the Tennis Rackets Association in 1911, and are the standard for single courts laid down by the Squash Rackets Association.

In the modern courts artificial lighting is necessary, and this must be so arranged that no shadow is thrown at any one point, so care must be taken when arranging the position of the lights, which are usually suspended from the roof and carefully guarded by wire cages.

Squash courts require the most accurate planning, and the construction of the walls must ensure that they are absolutely smooth and non-sweating, and too much care cannot be given to these points.

The foundation of the floor is as important as the walls themselves, and it is difficult to-day to say what is the best and most modern construction; such points are best left in the hands of the architect designing the court. In brief, the best material is white maple, and this is laid on joists bedded in concrete, the maple boards being laid with tongued and grooved edges and ends secretly nailed to the joists. The whole surface is then smoothed and polished off, to make a perfectly even floor.

As much light is required as possible, and it is best to leave the interior of the court in a light colour, dull cream being the best. The floor is left its natural colouring. Markings of the court are painted in with a bright red, and the small hard black ball shows up clearly in contrast with cream and red.

In the olden days the squash courts were made with four walls only, the roof being left open, and the material used was ordinary cement, no skill being used in the construction. Nowadays, however, skill is used and special material is employed in the making of squash courts; and in order that they shall not deteriorate under the weather, the modern courts are covered in with a roof, part of which is glazed over to ensure the maximum amount of light.

The doors should be so arranged that when closed they form part of the playing area inside the court. It is important that they are absolutely flush with the surrounding walls. They should be made of teak, and fitted with flush butts and sliding handles, with special catches and checking-straps or springs.

It is usual to place a balcony at the near end of the court for spectators. This balcony must be built above the 7ft. line and run the whole width of the court, thus giving plenty of room for the spectators. The floors are covered usually with deal tongued and grooved flooring. This balcony is reached by means of a flight of stairs from the ground.

In cases where squash courts are used in clubs or public buildings, it is necessary that dressing rooms and showers should be provided, and thus it is essential that this should be taken into consideration when planning the courts in the first instance, in order that the required extra space is allotted.

The cost of constructing squash courts varies from £635 to £800 for one court and gallery, and from £1,200 to £1,500 for two courts. The more expensive kinds have dressing-rooms, baths and showers.

In the case of constructing a squash court to tone in with the characteristics of any particular building, the cost may be put down at approximately £150 to £200 extra for the "special feature" work.

In a converted barn or outbuilding a single court, without shower or dressing room, could be made for about £350.

In conclusion, it might be well to bear in mind the value of squash courts in clubs, as these will often be the means of producing a good source of revenue, especially during the winter months when it is not always possible to play outdoor games. By having a few squash courts, a club can not only retain its revenue but often retain the membership.

The last point to bear in mind, but by no means the least, is that the construction of squash courts should be carried out under the supervision of an expert in order that a really satisfactory job is made of it. This is especially the case where it is intended to hold championship matches.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Cyclamen for Winter and Spring

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THERE is perhaps nothing nicer than a well-grown batch of cyclamen plants, both for the winter and spring. Actually they can be got into flower if desired in the autumn. They can be at their best at Christmas, or can be grown for the spring display. As a matter of fact, I find they are usually treated in the latter way by amateurs.

A well-grown cyclamen should have the marked and marbled foliage growing close to the pot and covering the soil completely, while the blooms should stand up well, be of good size and bright of colour. It is possible—in the modern kinds—to have flowers in various shades of pink, bright crimson, salmon scarlet, cerise, pink and white, and pure white.

There are several ways of starting cyclamen. Dried bulbs or corms can be obtained, young seedlings can be purchased, or seed may be sown. It is at this time of the year that plants can be purchased for potting up into their flowering receptacles.

The following firms are particularly interested in cyclamen and have done them well for years. They should be written to on the subject and catalogues and prices obtained. Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon, of Bath; Messrs. Clibrans, Ltd., of Altrincham; Messrs. Stuart Lowe & Co., of Enfield, Middlesex; and Messrs. Stewart & Sons, Ltd., of Ferndown Nurseries, near Wimborne, Dorset.

Plants obtained at this time of the year should be potted up into 4½in. or 5in. pots. The compost should consist of seven parts by bulk of medium loam, three parts good moss-peat and two parts coarse sand, adding to each bushel of this mixture 1½oz. hoof and horn meal, 1½oz. superphosphate of lime and ½oz. of sulphate of potash.

The pots should be well crocked, for good drainage is essential. The corm should not be buried too deeply, for if it is potted low it will not live. Burying the corm about half-way in the soil seems to be the right depth. After potting and a good watering, the plants may be placed in a cool house with perhaps some slight shade for a fortnight or three weeks and then may be stood out in frames until the end of September.

If they are stood on a base of moist ashes, they are very little trouble. The plants will need shading from the brightest sunshine, and the roots should never be allowed to suffer from drought.

Cyclamen are apt to be attacked by red spider, and regular syringings should be given with clean water; the underneath sides of the leaves should be sprayed with as much force as possible. This can be done until the flowers appear without doing any damage. If regular syringings are given there should be no need to use a white oil insecticide.

When the plants are brought into the greenhouse at the beginning of October they should be stood on a staging covered with fine gravel or coke breeze. The pots should not be crowded together, but 2in. or 3in. space should be allowed between them.

When the buds appear, weekly waterings may be given with a weak solution of liquid manure. A good feed consists of 1oz. of C.C.F. No. 1, plus 1oz. of ammonium nitrate to eight gallons of water. C.C.F. is made by the Imperial Chemical Industries and can be obtained from any horticultural sundriesman and from most seedsmen. There is no danger that this liquid manure will scorch the foliage of the plants as long as they are not wetted and then exposed to strong sunlight immediately.

The house should be given plenty of air, but draughts should be avoided at all costs. When a leaf or flower stem turns yellow, becomes covered with a grey furry mould, or looks sick for some reason or other, it should be cut down as close to the corm as possible, and removed to be burned.

Aphides can sometimes be a serious pest of cyclamen. It is the flowers that are attacked. The black fern aphis is the cause of the trouble, and the best way of controlling them is to fumigate the glasshouse with some commercial calcium cyanide, distributing this along the paths of the house at the rate of ½oz. per 1,000 cub. ft. This should be done in the evening, after making sure that the foliage of the plants is quite dry. The temperature throughout the night should be maintained at from 65 to 70 degrees Fahr.

It is possible to raise cyclamen from seeds sown in August or September.

ROWLAND'S *Macassar Oil*

The leading hair tonic and dressing for over 145 years

•

From chemists, stores and hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6

•

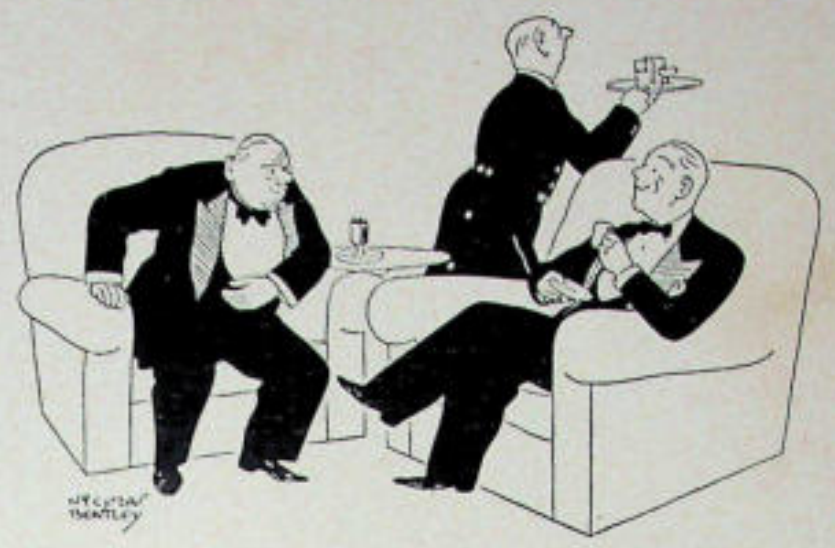
An interesting Brochure will be sent free upon application

•

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22 Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1



REGISTERED TRADE MARK



Mr Can't: 'If only I could forget my digestion!'

Mr Can: 'If only you would remember your **Eno***!'*

Nearly everyone who suffers from dyspepsia, heartburn, poor appetite or similar complaints, would benefit from taking Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning. Eno is particularly good for such digestive ailments. Its gentle laxative action sets the system functioning properly and punctually. By freeing congestion and keeping you clean inside—it prevents that self-poisoning which is the cause of so many ills. Eno contains nothing harsh or harmful. It can, and should, be taken by old and young alike. *Forget* your digestion—*enjoy* your food—get a bottle of Eno today! Eno costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

● The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

YOU WOULDN'T BUY *HALF* A HOUSE



—with no idea what the other half was like. So why buy shoes without knowing what the leather is like. Leather is more than half a shoe, and half its cost too! Better choose shoes of branded leather—VEEBEX Leather—because it is made specially soft and pliable for comfort, yet specially tough for hard work, specially durable for extra long wear. It pays to look for the name VEEBEX Leather—it's on the tie-on label. Specially suitable for golf.

Wm. Paul Ltd., Oak Tannery, Leeds.

Look for the name **Veebex**



LEATHER FOR WEEK-END SHOES

SECONDHAND BINOCULARS



18×50	ZEISS.	Telarem, lightweight. New condition	£29 0
10×50	ZEISS.	Dekarem, lightweight. New condition	£26 10
10×50	ZEISS.	Dekarem. Very good condition	£23 10
10×50	ZEISS.	Dekaris. Very good condition	£22 0
8×40	ZEISS.	Delactis. New condition	£16 0
8×40	ZEISS.	Delactis. Good condition	£13 10
8×30	ZEISS.	Deltrintem, lightweight. New condition	£14 10
8×30	ZEISS.	Deltrintem. Excellent condition	£12 10
6×30	ZEISS.	Silvarem. Excellent condition	£9 0
6×30	ZEISS.	Silvamar. Excellent condition	£8 10
8×24	ZEISS.	Turactem. Good condition	£7 15
8×24	ZEISS.	Turact. Good condition	£7 0
8×24	ZEISS.	Telact. Good condition	£7 0
8×24	ZEISS.	Turita, flat model. Very good condition	£12 0
6×24	ZEISS.	Telex. Good condition	£6 0
6×24	ZEISS.	Telex. New. (List price £11)	£7 15
6×24	ZEISS.	Telexem. Good condition	£7 10
8×24	GOERZ.	Neo-Trieder. Good condition	£6 5
8×20	GOERZ.	Armee. Good condition	£5 15
6×30	GOERZ.	Helmox. Good condition	£6 0
7×50	BECK.	Lychs. New condition	£14 0
8×30	WRAY.	New condition	£5 0
9×35	ROSS.	Stepmab. Excellent condition	£10 10
7×30	ROSS.	Stepmada. Excellent condition	£10 10
8×30	BECK.	Lightweight. New condition	£8 10
8×30	KERSHAW.	New condition	£7 10
8×30	SPINDLER & HOYER.	Lightweight. New condition	£8 10
8×30	FOURNIER.	New condition	£5 10

Three days' approval on receipt of remittance

C. B. VAUGHAN 39 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Estd. 1762 Tel.: Temple Bar 5458/9

Comfort personified



Put on a Vantella Shirt and forget all about it . . . or remember it only in the admiring glances of your friends. For Vantella shirts are comfort personified . . . there's not a pull or a ruck or a wrinkle in a shopful of them. Unshrinkable neckbands, three sleeve-lengths to every size, Van Heusen curve-woven cuffs and collars . . . Vantella shirts have everything. Zephyr 9/6, Poplin-de-luxe 10/9. Van Heusen collars to match 1/3 extra. Vantella shirts are unshrinkable, unfadable . . . from all good outfitters.

'VANTELLA' SHIRTS MADE TO MATCH
regd.
'VAN HEUSEN' COLLARS
regd.

Van Heusen neckbands, semi-stiff collars & cuffs made exclusively by Harding, Tilton & Hartley Ltd., London

APPLY FOR PATTERN BOOK TO COTELLA LTD., 14 MOOR LANE, E.C.2 ℗



Your drive can wear for years

Drives and paths of gravel or stone, if treated with COLDCOAT, will remain firm and resist even the wear of heavy traffic, thus reducing maintenance costs. For COLDCOAT waterproofs and binds the surface securely together, whilst preserving its natural appearance. Such surfaces, of course, are dustless in summer and mud-free in winter.

"THE MODERN METHOD OF DRIVE & PATH MAINTENANCE"

is the title of an interesting booklet on the subject. May we send you a free copy? Ask for publication K154.

COLDCOAT

BERRY WIGGINS & CO. LTD., Water Lane, Stratford, London, E.15.

If desired, a free estimate will be submitted for doing the work by contract.

C4



A 1936 MODEL FORD 10 IN A PLEASANT SCENE NEAR THE GOODWOOD RACECOURSE, WHERE THE ANNUAL MEETING TAKES PLACE NEXT WEEK

THE MOTOR CYCLE'S PLACE IN TRANSPORT

Its Value in Civil Life and for Military Purposes

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

IF an exhaustive survey of public opinion were conducted in an effort to classify the general popularity of the various vehicles on our roads to-day, I imagine that in the category described as "Least Desirable" we should find the motor cycle heading the list. It is unfortunate that this machine is so frequently maligned, since it possesses undeniable assets with which no other vehicle can hope to compete.

The modern motor cycle is a highly efficient piece of machinery. Its reliability is beyond reproach, and it stands alone for sheer performance and economy in running. The initial purchase price is not high, while maintenance and garage expenses are correspondingly small. The uninitiated would be astonished at the degree of comfort which is obtained nowadays, and although the motor cycle demands greater skill than the handling of a car, ease of control is surprisingly good. Above all (and this is important these days) it does not present a particularly satisfactory target to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Public criticism seems to be based upon two primary considerations; the first being the speeds which motor cycles can attain and the second the amount of noise they can create. It seems, therefore, that one of the major assets of the motor cycle provides the very foundation for public resentment because the happy alliance of speed with economy means that these machines often find their way into the hands of irresponsible young men who delight in roaring over the countryside and through the cities to the chagrin of the car owner and the apprehension of the pedestrian.

The fact that such riders form the small minority of those owning motor cycles is apparently overlooked by all but the most tolerant, so that it is regrettable that this small section of the motor cycling community should give the remainder a poor reputation and a lowly standing in the public conception.

There is no denying the ever-present element of danger, but wherever there is speed and wherever there is sport one inevitably has to contend with this factor. Properly handled, the motor cycle is no more dangerous than any other road machine—indeed, it is often safer. Motor cyclists themselves ascribe by far the larger proportion of mishaps to road conditions and more particularly to the hazards which wood-block surfacing provides.

I have been a keen motor cyclist for many years. I have raced them, used them for pleasure purposes and for getting from one place to another in the shortest possible time. I have several in my garage which are in regular use, and my son is an ardent motor cyclist. To any man who revels in fresh air, feels the urge of speed and enjoys controlling a machine which calls for sound judgment and the exercise of a little "nerve" there is no better or cleaner sport.

As a utility vehicle the motor cycle is possibly at its best. It can be used over any sort of road and even across rough country. Boulders, steep hills and water splashes do not bar its progress, while in traffic the motor cycle has no competitor. Mechanically, the excellence of the product is cause for congratulation. British manufacturers lead the world and have set a hot pace. Fierce competition—both on the race tracks and in the world's markets—has evolved trouble-free power units, good steering and springing, efficient brakes and lighting equipment with first-class road holding.

Perhaps one of the finest recommendations the motor cycle could have is the extent to which the War Office intends using this vehicle in the event of war. Military experts are agreed that the advantages of mobility, speed, general utility and independence of action—all of which the motor cycle can provide under all conditions—are essential in modern warfare. Used in conjunction with almost any type of force, it is a most effective weapon. Indeed, now that mechanisation is the order of the day, the motor cycle forms a truly vital co-ordinating link in the offensive and defensive systems of the nation. During the Great War the despatch rider proved the worth of his "mount," but now there is a vastly bigger job for the motor cycle to do. The scope of the military machine is exceedingly wide and, realising this, we are now training corps of motor cyclists to be specialists in their particular tasks.

There are armed reconnaissance squads mounted on motor cycles, observers, signallers, men who watch and maintain communications, others who control the movements of military traffic, and there is still the indispensable despatch rider.

I am, at the moment, commanding the London Divisional Provost Company (T.A.), which is a motor cycle mounted unit. My men, who have been recruited from motor cycle experts, racing and trials drivers, are now learning the part they may be called upon to play. Upon them rests the responsibility of maintaining the even flow of traffic upon the strategic roads to and from the front lines; directing and controlling the astounding number and variety of motor vehicles which are necessary now to move, arm and feed the modern fighting battalions. This task, the real importance of which is obvious, can only be done on motor cycles. Their's is the task of preventing the immobilisation of the entire network in the immediate rear of the lines, and the clustering of transports in groups vulnerable to low-flying aircraft attacks.

Naturally, the motor cycle is the only vehicle capable of the speed necessary to get from one centre to another irrespective of conditions, congested traffic and other obstacles which may be present in war time. Certainly no temperamental engine, nor any fragile frame, could stand up to the work, but the British motor cycle is ideal for this strenuous work.

This unit of mine is merely one of many now in training and in the course of formation. Hundreds of enthusiasts have enlisted in the Territorial Army and it is my experience of them which leads me to expect they will make fine soldiers.

Among motor cyclists there still exists a notable spirit of camaraderie which unhappily seems to have disappeared from among the car owners since motoring has become so commonplace. Something of the friendly spirit which existed among the pioneers of motoring still flourishes among the "boys on 'bikes," and it is a virtue deserving of admiration.

I believe that we shall see motor cycling becoming more popular now that the increased horse-power tax will deprive so many motorists of their small cars. Although the motor cycle is not immune from the 66⅔ per cent. increase, their lower engine capacity means a relatively small impost. Further, I imagine that the performance and the extraordinarily low fuel consumption of motor cycle combination outfits will attract the family man in larger numbers. The sidecar outfit is one of the safest means of transport on the road, insurance costs are not high, and from a 500 c.c. machine petrol figures range between 65 and 70 miles per gallon. A really good model costs about £75 new, and the annual tax for a 500 c.c. motor is now only £3, although it will rise to £5 next year. The solo machine, of course, is much cheaper both to buy and to run, although insurance premiums are somewhat more expensive. A first-class general purpose machine of either 250 or 350 c.c. need not cost more than £50, and petrol consumption is near the 100 miles per gallon mark.

The choice available is wide, and with any modern machine the buyer is assured of reliability, speed and utility, together with that indefinable "something" which comes from the incorporation into the design of improvements and the valuable lessons learned from international racing and competition trials.

MORRIS PRODUCTION.—The directors of Morris Motors Ltd. announced recently that for the six months January 1st to June 30th nearly 60,000 Morris models have been delivered to distributors and dealers, a figure which constitutes a record for the company, and is believed to be a record for the British motor industry. It is interesting to note in connection with this record output figure that, in order to achieve it, one complete car has left the factory, on an average, every minute of each working day during the past six months.



SCOTLAND!

NIGHT TRAINS FOR "THE TWELFTH"

The day of the Glorious Twelfth may be a strenuous one this year—but you can still get sound sleep the night before. This year, as always, a fleet of comfortable sleeping car trains will be running through the night, so that you can wake refreshed in the morning for the first familiar glimpse of moorland and heatherclad hills.

This year's programme of trains (all with first and third class sleeping accommodation) is given below and on trains leaving before 8 p.m. you may dine in comfort. Times of day trains will be supplied on request at any L·N·E·R or L M S station, office or agency.

FROM EUSTON (L M S)

P.M.	WEEKDAYS
7.20AB	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness, Aberdeen.
7.25AB	Oban.
7.40AB	Stirling, Gleneagles.
8.0 A	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Turnberry, Ayr.
9.15	Glasgow (Cent.) (Fridays only).
9.35	Glasgow (Fridays excepted). (On Saturdays, Third Class Sleeping Accommodation only.)
10.50	Edinburgh.
10.50F	Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Oban, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.
10.55D	Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Oban, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.
A.M.	
12.20DE	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry, Glasgow (St. Enoch).

P.M.	SUNDAYS
7.20B	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness.
7.30B	Stirling, Oban, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
8.30	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Ayr, Turnberry.
9.30	Glasgow (Cent.).
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Oban.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.

NOTES: A Saturdays excepted. B Restaurant Car. D Saturday nights and Sunday mornings excepted. E Sleeping Cars to Kilmarnock. F Saturday nights only.

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

WEEKDAYS & SUNDAYS

P.M.	
*7.25R	"The Highlandman"—Edinburgh, Fort William (Breakfast car attached en route), Perth, Inverness.
*7.40R	"The Aberdonian"—Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.
†10.25	"The Night Scotsman"—Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.

P.M.	
†10.35	Edinburgh, (North Berwick first class only & on Friday nights only).
A.M. ‡1.5	After-Theatre Sleeping and Breakfast Car Train, Edinburgh: Connections to Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness

*Nightly (except Saturdays). †Nightly. ‡Daily (except Sunday mornings). R Restaurant Car King's Cross to York.

FROM ST. PANCRAS (L M S)

P.M.	WEEKDAYS
9.15	Edinburgh (Waverley), Dundee, Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen.
9.30	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry (No arrival Sun.) Glasgow (St. Enoch).

P.M.	SUNDAYS
9.15	Edinburgh (Waverley), Dundee, Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen.
9.30	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry, Glasgow (St. Enoch).

CHEAP MONTHLY RETURN TICKETS—With a cheap Monthly Return Ticket you have the choice of East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, in either direction, with break of journey at any station.

MOTOR CARS—Motor Cars accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed by Rail at inclusive outward and homeward journeys at reduced rates.

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY ● LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

The ideal surface

COLD CHON



By courtesy of Captain Dixon of Keswick Hall, Louth, Lincolnshire

For Avenues, Drives and Garden Paths

Firm, non-skid, resilient—a Cold Chon surface lasts for years and is extremely economical. It eliminates all maintenance costs and can be laid without skilled labour. The original colour of the gravel is retained.

We shall be pleased to give every attention and advice.

RICHARD SMITH LIMITED

182 WEST STREET, GLASGOW, C.5

Manufacturers in England: BITMAC LIMITED, Dawes Lane, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
Licensees for Irish Free State: COLD CHON (Galway) LTD., Long Walk, Galway.

NEW LMS FACILITY FOR MOTORISTS!



You can drive your Car on and off the New Motor Car Ferry

M.V. "PRINCESS VICTORIA"

SERVING

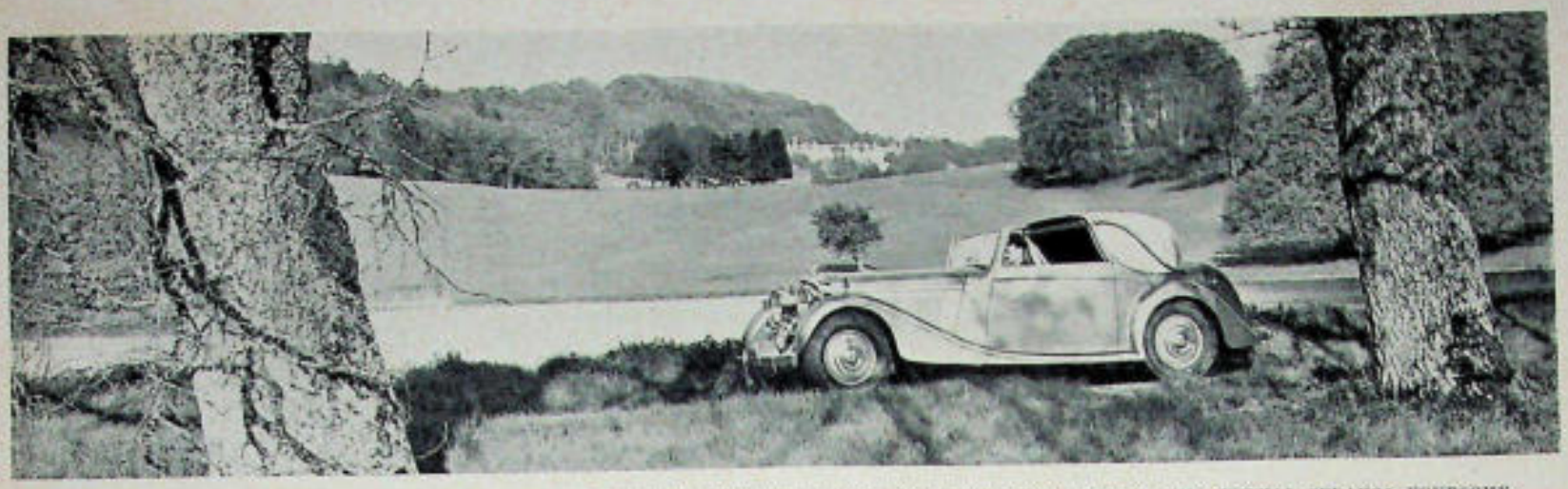
SCOTLAND & THE NORTH OF IRELAND

(STRANRAER & LARNE ROUTE)

- First car on is first car off
- Petrol (maximum 2 galls.), need not be emptied from tanks
- Accommodation for 80 motor cars on one deck
- Luxuriously fitted accommodation for 1,500 passengers
- Sleeping-cabins, dining-saloons and lounges

Particulars of Services, fares, rates, etc., with pleasure from any LMS Station or Office.

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY



A BARCLAY DESIGNED 4½-LITRE BENTLEY IN THE GROUNDS OF FOXTHILL HOUSE, NEAR MERE, WILTSHIRE. THE SPECIAL SEDANCA FOURSOME COUPÉ BODY WAS BUILT BY JAMES YOUNG, OF BROMLEY

AN ENGLISH MOTORIST IN AMERICA

The World's Fair and its Motoring Exhibits

I AM writing this from a balcony in the 1,000-roomed Shoreham Hotel in Washington, U.S.A., the Junior Car Club's temporary headquarters. We arrived 40-50 strong last night, having covered over 200 miles of the Lincoln Highway, America's equivalent to our Great North Road, with the difference that it goes south-west. Much of this route is twin-carriage-way, and we frequently encountered sections being widened to this style. Large numbers of men are employed, but the machinery and plant used did not seem to us as elaborate or efficient as those we saw in Germany last year. In fact the methods employed seemed more like our own, but on a larger scale and with more common sense and push and go behind them.

As No. 1 Highway led through flat and easy country, the construction of wide, straight and level road presented few difficulties. Thus we soon found ourselves aboard the Rolls-Royce Phantom III, cruising in supreme comfort and silence at 70-80 m.p.h. On the last section of the run down a five-lane road choked with traffic averaging 50-60 m.p.h., we accelerated to 90, a thrilling traffic drive if ever there was one. But so well are the lanes laid out and so good are the visibility, curving and surfacing that this speed felt perfectly safe. Then, too, the standard of the Americans' driving is meticulously precise and intelligent. They do not suddenly swerve out of one lane into the next without giving ample warning. They do not overlap the central white line, and though they travel quickly their speed and the speed of the general flow of traffic is uniform. We saw few motor-buses or coaches, no pedestrians, cyclists or odd pieces of transport on this trunk road. But instead a constant stream of big black saloons filled the road, proceeding fast but accurately according to plan. It was a striking contrast to the heterogeneous, wayward scramble on our own highways.

In New York itself we noticed the same well-ordered movements. To start with pedestrians concentrate at signal-controlled crossings and move with the rest of the traffic. At the intersection of streets, which are numbered instead of being named, the signals change simultaneously all down the road as far as the eye can see, and the traffic, held up at each crossing, moves forward simultaneously in blocks of cars. We had been warned that the speed would scare us, but the routine is so easily learned that we soon got into it. We had also been told that the streets would be dirty and the noise terrific. But in the area round about the Waldorf Astoria, where we stayed a few days after completing the Mauretania's maiden voyage, the streets were perfectly clean and the traffic note subdued. Nor did we meet the expected bluffness of officials or police. Instead we were treated with every kindness and consideration, even when part of our convoy on the first day was held up by a traffic cop for speeding. Next day one of the Washington dailies came out with headlines, "British motorists bring good will at 90 m.p.h." and went on to say that the police caught up all but the first three of the cavalcade headed by the Phantom III and a Rolls-Bentley, which appeared to be too fast even for the 90 m.p.h. motor bicycles.

Incidentally, we were given the honour of a motor police escort on several occasions. Their cars and motor cycles blast a clear way with the shrieking of sirens and the waving of hands to the traffic to get over to extreme right of the road. The cars are fitted with radio and machine guns, and the motor cyclists carry revolvers and can shoot a tyre flat while travelling at top speed. After these adventures and realising that we were not supposed to do more than about 50 on the open road, we modulated our speed and kept a better look-out for the smallish signs indicating the various limits.

In and around New York we found ample evidence of new and advanced road construction. Elaborate clover leaf formations are springing up all over the place. There is a magnificent overhead road, sometimes built out in the river on pylons and confined to fast moving traffic.

Roads of tremendous width are already in being, and others are being planned. One-way traffic schemes are highly developed. For in the words of a General Motors commentator at World's Fair, it is expected that in 50 or 60 years' time the present 28 million cars will have increased to 35 millions, and the roads to accommodate them must be planned now.

There are no small cars in America at the moment. Even the latest taxis seat five in comfort. They are de Sotos and have a sliding or transparent roof over the main compartment from which one obtains fine views of the skyscrapers, and at night of their most beautiful illuminations and floodlighting effects. I talked with one of these drivers who gave me some astonishing figures. His car had covered 78,000 miles without rebore, and would cover another 75,000 before it retired from business. In one year it had covered over 50,000 miles. The periods for tyre renewal and decarbonising on something like 30,000 miles, while brakes are relined every 15,000 miles.

The tremendous similarity in the appearance and performance of the American cars was most noticeable. Black seems to be the almost universal colour. One can tell the new cars by their yellow registration plates, designed to advertise the World's Fair. Here I inspected the new Crosley bantam two-seater which appears to resemble in size the Austin "Seven" of sixteen years ago. It is made by a concern famous for radio and cold storage machines, and is fitted with a horizontally opposed twin cylinder air-cooled engine. I do not think that despite a projected output of 200 a day, and an American price of about £65 it can be regarded at the moment as a menace to our own home market. On the other hand, if it succeeds in the States it may point the way for other formidable rivals.

The high spot of the first part of our tour was a visit to the World's Fair. One could literally spend months at this amazing, beautiful and varied exposition. In the British section, where the regally installed Magna Carta attracts a reverent stream of visitors, are staged Captain Eyston's land speed record breaker Thunderbolt, a Rolls-Royce Phantom III, a Rolls-Royce aero engine, a Bristol air-cooled sleeve valve aero engine and some motor bicycles. The exhibit looks bald and cold, lacking the dynamic presentation of other shows.

Most spectacular are some of the American exhibits which have cost hundreds of thousands of pounds to install. In some cases queues numbering, 5,000, 6,000 or 7,000 people wait all day to gain admittance. General Motors, for instance, feature an attraction they call the Futurama or Horizons and Highways of to-morrow.

This remarkable exhibit consists in a miniature model of an immense expanse of country which embraces farmlands, cities, great lakes and mountain ranges, all arranged as they may be 50 or 60 years from now. Running across this Continent in miniature are the grand trunk highways of to-morrow. They cross by means of four tier bridges, great rivers. Along their multi-traffic lanes speed tiny cars as futuristic in design as are the buildings and lay-out of the great new cities wherever they come and whither they go. Mighty dams, imposing canyons, rugged mountain peaks are crossed by this amazing highway. At times the brilliant sunlight effects, which add life and reality to the model panorama, fade to give place to night scenes. Then the cities, roads and airports light up and the effect is even more beautiful than before.

Around this magic land visitors are transported in chair-settees slowly moving on a conveyor. Sometimes the track leads aloft and they view the scene as if from an aeroplane 12,000ft. above the earth. Sometimes it dips to give a closer, more intimate view of some specially interesting feature such as a house or factory of the future, a great hydro-electric plant, a mighty dam or mountain precipice. As the visitors proceed on this 20 minutes' trans-continental tour a voice on a sound track speaks softly into their ears and draws attention to the features in front of them, their meaning and effect on human existence in the years to come. The whole effect is so staggering in its conception and construction that I almost thought it was no longer worth while to continue with our lifesize tour of America. In the space of less than half an hour I had seen more country than I could explore in a year, and seen it as it might be long after I was dead, and in greater silence and comfort than was possible by any other form of transport.

The Ford exhibit, another many acred affair, displays a more technical aspect of the world of to-morrow. Chief attraction is the road of the future up which Ford cars, laden with visitors, circle until they attain the full height of the building, from which overhead views of the rest of the Fair are obtainable. Ford also shows how intimately the farm and country life is linked up with industry by reason of their products and activities, and follows up this idea by an entirely new method of tracing the sequence that converts raw materials of many different kinds into the various parts of a motor-car. An immense conical turntable revolving slowly carries at its lower circumference animated model men engaged in extracting from the earth the raw materials. Above them in a vertical plane other animators carry out the next process in the manufacture of this particular material. And above them are others until one sees near the top of the tunnels the finished article, and above it the car itself. Other Ford high spots are an extraordinary ingenious working mural showing a V-8 engine in action, a wind and weather tunnel in miniature and a mighty press for stamping out hub caps.

The Chrysler interpretation of the Future is fantastic, ingenious and amazingly interesting. In one room one sees the first full-size three-dimensional film in action. Its theme is the building of a Plymouth car. This is so realistic owing to the stereoscopic effect of the plan that visitors frequently cry out or raise their arms instinctively in anticipation of being struck by some of the pieces in motion. Near by is the frozen forest composed of specially built metal palm trees covered with a thick coating of boar frost. This is an interpretation of the effects of man-made weather, the effects of which in a more everyday life are found in the common or garden refrigerator. Another Chrysler novelty is the talking-thought-reading car, while in the next chamber one is shown the transport of the future in the form of a rocket car with scenery and effects that portray one's departure for the moon or some far distant corner of the earth.

Verily, it is a staggering affair; more wonderful, thrilling, varied and lovely than anything most of us have even dreamed of, let alone seen in our lives.

W. G. McMINNIES.

A MIRROR OF SWITZERLAND

The Country's Life Seen at the National Exhibition



THE SUSPENSION RAILWAY WHICH CONNECTS BOTH SHORES OF THE EXHIBITION



PAVILIONS AT THE SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION WHICH HOUSE TEXTILE, FASHION, AND WATCH EXHIBITS

WE live in an age of exhibitions. Sometimes they are national, sometimes international, but whatever form they take they attract foreign visitors. The number of such visitors has greatly increased with the present economical travelling facilities, and it is hardly surprising, therefore, to learn that the Swiss National Exhibition at Zurich, opened on May 29th, has already proved itself a great attraction. As the exhibition will remain open until October it is probable that many summer visitors to Switzerland will halt a day or two at Zurich when on their way to some other destination in the mountains. It will not be wasted time, for there is much to see and much to learn from a tour of the exhibition grounds.

There are, of course, always a certain number of "exhibition migrants" who never fail to go to any exhibition wherever it is staged. They go for many reasons—on business, to see people, to learn about the country—but the ordinary traveller will go to Zurich to enjoy himself and nothing else. That is the spirit of holiday and the spirit, too, which animates the Swiss National Exhibition. It is here that the native has given himself over to showing visitors the excellent products of Switzerland. He has done the job cheerfully and well.

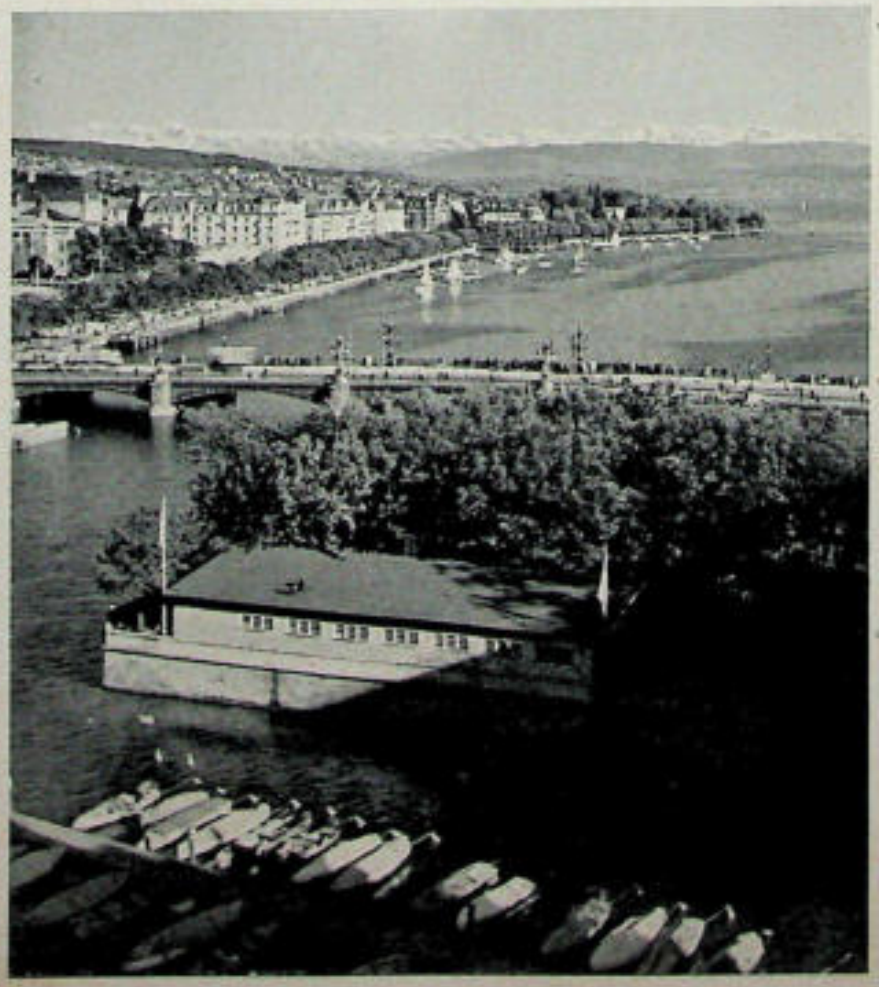
It is not easy for one to take a visitor round the exhibition in mere print and give him a real impression of what it is like. It is only possible to give him or her details of some of the exhibits and hope that the accompanying photographs and their own personal knowledge of the friendliness of the Swiss people will do the rest.

Perhaps one of the most interesting sections for the visitor from abroad is the one which gives an insight into the life and history of the people. This section lies along the so-called "Hohenweg," on the left shore of the lake. The first pavilion is dedicated to the the very soil of Switzerland. Under its vault, the eyes of the visitor first come to rest on the great painting in which Bodmer, one of the foremost living Swiss artists, has given expression to the nature of the Swiss people. In the foreground a number of women stand singing in a meadow, in the background the homely gables of a village are seen among trees, while the male strength of the country is symbolised by a male figure, shirt-sleeved, singing among the women. Not many countries could confide to figures so unsophisticated the symbolisation of the profoundest aspects of the national mentality. But for Switzerland that is right. It is from such roots that Swiss life springs, and is nourished in the best sense.

I was interested in the gallery leading out of this pavilion, for here one can see the models of a number of Swiss villages. It was not merely single models that held my attention, but a comparison of one with the other. As I have travelled through Switzerland I have always been struck by the difference of temperament and individuality of the people. Here in the models at Zurich you see something of this portrayed. There is no such thing as a typical Swiss village. They are fiercely independent entities, varying in speech, in mentality, in aspect. You will find among the models that there are some of towns, but they by no means occupy the place of honour.

To my mind the towns of Switzerland, pleasant though many of them may be, are a means to an end. The "Swissness" of Switzerland cannot find so marked an expression in her cities, where a certain adaptation to internationalism is bound to happen, and I would therefore always encourage foreign visitors to sample both towns and villages during their visit to Switzerland. Only thus will they grasp the true loveliness of this grand country and the real character of its inhabitants. But I am wandering from the point of this article.

You must not think that the Swiss National Exhibition is merely a show or a fair; it is something much more lively and interesting, presenting a picture of all branches of production with their mutual relations and dependencies. The exhibits are not displayed in tiring series, but are to be seen where they belong with regard to their functions in daily life. For instance, furniture is to be found in the section "House and Home," and not in a furniture section, while office furniture may be inspected in a modern office. The electricity section, too, is not only confined to a display of the various applications of "white coal." In short, the individual manufacturer has given way in the foreground to the productive capacity of the closed economic group. Everyone has done his best to sacrifice his personal ambition to the community. This thematic arrangement makes the exhibition a world *in petto*, active and energetic and really productive.



A GENERAL VIEW OF ZURICH, SHOWING THE LAKE AND THE ALPS

Part of the charm of the Swiss National Exhibition is the natural beauty of its surroundings. Situated on the lakeside, one shore has been utilised for the showing of agricultural produce and the other is devoted to the creations of Swiss industry. Those keen on engineering may prefer the latter, but I found great pleasure in the farming and livestock shown on the right shore of the lake. In order to present a complete picture of rural life—however it may vary in different parts of Switzerland—a little village was constructed, and it is here, among these rural buildings, that the peasantry celebrate their own special festivals, display their own special costumes, sing their folk songs and dance their folk dances.

You can see at this exhibition all the strength of Switzerland which lies, surely, in her diversity. She is diverse in her scenery, in the occupations and life conditions of her inhabitants. She speaks many languages and has many varied customs and manners within her frontiers. But one spirit governs this little nation—freedom of thought for the individual and the independence of the State. You can find it here at Zurich, you can find it in all the odd villages among the hills.

Have I led you far enough, reader?

Admittedly, I have taken you over very little of the exhibition grounds, but I hope that I have led you far enough. For the Swiss National Exhibition at Zurich portrays before you all Switzerland, and it may be a long time ere such an opportunity presents itself again. It puts truth into the phrase which slips so lightly from our lips on some occasions: "The chance of a lifetime!"

Switzerland, believe me, has given of her best.

WILLIAM LUSCOMBE.

THE NEW AIRWAYS CORPORATION

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of "The Field")

THE Bill formulating the terms for the creation of the new public corporation that is to absorb Imperial Airways and British Airways, follows the lines generally expected. The new undertaking, which is to be known as "British Overseas Airways Corporation," will take over the two existing companies in the autumn—probably in October—and thenceforth the operation of our external air services, whether to the Empire or to foreign countries, will be entirely unified.

On the general aspects of the scheme something was said at the time of its announcement: there is, therefore, no need to go over the ground again, except to say that it is an almost inevitable outcome of the present state of affairs. It does not destroy that competition which so many regard as essential for development. Not only will the Corporation's services be exposed to the rivalry of the heavily subsidised airways of other nations: the monopoly granted to it applies only to subsidy. There is no absolute ban on the conduct of unsubsidised external air services by private concerns, though it is clear that very abnormal circumstances would have to obtain for such competition to be either possible or desirable.

Two main ends have obviously been in mind in drawing up the details of the scheme. One is the need for continuous technical progress; the other is the creation of financial conditions that permit that progress to be ensured and also provide long-term stability for the Corporation.

As to the former, the report of a small committee set up last February to investigate the problem is now available. This recommends the establishment of a permanent Civil Aviation Development Committee, whose principal function would be to examine current needs for aircraft, and advise the Air Ministry on requirements in order that construction may be confined to a small number of types, for each of which a definite market exists. This Committee, it is suggested, should consist of three members, apart from an independent salaried chairman; and of these, one should represent the Corporation and the others the Air Registration Board and the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. Power to co-opt representatives of British and colonial airways should exist.

On the financial side, the main provision is that the existing maximum rate of subsidy shall be raised from £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 per annum, and that the Corporation shall have power to borrow up to £10,000,000. Moreover, to stimulate efficient organisation, the Corporation will be able to retain in a reserve fund sums representing excess revenue or economies. The £4,000,000 subsidy, it may be mentioned, includes the £100,000 set aside for internal airlines, and will not, therefore, be available to the Corporation.

It will be recalled that the chain of events leading up to this scheme had its origin in a widespread dissatisfaction, expressed in Parliament, with the technical position of our external airways. This led to the Cadman Committee, whose report, though it did not actually recommend any scheme so far-reaching as this, certainly stressed the need for greater co-ordination and for improved types of British commercial aircraft.

How far, then, may the new scheme be considered to go in meeting the very desirable—indeed, imperative—condition of British commercial air leadership in all phases?

On the technical side, the new Committee may be a great help, and should, if wisely administered, do much to ensure co-operation between operator and constructor. The increased subsidy and the borrowing powers should also go far towards putting the Corporation in a position of being able to keep its fleet right up to date.

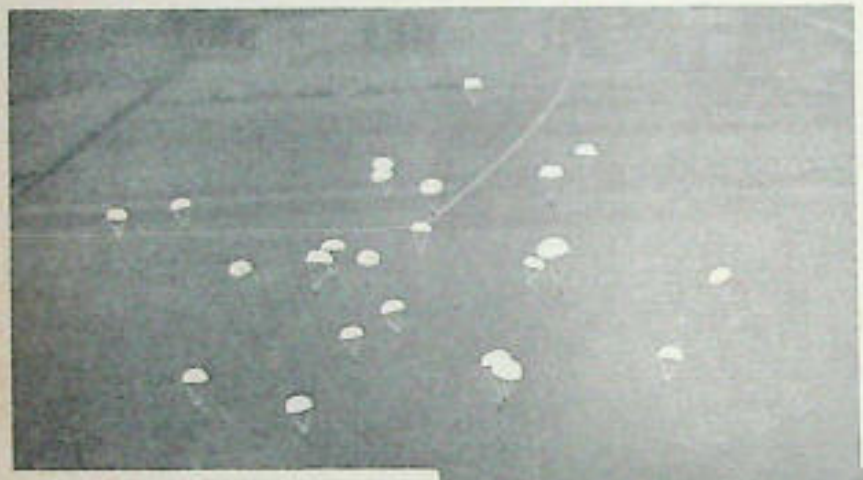
Moreover, the fact that, while the Corporation is to be a self-managing body, administered by a Board appointed by the Secretary of State for Air, it will be obliged to submit an annual report to Parliament; and this should provide an opportunity for criticisms to be freely ventilated.

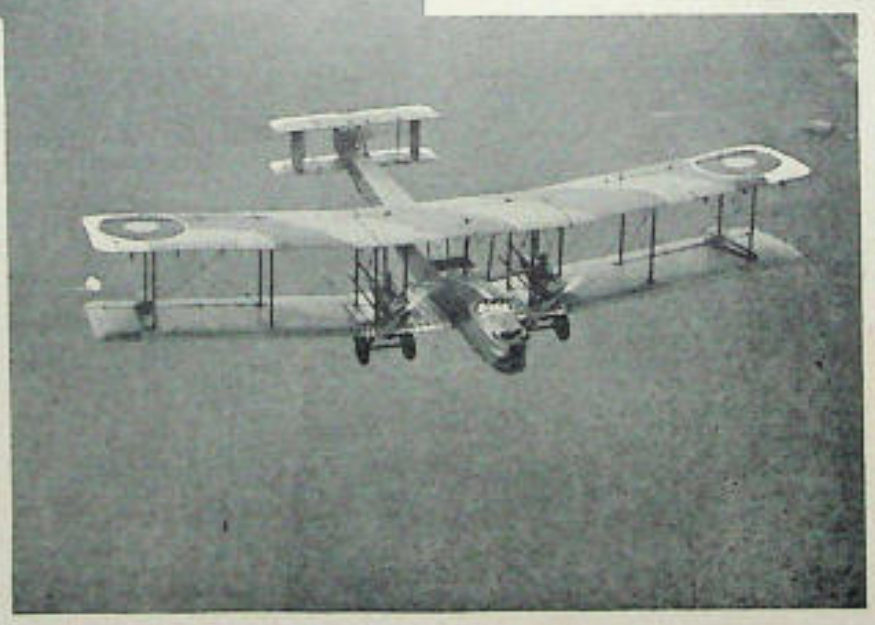
As always, practical experience alone can decide whether all the results hoped for from the scheme can be achieved, but in view of the lively and informed interest Parliament has recently shown in air matters, it may be taken that any weaknesses will be exposed during the discussion of the Bill.

Apart from the details, the Bill itself provides a very striking commentary on the most remarkable change that has come over British air policy in the 20 years since commercial aviation came into being. Though the subsidisation of airlines was adopted abroad at the outset, the British Government did not fall into line until 1921. Even then, however, the assistance granted was but small, and even when, in 1924, Imperial Airways was formed, Mr. Churchill's famous dictum of 1920—"civil aviation must fly by itself"—was still held to be the ultimate goal.

Pressure of events has caused a growing retreat from that viewpoint. Since the inauguration of the Empire Air Mail scheme, subsidies have been steadily increased, and the formation of the new Corporation marks a further stage in this process.

Nor is it only in the field of inter-imperial and international air transport that this trend is to be discerned. There is to-day hardly a branch of aviation that is not supported, directly or indirectly, by State subsidy. The flying clubs have become virtually a vast State-aided system of flying schools, and the decision of the Government, several times expressed, and endorsed by the Cadman Committee as recently as last year, that internal lines should not receive assistance, has been reversed.





A VICKERS VIRGINIA PARACHUTE TESTING OVER HENLOW

The original conception of aviation as something that must develop on strictly commercial lines has, in fact, given place to a conception of it as a vital public service, which must be maintained under all circumstances, as is the Post Office in this country and the railways in many parts of the Empire. Whether commercial aviation can ever, in the famous phrase, "fly by itself" cannot be decided at the present stage. This much may be said, however: aviation is vital to the Empire—never more so than to-day—and the price we pay for its development is by no means exorbitant. Our main concern lies in seeing that good value is given for the money paid, and that assertions of backwardness, whether justified or not, cannot again be made. On the face of it, the new scheme gives ground for the hope that those aims may be achieved.



THE RILEY TWELVE IS A THOROUGHBRED CAR FOR THE UNDERSTANDING MOTORIST

THE RILEY TWELVE

FEW cars caused so much enthusiasm in informed motoring circles as the old Rileys of the past decade—they were "class" cars built for those who took an interest in their motoring. When the firm was on the edge of financial collapse last year, Viscount Nuffield did a magnificent piece of rescue work, and as a result, this old-established firm are still with us, and have produced a 12 h.p. model which is essentially Riley, but has the added support of Lord Nuffield's enormous organisation behind it.

The model I had the pleasure of driving the other day was the drop-head touring saloon seen at the top of this column, and it is priced at £335, or with a "Sprite" engine, at £360. It may be argued that this is not a cheap price for a 12 h.p. car. It is not; but neither is the car "cheap." There has always been a comparatively small body of the public who have motoring culture, and it is for these that the Riley has been built. Lord Nuffield, in a conversation with Mr. Victor Riley, said, "The Riley car has been in the past a British thoroughbred; try to make it even more so," and that command has been faithfully obeyed.

The car I drove was not new, and had done some hard work before I took it over, but I was gratified to find that the head had developed no rattles or squeaks, nor had the doors sagged—common faults among drop-heads. When closed, the car has been so designed as to give ample view from the rear seats instead of the usual blind quarter—a window takes the place of the fabric here. The seats are well sprung and of sensible dimensions, while the woodwork is polished walnut, giving the car a neat and sumptuous appearance.

Space does not permit me to say more concerning the interior, except that it is a very sensible and comfortable lay out. It is mechanically that the Riley reaches its peak. The engine is a four-cylinder 12 h.p. unit (tax £9), with a bore and stroke of 69 by 100 mm., and is so laid out as to be easily accessible for adjustments, &c. The gears, with remote control, have ratios: First 19.4, second 11.2, third 7.25, and fourth 4.88 to 1, and are synchromesh on second, third and top.

Top speed is just over 70 m.p.h., and with a lower gear ratio than used formerly, the car will cruise without strain at about 60 m.p.h. It holds the road magnificently, and will corner at high speed without lateral sway, owing to its low centre of gravity and the anti-roll torsion bar that connects the rear shock absorbers. Springing—half ellipties—is improved, and gives comfortable riding, while the Girling brakes bring the confidence one would expect in a car of its type. Petrol consumption is about 30 m.p.g., a good figure for a car with a snappy engine, and fuel is stored in a 10-gallon tank with a filler on either side at the rear. Although a high performance car, the engine is perfectly docile in traffic and shows no tendency to flutter at low speeds.

On hills it seems to thrive, and with a judicious use of the gears will show its back wheels to most cars in its class.

Altogether, the Riley Twelve is worthy of the most exacting owner of a luxury light car. W. R. J.

BRIDGE

THE ECHO

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

SINCE Bridge is a partnership game there must of necessity be certain conventional plays as regards leads and discards. Many of these are survivals from Whist, but in many cases their significance has been considerably increased.

In this article, and the next, I propose to deal with the "echo," "high low" or "peter" signal, the last being its Whist name.

The "high low" signal, as its name implies, consists in discarding on two consecutive tricks first a high card and then a low card. It may be used both in discarding to partner's leads or to the opponents', and as with many so-called "conventional" plays has quite a logical origin. The normal way to discard to two consecutive leads would be first one's lowest card and then one's next lowest. Obviously, if a player reverses this normal order he does it for some particular purpose. The most common use is to show that the person who signals has no more of the suit and can ruff the third round. This week we shall consider its use in a trump contract. In this case it shows:

1. Important honour strength in the suit led.

2. An original holding of two cards in the suit led, or

3. That the signaller wishes his partner to continue the suit.

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

Z is playing the above hand in Four Hearts, and A leads the King of Spades, on which B discards the 10 of Spades. A now leads the Ace of Spades, and B thereupon completes the echo by the 5 of Spades. A, thus encouraged, leads a third Spade, which B takes with the Queen. A must make a Heart trick to defeat the contract. It will be noted that if A does not lead the third Spade Y—Z make four Hearts by discarding a Spade on the second Diamond.

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

Z, not vulnerable, bids a rather weak Three Hearts against vulnerable opponents, and is raised to four by Y.

On the opening lead of the King of Spades B plays the 5, and when A follows with the Queen of Spades B plays the 4, since if Z is forced to ruff a third Spade in Dummy B must make a Heart trick. The King of Diamonds will then beat the contract. In this case we have an example where the echo is used as a means of encouraging partner to lead the suit again.

The trump echo is not quite so well known. When a defender plays high and then low on two trump leads he signals to his partner that he has one more trump. When ruffing, if he has only two small trumps he should ruff with the lower. When holding three or more he should ruff with a trump which is not his lowest. This information may be invaluable to partner when he has to choose between trying for another ruff or changing the suit.

(To be continued)

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Z to lead and make eight tricks against any defence by A—B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Z to lead and make five tricks against any defence by A—B.

SOLUTION

Z leads the 9 of Clubs taken by Y's King, a Club is returned and the Jack finessed and the Ace taken. A small Heart is led and if A plays the Ace the Ace of Spades discarded from Dummy. A then makes the 7 of Spades and has to give Z two Heart tricks. Alternatively, if A plays a small Heart, Y discards the 8 of Diamonds and eventually makes the Ace of Spades and a Diamond trick.

CHESS

BOTWINNIK'S PLAY

The following game, played in this year's Russian Championship Tournament, is a good example of the enterprising style of play of the well-known master, M. M. Botwinnik. It is also of theoretical interest.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Tolush.	BLACK. Botwinnik.	WHITE. Tolush.	BLACK. Botwinnik.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	20. Q to Kt 2	R to R 6
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	21. Q to Kt 5	Q to B 6
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4 (a)	22. Q to Kt 2	Q to B 4
4. B to B 4 (b)	B to Kt 2	23. Q to Kt sq	B takes P
5. P to K 3	Castles (c)	24. R takes B	Q to R 4, ch
6. R to B sq (d)	P to B 4 (e)	25. R to Q 2	R to R 8
7. Q P the P	Q to R 4	26. R to Q 3	R (to Q) sq
8. P takes P	B to Q sq	27. B takes R	Kt to K 4 (ee)
9. Q to Q 2 (f)	Kt takes P	28. K to K 2	Q to Kt 4, ch
10. B to B 7	Q takes B (g)	29. B to Q 3	Kt takes R
11. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt (h)	30. B takes Kt	P to Q B 4
12. Q takes R	B to K 3 (i)	31. K to Q sq	Q to R 5
13. Q to Q 2	Kt to B 3 (j)	32. K to B 3	P to Q Kt 4
14. R to Q sq	R to Q sq	33. R to Q 7	P to Kt 5
15. Q to B sq	Q to R 4, ch	34. R to B 7	P to R 5
16. R to Q 2	R to Q 4 (k)	35. R to Q 8, ch	K to Kt 2
17. Kt to K 2 (l)	B takes P	36. R(Q8)toQ8	R s P to R 6
18. Kt to B 3	B takes Kt	37. P to Kt 3	Q to Kt 4 (n)
19. P takes B	R takes P	Resigns.	

(a) The Grünfeld defence. It has recently returned to favour.

(b) 4. Kt to B 3, B to Kt 2; 5. Q to Kt 3 is probably better.

(c) Offering the sacrifice of a pawn. If now 6. P takes P, Kt takes P; 7. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 8. B takes P, then 8. . . . Kt to B 3 and Black gets a strong attack. (See game Ketres v. Lilienthal in the *Field* of July 1st.)

(d) In a game, Capablanca v. Flohr, in the "Avro" tournament last year the continuation was 6. Q to Kt 3, P to B 4; 7. Q P takes P (very risky), Kt to K 5; 8. P takes P, Q to R 4; 9. Kt to K 2, Kt takes Q B P with advantage to Black. Against Reshevsky a few rounds later Capablanca tried the text-move, which is probably better.

(e) A strong move.

(f) Capablanca played 9. Q to R 4, the continuation being 9. . . . Q takes Q; 10. Kt takes Q, Kt takes P (threatening B to Q 2); 11. B to Q Kt 5, Kt takes B; 12. P takes Kt, B to K 3; 13. P to Q Kt 5, B to Q 4; 14. Kt to K B 3 (there is no time for P to B 3. White must complete his development), B takes Kt; 15. P takes B and the game eventually ended in a draw. With the text-move White starts a combination which leads to a gain of material but allows Black to get a very strong attack.

(g) If 10. . . . B takes Kt, then 11. B takes Q, B takes Q, ch; 12. B takes B and Black has no compensation for the pawn.

(h) The only alternative is Q to Q 2, for, if the Rook is left unguarded, White plays Kt to B 6, ch. The text-move is very much better.

(i) Threatening 14. . . . R to Q sq.

(j) Threatening 14. . . . R to Q sq.

(k) Much stronger than regaining the pawn at once by R takes R.

(l) If 17. Kt to B 3, then 17. . . . R takes P; 18. Q to Kt sq (if Q to Q sq, then B takes Kt P; or if, instead, Q to R sq, then Kt to Kt 5), B takes R P; 19. Q to R sq, Kt to Kt 5 or R to B 7 with a winning game for Black.

(m) Black has a winning game.

(n) Preventing R to Kt 8 and threatening P to Kt 6.

TOURNAMENT AT AMSTERDAM

Shortly after the tournament at Amsterdam mentioned in the *Field* of July 15th a second tournament was arranged there with the same six players. The final scores were Dr. Euwe (Holland) and Dr. Landau (Holland) each 3½ points out of 5, N. Coetlever (Holland), and S. Flohr (Czecho-Slovakia) each 3, L. Szabó (Hungary) 2, and J. H. C. Fonteín (Holland) 0.

The following game was finely played by Dr. Landau.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. Landau.	BLACK. Flohr.	WHITE. Dr. Landau.	BLACK. Flohr.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	18. B takes B	K takes B
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	19. Kt to K sq	Kt takes Kt
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 2	20. Q to Q 4, ch	K to Kt sq (e)
4. P to K 4	P to Q 3	21. Q R takes Kt	P to K 5
5. P to K Kt 3	Q Kt to Q 2 (a)	22. P to B 5	R P takes P
6. B to Kt 2	P to K 4	23. R P takes P	Q to B 2 (f)
7. K Kt to K 2	Castles	24. P to Q Kt 4	Kt to R 3
8. Castles	R to K sq	25. P to B 6	P to K 4 (g)
9. P to Kt 3	P takes P (b)	26. Q to Q 2	K to R 2
10. Kt takes P	Kt to B 4	27. Kt to Q 4 (h)	R to K Kt sq
11. P to B 3	K Kt to Q 2	28. Q to Kt 5 (i)	Kt takes P
12. B to Kt 2	Kt to K 4 (c)	29. Kt to B 5	B takes Kt
13. Q Kt to K 2	P to Q B 3	30. P takes B	K R to K sq (j)
14. B to B 3	Q to Kt 3	31. B to K 4	R to K 4 (k)
15. K to R sq (d)	P to Q B 4	32. P takes P, ch	P takes P
16. Kt to B 2	R to Q sq	33. Q tks Kt P, ch	K to R sq
17. P to B 4	Kt (Kt) to Q 6	34. P to B 7	Resigns.

(a) P to K 4, to be followed by Kt to B 3, is preferable. After the text-move Black has difficulty with his development.

(b) Black plays this in order to free his Q B 4 and K 4 for his Knights, but by giving up the centre he increases the mobility of White's pieces. Perhaps P to B 3, to be followed by Q to B 2, is preferable, although the problem of the development of the Queen's side pieces would still remain to be solved.

(c) Threatening to win a piece by playing Kt (K 4) to Q 6.

(d) A necessary precautionary measure. If Kt to B 2 at once, then Kt takes Kt P, ch.

(e) Black should, instead, play P to B 3. After the text-move the "hole" at his K B 3 becomes a source of great embarrassment to him.

(f) Q takes P would be very dangerous, White having a strong reply in Q to B 6, to be followed by P takes P and Kt to B 4.

(g) Not Kt takes P because of Q to Q 2, threatening either Q to R 6 or Q takes Kt and so winning a piece. The text-move, however, is not good. Black should, instead, play 25. . . . Q to Q 2, *e.g.*, 26. Q to Q 2, Q to K sq; 27. Kt to Q 4, P to B 4; 28. Kt to B 5, Q to B sq (best) and he has some chance of making a defence.

(h) Threatening 28. Kt to B 5, B takes Kt (not P takes Kt because of Q to Kt 5 and mate next move); 29. P takes B (threatening R to K 7), R to Q 2 (if R to K sq, then Q to Kt 5); 30. Q to Kt 5, R to K Kt sq; 31. B to K 4 with a winning attack.

(i) Threatening Kt to B 5. Black has no satisfactory move.

(j) If 30. . . . Q R to K sq, then 31. P takes P, ch followed, if (1) 31. . . . P takes P, by 32. P to B 7 and wins, or, if (2) 31. . . . R takes P, by 32. R takes R (threatening Q takes P, ch followed by B to K 4, mate), R takes Q (if P to Q 4, then Q takes P, ch followed by R to R 8, ch and mate in two more moves); 33. B to K 4, ch, R to B 4; 34. B takes R, ch, K to R 3; 35. P to R 4 and wins.

(k) If R takes B, then R takes R (threatening R to K 7) and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4023

By CAPTAIN W. BYAS.*

WHITE (11 pieces): King at Q B sq, Queen at Q B 7, Rook at Q Kt 5, Bishops at Q 3 and K B 8, Knights at K 4 and K B 4, Pawns at K Kt 3, Q B 4, K Kt 5 and K R 5.

BLACK (11 pieces): King at K B 4, Queen at Q B 4, Rooks at Q 3 and Q R 4, Bishops at K B 2 and K R 5, Knight at Q sq, Pawns at Q B 3, Q 5, K Kt 5 and Q R 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Observer*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4022

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

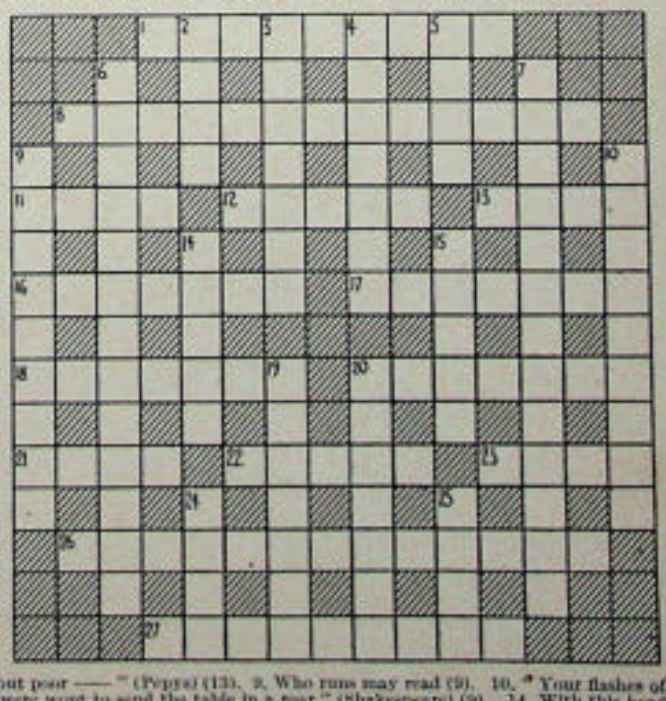
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 526

ACROSS.—1, "Alone in London seemed in itself an ——" (Brontë) (9). 8, This occupation in the field sounds rather like a warden's job (13). 11, There should be at least one in a 4 down (4). 12, "A deer —— out of a copse," Possibly just for a game (5). 13, Many a Saint has one (4). 16, Take a chance here (7). 17, Your member depends on him (7). 18, Hangers-on in the furnishing business (7). 20, This metal should be useful if white-washing (7). 21, A cox with this might look foolish in the boat (4). 22, A new one is often very annoying (5). 23, May be good, or bad (4). 26, A never mounted, but obviously tried to (13). 27, Something for the budding motorist to show (9).

DOWN.—2, This ship belongs to the nobility (5). 3, Not a weapon —— just an arm of the sea (7). 4, You may play here (7). 5, This in to enlist (4). 6, Drive ten times, and you are sure to be amusing (13). 7, "A great deal of company, but poor ——" (Pepys) (13). 9, Who runs may read (9). 10, "Your flashes of ——, that were wont to send the table in a roar" (Shakespeare) (9). 14, With this head one should be well balanced (5). 15, Five hundred Romans open a jumble sale (5). 19, You begin by receiving absolution and then wither up (7). 20, If grown-ups want to play with hoops, they might try this game (7). 24, An obsolete claw (4). 25, Seem to be widgeon (4).

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



SOLUTION TO No. 525

Published July 15th

L	A	C	K	I	N	G		C	O	N	I	C	A	L
U		I		S				O		A		R		E
N	A	S	T	I	E	R		H	U	M	B	E	R	S
A		T		S		E		F		E		A		S
T	I	G	E	R		S	T	O	R	K		I	S	L	E
I		R		P		E		A		P		E		E
C	E	N	S	U	R	E		T	A	R	T	S		S
				R		N		E		I				
U		M	A	G	I	C		R	E	D	U	C	E	D
N		U		E		H		N		C		O		R
T	A	C	K		A	M	B	I	T		T	R	U	E
R		T		Z		E		T		H		O		A
I	T	A	L	I	A	N		T	E	A	R	N	E	D
E		R		N		T				I		E		E
D	E	D	U	C	E	S		D	E	L	A	T	E	D

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Garden

Orchis for Naming.—The large specimen is *Orchis latifolia* (marsh orchis), common in marshes and moist meadows. The small specimen sent is probably Orchis Morio, but the flower was so decayed as to be difficult to identify.—*V. C., Mudeford.*

Making a Screen.—To the owner of a new house with a garden as yet undeveloped, the problem of adequate screening is of major importance. For instance, there may be an ugly building or view to block out, and on many new estates greater privacy can be assured by judicious screening. Even where trees and shrubs are used for the purpose, some temporary structure will be necessary until they reach the required height, and, in this case, a plain deal trellis can be fixed to the top of the existing fence. The materials

When sending plants to be named, send as many parts as possible—basal leaves, stem, flowers and fruit. Pack in moss, moistened paper, or damp leaves, in a stiff cardboard, tin or wooden box.

for this should be creosoted timbers of about 3in. by 2in. section, some 1in. by 1in. battens, nailed to the main framework to support the intersecting laths; and some plain builders' laths, such as are used for plaster work or tile hanging. These should be nailed together to form a 4in. square mesh, treated with creosote, and nailed or screwed to the battens. This type of trellis will last until the living screen is fully grown, and, until that time, quick-growing climbers such as *Polygonum Baldschuanicum*, *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, or rambler roses, will add to the beauty and effectiveness of it. For enclosing some particular part of the garden, such as the kitchen garden, a more permanent and stronger screen can be made by fixing a similar square mesh trellis between brick or stone pillars built in the same way as for the pergola.—*S. D., London.*

Kennel

Hard Mouth.—We do not know of any contrivance such as you mention as a cure for a hard mouth. We have heard of a stuffed rabbit skin being used in which a few short knitting needles had been fixed, but we cannot say if it was efficacious. Many men consider that a hard mouth is incurable. The bad habit may often be prevented if the dog, when learning, is persuaded to deliver smartly.—*R. J. P., Wakefield.*

House Training.—We have heard of several Labradors taken indoors straight out of large kennels and they have been models of cleanliness, never once misconducting themselves. Probably Mrs. Stoubouse Williams, Langford, Norton Fitzwarren, Taunton, would take the bitch for you and keep her in the house. If not, Mr. H. Scott, Meriden, Manor Road, Taunton, would be able to give you the address of someone not far away.—*G. S., Wimborne.*

Breeder of Lurchers.—We do not know of anyone who breeds lurchers. In all probability an advertisement in these columns would bring you plenty of offers. A whippet-greyhound cross is so unusual that we think you would have a difficulty in finding one. Would not a large whippet suit your purpose? They can usually be had cheaply. We have seen some so big that they could almost be mistaken for small greyhounds. We have no addresses in your immediate neighbourhood, but two close to London are Mrs. Floyd, 51, Aragon Road, Kingston-on-Thames, and Mr. B. H. Evans, 26, Ingleborough Drive, Purley, Surrey.—*R. L. N., Knightsbridge.*

Clumber with Bad Eyes.—As there are several ailments of the eyes, and you do not say which it is from which your Clumber suffers, we cannot be of much help to you. Feeding has nothing whatever to do with the trouble. For weeping eyes or such as show a discharge in the morning, bathing with boracic lotion will often effect a cure. Inflamed eyelids may be anointed with golden ointment.—*E. J., C., Devonshire.*

B.H.S. Infection of Dogs.—The letters B.H.S. have been widely adopted by veterinary surgeons for the very prevalent infection in dogs due to the betahæmolytic streptococcus. This disease, which some breeders have termed "kennel flu," attacks dogs of any age and of either sex, causing a variety of syndromes or combinations of symptoms. The form of the disease causing the greatest loss to the breeder is that in the bitch, resulting in sterility, abortion, or if she whelps she probably goes down with puerperal fever or whelping fever. Almost invariably her whelps die within the first three days of life, though one or two may survive into the second week. The death rate among infected bitches is low, not higher than 10 per cent.; but the loss of whelps or the sterility of the breeding bitches are the serious factors about this streptococcal infection.

Yet another form the disease takes is frequently confused with distemper; the infected puppy or adult goes down with fever, discharge at the eyes and nose, tonsilitis, swollen glands, and commonly diarrhœa develops with a brown discoloration of the mouth. This has led many dog owners to suspect the very reliable method of immunising against distemper by means of the virus vaccine, when, after their puppies have been protected against distemper, they go down with the distemper-like symptoms due to the streptococcal disease. Yet another common form of the disease causes rash and intense itching of the skin, which after some weeks leads to eczema-like patches on the back and quarters, or to a form of dermatitis which closely resembles mange.

A more intense form of the skin syndrome leads to bleeding spots or minute ulcers, which continually weep blood from almost every part of the skin surface, gums, lips, eyelids, penis or vulva; it is the so-called purpura hæmorrhagica form. When dogs, which are already suffering from inflamed bowels due to worms or coccidiosis, contract the streptococcal infection, many or all of them are likely to exhibit hysteria. Several recent outbreaks of so-called canine hysteria have been investigated and traced to this complication of the streptococcus germs and bowel worms. Incidentally, canine hysteria is a combination of symptoms, which may be due to different causes, e.g., the one mentioned already, poisoning from certain vegetable poisons which have been found in some meals and biscuits, inflammatory conditions of the brain, etc. It appears that the streptococcal infection is not commonly a fatal disease, but as in the human being it results in a large amount of chronic ill-health or disability. In other words, though its mortality rate is low, its morbidity rate is very high, unless the patient is diagnosed and appropriately treated in the earlier stages of the disease. This disease, probably the most prevalent infection among dogs, was unravelled by the veterinary profession of this country, who in the past two or three years have made steady progress in both curative and preventive measures. The disease is also under investigation now in other countries.

This rather long note has been prompted by our finding the disease in two new-born whelps, which had been sent to us for post-mortem examination. We have advised our correspondent to invite his veterinary surgeon to examine the bitch as she is the probable source of the infection in the whelps. Accurate diagnosis of the disease requires the assistance of laboratory workers, since the isolation of the beta hæmolytic streptococcus from swabs and other preparations from the bitch is necessary.—*F. D., Hants.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis of Pheasant Chicks.—This contagious germ infection of the bowels appears on the rearing field usually in chicks of two to three weeks of age; occasional younger chicks die of the disease without showing any previous sign of ill-health. The more common symptoms of the disease in chicks are ruffled plumage, watery eyes, drooping wing, lameness and diarrhœa; the appetite is usually maintained until the chick is too weakened to search for its food. Chicks showing the above signs of disease should be destroyed, since they are not likely to benefit from treatment; moreover, they are a means of spreading the infection to adjacent coops.

The remaining chicks should be fed on a mash of which 20 per cent. is composed of powdered milk, or as an alternative 2 per cent. of molasses can be used. This treatment should be continued for three weeks; if the chicks scour badly the mash should be left off for a day or two. Also as a tonic to each gallon of drinking water 2oz. of sulphate of iron should be added.

Where a good supply of fresh milk is available an alternative treatment consists of replacing the drinking water by fresh whole milk given twice daily in cleaned drinking fountains, which should be placed on the shaded side of the coop. Since the disease is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds the coops should be moved on to clean ground as often as possible, every day if practicable. The droppings and litter on the used patches of contaminated ground should be burned; a ready method of doing this is to burn twitch or straw over the used patch. At the close of the rearing season the field should be dressed with 2 tons of quicklime and 56lb. of copper sulphate per acre, and it should not be used again for rearing or for poultry for at least two years. The reason for this long period of rest from birds is that the germs of coccidiosis are capable of remaining alive on the ground for at least twelve to eighteen months. This season, as in former years, we have received reports of heavy losses on rearing fields from which specimens have been diagnosed as cases of coccidiosis, and we expect again to receive evidence of the disease being carried into coverts with poults. There is no doubting that coccidiosis is the greatest scourge of the rearing field, and we doubt if there will be much improvement so long as diseased broodies are used. The usual origin of the coccidiosis outbreak on the rearing field is one or more coccidiosis-infected broodies.

The trouble to the keeper is that his fowls may appear outwardly to be in good health, they may handle well, and yet they may be "carriers" of coccidiosis. By the term "carrier" is meant a bird showing no visible signs of ill-health though containing the germs within its bowels and excreting them in its droppings. In order to detect broodies infected with coccidiosis it is necessary to have samples of their droppings examined microscopically by an expert. Since the routine examination of broodies by an expert is not a practicable proposition for most rearers, we advocate the rearing of pheasant chicks in movable artificial brooders; there are very satisfactory models especially adapted for pheasant chicks on the market, and we have personal experience of their many advantages over the broody hen of doubtful origin and health. Other sources of the infection on the rearing field are diseased poultry in adjacent fields, and contaminated coops and utensils from the previous season's use. At the end of a season coops should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap before storage.—*J. G. W., Carnarvon; J., Berks; R. S. T., Berks; H. T. C., Suffolk; J. A., Yorks; C. E., Berks; A. W., Hants; A. W. W., Berks; J. S., Fife.*

Shooting

Caps for French Brass Cases.—The ignition system you describe is known as the Gevelot or Amorce-ferme system, and is used extensively on the Continent, but mostly in France. From your description we should imagine that reference is made to the Gevelot cap with the open end, and the same cap the end of which is sealed with a celluloid disc. The celluloid disc usually denotes a rust-free cap which is very sensitive, and in all probability the celluloid is fitted to intercept in some way direct communication, and thereby avoid the great danger of explosion in bulk.—*R. A. H. C., Carnforth.*

Cartridge Test

Your 12-bore 3in. cartridges contained 35 grains of emerald powder, felt and card wads and 1¼oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity averaged 1,080ft. per second with recoil which would be heavy in a gun under 7¼lb. weight. Pressure was normal and patterns even, averaging 66% in a 30in. circle at 40yds. (choke barrel). These cartridges should prove fully effective at all normal ranges.—*J. P., Walton-on-Naze.*

Stable

Grass Disease.—The cause of grass disease is not known, and so far no treatment has been discovered, nor any means of prevention, save keeping horses off the pastures during the summer months.—*S. W. B. S., Pembrokeshire.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 29th

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 22nd), Berwyn Station on Dee; M., Tyndrel Bridge on Tryweryn; W., Shiregrove Bridge on Camlad; S., Montgomery Bridge on Severn—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (July 22nd), Compton Verney, Warwick—10.30.

CHERITON.—Saturday (July 22nd), Eggesford Station (up); DARTMOOR and CHERITON Joint Week: M., Teign Bridge, Kingsteignton (C); Tu., Granite Lodge, Stover (D.); W., Jews Bridge (for Bovey) (C.); Th., Chudleigh Bridge (D.); F., Christow (C.); S., Fingle Bridge (D.)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (July 22nd), Durweston Bridge, near Blandford; Tu., In district; Th., King's Mill, Marnhull (Upper Stour)—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Wednesday (July 26th), Robertsbridge Flour Mills; S., Etchingham Village—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (July 22nd), Hambridge Mill, Curry Rivel (Culmstock); Tu., Roughmoor (River Tone); S., Birkleigh (R. Exe)—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Cheriton-Dartmoor Joint Week (see Cheriton).

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 22nd), Hillborough Swan; Th., Braidon; S., Nacton Post Office, near Ipswich—10.30.

HAWKSTONE.—Saturday (July 22nd), Teify (water permitting).

WYE VALLEY.—Monday (July 24th), Stretton Grandison, near Ledbury; Th., British Lion, Fawley—10.30.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by HUNTER & KEARSE, LTD., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by THE FIELD PRESS (1939) LTD., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, July 22, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4518. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE | INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.



MR. NEWMAN GILBEY, J.P.

Mr. Gilbey, of Mark Hall, Harlow, was President of this year's Essex Agricultural Society's extremely successful show



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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 267
MASTER OF HIS CRAFT 267
THE CHANGING FACE OF COWES 268
THE CONTROL OF GREYHOUND RACING . . . 270
WATCHING WHINCHATS 271
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS . . . 272
CASTING AS A FINE ART 272
THE ENGLISH BASSET HOUND 274
OLD TRAFFORD TEST MATCH 275
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: ARTHUR'S . . . 276
BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS 278
AFTER CHAMOIS IN AUSTRIA 279
WINTER FEEDING OF PARTRIDGES . . . 280
NEW CONDITIONS FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL . 282
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 284
FIFTY YEARS AGO 284
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK 284
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Bird Protection; Grouse and Disease . . . 285
IN THE CITY 288
NEW BOOKS 289
STRENGTH ON THE LINKS 290
FENCING AT KINGSGATE 290
THE MATCH RIFLE AT BISLEY 290
A LANDOWNER'S WORK IN WALES—1. . . . 291
PATHS AND EDGING PLANTS 292
CHARCOAL BURNING 292
INDOOR FLORAL DECORATIONS 294
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE 294
MOTORIST'S VALUE IN THE TERRITORIAL ARMY . 296
ENGLISH CARS ON AMERICAN HIGHWAYS . . 298
A WALKING HOLIDAY IN THE SIX COUNTIES . 299
AIR STRENGTH AND THE EMPIRE . . . 300
THE 20 H.P. ALVIS 300
CARDS AND CHESS 301
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 302

FARM WAGES

THE establishment of a minimum wage of £2 a week for farm labourers has been turned down by the Government. A number of Government supporters representing agricultural constituencies voted in favour of the motion (which came before the House in a curiously limited form), but it was rejected without difficulty.

A determined effort is being made to put agriculture in this country on its feet. Subsidies galore have appeared. Two pounds an acre is being paid for land ploughed up before October 31st, and this, at any rate, is a large stride in the right direction. But land cannot be farmed without men, no matter how "scientific" the methods used. And men continue to leave the land. Three hundred thousand have already done so, and the movement shows no signs of coming to a halt.

Men leave for two primary reasons—poor housing conditions and poor wages. The average wage of a farm labourer in this country is 34/9. Having paid the rent, this is reduced to an average of 28/- for a man and his family. It may be true—and in certain districts it is true—that the farm labourer's scale of living compares very favourably with that of the lower-paid urban worker. But money, hard cash, speaks louder than any intangible benefit. Twenty-eight shillings a week is not much for a man and his family. He can get a good deal more elsewhere, and he goes to get it.

One Government argument was that the increased rate would lead to unemployment. But there is already a shortage of farm labourers. It would seem, therefore, that the Government argument is, in fact, an admission—an admission that agriculture cannot afford to pay its labourers more; that, if the minimum wage were passed, farmers being unable to pay, would not employ; that not only men, but land would go out of work. If that is so, then indeed those Ministers of Agriculture now occupying easier posts can look back upon their tenure of office with shame. The hard things said about them were not, it would appear, unmerited.

In the meanwhile, the drift from the land will merely gather momentum as the months pass.

Land cannot be farmed without labour. If our land is to be brought back to its proper state of fertility, then men must be kept on the farms. And as fertility increases more men will be needed. As crisis mounts upon crisis, the value of British agriculture to the nation is more fully realised by the urban dweller, which is all to the good since agriculture is utterly dependent upon the urban vote. But surely we should not need crises to drive home the fact that our land—a heritage handed down to us on trust, a heritage for which men have died in thousands in the past—is of value to us?

At the moment increased pay for the agricultural worker is, we are told, impossible. The men will not stay at the wage given them, and they certainly will not come back for that wage. One day—perhaps one day soon—increased pay will be utterly essential. It may then be found that it is not easy to bring men back once they have found employment elsewhere.

OPEN AIR ART

IT is a remarkable thing that the people of this country, reputedly among the most air-loving in the world, refuse to do anything in the open air except pursue the acquirement of health. They are perfectly happy to be soaked to the skin and frozen to the marrow as long as exercise is the occasion of their discomfort. But social entertainment must be celebrated in artificial light and behind closed doors. Should a restaurant possess a natural window opening on to the open air and possibly a view of some gardens, heavy curtains are hung, so that one might just as well be eating in France. And should we seek to sip an apéritif in one of the few restaurants which have a pavement table in London, we are always apt to be the prey of some photographer with a "nose for news." Not that we lack outdoor entertainments completely. Glück's "The Pilgrims of Mecca" was recently performed in a charming garden in Essex, and if Mozart is presented indoors at Glyndebourne, we can, at all events, reflect, with Mr. Herbert Farjeon, that outside "the best-bred sheep are grazing." There is the Greek play at Bradfield, and the open-air theatre—with its emergency building—in Regent's Park. Yet these departures from custom always appear to remain just that, and have none of the natural atmosphere of open-air opera, which is presented in every important town in Italy. Perhaps our attitude is due to the ability of our fathers and grandfathers to enjoy day after day of uninterrupted sport, so that fresh air and sport became naturally associated. But the old tradition is lingering on with surprising strength in a new world.

GAMEFARMING BY RADIO

We expect almost anything of our radio and we are not disappointed. But it will come as a welcome surprise to know that we are going to hear something about how game is farmed. To urban dwellers to whom farming means just farming, this may seem something of an enigma; to shooting men it will provide an interesting tea-time item. Nobody knows more on this subject than Mr. J. Carlton Hunting, of the Gaybird Pheasant Farm, and nobody is better able to compress into a few words the story of this industry. At a time when there are not a few mistaken ideas on field sport, it is hoped that such a talk may also help to dissipate lurking prejudice. At all events, our readers will be well advised to listen in to Radio Normandy in the "Country Home Hour," at five o'clock on Monday, July 31st.

ROAD REPAIRS

A letter appeared recently in the *Daily Telegraph* drawing attention to the removal of tramlines on a portion of A1, the arterial road to the north. The operations are causing acute congestion and are likely to take a further four months before the normal flow of traffic can be restored. The writer cites another case of a bad block in North London, and then voices the hope that there is nothing similar to the east, south and west of the Metropolis, since, as he points out, at a time of crisis the flow of evacuation traffic would be very seriously impeded by these constrictions. His hopes, one fears, are ill-founded, for these badly-timed repairs are to be found week after week in all directions. We do not question the necessity for road repairs, indeed, it is high time they were carried out in a thorough manner everywhere; but why this lethargy? If those responsible felt the importance of the work, what now takes months could be accomplished in weeks. There is no lack of man-power to do the work—we still have over a million of unemployed—the materials are to hand, and with the rates and taxes we pay, there should be the necessary money. Roads are absolutely vital in emergency. Let us consider Germany's magnificent highway system, blush, and mobilise our resources.

GOLF AND STAMINA

James Bruen led the field in the opening qualifying rounds of the Open Championship at St. Andrews. He led again at the commencement of the Irish Open Championship. In each case he played superlative golf, better golf than any of the professionals, only to "crack" in the later stages. In each case he finished as first amateur and ahead of many famous professionals. At the top of his game he is the best amateur golfer in the world. On occasions he plays golf better than any man, amateur or professional, in the world. But he is not yet a Bobby Jones, for that wonderful player could produce superlative golf throughout a championship meeting. Sustained effort is one of the essentials of modern golf, and comes, it would seem, with age. It is the one factor lacking in James Bruen's make up. But he is yet very young, and time will prove him to be as good in every way as Bobby Jones, which means better than anyone else.

ANGLERS AND TOURNAMENTS

In the fisherman's world, nowadays, July has become the established month in which to hold those trials of prowess with rod and line which reflect the competitive spirit in an otherwise uncompetitive sport. Though fishermen will always differ on their true value to angling, there is no doubt that they have had the major share in producing the extraordinarily efficient rods and lines which have added so much, not only to the pleasure of a day's fishing, but ultimately to the size of the bag. But of recent years these gatherings have attracted even more attention from the artistry displayed by competition in the "accuracy" events. Though the enormous lengths cast may be useless for the capture of fish, the ability to drop fly or bait within a foot of a given point must be accounted of as great practical value on the river bank as it is on the ornamental water of a casting tournament.

POLO

Dusty dry earth bound by a cactus fence,
Eight horses foam-flecked in the strident sun
Thudding and racing, all their recompense
The antique joy of horse and rider, one.

The ball lies placid in its verdant bed,
The word unspoken or the note unsung;
Expressionless, till ball and stick are wed
And life exultant to the goal is flung.

The rotting flesh of horse and man are gone,
Through wind and sky by night their spirits chase;
But there's a sweet remembrance lingers on,
An afternoon of sport and lively grace.

K. E. HESLEY.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

NOTHING was left of the old village, but from its suburbanised site run a lane, a long one, leading to a farm, an undemonstrative lane leading from one century to another, to another dimension of existence. In the end it ran among the farmbuildings, shut off as completely from the pseudo-village as though I had turned some lucky corner in time, and had found myself in a new world, which was the comfortable, spacious, leisurely old world of real life. This was what I saw: a thatched and weather-boarded barn, a pond with willows looking into it like old dames dreaming before the open fireplace, a thatched cart-house sheltering muck-cart, governess cart and two waggons, a long low white millhouse with a litter of pigs asleep in the sun by the gate that led into the back premises, and through the gate the mill-stream narrowing from its broad meads and heavy-foliaged trees towards the house which straddled it, and on this side was a ripe black.

The farmer was the biggest surprise of all. He was spare, tall, well-knit, in breeches and leggings ("immaculate lounge suits," Mr. Street tells us, is the modern farmer's dress off his fields), and with a finely-cut, intellectual face. His ease of manner was not at all after the style of "Varmer Giles," that good-natured Caliban of urban dream, and his courtesy was what is called "old-world," presumably because none exists in the new. But the most remarkable thing about him was his merriment. He was a joyous man, his smile was warm, his laughter infectious, his whole air one of sovereign content. This was indeed the final touch of old-fashionedness. How could a farmer smile when he was without a combine-harvester, a cut-lift mower, a grass-dryer, and a mile of poultry forcibly fed from machines? Since he never smiles when he has them, smiles are necessarily obsolete. They are altogether Gothic. We moved off to inspect the old wooden wheel-less plough that was like a younger brother of my Gloucestershire long plough. But when I heard the farmer remark quite casually that he had another and similar plough which he kept for use, not show, my attention wandered from the plough to its owner.

Here was a farmer living nearby one of the tentacles of the Great Wen, already curled round his village, keeping a plough constructed on the mediæval model for potential use in his fields—surely one of the wonders of Britain. "Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that your arable fields are not all grassed?" The relic of Merrie England laughed his merry laugh. "Certainly not," said he. "My brother urged me to some years ago, the same as he did himself, but I would not. I said that I'd give up farming rather than I'd ever use a tractor, but when I found that I had to use the thing because I couldn't get any men, I didn't give up farming, but I kept the old plough by me for winter corn. In a wet November, the tractor makes the ground like a pavement, and it doesn't know how to treat it like the old plough. But I had to get the tractor, for I don't hold with turning England into a milk factory, and I've found it just as profitable to grow corn, only it's more trouble and you have to be a real farmer to grow it."

We went back towards the house, whose cobbled whitewashed flints looked as friendly and wise as the master. The "dillin" pig, the last of the litter, came running towards us, half the size of its sleeping brethren. How symbolic was that little pig! What is called business efficiency does not bother about the dillin pig. It is harnessed to the modern ideal of miles of mouths that open by reflex at the sound of the feeder, of a mechanical cow, and of pressing a button in an office for setting in motion an apparatus that will gather the fruits of the earth in half a day. But at Mill Farm the tradition of the husbandman tilling the living earth still survived like a loose end of the past. Cultivation was still a mode of life there, content and cheerfulness were still human desirables, and the unchanged country scene was still their natural setting. The men were gone, since it is no longer considered necessary for men to work in order that men may eat. A thoroughly old-fashioned notion, a putting the clock back. But when the mainspring breaks, if it has not broken already without business efficiency being a penny the wiser, there will be men again on Mill Farm, and the old plough will break the furrow once more.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a letter in a London daily:

"It may interest your readers to know that several years ago while at Bourke, N.S.W., I heard that sometimes it rains fishes. The spawn is said to be drawn up from lakes and rivers in waterspouts by a *willie willie* (the name given to small whirlwinds). The spawn germinates in the clouds and when full grown the fish fall to the ground."



Mr. Vanderbilt at the helm of Vim

MASTER OF HIS CRAFT

By A. M. KINNERSLEY SAUL

WHEN we heard that Mr. Harold Vanderbilt was bringing over his new 12-metre yacht Vim to compete in our 1939 regattas, we knew we were to see some unusually keen racing. What we did *not* know was that, with a new, untried craft racing in—to him—unknown waters, he would in a few weeks establish so complete a mastery over our finest yachts and our most skilful helmsmen.

We have become more or less resigned to our long list of failures to regain the cup which the schooner America carried off 88 years ago. Having won only five out of the 50 races which have since been sailed during the various challenges, another reverse does not cause surprise, although "hope springs eternal," and there is always the prospect of "bringing it off." But we have had no previous experience of this kind in our own waters, and it is proving a surprise.

What is the secret of Mr. Vanderbilt's astonishing success, not only in decisively defeating our last three challengers for the America's Cup—Shamrock V, Endeavour and Endeavour II; but in now repeating the performance over here against our crack "Twelves"—a class which has always been considered essentially British and one in which he has not previously raced?

It may, perhaps, be summed up in one word—Efficiency; efficiency in the design, rigging, canvassing, equipping and manning of his craft and efficiency in every aspect of racing her.

We have good reason to know that Mr. Vanderbilt's knowledge of yachts and yacht-racing is complete, and that it can hardly have been equalled anywhere; but we were quite unprepared to find that, on his first visit as a yachtsman, his knowledge of our winds and our peculiar tides is equally expert.

It is known that when Mr. Gerard Lambert was planning his season over here with Yankee in 1935, he arranged for careful observations, covering several months, to be made, and recorded of the weather and tidal conditions on our courses. Either Mr. Vanderbilt has followed the same procedure or he is making use of the same survey. Only once so far have local conditions appeared to bother him—at Torbay, when the precise weather which was referred to by the writer in the *Field* of June 3rd, was much in evidence.

Our American visitor has also a hearty dislike of any ambiguity or any argument about the result of a race. An example of this occurred during the first race of the season at Harwich, where history appeared to be about to repeat itself in a truly remarkable fashion. Vim, precisely as her famous flag-mate had done in the historic race round the Isle of Wight in 1851, sailed on the wrong side of a mark in the course.

It will, perhaps, be of interest to recall those earlier events before making any comparison. Two sets of official sailing directions were issued to the fifteen competing yachts, but while the first described the course as being "Round the Isle of Wight," the second had the additional note "outside the Nab" (then marked by a lightship). The result was that five British yachts kept on towards the Nab after passing Nomans, while America and the nine others hauled up immediately for Bembridge, thus shortening their course by some four miles. In spite of this and America's speed, she was headed by Volante (which had rounded the Nab), and but for the latter colliding with Freak there might have been no America's Cup.

America was first home, and in spite of one protest from a craft which had sailed the longer course, was awarded the Queen's Cup. The fact that she had, besides sailing the wrong course, broken a racing rule then in force by booming out her sails, was waived aside by the committee. There was no argument; that was to come later, and to increase in volume and intensity with each succeeding challenge. But it must never be forgotten that the American Cup Committee made an equally "bean geste" when they postponed the start of the race to allow Endeavour's mainsail to be properly set.

All this, and much beside, may have been in Mr. Vanderbilt's mind when he found himself on the wrong side of one of the marks at Harwich. The course he had taken, followed by Sir William Burton, would entail a longer distance being sailed, and it is doubtful whether any protest would have been made because of this and because it was his first race in strange surroundings and in what was at that time still a strange vessel. To put the matter beyond all doubt and to settle all arguments before they had a chance to arise, he sailed Vim wide of the finishing line.

But since then he has won race after race in masterly fashion. At Ramsgate Vim suffered her first real defeat after winning five races in succession. In boisterous weather, during which Ornsay was dismasted and Jenetta withdrew to tow her into port, Mr. Sopwith succeeded in luffing Vim wide of the course. In doing so, however, he was obliged to sacrifice his own chances of winning as Mr. Fairey's Evaine was able to reach straight through their lee for the mark, winning by 1min. 4sec. over Tomahawk, Vim taking third place 11sec. later. At Lymington he shared the fate of Trivia and Jenetta in running aground, but after losing three minutes almost triumphed, being beaten by only 20 seconds by Tomahawk.

Observers are agreed that the American vessel is not appreciably faster than ours, except in her uncanny ability in going to windward. It is her superb handling and the amazing smartness of her crew in shifting sail and carrying out the various evolutions which racing entails that the precious seconds which decide the result, are gained.

Mr. Vanderbilt makes no secret of his methods. On the contrary, in his engrossing *On the Wind's Highway*, he describes them with the same thoroughness and the same wealth of detail as he approaches the job itself.

There will no doubt be some who will say that this is making too much of a business of it. If so, there will be others and amongst them the writer, who will point out that the form of a ship, *any* ship, and however propelled, must be of far greater significance to a nation which owes its very existence to the efficiency of the vessels which fly its flag on the seven seas. The line which separates sport from commercial and warlike efficiency at sea is hardly perceptible.

One of our new "Twelves," Flica II, which has been evolved after similar tank tests to those which determined the lines of Vim and, by the courtesy of the Stephens Institute, in the same tank, has yet to find her form. At the time of writing she has been unfortunate. It is possible that Mr. Hugh Goodson (like Mr. Peter Scott of small boat fame, he is also an accomplished artist with a paint brush), will yet get the measure of our visitor from whom we have learnt and are still learning so much about yacht racing.

Whatever the result of the present season may be, it is certain that we shall recognise that Mr. Vanderbilt has put plenty of "Vim" into it, and that he himself is, in the widest possible sense, Master of His Craft.



COWES WEEK FAR FROM BEING OVERSHADOWED BY THE BIG YACHTS IS ALSO THE GREATEST OCCASION FOR NUMEROUS SMALL CLASSES

THE CHANGING FACE OF COWES

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOKEN

IT is customary to regard Cowes not only as the epitome of the yachting season, but as the one place where, *par excellence*, the old regime holds out longest and strongest: the last bulwark, still stoutly standing, of conservative tradition in an intrinsically conservative sport—yachting.

Head-shakings there may be, amongst the surviving stalwarts, and laments that Cowes is "not what it was," so that if one listens without mental reservations one gets an impression that in those far-away days, two or three decades ago, sails shone whiter in the sun, yachts were driven harder, and the terrific tussles of tremendous craft vied with the inspiring splendour kept by "The Squadron" and its glittering fleet to make Royal Cowes a spectacle that, to have lived, one must have seen.

But although pre-War Cowes, as the picture of it remains in the fading memories of elder yachtsmen, may dim by comparison the lustre of Cowes to-day, we still tend to think of Cowes as carrying on the old tradition; handicapped by changing times and altered values, and the competitive claims of other, newer sports, no doubt—but with its roots far down in Time.

Yet Cowes—calm, conservative, perpetual Cowes—has played a trick on us, a trick, that is, on those of us who yearn after the vanished glories of the past, and would see them revived if they could. Unnoticed, because we have conditioned ourselves to regard it as unchanging, at least, as less changing than any other institution in the yachting season, Cowes has been renewing itself. Bit by bit, it has cast off almost every link with the past, until to-day, how much of that past remains? Almost nothing, yet when Cowes Week begins on July 29th—behold, it is a record year! In round figures, over 400 yachts will be actively engaged—that is, actively taking part in organised racing. What the total number of craft present on the Solent station during Cowes Week will be it is impossible to compute.

Let us look a little closer at the constitution of present-day Cowes, and see how that almost unbelievable figure comes to pass. First, we will glance back, to get a point of departure and a basis from which to reckon; back to the days when the King's cutter was the premier yacht on the station, and the century was a few years old. There were giants in those days: the schooner Meteor, owned by the German Emperor, her main-mast near amidships and her colossal main boom, longer than a 12-metre's mast, and thicker than a man. Shamrock III, too, preparing to challenge for "The Cup," with her towering canvas, over 15,000 sq. ft. of it. Satanita, a yawl of 112 tons, was hardly past her prime; and Rainbow, another great schooner of 270 tons, 116ft. waterline, and 110 tons of lead on her keel.

Spectator craft at Cowes were impressive in those days, too. Sunbeam, of course, was there, Lord Brassey's lovely topsail schooner; and the 1,490-ton ship-rigged Valhalla of the Earl of Crawford. Those two raced it across the Atlantic, in 1905, Sunbeam's best day's run being 299 miles under sail.

It was craft like that which made Cowes a name to conjure with—if we may coin a phrase. And because they are no longer with us—and their like has not been seen again—it is natural to suppose that the present has little with which to compare the past, and to overlook that comparison with the past is really beside the point.

One thing in which modern Cowes is incomparably rich is in the One-design classes which cluster so thickly in the Solent; all along the Island shore, from Bembridge, in the far east, to Yarmouth in the west, is a long succession of sailing and yacht clubs,



SIR RICHARD WILLIAMS-BULKELEY, BART.
Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which he has been a member since 1884

while on the opposite side, Portsmouth and Southsea, the Hamble and Southampton Water, Beaulieu and Lymington contribute their quota. Most of these classes are centralised under the head of the Solent Classes Racing Association; few of them are more than ten or fifteen years old, as classes; some of them very much younger. Each has its own especial character, and is actively building up a tradition for itself, and they alone would make one visiting the locality after an absence of, say, 25 years, conscious of a profound change.

The doyens of the Solent classes are the Redwings. They date from 1896 as a class, but they were redesigned (by Mr. C. E. Nicholson, their original designer) from truck to keelson for the 1938 season, so that, except for their characteristic "turkey-red" sails, they bear little resemblance to the old class. The only other pre-War class belonging to the S.C.R.A. is the Yarmouth One-Design, a 21ft. over-all boat dating from 1911, and coming, as its name implies, from the other extreme of the island.

The other members of the Association are as follows:

The "X" Class.—These are popular little boats, 17ft. 9in. water-line, and have a wide following. Beside the Solent division, which have their headquarters at the Royal Motor Yacht Club, at Hythe, on Southampton Water, there are three other divisions, one at Itchenor, on Chichester Harbour; another at Parkstone, Poole; and a third on the Hamble.

The Seaview Mermaid Class.—There are a dozen boats all built by the neighbouring firm of Woodnutt and carrying 257 sq. ft. of sail on a 24½ft. over-all length. They were begun soon after the War, in 1922.

The Solent Sunbeams.—These are, justly, a very favourite class, with very graceful hulls, and very fast, with a sail area of 300 sq. ft. There is a second division of Sunbeams, at Itchenor, with 27 boats all told. Soon after they were first started, in 1923, several boats were transported as far afield as Falmouth, where the newcomer is surprised to find Solent Sunbeams racing as keenly as in their home waters.

The West Solent Restricted.—These are somewhat bigger boats, with full accommodation, and 34ft. 5in. in over-all length, with a sail area of 570 sq. ft. They hail from Lymington, where there is a fleet of a dozen; there is also another division at Burnham, and one at Torbay.

The "Q" Class.—This class, hailing from the Hamble, are all old 6-metres, very popular both as a racing class *per se* and as a training ground for helmsmen for the more exacting 6-metre racing.

The Teal Class.—This is a very new class, now in its third season, and the boats, though out-and-out racers in appearance, are also good seagoing cruisers. They frequently enter in such events as the Round-the-Island Race, in which Content, one of the class was second this year.

Besides these classes there are numerous small classes of the dinghy type, or analogous thereto: The Island dinghies, the Victory class, the Centre-board Racing Club dinghies, the Lymington Scows, and so on.

In the days of "bygone Cowes" there was far less opportunity for the not-too-ambitious racing man to express himself in the variety of choices which these classes offer; all distinct and clearly defined. In pre-War days the Cowes classes were a rather heterogeneous collection of 2½-raters, 2-raters, 5-raters, 36-footers, 24-footers, 1-raters, and the like, with a few classified-by-tonnage classes; hulls and rigs differed widely, and there was little resembling a One-design class as we know it to-day.

We must not overlook the 30 Square Metres, which arrived on the Solent only last year, and at once took a firm hold. The skerry cruisers, as they are also called, are boats of Swedish origin, fast and modern in rig, rivalling in fact the 6-metres in speed; besides which they are well able to take care of themselves "off-shore."

The premier class in the British Isles, and therefore in the Solent, is of course the 12-metre. Though smaller than "the big yachts," as people used to call the "J" class when they held sway, they are really quite big enough for a single-mast





LEFT: SEA WIND, A NEW BOAT DESIGNED BY HER OWNER, MR. DUCKER. *RIGHT*: A SPOT OF TROUBLE FOR MAID OF KENT IN THE COBB AND SUNK RACE FOR THE HOUGHTON CUP INTERESTS THE CREWS OF ROYAL BURNHAM ONE-DESIGNS. MR. S. HERRING'S LORA WAS THE WINNER

Bermudian boat that does not stay on her moorings when the breeze begins to pipe. This year, with four new British boats and the American visitor Vim, the class makes an impressive enough showing, and with the enormous genoas and spinnakers in use, there is quite enough "swelling sail" about a 12-metre race with the boats on a reach or running before it, to satisfy those who like to see—and who doesn't?—the muslin on display.

The Solent has always shared with the Clyde the honour of being the home of a grand fleet of 8- and 6-metres, and this year both classes are very well represented. There are fourteen 6-metres in commission, more than there have ever been; while with two new Eights from Sweden (Christina and Iskareen) and Wye brought from the Clyde, they too are at full strength.

We have not yet mentioned the handicap classes. Last year the Y.R.A. handicap vessels were out in a strength unknown since the War, but those who thought that in the handicappers the "pre-War splendours" were destined to be revived, have been disappointed this year. Still there are newcomers in this field, such as Cowes in the past never knew: the ocean racing fleet.

The typical ocean racer is an entirely new entity, evolved in the last few years; and she it is who, in the future, will become one of the most characteristic features of Cowes Week, sharing the honours and the limelight with the International Metre classes. This year, most of the out-and-outers in the ocean racing fleet, will be tuning up for the Fastnet when Cowes Week is under way, the off-shore classic being due to start on August 5th; but, as it starts from Spithead, they will all assemble there, and as this year the ocean racing programme has been so constructed that two other off-shore races will finish at Cowes on August 2nd, almost every R.O.R.C. vessel of note will be seen there at one time and another during the Week. These, with the Twelves, are the modern giants; not giants so much in size, compared to those of past days, but of full stature in deeds.

The Fastnet entries this season make a most interesting field, with several nationalities represented, and no doubt many of them will be seen out, having a final "limber up" before the great race, in the special race to the Poole Bar buoy and back to Cowes, which takes place on August 1st and is to be run under full Fastnet conditions. They make an interesting fleet: Latifa, the fine yawl belonging to the R.O.R.C. Commodore; Tai-mo-Shan, the British Admiralty yacht; the two "soldiers' boats," Ilex and Rose, belonging to the Royal Engineer and Royal Artillery Yacht Clubs respectively; Golden Dragon, from Hong-Kong; Zeerand, from Holland, already a Fastnet victor two years ago; and newcomers, too, amongst them, it is hoped, Lara, a big new yawl built at Lowestoft, and hastening to complete in time.

With the 350 yachts which belong to the Solent Classes Racing Association, together with the International Metre fleets, the ocean racers and the Y.R.A. handicap boats, we begin to see how that round figure of 400 is arrived at; it is a conservative estimate, if anything!

And we must not forget the International dinghies. For the first time in history a six-day programme of racing in the 14ft. International dinghy class has just been concluded at Cowes—over, it is true, before the Week itself begins, but organised by the Island Sailing Club of Cowes, and culminating in one of the dinghy classics of the year, the Prince of Wales's Cup. No such ambitious programme for the 14-footers has ever been organised in Solent waters before, and it, too, is a sign of the times; Cowes has changed, changed profoundly and is still changing—but it is adding to itself, adding interest, variety and splendour, of a different sort but none the less real. Cowes no longer reflects the past, save in her stones and quaysides; she is very much of the present—and of the future.





LEFT: RACING FOR THE PAGET CUP IN THE MALDON LITTLE SHIP CLUB RACE. TEN STARTED AND KISMET, SEEN ABOVE, ALTHOUGH STARTING AT SCRATCH, WON EASILY. MR. FREEMAN'S ZEM ZEM IS FOLLOWING. *RIGHT*: MR. A. J. KEEBLE'S VIKING, A FAST CANOE-STERNED BERMUDIAN CRUISER WHICH TOOK PART IN THE RACE



A VIEW OF THE LUNCHEON GIVEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW FORECAST CONTROL ROOM AT THE WHITE CITY

CONTROL OF GREYHOUND RACING

By DALE BOURN

IT has been already shown how greyhound racing through the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934 became legalised by Parliament and the laws laid down for its management. The internal or domestic management of the sport, however, was not catered for by the Act, and the control of the actual racing and the regularisation of that control was left to those interested in the sport.

It was realised at the outset that some national body, independent of any financial interest in the sport, should be formed to protect the interests of the public by drawing up a code of rules and given authority to enforce these rules. In other words, even as there is a Jockey Club in horse racing, so there should be some such club acting in like capacity in greyhound racing.

As early as August, 1927, that pioneer of greyhound racing, the managing director of the Greyhound Racing Association, General A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., D.S.O., invited a number of prominent gentlemen, well known in the sporting world, to serve on a racing committee. At the White City a meeting was held presided over by Sir William Gentle, then chairman of the G.R.A., Ltd., and at which the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Chesham and Captain Sir Humphrey de Trafford consented to act. This was the first step in the right direction, but their control was, by the nature of the committee's creation, limited only to those courses owned by the G.R.A., although numerous other courses outside their control were springing up all over the country.

Lord Askwith, in his memorandum, submitted to the Royal Commission on Betting and Lotteries, stated that the more responsible among the promoters of greyhound racing and the managements of the leading courses realised that neither its growth nor its operations should be allowed to continue uncontrolled, and that, in the public interest, a national governing body was a necessity. Accordingly, on December 10th, 1927, a meeting was called at Wembley Stadium, presided over by Lord Mottistone, of the directors of greyhound racing enterprises all over the country. That meeting appointed a committee under the chairmanship of the Earl of Kilmorey, whose purpose was to form a National Greyhound Racing Club composed of sportsmen of good position who had no financial interest in any greyhound racing promotion. The club actually came into being on January 1st, 1928, the day of its first meeting of members. So another landmark appeared in the history of greyhound racing. Through the efforts of the various managements and the prompt support of the press, a number of prominent men were got together as the first members of the club. Amongst these, Captain E. A. V. Stanley gave untiring and unselfish energy and time to the club's formation and became secretary and one of the original stewards. The earliest membership of the club included such well-known names as those of Professor Sir Frederick Hobday, C.M.G. (whose recent death was a great blow to the veterinary profession), Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.P., Sir Woodman Burbidge and Lord Inverclyde. The various managements of the courses concerned immediately recognised the club's authority over them and have loyally supported it ever since.

The first business of the club was to draw up a code of rules for racing—not an easy task and one to which unlimited time and energy had to be given. Also it was one of their primary functions to issue licences for approved racecourses. The difference between "licensed" and "unlicensed" racecourses has to be explained. "Licensed" in the greyhound sense does not carry the same meaning as "licensed" when referring to an hotel, motor-car, dog or gun. In the latter cases, the licences are issued by the State operating through its various systems of magistrates and local county or borough councils. In these cases, the licences are of Government origin and have definite legal status. The licence of a "licensed" greyhound track is not granted by the State, but by the N.G.R.C., which is not part of the machinery of government. It was established by the voluntary action on the part of those engaged in greyhound racing promotion and its authority recognised.

These N.G.R.C. licences may well be compared to those issued by the British Board of Film Censors—in fact, they are issued as a safeguard from *within* the industry and not from *without* by force of law. In granting these licences, the N.G.R.C. take into account many factors, such as the financial stability and integrity of the promoters, whether the course is needed in the district it is proposed to erect it or whether that district is already well-enough fed, transport facilities, &c. Many licences are refused on various grounds, but the promoters carry on in some cases and run the courses just the same, thus becoming "unlicensed" courses. These "unlicensed" courses are perfectly legal and are governed by the Act of 1934 in the same way as a licensed track. However, the rules and regulations of the N.G.R.C. are very strict, and the stewards have always had very firm views on the subject of courses not approved by the N.G.R.C. The rules of racing lay down penalties that may be imposed on persons who, while being registered with the N.G.R.C., race their greyhounds on such courses or in any way support them.

Thus it is that the running of certain "unlicensed" courses may not bear too close a scrutiny. It is a fact that in any cases of frauds or malpractices that are reported in the newspapers, it is pointed out by the court that the course was "unlicensed."

The N.G.R.C., in fact, acts as trustee for the public, and the good name of greyhound racing, and through their stewards they guard against any form of malpractice and any perpetrator or attempted perpetration of such is promptly and severely dealt with by instant "warning off." In the case of "unlicensed" tracks, there is no such independent national body to supervise or guard the public interest.

As the functions of the N.G.R.C. are to administer matters of racing, so another body, the National Greyhound Racing Society was formed to deal with administrative matters. As the purpose of the club is to safeguard the public in matters of racing, so the society has the protection of the public against unscrupulous or inexperienced promoters as well as the regularisation and control of the administrative side of greyhound racing as its aim.

Whereas the members and stewards of the club by reason of their duties have no financial interest in any racing concern (except in the case of certain stipendiary stewards), the membership of the society on the other hand is composed of owners and directors of racecourses as representing the financial interests in the sport. So we have the club and the society, although each is operating in a different sphere, having the mutual object of safeguarding the public and maintaining its confidence by the enforcement of rigid rules both in racing and administration.

The club has many and diverse duties. As well as the drawing up of rules and regulations (132 of which are contained in its issued book) and the enforcement by their stewards of same, they also register all greyhounds racing on approved courses and take all steps possible for checking the correct identity of such greyhounds. To this end, the club has established a very elaborate and thorough record of all their registered greyhounds. Every greyhound has to possess a certificate of the National Coursing Club or the Irish Coursing Club. Before it is allowed to race it must be registered with the club. For each greyhound the club issue an identity book. This "passport" contains the fullest possible details of the animal as to its measurements, markings, colour of coat, eyes, toe nails, toes, &c., as well as a full record of all its performances in trials and races, and of all owners through whose hands it passes.

The club also investigates all reports of improper practices and breaches of the rules by owners, trainers, officials and others, and takes disciplinary action against those found guilty, either by "warning off" or fining. Licences for all courses and all officials engaged on courses as well as trainers are issued by the club.

In 1938, a Greyhound Racing Board of Control was formed consisting of six members of the club and six of the society, to consider all applications for licences for courses and also to consider the passing of new rules.

Each week, on Friday, the club publishes its official journal or record, the *National Greyhound Racing Calendar*, which contains the official announcements of the stewards and a list of every greyhound and every official registered or licensed. This journal also contains all "warning-off" notices, and such other details as the changes of greyhounds' names, forfeit list, appointed days of racing, deaths and all other information useful to director, owner, trainer and veterinary surgeon.

All technical problems in connection with track equipment and operation, health and veterinary problems and questions of policy are dealt with at each fortnightly meeting of the stewards, who also act as a court of inquiry into all breaches of the rules and allegations of improper practices.

There are 50 members of the club who appoint their stewards and whose work is entirely voluntary except for stipendiary stewards who are allotted areas in England, Scotland and Wales, and whose job it is to inspect from time to time the various tracks in their respective areas, reporting to the club all irregularities or complaints as well as giving help and advice to racing managers and trainers.

There are approximately 68,000 greyhounds and 35,000 owners registered with the club to-day and 63 racecourses are now licensed and controlled by them.

The Greyhound Racing Totalisator Control Board deals with all questions appertaining to the tote.

The fact that the public confidence and interest in greyhound racing has reached such immense proportions and that the industry has become so well established and stabilised, is mainly due to this club whose task is so invidious and which, in only thirteen years, has attained such sound results, as well as to the integrity, the sportsmanship and the loyalty of the managements of all courses that race under its rules.



"THE HEN PERCHED ON A SIMILAR BRANCH NOT FAR AWAY"



"A LOVELY LITTLE LADY, CLOTHED IN BUFF AND BROWN, STILL BROODED THE YOUNGSTERS"

WATCHING WHINCHATS

By GUY B. FARRAR

ON a lovely day at the beginning of June, I was walking through a strip of marshland in an unfrequented Herefordshire valley. Cattle browsing in the rushy pasture or standing knee-deep in a sluggish stream that wended its sinuous course through the water meadows, cast unfriendly glances at intruders in this haunt of ancient peace. The hedges, white with May blossom, scented the still air, snipe drummed overhead, a thin grey wisp of smoke rose from a distant farmhouse chimney, rows of pollard willows intersected the marshland, giving character to the landscape. Here, indeed, was an unspoilt corner of England, a rural backwater untroubled by the industrial stream of modern progress that turns to hideousness everything it touches.

I was engaged in examining the pollard willows, hoping to discover the nest of a little owl, when suddenly I heard a familiar call—*uttic-uttic-uttic*—and there, clinging to a dwarf willow spray within a few yards of where I stood, was a cock whinchat, his scolding cry echoed by the hen perched on a similar branch not far away.

Field glasses and patience at last revealed the nest cunningly concealed at the foot of a dwarf willow bush, its five blue-green eggs just chipping in their shallow grass cup lined with a little horsehair. A week later I returned armed with all the impedimenta of bird photography to spend a long summer day watching the domestic life of these joyous little birds.

Joyous is the right word to describe them, for they seemed so proud and happy in the possession of their newly hatched family, and so ready to tend their every want.

The hen, a lovely little lady clothed in buff and brown, still brooded the youngsters when she was not engaged in bringing food for those five hungry mouths. Meal times occurred at intervals of a few minutes throughout the day, punctuated by rest periods lasting as long as a quarter-of-an-hour. Between 10 a.m. and noon the young were fed 23 times, mostly on larvæ of various sorts.

Taking this period as being typical of the rest of the day one can realise the enormous amount of food consumed by five young whinchats.

In the late afternoon insects formed the staple diet. On one occasion the hen appeared with a large brown moth in her beak. Its capture evidently afforded her the greatest satisfaction, because she showed the trophy to the cock before taking it to the nest where it was dismembered and given to the young.

Twice I saw the cock feeding the hen on the nest and a very pretty sight it was to see him offering her a crane fly, which she, on her part, accepted with such obvious gratitude. On the second occasion she drew aside to allow him to feed the chicks, but he disregarded the gesture, holding out his offering for her acceptance.

The call of the whinchat is a softer, less metallic echo of that of the stonechat, the ticking being repeated continuously as long as either bird was alarmed. They loved to perch on the branches of the dwarf willow bush that sheltered their home and always returned to this vantage point before and after feeding the young.



THE WHITE PATCH ON THE PRIMARIES IS THE SIGN OF MATURITY IN MALE WHINCHATS

During the whole of my period of observation I never once saw a sign of anger or quarrelling, which is more than one can say for many feathered families. When evening came I left the whinchats with great regret; no bird-lover could fail to be charmed by such beautiful and happy little birds.



"CLINGING TO A DWARF WILLOW SPRAY WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF WHERE I STOOD WAS A COCK WHINCHAT"



THE COCK WHINCHAT AT THE NEST. TWICE I SAW HIM FEEDING THE HEN

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS

VI.—Fishing the Stream

MY DEAR BOB,—I do not know B——, though I think I must have passed through the village. My impression is that it was some little distance from the water, but if the house your people have taken for August has fishing close by it is probably half-a-mile or so from the village. Anyhow, the river must be the Bray. You are in luck, for the Bray is a most attractive stream. It is a tributary of the Taw, and has a run of sea trout. Should you get a spate you may get a chance of sea trout as well as brown trout. Whether they run as high as B—— I do not know, but one of the hotels at South Molton, which is not very far away, has some water on the Mole—the Bray's principal tributary—and you could get a day or two on that for a few shillings, I expect.

I am afraid you will find the three-quarters of a mile attached to the house is not quite as much as it sounds. If it were a chalk stream you could fish it every day without exhausting its possibilities, but it is surprising how little time it takes to fish up three-quarters of a mile of a Devonshire stream. However, you are quite well placed for other possibilities. The hotel at North Molton has a good stretch of water. Then if you can get the use of the car periodically, you can run across the moor to Withypool, say, where you can get a day ticket for the Royal Oak water. This takes you over the watershed of the Exe on to the tributary Barle. A little lower towards Dulverton there is an attractive piece of water, particularly, I think, for anyone learning to fish, at Tarr Steps, for which tickets used to be obtainable at Tarr Farm.

The time when the Exmoor hotels are full is generally the stag-hunting season, which begins on August 12th, so it is quite possible there may be few fishing guests in which case it is often possible for non-residents to obtain a day permit. It is always worth enquiring. In all these streams you will need to wade, except when a spate is coming down, and the water too deep, but I do not advise you to invest in regular waders; you will have grown out of them before they are worn out, and that makes them costly. A pair of wading trousers, with brogues and socks will leave very little change out of £3. Get a pair of rubber thigh boots, which can be had for a pound or thereabouts; not knee boots, or you will be forever getting them full of water although you believe yourself to be keeping most carefully to shallow places. The objection to rubber boots is that they are very buoyant in the water, so you must be careful not to go into water more than just up to your knees; otherwise you will slip and get a ducking. Stones on the bottom are always covered with green slime (alga, the scientists call it—flies feed on it), and are uncommonly slippery. If tactfully approached, your father may be willing to regard rubber boots not as fishing equipment, but as clothes, to be paid for from the family exchequer.

Now as to the fishing itself. You cast your flies *upstream*. You will probably be tempted to cast them downstream because the stream itself will then straighten out your line and make things easier. Resist the temptation. You can, it is true, catch fish in this way on occasion, but for every fish you rise you will scare a dozen others, and in the long run it does not pay. You will simply spoil the water for other people as well as for yourself. Fish lie with their heads upstream, so in casting upstream you are behind them, and they are much less likely to see you. It is this question of keeping out of sight which is the really important one in fly fishing. Fish can see very clearly in water, but not very clearly out of it. This is due to the refraction of light. You have probably noticed that if you push an oar into the water it appears to be bent suddenly at the point where the surface comes. This is because a ray of light going into or being refracted out of the water is bent at the point where it passes through the surface. Hence a trout in the water can see things very well over its head, on a high bank, let us say, where the light is bent very little; but close down to the water, where the light is bent a great deal, its vision is very much foreshortened and blurred. When you are wading there is much less of you showing above the surface than there would be on the bank, so it helps you very materially to keep out of sight of the fish.

The second point to note is to cast as short a line as possible, so that only the flies and the gut close to them are on the water. This is really also closely connected with a fish's eyesight. The trout is feeding on flies which are drifting down on the surface, and if you look at the stream carefully, you will see that the surface consists of all kinds of cross currents, little whorls and eddies here, a sudden wave there where there is some obstruction on the bottom. There is scarcely a length of two yards anywhere with the current running smoothly, in one direction and at one speed. Consequently, if you have 6yds. or 7yds. of line floating on the water, the current at one end will be pulling it in one direction and in a different direction at the other: so the flies will be pulled out of their natural floating course and as natural flies do not behave like this, the deception will be revealed.

I want to urge you most particularly to study this attitude of a fish towards an artificial fly, because I believe that more than half the battle consists in not rousing the trout's suspicion. A bad cast or a fly that drags may not actually scare a fish away from its feeding ground, but it makes it suspicious, and your chance of catching it is reduced by about 90 per cent. right away. And this, if you come to think of it, is not surprising, for a fish can always see your gut if it looks closely. I suppose you are asking yourself why, in this case, it ever takes an artificial fly at all. But it is quite possible to be able to see something, and still take no notice of it. Have you not, on occasion, been walking down a country lane in the evening and looking vaguely at a field bordering a wood: you have been looking at it, in fact, for the last quarter-of-a-mile, and the strip of field is quite empty. Then a movement catches your eye, and you see there is a rabbit there: you look closer and see another and another: now you can count twenty. They have been there all the time, though if one had not moved you would have passed by, believing the field to be empty. It is much the same with a trout. As long as it is looking out for flies to eat, your own will pass muster as long as they behave naturally: but the moment they behave suspiciously the trout is on the look out, and examines every fly carefully to see that it is what it purports to be. So cast a short line, and do not let your flies float too far on the water; let them travel a couple of yards, then pick them off and cast again.

Fish do not lie just anywhere in a water. They take up positions where they can get food without too much exertion. A trout's problem is this: the swifter the current, the more food passes a given point in a minute, and the more flies it can catch. But it cannot lie actually in a swift current, for that would be too exhausting—you cannot eat a satisfactory meal while you are running to catch a bus. So it generally picks out a place on the bottom where there is a small depression so that the current passes over its head, but the water in which it is lying is comparatively still. A stone on the bottom has much the same effect: there is a small eddy both in front of it and behind it. Then, of course, there are places in a stream where food drifts more readily than in others. When you get into the water, look at the stream. You may see a run under a bank or alongside a pad of floating weed, perhaps, and you will notice that leaves and other small debris seem to drift along there in a stream much more than they do elsewhere. Where leaves float, flies will float.

Another very favourite place for trout is at the downstream end of a deep pool, just on the lip where the water shallows. Here they have a good view of food floating across the pool, and are also in a good position to dash for safety into its depths if anything disturbs them. Any kind of little runnel that will bring food in from a land drain is worth exploiting, and any place where grasses or bushes overhang the water and grubs are liable to fall in.

As a sort of standard cast, use the orange quill as a dropper, and a gold-ribbed hare's ear as a "stretcher" (tail fly). March brown can be exchanged for the orange quill on occasion or used in the evening by itself (taking off the dropper) to represent a small sedge. The black spider is best used by itself, for still reaches where spasmodic rises can be seen.

Whenever you rise or catch a fish note carefully the place where it rose. Later, when you move forward, examine the spot carefully. You will learn more about likely places for trout in this way than you will in any other; and try to memorise what the place looked like from afar. Do not try to cast and move at the same time. Pull a yard or so of line in through the rings; let your cast drift behind you; then step forward a few yards very carefully, and study the water before you start casting again.

Your affectionate Uncle,
HARVEY.



A. A. A.—Trout in feeding position. B.—Trout in resting position. This stone is too big for the fish to see food coming down properly. It rests behind it and goes in front for feeding; both immediately in front and immediately behind stones is easy water. Note that the wave on the surface shows a foot or two downstream of the true position of the stone

CASTING AS A FINE ART

WEATHER conditions were not very kind to competitors at the British Casting Association's Tournament at Ranelagh, last Saturday. Our irritating climate was in its most depressing mood, and though early in the day the wind was not too bad, it became decidedly troublesome in the afternoon.

Interest in the meeting was enhanced by the presence of the champion French lady caster, Mlle. A. M. Jeanteur, who incidentally created a new British Ladies' Record for salmon fly distance with a cast of 47yds. 2ft. It was made, however, in the open salmon-fly distance event, and did not secure her a place in the result, since the competition was won by Captain T. L. Edwards with a cast of 54yds. 2ft., thus creating a new British record for the event. Mr. L. T. Sweet, was second with a cast of 50yds. 1ft.

Several other new casting records were created. Captain T. L. Edwards cast, 106yds. 2ft. 9in., in the ½oz. bait-casting distance event is a remarkable cast for so light a bait. Mr. P. E. Creusevaut broke his existing record in the 1oz. bait-casting distance competition with 125yds. 5in.

Two other records were created in the bait-casting section: Mr. A. J. Provis reached 6yds. 1ft. 7in. for the amateurs with a ½oz. bait; and Mr. W. G. Greenaway cast a couple of yards farther for professionals in the same event, winning it with a cast of 62yds. 1ft. 9in.

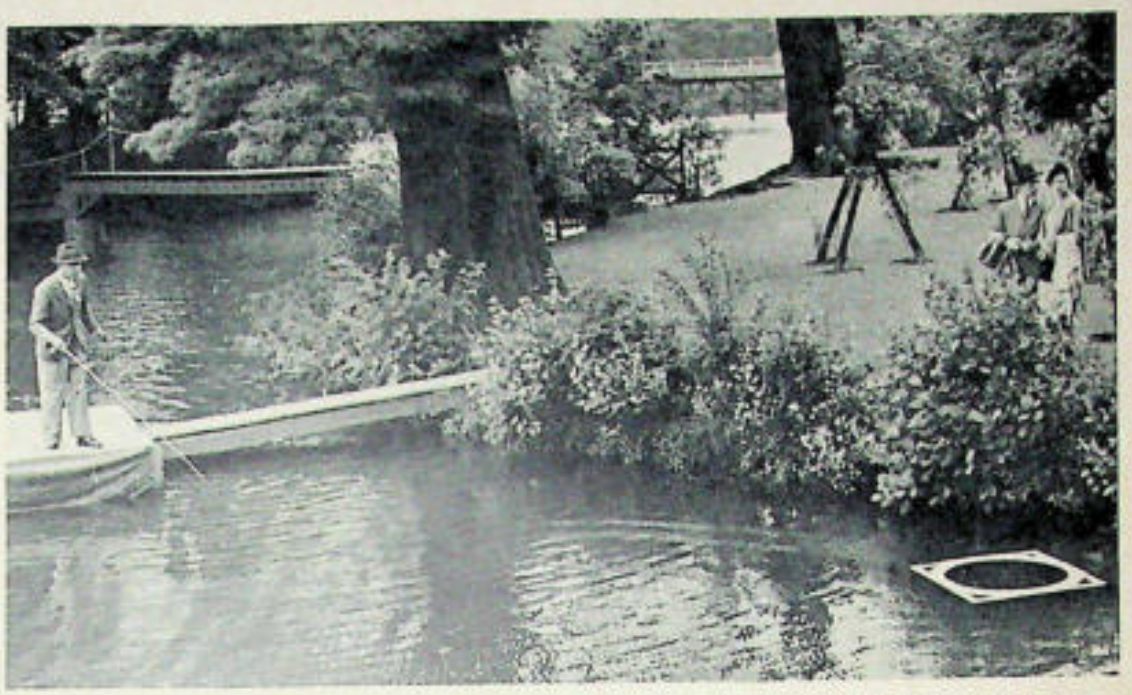
Trout-fly casting was less dramatic this year than the salmon-fly event, probably because the platform was more exposed to the wind, and left-hand casters, such as Mlle. Janteur, were rather bothered by the tree which overhung the approach to the platform. Herr Arne J. Schultz made a British record cast of 44yds. in the distance event, though he failed to win the competition, which went to Mr. J. E. May.

The accuracy events, which give a real chance to fishermen to show their skill, always attract the spectators. This year the rings into which dry-fly fishermen had to place their fly were arranged to test the judgment of the most experienced, for three of them faced the wind and two were disposed under a tree. Wet-fly fishermen found rather better conditions.

Among professional casters, Mr. T. L. Edwards scored 44 points, with Mr. A. Godart second with 39. Rather surprisingly, perhaps, amateur casters did not score nearly so heavily as the professionals, Mr. N. V. Keeble doing best with 31 points; Mr. Schultz was only one point behind him, Mr. Provis, in the novice amateurs' class, did better, comparatively speaking, since he scored the same number of points as Mr. Keeble, Mr. A. P. Field being second with 28. Ladies did not do so well. Mrs. A. I. Macdougall won with 20 points, and Mlle. A. M. Jeanteur, who was second, only scored 16. However, she won the Ladies' Trout-Fly distance event for the Bennion Challenge Cup—this is competed for with rods not exceeding 5oz.—Miss J. Barry being only 1ft. behind her on the aggregate of three casts. Both of them made the same "longest cast"—26yds. 1ft. The best cast in this competition was made by Mr. J. E. May—38yds.—who won the Keith Rollo Challenge Cup. Miss J. Barry won the Palethorpe Challenge Cup for trout distance (ladies) with rod up to 8oz. The Victor Ludorum Cup for the competitor scoring the greatest number of points was won by Mr. N. V. Keeble.

CASTING EXPERTS IN COMPETITION AT RANELAGH





LEFT: CAPTAIN T. L. EDWARDS, WHO MADE NEW RECORDS IN SALMON CASTING AND THE ¼-OZ. BAIT DISTANCE CASTING EVENT, WITH MR. P. E. CREUSEVAUT, WHO BEAT HIS OWN 1-OZ. BAIT-CASTING RECORD. *RIGHT:* A TEST FOR ACCURACY NEAR THE BUSHES. MR. A. GODART CASTING



BAIT CASTING ON THE RANELAGH LAWNS. MR. N. V. KEEBLE (WINNER OF THE *VICTOR LUDORUM CUP*) IN THE ¼-OZ. DISTANCE CAST



MISS N. TUFNELL SALMON-FLY CASTING. SHE WAS FIRST IN THE LADIES' AMATEUR SECTION, HER LONGEST CAST BEING 40 YDS. 1 FT.







LEFT: MLLE. A. M. JEANTEUR, WHO MADE A BRITISH LADIES' RECORD OF 47 YDS. 2 FT. IN THE OPEN SALMON-FLY CAST. *CENTRE:* COMPETITORS DISCUSSING EVENTS; MR. B. W. POWLETT, MRS. A. I. MACDOUGALL AND MR. W. E. BARRINGTON-BROWNE. *RIGHT:* BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR OSBORNE MANCE WATCHING THE MARCH OF TIME. THE SAND GLASS AT HIS SIDE REGISTERS THE LAPSE OF SIX MINUTES



COLONEL J. G. LOWTHER, D.S.O., M.C., FROM THE PAINTING BY MISS DORIS ZINKEISEN

This fine picture showing Colonel Lowther with some of the Pytchley Hounds, of which he is Joint Master with Colonel Borwick, is one of the few works in which an artist has succeeded in reproducing the correct Pytchley colour with its suggestion of rose. Miss Zinkeisen has painted a great many horses but few have been exhibited to the public, her portraits in the Royal Academy Exhibition being more widely known. She has been awarded the Gold Medal in addition to the Silver and Bronze medals from the Salon.

THE ENGLISH BASSET HOUND

By J. IVESTER LLOYD

Keeping Up Working Strains of a Fine Breed

WHEN considering British hounds, one might roughly divide them into two sections. In one of these, I would place those breeds which are distinctly modern in looks as well as in methods of working. This would mean grouping together the foxhounds and the modern harrier and beagle; in other words, those breeds which have been strongly influenced by Peterborough standards. In the second section, I would place hounds of older characteristics, the "cold-nosed" breeds. First the bloodhound, because his method of hunting is typical of this group, then the true otterhound who, at his best, is very like a rough bloodhound. The few remaining old English harriers, which are practically old southern hounds, would be among these, as would also a certain type of beagle of the stocky, coarse stamp still to be found in some districts. And the bassets would certainly be included among these "cold-nosed" hounds, for their methods of working are very similar to bloodhounds.

In this system of classification, Fell and Welsh foxhounds would fall into the second group, if only because they are accustomed to working the drag of their quarry after several hours. Each of these breeds combines pace with a cold nose, and both are used to working without assistance. In the field, the only help which they ask of men is that someone shall arrive on the spot with a terrier and a spade when required.

The spirit of independence is, perhaps, more than anything else, typical of the older breeds. I have seen a good bloodhound throw up his head at the first attempt to cast him, throw it up with an air of, "If you know so much about it, then work it out for yourself," and refuse to make any further attempt to hunt that line.

These older breeds of hounds were not intended to be cast by a huntsman and, if they can in time be accustomed to the idea, then it is often at the expense of one of their greatest virtues—staunchness, or freedom from change. I am sure that nearly every case of hounds changing from a beaten to a fresh fox or hare is the fault of some human being who is too anxious to help. It may be the huntsman whose keenness to bring the quarry to book outruns his judgment but, more often, it is some amateur whipper-in or a member of the field who has not paused to count twenty before holloaing.

The desire for pace in the hunting field brought about the Peterborough influence in hound breeding and produced a foxhound which, on the ground over which it has been bred to hunt, knows no equal. A present-day field in a grass country has neither the time nor the desire to watch hounds puzzling out the line of a fox that may be an hour ahead of them. They, not unnaturally, want to get on with it and include a certain amount of galloping in the day's fun. A similar wish to "get a move on" with the sport is one reason for the inclusion of foxhounds in most otter-hunting packs.

The same influence has been felt in hare hunting, and the aim of most harrier and beagle breeders is to combine, in their smaller hounds, the best qualities of a foxhound. This means that pace has increased since the earlier days of hare hunting. There may be another reason for having faster hounds in that they are able to keep clear of large fields of active followers!

Although essentially a "cold-nosed" hound, the English basset has yet considerable drive and, although he does not welcome interference, in a pack he will respond to help at the right time. Considering the weight of the basset's body and the shortness of his legs, his pace is surprising. He may take longer to tire his hare than will a 15-inch beagle, but his method is interesting to watch, and anyone who enjoys hound music will revel in his note, which closely resembles that of a bloodhound. Many successful amateur huntsman served an early apprenticeship with a pack, or perhaps it was only a cry, of bassets, and this experience of cold-nosed hounds often made their later hunting problems easier as well as more interesting.

Each July, the recognised packs of basset hounds put up an excellent show of their own at the White Lion Hotel, Banbury, where I always find the collections of pewter and old sporting prints alone worth a journey to see. Hounds are kennelled in loose boxes, while judging takes place in the hotel yard. What Peterborough is to the M.F.H.A. and the Masters of Harriers and Beagles Association, so is Banbury to the Masters of Basset Hounds Association.

While a few of the more important dog shows include classes for bassets, there is no stipulation that the entries must be workers or, for that matter, even bred to hunt, but the Banbury show, being run by Masters of Hounds, is for working strains.

In recent years, the honours at Banbury have been divided between the Westerby and the Eastington Park. The first of these hunt a wide country on the Leicestershire—Northamptonshire borders, adjoining the Pipewell Foot Beagles, while the second are kennelled at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, and have the Royal Agricultural College Beagles for neighbours.

Banbury is a most suitable location for a basset hound show. For one thing, it is placed within reach of most of those who are interested in the breed and, for another, the town was closely connected with the late Lord North, who bred and hunted these hounds for so many years. It was he, together with the late Major Godfrey Heseltine, who laid the foundations of most of the working strains of to-day.

OLD TRAFFORD TEST MATCH

By NEVILLE CARDUS

OLD TRAFFORD on Saturday was unusually dry; there was no actual rain until afternoon. People who woke early in the dawn saw the green of their gardens; the summer's waters had temporarily subsided. On hopeful feet a large number of optimists journeyed to the ground in time for half-past eleven. They were admitted through the turnstiles to the accompaniment of a loud-speaker which informed them, in good honest Lancashire, that they were entering at their own risk. A cloudburst the day before had drenched the field of play, and now the Old Trafford ground staff was giving another of its celebrated nautical performances. Experienced dredging located the wicket, and it was brought to the surface and revived by skilled hands. At a quarter past two the match was actually begun—a considerable improvement on Old Trafford's experience last summer, when the four-day Test match against Australia was abandoned without the bowling of a single ball.

On Saturday, no fewer than 60 balls were bowled at this same Old Trafford. Even more remarkable was the fact that they were bowled by the West Indies. For Grant won the toss and boldly sent England to the wicket. Whatever the results of this action, much logic, deductive and inductive, was needed to rationalise it at the time—before the event, so to say (if any). The pitch had been covered and was slow. England, by batting first, would almost certainly "knock the top off." A fine week-end would dry the rough places and favour the spin of Goddard. A faster wicket on Monday would suit Copson and Bowes much more than they would be suited by Saturday's sodden earth. W. G. Grace used to argue that no captain, in *any* circumstances, should send in the other side. But the "Old Man" was prejudiced on the matter; he always wanted to bat first, whatever the weather, whatever the bowling. Grant took a strange liberty with the might of English cricket in a Test match; I cannot recollect that any Australian captain, after winning the toss, has asked England to go in first.

From the 60 balls bowled on Saturday by Martindale and Hylton, only eleven runs, including three extras, were scored. Fagg played uncomfortably, and even Hutton's slowness was imposed on him, and not of his own choice. A crowd of 10,000 defied the lowering sky. They cheered every incident with a pathetic ardour. And when a policeman interrupted play by walking in front of a sight screen, many unambiguous voices told him to move on. The Old Trafford crowd, by the way, is one of the most impartial in the country; the Lancashire team, in fact, declare that Old Trafford distributes its applause more lavishly on the visiting team than on Lancashire. There were many expressions of regret on Saturday that Ginnblett had been left out of the England eleven. He would certainly not have allowed Hylton and Martindale to bowl 60 balls on a slow pitch for only eleven runs. I doubt the wisdom of sending in first *two* batsmen of more or less defensive methods. Hutton and Fagg both command strokes, as we all know. But both of them concentrate to begin with on laying a sort of Maginot line. Ginnblett has natural attacking powers; why should he not be given at least half the chances in Test cricket that were granted to Edrich?

After half-an-hour's slushy endeavour on Saturday, the rain changed from a non-committal drizzle to spiteful interference. Then, to aggravate the long-suffering spectators, it ceased until the players returned gingerly to the field. Then, when everybody was exposed and umbrellas had been closed up in the pavilion, torrents descended without mercy. The rush for cover was general and unashamed. Only the Old Trafford groundsmen remained visible at four o'clock; but, of course, they are amphibian, either by nature or practice. No further play being possible, the players had a restful Saturday.

On Monday Old Trafford received poetic justice, for play was possible, apart from one or two short, if sinister, interruptions. On most other grounds in the land rain reigned supreme—which is not intended as a pun, my only pun in a lifetime having been *il faut cultiver notre Jardine*. The Old Trafford wicket grew sticky after lunch, and before then, following a late start at ten minutes past twelve, Hutton and Fagg dallied more or less strokeless while the turf brewed its mischief. Fagg was diffident, disappointing, apologetic; he played a Mr. Toots kind of innings, which all the time told us it was "of no consequence." There is a vast difference between good county form and Test match form.

Paynter failed for once in a way, then Grant bowled offspin round the wicket, and Clarke bowled leg-spin. Hutton was caught from a lame pull to backward-leg off a pretty breakback by Grant. Compton lost his wicket unluckily; he played out



MARTINDALE IN ACTION AT OLD TRAFFORD

at Clarke and disturbed his stumps by slipping on his right foot—the game had just been resumed after a shower. Two or three magnificent drives by Hammond put blood and muscle at last into England's innings; but he was stumped brilliantly after making 22—stumped on the leg-side by Sealey, from a ball by Clarke which beat Hammond in the air. Five wickets were down for England for only 62—and Wood's arrival heralded the "tail-end."

It was here that Grant committed, as I think, a mistake. He was bowling his offspin well enough on a pitch hungry for spin. He surprisingly took himself off, which was another proof that a bowler-captain is often prone to errors of self-abnegation. Clarke tired, and no other West Indies bowler could exploit the conditions. Hardstaff played a grand innings; he used his feet and drove with poise and uncommon masculinity. Wood, in his Yorkshire way, held up his wicket, and occasionally he thumped a loose ball like a man beating a carpet on a clothes-line. The sixth wicket added 88 precious runs, and Hardstaff achieved a most puissant 74 in as many minutes. Hammond was able to declare at 164 for seven at five o'clock. Up to a point, Grant's action of putting England in had obtained some of the justification which comes from "results." But Monday afternoon's evidence only proved the risk he took on Saturday when naturally he assumed a day's play. Easily might his team have been trapped on Monday when the wicket was at its worst, with Goddard and not Grant bowling offspin from round the wicket.



J. E. D. SEALEY, THE WEST INDIES WICKET-KEEPER, FALLS AS HE MOVES ACROSS TO TAKE A BALL ON THE LEG SIDE DURING THE BRIEF PERIOD OF PLAY ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND TEST MATCH

Goddard turned the ball unpleasantly enough when the West Indies batted. And Grant played one of the heroic innings of the season. Thrice he drove Goddard for noble sixes, to the on, or straight. He nearly lamed Compton in the "leg-trap." Many times have I seen Goddard bowling his slow offspinners with no fieldsman behind him, and with the leg-side packed with clutching hands near a tremulous bat. Grant compelled Goddard to use or deploy a deep square-leg, a deep mid-on, and a deep long-on, almost straight. Grant's hitting was not wild but cultured; he produced the cut for the ball short of driving length. Out of 56 he scored 47 in half-an-hour before he went down gallantly fighting to a catch from another good drive. Stollmeyer played Goddard according to English county etiquette, and was quickly caught and bowled.

At close of play the West Indies had retaliated with 85 for three wickets; but on the third day they were all out for 133. England then replied with 128 for 6 wickets declared. The West Indies made 43 for 4 before stumps were drawn.



THE BILLIARDS AND CARD ROOM

"Although the members of Arthur's have never had quite such a notorious reputation as gamblers as those of White's and Brooks's had, card playing was undoubtedly one of the chief attractions of the Club in its early days."

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—IV. ARTHUR'S

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

ARTHUR'S, starting much later than the other three famous small clubs of this series, has, naturally, not so much history behind it as the others. Nevertheless, ever since it came into being, it has lived up to the exclusive social standard set by its three predecessors.

The Club appears to owe its name to Robert Arthur, for some years the proprietor of White's. Robert was the son of John Arthur, a former assistant of Francis White, who had been the original proprietor of White's Chocolate House. When Francis White died in 1711, his wife, Elizabeth, assumed the management and retained it until about 1730, when she handed it over to John Arthur. According to the rate book, John Arthur appears from the year 1702 to have been the occupant of 69, St. James's Street, so it would seem that Francis White must have sub-let the premises to him from that date, possibly without vesting him with the management of the Chocolate House. John Arthur died in 1734, and was succeeded by his son, Robert, who is shown in the rate book as the occupier of No. 69, St. James's Street from 1734 to 1756. Various books of reference have stated that Arthur's Club was founded in 1765, that was the year after Robert Arthur's death, but so far as the managers of the Club are aware, no mention of Arthur's can be found from the time of Robert Arthur's death until the year 1811—and this year, therefore, must be accepted as the date of the Club's foundation. This was nearly 50 years after Robert Arthur had died; none of the original members of Arthur's Club, founded in 1811, could have known him, and it would, therefore, seem that the only reason the Club was named after him was owing to the fact that he had once rented the house they proposed to take for their club house.

For some cause, difficult to understand, there appear to be no contemporary letters in existence giving the reasons for the formation of Arthur's Club, or why they elected to be called by that title, beyond the incidence of Robert Arthur having at one time been the proprietor of 69, St. James's Street. It is true that there had been on this same site, 69/70, St. James's Street, another club since the time when White's moved from here. This Club had been run by two men named Miles and Evans since the year 1781, and had been known by the name of Miles' Club, and it is mentioned by Hoyle in 1790 as one of the fashionable houses where cards were played. In 1809 Miles had to close his house for lack of support, and two years later the premises were acquired by Arthur's Club. In May of that year a meeting of the members of Arthur's was held at 16, St. James's Street, the present site of Lloyds Bank, when it was resolved "That a new club be forthwith established to consist of 300 members." It was further resolved that the subscription should be 15 guineas and subsequently 10 guineas. It was also decided that any candidate proposed by a member of the committee should be eligible for election, no seconder being required, and that one black ball should exclude. The first ballot was held on Sunday, May 12th, 1811, when the first 87 members of Arthur's were duly elected. A month later the membership was raised to 350, and by 1828 it had reached 600.



THE LIBRARY

The doors throughout the house are of fine mahogany

While the elections were taking place in the summer of 1811 the present Club house underwent structural improvements from the design prepared by Thomas Hopper, the well-known architect, who had been responsible for Penrhyn Castle. The existing stone front with the Corinthian columns was then erected and Arthur's had the distinction of being one of the very few buildings of its kind in London to be erected in whole or in part for club house purposes. The house opened its doors to members on November 1st, 1811, so the work of reconstruction must have proceeded very quickly. On the evening of that day the first house dinner

was held. Sherry then cost 6/- per bottle, Madeira 9/-, port 5/-, claret 10/-, champagne 14/- and vin de Graves 10/-. It is evident that members of clubs did not drink for nothing in those days any more than they do now, though one is always apt to imagine that these things were very much cheaper in those times.

That month a new candidates' book was started, a seconder being required for each candidate, though the stringent rule of one black ball to exclude was retained. The result was that with only four exceptions, the whole of the first 50 candidates found themselves rejected! After this wholesale slaughter it was decided to raise the number of black balls necessary to exclude to two. Certainly the fate of many of those who aspired to revolve in the eclectic circle of the small St. James's Street clubs of those times was not altogether an enviable one. Snubbed when they dared to enter their names in the candidates' book, and more often than not given the cold shoulder if they happened to be successful at the election, they must, indeed, have set great store on being able to say that they belonged to one of these exclusive assemblies. Who is there now who would be prepared to take the same risks to enter any social paradise?

Nevertheless, some strange people in those times achieved rapid and great social advancement. "Bob" Mackreth, who had been a waiter at White's under Robert Arthur, and who had afterwards married his daughter, became Member of Parliament for Castle Rising, and later was actually knighted. Another former waiter at White's, a man called Rumbold, got an appointment in India, and suddenly rose to be Sir Thomas and Governor of Madras. It was said that he had come by his wealth dishonestly, and a bill of pains and penalties was brought into the House with a view to depriving him of his ill-gotten gains. The bill was suddenly dropped, owing, it is said, to the corrupt assistance of Rigby, one of the *bon-viveurs* of White's in those days. This sort of thing was fair game for the satirists of the times, and one of them composed the following epigram on the subject of "Bob" Mackreth and Rumbold:

When Mackreth served in Arthur's crew,
He said to Rumbold "Black my shoe."
To which he answered "Ay, Bob,"
But when returned from India's land,
And grown too proud to brook command,
He sternly answered, "Nay, Bob."

In 1825, after long negotiations, a 99 years' lease of the present premises was granted by the Crown to the trustees of Arthur's in consideration of an expenditure of £12,000 in structural improvements. When this was completed in 1828 the membership was raised to 600. Although the members of Arthur's have never had quite such a notorious reputation as gamblers as those of White's and Brooks's had, card playing was undoubtedly one of the chief attractions of the Club in its early days. In 1828 the notice of the committee was called to the fact that on several occasions members remained



THE COFFEE ROOM

"Arthur's was probably one of the last clubs to sanction visitors being entertained at dinner in their house. . . ."

all through the night and until after 10 a.m. the following morning at their favourite amusement. In Captain Gronow's notes on gambling in London clubs, he relates about Arthur's that in 1836 a nobleman of the highest position and influence in Society was detected cheating at cards, and after a trial, which did not go in his favour, died of a broken heart. In 1846 a smoking room for the use of members was provided for the first time. Arthur's was probably one of the last clubs to sanction visitors being entertained at dinner in their house, and it was only a year or two before the War that this privilege was open to them: a small room on the ground floor, said to be the old gaming room in the time of White's, was then set aside for this purpose. Another old custom which lasted longer at Arthur's than anywhere else was that of giving change in washed silver. The money was first plunged into hot water and cleaned, after which it was placed in a wash leather bag and whirled round in the air until it was dry.

Nearly every club has its Egeria, and the sweet creation of Arthur's heart is the beautiful Kitty Fischer, seven times painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This lady was the daughter of a German stay-maker, and married in 1766 Mr. Norris, son of the Member for Rye. She was reputed to be as witty as she was beautiful, and like most ladies of her kind, appeared to have had somewhat extravagant tastes, as she is recorded to have got through £12,000 in nine months. At this time she was about 20 and was living under the protection of Captain Keppel, which probably accounts for her first sitting to Reynolds. Lord Ligonier was also another of her many admirers. There is a beautiful portrait of her as Cleopatra dissolving her pearl, now at Ken Wood. A wit once wrote under it: "To her famed character how just thy right, Thy mind as wanton, and thy form as bright." A writer in the *Town and Country Magazine* extols

"NEARLY EVERY CLUB HAS ITS EGERIA, AND THE SWEET CREATION OF ARTHUR'S HEART IS THE BEAUTIFUL KITTY FISCHER"

her as the "essence of small talk and the magazine of contemporary anecdote," and adds the note that she was for some time "kept by subscription of the whole club at Arthur's." Kitty Fischer died before September, 1771, "a victim of cosmetics." Two engravings of the lady are to be seen in the Club. The best one, after Reynolds, depicts her as a very charming and intelligent-looking young woman, with a figure slightly more under control than those of the majority of her contemporaries.



THE SMOKING ROOM

"In 1846 a smoking room for the use of members was provided for the first time"

As in so many other club houses of this period, the main feature of the interior is the grand staircase which divides into two, and is lighted by a cupola-shaped and highly-ornamented domed window. The ceilings throughout the house are very good, the best of them being found in the large billiard room on the top floor. Another feature is the fine mahogany doors leading into all rooms. A general aspect of calm and dignity pervades the whole house. The silver at Arthur's has always been noted, and some of the pieces shown in the dining room are certainly very fine examples of their period. They are marked, rather unusually, not only with the name of the Club, but also with its address.

BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS

The Wye Valley's Magnificent Performance

ON Tuesday of last week the meet was at Monmouth Troy to hunt the River Trothy. This river feels the effect of heavy rain more quickly than most, and when we arrived at the meet we found that the water had risen quite a lot, and, as usual, was coming down very discoloured. This, however, did not prevent us from hunting it, although rain was falling in a steady downpour all day long.

Hounds drew over the first part of the river in silence, but by the Somerset Arms we found tracks of quite a big otter going up the smaller stream under the Monmouth Road. Hounds tried up here and had a stale drag. Returning to the Trothy, and just under Dingestow church, the pack were very keen and tried the big tree without finding. On we went, and on getting to Lower Hendre they went off full cry on a drag across the meadow. Taking this on, and hounds trying every holt, we got nearer to Abbey Bridge. Before this was reached the drag improved, and first Minstrel and then Galway would lead hounds on the line, and so we came to the bridge. Here quite a number of our field decided to leave as it was getting late and still raining. As it turned out, they made a great mistake, for if they had stopped a little longer they would have witnessed a remarkable incident. As hounds were drawing on and getting the drag, which was now quite fresh, Mr. Thompson stopped, and turning to Major Wolley and Rudge Humphreys asked them if they could see what looked like a sheepdog coming down off the hill half a mile in front of them. They were undecided what it was until the animal came into the meadow in which they stood, then with astonishment they saw it was a big otter making his way to the river. Fortunately, hounds did not see him, as they were running the drag where he had gone up during the night. With a great halloa hounds were brought back and laid on, and were soon on his line and into the river, where they hit his wash and were away downstream at a great pace. Hounds checked below, and then Mr. Thompson tried them upstream, but could not hit him off. Back he came with the pack, but all to no avail, and everything was at a standstill. Back upstream for quite half a mile, and then the fun began, for hounds eventually found him and started a great hunt up and down this very heavy water. They never lost touch with him, and hunted with a great cry as they swam from place to place, pushing their otter with the water and then coming back up stream. I need not mention the old hounds, as they know their jobs, but it was a pleasure to see all the young ones working like Trojans and the new additions, such as Linkboy, Lightfoot and Lounger joining in and hunting wonderfully well. I don't think I have ever heard such music, and the pace was tremendous. Once our otter got into a big oak tree, but the roar of the pack as they marked him was too much even for the otter, who soon left and had another swim upstream against the currents. This was the last time he tried to battle against the water and turned down with the flood water to commence a great swim with all the hounds going like blazes after him. All we had to do was to keep up with them and watch them hunt their otter without the least assistance and without a single halloa from the field. This was hunting at its best—no interference and no stickles.

Once the otter landed and proceeded to run through Mr. Thompson's legs, only to be helped back into the water by him just in time. Hounds were now getting the best of the deal, and after one more spurt came up to their otter, to kill him in the middle of the river. Now the fun began, for we had to get him to dry land, and after two or three duckings we managed it, and I don't think Mr. Thompson, Charlie or myself had one dry article of clothing left on us. To hunt and kill on the Trothy in the condition it was to-day was a magnificent feat, for few huntsmen would have tackled it. Hounds had hunted for over two hours, and their otter weighed 23lb. M. L.

EASTERN COUNTIES ON THE GREAT OUSE

FROM their meet at Judes Ferry, Mildenhall, on July 17th, these hounds had a long ten-mile draw up the Lark, across Turf Fen, and Tuddenham Fen to Lackford, without once speaking. A most desolate blank day it was; but we cannot grumble, because on their next outing, hounds put down a leash during the day. The meet was at St. Ives Bridge, in Huntingdonshire, to try our luck on the Great Ouse, at the kind invitation of our neighbours, the Bucks O.H., who had drawn down river from the same meeting place on the previous day. Mr. Russell hunted hounds from a boat on the 19th, for the river here is somewhat vast. After getting on to the big reed-covered island just above the bridge, hounds hunted a line round for some time before they put up an otter at the bottom end of the island. He came away at the town end, and they swam him well for a short distance until he got into some drain near the bridge and had to be left, as they could not mark him anywhere. Drawing on up stream, however, they soon put down their second otter from the reeds and swam him up stream with the current, with a rare cry and at considerable pace. After half a mile all out, he crossed over to the Hemingford Grey bank and got into a tree by the mill pool, but was soon away from it, and they then pushed him across the pool and away up the river for a good distance, until he was viewed coming down again. They were not on such good terms with him now, however, and it was not until they hit him abroad again, that things warmed up once more, and they swam him up river until he turned in at the Houghton Brook, up which they hunted him until he turned back and, evading them cleverly, set off back to the main river. In the interim, a couple had flashed on with a drag, and had put down another otter, some three-quarters of a mile up the brook. They were stopped in due course, however, and the reunited pack, having got back to the main water, fresh found their hunted otter, who was viewed coming away from the reeds, and they then swam him right down towards St. Ives for nearly half a mile before he gave them the slip. They could not touch him again, and at four o'clock, after three hours' interesting hunting, we took off our caps to him. Scent had not been good after the first hour.

We are very grateful to the Bucks O.H. for this pleasant day on their water, and equally thankful to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Atter, who entertained the field most lavishly, at Needingworth, after hunting. The ideal finish to a good day.

On the 22nd we were up in West Norfolk once more, when a big field turned out at the Hilborough Swan. Hounds were put in to draw down the Wissey, but having reached Bodney Bridge without speaking, they were lifted on to Langford Bridge, and getting out on to Furze Heath, they spoke well in Toft Carr, hunting a fresh drag round the covert and down the back ditch. Some time was spent at Buckenham Tofts as there was drag all over the place, but hounds could not find their otter, and trying on, they finished with this drag at Buckenham Mill, for the line below here was old, and ran out before Mundford Bridge was reached. The otter may have been up on the lake at Buckenham, or in Stanford Water, although they had no line to the Park. We drew on to Didlington Mill without drag, where a long day finished. Somewhere in this nine-mile draw (or just off it) was an otter; but his precise location remains a mystery!

DRIFTER.

THE KENDAL AND DISTRICT'S SPORT

JULY 10th.—We met at Kendal Station, a small field only to meet us, which included visitors from the Eastern Counties and Border Counties, and we were glad to see our popular hon. secretary recovered and again out. Kitchener, the kennel huntsman, was hunting hounds and proceeded to draw the Kent from Kendal Town up to the Mint without any result. As soon as we reached the Mint hounds began to feather and picked up a drag which got stronger as we went up and they were able to speak to it occasionally, and just about a quarter of a mile above the pipe-line bridge, with a burst of music, they put it off, and it was viewed going down stream. Hounds hunted it down for about 500yds. and then lost it. Various roots were tried without result, and some considerable time was spent trying to find the outlet of a big drain from the corner of the wood on the other side of the Tebay Road, but we were unable to do so, and it was decided to run a terrier through a large dry flag drain. Lunesdale Foxhound Trixey, otter hunting for the first time, was put in in the pasture on the other side of the high road and soon out came the otter with Trixey close behind. Hounds jumped in with another burst of music and had not proceeded very far when they were again at fault. While Kitchener was trying down an otter was viewed travelling over the field to where the drain had been opened, only to find it stopped; it then galloped back, climbed the wall, crossed the road and ran under the hedge and across the meadow between some of the field into the river, turned upstream first and then down again. Opinions varied as to this being our original otter, for it had to cross a piece of meadow and the road before arriving at the field where the drain had been opened, and, although the followers were lining the river banks, no one saw it go. However, hounds hunted it down for a short distance, when it again disappeared, and hounds marked at a fissure in the rock which was partially under water. Nigger, out perforce for another day, was put in and soon told us the otter was there, but he was unable (gallant old fellow as he is) to get to it, but after some considerable time we managed to bolt it. And the hunt was on again downstream. Soon hounds were at fault again: the river was high and the very numerous roots were under water, and this went on for six hours. The Master had given orders not to go any farther up the Mint than the drag took us, owing to hay grass, and so Kitchener proceeded with considerable patience to hunt this otter, which eventually we gave best to, and we went home—rather a disappointing day, the otter having spent most of his time in the various holts.

July 12th.—We were at Abbystead with quite a fair field, including visitors from the Eastern Counties, Border Counties and an amateur whip to foxhounds from India, and some of our Yorkshire members. The Master was hunting hounds, and he put them into the Wyre above the lake, tried the marshy ground and the island without result, and then tried down the far side of the lake, where hounds seemed interested but could make nothing of it. We continued to hunt downstream, and before very long picked up a drag that they were able to speak to, and cheered us up with a grand burst of music as they flashed across the field and back down the hedge bottom into the river. Scent was none too good later on, but we continued to touch here and there down to Dolphinholme, where we were, as usual, hospitably welcomed by Mr. Wilson.

July 15th.—The meet was at Tunstall for the River Greta, Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson, the Master, hunting hounds. There was a moderate field with a good contingent from Yorkshire, the heavy thunderclouds no doubt keeping many people away. Master first tried the small stream running into the Greta, a very likely spot, without result, and we then proceeded upstream. The well-known drain just above Greta Bridge proved blank, but hounds picked up a drag near the island which they could own here and there, and which eventually took them up into the very steep wood, where it was foiled by fresh tracks of red deer. The Master hunted very carefully upstream and came to the conclusion after some time that we were probably going best when we were enlivened by a real burst of music at the old power-house weir. Hounds swam the wash downstream, and we felt sure that an otter had gone away. Master tried the various roots and rock holes below, then went up and terriers were put into a cave which went underground for 150yds. with water in the bottom of it, but no result. We then hunted up another mile to Burton-in-Lonsdale (Black Burton), where we had lunch. The field had increased by now, and after hounds had been put in above the bridge they went off with a scream and at such a pace that it was impossible for any of the hunt staff to keep up with them. Kitchener, the kennel huntsman, got to them after about one and a half miles, when they had then arrived at a farm on the river bank—and it was Muscovy Ducks!

The Master continued to hunt upstream without any result, and so ended the last day before hounds proceed on their annual visit to the Nydd and Wharfe in Yorkshire. REDROUDE.

THE HAWKSTONE IN SOUTH WALES

THE weather in South Wales continues to be deplorable, and hounds have had to resort to the smaller streams. On Monday they hunted the Aeron, which is a good little river—and not so very little that day, after the heavy rain. It had not been hunted by the Hawkstone since 1923, when Lord Davies was Master. Numerous otters were reported, and they actually materialised. Mr. Wallace drew up from Cilian Aeron Station, and they hit off a drag after about two miles, which gradually increased for some miles until at about 3.20 p.m. hounds put down otters in a bog. A small otter was viewed and hunted into the river. This otter was hunted well for about an hour and a half. Then Mr. Mainwaring and Miss Jones holloaed a big otter over the bottom ford and hounds screamed after him downstream. He gave a really magnificent hunt for 2½ hours. It was not so easy-going for hounds, as the river was rising and scent was poor, but they stuck to him well and finally caught him when he landed in a rabbit burrow at 7.45 p.m. He was a 22lb. dog.

On Thursday the P.C.O.H. kindly helped by lending the Gwilli from Conwill Station up. Mr. Wallace hunted hounds. There was a drag, and hounds later became keen on the banks and finally put an otter down about two miles up. But the river was too high, and though they hunted him up and down for a bit very well nothing more could be done with him. The rest of the draw was blank.

On Saturday it rained again, and the Cleddau had risen in the night, but there was nothing for it but to draw as arranged. The field were rewarded by a most interesting drag, which petered out at Portshaen. So ends a very disappointing Tiefy fortnight and better things are hoped for in August. Hounds have been out 51 days, found 51 otters, and killed 23. S. W.



A GOOD "BART"

AFTER CHAMOIS IN AUSTRIA

By FRANK WALLACE

I WAS very disappointed. I had seen the document myself in the Diplomat's case, an enormous envelope, heavily sealed and inscribed in large and clear writing, "Very secret," "By safe hand." It had thrilled me to the core! Now, thought I, if ever, they will appear. The lovely lady with violet eyes whose svelte figure and slinky walk would at once give her away, even without the alluring perfume which would first render me aware of her presence. I felt quite capable of being able to deal with the sinister and bearded men who, I felt sure, would be hovering unobtrusively in the background. Of my willingness to sit up and watch the corridor whilst he retired to his bunk I had assured the Diplomat. To my secret chagrin he had vetoed such a course as unnecessary. He, however, had been proved right, for here we were in Munich, white under a sprinkling of snow, after a night's journey from Berlin completely without adventure. Still it was all an adventure to me.

I had first met the Diplomat at a lunch party. It had been a very smart party. Ambassadors had jostled excellencies; princesses had, metaphorically, rubbed shoulders with countesses. Ladies being in a majority, I had found myself stranded with the male sediment at the far end of the table and could only gaze at these exciting creatures from a distance. The Diplomat enlightened me as to their identities. Of one old gentleman, rather the worse for wear, he disclaimed all knowledge, but added: "If he'd been a stag he'd have been shot long ago!" This led to talk of sport, and he inquired what particular kind of stalking I preferred. I expressed a liking for small mountain game with heads large in proportion to their bodies such as some of the smaller sheep and goats.

"So do I," said he. "I hate felling great lumps of meat!" His eyes had a hint of laughter and his easy, quizzical glance bespoke a sense of humour.

"Have you done any chamois shooting?" he went on.

I told him I had only shot one.

"You'd better come and have another go at them next month," said he, so here we were en route for Karvendal.

After seeing the Brown House and as much of Munich as we could fit in in the morning we took train after lunch for Garmisch and Scharnitz. Late in the afternoon the sight of roe standing in the blue snow-shadows by the side of the line delighted me.

At Scharnitz, known to the Romans as Porta Claudia, we were met by Wragg, the jaeger, picturesque with long brown beard and moustache, big stag horn buttons on the inevitable green coat, and a weather worn chamois "bart" in his battered hat. Both he and "young Albert, his son," had the perfect, natural manners of unspoiled mountaineers. A couple of hours' drive through woods, ghostly in the darkness with their snow-laden branches, brought us to the hut at Karvendal Thal. The estate is still owned by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg under whose care the game, both deer and chamois, has improved. Chamois stalking in my experience is the finest form of continental sport. The pursuit of a mountain animal is superior to that of any which can be found in the low country, and when he is so small a beast as a chamois and one so supremely able to look after himself, all one's powers are called into play in the effort to circumvent him. I had only stalked in September, which



WRAGG PREPARES TO SPY

is a very different thing from doing so in the winter in deep snow, which now lay to a depth of 18in. on the lower slopes and was up to one's thighs on the high ground. The hut itself was about 4,000ft. above sea level. Progress was slow, and once as we ploughed through deep drifts the Diplomat, who was in front, turned to me and said: "Ski-ing is about eight times worse hell than this!" It put me off any desire to ski.

In the fir scrub which grows up to 6,500ft. or so chamois are found, but usually females and young ones, the best bucks keeping to the high ground which in Karvendal rose to 9,000ft. On the other side of the southern ridge lies Innsbruck. There is much limestone in these hills, and the heads of the chamois here are consequently as good as any in Austria. (My visit was three months before the "Anschluss.") It is a golden rule when contemplating the pursuit of any horned quarry to search for it on limestone formation.

When after a beast which one does not know it is always a difficult matter to judge heads correctly. The smaller the head the more difficult does such a task become, and in the case of chamois it is particularly hard as an inch or less may make all the difference in the status of a trophy. Never making any pretence at being able to estimate a head, I left it entirely to Wragg. From him I picked up one or two useful pieces of information. The horns of a young buck thicken irregularly and the points are thin. The horns of an old buck are thick for a third of their length and then become thin. The hair on the stomach is also an indication of age, becoming in the case of an old buck darker, as it does also on the chest, while that on a young buck is lighter.

It is important to kill the old barren does which have never had a kid, for they remain in season late and keep the bucks in a state of excitement after the regular rut is over, giving them no time



REMOVING THE "BART"

to recover their strength before the hard weather sets in. I think chamois live to about the same age as deer. Wragg told me he had once killed a doe of twenty. They breed at the age of three and continue to have young up to ten years of age; a buck is at his best from eight to eleven years of age. The proportion of bucks to does at Karvendal was about one to five, which is approximately correct.

The usual charge for shooting an old doe is roughly 30s.; a buck will cost £10.

Apart from the head, the chamois carries another trophy of a kind carried by no other animal that I can recollect, which is prized equally by continental sportsmen. This is the beard or "bart." A really good one fetches a big price. It consists of the hairs which grow along the top of the rump and withers which, to be first class, should be white tipped. These hairs are carefully removed and wrapped in paper, which is then laid between two flat pieces of wood to keep their shape. They are then graded and tied in small bunches. From these the finished article, worn in the back of the hat, is made. The best are grown when the buck is from six to eight years old, after which they become shorter.

Chamois vary considerably in weight, the average good buck being about 60lb., the weight of a very good Scottish roebuck ungralloched. The heaviest recorded at Karvendal, weighed clean, without the head, was 74lb., which is very unusual.

Much the most amusing time to stalk chamois is during the rut, from mid-November to mid-December. The bucks at this time do all sorts of unexpected things. They will cross from the tops of one ridge down into the valley and up 9,000 ft. on the opposite side in search of does, and old jaegers say that until they have done this the rut has not really started. It is most amusing to watch bucks charging each other, just as stags do, but with more apparent vigour. After a shot, too, it was most entertaining to see little black dots, bearing for some unexplained reason an extraordinary resemblance to the black caterpillars one finds on a Scottish moor, scurrying for the tops. Every beast in sight would vanish and then suddenly on each sharp-pointed peak would appear a little black head with pointed ears surveying the hillside below them. It always made me laugh, for the chamois is a most engaging little animal, of whom I grew very fond.

Owing to weather bad for stalking the chamois on our arrival were very scattered, and many were still in the scrub at the bottom of the valley, when they should normally have all been collected in the corries at the tops of the hills. The big bucks do not wander much at this season when they have collected some does, though travellers move for great distances. Wragg, who had been the jaeger at Karvendal for 24 years, said he had never seen them so sluggish in search of does. The Diplomat killed a fair buck on our first day's stalking, and I missed one on the following morning. Having reached the top of the timber line we were confronted by a series of rocky tops which might have been a part of some remote Scottish glen.

After an amount of marching and counter-marching from below a steep face of rock high above us, flecked with ridges of snow, appeared a small black speck. Wragg declared it to be the head of a good chamois. Dutifully balancing the rifle on two crossed alpine stocks as he directed, I did indeed see an occasional flash of a chamois as my telescopic sight swayed backwards and forwards. Steadying it to the best of my ability, I felt no surprise when the bullet struck the rock, 300yds. away, immediately below the buck. It was a pity as he was a good beast, and we never saw him again. However, it had been a pleasant day, warm out of the wind, with blinks of sunshine and wonderful cobalts and madders in the far distance of Vorarlberg where, eight years before, I had killed my only chamois.

It was on December 2nd that I retrieved my miss. We left the hut at 7.15, and toiled through the snow to the head of the valley. Before reaching it we saw some beasts across the river which flowed below. Then, as we started to climb the hill which led to a house, only occupied during the summer months, perched on the edge of the cliff, Wragg spotted a buck at the very top of the ridge on the south side. We stopped at a bend in the road and for a long time Wragg watched him, dragging out a ridiculous-looking little telescope with about nine pulls, which he kept secreted for emergencies in the depths of his clothing. In addition he carried binoculars, but the appearance of the telescope meant that something serious was on foot. I got a bit bored after about ten minutes, and said to the Diplomat: "It's extraordinary how all stalkers love watching beasts and wasting time! There isn't a hope of getting at that buck, even if he's any good!" "Wait a bit," said he; "I think he's got some scheme."

We accordingly waited, I curbing my impatience, and Wragg peering through his telescope. Then to my amazement the buck started to descend the hillside. Remember he was at least 2,500ft. above us. It was no casual descent with a stop for a nibble or a loiter on a ledge. It was a purposeful odyssey. He came steadily on, occasionally disappearing from sight, but always getting nearer. From 8,000ft. he came to 7,000ft., and from 7,000ft. to 6,000ft. Wragg motioned me to fix the telescopic sight. From 6,000ft. he came to 5,000ft., where he was opposite us, across a wide gorge, on the edge of some scattered bushes and trees, a wall of rock behind him. "Two hundred!" said Wragg, but I remembered yesterday's miss, and determined to rely on my own judgment. I thought it was nearer three. A bundle of coats gave some support, and a St. Andrew's cross of alpine stocks steadied the rifle. At the shot he took a step or two forward, then stood, head down, and I knew he was hit. Then he lay down. He looked very small, and I tried several more shots without any effect, for it was impossible to tell in the snow where they had gone. But he lay still.

It took us nearly an hour to work round the top of the glen, make our way along a precipitous slope above the river with some very nasty corners, where a slip would have meant a 50ft. drop into icy water and reach the spot where he lay, quite dead.

His head was far better than I had expected, just in the gold medal class in an international show. The "bart" was moderate, but it was something to have one at all, and I felt very contented and satisfied as I watched Wragg carefully removing it bit by bit.

"This," I said to the Diplomat, "is better than doing a '*pirschfahrt*'"!

"That," replied he sententiously, "is more suited to the appearance lent you by your white hairs, than to your hidden supplies of energy!"

I felt still more contented.

WINTER FEEDING OF PARTRIDGES

A large number of entries were received for this competition, and we print below the prize-winning essays. No attention was paid to literary merit, and these essays are published in the form in which they were received

First Prize of £10 - 10 - 0 to:

F. J. ASPLEY, Stone House, Brockhampton, Hereford.

PERSONALLY I find that clover and grass leys are ideal natural food for partridges during the winter months. This I find due to the fact that these birds are found regularly on them. I find two reasons why partridges choose this form of food:

(*a*) They would prefer this to any other.

(*b*) There is very little or nothing else really suitable.

During the winter months partridges find a deal on these seed leys, but without doubt they like to make their total rations with seeds.

Now I will mention some of these valuable foods—for instance, knot grass, which is a seed-bearing plant which I find from time to time they are very fond of; again I point out some more valuable foods, meadow grass, sprouting wheat and sugar beet.

It is without doubt some of these foods I mention vary in various parts of the country. But again as I mention sugar beet, they feed only on the tops, which bear great nutrition.

It is of great importance that the winter green food this little brown bird obtains is of great necessity.

It is essential that regular feeding should be carried out, and to place the food where the birds can make the best use of it, and the most suitable kind, which I will now give in due course.

After one month to six weeks all birds should know their feeding spots.

Now I give the right kind of food which I consider: 40 per cent. wheat, 25 per cent. hemp, 15 per cent. split maize, 10 per cent. dari, 10 per cent. millet.

Winter feeding should commence about second week in October, and should be carried out regularly daily at about the same hour.

This should be about two to two-and-a-half hours before sunset and carried through until the end of March; of course this depends much on the local conditions. Starting feeding early ensures the coveys to know their feeding places before they get broken up.

Now I will point out a very cheap food, tail end wheat, which is mainly very easily obtainable from one's local farmers.

As regards making an ideal feeding place, and to draw the birds quickly together, get some old rubbish or chaff from threshing, which I can assure is most ideal.

As regards quantity of feed to be given to the birds, much depends on one's own judgment, but in most severe weather ¾oz. should be quite enough for one bird.

As to places where to feed, much depends on the farming in the district.

I consider most suitable places in a belt of trees, a dry wide open dyke, or even an old gravel pit, or a rough grassy field, or even a south side of a good high fence, where you would probably find a deal of rubbish in the bottom. Such places I mention should hold the feed concealed from vermin, such as rooks, &c.

Again, it is essential that all birds should be able to reach their feeding places by their normal flights.

Olive oil is of great value mixed with the food; this helps to keep the birds warm and their jackets waterproof.

Cod liver oil, again, which is very helpful added to the food from time to time and which without doubt greatly increases the birds' stamina, is to my idea a good preventive of disease. Quantity to be given, say, four tablespoonfuls of these oils added combined to 28lb. of seeds.

It is of great importance that these oils should be mixed freshly; one is quite sure then that there is no valuable vitamin lost.

Second Prize of £5 - 5 - 0 to:

E. H. GARNER, Stanley Wood Kennels, Lockeridge, Marlborough, Wiltshire.

THE winter feeding of partridges should be one of the duties of the first importance connected with a partridge shoot, more especially so in such winters as the last one was, when snow lay deep two or three weeks at a stretch, and not a particle of Mother Earth to be seen anywhere. Partridges had a very hard time to find food of any description, and unless fed by the human hand, were bound to suffer in consequence. Even in mild winters where there is a large stock of partridges on the shoot, natural food becomes scarce during the month of November, and it is from then until the end of February that the partridge should receive special attention as far as food is concerned. Birds that are fed during these winter months will not only give better results during the breeding season to follow, but will be in first-rate condition for the nesting period. Especially important is winter feeding in some of the more heavily-stocked districts, such as parts of Hampshire, Norfolk and Suffolk, where the birds have to rely on clover leaf as their chief source of food. It is reasonable then to presume that partridges that have access to a good sound grain mixture will be more likely to ward off any tendencies of "scour," which does occur with excess eating of the frosted leaf of young clover.

Winter feeding will also help check migration at pairing time. More pairs will be induced to stay on the shoot to breed, which will mean more coveys when September and October arrive. The period of the year when natural food becomes acute is during December, January and February, but on some shoots a little food scattered for them in November would be welcome. It all depends on the nature of the farming done on each shoot, as this varies so from one district to another. If there is much arable, corn-growing, roots, &c., or where there is a big proportion of grassland, feeding must be governed by what quantity of birds the shoot carries. Therefore it must be for the keeper in charge to decide when to commence winter feeding. But mid-November would be an appropriate time in some districts, and continue until February ends. A good grain mixture that I find answers well is one part tail wheat, one part tail barley, one part finely crushed maize, with a few handfuls of dari seed mixed in with it. This is all that is required to keep the birds in excellent condition. Of course, there are numerous seed mixtures on the market, but where expense has to be kept in mind, the above mixture answers well, which I have proved over a number of years. Why I recommend tail corn, is that you then get

(*Continued on page 282*)

This England . . .



Ullswater and Gleuridding from Place Fell

WHEN in late Tudor days, pewter and silver drinking mugs gave place to glass—Venetian goblets for the wealthy and "rough Surrey glass" for the would-be fashionable—not everyone approved. Andrew Boorde found glasses wasteful, complaining of breakages, "besides that they breed much strife toward such as have the charge of them." The glasses won; but it should be recorded in fairness to the worthy physician that in 1542 he did speak well of ale as being a wholesome beverage "for an Englysshe man." For here, indeed, did he speak for the generality of men—even to posterity—if we may judge by the popularity to-day of a brew well thought on in Tudor times . . . your Worthington, noble in tankard or glass.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

all the small grain which is what you require for the partridge. There is only one satisfactory method of getting the food to the birds that I know. It is for the keeper, or whoever looks after the partridges, to go round and scatter the food by hand, two or three times a week. Where a large area of ground has to be covered, do one part one day, the other part another, and keep it fed alternately. One must always bear in mind that, unless under very severe weather conditions, the partridge will always be able to find a certain amount of natural food, and will search for a certain amount of it, even where fed by hand. Sow the grain sparingly at first along sections of the hedgerows. Choose those parts where possible that are free of rabbit or rat burrows, alongside stone walls or belts, whatever is on the shoot. Birds soon find the food placed there, as they always resort there for shelter. I find the above places best to feed partridges in mid-winter for several reasons. Pigeons are less liable to feed under hedges, as are also rooks and jackdaws, who prefer to feed out more in the open, where they can discover any danger more quickly. Roots are excellent places to feed in where available, but where pigeons are numerous, it is not advisable to feed in them, as the pigeons usually attack roots, and would quickly find and eat all the grain put there for partridge. Any patches of rough grass that have not been eaten by cattle are excellent places to scatter a little grain. Partridges always resort to these places for shelter, as well as in search of food. Avoid roadside hedges or footpaths, where birds feeding would be a temptation for anyone to poach them. The keeper or individual who is looking after his partridges will know and avoid any danger of this sort. Feed very sparingly at first until your partridges have got accustomed to the places where you are feeding; then increase to what the birds will readily consume, but on no account more than is necessary, otherwise rats may be attracted to it and, unless destroyed, would become a pest at your feeding places.

This winter feeding may mean extra work on some shoots, but the extra will be well repaid when the shooting season arrives. What can be more pleasing to the sportsman or keeper than plenty of good coveys going over the guns in September and October? This is one way that will help to do it.

Third Prize of £3 - 3 - 0 to:

J. FLEGG, Flixton Hall, Bungay, Suffolk.

MUCH could be written about the different methods of feeding one's partridges during the hard winter months. It greatly depends on the birds' environments whether there is a good supply of natural food or not; different surroundings require different methods, but the keeper should, on his beat, know which of the fields the partridges favour most, and there he should feed. I prefer to start feeding as soon as the harvest is over, as not much food is left on the stubbles these days; and, again, if one starts feeding before the winter months, the birds will know the better where to expect food, and one can keep his birds at home. I prefer to feed on maiden-hair, stubbles, old leys, pit and dell holes, if any, or by the sunny side of kale, which partridges favour much during the winter months. I would avoid feeding by thick fences, as sparrowhawks would soon harass the birds feeding under the fence, and also avoid near highways and footpaths, owing to the man out for a "family shot."

I usually feed about noontime, scattering the seeds and corn about and by taking the same route next day one can soon see if the birds are taking it. I also place water for the birds, as ponds get frozen over, and they have to go a great distance for it if not supplied. Old tyres cut in half make good vessels to hold water, and are light to carry about.

Food I use is wheat, barley, a few small seeds mixed in, and use some oils on the feed and one will find the little brown bird will take no harm during the coldest spell.

NEW CONDITIONS FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL

THE race for the Grand National is a long way off, but the new conditions governing the race have to be made now. In future, the top weight need not be 12st. 7lb., as has been the case for many years. It may be as low as 12st. On the other hand the handicapper can, if he thinks fit, make the top weight 12st. 9lb. It is also proposed that in future the bottom weight shall be 10st. 3lb. and not 10st. as now. I am sure that everyone will agree with this change. I also think that they should agree with a new condition that Mr. Balteel, the Clerk of the Course at Aintree, wishes to make. It is to the effect that no man shall ride in the Grand National unless he has ridden the winners of five steeplechases under the rules of steeplechasing in any country. This new condition is, in my opinion, absolutely essential. Idiotic men, led on by their equally idiotic friends, have recently sought rides in this famous race when they actually were hardly qualified to ride on a merry-go-round. Side bets have been made that they would win; that they would get round; that they would get round once; that they get over the first fence. The last man to try and do all those things did not get safely over the first fence. Such men do not think what they are doing, and they are backed by certain sections of the Press always looking out for stunt news. Such riders are not only a menace to themselves, but also to the professional rider, and there is no finer body of men. I hope that this new condition will be approved.

The Liverpool summer meeting is never the same to me, at any rate, as the other two meetings held over the Aintree course. I think that the reason is that the summer meeting alone is held under only the Rules of Racing, while the two other meetings are held under both sets of rules, and one has come to think of Aintree as a course for mixed meetings. Nevertheless, last week's racing at Liverpool was interesting and enjoyable.

Lord Astor's colt, Quick Ray, was a very easy winner of the St. George of a mile and five furlongs. He was, however, receiving more than a stone from Sierra Nevada, and the same from Wheatland, who whipped round at the start and took no part in the race. Quick Ray won with ease by five lengths from Sierra Nevada, and at once people began to talk about his chance in the St. Leger. I wonder how far Blue Peter or Heliopolis would beat Sierra Nevada at level weights, let alone at the weights at which Quick Ray met Lord Derby's representative. Quick Ray, on the other hand, is a colt of promise. He is by Hyperion out of Pennycomequick, both classic winners, so that he could not be better bred. Pennycomequick was by Hurry On out of Plymstock, who was by Polymelus out of Winkipop, by William the Third out of that wonderful mare Conjure, the beginning of the Cliveden Stud, one of the historical studs of this country. Pennycomequick's previous foals have been useful, but not outstanding. The first of them, Adept, also won this St. George's Stakes, but nothing else. Bookseller is still in training, but is not of much account. Pound Foolish won two rich stakes, and so more than paid his way, but he was not in the top class. Quick Ray may be the best of them. There is also a full brother, a two-year-old, at Manton, named Golden Penny, who has yet to run.

Fair Test, who won the rich Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes, is a two-year-old of the greatest promise. He is by Fairway out of Surbine, and I recall how much I liked him when he came into the sale ring at Doncaster last autumn. He was bought by Captain Boyd-Rochfort, I think on his own. He no doubt had many offers for him afterwards, and sold him to Lord Portal. Fair Test ran first at Ascot, when he looked to be still a baby. Still, he ran very well, and finished third in the New Stakes, behind Tant Mieux and Stardust. It is true that he was several lengths behind them, but he ran greenly, and was not hard ridden when his rider saw that he could not beat the two in front of him. He had to be ridden fairly hard at Liverpool to win by a length from Bashir, a bay colt by Bahram out of Mah Mahal, the dam of Mahmoud, who was by Blenheim. Bashir is described as bay, but he is really a grey, as was Mahmoud. I think that there is a great future for the first and second in this race. Surbine was also the dam of Superbe, who won the Irish Oaks a few days ago, and also of Buckleigh, one of the best horses ever owned by Lord Glanely, but a very difficult one to train. Poor Buckleigh was found a few days ago in his paddock with a broken leg, and had to be destroyed.



A TRIO AT PARK LODGE
Blue Peter with his trainer, J. L. Jarvis, and jockey, E. Smith

Lord Glanely's luck, a thing in which he does not believe, is not too good these days.

There was much rejoicing in the North, and especially at Newcastle, over the success of Sansalvo in the race for the Liverpool Summer Cup, whose owner is a Newcastle man. The horse is trained by Mather at Richmond in Yorkshire, and Mather is himself connected with Newcastle. As Weston, who rode the horse, is Northern born and bred, and began to ride there, everything was as it should be. Sansalvo is by Jacopo out of La Rambla, and was trained until this year by Captain Boyd-Rochfort. He was bought by his present owner at the December Sales last year. He will win again.

While looking up the breeding of Quick Ray, I used a very valuable little book sent to me by Lord Astor. It is connected with his stud, Cliveden, and contains a list of his horses in training, the yearlings and foals of 1939, the brood mares, the stallions, the stud and racing record, the trainers and jockeys, and foreign sires used. It is an amazing record. The stud was started in 1900, when Lord Astor was at Oxford. He then bought Conjure for a hundred guineas to win Point-to-Points. She went into his stud in 1903. Since then Lord Astor has bought only thirteen other mares, but only three of them are still represented in the stud. They are Popinjay, Maid of the Mist, and Shining Cloud. The last-named was bought in 1935. Every great race has been won, some of them several times, but never the Derby, in which Lord Astor's colours have been carried into second place no fewer than five times. In all those 33 years that Lord Astor has been owning horses, he has had only three trainers. He first trained with Willie Waugh at Kingsclere.

In 1913 the horses went to Manton, where they are now, trained first of all by Alec Taylor, and then, when he retired in 1927, by Joe Lawson. Mr. Taylor still taking a great interest in them, which he does to this day. Lord Astor has been just as faithful to his jockeys, outside criticism having no effect on him. Brennan has been with him since 1918, 20 years retained by one owner. And Brennan still rides a winner or two. Frank Bullock was his first jockey for many years, while Bobby Dick rode first for him for seven consecutive seasons, and could have gone on doing so if he had not wished to retire and set up as a trainer. G. Richards and Bobby Jones now ride mostly for him.

I cannot add up the money won in stakes by horses bred at Cliveden, but it is enormous. The first two years nothing was won at all, but ever since then there has never been a blank year. Some of them have not been as good as others, but on the whole the stud must have been self-supporting for many years, for in addition to the brood mares and winners there have been some very successful sires standing at Cliveden, most notably Buchan, who was full for years and years at a big fee. GNOSTIC.

ALL horsemen will have heard with regret of the motoring accident with which Major and Mrs. J. C. Friedberger met last Sunday. Major Friedberger broke his right thigh and his wife sustained serious concussion. We wish a very speedy recovery to this gallant horseman and his wife.

BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

Quality
ACHIEVED

BY
Maturity



Definitely Superior!

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

FEW of us have either the time or the inclination to walk every day to work or play, and the many hours spent on office stools or railway seats cannot but aggravate the fate of so many sufferers of headaches, biliousness, sleepiness during the day or sleeplessness at night, minor ills in themselves yet quite sufficient to make all the difference between joy and misery, a sweet or a sour temper.

In the great majority of cases, so doctors tell us, the cause of most of those ills is "intestinal stasis," the learned and polite name of constipation: hence the considerable number of remedies sold by all chemists to cure it. But we all know that prevention is better than cure, and we all have every day and twice a day the means of preventing constipation by a judicious choice of foods which, whilst pleasing to the sense of taste, are unaffected by the gastric juices and are therefore expelled without delay. By including a proportion of such foods every day in our diet we can make sure of keeping off all evils due to constipation without having recourse to any purgatives.

We all know that milk, sugar and eggs are excellent foods, but we do not always realise that they can be too good, that is they are so completely used up that our bowels are not given any chance; hence the inevitable constipated state of people who are not as moderate as they should be in their consumption of milk, sugar or eggs. On the other hand, quite apart from their blessed vitamins, vegetables contain a more or less considerable proportion of cellulose, a fibrous substance which has no food value whatsoever, but one that is invaluable on account of the roughage that it supplies, the most natural, hence the best, means of "sweeping the flues" and avoiding constipation. Coming to concrete examples of meals which are a safe and pleasant form of insurance against constipation, here are two suitable summer menus, one for lunch and the other for dinner:

A SUMMER LUNCHEON
Melon Cantaloup
Artichauts à la Grecque
Colin aux Aubergines
Courgettes marinées à l'Orientale
Salade de Laitue
Fromage
Fraises et framboises
Wine
Sylvaner d'Alsace

A SUMMER DINNER
Potage Marie Stuart
Sardines fraiches aux tomates
Fricassée de Poulet Vallée d'Auge
Epinards à l'Anglaise
Salade de Romaine
Water Ices
Figues et raisins
Wines
Muscadet to begin with and a Pouilly-Fumé to follow



FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of July 27th, 1889.

CROWN Rights in Scotland. "The Select Committee of the House of Commons, inquiring into the Woods and Forests Department, took evidence on Tuesday, relating to Crown rights in Scotland. Mr. Culley, one of the commissioners, stated that the Crown rights were transferred to the Woods Department by Act of Parliament in 1833. The revenues, which were then £16,000, had risen to nearly £24,000.

In 1856 the revenues of the Crown from the salmon fisheries in Scotland was £54. The revenue last year was £6,500. After the decision in the Gammie case in the House of Lords in 1859 the revenue rose. The effect of that decision was to show that the Crown had the right of salmon fishing around the coast of Scotland, as part of the hereditary revenue. Fishings which in 1856 let for £20 now let for £700. A total of £30,665 had been received by the sale of salmon fisheries; but the department preferred to keep them until they became valuable. . . . A great many proprietors had salmon fishing in their titles. The Duke of Richmond was a larger proprietor than the Crown."

The New Minister of Agriculture. "We certainly believe that the new Minister of Agriculture for Great Britain will have a great deal to do besides supervising the management of the numerous voluntary agricultural associations which levy subscriptions on the public, on the pretext of advancing the interests of the occupiers of land; but we are quite positive that this supervision will have to be no unimportant part of the duties of a Minister of Agriculture. . . . Agriculture has been wounded in the house of its friends;* and this, too, in the interest of, if not under prompting by, the council of a voluntary association,† of whose career of fifty years nothing can be affirmed with the same certainty as this—that it synchronises with a period which has witnessed the greatest and the most widely diffused suffering of the class for whose benefits it professed to be steward; whilst it has apparently neither the power to foresee impending misfortunes, nor the ability, when they have come, of pointing out any consistent line of conduct by which such extraneous troubles may be minimised."

IN THE SALEROOM

ONE of the last sales to take place at Sotheby's for this season is to be held on July 31st and following day. The properties of the Baroness d'Erlanger, the late Lady H. S. Dalziel, Mr. Horace Beck, Princess Ducas and H.E. the Baron von Wachendorff (former German Minister in Cairo) are to be sold, and include some Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Indian and Persian antiquities of more than ordinary interest. There are a seated sandstone figure, 11in. high, with inscriptions, which is ascribed to the New Kingdom; a finely modelled bronze horse, 6in. long, apparently once part of a chariot group, Cypriot work of the seventh century B.C.; three life-size heads of two bearded men and a woman, marble, Attic, fourth century B.C., all three in their original state, absolutely unrestored; and an exceptionally fine fourth century B.C. votive relief, 15½in. by 21½in., of eight figures, found near Sunnim.

The gold jewellery includes a necklace, of links of double-loop form, with heads of bulls, third to fourth century B.C.; a pendant, Macedonia, fifth to sixth century B.C.; and an Etruscan gold swivel ring, with a scarab. In the Persian antiquities are a lacquer eighteenth-century pen box, a mirror case painted with figures, a lacquered chamberlain's staff (50in.), with engraved silver knob, and a miniature of the sixteenth to seventeenth centuries painted with two figures. The Indian work includes a number of figures in granulite and sandstone of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

* Referring to criticism of the new Bill by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

† The Royal Agricultural Society.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

ORIENTAL rugs are very attractive, don't you think? It may be they look better in the East than here, but all the same I have been in English houses which are definitely adorned by a few well-chosen specimens. Nowadays one can buy very fine ones in London at a reasonable price—indeed, one will probably pay far less than if one were to engage in interminable bargaining with some Eastern merchant whose Oriental wiles would certainly be too much for a simple European. There is, of course, a very wide range of varieties and qualities from which to choose, and, whether you are a millionaire or, as is more probable to-day, a man with an overdraft, you can buy something that will please your taste and suit your pocket.

* * *

Those beautiful Bokhara rugs are among the most sought after, for the colours of strawberry red and black go with almost anything. Also they are very soft with a thin pile and—two marks of a good rug—lie quite flat on the floor and show a clear pattern on the back as well as the front. There are two main designs, the Elephant's Foot and the Princess. Concerning the former there is a picturesque story, which runs as follows: "An elephant cut itself and so left blood-stained footprints as it walked along in the snow. Soon after a caravan happened to come along and the tribesmen of the caravan struck by the effect decided to use the elephant's foot as the chief motif in their rugs." The Princess Bokhara decorated with large cross and branched candlesticks is interesting also, particularly as the design is that of a prayer rug with a place for the head and hands. You may remember in Flecker's play Hassan, Ishak the musician says in reference to a carpet Hassan longs for, but dare not seek: "I will bring it to you. You shall stretch it out upon the desert when you say your evening prayer, and it shall be a little meadow in the waste of sand."

* * *

The Baluch rugs with rust red as the chief colour are popular, and, unlike the Bokhara, quite cheap. They are often made with a pleasing flower design, and the more unusual ones, which I like best, have in them a good deal of blue. Persian carpets are rightly admired on account of their beauty. Some of the more valuable are most elaborate creations showing the tree of life or hunting scenes with lions and tigers. Unfortunately many of the more modern rugs are now spoilt by the use of analine dyes, which cause the quick fading of too brilliant colours. This growing evil it is difficult to counteract, as the Persians, so a friend of mine tells me, like faded rugs as they find them less distracting to meditation.

* * *

Good Turkish rugs are also becoming difficult to obtain, though Istanbul is still a happy hunting ground for those in search of specimens. Many rugs come in from the Caucasus, notably the thick piled Kosak variety which wear very well and are most suitable for a hall or dining room. They are frequently decorated with crosses and grotesque figures of animals some of which have as many as six legs.

* * *

Once I was quartered in the hunting lodge of the Sultan of Turkey at Hereke, and nearby was the Imperial carpet factory, where little girls copied on to large looms an elaborate pattern from a small specimen. It was amazing the dexterity and speed with which they worked, and the results were most pleasant, though, alas, the small rug with which I was presented on departure has long ago lost most of its colour.

* * *

North African rugs are somewhat crude. The general admiration for the brown-tinted Kairwan rugs I do not share, but I do like the red Berber kilims—they have no pile—which are to be found in Tunisia, Algeria and the Moroccan Middle Atlas. Often there is a protective decotation. The Glaoua rugs from Marrakesh display an eye in order to ward off the evil eye, and the thick pile rugs in brilliant orange and yellow from Karia Ba Mohammed are decorated with numerous crosses. This is due to the fact that the Berber Moslems who made them were once Christians.

* * *

Moslems of course always take off their shoes before entering a house, and so their rugs have a very long life. Naturally we cannot do this in England, but I think people might look after valuable rugs with a little more care. Sometimes Bokharas and Persians are treated in the most cavalier fashion and suffer in consequence. Surely they could either be used as a covering for a couch or else be hung upon the wall, for not only are such rugs as these unsuited for hard wear, but also they are not seen to full advantage. There are plenty of strong and, for that matter, beautiful, varieties suitable for the floor.

F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—Earlier in this correspondence, I wrote that I approved your proposal that egg-collectors should be included in the suggested conference on this subject, because when they come into the open they inevitably give their case away. The letters from your collector apologists have shown clearly enough the correctness of my prognostication. The old red herrings about additional damage done by game-keepers, photographers, fires, natural causes and vermin, and about birds laying again when robbed, have been tediously dragged across the trail. Your protectionist correspondents' replies have once again confuted these tiresome irrelevancies, and have quoted details of more recent acts of collectors' vandalism. If red herrings form an essential part of collectors' defensive armament, may we ask for some fresh fish? The old ones have long been malodorous.

All collectors protest that they collect for some (usually unspecified) scientific purpose. But egg-collecting does not smell more sweet when it is dubbed "oology." Psycho-analysts have recorded some unpleasant facts about the collecting mania and its concomitants. Its real source is often merely the possessive instinct. And the fact that most collecting means law-breaking is significantly ignored.

Under present conditions it is impossible to record the appearance or nesting of rarer species. I recently had to refuse information of this nature to a scientific publication because my own experience has proved that it would put collectors on the scent. And so genuinely scientific ornithology suffers.

One correspondent naively proposes that because he finds it "exciting" to try to pick out and shoot a variety from among stray migrants the shooting of all birds (except a few rare ones) should be allowed from August to February! Others may question whether any useful purpose, scientific or otherwise, is served by shooting some unfortunate migrant which has lost its way and wandered to our shores. True, it will be "added to the British List," but whether a casual and probably unpremeditated visit really entitles the victim to inclusion is a matter upon which opinions differ. Many will rather agree with your other correspondent, who prefers to watch the live bird rather than to handle its unhappy corpse. For myself, I can only say that the sight of longshore gunmen blazing away at little birds on the chance that one may prove to be a rarity fills me with disgust.

The mental attitude of the defenders of private collecting revealed by this correspondence augurs ill for the success of any conference. There does, however, seem to be some measure of agreement that to-day the collecting of eggs and skins is necessary and useful only when authorised for the formation or completion of museum collections. I agree with your correspondents who advocate the formation of representative collections of eggs and skins for this purpose. But such collecting should only be allowed under such licences as were recommended in paragraph 87 of the Report of the Committee on the Protection of Wild Birds, issued in July, 1919. The Committee advised that these licences should be granted only to suitable persons, for a specified time, and for definite areas and species, and that the licencees should enter into a bond, with sureties, to guard against abuse.

Except for such purposes and under such licence the collecting of eggs or skins should be abolished by law. If all sections of opinion could agree to advocate and accept this solution it would put an end to a controversy which has already lasted too long, and has in many quarters earned ornithologists the reputation of being hopelessly quarrelsome. If, Sir, your suggested conference could bring about such an "appeasement" you would earn the gratitude of all real bird-lovers.

To many of us the most ugly aspect of collecting is its wanton destruction of beauty. Birds, as one correspondent truly says, are a national asset. A countryside without birds would lose half its charm. It is useless to make an appeal for their protection because of their beauty to those who prefer eggs in a cabinet or stuffed birds in a glass case. To them we are "sentimental fanatics." But public opinion will not much longer allow a small and selfish minority to continue their work of destruction.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, E. W. HENDY.
Porlock, Somerset.

SIR,—Mr. E. P. Chance does not appear to realise that if jays and magpies were exterminated it would mean an enormous increase in destructive grubs, insects and rodents which those birds destroy. The Advisory Leaflet No. 242 of the Ministry of Agriculture pronounce these birds "*beneficial species*." Is it possible with the slightest regard for the truth to call them "vermin"? Since when has "vermin" been considered a "*beneficial species*"? The mischief that *some* of these birds do is too short-lived to demand the forfeiture of life when procuring food for their family and fulfilling the law of their being. Killing them in the nesting season means leaving their young ones to die by the agony of starvation. These birds play a great part in the balance of nature, and are just as important to the universal scheme of things as are we ourselves. They are not infected by the deadly virus of brutality *for its own sake*, they do not take life for a hobby, they take it for food. Could Mr. Chance explain why the cuckoo should be allowed to eject and kill beautiful and useful nestlings with impunity, if he wishes jays and magpies exterminated if *some* of their members take a few eggs or nestlings? Could anything be more unfair? Jays and magpies are two of our most beautiful, useful and intelligent birds. Long may they live.

Yours faithfully,

Berks. T. S. HAWKINS.

SIR,—I have read the correspondence in your columns on the subject of Bird Protection with great interest. Some reference has been made therein to the Nest Adoption Scheme sponsored by the Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens. As some of your correspondents appear to be labouring under a misapprehension as to its objects, may I, as the author of the scheme, be allowed space to correct them.

The scheme is not aimed, as they appear to think, primarily at egg collectors. It is an attempt to induce gamekeepers to spare those raptorial birds, whose status as breeders is in danger, by a system of rewards for broods safely reared on their beats. I need hardly say that the employers consent is first obtained. It naturally follows that the keeper will do his best to prevent the eggs from being taken by collectors, as he would then lose his reward. The foxhunter has found, that, if he wants an adequate supply of foxes, he must pay "litter" and "find" money to keepers. The system is almost universal and achieves its object. It occurred to me that if ornithologists want birds of prey preserved they must take a leaf out of the foxhunter's book and give the keeper some similar monetary inducement. The scheme has now been in operation for two years, and has so far only been applied, as I originally intended it should be, to certain rare raptorial species. There is, of course, no reason why it should not be modified in the future to include other birds, not regarded as enemies of game. No one, I imagine, will deny that game preservation has been mainly responsible for the extermination of birds of prey. But that hardly seems to me a good reason why egg collectors should assist in and hasten that extermination, as they are undoubtedly doing. Two blacks do not make a white.

In the case of such a bird as the dottered, the gamekeeper cannot be held responsible for any decrease in numbers. The suggestion that they are shot on migration may have been true 60 years ago, but is certainly not so to-day. They pass through England during the close season, and would be most unlikely to be shot. I am afraid the egg-collector must take the blame for any decrease that has occurred during the last 25 years in this case. I am personally acquainted with a large number of keepers in England and Scotland, and I know that practically all of them quite openly break the law with absolute impunity many times a year by killing birds of prey on the protected list.

Mr. Jourdain has stated in your columns that his and other collections may contain from ten to 15,000 eggs. Presumably a very large proportion, perhaps 75 per cent., of those eggs have been illegally taken, rendering the takers liable, had they been detected, to fines totaling many thousands of pounds.

No further testimony is required in either case as to the utter inadequacy of our present Wild Birds Protection Act to achieve the objects for which it was framed. I understand that the Home Office contemplates the introduction of a new bill. But the wheels of democracy turn exceeding slow. In the meanwhile for certain species the sands are fast running out. If they are to be saved from extermination as breeders in this country something must be done at once. Is it not time that ornithologists, oologists, protectionists, all the other "ists" and even ordinary bird lovers like myself, dropped mutual vituperation, and got together to devise some means of saving those birds which are in danger? May I suggest, sir, that you add to the already great achievements of the *Field*, and now take the initiative in a practical form, by inviting representatives of the various bird protection societies, prominent egg-collectors and bird photographers to meet round the table under an impartial chairman such as yourself? Let them agree to a list of birds, however small, that are admitted by all to be in some danger of early extermination in this country. All have professed a desire to see them saved. Having agreed to such a list, would not the oologists undertake to spare those eggs for a term of years, and to use their influence to get their fellow-collectors to do likewise? At the same time, photographers should be asked to refrain from taking pictures of such birds at the nest. A joint letter might be signed by all the representatives, and sent to all known collectors and photographers asking them to co-operate by giving a similar undertaking. Letters could also be sent to the owners, or lessees, of land, where such species breed, or are likely to do so, pointing out their rarity and asking them to afford them all the protection in their power.

We all profess to have the same object at heart; surely with a little good will it is possible to do something before it is too late. It is no good waiting until a species has reached the pitiful state of the kite, before we try to save it. Let us tackle the others in time before the breeding stock is reduced so low that there is little hope of their recovery.

Yours faithfully,

Passnores, Harlow, Essex. G. DENT.

SIR,—Last week Mr. N. Tracy wrote as though he does not know the truth about my investigation 20 years and more ago into the breeding habits of the red-backed shrike.

He has surely read my statement of the facts in "An egg collector replies to his critics"; therefore his reference to me as having robbed the red-backed shrikes' nests *as recorded* in Mr. Eric Parker's book, *The Ethics of Egg Collecting*, is misleading.

Mr. Tracy should by now be well aware that the statement given in that book is untrue, and having that knowledge should surely therefore refrain from repeating it.

Yours faithfully,

Gurdons, EDGAR P. CHANCE.
Witley, Surrey.

Mr. N. Tracy, hon. secretary of the Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens, has asked us to say that there is no truth whatever in Mr. Nethersole-Thompson's statement that he was approached by an agent of the association with a view to enlisting his aid. Someone who is not a member suggested that this should be done, but Mr. Tracy replied that he could not entertain the suggestion for one moment.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

GROUSE AND DISEASE

SIR,—Grouse disease is with us once again, and it only remains to be found out which moors of England and Scotland have suffered most from it. Some moors and districts may have an actual clean bill of health in 1939, for that is so in every outbreak.

Grouse must be still rather scarce in the extreme north of Scotland, and in the district of Kintyre were scarce enough in 1938, so that one would expect those outlying districts, and others like them, to escape disease at this season, if overcrowding, and not a failure of the heather crop, is the principal factor of grouse disease production.

It is known to most of us that the infection for grouse disease is bred in grouse droppings, and that the more insanitary a moor is, the worse for the grouse, which, as adults, become doubly or trebly infected with that worm named by scientists *Trichostrongylus* and, as chicks, with coccidiosis.

Experience of many grouse disease visitations teaches that more than an excessive number of grouse is needed to produce grouse disease. Number is but one factor for disease production, the decisive one being a failure of food supply.

Heather has not the same food value in all seasons, and in years when the heather is at its best regarding nutritive powers, there is enough of it on every moor to feed more grouse than are there.

One year in which drought was the decisive factor of disease was 1911, and that drought began in spring and lasted up to the end of August. The heather became brittle and sapless, the grouse were thin in September, and the old hens had to be withdrawn from the bags because of their emaciation in October.

Some old hens died in winter, and the old cocks began to go in January and February. Nesting grouse had fewer eggs than usual, and numbers died while sitting. The heather, which had been weakened by the drought in 1911, was blasted again by blighting east winds and drought in the nesting season of 1912, and the result was a big drop in the grouse bags of that year.

The present outbreak of grouse disease is no doubt due to failure in nutrition of grouse owing to excessive worm infestation and non-nutritive heather. There was drought in the spring of 1938 to weaken the heather, and there was much snow last winter to spoil the heather under the drifts and to starve the grouse.

Deer are fed now, and so are partridges, so why not feed grouse? Yours faithfully,

Perthshire. DUGALD MACINTYRE.



"MADE UP INTO HUGE PARCELS WITH GALVANISED FENCING WIRE"
(See letter "Croys in New Zealand")

CROYS IN NEW ZEALAND

SIR,—I send a photograph which may be of interest to owners of rivers or fishing in Britain. This method of strengthening banks is used everywhere in the South Island of New Zealand, where the rivers are nearly all glacial torrents.

As the photograph shows, river boulders are made up into huge "parcels" with galvanised fencing wire, and the result is not at all unsightly and seems to be very satisfactory. It seems to me that this method could be employed on our mountain rivers and might make good dams on smaller streams, always supposing there is a suitable stone on the spot.

Yours faithfully,
C/o 2nd Bn. The Loyal Regt., Gillman Barracks, Singapore, S.S. E. F. WATKINS.

[The system for use in dams is already well known in Scotland where such wire sacks filled with boulders are known as "croys."—ED.]

CARRION CROW

SIR,—The interesting letter and photograph of a very large carrion crow in your issue of July 8th made me wonder whether the bird was actually a crow or a raven.

In my measurements of birds' wing-spans I found that a raven's wing-span is round about 42in., and the wing-span of a large female peregrine falcon measured against an old raven's, was almost exactly the same.

The photograph produced in the *Field* appears that of a raven, but it would be interesting to have the bird examined by an expert.

Yours faithfully,
Perthshire. D. M.

PRESENTING THE FLY

SIR,—I was particularly interested to read the letter from the Rev. George Dean, which appeared in your issue of June 10th, regarding his encounter with an otter, while fishing the Clywedog, as I have just returned from fishing the same river. So far this year I have spent about three weeks there, while the water was rather low, and have not seen any otters. Of course, I do not doubt the veracity of the esteemed writer's story, but it intrigues me to know where this encounter took place, as the stream seems too small in most places to form a comfortable habitation for these animals.

However, there are plenty of big fish in some of the pools, and it may amuse your readers to hear how I discovered that excellent sport could be had with the larger trout by rather a curious method of presenting the fly. During the day I noticed that only small fish would take the usual dry fly fished in the ordinary way; but at night, when it became too dark to see my dry fly distinctly, then the big fish could be induced to rise by the following tactics.

I substituted a large, dark fly with a silver body, tied on a No. 3 or 4 hook. This fly, which embodies many killing characteristics possessed by some of the best-known sea trout flies, I have christened the "Connaught Killer." I cast upstream beyond known fish and *dragged* the fly towards me sufficiently fast for me to be able to see the wake it made; this also had the advantage of keeping the line straight, ready for a strike.

The fish did not seem at all worried by the strange progress of the fly nor of its unusual appearance. Instead, they attacked it hungrily until eventually they were hooked. In fact, standing on one rock, in a very short time I was able to secure seven fish, five of which were about ¼lb. a-piece, and most of them were hooked a few feet from me, presumably after following the fly for some distance. I also missed many other fish and succeeded in rising one very large one of several pounds, which was most exciting, as one does not expect to find large fish in such a small stream. But for this method of fishing I doubt whether I should have had much success.

Incidentally, a very skilful angler I once knew never used to oil his dry fly nor grease his line; instead, he always relied on putting sufficient drag on his tackle to keep it afloat—and this on the River Dart, which is badly over-fished, with the result that the fish are extremely shy. Yet I never knew my friend return with an empty bag! A complete heretic by modern standards, he used a very whippy greenheart rod and level line, but he kept to very fine gut, often 5x, and flies size 00 or 000.

It would be interesting if fishermen would experiment with this style of fishing on other waters, particularly lakes and small streams, and let their experiences be known. Of course it would not be wise to practise this strategy on chalk stream fish!

Yours faithfully,
279, Goldhawk Road, London, W. 12. J. G. LYNDE.

SCAUP ON FRESH WATER

SIR,—Regarding scaup on fresh water in your issue of July 1st, it may be of interest to state that during November, 1935, I watched a solitary scaup drake on one of the Hammer ponds, near Thursley, Surrey.

This bird was consorting with tufted ducks and was not at all shy, and I was able with the aid of field glasses to obtain a good sight of it, and also to sketch it.

Yours faithfully,
Horsham, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

FREAK NARCISSUS

SIR,—The "freak narcissus" which your correspondent, J. A. Miles, describes in your issue of June 24th is not so very unusual.

I have found them here now for several years, and in fact I picked 24 from one bed one year, in order to have a bowl which was "a little out of the ordinary."

Yours faithfully,
Parkanaur, Castle Caulfeild, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland. Y. A. BURGES.

HIGH JUMP AND HORSE SHOW

SIR,—The presence of Captain Antonio Grutierrez in the Italian team for the Prince of Wales's Cup at Olympia has reminded me of the enclosed photograph which he gave me in Rome last autumn.

Possibly comparatively few of the crowd who applauded Captain Grutierrez at Olympia realised that they were watching the holder of the world's record for the high jump.

I happened to be in Rome last October when Captain Grutierrez had won the Italian Army high jump, an important annual event at the horse show in Rome. He was riding an Irish-bred, thirteen-year-old gelding called Osoppo, and had attained the height of 2 metres 30 centimetres, within a few centimetres of the previous record set up in Paris in 1936. Captain Grutierrez finally rode Osoppo over the astonishing height of 2 metres 44 centimetres, or within a fraction of an inch of 8ft. This photograph shows him in the act of doing this, and I hope that you will find space in your columns for its publication as a tribute to the good sportsmanship and friendliness of the Italian officers.

Yours faithfully,
The Cameron Highlanders, Aldershot. ALEXANDER MONRO.

ROEDEER IN SURREY

SIR,—I was interested to see Mr. Michelthwaite's letter in a recent issue. The more inaccessible parts of Boxhill, now National Trust property, should provide an ideal habitat for roe. I know the ground well, having rented the shooting of it some years ago.

The buck I saw was heading north, and let us hope he found his way to the dense woods on Boxhill.

The lightness of colour remarked upon by Mr. Michelthwaite was probably due to the change of coat which usually takes place at this time of year.

The buck I saw was in that process. I also have done a considerable amount of roebuck stalking with a small-bore rifle on the borders of Ross and Sutherland.

Yours faithfully,
Little Denshott, Leigh, near Reigate. G. C. GARRICK.

REDUCING ROOKS AND RABBITS

SIR,—The letter signed "J. R. W. G.," in your issue of June 3rd, seems to regard rooks and rabbits as equally harmful to farming. Recent investigations of the University of London Animal Welfare Society (now incorporated in the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare) have proved that rabbits are a real source of loss in agriculture and should be exterminated. It has been shown that this can be done most effectively by cyanide dust blown into the burrows. The dust remains until it is moistened by natural means, when it evolves hydrocyanic gas, which kills instantly by paralysing the heart. The dust can be obtained in the form of calcium cyanide, which is sold under the name of Cymag. Full particulars are given in *Man versus Rabbit*, by Dr. Kirkman (U F A W., Gordon House, 29, Gordon Square, W.C. 1). It has been proved over and over again that the common steel trap, an instrument of torture, is quite useless for eradicating rabbits from the land. If the Bill now being considered by Parliament passes into law, there will be no more ferreting as a sport, for there will be no rabbits left to shoot.

On the other hand, rooks are beneficial to agriculture during the nesting season and at times of ploughing, while at other times they are omnivorous. They have got a bad name among farmers, who only notice them when attacking ripening corn. If rooks become too numerous in a district they must be reduced, but it is sheer cruelty to do so by shooting the young at the nest. When rookeries increase in a farming district to the extent of constituting so-called "black spots," they can be reduced by Dr. Collinge's method (*The Food of Some British Birds*, York) of destroying the eggs before the chicks have hatched, or by pursuing a policy of "systematic destruction of nests."

It has been said that rooks will desert a rookery if the young birds are not shot, but this is quite untrue. Nature has her means of carrying on. When a rookery grows too large it becomes difficult to obtain food for its population, and the younger rooks are driven out to seek fresh sites.

Yours faithfully,
10, St. Albans Grove, W. 8. D. A. MACALISTER.



A FRACTION SHORT OF EIGHT FEET
(See letter "High Jump and Horse Show")

CHESAPEAKE VERSUS LABRADOR

SIR,—In some recent issues of your paper I have read with much interest remarks and views expressed about the Chesapeake. Perhaps my own experiences with this breed, and also the opinions of some of my American friends, may prove of interest to you. Many years ago I owned and also shot over several Chesapeakes. Their work, especially in the water, was, as a rule, excellent; they were big, bold, fearless dogs with lots of courage and endurance, and splendid for winter work under the most trying conditions.

At land work, when the game birds I mostly shot were blue, ruffed and sharp-tailed grouse or prairie chicken, the Chesapeakes were not so good. Sometimes they were hard-mouthed and often difficult to control, and their noses were not so keen. One advantage they had, which was of considerable help under certain conditions. In the big, bare stubble fields where our duck and geese used to feed, if the birds had been much shot at and disturbed, they became very wild and very hard to get within range of, so that even the black Labrador lying at heel often sent the overhead flocks away out of range, whereas owing to the dead-grass colour of the Chesapeake the birds overlooked the dogs and the gunner got in his shots at passing flocks. Apart from these few good and useful traits in the Chesapeake I do not consider him nearly as good an all-round gundog as the Labrador.

The Labrador is more reliable all round, certainly on upland game, and a better hunting dog than the Chesapeake. He has more brains, which one might gather from the formation of his skull. I might point out here that I believe the Chesapeake still is, taken all round, the more popular of the two breeds, but this, I think, is to a very great extent accounted for by the fact that the Labrador has only come into his own in the States within the past ten or twelve years. He is still (although making steady strides in general favour) comparatively little known, and the price of good Labradors is much higher than that of the Chesapeake.

When it comes to the question of field trials, and these days the American trials are very exacting, the Chesapeake is almost completely off the map. The Labradors win, I should say, about 90 per cent. of the awards, or even more. A few good Chesapeakes can still be seen at these trials, but their percentage is very small indeed.

There are now many lady owners of Labradors, and some of these handle their own dogs with great excellence and success at the various American trials. I might here mention that Labradors are now being trained and used to a certain extent to work as spaniels. Perhaps I myself have had something to do with this. For more than a decade now I have trained, and had trained for me, many of my Labradors to work in this way, and I have advertised the fact pretty frequently in various magazines, &c. Just why they are not more used to hunt and find as well as retrieve I do not know, but it adds 100 per cent. to their value, efficiency and help to the ordinary sportsman. I am glad to see that a few prominent American Labrador



THE TWO CONTESTANTS
(See letter "Chesapeake versus Labrador")

enthusiasts are now training their dogs to work in this manner.

Mr. Chas. L. Lawrence, now President of the American Labrador Club, staged a field trial last fall, the first of its kind, on his estate in New Jersey, for retrievers used as spaniels. There were some twenty entries, and the trial was a great success. The winner, Banchory Varnish of Wingan, put up a first-class performance in the dual capacity. No doubt this trial will prove the forerunner of many others, as several of the best trainers in America are taking the matter in hand.

One word of warning, however, I may give from my own experience. If Labradors are to be trained to do spaniel work I would not allow them to be handled or trained in this way during their first season at field work, and especially so if these young dogs are from highly strung field trial strains. Unless the trainer has taught his pupil the most important lesson of his life, absolute obedience under all conditions, disaster at any spaniel work field trial is almost sure to follow. No brilliant pupil and game-finding Labrador is *at heart* really steady and to be relied upon during his first season when out with the gun, and often it takes longer than one season before he can be trusted.

In conclusion, I do not wish for one moment to belittle the merits of this fine American dog, the Chesapeake, but from my own experiences, dating over many more years than I care to look back upon, I have not the least hesitation in placing the black Labrador far ahead in every way as an all-round gundog, and also as a house dog and companion. I have had a considerable amount of correspondence with many well-known sportsmen and field trial trainers in the U.S.A., who have had wide experience with both breeds, and they one and all agree with my opinion, which is that in general merit, both as a sportsman's dog and as a field trial one, the black Labrador far exceeds the Chesapeake. This assertion, I think, is proved by the fact that in most of these big American kennels the Labrador has almost entirely superseded the Chesapeake, and as I already mentioned, nearly all the field trial awards are won by the Labrador.

Yours faithfully,
Ewing's Landing, Okanagan Lake, B.C., Canada. R. LECKIE-EWING.



LYING IN THE GALWAY FISHERIES
(See letter "Salmon from the Air")

ON LANDING A TROUT

SIR,—In the third interesting and useful letter to young fly-fishers by "Uncle Harvey," he says: "Never try to scoop a fish out with a net. It should be guided over it by the rod while the net is held still."

But we are not told to avoid getting the head in first. I hardly realised the importance of this until on July 5th, 1937, when fishing from the bank of a Somerset reservoir, I lost a fine brown trout of quite 4lb. through twice trying to get it into my knuckle-joint net head first. The second time I got it up to the net it rubbed the gut cast against the wooden frame of the net, and got away with the fly (Watson's Fancy) in its jaw. Unknown to me at first, the keeper of the reservoir was near me, and he had seen the fish jump after my first failure to get it into the net, and agreed that it was "a good four-pounder."

Yours faithfully,
Clifton. H. STUART THOMPSON.

BLUE TITS' BEHAVIOUR

SIR,—On April 9th (Easter) a pair of blue tits commenced nesting in a box on my house, but quickly deserted, probably owing to the presence of cats. I had the box removed at once farther out of harm's way, and on June 9th the birds, presumably the same pair, returned. The hen commenced carrying material and was fed immediately by the male bird, and the bird appears to be sitting close at this date (July 7th). The box is fixed next to my window from which I can observe the birds uninterruptedly. From an experience of 30 years, I can say I have never known tits nest so late as set out above. In the box last year, a pair commenced operations on February 27th. The birds show great affection, and the hen frequently takes food from the beak of the male, who calls to her to come out for it.

From observation I believe three weeks are usually occupied in rearing the young.

Yours faithfully,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne. J. F. STEWART.

SALMON FROM THE AIR

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph showing salmon waiting to go up and lying in the Galway Fisheries. I took it from the bridge above.

Yours faithfully,
Crowborough. ESME K. RITCHIE (Mrs.).

WOODCOCK SITTING IN JULY

SIR,—On July 6th this year one of my men, while trimming a ride in one of my coverts, found a woodcock sitting on three eggs.

Is not this late for the bird to sit? I should be interested to know if any other reader has found a similar case.

Yours faithfully,
Monmouth. A. H.

Ninety pipe smokers

in every hundred will find in Chairman the mixture that answers every desire. A fragrant, pleasant, cool tobacco that gives six joyous hours of smoking to each ounce.

Chairman Tobacco

In 3 strengths. CHAIRMAN (medium), BOARDMAN'S (mild) RECORDER (full).

1/3½ per oz., in ½ oz., 2 oz., and 4 oz. vacuum tins. Made by the successors to R. J. Lea, Ltd., and sold by tobacconists everywhere.



P 484

HUNTED HARE CAUGHT BY EAGLE

SIR,—Previous to the outbreak of the Great War we had a pack of harriers at a place called Zsuk near Kolozsvar (now Cluj). The hunting season opened in October and closed when snow and hard frost made riding impossible—usually in December. We hunted regularly every day in the week, Sundays excepted. The country over which we hunted is rolling, hilly grassland, without trees and with some very steep slopes, making downhill riding by no means easy. There were no fences, only some drainage ditches to jump.

It was, as far as I can remember, in 1911, on a fine November day. We were hunting a very strong hare, which gave us a long and straight run up and down hill. During the whole of this run we were followed closely by a pair of golden eagles, flying low over the ground and alighting from time to time on prominent hillocks, where they watched the pack as they followed the trail. When the hare began to slacken pace and the pack drew close to their quarry, as it began to cross over a ridge, one of the eagles made a headlong dive down the far side of the same and struck the hare when it was about 20yds. in front of the hounds. However, the hare was a heavy one, and the eagle could not get away with it quickly enough, and it was only about 12ft. from the ground as one of the hunt followers rode just below it and tried, fruitlessly, to hit it with his hunting crop. His effort made the eagle drop the hare, which was already dead, and it flew slowly away and disappeared over the next hill-top. I wonder if anybody has had a similar experience?

Yours faithfully,
Capalnas, Romania. EUGENE, COUNT TELEKI.

GIN TRAPS

SIR,—I have had to deal with three victims of gin traps recently—a fox, otter and cat. The fox and otter were in such a shocking condition that I had to shoot them; they had evidently been in the traps some time. The cat had managed to free the peg and limped up to the house, dragging the trap along the ground. She is receiving treatment, but her paw is badly mangled and septic.

Rules regulating the use of these instruments of torture are of little use, as these are seldom observed. No one with any feeling for animals would allow such relics of barbarity to be used on their property.

Yours faithfully,
Suirmount, J. W. SEIGNE.
Kilmanahan, Clonmel.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"

W. M. Thackeray
"THE VIRGINIANS"

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

10 for 8½d. 20 for 1/5 50 for 3/5½
100 for 6/9 Handmade 20 for 1/8

This Advertisement is set up in BLADO ITALIC *and* PERPETUA. Blado: Based on Chancery letter used by Antonio Blado, printer to the Holy See. 1515-1567. Perpetua: Designed by Eric Gill in 1929 T.T. 201E



AWKWARD DEFORMITY
(See letter "A Pug-nosed Salmon")

A PUG-NOSED SALMON

SIR,—I enclose photographs of a small salmon I caught on the Holne Chase water of the Dart a few days ago. The higher jaw was turned inwards and down its throat, and as it could not have caught herrings, &c., one wonders how it lived. It was not in very good condition, but when cooked its flesh was exceptionally red. It came at the fly twice, and the second time foul-hooked itself.

Yours faithfully,
D. M. W.
South Devon.

[This deformity is well known among many species of fresh-water fish, and does not seem to prevent the fish feeding as most of the specimens are in good condition when caught.—ED.]

THE MOLE CRICKET

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Leighton Ridgway, states that the mole-cricket must be extremely rare in England. On the contrary, in some parts, especially in the southern counties and in damp meadows or in the vicinity of water, it is fairly common. Like the mole, it leads a subterranean existence and is therefore seldom seen. If a patch of ground is watered overnight and a board laid over it, one or two of these creatures may often be found underneath.

Although mainly carnivorous it does much harm to the roots of plants. The front legs are beautifully adapted for burrowing, the tibiæ and tarsi also acting as shears for cutting roots.

Yours faithfully,
Eastbourne. P. G. TILLARD

SIR,—In the summer of 1887 mole crickets were by no means uncommon in the New Forest district, and a friend who lived in Lyndhurst told me his gardener frequently turned them up.

A few days later this man brought me four mole crickets alive. I killed them and preserved them, and they are still in my possession in good condition.

Since then, though I have made frequent enquiries, I have never been able to secure any more.

Yours faithfully,
Hants. CHARLES C. DALLAS.

SALTED BEEF

SIR,—During many yachting expeditions to remote districts I used to carry casks of salted beef and pork that remained in good condition for several months. The meat was salted and prepared by my dairy man, but I have lost the receipt. Could any of your readers give me the method of preparing meat for storage in casks to last for several months?

Yours faithfully,
Norfolk. HARKEN CASH.

SCARCITY OF CORNCRAKES

SIR,—There has been some correspondence lately regarding the supposed scarcity of corncrakes. I was glad to hear the note of a corncrake in a field of hay close to this house on June 27th. They are always uncommon in this neighbourhood, and I cannot recollect when last I heard one.

Yours faithfully,
St. Andrews, Fife. R. W. PURVIS.

A LARGE NUMBER OF SWIFTS

SIR,—On June 12th last, swifts in many hundreds were flying over a wheat field near Grantham, Lincoln. These birds were wheeling round and low down over the growing crop.

On June 15th swifts in some hundreds were flying round Hill Head in Hampshire, where the River Meon enters the sea.

On June 17th several hundred swifts were some eight to ten miles up the Meon Valley, flying around, and feeding all day, but none, or only the normal number, were to be seen there next day. It would be interesting to know if very large numbers were observed elsewhere.

Yours faithfully,
Swanmore, Southampton. M. PORTAL.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—We urgently ask your help for a poor paralysed woman, who has been completely bedridden since the age of five. She is 52, and has managed to earn a little throughout her life by needlework, but now she has reached the stage when she can no longer sit up in bed. Until recently she was cared for by her old mother, but she, too, has now become practically bedridden. Do, please, send us something for these two brave and pathetic women. £13 is needed.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

BRITISH industry as a whole has received great impetus from the rearmament programme. Boom conditions are enjoyed in several industries. Unemployment has been very substantially reduced, and in some trades there is acute shortage of skilled labour.

It is encouraging to find some industries which are not directly benefiting from rearmaments making distinct progress. One is the rayon trade. The outlook for this industry is brighter than it has been for some time, partly due to general trade conditions, but also to a better understanding regarding selling prices within the trade.

Courtaulds, Ltd., and British Celanese, Ltd., which are two of the most important rayon producers in this country, are operating their respective businesses with better understanding. That has certainly brought material benefits to the trade as a whole.

Exports of artificial silk during the month of June increased. The home trade is also said to be much better, while there is distinct improvement in the rayon industry of the United States. This is partly due to a higher price for raw silk, which has given the rayon companies competitive advantage.

It is reported from New York that some of the leading rayon manufacturers of America anticipate net profits this year better than at any time in the history of the industry. Reflection is seen in the market for rayon shares on the Stock Exchange.

An increase in Courtaulds, Ltd., interim dividend for the current year from 1½ per cent. to 2 per cent. had a stimulating effect not only on rayon shares, but on the industrial sections of the Stock Exchange as a whole. The increase in the dividend is small, but the fact that the very conservative board of the Courtaulds company has taken the step of increasing the dividend, even by a half of one per cent., is regarded as a definite "bull" point for the industry.

Courtaulds' ordinary units have moved up to about 29/–. This price may be regarded as high on the previous year's dividend. Courtaulds' units have invariably stood in the market at a price showing a comparatively slight yield. It may prove that the market takes an unduly optimistic view of the future. At the same time improvement in the industry has brought encouragement.

Those prepared for a reasonable speculation among equities might, in my opinion, consider Courtaulds ordinary around the present price. In the case of Celanese there is still much leeway to make good. The company has, however, recently announced a half-year's dividend on the 7 per cent. first preference shares. This brings dividends on this class up to April 30th, 1938.

No dividend has been paid on the second preference shares of the company since October 31st, 1930. There has been no dividend on the ordinary capital at any time. In my opinion, the first preference shares of British Celanese standing around 18/3 ex dividend have prospects, but the second preference and ordinary shares are simply a gamble.

A company which seems to be improving its position is Lansil Limited. This concern was formerly known as Celluloso Acetate Silk Co. The concern is now working on a more remunerative basis. It has certain Government contracts on hand and the directors look forward with some confidence to the future.

The company has paid a 5 per cent. ordinary dividend for each of the past three years. The ordinary £1 shares are valued around 14/6 to give a yield of about £6 17s. 6d. per cent. on the last dividend basis. This high yield naturally suggests the somewhat speculative character of the security.

Kirklees, Ltd., manufactures artificial fibres and artificial silk by the viscose process. It had rather a lean time during the year to June 30th last, when the dividend was 2½ per cent. against 6 per cent. previously. Improvement in the trade has come since the end of this company's financial year. Prospects this year may be brighter. The 5s. shares stand around 3/6. The yield on a 2½ per cent. dividend basis is small, but more normal working in the industry may easily bring a larger dividend for the current year.

SALLY ARRIVES

Sally, the baby elephant which has been long expected at the Scottish National Zoological Park, has at last arrived. She made the short journey from Germany in a large travelling box, and the box was transferred from the boat to a waiting lorry and very soon reached the park. Her tameness and gentleness ensure her being a great favourite with visitors, in particular of the children, whose special playmate it is intended she shall be.

New Books

THE BACKGROUND TO MOTOR RACING

Motor Racing. (Lonsdale Library XXVII). (Seeley, Service; 15/-.)

A NEW volume added to the Lonsdale Library is something of an event for those who like to study their sport intelligently. An event, not because of any lack of new volumes, but because of the undoubted authority which lies behind each fresh publication in the series.

Our fathers, and in the case of some of us, we ourselves, went to the Badminton Library as our friend and guide in matters sporting, but times change, and here is a subject being dealt with unknown to the pages of the Badminton—Motor Racing.

Like all sport, motor racing has a subtle romance, if that well-worn word may be used, only appreciated fully by those who understand it, and the problems which confront its participants. Those who are tempted to dismiss the subject out of hand, and to consider the internal combustion engine as being only a means to an end, and an unfortunate end at that, should remember that their own saloons, apparently so remote from the roaring belching monsters of the racing track, owe a heavy debt to these mechanical pioneers. Motor racing is a sport which has done more of a constructive nature than most.

Edited by the Earl Howe, *Motor Racing* upholds the tradition of the Library, and the names of those contributing to the work represent the cream of authorities on their own particular section of a vast subject.

Reid Railton, one of the greatest designers in the world, writes an extremely interesting and lucid chapter on the designing of specialised cars, while George Eyston tells of the problems of driving these record-breakers when they have been built. It is an irony of fate that the chapter on Grand Prix Racing should have been contributed by R. J. B. Seaman who, so soon after its publication, met his death when racing.

Like all the books in the series this volume is not merely light reading for the motor-minded, and such chapters as Captain J. B. Irving's on automobile braking will tickle the intelligence of the expert as well as the tyro. The illustrations throughout are first class, and do more than brighten up the pages—they are in themselves instructive. Leslie N. Radcliffe.

* * * *

One Pair of Hands. By Monica Dickens. (Michael Joseph; 10/6.)

Miss Dickens has written a most amusing account of her time spent "below stairs." She took domestic situations of all kinds, from cook-general in London flats to cook in a west country mansion. She was bored with the social round of an ex-débutante—and, also, she wanted to write a book. This she has done with a sense of humour worthy of her famous ancestor.

The employers varied. Few sound really nice—and one or two really nasty. We hear continually of the shortage of domestic servants, and there is much in these pages to explain that shortage. Mistresses (and masters) will undoubtedly learn much of which they could have no knowledge, and some things will undoubtedly annoy them. They will also understand, dimly perhaps, something of the stigma that attaches to the words "domestic servant."

But this book is not a fair commentary upon the conditions under which our domestic servants live and work (there is, for example, no mention of those many happy associations between mistress and maid in which both are partners to an agreement mutually beneficent), and it is certainly no fair commentary upon the domestic problem as a whole.

Miss Dickens could return home at any time (she usually did so to be revived with warm milk and a comfortable bed, and the attentions of her own family's servants) and she could depart for a holiday abroad whenever she felt the urge. Furthermore, she had not got to live on the money she earned.

There are plenty of young women (plenty of young women of Miss Dickens's class, though perhaps few of them could fairly be called ex-débutantes) who work under the conditions which Miss Dickens sampled. Very often they are termed "helps"—and they are frequently worse paid and more imposed upon than those who don cap and apron. They do not write books. They cannot go for holidays abroad. They cannot even return home of an evening to comforts provided by rich parents and administered by servants. They know the value of a job—and how slender their chances are of improving upon it, how easily they may become destitute.

There is, indeed, a very wide gap between Miss Dickens and those she tried to copy.

Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.

* * * *

Happy Countryman. By C. Henry Warren. (Geoffrey Bles; 7/6.)

In these days of touring and travel when thousands of people flock into the country from the big urban centres every week-end and public holiday, there is naturally a demand for literature that will help them in the search for picturesque villages and pretty places. But admirable though much of this may be, it can scarcely be expected to differentiate between what is beautiful and what is essentially rural. And there is a very big difference. Attractive scenery is to be found almost at London's door, as everyone who visits the home counties knows. But how much of this can truly be called rural in the real meaning of the word? Yet there are those who yearn for the atmosphere of the remoter parts of England wherein lies that life and outlook that has been untouched by the changes of a fast-changing world. They long for the sense of peace and continuity which only true rusticity can bring.

The hero of *Happy Countryman* is Mark Thurston, a true son of the soil, and much of the book is about his village set in the corn-lands of East Anglia. Mark has been an active worker for seventy years, and his philosophy is as refreshing as the charm of the land which is his home. The great days of harvest, of scythe and flail, gleaning and hackling, dibbling and plaiting, and similar features of agricultural life, are well told and make attractive reading. Yet the book is not entirely confined to this bit of England, for Mark tells of his war experiences, and gives his views on army life. And here his attitude to the military regime, when he was, by the way, in his 54th year, will be read with relish, as also the account of some time which he spent in London and even in America. For a countryman his adaptability is remarkable. But it will be the descriptions of the inner life of East Anglia that will make the strongest appeal to those who know or wish to know something of its secrets. W. H. T. Long.

* * * *

The High Seas. By Edgar B. Schieldrop. (Hutchinson; 5/-.)

This is the third volume in Messrs. Hutchinson's "Conquest of Space" series. To this nation it is of particular interest, for the building, ownership, and management of ships is a British speciality.

Do you remember what John Ruskin—an artist rather than a practical man—said in praise of ships? "Take it all in all," he wrote, "a Ship of the Line is the most honourable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced."

But Dr. Schieldrop does not deal with "the ship of the line" which moved Ruskin to admiration. He tells us of leviathans which dwarf into insignificance the vessels of his day. In the main Dr. Schieldrop deals with the big liners, and in particular those which are engaged on the North Atlantic route. The comfort and safety of passengers, and the many devices of the sea, are most interestingly illustrated.

I discovered in this book some new facts concerning man's battle with the sea.

* * * *

Adventures on the High Seas. By Captain H. G. Kendall, R.D., R.N.R. (Hurst & Blackett; 12/6.)

If, as Sydney Smith once said, a man is the happier for life for having once made an agreeable tour, then Captain Kendall must be a very happy man indeed. I admit that all his tours can hardly be called "agreeable," but many were, and the others were adventurous enough to make them well worth while.

I never wonder why men go to sea. I understand the reason; it is something in the blood. For Captain Kendall it was "a natural desire to roam, encouraged by an unhappy period at school. He started his life on the ocean waves in a windjammer, so that now—something like 50 years after his first voyage—he can tell of many changes in a sailor's life.

He tells of battering round Cape Horn, of South African fever ports, of San Francisco in the "bad old days," of the apprehension of Dr. Crippen, and of shipwrecks. His autobiography is vividly written, and makes a most entertaining book.

William Luscombe.

* * * *

Water Music. By Sir John Squire. (Heinemann; 10/6.)

Sir John Squire made, more or less in the company of Mr. Arthur Bliss, a canoe trip starting at Oxford and proceeding by way of the Cherwell (whose philological derivation might have saved the learned author's musings on its course) and the Oxford canal to Warwick and the Avon, and so to a telephone conveniently near Salter's. The actual journey serves as a skeleton on which to hang reminiscences of Sir John's experiences over a wider period.

These reminiscences include reflections on Gosse, Kipling and other literary figures, on Zazel, the Human Cannon Ball, whom he met in retirement in the inevitable South of France, and the habits of wool manufacturers while on holiday in Blackpool. If reflections add no great value to the sum of human wisdom, it can at least be said that they are amusing and pass an extremely pleasant hour or so. Mr. Bliss, it may be remarked, appears as a most inconvenient travelling companion, and Sir John Squire as the only man in my experience who would stand it.

Sir John will arouse annoyance (though not fear) among big game shooters when he expresses his willingness to shoot all bongo-hunters, a baffled feeling among those who have to kill badgers, and will move all Methodists to write to *The Times* about the Central Hall. It was not, as he says, a Million Shillings Fund which built this pile, and it was left uncompleted not because of any lack of Methodist money, but because a neighbouring building claimed the privilege of ancient lights. Robert Colville.

When I Was a Boy. By General Sir Ian Hamilton. (Faber & Faber; 18/-.)

Sir Ian has written an amusing account of his youthful experiences from his first adventures of the 'sixties until he left Sandhurst and joined the 12th (Suffolk) Regiment at Athlone. One of his early efforts at marksmanship was to emulate William Tell with his brother Vereker to bear the apple. He missed the target and the arrow struck the victim fair and square in the left eyebrow.

There are tales of troublous days at a school at Cheam and later at Wellington, with adventures on the Continent, but one of the best stories concerns Sandhurst. Here Hamilton had been guilty of boasting of his riding to earn the caustic comment, "Your trumpeter must surely be dead."

He had been forewarned that those who fancied they could ride would have to unlearn everything, and that the first thing anyone who had ridden to hounds had better do would be to forget it. The first day in the riding school they were not going to ride but learn how to go up to a horse, make much of him, mount, assume the correct position and dismount. What happened is told as follows:

"When I was introduced to No. 8 I approached him as if he were a Bengal tigor. When I had to make much of him I patted him at the wrong end, nearly producing disaster of the first order. Having once begun the play-acting I found it good fun. When I tried to mount the dangerous animal I swung my leg over with so much force that I fell on the other side, and even the horse was surprised, for it had not so much as cocked its ears or whisked its tail. Gradually, however, I seemed to gain some notion of balance, and the sergeant-major began to get interested and to regard me as an object lesson on his favourite theme that it is best to start military equitation from the basis of blank ignorance. Our lot were half angry, half amused, but they never gave me away." He became the sergeant-major's favourite pupil.

The old pictures are amusing, especially one of the present Chief of the General Staff, Lord Gort, as a veritable Little Lord Fauntleroy. R. N. Rose.

* * * *

Accentual Symmetry in Vergil. By W. F. Jackson Knight. (Basil Blackwell; 6/-.)

In spite of its somewhat forbidding title, this book is not for the scholar alone: it will deepen and enrich the appreciation of all lovers of Vergil.

The author sets out to shed further light on the peculiar power of Vergil's rhythm—a power which has fascinated the world since the publication of the Aeneid. There is nothing new in showing, as the author does, that this power owes its source partly to a skilful interplay between the natural word-stress and the ictus, or beat of the foot; but Mr. Knight goes far beyond this and, succeeds in showing beyond all dispute that this interrelation between ictus and accent is based upon certain clear principles. Thus their coincidence lends impetus to a verse, and is reserved mainly to stress swift action or strong emotion, while when these accents are in conflict, the effect is one of rest and tranquillity.

By a skilful analysis of such coincidence and conflict particularly in the fourth foot, Mr. Knight has succeeded in proving that Vergil's verse periods are based upon recurring patterns, and that passages of stress and tranquility alternate in such a way that each is heightened by the proximity of the other. By penetrating some of Vergil's secrets Mr. Knight has indeed done scholarship a service.

Though no lover of Vergil can afford to miss this book, I would particularly recommend it to all classical teachers; its careful perusal would soon convince the most hardened offenders of how much their pupils lost by being allowed to stress the first syllable of every foot. F. W. Lockwood.

* * * *

The Trail of Opium. By Margaret Goldsmith. (Robert Hale; 12/6.)

To the masses, opium is fortunately merely a word—something which is inserted into the more imaginative of novels to announce that the setting is the East and that the actors have long knives and dubious characters. To the few, however, it means the easiest and quickest way of escaping the harder side of life—or a menace to civilisation. Which is the way this book looks at it. It follows its trail through the centuries—from as far back as the days of the first Egyptians, the time of Homer, the Middle Ages, to the present day. It brands it "the eleventh plague." It watches it spreading its tentacles across the world like rays from the land of the setting sun. The East is riddled with the pest. And with its growing demand new sources for production are being built, new methods of smuggling devised, new dens springing up. It is a growth which must be checked. Already there have been international meetings to try to stop it. This book is written in the same vein, with the same noble object in view. It is to be wished every success. Humphrey Daniel.

Ernst Toller dedicated his play, *Pastor Hall* (Bodley Head; 5/-), "to the Day when this Play may be performed in Germany." The words reflect the whole spirit of the book. It is about the martyrdom of a Protestant pastor in modern Germany; about all the horror which he (and the author) went through. But it does not condemn. It regrets. Its author loved Germany to the last.

STRENGTH ON THE LINKS

GOLFERS are continually reminded to swing slowly and let their clubs do the work, so that the part physical strength plays is often forgotten. The expert, with his rhythmic grooved swing, seems to obtain terrific length without apparent effort. Yet he does hit the ball, using all the power at his command.

The art lies in harnessing that power, applying one's strength at the crucial moment; the secret is correct timing. The club head has to be moving at its greatest speed just as it comes into contact with the ball if length is to be obtained. This must be achieved without loss of rhythm or balance, without disturbing the groove of the swing itself.

This is difficult enough for a man, but infinitely more so for a woman. Women golfers suffer a severe handicap in the matter of physique. Some of them may appear to be veritable Amazons but, with few exceptions, they do not possess strength in the wrists, hands and fingers. This is a vital disadvantage. Much of the power that the expert professional applies to his shots comes from his powerful wrists and hands. They whip the club through and enable him to get it moving at the greatest possible speed. Consequently, even the best of feminine golfers suffer from lack of length in the long game.

This failing also affects their iron shots and the awkward pitch and run strokes. They may hit the ball a reasonable distance, but when it pitches it runs on and does not bite the ground and stop quickly. Strong wrists are needed to impart back spin. The same thing happens with the shots from just off the green. Most women golfers play these strokes too delicately. Lacking strength they do not give the ball a firm, decisive blow, neither do they restrict the back swing. The swing is inclined to be slack.

One great advantage the strong golfer has over his weaker opponent is that when he hits a bad shot it usually goes so far off the line as to escape just punishment. If he is in a bad lie his strength enables him to extricate the ball so satisfactorily that he saves a stroke he might have lost—and no doubt deserved to lose! The woman golfer when she mishits a shot finds herself in trouble, and her lack of length prevents her recovering so well. She has little margin for safety, and consequently has to keep aiming at perfection.

Matches between the sexes are always interesting and illustrate the vital difference in physique. A year ago Henry Cotton had no difficulty in beating the best ball of Lady Heathcoat-Amory, Miss Enid Wilson and Mme René Lacoste. Length then was not so much the decisive factor as was the putting. However revenge for this defeat was gained by Miss Pam Barton, Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Wanda Morgan when they won on the home green, Cotton missing a 5ft. putt for a half.

These three brilliant young players did not begin at all well. Indeed, four down at the fourth, seemed to indicate that the match would develop into a dull procession: but the women thought otherwise. Although constantly outdriven, they made few really destructive shots. When one did make a mistake, one of the other two took command of the situation, as Cotton did not win another hole. Even these lady champions betrayed their lack of strength in the wrists and hands when they were chipping. But on the greens they gave little away, and took full advantage of the odds in their favour.

Miss Jessie Anderson, slightly built, overcomes her lack of power by expert timing and by keeping the ball low with the wooden clubs. Her brassie to the 200yds. eighteenth, uphill with a narrow green, was a superb stroke, particularly as her partners had sliced their tee-shots. Cotton, with a No. 2 iron, could not match it.

E. R. TIPPLE.

THE MATCH RIFLE AT BISLEY

THAT the Elcho Shield would be won this year by England for the seventh successive time was a foregone conclusion. Barring an almost impossible series of accidents the result was inevitable.

The interesting point about the match was whether Ireland would at last be rewarded for many years of plucky endeavour by beating Scotland for second place. Her team now includes two very good men at present at Cambridge, and if they can continue shooting when they come down, A. L. Figgis and H. J. Russell may yet see Ireland back in the position she occupied previously to her last win in 1907. Before 1900 she was always a dangerous competitor.

Had this year's match been for teams of five instead of the customary eight, Ireland would have taken first place, beating England by five points.

The teams and scores for the three eights were:

ENGLAND (Team Captain: Lord Cottesloe)	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	1,100 yds.	Total
Major the Hon. J. W. H. Fremantle	74	72	68	214
Pilot Officer J. J. Lowe	71	72	69	212
Mr. C. L. Hall	73	69	67	209
Dr. C. H. Vernon	70	72	66	208
Wing Commander A. T. Whitelock	62	70	62	195
Mr. A. H. Vicars	72	69	63	204
Mr. O. Western	73	64	64	201
Captain M. W. Parr	68	65	65	198
	574	553	524	1,651
SCOTLAND (Team Captain: Major T. Ranken)				
Mr. John Notman	69	70	69	208
Mr. A. E. Martin	70	72	64	206
Major T. Ranken	72	69	66	207
Lieut.-Colonel Duncan Campbell	69	68	69	206
Mr. J. A. Crawford	68	73	63	204
Captain T. Macleod	69	65	66	200
Mr. E. St. G. Maxwell	72	67	59	198
Captain H. St. G. Maxwell	70	65	63	198
	561	549	519	1,629
IRELAND (Team Captain: Dr. J. A. Sellers)				
Mr. S. A. Parke	72	72	69	213
Mr. J. J. O'Leary	70	71	71	212
Mr. A. L. Figgis	74	69	66	209
Major C. R. McGowan	69	70	68	207
Mr. H. J. Russell	67	72	65	204
Squadron Leader J. L. K. Pearce	68	65	63	196
Colonel G. Gould	69	66	57	192
Dr. J. A. Sellers	69	64	57	190
	558	549	516	1,623

The weather throughout the match was about as bad as it well could be. Indeed, the whole four days of the match rifle meeting displayed the worst vagaries of an English summer. There was occasional sunshine, but mostly the events were shot in pouring rain, with occasional thunderstorms. The wind was mostly blowing from the left rear and was very changeable in force and sometimes in direction.

Unlike the Elcho, the Humphry match did not run true to form. On paper Cambridge had much the stronger team and should have repeated its success of last year, but things went wrong and Oxford won by three points after a very good match. Teams and scores:

OXFORD:	900 yds	1,000 yds.	1,100 yds.	Total
E. H. Seward	73	71	72	216
E. S. M. Wade	70	71	68	209
G. C. Matthews	70	72	63	205
F. T. W. Blatchley-Hennah	69	66	64	199
	282	280	267	829
CAMBRIDGE:				
R. St. G. Maxwell	72	66	70	208
H. J. Russell	70	70	68	208
A. L. Figgis	71	71	64	206
K. B. Glosg	70	66	68	204
	283	273	270	826

The Hopton Aggregate and Match Rifle Championship provided a newcomer to the list of those who have held the handsome trophy presented by the late Colonel John Hopton in 1900. Dr. C. H. Vernon, King's Prize winner in 1927, took up the match rifle some years ago and has always been somewhere near the top in the championship list. To win the cup he made 690 out of a highest possible 725, taking first place in the Halford Memorial competition, third in the Albert, fourth in the Whitehead Memorial and fifth in the Eandeo and Wimbledon Cup competitions. Mr. S. A. Parke was second for the Hopton Cup with 687 and Mr. J. J. O'Leary third with 679. Mr. O'Leary is still shooting well in the prone position with his sporting pattern telescopic sight. This year six "true" telescopes—as opposed to the usual Galilean type—were in use. Most of those who favour them prefer to follow the useful experimental work done by Mr. A. H. Vicars last year and have them fitted for shooting in the back position. Mr. Vicars took eighth place in the Hopton Aggregate this year.

Of the other individual events, the Whitehead Memorial Cup (900yds. and 1,000yds. H. P. S. 150) was won by Major the Hon. J. W. H. Fremantle with 146. Two Irishmen, Messrs. J. J. O'Leary (145) and S. A. Parke (144) took second and third places. The "Eandeo," at 1,000yds., was won in fine style by the Scottish veteran, Major T. Ranken, with 99 out of 100. Mr. E. S. M. Wade, of Oxford University, was second with 98 and Mr. O. Western third with 97. Mr. S. A. Parke won the Wimbledon Cup at 1,100yds. with 96 out of 100. Mr. O. Western and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir P. W. Richardson each made 95.

Mr. Parke also won the Albert Challenge Cup after an exciting tie with Mr. A. E. Martin. Each had 218 out of 225 shooting at 900yds., 1,000yds and 1,100yds., and with three tie shots each added 23. They then proceeded to fire single shots, and each found the bullseye. Martin then made an inner and Parke a bullseye to win. Mr. A. H. Vicars won the Match Rifle Association Cup with 49 out of 50 at 1,100yds.

E. H. ROBINSON.

FENCING AT KINGSGATE

GRAVÉ'S, the second oldest Salle d'Armes in the British Empire, have just concluded their second international summer fencing tournament. This was at the historic Kingsgate Castle, and was the most brilliant and successful fencing meeting this country has seen.

When at Hassocks last year Gravé's inaugurated the first summer fencing tournament we have ever had, they took a tremendous risk. Success meant opening a new era for British fencing: failure would reflect not only on Gravé's themselves but on the sport as a whole.

By enterprise, sportsmanship and efficiency, particularly on the part of their hon. secretary, Janet Tomblin, this old but virile Salle made Hassocks a roaring success, and thus put British fencing on an entirely new basis. The second meeting, this year, remained as the final test, and it was a severe one. International affairs held up foreign entries, and kept many from making the journey, while Militia, Territorial and A.R.P. duties called away a number of British blades of both sexes. Despite this there were 185 entries, 96 actual individuals, including the holders of all five events. Counting England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, as one, there were fencers of seven nationalities, namely, French, Belgian, Italian, German, Austrian, Dutch and British. Of the British units there were, apart from London and district (fourteen salles and clubs), fencers from Birmingham, Barnt Green, Cardiff, Falmouth, Kent, Oxford, Lincolnshire and Sheffield.

This representative entry, which included the holders of ten of London's major contests, the ideal venue, and an organisation that was a triumph even for Gravé's, combined to make Kingsgate an historic event.

Both team events went to Britain, the Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime London (holders) winning the women's foil when they beat the Salle Bertrand I. by 5—4 in the final, and the men's épée went to the Salle Paul when they defeated the London Fencing Club 5—0 in their final. The holders of the latter, the Polytechnic, were eliminated 5—0 by the L.F.C. in the semi-finals, and in the same lap Paul's beat Bertrand's 5—2. The French team from Le Mans, fencing in Britain for the first time, were beaten out by Paul's in the second round. Ten sides competed.

The individual events went one each to a Belgian, a German, and a French fencer, while for all five competitions the entries were, in both quality and numbers, equal to or better than for the British championships.

The final six in the women's foil individual (41 entries) were all from different salles. The holder, Mlle. Jenny Addams (Bruxelles), ex-European Champion, and holder also of our Hutton International title, won again undefeated, five wins, and was run to the last hit only by Pauline Etheridge and Betty Puddefoot. P. Etheridge (Bertrand's) was clearly second with three wins, her other loss being to Lyn Teesdale. Next were B. Puddefoot (Lansdowne), E. Carnegy Arbuthnott (Gauthier), the British Champion, and L. Teesdale (Gravé's), all two wins, and separated on the hits aggregates, while Holland's star, T. Van der Klaauw, was sixth with one victory.

The men's foil individual, 32 entries, included men of six nationalities, of which five were still represented in the final. The German holder, Fritz Stark (Bertrand's), won again, unbeaten, six victories, with the 1934 British champion, C. R. Hammersley (L.F.C.) next with four. Three men, an Austrian, K. R. Schwitzer (L.F.C.), Pierre Turquet (London Hospital), current British runner-up, and R. Paul (Paul's) were all three up and separated on hits. E. B. Christie (Oxford) had two wins, and an Italian, C. Delzi (L.F.C.) none. The reigning British foil champion, H. Cooke (Paul's) reached the final but scratched.

There were French, Austrian, German, Belgian and British stars among the 40 épéeistes. This produced an extraordinarily close final of ten in which there was a difference of only two wins and of three hits between the top eight. A Frenchman, J. Hardyau (Le Mans), topped the list with six wins, twelve hits. Next came four men, each five wins and ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen hits, namely F. Stark (Bertrand's); the Belgian épée champion, H. Van der Beken (Bruxelles), the holder; R. Paul (Paul's), and P. M. Turquet (London Hospital). The next three duellists had four wins each, and eleven, twelve and thirteen hits, K. R. Schwitzer (L.F.C.), S.C.M. W. Green (R.H.G.), and N. G. Winton (Bertrand's). G. F. D. Winstanley (Gravé's) had three wins, and H. Forcan (Le Mans) two.

M. POLLOCK SMITH.

A LANDOWNER'S WORK IN WALES

I.—The Improvement of Grassland on a Derelict Farm

FOR one reason or another, there are few landlords in West Wales who are able, or have the inclination, to live at home and devote their time and energy to setting an example by farming themselves and making available modern methods to their tenants. The once well-farmed home farm of Castell Gorfod, the property of Captain W. H. Buckley, M.F.H., consists of approximately 220 acres, which includes woodlands and hillsides. Three meadows lie at a low elevation near the mansion, and the rest of the farmland consists of hillsides with about 80 acres of workable land situated at an elevation of about 400ft. above sea level. Nearly all the typical features of small Welsh hill farms can be found at Castell Gorfod. In 1931, when Captain Buckley returned to live there, the farmland had become almost derelict owing to the introduction of commercial rabbit trapping during the Great War. The chief products from the land were about 3,000 rabbits annually, some poor grazing, and about 10 tons of inferior hay. The soil had become very acid and low in fertility, and all the land which was down to grass carried a third-rate herbage, principally bent, fescues and Yorkshire fog.

The sight of this land in such a derelict condition worried Captain Buckley a great deal, and the thought always uppermost in his mind was, "Could the land be reclaimed to produce good grass or arable crops; and would the reclamation prove profitable." In 1934 a start was made to improve the grassland by the use of spiked harrows and the application of basic slag. It was soon discovered that high mechanical power was needed to perform the necessary cultivations under such difficult conditions. After trial it was found that a crawler-type tractor was the only type of tractor which could work under all the natural obstacles existing at Castell Gorfod. Consequently, in 1935, a caterpillar tractor was purchased, and this has made it possible to undertake the cultivation of the high lands and makes the transport of manures, &c., economic.

Ten acres of the poorest land was then ploughed and planted to oats, and another man was employed on the farm. At this point Captain Buckley called in the assistance of Imperial Chemical Industries, and since then constant collaboration has been maintained with I.C.I. In 1936 all the land was severely harrowed with the latest types of self-cleaning grass harrows in an endeavour to remove as much as possible of the unpalatable mat of poor grasses and weeds covering the land. Another ten acres of poor grassland was ploughed and planted with oats. A fair crop was harvested after dressing the seed with Agrosan G and applying a dressing of 1½cwt. per acre of I.C.I. No. 6. Twenty-four acres of grassland were manured with a complete artificial manure or F.Y.M., and was cut for hay.

This marked the first definite stage in increased production. It became quite evident from these initial experiments in increasing the output of the land that there would be no permanent improvement unless the rabbits were exterminated, or else reduced to pre-War reasonable limits. As a result of a "gassing" experiment in 1935, using "Cymag" (a product of I.C.I., which liberates hydrocyanic gas on contact with moist soil), Captain Buckley decided to attempt to clear his whole farm of rabbits by this method. By means of a hand rotary blower the Cymag powder was blown into all the rabbit holes which were then immediately sealed with a sod of turf or soil. It took two men fourteen days to complete the work on the farm, and the total cost of materials and labour was £15. All the rabbits living in the soil at Castell Gorfod were effectively killed, but still the grassland and crops around the boundaries did not improve as well as was expected. This was because, as soon as the grass began to improve, it attracted new rabbits from heavily-infested neighbouring land. Some of these eventually re-inhabited the "gassed" areas. The land at Castell Gorfod is now kept free from breeding rabbits by giving the rabbits free to the farmhands who catch them in winter by means of ferrets, snares, nets, dogs and lamps. In spring and summer a regular look-out is kept for any newly-opened holes, and these are immediately given a puff of "Cymag" and the hole sealed up. The only problem now is that of the marauding rabbit which comes in by night from neighbouring infested land, and eats anything good in reach from the boundaries and then travels back in the daytime.

In 1937 a much more comprehensive scheme of reclamation was embarked upon. This included the improvement of grassland by means of the plough, after a rotation of crops, or immediately re-seeding on the back of a newly-ploughed furrow, and mechanical cultivation and manuring of the grassland without the use of the plough. The depredation of rabbits from neighbouring land was still serious, and it was decided, whenever possible, in ploughing land near the boundary to plant a crop not palatable to rabbits. The only crop of this character with a commercial value was potatoes. The soil and climate proved to be well suited to the growing of certified seed potatoes, and as there is a good market in Pembrokeshire for early seed potatoes the variety principally grown is Arran Pilot.

The yield of the seed potatoes (1¼ by 2¼) without farmyard manure, and receiving 8cwt. per acre I.C.I. No. 2, is about 5 tons per acre. Wherever grassland is ploughable the general system is to apply if possible a light dressing of F.Y.M. in the autumn and to plough the sward deep. It is then ploughed again in spring if necessary, or disc-harrowed and suitably dressed until it can be



GASSING THE TOP OF A QUARRY TO PROTECT AN OAT FIELD ABOVE

ridged up for potatoes. A dressing of I.C.I. No. 2 at about 8cwt. per acre is broadcast over ridge and furrow before planting the pedigree seed potato setts. The ridges are split back and the usual cultivations for an ordinary potato crop follow. In early autumn, as soon as the potatoes are ripe, they are lifted and allowed to green and harden slightly on the headland previous to riddling and selling as seed. The next crop to follow is oats, and this year, and in future, it is intended to grow a crop of pedigree seed oats from Aberystwyth Plant Breeding Station for sale locally to improve the local yields. All corn crops are undersown with either Italian ryegrass as a catch crop for winter feeding or grass drying, or else sown out to a long ley mixture. Where ryegrass alone is sown, the amount is about 20lb. per acre, and a standard type of long ley mixture is as follows:

10	Italian ryegrass.
6	perennial ryegrass (commercial).
3	" " (Aberystwyth S23).
4	cocksfoot (commercial).
4	" (Aberystwyth S26).
1½	crested dogstail.
1½	rough-stalked meadow grass.
1	wild white clover.

Where the land is too steep to make rotational cropping possible a test has been made this year in sowing the above seeds mixture in late spring straight on the newly-turned sod, which has been pressed and harrowed to make a nice seed bed. The nurse crop used in this case has been 12lb. of Italian ryegrass. At the time of writing, despite the drought, this field promises to be entirely successful.

No field is ever sown down to a long ley without correcting the soil acidity by an appropriate dressing of lime. The standard practice is one ton of carbonate of lime with the seed mixture and subsequent applications in following years until the deficiency has been corrected. Owing to the poverty of the soil a complete dressing of artificial fertilisers is given to each crop, and a straight dressing of nitrogen in the form of nitro chalk at the rate of 1 to 2 cwts. per acre is given whenever an increased flush of grass is required, and to extend the growing season in spring and autumn.

The system of sound mixed farming in Wales has rapidly gone out of fashion, and with the advent of intensive milk production the sole criterion of a good farmer is being judged by the record-breaking yields of his cows or by the magnitude of the cheques he pays for imported feeding stuffs. This change has been no minor cause for the low standard of soil farming in many of the milk districts. It was with a view to seeing whether he could not do something to improve this position and grow more foodstuffs on the farm for the purpose of maintaining the stock in winter, without resort to excessive purchases of imported foodstuffs, that Captain Buckley installed a tray-type grass dryer in 1937.

He has already found that this machine can be made to fit in admirably with the economy of a farm such as his situated in a district of high rainfall and uncertain weather. He has not used his grass dryer simply as a factory to turn out a commercial product for sale and planned his farm accordingly to supply material for drying. He has rather experimented in using the dryer to improve his land, to prevent the inevitable waste in harvesting crops in this climate, as well as turning out super-dried grass which will replace concentrated cakes. For example, he is convinced that it is highly economic to make super hay in the dryer; that is, allowing the grass to get to nearly the hay stage, then cutting, and, when the weather is suitable, making it partly in the field, and finally passing it rapidly through the dryer. The cost is very little, but the product is a great improvement over the best-made ordinary hay. Again, the dryer is put to good use in a difficult corn harvest.

The sheaves are dried in the dryer, and if necessary for the sale of seed, the seed corn can be super-dried again on the trays. In a very wet autumn the potato crop has been successfully dried in the dryer before bagging for sale. Captain Buckley is convinced that there is great scope for grass drying on all farms situated in a district of high rainfall and moderate climate. The dryer has turned out a first-class dried grass product for under £6 per ton and is likely to prove an even greater commercial success in the future when economies in the field work operations can be effected. About 40 tons of dried grass were produced last year. The hunters at the kennels did particularly well last season on the medium protein quality dried grass, and it is intended to make a much larger quantity of this product this year.

It will be seen that a typical rotation adopted in reclaiming the worn-out grassland is as follows:

First year of ploughing	...	Pedigree seed potatoes.
Second "	" ...	Pedigree seed oats.
Third "	" ...	Re-seeding to a long ley under corn or Italian ryegrass as a nurse crop.

The first two cash crops on the rotation pay the expenses of getting the land back into good grassland again.

Where conditions are not suitable for an arable rotation, then the land is re-seeded to a good grass mixture on the back of a newly-turned furrow.

A properly balanced I.C.I. fertiliser is given to every crop, including the grassland, and a little more is given than will be required by the crop so that fertility will be gradually built up to a much higher level.

Enough has been written to illustrate the fact that a lot of valuable pioneer work has been undertaken by Captain Buckley, and some remarkable practical results have been achieved. The change in appearance of the land in the last five years has to be seen to be appreciated. In place of the dried, matted, rabbit-infested fields with boundaries consisting of tumbled-down banks undermined by rabbits, the land is now carrying excellent crops of potatoes, corn and grass, with clean, well-kept boundaries.

It is yet too early to be able to make an exact balance sheet of the cost of improvement and value of the results, but it has every prospect of proving a financial success. The crops produced have opened wide the eyes of local farmers, and have shown them what possibilities there are by the adoption of modern scientific methods of production. When the work which is being done here gets wider known I am sure that Captain Buckley will be hailed as a pioneer of modern methods and will earn the gratitude and thanks of the future generation of agriculturists in this district.

T. F. L.



THE BORDER AT CHARLTON PARK, MALMESBURY

The Country House

PATHS AND EDGING PLANTS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE effect of a herbaceous border can be made or marred by a path of the right sort and well-planned edgings. Formerly grass paths were popular, but, though delightful when perfectly kept, they involve considerable labour, and during our long cold springs are frequently far too wet to walk on with any pleasure. I have never been an admirer of crazy paving for, during at least seven months in the year, it looks chilly and, in any case, is not a good foil for dwarf plants. Old bricks are ideal, for the rich soft warm colour enhances the spring flowers, whereas crazy paving makes for a cold picture on bleak days. If old bricks are not available even new bricks can be used, for though the colour is unpleasing at first, they mellow much more quickly when used for paving than when used for walls.

Straight edgings are almost essential in the case of grass paths to reduce labour, but if either crazy paving or bricks are used an uneven edging is most attractive. The accompanying illustration shows a lovely border at Charlton Park, where the uneven edging adds greatly to the picturesque effect. Sometimes herbaceous borders are on a raised bit of ground with a drop of a foot to the path. In mild parts, and on the sand or chalk soils in which they revel, there is nothing to equal rock roses in mixed colours for an edging such as this. Interspersed with Aubrietias, Alyssums, &c., for spring, the colour interest is maintained throughout the season. When the Aubrietias and Alyssums are out of flower their evergreen foliage makes a good foil for the rock roses, for the foliage of the latter is not their best feature.

Box, in spite of the labour it involves, is still used in many gardens, but it does not seem to be commonly known that *Lonicera nitida* kept clipped to a height of a foot makes an excellent substitute. I saw this first in the Dahlia garden at Hatfield, and was much impressed by the effect. It was certainly neater than the best-kept box edgings I have ever seen, and the gardener told me he considered it better than Box in every way. The colour is a better green than Box, this *Lonicera* is impervious to drought, and, again, unlike Box, it does not harbour pests. Box is generally regarded as the oldest type of edging, but of this we have no historical proof. The Romans very likely introduced it, but it was unknown in mediæval times, and Parkinson, in his *Paradisus*, describes it as a novelty and "only received into the gardens of those that are curious."

The height of edgings is an important consideration. In the case of short borders, especially if they are double, an edging that errs on the tall side, *i.e.*, about 15in. high, makes the border look shorter. My preference is for a mixed edging, *i.e.*, mixed not only in regard to plants, but also height, as this makes for varied interest. In a long border made for this season, we had Violas, double Daisies, Forget-me-nots, Arabis, Alyssum, London Pride, Pinks, *Veronica ratticans*, *Iberis sempervirens*, *Cerastium tomentosum*, *Dicentra formosa* (far too seldom used, although so effective and for such a long time), *Sedum spectabile*, dwarf Lavenders, *Achillea rupestris*, Golden Thyme, dwarf Thrifts, *Ajuga multicolour*, *A. reptans variegata*, *A. metallica crispa* (all the Ajugas do best in part shade but are accommodating), and mossy Saxifrages. In early spring this was effective with double Tulips, Wallflowers, and various Narcissi behind, and is still a picturesque edging for the summer effect.

Herbaceous borders with a formal background such as a yew hedge need a formal edging, otherwise the effect is that of a framed picture with part of the frame missing. I had the planning of one herbaceous border about 12ft. wide which surrounds a largish lawn, and the background on three sides is yew. We decided to have not a uniform edging, but a mixture of dwarf sub-shrubs. *Santolina incana* is used at the corners, and for 3ft. each way from the corners there are about 5ft. of pink Hyssop, then an equal extent of Lavender, then blue Hyssop. Arranged in equal breadths on the three sides the effect is uniform, but not monotonous.

If prostrate edgings are used they should be broad, otherwise the effect is niggling. *Omphalodes verna* (Blue-eyed Mary) is one of the most charming spring edgings, but should be quite 15in. broad. A real sky blue is a rare colour in early spring and, to my thinking, it is the perfect foil for cherry red Tulips, Wallflowers, Narcissi, &c. And, being evergreen, Blue-eyed Mary is pleasing, even in spring. But on account of the space they take, I do not think these very prostrate edgings are practical, except in fairly small patches.

Kitchen garden edgings, if well done, fascinate me. Some people like to make their edgings a sort of picking garden. I think amongst the best edgings grown with this object in view are Pyrethrums in mixed colours or English Irises (*I. xiphioides* hybrids). They not only make decorative edgings, but they are so useful for picking at a season when picking flowers in the border are far from numerous. They flower at the same time as early Delphiniums, Campanulas, Oriental Poppies, Irises, &c., and these are certainly not picking flowers. The English Irises, unlike the Spanish Hybrids, are perennial and increase well. The pick of the hybrids is, I think, King of the Blues. For a mixed herb edging, I like Golden and other Thymes, Chives, Pot Marjoram, variegated Balm (it grows neither so tall nor so rampantly as the type), Chervil, Marigolds, and some of the Mints, notably the richly-coloured Eau-de-Cologne Mint.

CHARCOAL BURNING

DURING the Great War a certain officer in our Forest Service was supplied with some prisoners and ordered to burn charcoal. He had never before attempted the task, and to many the poser would have proved insuperable. It was a poser. On estates the charcoal-burner is rightly regarded as highly skilled. The trade runs in families, and the "secrets" are jealously guarded. To speak to a burner is to enter the presence of a high priest, for the veil will be lifted but slightly to impress the inquirer with the wealth of knowledge possessed by the burner and the abysmal ignorance and foolishness displayed by the questions asked.

Quite apart from the needless window dressing, the calling is highly skilled, as anyone will admit who has employed a bad burner following a good one. The amount of charcoal yielded per cord of wood and the quality so largely depend upon the maintenance of an even and not excessive temperature.

Charcoal has many uses, explosives, chemicals, silk goods, fertilisers and paints, to name but a few. The market is expanding rapidly, and now is an excellent time for disposing of much useless materials for this purpose. Hardwood cordwood and underwood are suitable, so that a market is offered for usually unsaleable produce.

Imperial Chemical Industries use 4,000 to 5,000 tons of charcoal a year in normal times, and much more at present, and the price will ensure a return of 8/- to 12/- per cord for wood or £1 to £2 per acre for mixed underwood according to the quantity of poles growing per acre. This price applies to the poorer types of hardwood, beech, birch, alder, hazel, elm and other species regarded as useless.

Originally the chief use of charcoal was for drying hops. The smokeless flame with which it burnt was particularly suited to the old type of kiln in which the fire had direct contact with the hops. Nowadays anthracite has taken its place, and charcoal is used only for lighting the anthracite. In the most modern kilns the smoke from the fire passes through tubes which heat air, the latter being circulated by fans to dry the hops. In this type of fire the production of smoke is not objected to, so that charcoal now meets a decreasing demand in this quarter. A fact that it more than made up for the increasing number of uses to which chemical research has enabled charcoal to be put.

To-day the market is more promising than it has ever been for this product, an important minor one for the woodland owner. It is the successful marketing of the minor produce that spells the difference between profit and loss when an owner is busy replanting devastated areas.

The process of burning, until the advent of the new portable kilns, was on a level place in the woods, called an "hearth." These can be seen, not infrequently, as level circular places with slightly banked circumference and a sod blackened by the ashes.

Cordwood is usually used, cut into 3ft. or 4ft. lengths and stacked in cords of 8ft. x 4ft. x 4ft. or 14ft. x 3ft. x 3ft.

The wood is then stacked in the hearth in a cone-shaped manner with a vent up the centre to enable the wood to be set alight. The stack of cordwood is now called a "pit" and varies in size, but usually seven cords of wood are used. With the aid of some kindling wood a fire is started in the centre, and were it not controlled would soon produce an enormous blaze and no charcoal.

The method of securing the desired slow controlled combustion is to cover the pit with charcoal dust, if available, or, if not, with a mixture of earth and sand. The covering is kept continually damp during the process of burning, and the burner has a long rake with which he regulates the thickness of the covering. If it is too thick the air will not penetrate and the fire will go out. If it is too thin combustion will be too rapid, and the quality of the charcoal poor and the quantity reduced.

The reason for the preference for charcoal dust is that it has the right consistency for the purpose and never packs too tight; so that it can be laid on thicker than sand, and thus is easier to regulate. A burner will always use an old hearth if he can find one, for the reason that charcoal dust is available.

A pit that is burning must never be left, night and day for 60 hours, when it is uncovered and the charcoal put in sacks. During this period the burner will be seen rake in hand watching the smoke, which is his thermometer. It issues generally from all over the pit, but in places it will start to come too fast. A little more dust raked over will correct this, and so the process goes on.

REGINALD DAVEY.

SKILLED ADVICE BY

Archie Compston



LEG ACTION

The majority of good ball players have good leg action.

Compare the two photos. Notice how the ball of the left foot of the photograph on the right is carrying the weight with a "soft" left leg. The result is, no power in the shot.

fifth of a golfing series by Archie Compston



For skilled advice on independent electric light and power and water systems, consult R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd., Head Offices and Works: Dursley, Glos. 'Phone: Dursley 177, and at London, Glasgow, Stamford, Belfast and Dublin

TREASURE from SCOTLAND



GROUSE WHISKY

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD.

PERTH SCOTLAND

Established 1800

FOR GOLFING, FISHING & SHOOTING



"Never before such comfort, such utility and such appearance."

Come in and see it—try its comfort and ease—see how the pleats are permanently controlled—test

The "Phit-well," a practical combination of the two ideals

J. DEGE & SONS, LTD.

Sporting, Military, Mufti and Diplomatic Tailors

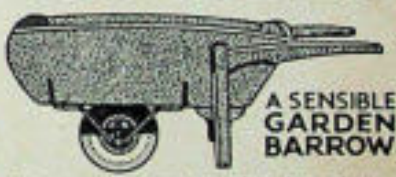
SPECIALITIES: LADIES' BREECHES, RIDING COATS, ETC.

13, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 1325. Telegrams: Harkforward, Picc, London

TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVE DETAILS UPON APPLICATION

The WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back. The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) - - - 64/-
(Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra). Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.



EPICAM

THE WORCESTERSHIRE HAM

After a hard morning with the guns who would miss delicious Epic Ham—the ham that preserves the famous Worcestershire House Cured tradition—that delights epicures and meets a sporting appetite half way! Delivered direct to your shooting box. Write for Price List of Epic specialities.

Also EPICTONGUE AND EPICRAPS

THE EPICURE HAM Co., Ltd.,
PERSHORE, WORCS. 'Phone or 'Grams: PERSHORE 104

INDOOR FLORAL DECORATIONS

Material for August

By MARGUERITE JAMES

AM I mistaken, or is there just a soupçon of that tired feeling in the cut-flower patch this month? There is still plenty of material, I know. There are dahlias, if you dare risk the earwigs, and purple buddleia, if you dare risk the overpowering fragrance. A delightful and unusual decoration can be made by associating purple buddleia with a few trails of pale mauve Nellie Moser clematis. Soft, silver-green ripening grasses with the geums Mrs. Bradshaw and Lady Stratheden are another August decoration that I love to use. These two varieties seem to me to last longer than the newer hybrids, but none of the geums is much good after the second day.

I think it is usually true that flowers from the late summer garden are short-lived in vases. To be sure, some Japanese chrysanthemums of the earliest varieties have arrived, but they are the writing on the wall that tells the passing of summer, and we postpone their use as long as possible.

Perhaps it is not only the garden flowers that are tired. We ourselves have sated our appetites with the flowers from the borders. Suppose we ring the changes and use pot plants from the glasshouses. Fuchsias, with their lovely drooping bells, are wonderfully decorative indoors, particularly tall standard fuchsias that can take the centre of the display in place of the usual palms. *Fuchsia*



GEUMS—ORANGE OR RED—WITH COOL SILVER GRASSES ARRANGED IN A METAL WALL BRACKET

corymbiflora is a handsome species: its long, brilliant red flowers hang from the ends of the stems, and make the whole plant particularly decorative. With these some purple and white heliotropes, which have the added grace of fragrance, and begonias of all colours and in varying forms, double, single and crested, make up an interesting group.

Cannas, which have fine and varied foliage in addition to their vivid flowers, streptocarpus and gloxinias are other brilliant pot plants that even a cool greenhouse can supply.

There are numerous common annuals, too, that should be more widely grown in pots for use now. They last fully a week, often longer, indoors, and not many cut flowers will do this in August. Petunias, schizanthus, torenia and impatiens, all easily raised from seed, are good for the purpose, as well as such garden annuals as Golden Gleam nasturtiums and clarkia. A few trails of tall nasturtiums, by the way, are of very great merit for half-dark corners. You merely let them hang down from a pedestal, looking ragged and untidy at first, and an hour later you find every bloom and leaf is holding itself up at just the angle you would have wished to arrange it!

I once used as a table decoration a few flat pans of the South African violet, *Saintpaulia Ionantha*. This has soft velvety foliage, over which appear masses of small purple flowers. Alternated with these pans were small crystal glasses that held scented blooms of the Madagascar jasmine, *Stephanotis floribunda*. These flowers last a very long time in water, as they do on the plants.

Coleus, which most gardeners raise in quantity for bedding and for greenhouse decoration, is a fine pot subject for indoor use. You can build up really exotic-looking groups with these if you add a caladium here and there, and also include a few pots of such grasses as eulalia, carex and cyperus.

If you grow orchids, and you want something rather striking for a lunch table, take from the



DOUBLE CHINA ASTERS IN MIXED COLOURS ARE TYPICAL OF THE AUGUST GARDEN

shelves an odontoglossum hybrid or a cattleya in full bloom, and set the whole plant into a silver bowl (I saw one in a silver entrée dish), and you will have a complete decoration, one also that will last well. Damp sphagnum moss packed carefully round it inside the silver container will keep the plant happy. Almost any inhabitant of the odontoglossum house can be treated in this way, and most of them will endure the spell indoors without any harm. If you can find such a flower as the *Loddigesii cattleya*, a vivid rose-purple, you will, I am sure, like it amongst the silver of the table.

Coming back to cut flowers, I have just seen a consignment of new vases delivered to a well-known furnishing firm. Almost all of them were of off-white pottery, and the prevailing form seemed to be broad or fan-shaped, a style of container that is useful on narrow tables. For these and other off-white vases in August, white and cream flowers with green or variegated green and white foliage would be my choice. Such an arrangement is cool, restful and clean in contrast with the dusty hedgerows and scorched meadows and downs of the countryside.

White and cream sweet peas are still with us and white and cream dahlias are good in off-white containers. More decorative than either, and more unusual, are 2ft. long sprays of bridal wreath, *Francoa ramosa*, in my opinion one of the most useful of all cool greenhouse subjects for late summer. I like it alone with silver foliage, or almost equally well in association with the Barberton daisies that are also among the month's gifts. These (*Gerbera Jamesoni* hybrids) are lovely for wall brackets and tables against a light background.

The colours are strong, clear tones of orange, rose, cream and scarlet, and the petals are so delicate and finely pointed that the flowers, which in another form might be called harsh, have all the subtle delicacy of a pastel drawing.



PURPLE BUDDLEIA IS DECORATIVE, BUT IT MUST BE USED WITH CARE AS ITS STRONG FRAGRANCE IS NOT ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Power in the Garden

By GARTHEW ALLERDYCE

AS I start to write about "power in the garden," I can hear again an old head gardener's voice saying, "Motor-mower, never while I'm head gardener here. The pony mower has been good enough for me all these years and I won't have any petrol fumes in my garden." When he retired two years later the new head introduced a motor mower and the pony was pensioned off, and grass cutting proceeded apace and was completed each week in record time.

I often visit large gardens all over the country, and I find again and again that where there were 30 or 40 gardeners there are now 18 or 20, and where 8 or 9 gardeners used to do the work similar results are expected from 3 or 4 men. These are the facts, for since the War and the subsequent slump large garden owners have had to economise.

I am too much of a gardener myself to agree with those who claim that machines can entirely take the place of hand labour.

Take, however, the Tarpen portable generating set which is made by the Tarpen Engineering Company, of Ixworth House, London, S.W. 2. This machine enables electric power to be available anywhere in the garden without mains or wiring. The set costs £35. It can be used for watering the garden, coupled with a pumping set. It is first-class when used with the hedge-trimming machine. As a matter of fact it produces sufficient power for three trimmers to work along hedges simultaneously. Two men have done a complicated job of hedge trimming as quickly as twelve when using one of these machines. Those who have topiary work will enjoy using a Tarpen Hedge Trimmer.

It has a giant capacity for work—is very powerfully constructed and yet it can be wheeled from place to place with ease by one person. As a spraying machine it is very useful indeed; while its many other activities include the cutting of grass close up to curbs, walls and trees, the sawing of wood, the spraying of fruit trees, and even the clipping of horses!

A self-contained electric hedge-cutter and trimmer is manufactured by Mr. C. I. Wilson, of 2, King Edward Street, Liverpool, 3. It will cut the roughest hedge, leaving the surface even and smooth. It is easily operated at a very low cost, either from the mains supply or from a portable generating plant.

Those who have fairly large orchards should consider purchasing a power spraying outfit such as is made by Messrs. Cooper, Pegler & Co., of 31, Clifton Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2, price £66 10s. This machine enables the spray to be applied at 400lb. or 500lb pressure, the maximum output being about 5 gallons or 6 gallons a minute.

In conjunction with the machine is built a large brass alloyed tank, which can be filled by suction at the rate of 22 gallons per minute. So often one has to get a large block of trees sprayed in a day or two (because a particular pest or disease is only vulnerable at that time), and a power sprayer like this enables the job to be done in comfort.

Quite a revolutionary type of motor mower is the Roto-Scythe made by Power Specialities, Ltd., of Maidenhead, Berks. The grass is severed by circular cutters which are attached to tips of an impeller. They are circular, and when dulled by use can instantly be rotated and fresh cutting edges brought into action. When the entire cutting edges are worn they can be replaced at a cost of 1/-. The blades are set fan-wise, and the rotation induces a strong current of air which lifts the grass cuttings into the box at the back. Because of this suction, twigs, fine needles, little stones, &c., are collected. It even cuts a new lawn without bruising, and no stalks or bents are ever left behind.

The small model costs only 15 guineas. It is very light and handy, economical in upkeep, and the engine has adequate power.

Land that needs cultivating between rows of vegetables and fruit trees can be kept in surprisingly good order by the use of a mechanical cultivator. Take the Auto Culto Junior, for instance, which costs just over £36. It is only 11in. wide, and the amount of work this little machine can get through in a short time is remarkable. It is used in closely planted rows, where it would be impossible to take a horse or a larger cultivating machine. It is made by Allen & Simmonds, Ltd., of Reading.

Another small tractor is the Atco, made by Messrs. Charles Pugh, of Whitworth Works, Birmingham 9. I can get catalogues of these machines or any others sent to *Field* readers if they so desire.



ANYONE confronted with this luxurious limousine for the first time is apt to ask that question. The answer is, of course, that the "Ranelagh" is a comparatively new car. People are just beginning to realise that so much luxury exists for as little as £595.

As you ride in the deeply cushioned comfort of the "Ranelagh" you will like the spaciousness of the car. You will appreciate the wide doors and windows, the draught-free ventilation, the lavish equipment.

If you sometimes take over from your chauffeur and drive yourself, you will enjoy the experience. No noise, no heat—just silent speed under your foot. This car is *your* car. Smooth power, quiet luxury—sensibly planned.

★

Tell your nearest Austin Agent you would like a demonstration.

The Austin Motor Company Ltd.,
479 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

7.D.91

THE AUSTIN 'TWENTYEIGHT' PRICE at works **£595**

Why not **POWER-DRIVEN GARDENING**

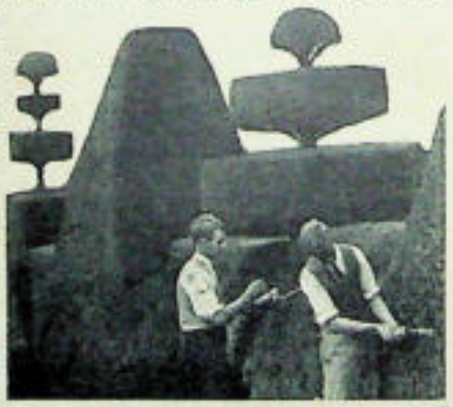
Power in the workshop; power in the kitchen; why not in the garden for Hedge Clipping, Pumping, Grass-Edging, Paint and Insecticide Spraying! This remarkable little portable Tarpen plant makes power gardening possible without mains or wiring. Tarpen Electric Trimmers cut hedges at six times hand speed—and better work.



400w. Tarpen Generator drives three trimmers simultaneously.

Other models up to 3 k.w.

Write for particulars and free demonstration.



TARPEN *Portable Generators*

The TARPEN ENGINEERING Co., Ltd., 4 Exworth House, Exworth Place, London, S.W.3. Phone: KEN 3491 (7 lines)

The World's Finest Sprinklers . . .

Slow moving and giving a fine, evenly distributed spray, these sprinklers have no equals for the effective watering of large lawns etc. Distribute a fine mist-like spray. No leaks or puddles. British made of best materials.

Pattisson pumps for high efficiency and low petrol consumption.

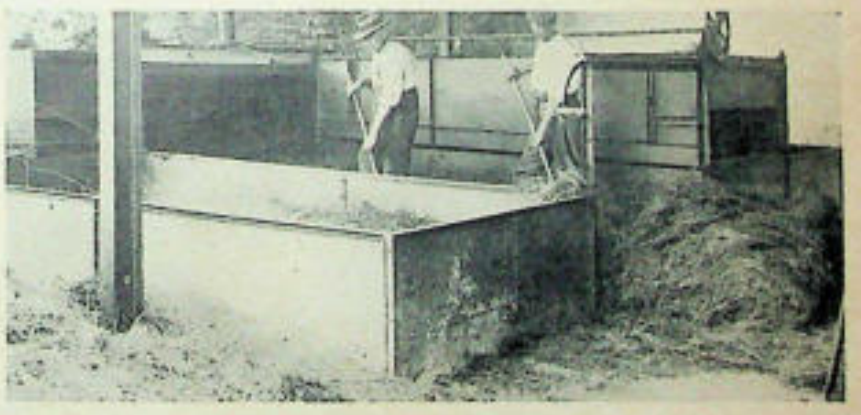
Pattisson Hoses will withstand very high pressures; do not kink or become unwrapped. The finest hose made.



PATTISSON

Write for Catalogue

H. PATTISSON & CO. LTD.
STANMORE, MIDDLESEX



Now is the time to instal a GRASS DRYER for late Summer and Autumn grass

Drying usually continues until the end of October, and there is still ample time to secure a good stock of high quality food for the coming winter. I.C.I. have a limited number of grass dryers ready for immediate installation. Early application is necessary to secure a machine at the following attractive prices.

Dryer complete, equipped for standard electric supply **£133·0·0**

Dryer complete with foundations, shed and baler **£793·0·0**

Quotations will be given for conditions which may vary from the standard installation.

The 'Mark 3' dryer is designed and guaranteed by I.C.I.

Full information obtainable from any office of I.C.I. or from

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL HOUSE
Dept. F7, MILLBANK, LONDON, S.W.1.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A STANDARD TEN SALOON BESIDE THE WELL-STOCKED LAKE WHICH LIES AT THE FOOT OF CAREW CASTLE, SOUTH WALES

MOTORIST'S VALUE IN THE TERRITORIAL ARMY

A Need Which Can Be Met by Those Who Enjoy Their Driving

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

IN these columns last week I referred to the important rôle of motor-cycle mounted forces in the modern army which is now so dependent upon mechanised transport. I mentioned also the motor-cycle unit I have the honour to command in the Territorial Army and made a brief survey of the work it will do. My detachment comprises 106 officers and men, and I am proud of the fact that they were recruited within ten days.

On a number of occasions I have been asked why the response was so rapid. The answer is that each and every one of these men is an enthusiast who realises that if he is called upon to serve King and country, his efforts will be most effective if they are directed towards a task which he enjoys doing and, moreover, a job for which he has, through civilian experience, natural leanings and adaptability. These men delight in handling their machines, and are confident because they are sure of their skill and the knowledge that they will definitely be fulfilling a useful purpose. Finally, they appreciate that if and when the time comes they will be engaged in a sphere of action to which they are accustomed and to which they are attracted more than anything else.

I cannot but feel that there are many motorists harbouring similar sentiments and who, if the worst comes to the worst, would prefer to be driving. The popular tendency, I believe, is to regard the army driver as a necessary but not highly important adjunct to the fighting forces. This is an erroneous impression, which must be corrected because it is keeping skilled and, therefore, valuable men from attaching themselves to the units sorely in need of transport experts and skilful drivers.

In time of war considerable responsibility devolves upon the individual drivers, who are invariably chosen for their ability to exercise initiative and act upon quick decisions. They are expected to take their charges over all sorts of country in safety and with speed. Upon them hinges the success of the operation in which the fighting troops may be engaged, and thus it is upon the driver's sound handling of his vehicle that so much depends. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the authorities are keen to enlist experienced drivers, who can begin their special training without grinding through driving instruction and without having to be grounded in the essentials of independent action.

To-day there is scarcely a section of the British Army which does not rely to a great extent upon its drivers, while throughout the country there are units in urgent need of good motorists who regard their driving more as a sport and an accomplishment rather than merely a means of getting from one place to another in the minimum of time and with the minimum of bother.

I cannot imagine any British driver not enjoying his association with the Territorials, for apart from the moral satisfaction of knowing that you, as an individual, are contributing to the nation's preparedness and safety, there is good sport to be had and friendships waiting to be made.

It is amazing to see how speedily the recruit becomes imbued with the spirit of his "crowd," particularly when they are men of like calibre and similar tastes. My own company, for instance, were recruited from motor-cycling experts, men with racing honours, technical qualifications and others who are just good plain motor-cyclists. They came from all over London, and from far outside. After the first parade they began to know each other because they found common ground in their love for motor cycling.

A driver's training in the Territorial Army is a specialised process and an enjoyable one. Hours of routine and squad drill are not so important, and after the essential "licking into shape" period is completed the really interesting work begins.

Duties vary largely in the different sections, but so far as my own particular company is concerned those in it must first become versed in the art of accurate map reading. This is essential because the task of these motor-cyclists is to control military traffic moving up and down from the line, devise the best routes and, when a particular section of the road becomes impassable for one reason or another, provide, without loss of time, an alternative detour which will prevent obstruction and the consequent immobilisation of a large section of the troops.

It is not difficult to conjure up a picture of the confusion which would require unravelling if numerous convoys of heavy lorries were endeavouring to travel on a road continually harassed by shell-fire and perhaps strewn with transport units put out of action. Clearly, any such obstacles can improve the chances of the enemy and form a grave source of weakness to those holding the forward positions. Therefore, the man on the spot must be in a position to decide without hesitation the best available road for the transports, and must be able to make that decision from the map of the sector he is controlling.

He has to divert the stream of traffic, but at the same time regulate its even flow and to see that the drivers are acting in accordance with the pre-arranged procedure. On paper this may appear to be a simple enough task, but in practice and in rough country with poor highways and badly served by secondary roads, the job assumes a greater magnitude. Its importance needs no emphasis.

Tuition is being given to my company now on the marking of routes, the picketing of control men, and the manner in which a general scheme of operations is conducted. Naturally, to undertake this type of work they must possess some authority; therefore their parent corps is that of the Military Police, and each man is a non-commissioned officer.

They have various other duties assigned to them in times of peace and occupy a similar position to that of our own civilian police. The men of my unit have been described as "a cross between an A.A. scout and a traffic 'cop'."

Obviously, the standard of their riding must be high when the nature of the work involved and the conditions which may be encountered are borne in mind.

They are mounted on Norton motor-cycles and armed with revolvers, while to complete the complement of the company's transport there are six 15-cwt. lorries and one 30-cwt. vehicle. These carry the men's special equipment and the necessary road signs apparatus as well as the headquarters paraphernalia, which must necessarily be moved from place to place with dispatch.

Taking the less serious aspect of the thing, these men may conceivably have the task of ushering troops into cinemas, or looking after car-parking arrangements. In garrison towns they assume normal policing duties and, of course, have to deal with any road accidents which may occur. In the meantime they retain their essentially sporting character, compete against one another in various motor-cycle events which may be organised and still endeavour to achieve perfection in the technique of riding their mounts.

I have described the activities of my particular unit here in some detail, but the motorist who intends to attach himself to any other body of men in the capacity of a driver with a specialised job to tackle will find conditions similar in most regiments. Naturally, varying duties require different training, but the prospective recruit can look forward to an instructive and interesting time, which will provide him with action and perhaps some thrills. In any case he can enter the ranks of the Territorial Army or other voluntary services confident in the knowledge that when his period of training is completed he will have become a more competent driver, a more useful member of the community, and will be able to play more adequately the rôle of citizenship which is the heritage of all Britons.

I know this article has been rather out of the line of my normal contributions to the *Field*, but we are living in exceptional times and exceptional things have to be done.

"BARNEYS

AT SEA

is the only tobacco which completely compares with those obtainable in England."



"At Sea: Haifa, towards Paullac.

"Gentlemen,

"Oil-tankers visit such out-of-the-way places that even some brands of internationally-known goods are not readily obtainable at short notice, and it was this state of affairs which separated me from Barneys 'Punchbowle' for about five months—a separation I did not appreciate, having smoked that satisfying weed for over seven years.

"However, I was able to lay in a good stock when we arrived in Pulo Sambac, Singapore, and I want you to know that it is the only tobacco which, in my experience of exported tobaccos, completely compares with that obtainable in England, both with regard to freshness and quality."

This letter is a striking confirmation of what we know to be the case; that *wherever* you buy Barneys . . . in Singapore or Seattle, Mombasa or Martinique, *anywhere* on the face of this old Earth . . . it is in perfect condition—the same as if you were buying it from our Factory on Tyneside.

About Barneys there *must* be something *unusually* good to bring such letters *continually* from every corner of the Globe . . . Barneys, in one of its three strengths, may bring you a deeper realisation of pipe-joy.

Barneys



Three strengths: Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), Punchbowle (*full strength*). In "EVERFRESH" Tins, 2 oz. 2/3d. "READY-FILLS" in Cartons of 12, 2/3d.

(T. 150) **Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-upon Tyne, England.**

The finest Liqueur with after-dinner coffee

COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

The well Balanced Liqueur



My Kingdom for a Horse. *MARGARET LEIGH*

An account of a journey on horseback from her farm in Cornwall to the Scottish Border. Delightfully written; can be confidently recommended for holiday reading. 7s. 6d. net.

Highways and Byways Series

New Volumes

Essex. *CLIFFORD BAX*

"With the help of two admirable artists, Mr. F. L. Griggs and Mr. S. R. Badmin, Mr. Bax vindicates at last a place for Essex in this well-known series."—*Times Lit. Supp.* 7s. 6d. net.

Welsh Marches. *S. P. B. MAIS*

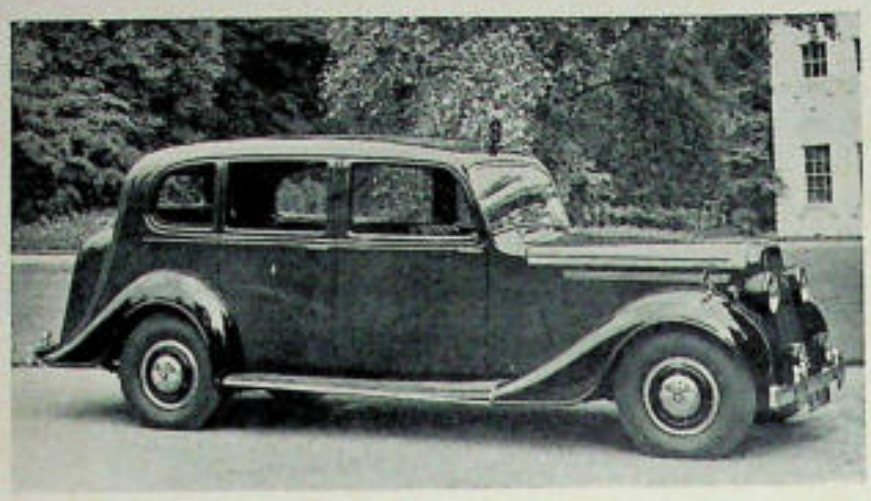
This book is the result of manys years' casual wanderings and one year's intensive study of the Welsh Border. It is illustrated by Joseph McCulloch. 7s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN

Little Jack Horner
Rounded a corner
Going extremely well
His engine was happy
Responsive and snappy
Protected by Castrol XL



C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2



THIS HANDSOME HUMBER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE WITH COACHWORK BY THRUPP & MABERLY HAS BEEN SUPPLIED RECENTLY TO THE EARL OF ATHLONE BY MESSRS. ROOTES

ENGLISH CARS ON AMERICAN HIGHWAYS

IN a whirlwind tour of America you collect so many impressions, see so many things, and talk to so many people that the whole episode is liable to concertina itself into one fantastic memory. Even if, being methodical, you jot down in your notebook things that strike you, you hardly do justice to the wealth of impressions that envelop you every moment of the day and for a good deal of the night. For the 40 or 50 members of the Junior Car Club have probably only averaged three or four hours' sleep per night since they left England on this marvellous adventure.

By now they have got used to the traffic, road conditions, and as their task in entering or leaving large cities such as New York, Indianapolis or Chicago has been lightened by an escort of speed cops and cars, they have had little to worry about.

It appears that each State controls its own road system, car licence scheme and so on. Thus the speed limits are constantly varying, as also the style of the road. The signposting of the roads relies on numbers, plus the name of the town, which is sometimes given at its boundary. As the country is so young and comparatively undeveloped a townlet may consist of a few houses only. Under these circumstances and especially if you are travelling fast, it is not surprising that you are often past a village before you realise it.

Speed limit signs are stepped down on entering and up on leaving a town. Thus you come upon warnings stating the speed limit as 45, 30 and 20, successively, and *vice versa* when leaving the place. The signs not only give the name, but also the population of the town, and sometimes in addition a small silhouette map of the State. The signposting by road numbers through a big city is excellent, and might be adopted in our country. There are few reflector lights, and the general impression is that the negotiation of the roads is simpler than in England. This is probably due to the fact that the American traffic is more homogeneous as to its units and therefore in its speed.

The roads are often narrower than ours, but they are not filled up with cyclists, motorbuses, vans and pedestrians all travelling at different speeds. The American motorist jogs along at anything from 40–60 m.p.h., and keeps religiously to his own traffic lane, the only sign to matter being to extend his left arm when he intends to swing out and overtake another car. This routine is universally observed.

While the roads are full of this fast-moving traffic, and we have probably passed or met hundreds of thousands of cars, we ourselves have only seen three minor accidents, two being cases of one car bumping into the back of another, and one being a ditched car.

Traffic lights on the English plan are in evidence in some cities, while in others a four-way signal is suspended from wires above the crossing, a simpler and cheaper arrangement than the array of standards required by the other method. Many of the level crossings are unguarded, and some of them appear extremely dangerous, being approached blind, and with only a road sign to give warning.

Apart from one 100 miles of really high speed road, where our Rolls-Royce Phantom III averaged 60 for most of the way, and about 95 for the last ten miles, the conditions we met did not permit any higher averages than are possible in England. This is due to the narrowness of long stretches of road which, if widened, would permit the highest possible speeds. Our average has also been reduced by the care necessary when pulling out to the left to overtake another vehicle with a car with right-hand drive. This feature always interested the crowds that gathered at our stopping places, when people always enquired whether we found this at all awkward. Another thing that tickled their fancy was the trafficators, a gadget unknown in the States, where they rely on hand signals only. The Americans also commented favourably on the appearance of our cars, which include such widely varying types as Rolls, Bentley, Humber, Lanchester, Rover, S.S. Renault, Wolseley, and Frazer Nash-B.M.W. In contrast to this motley array the American cars we have been encountering all day long seem strictly standardised, not only in colour—black—but also in appearance.

The continuous and genuine hospitality and expressions of friendliness has made a tremendous impression on all our members. At one wayside lunch stop the proprietor refused to receive payment from one car's crew because he was proud to meet them. At another the driver was invited on the spot to contribute to a local broadcast. And the free entertainment we have received all along the line has been positively embarrassing. In this respect the service of the Amoco and Standard oil companies afforded a remarkable example. Their representatives were always at hand to advise, direct, suggest or shepherd. Their kindness and efficiency was typical of the help and hospitality we received everywhere. And everywhere men and women of all ages came up to us and told of how they or their ancestors had been born in England and what an honour they deemed it to converse with a traveller from the old country.

In one case a good-looking young woman expressed the same opinion, but applied the honour to being allowed to sit in the Phantom III and work the twin horn. And this recalls another aspect of the same thing. As we speed along the roads or stop for a meal or drink we constantly hear people, even children, exclaim "That's a Rolls." And this tribute to a great name so far away from home fills our hearts with pride, which the irreproachable behaviour of our great grey lady has thoroughly justified.

One of the angles of our American adventure that has never failed to intrigue us is the food. To our way of eating and drinking the arrangement and timing, especially of the evening meal, seems quaint. It can start from 6 o'clock and continue to 9 or 10 p.m. It may include, served at the same time, such diversities as chicken, salads, all sorts of vegetables, hot scones, coffee and iced water. Though it is all very muddling, our interiors have battled nobly with the mix-up.

Prices, we thought, were a good deal more expensive than in England. Thus I have just consumed two sardine sandwiches, one lemon squash and bought an evening paper, for which I paid 4/2, including a tip. Petrol or "gas" costs 1/2 per gallon, the American gallon being four-fifths of the English. Weekly garaging appears about the same as with us. The hotels are expensive, £2 a day being an ordinary charge in the best places. Motor cars and tobacco are much cheaper than in England. Literature is more expensive. The tobacco and coffee are universally excellent, and the latter is always served with cream.

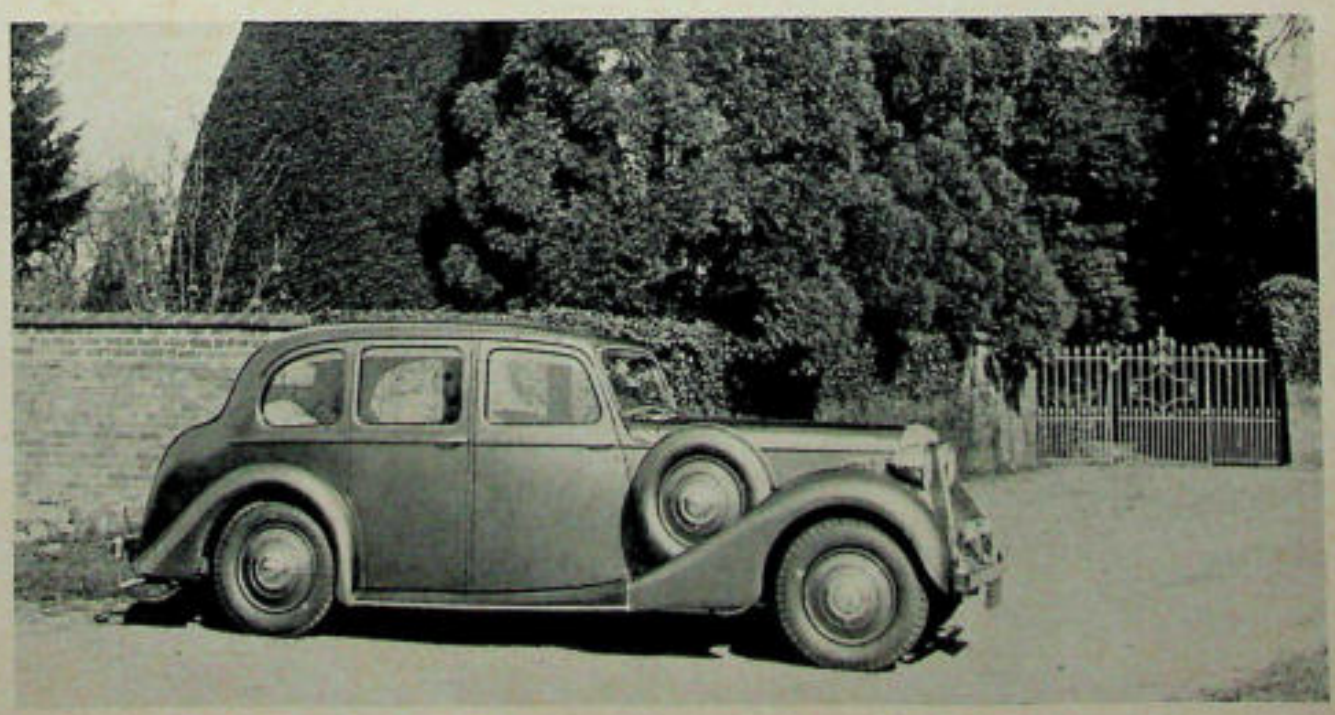
An interesting development from the tourist's point of view is the number of miniature one-room and one-bed bungalows centred round a central house and restaurant. A night's lodging at some of these places, which are often picturesquely placed in the country or woodland, costs 8/– without meals. Though we have passed hundreds of these little dolls' houses or log cabins we have hardly seen any cars outside them. Possibly those who use them had not arrived at the time we passed.

Another sideline which amused us was a new form of roadside advertisement in the form of a series of small brightly coloured notices each bearing a line or part of a line of doggerel verse ending up with the name of the product. Here is an example: "Wedding bells, blushing bride, scratchy whiskers, homicide." On the fifth and last notice board is the name of a well-known shaving cream.

The American people, men and women, who we have met and made friends with, have impressed us with their immense vitality and joy of living. Out of the office the American man is just a great big schoolboy, full of fun and jokes, invariably hearty and good-tempered. The women are essentially feminine. They look healthy and happy, their eyes sparkle and they are not afraid to enjoy life. They seem to get married much earlier than our women do, and it is no uncommon thing to meet a pretty girl who looks like seventeen and find that she is the mother of a family. At one place the locals staged a special dance for the Rallyers and, as one of them said, he had never seen so many pretty girls in one party before. We found both them and their menfolk natural, bright and brimful of "la vie." They wore their clothes with unaffected and informal grace and one and all danced admirably. The net result was that several members of the party wished that the tour dallied longer in the town of Huntingdon, which they were informed was founded by an Englishman.

So you can well imagine what a roaring success this Autocheque expedition is proving. As one who has travelled much by car, I think this rally idea of touring *en masse* and yet independently has much to recommend it. If you want to make friends there are many opportunities for so doing. If you prefer to keep to your own party and not be organised you can do so. You meet all together at breakfast for the start and at dinner after the day's run. You lunch or take tea where and when you will. You drive fast or slow as the mood takes you. And all the worry of making reservations and carrying the luggage is taken off your hands. For which services, so efficiently executed, we have to thank the organiser, Grahame Lyon. Next year, D.V., there will be many of us who will return to renew the contacts thus so pleasantly inaugurated.

W. G. McMINNIES.



THE NEW DAIMLER "21" WHICH WON AN AWARD IN THE RECENT COACHWORK COMPETITION OF THE R.A.C. RALLY. IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT THIS CAR HAS THE MODIFIED DAIMLER RADIATOR—SLIGHTLY BOWED

"MOUNTAINS SKIP LIKE RAMS"

A Walking Holiday in the Six Counties

LET it be said without more ado that my knowledge of Ireland is limited. That is my qualification for writing about it, for those who are Irish born and bred, or who know the country intimately, do not need to read articles to convince them of its beauty; they know it a land pleasant to the eyes, and already they have "gone up to possess it."

For those less fortunate than they, to whom Ireland is as remote as the foothills of the Himalayas, simply because they have never been there, the impressions of one so recently their companion in ignorance may stir in their hearts a desire to see what, for so long, they have missed.

The crossing from England is a simple and comfortable business by the Ulster Imperial Line from Liverpool to Belfast. The ships on the service are officially described as luxury motor vessels, and that is not an over-statement. They are equipped with pleasant and restful public rooms, while as for the berths, for myself, I found hot tea and toast were the first things that loomed on my horizon when I awoke in the morning. Since the same thing happened on the return journey I came to the conclusion that an Irish crossing in any reasonable weather should cause discomfort, internal or external, to none.

Personally I walked round Ulster, there on Nature seems to better herself at every mile. The first place of note is Glengariff, the loveliest of the celebrated Glens of Antrim. Like most people I have looked at a good number of glens, chines and waterfalls at one time or another, and, again like most others, I have gone away disappointed; but at Glengariff I was enchanted. Evening had come, the attendant had gone home to his supper, and I was alone. I can still see the water heaving and tossing its way over Ess-na-Larach Fall as it dashed upon its carefree way to the sea.

From Glengariff a climb up to the cairn upon the summit of Crockalough (1,304ft.) brings its own reward. The foreground to the north-west is the inspiring face of Trostan, the highest mountain in Antrim, and behind it the mountains skip like rams—everywhere there are mountains, big mountains such as Orra More, and smaller mountains with intriguing names like Tievebulliagh, and in between are the little hills doing their best to imitate young sheep. Looking northwards, and to the sea, the eye can trace the path of the roads and the rivers as, in close company, they wind their way through fertile valleys to the sea at Cushendall and charming Cushendean with its whitewashed cottages and pleasant coastal scenery.



TYPICAL OF THE ROCKY SOLITUDE OF THE NORTH ANTRIM COAST. THE SEASHORE AT BALLINTOY WITH SHEEP ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, AND BEYOND IT RATHLIN ISLAND



LOOKING ACROSS LOUGH FOYLE TO MAGILLIGAN STRAND FROM THE FREE STATE AT GREENCASTLE (ABOVE)

and if circumstances allow the reader to do likewise he will not be sorry he chose this method of searching out the land. Motor cars are all very well, and they can be taken over both cheaply and easily, but they cannot go along cliff tops, climb mountains or explore the subtle twistings of each sandy bay. If he drives, the visitor will see the beauty of a great area, but if he walks, though he may view far less, he will find that the spirit of the place is his, and it will leave an ineffaceable mark upon his memory.

As a magnificent highway the Antrim coast road can hardly be beaten anywhere in the British Isles for its combination of natural charm and technical excellence, and here the motorist will have the advantage, for though it is pretty enough at times, it becomes dull to walk upon for any length of time, and feet begin to yearn for the grass and the heather.

It is not until Garron Point is reached that the views are more than the shape of things to come, but from



At Cushendall the coast road ends and the best of the country begins. It is possible to walk to Ballycastle within a few hundred yards of the sea, and all the way to Fair Head the cliffs become grander and more rugged, starting from the gentle hillsides that flow down to the sea at Port-aleen Bay to the almost sheer face of Fair Head itself, which rises 636ft. above the water that washes to and fro at its foot.

Behind Ballycastle rise the easy, though steep slopes of Knocklayd. Nearly 1,700ft. high, it offers a magnificent view in every direction, and to the west the mountains of Co. Donegal are clearly visible, beckoning the traveller on towards Eire. For all its fine panorama, I have always regretted climbing it, for in so doing I missed the massive coast line from Ballycastle to Ballintoy, and if it is as fine as the scenery after that point, I made a bad error.

Ballintoy is, I think, the most charming spot I have ever visited, and irresistibly made me think of fairies, a thing, I may say, not usual in my daily round! Here, and in White Park Bay, which joins it, national and personal problems simply disappear into their holes like the rabbits that scuttle before the visitor's feet. Everywhere are wild flowers in such profusion that it is impossible not to tread upon them. Here life stops still and at peace before the admiration of those who behold it. If anyone wants a spot for a honeymoon, try Ballintoy.

There is little which need be said about the Giant's Causeway, it is too well known. For myself, I would exchange fifty Causeways for one Ballintoy. The latter is natural beauty, the former a commercialised freak.

After the Causeway, scenically, the coast line peters out, and I made my way to Magilligan, that huge tongue of sand which pokes out across Lough Foyle to within a mile of the Free State, providing conchologists with a very happy hunting ground on its seven-mile stretch of firm, silvery sand.

Greencastle lies just opposite Magilligan Point, and taking the row-boat ferry over the water I spent two days lounging amid the rocks

PORT-ALEEN BAY WITH TORR HEAD BEYOND, AND THE SCOTTISH COAST IN THE DISTANCE (BELOW)

before turning my back on Ulster to explore Donegal. Beautiful, Donegal undoubtedly is, but in a different way. I missed the friendly atmosphere of the land I had left, with its mellow cliffs and the glorious golden whins like gigantic scrambled eggs poured out upon the mountains.

L. N. RADCLIFFE.

AIR STRENGTH AND THE EMPIRE

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

IT has become a commonplace that the coming of air power has basically altered the whole of Britain's traditional strategy of defence. The old protection of insularity has been swept away, and we are now faced with problems and dangers of which the past year or so has made us all only too well aware.

There is no need to refer in detail to that aspect. But it is certainly not so widely known that the development of air power is bringing, too, an entirely new conception of Empire defence. This fact was underlined in a recent speech by Sir Kingsley Wood, the Secretary of State for Air. The Air Minister pointed out that the increasing range and speed of aircraft might revolutionise Empire defence radically. "The possibility," he said, "of reinforcing any part of the Empire in the air within a matter of hours is rapidly becoming definite." Thus, it was pointed out, the invention of the aeroplane, which had entailed disadvantages to Empire defence, might turn out to be an asset.

In a phrase, the new conception appears to regard air strength as an integrating factor in a problem, the solution of which hitherto has had to be considered mainly in local and isolated terms. Through the speed and range of the aeroplane, the garrison of the exposed outpost may have the moral and material strength of readily available reserves behind it. The weakness of positions to which relief could not be brought, in emergency, for some considerable time—perhaps too long to be of any immediate value—may be abolished.

Here, then, is a facet of air power that seems destined to add strength to the Empire; and the fact that it has been given such wide publicity by the Air Minister as was afforded by a London gathering of Empire journalists should do something, at least, to dispel the belief some held that air power is nothing but a curse to the British peoples. It has often been stressed that commercial aviation can play an all-important role in strengthening the Empire by binding its citizens more closely together. Such bonds are, of course, mainly intangible. Now there is a further advance in that the air is visualised as adding to the actual security of the most remote parts.

Nor should it be forgotten that this gain in strength is mutual. Just as the scattered parts of the Empire are brought within the main orbit of defence measures by the aeroplane, so the central point can be reinforced by resources far afield.

This point is, perhaps, a little more familiar. The arrangements for aircraft construction in Canada were made, as was stated at the time, not only because the Dominion is away from the main danger area of attack, but because machines could, if necessary, be sent by air.

Similar plans for construction of military types in Australia are under way, but here the prospect of rapid air delivery seems more remote. Yet it is not really so. The flight of the Vickers machines that broke the world's distance record showed that the stage Egypt-Australia could be flown in one hop; and those machines differed little from standard long-range bombers employed by the Royal Air Force. By the Imperial commercial route, Australia is reached from Southampton in just over seven days; and in the stress of emergency and in condition unhampered by considerations of passenger comfort and the like, that schedule could be very much reduced—as has been demonstrated in "record" flights and in other ways.

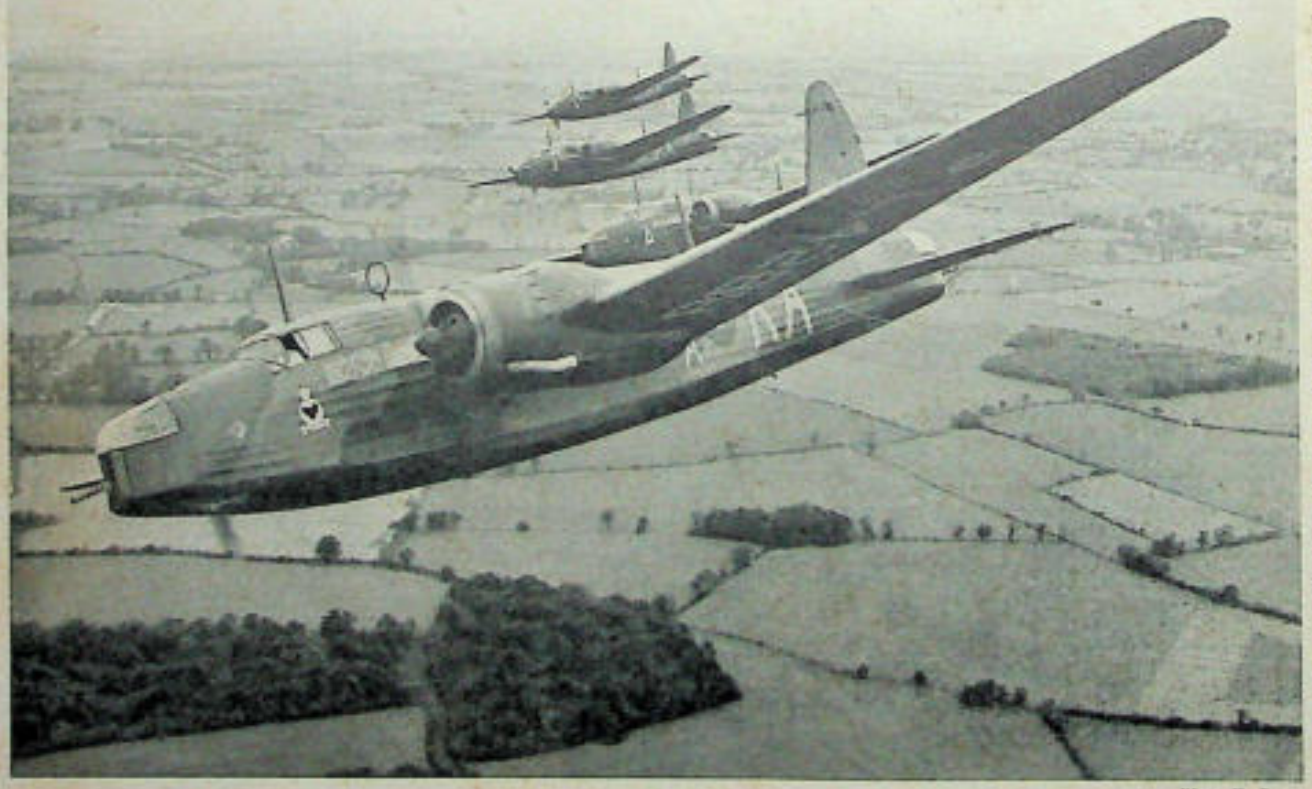
Successful defence of any community consisting of scattered groups, like the Empire, must depend upon mobility; and that aircraft provide in a very remarkable degree. There is no suggestion that the Royal Air Force could undertake the complete defence of the Empire; that would clearly be an exaggerated and untenable proposition. But as a means of introducing unity and mutual support for the individual measures of the various communities, air power has, as Sir Kingsley Wood said, a great and growing part to play.

In this connection, it is of interest and importance to note that the principle of unity in Empire air defence has long been a cardinal point in its development. Primary responsibility for defence of their various territories rests, of course, in the hands of the self-governing Dominions, which are, technically at least, at liberty to remain neutral in any war in which Great Britain herself may be involved. Nevertheless, there has been no independent development. The closest liaison with the Mother Country has been preserved. Something much more than a skeletal framework of a unified air-defence system has been created.

Each of the four great Dominions—Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand—has its own air force, manned and maintained from its own resources. Yet there is the closest connection between these and the Royal Air Force. There is identity of equipment, as regards both flying stock and other items, and interchange of personnel ensures still further unification.

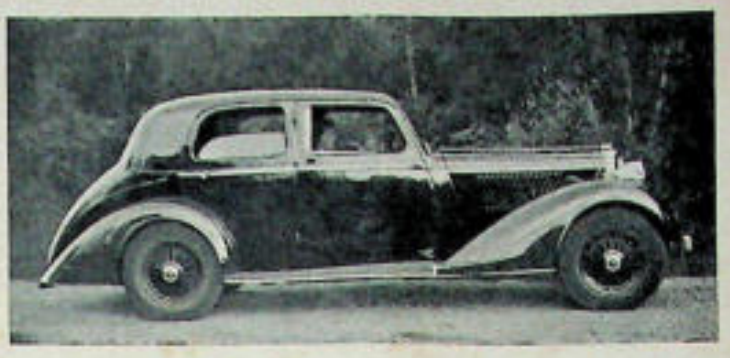
Moreover, training for the Royal Air Force is now being undertaken in the Dominions, and, in the same speech as that already mentioned, Sir Kingsley Wood mentioned that further facilities for training in overseas British territory would be afforded by establishing R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve units at R.A.F. stations in the Colonial Empire.

There is ample evidence here of a growing strength in the air that cannot fail to be an immense access of security for the Empire as a whole. To-day, our immediate problems seem nearer at hand than the outer territories of the British Commonwealth, and excuses might be made if attention were focused exclusively on those matters. But the larger whole is ultimately the most important. The strength of the Empire in the air must be considered not piecemeal, but in its entirety; and if such a comprehensive view is being taken, there is every reason for satisfaction.



Chas. E. Brown

VICKERS-WELLINGTON LONG-RANGE BOMBERS GETTING INTO FORMATION AFTER THEIR TAKE-OFF. THE WELLINGTON HAS A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 265 M.P.H. AND A RANGE 3,200 MILES



SPEED WITHOUT FUSS, DIGNITY WITHOUT OSTENTATION

THE 20 H.P. ALVIS

I HAVE a friend who owned one of the old Alvis tourers until about four years ago. It was, I remember, painted a particularly revolting shade of green—a legacy from a previous owner—and went off with much noise and a certain amount of rattle from the coachwork. Since those days he has owned two or three new cars of other well-known makes, and although he is full of praise for his present vehicle, he always speaks affectionately of the old Alvis. To him it represented performance above its peers in price, both in character and reliability.

Those qualities, so admired by my friend, are typical of the Alvis cars of to-day, for the Alvis has built into it the experience and technical excellence which lie behind the name. It has never been a cheap car, and is hardly likely ever to become one for the simple reason that it is "tailor made," and cars such as that cannot become cheap—the labour and materials involved prohibit it. But even in these days there are still many of us who will willingly pay a little more to obtain first-class craftsmanship.

The particular member of the Alvis "family" I drove recently was the Silver Crest six-light saloon, a 20 h.p. car selling at £595; although the car may also be obtained with a 17 h.p. at the same price.

The performance of the car is most attractive. It has a top speed of just over 80 m.p.h., and reaches it without fuss and bother, while a high cruising speed may be maintained more or less indefinitely. The engine is quiet-running especially at speeds under 60 m.p.h., and transmits little vibration.

The four-speed gearbox deserves special mention, for it is almost unbelievably smooth. It is, of course, synchromesh, and to do anything wrong is almost impossible. The lever may be flicked from one gear to another absolutely soundlessly without any hesitation. I think it is the simplest orthodox gearbox I have ever met.

As might be expected from a car with a sporting ancestry, its road behaviour is good, and cornering produces no tendency to imitate a yacht and heel over all the way round the bend, though some might consider the steering a trifle heavy. Brakes, too, are efficient, and on the one occasion when I had good reason to stop quickly, thanks to a cyclist, I did so in a remarkably short distance. Jackall hydraulic jacks are a further refinement.

The coachwork is distinguished without being ostentatious, and provides one of the best boots I have ever seen, which is all the more remarkable since there is very little overhang at the rear. Clever designing has been responsible, and by means of cutting away every unnecessary obstruction there is room for a golf bag and enough luggage to satisfy a film star.

The interior arrangements and upholstery are of excellent quality and provide plenty of room and good comfort for the occupants. I can personally vouch for the comfort of the driving seat, and those who travelled in the rear assured me of a similar state of affairs there.

During an eventful week-end the car gave me both pleasure and amusement—it will be a car I shall remember after many another is forgotten.

W. R. J.

BRIDGE

THE ECHO—II

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

LAST week we dealt with the echo with a trump suit. This week we will consider it when the contract is played in No Trumps.

In No Trumps the echo shows:

1. An important honour in the suit led.
2. Four or more cards of the suit led, or
3. Occasionally an original holding of two in the suit led.

The first two uses are fairly well known and correspond to the parallel cases in trump play in that they both encourage partner to continue his suit.

The third example is not so well known, but is extremely useful since when dummy has a long suit without an entry and the opponents have a certain trick in the suit, generally the Ace, it is essential that the holder of the Ace knows how many rounds he must hold it up.

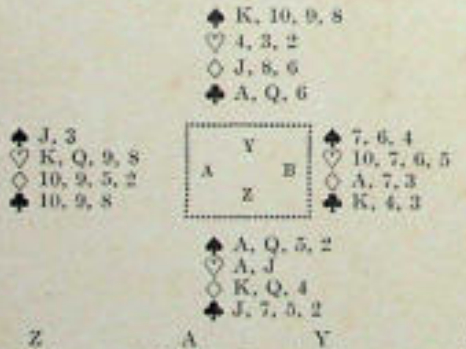


Against Three No Trumps by Z A leads the 5 of Hearts. Z takes the trick with the Queen of Hearts and leads the Jack of Clubs on which A discards the 2 of Clubs. When Z plays the 4 of Clubs A plays the 3, and B knows that A has a third Club since he did not echo. B must therefore take the trick with the Ace of Clubs and correct defence will then beat the contract since A-B should make two Heart tricks and one trick in each of the other suits. Of course if A echoes in Clubs B holds off the Ace of Clubs till the third round to shut out the Club suit.

In all cases of echoing the defender must be ruled by the dictates of common sense. Occasions may arise in a suit contract where, although holding a doubleton in the suit led by a partner, he will not echo if he does not wish the suit continued.

With regard to the case where one has four or more cards of the led suit, one of my readers raises the query as to what card should be returned. Whether in a No Trump or in a trump contract the defender should endeavour whenever feasible to return his *original* fourth highest.

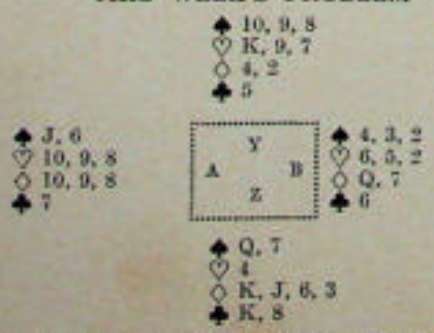
Occasionally this lead may be of too much assistance to the declarer, but in general it will help the defenders more in obtaining an accurate count of their hands.



Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three No Trumps	No bid
No bid	No bid		

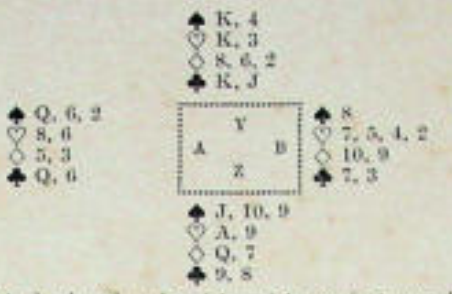
Z is playing the hand in Three No Trumps and A leads the King of Hearts, upon which B plays the 7 or 6 as an encouraging card and Z takes it with the Ace. When B gets in with the Ace of Diamonds he returns the 5 of Hearts, *i.e.*, his original fourth best, and A then knew that B and not Z holds the 10 of Hearts. A returns the 9 of Hearts, taken by B's 10, the 8 of Hearts is made and A leads a Club to defeat the Contract.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z to lead and take all the tricks against any defence by A-B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z to lead and make eight tricks against any defence by A—B.

SOLUTION

Z leads the Knave of Spades, which A does not cover. The Jack of Clubs is finessed, and the King of Clubs, the King of Hearts and the Ace of Hearts taken in that order. Z now leads Queen and 7 of Diamonds and when B returns a Heart which Z ruffs with the 9 of Spades, Y-Z must make the last two tricks.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPION'S PLAY

Dr. Alekhine, who is on tour in South America, took part in a small double-round tournament at Caracas in March and won all his games. The following one, against the runner-up, is a good example of the World's Champion's attacking style of play.

(Ruy Lopez.)

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

(a) The Steinitz defence. 3. . . . Kt to B 3 followed after 4. Castles by 4. . . . P to Q 3 is better, Black thus avoiding the line of play adopted by White in this game—6. B takes Kt, 7. Q to Q 3 and later Castles (Q R)—which is very strong.

(b) If, instead, Black defends his King's pawn by playing 7. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 8. B to K 3 (threatening to win a piece by P to Q 5 which, if played at once, would be answered by Kt to B 4) and now, since 8. . . . P to Q Kt 3 is not good on account of 9. Q to B 4. P takes P (if B to Kt 2, then Kt to K Kt 5); 10. B takes P, Kt to Kt sq; 11. Castles (Q R) with a big advantage in position for White. Black has, therefore, to play 8. . . . P takes P, but after 9. B takes P he has difficulty in completing his development. A game Nimzowitsch *v.* L. Steiner (Nicolsdorf tournament, 1927) was continued as follows: 9. . . . P to B 3; 10. Kt to K 4, Kt to B 4; 11. Q to K 2, Q to Q 2; 12. Kt to B 5 with advantage in position for White.

(c) If 8. . . . P to K Kt 3, then 9. B to Kt 5, B to Kt 2; 10. Castles (Q R) with the better game for White. Black cannot continue with 10. . . . Castles because of 11. Kt takes B, P takes Kt; 12. P to K 5, P takes P; 13. Q takes Q, Q R takes Q; 14. R takes R, R takes R; 15. Kt to K 4.

(d) In a game Spielmann *v.* Maróczy (Gothenburg tournament, 1920) the continuation was 10. . . . Castles; 11. P to B 4, Kt to K sq; 12. B takes B, Q takes B; 13. Kt to Q 5, Q to Q sq; 14. P to K Kt 4 with advantage to White.

(e) A weak move.

(f) Very fine. If now 14. . . . Kt to B 7, then 15. Q to K Kt 3, Kt takes K R; 16. Q takes P, R to K B sq; 17. Kt to B 6, ch, K to K 2; 18. R to K sq with a winning attack, *e.g.* (1) 18. . . . Kt to B 7; 19. P to K 5, P to Q 4; 20. Kt takes P, ch, K to K sq; 21. P to K 6, B takes P (if P takes P, then Kt takes P); 22. Kt to B 6, ch, Q takes Kt; 23. Q takes Q and wins; (2) 18. . . . P to Q 4; 19. P takes P, ch, K to Q 3; 20. Kt to K 4, ch, K to K 2 (if K takes P, then Q to K 5, ch and mate next move); 21. Q to B 6, ch, K to K sq; 22. Kt to Q 6, ch and mate next move; or (3) 18. . . . R to K Kt sq; 19. Kt to Q 5, ch, K to K sq; 20. Q takes R, mate.

(g) Preventing Kt to B 5 as a reply to P to K Kt 4.

(h) If 18. . . . Castles (Q R), then 19. K Kt to Kt 5, B takes Kt; 20. Kt takes B, P to Q B 3 (not P to Q R 3 because of Q to R 7); 21. Kt to Q 6, ch.

(i) If 21. . . . Q to B 4, then 22. Kt to Kt 3, Q to Kt 4; 23. P to B 4, Q to R 5; 24. Kt to B 5, Q takes R P; 25. Kt to K 7, ch, K to R sq; 26. Kt takes B and wins.

(j) Threatening 24. Kt to K 7, ch, K to R sq; 25. Kt to Kt 6, ch, R P takes Kt; 26. Q takes R, ch, K to R 2; 27. P to K R 4, P to K Kt 4 (if 27. . . . P to K B 3, then 28. Kt to Kt 5, ch, P takes Kt; 29. P takes P, mate); 28. Kt takes P, ch and wins.

(k) Now White threatens 24. Q to R 6, P to K B 3; 25. P to Kt 5.

(l) Black has no good move. If 28. . . . R takes P, then 29. Kt to Kt 5, or, if, instead, 28. . . . Q to K B sq, then 29. Q takes Q, ch, K takes Q; 30. Kt to K 5.

(m) Threatening P to Kt 5, ch followed by R takes P, mate. Black can parry the threat, but in any case his game is hopeless.

A POWERFUL ATTACK

The following game, from a tournament for the championship of Moscow, shows a powerful attack by White.

(Caro-Kann Defence.)

WHITE. Smyslow.	BLACK. Reksech.	WHITE. Smyslow.	BLACK. Reksech.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 3	13. P to B 4	P to R 4
2. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	14. Castles (K R)	P to K 3 (g)
3. Kt to B 3	P takes P (a)	15. P to Q Kt 4 (h)	Q takes B P
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3 (b)	16. K R to B sq (i)	Q to Q 4
5. Kt tks Kt, ch	Kt P tks Kt (c)	17. Q to K 2	Q to Q 3 (j)
6. P to Q 4	Q to B 2	18. P to Kt 5	Kt to Kt sq
7. P to K Kt 3	B to Kt 5	19. P takes P	P takes P (k)
8. P to K R 3 (d)	B takes Kt (e)	20. B to B 4	P to K 4 (l)
9. Q takes B	Kt to Q 2	21. P takes P	P takes P
10. B to Kt 2	Q to R 4, ch (f)	22. B takes K P	R to K sq
11. B to Q 2	Q to R 3	23. R takes P, ch	Resigns (m)
12. P to Kt 5	Castles		

(a) 3. . . . P to Q 5 is inferior. After 4. Kt to K 2, P to Q B 4; 5. P to B 3 Black cannot play 5. . . . Kt to Q B 3 (because of 6. P takes P, P takes P; 7. Q to R 4) and is, therefore, forced to play 5. . . . P takes P, which gives White the superiority in the centre.

(b) Good alternatives here are Kt to Q 2 and B to Kt 5. 4. . . . B to B 4 is not good, *e.g.*, 5. Kt to Kt 5, B to Kt 3 (B to Kt 5, although losing time, is better); 6. P to K R 4, P to K R 3; 7. Kt to K 5, B to R 2; 8. Q to R 5, P to K Kt 3; 9. Q to R 3 (B to Q B 4 is also good), Kt to B 3; 10. Q to Kt 3 or 10. B to Q B 4 with much the better game for White.

(c) K P takes Kt, to be followed by B to Q 3 and Castles, is, we think, to be preferred.

(d) If B to K B 4, then P to K 4.

(e) Black should play B to R 4.

(f) This move does not improve his game.

(g) If 14. . . . B to R 3, then 15. B takes B, R takes B; 16. Q to K 2 wins a pawn.

(h) Threatening P to Kt 5.

(i) A good move. If now 16. . . . Q takes Q P, then 17. R takes P, ch, K to Kt sq; 18. R to B 8, ch and mate next move.

(j) If 17. . . . Q takes Q P, then 18. B to K 3, Q takes P (if 18. . . . Q to K 4, then 19. R takes P, ch followed, if 19. . . . P takes R, by 20. Q to R 6, ch and mate in two more moves, or, if 19. . . . K to Kt sq, by 20. B to B 4 with a winning game for White); 19. B takes R P with advantage to White.

(k) If 19. . . . Kt takes P, then either 20. B to B 4 or 20. B takes Kt, P takes B; 21. Q to R 6, ch.

(l) If 20. . . . Q takes P, then 21. B takes Kt, K takes B; 22. Q R to Kt sq, ch with a winning game for White.

(m) If Kt takes R, then Q to R 6, ch followed by B takes Q.

PROBLEM No. 4024

By H. ERDENBRECHER.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K B 7, Queen at K B 8; Rooks at K B 2 and K Kt 8, Bishops at K R sq and K R 8, Knight at K B 4, Pawns at Q 3 and K R 4.

BLACK (13 pieces): King at K B 4, Queen at Q R 5, Rooks at K 4 and K 5, Bishops at Q R sq and Q Kt 5, Knights at K 6 and Q 8, Pawns at K 2, K R 2, K 3, K R 3 and Q R 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**Die Schwalbe*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4023

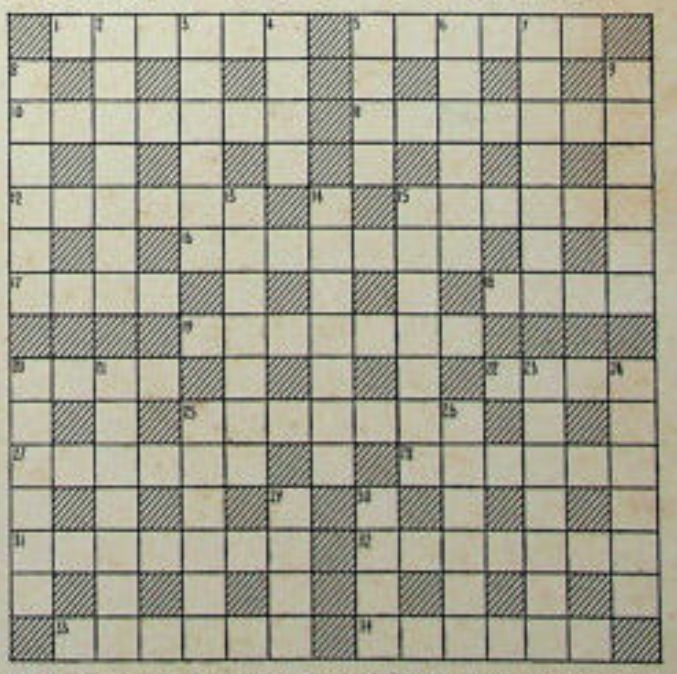
1. Kt to K 6, Any move; 2. Q, R, B or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 527

ACROSS.—(1) There should be more than one beast here anyhow, about 50 in fact (6). 5. He might have bowled a few balls to W. G. Grace perhaps (6). 10. The piper's son chases the painter inside with a red hot poker (7). 11. As you may gather, it's often read in church (7). 12. Dependent on the family tree of Grimalkin and her relatives perhaps (6). 15. Oddly enough, there isn't a bee in it! (6). 16. They may provide your wage, Sir (7). 17. It has always needed runners, so Bob was well to the fore (4). 18. Hardly a palatable way to cook fish (4). 19. Not being in the cockpit in rock fighting days, he is now above all that (7). 20. A current event? (4). 22. What are the chances? Twopence to the shilling there is no start (4). 25. Being cut off with a penny is apt to give one a serious start (7). 27. In them you might see the likenesses of your equine friends (6). 28. The inside of the bivalve should be taken at tea-time (6). 31. Would a farmer, as a matter of course, allow the club to be of use in his loft? (7). 32. A plant often seen on mountains (7). 33. An air familiar to the gasworks' band? (6). 34. The youngman's guide to navigation? (6).

DOWN.—2. This'll almost sound emblematical (7). 3. A man, of course, is likely to have a better clientele (6). 4. A test mostly taken two hours before noon (4). 5. Did Drake address his wife thus? (4). 6. The parts of a bullock's mouth you might rightly describe as blooming (6). 7. A Midland river doubtless in use before the laundry was here perhaps (7). 8. Financial markets don't benefit when gardeners lift them (6). 9. Yes, art is an indispensable necessity to one who can last the course (6). 13. They can often pick where they wish to work (7). 14. Jersey, for its own ends, alters its rents and we get taken in (7). 15. No fellows will back a horse with such a name (7). 20. A caravan dweller who will eventually make quite a good host (6). 21. You will see much useless stuff in the museum, as your spaniel might know (7). 23. The ex-soccer player batsman doesn't do it when he plays forward (7). 24. Cook may be unfamiliar with this range which is returned with a faulty bark (6). 25. A way to walk or a way to go on horseback (6). 26. Shylock said one had come to judgment (6). 29. Very behindhand anyway in whiskey manufacture, there is so much water around (4). 30. A short tail because the end is curtailed (4).



SOLUTION TO No. 526

Published July 22nd

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

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Cards

Mistake in Bidding.—Question: My partner bid One No Trump, and since I thought he bid One Club, I bid One Spade. When attention was drawn to the under bid I immediately bid Two Spades. Was my partner entitled to bid over the Two Spade call? Answer: Partner must pass for one round. See Law 22.—*McC., Glasgow.*

Comment on Bidding.—Question: Please comment on the following bidding:—Y, Three Spades; Z, Five Diamonds; Y, Six Spades.

Y—	Z—
♠ A, Q, J, 10, 9, 8	♠ None
♡ A, K, x	♡ Q, x, x
◇ None	◇ A, K, x, x, x, x, x
♣ A, 10, 9, x	♣ Q, x, x

Answer: In our opinion Z should realise that there is a misfit and only call Four Diamonds. Although Y might also realise this fact, he can hardly be blamed for bidding the small slam after Z's jump bid.—*T., South Africa.*

Drawing Attention to a Revoke.—Question: Can dummy draw his partner's attention to a revoke by the defenders? Answer: Yes, so long as he has not seen any cards other than his own. See Rule 30, 2 (d).—*N. B. B., Rude.*

Country House

Norfolk Reeds.—You would be able to obtain Norfolk reeds for the purpose you mention from the Norfolk Rush and Reed Industries, Ltd., Reckland St. Mary, near Norwich, or R. J. Farman, Aylesham Road, North Walsham.—*H., Taunton.*

Disposal of Dredged Mud.—The best way to deal with mud dredged from a lake is to spread it evenly over surrounding pastures. It will soon break down and disappear, and, being very fertile, will very greatly improve the condition of the sward. Spreading should be done if possible before the mud has dried out, otherwise it will be more difficult to distribute. Where labour is available it is advisable to take the material direct from the pond and scatter it straight away.—*J. E., Oswestry.*

Control of Silverfish.—Silverfish are common household pests, living in chinks and crevices in walls and surrounds, and under linoleum, especially in warm parts of the house. They are attracted by starchy materials, such as wallpaper paste and picture backs, and hence can be controlled by the use of a suitable poison bait containing starch or flour. A safe and efficient bait for household use can easily be made up by mixing one part of sodium silico-fluoride (obtainable from any chemist) with six parts of flour. The powder should be scattered along shelves, inside bookcases, along surrounds and under linoleum. Another method is to visit each infested room at dark, switch on the light suddenly, and spray any pests seen with a pyrethrum-kerosene preparation. Since the pests must be hit to be destroyed, however, it is rarely possible to wipe out the insect population by this means, though numbers can be considerably reduced. Use of a poison bait is generally more satisfactory.—*L. E., Hoxton.*

Farming

No. 22 (J. S. S.).—It is quite unusual for a cow or heifer to come into milk at this stage of pregnancy, and it may mean that she will slip her calf at seven to eight months; but, on the other hand, it may only be a case of precocity, as there is no fixed rule about it.—*C. G. S.*

Jacob's Sheep.—There is not much recent information as to the activities of owners of flocks of Jacob's sheep, but we think your best plan would be to write to the Earl of Bradford, at Weston Park, Shifnal, Salop. In 1936, the Earl said that he had a list of seventeen owners of these sheep. Another owner who might be able to help you is Sir Merrik Burrell, of Floodgates, Horsham, Sussex.—*C. S. A., Ringwood.*

Herd and Stud Books.—Three of the books to which you refer have recently been issued. Volume LXII of *Dury's Devon Herd Book*, with a supplemental register and dairy section, for 1938, is published by the Devon Cattle Breeders' Society and printed in Taunton by H. G. Mounter & Co. The *Clydesdale Stud Book*, volume 61 of which has just appeared, is printed in Perth by the Munro Press and contains the pedigrees of mares which had produce before September 30th last year and of stallions foaled before January 1st. The *Shorthorn Breeders' Review* is published by the Shorthorn Society at Victoria House, Southampton Row, W.C.1. The British Goat Society publish a Herd Book which is to be obtained from the Secretary, The Cottage, Roydon, Diss, Norfolk.—*J. B., Crediton.*

Barley Growing.—The point you raise is dealt with in the Advisory Leaflet No. 220, just issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. It says: "Barley is largely grown for malting, and for this purpose quality is of the first importance. The price of good malting samples is frequently 50 per cent. higher than that of feeding barley, and this may represent a difference of £4 to £5 per acre in value. Good malting points in barley grain are: (1) good maturation, as indicated by a ripe, dry, mealy grain; (2) plump kernel, of bright colour and even size, with finely wrinkled skin; (3) absence of mould and mustiness, and (4) germination practically 100 per cent. Grain possessing these characteristics usually has a nitrogen content not exceeding 1.6 per cent. Apart from the more obvious causes of inferior quality, such as weathering in the field and heating in the stack, close threshing is a common fault that results in a high proportion of broken and tipped grains. Judicious cultivation, the choice of suitable varieties and correct manuring all tend to the maintenance of high quality. Soil and season exert the greatest influence."—*P. T., Sheffield.*

Kennel

Retrievers and Setters.—You may find a difficulty in getting a young retriever or Irish setter house trained from well-known breeders. Probably you would be more likely to hear of one through an advertisement in this paper. The nearest breeders to you of whom we know are: Irish Setters—Mrs. M. Holt, Menaifron, Dwyran, Anglesey; and Miss B. Praddah, The Acres, Heswall Hills, Cheshire. Golden Retrievers—Mr. H. L. Jenner, Abbots Morton, Worcester; Mrs. A. Kirk, Pant Canol, Merionethshire; and Mr. F. Thomas, Dyfri Kennels, Ammanford, S. Wales. Labradors—Major J. I. Benson, Aston Hall, Craven Arms, Salop; Mr. G. J. Johnson-Houghton, Croughton Cottage, near Chester; and Sir Edmund Spriggs, Ruthin Castle, N. Wales.—*E. C. K. B., Barmouth.*

Naturalist

Mange in Squirrels.—Mange is a fairly prevalent and common disease among squirrels, and is usually of the sarcoptic variety.—*D. M. B. I., Lochcrbie.*

Shooting

Boring of Guns.—As regards the question of the boring of guns, provided wadding is able to perform its work of gas-check, extra internal width may help to improve shooting by lowering pressure and shortening the shot column. It is this system which enables ¾oz. of shot to be handled successfully by a 2in. chambered 12-bore of, say, 5lb. 2oz. This, too, is no doubt the reason why some guns that were originally bored for brass perfect cases give good shooting with the smaller loads from paper cases.—*J. A. L., Co. Down.*

Travel

Where to Stay.—The Marine Hotel at Salcombe offer accommodation from 3½ to 8 guineas a week according to room and season. There is also the Tides Reach Hotel, situated near the harbour bar at the foot of Bolt Head. Their terms are from 4½ to 5 guineas weekly. Regarding Dorset, there is little doubt that you would like the Knoll House Hotel at Studland Bay. Weekly terms inclusive of baths, early and afternoon tea, beach hut and garage are from 4 to 8 guineas. There is also a bungalow wing in the woods in which the charges are less. Then there is the charmingly placed Grand Hotel at Swanage, where terms are from 4 to 8 guineas per week.—*H. B. A., Penn.*

The South Devon Coast.—The Knappe Cross Hotel, near Exmouth, is very pleasant. The outlook from the Knappe Cross Hotel would suit the most drastic critic. From one side you look down a long, gentle slope to the sea, and from the other over sweeping moorland country—a home of riding and hunting and golf and every other sport. If you have a car there are many delightful Devon villages within easy reach of the hotel. Go, for example, to Beer and you will see the coast at its best; or to Cullompton where you can see a typical Devon village—quaint River Culme, almshouses and fifteenth-century church all complete. Further afield is Bridport, a charming little seaside town where the harbour entrance is so narrow that it has to be cleared after every heavy sea, and Charmouth, where the tiny Char bubbles briskly into the sea and there is a grand stretch of hard sand ideal for a walk in the early afternoon sun.—*E. S. P., Aldershot.*

Hotels around Burford.—The Cotswold Gateway Hotel is an ideal place for short or long holidays. If "good company, good wine and good welcome can make good people," the Cotswold Gateway Hotel does its job very good indeed. You would also like the Bull at Burford. Such famous coaches as the Magnet, the Berkeley Hunt, the Regulator, the Retaliator and the Paul Fry bound for Aberystwyth, Hereford, Gloucester or Salop, were wont to call at the Old Bull. You will find at this Cotswold Inn to-day all the big and little comforts of your own home, and all of those old courtesies which made the coach travellers of another age so glad to arrive at the hostel. Then there is the Brimpton Grange Hotel near Oxford. Brimpton Grange is the result of the adaptation and modernisation of some beautiful old farmbuildings. Nothing apparently has been lost during the conversion, much has been gained. The hotel has assumed the atmosphere of a large country house where peace and quiet and comfort are the prevailing features.—*H. B. A., Penn.*

Staying in Cornwall.—The hotel about which you enquire is the Manor House at Budock Vean. Budock Vean has rightly been called a little bit of heaven. You can get away from asphalt pavements and promenades yet you have all the attractions normally to be found at a seaside hotel, and it is not one of those places where it is necessary to stake your claims to a square yard of beach early in the morning. The hotel itself is open all the year round, and is completely modernised without being "gawdy." The grounds overlooking the famous Helford River and Falmouth Bay are extremely beautiful. There is plenty to do there: two hard courts for lawn tennis players, and the hotel has its own private nine-hole golf course, planned by James Braid, in the grounds. A golf professional is always at the service of residents, who may become temporary members of the club on payment of a subscription of 10/6 weekly. Excellent sea fishing is available for those who prefer the feel of a rod to that of a putter, and then the small boatman can enjoy himself or herself to their hearts' content in the local creeks. There is also the Ferry Boat Inn at Helford Passage near Falmouth. Being practical first, there is electric light throughout the hotel, electric radiators in every bedroom as well as hot and cold water, while the lounge and dining room are both large enough to be comfortable and small enough to be cosy. There are ten double and nine single bedrooms, all with a superb view of the river; and although there is none of the pomp and ceremony met with in a large hotel, you are yet assured of a warm and cheery welcome from the proprietor and his wife, which, together with their personal care, makes your stay at the Ferry Boat Inn really pleasant and memorable. If you would consider the North Cornwall coast I would strongly recommend the Dormy House Hotel at Rock, Wadebridge. To golfers the Dormy House is a veritable paradise. There are two courses, eighteen holes and nine—not necessary to be a golfer before you can enjoy a visit to Rock. Guests at the Dormy House Hotel pay a minimum weekly subscription of 5/-, and this enables them to play, free of charge, lawn tennis, squash, badminton, billiards, table tennis, while there is shooting over 1,200 acres and fishing in the little River Allen for over two miles. There is, too, an excellent dance room at the Dormy House. On some Saturday evenings a small orchestra plays, but on most days the dancing is informal to a gramophone or wireless. Let it be noted that there is no danger of any noise disturbing other guests, as the position of the dance room has been carefully chosen at the end of the entrance hall well away from the bedrooms.—*E. G. W., Towcester.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 5th

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 29th), Montgomery Bridge on Severn; M., Llong Station on Alyn; W., Dinas Mawddwy on Dovey; S., Rhydmeredith Bridge on Tanat—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (July 29th), Castlethorpe Bridge, Bucks; M., Scrooby Bridge; Tu., Staunton Bridge, near Newark; Th., Fiskerton Mill, near Newark; S., Markham Moor—10.30.

CHESTON.—Dartmoor and Cheriton Joint Week: Saturday (July 29th), Fingle Bridge (D.O.H.)—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (July 29th), Etchinghams Village; W., Hartfield Station; S., Goudhurst Station—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (July 29th), Bickleigh, R. Exe; Tu., Cullompton Station, R. Culm; S., Bolham, near Tiverton, R. Exe—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Tuesday (Aug. 1st), Dart Bridge (near Buckfast); Th., Gweek (Helford); F., Trosillian Bridge—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (July 29th), Xacton Post Office, near Ipswich—10.30.

HAWKSTONE.—Saturday (July 29th), Radnorshire Arms, Presteigne.

PEMBROKESHIRE AND CARMARTHENSHIRE.—Monday (July 31), Scotchwells, Haverfordwest; Th., Black Bridge on Cowen—10.30.

WYE VALLEY.—Tuesday (Aug. 1st), Bourton-on-Water; W., Bourton Bridge; F., Cricklade, Wilts (by invitation Bucks O.H.)—10.30.

OTTERHOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (July 29th), Dalgonar Bridge (Cairn); M., Kennels (Annan)—9.30.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage Home and Abroad.

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

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

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

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only recieved and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, July 29, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4519. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE { INLAND 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 4D.



SIR THOMAS A. COOK, J.P., M.P., AND LADY COOK

Sir Thomas and Lady Cook, who are Joint-Masters of the North Norfolk Harriers, are both keen shots and enjoy excellent sport at their place, Sennowe Park, Guist, Norfolk



CVS—326

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

CONTENTS

SHOOTING THE ONCOMING BIRD . . . 325
A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL . . . 325
A CENTURY OF DRIVEN GROUSE . . . 326
THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH . . . 328
AUGUST ON THE ROUGH SHOOT . . . 329
VARIETIES OF WILD GEESE . . . 330
A SUCCESSFUL GOODWOOD MEETING . . . 331
A TORRIDGE RETREAT . . . 332
SUMMER FEEDERS . . . 332
OCEAN RACERS OF TO-DAY . . . 333
THE SLACKNESS OF ALASTAIR . . . 334
USING THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT . . . 336
THE GROUSE SHOOTING OUTLOOK . . . 337
THE REVIVAL OF GOLF CHALLENGE MATCHES . . . 338
JUNIPER: TREE OF THE LIMESTONE HILLS . . . 340
THE LAKELAND, WOODLAND AND MOUNTAIN BEAUTY OF PERTHSHIRE . . . 341
BIRDS IN AFRICA (Colour) . . . 342
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: THE UNITED SERVICE . . . 344
GOING BY THE AVERAGES . . . 346
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS . . . 348
PRACTICAL HINTS ON GROUSE BUTTS AND DRIVES . . . 349
THE OLD CORDUROY JACKET . . . 349
FINDING AND RINGING GROUSE CHICKS . . . 350
GROUSE IN CONTEMPLATION . . . 351
THE GREYHOUND IN HISTORY . . . 352
PROSPECTS FOR PARTRIDGES . . . 354
DOGS FOR THE MOORS . . . 354
BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS . . . 353
THE AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE IN BELFAST . . . 356
ART OF GOOD LIVING . . . 358
FIFTY YEARS AGO . . . 358
IN THE SALEROOM . . . 358
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: County Championship Mathematics; Taming a Raven; British Amateur Sculling; Grouse in Cumberland; Two Young Cuckoos Reared in One Nest . . . 359
IN THE CITY . . . 362
NEW BOOKS . . . 363
A LANDOWNER'S WORK IN WALES—II . . . 364
SAGES FOR THE BORDER . . . 366
CHARCOAL BURNING—II . . . 366
WILD FLOWERS . . . 368
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE . . . 368
CAR TROUBLE TRACING TACTICS . . . 370
THOUGHTS ON THE STATES . . . 372
CORSICA TO-DAY . . . 373
A BRITISH ATLANTIC AIR SERVICE AT LAST . . . 376
CARDS AND CHESS . . . 377
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS . . . 378

GOING NORTH

WE English have often been accused of indifference and phlegm, by friends and foes alike. And, since old ideas die hard, it is unlikely that this opinion of our national character has been altered in every quarter whence it originated. Indeed, it may be there are reasons why it will not be changed at the present time. However it is, it matters little when a mistaken interpretation is unwittingly placed upon a trait which, if it exists at all, is only skin deep We may, too, seem to take our pleasures sadly. The point is that we keep on taking them in spite of any unsettling clouds which may gather on the horizon. This in no way should be taken to mean that we are negligent of duty, but rather it shows that we have fully appreciated the value to be gained from a sane mixture of work and play.

The fact that the opening of the shooting season coincides with the height of the holiday season and some of the pleasantest weather is no doubt a reason for the popularity of the Twelfth; but it is not the chief reason. For the latter lies deeper than the desire to visit pretty places and recuperate from the stresses and strains of business life. Sport which is dependent upon beast and bird must be closely related to the soil, and it is the latter which is the real magnet. Once let a man come under the influence of this invisible force and he will never wish nor try to break away. Other forces may—indeed will—exert their influence, but the call of the earth will in the end prevail.

In this spirit and for these reasons we shall again go North. Nor will our going bring any less thrill because we have so often gone before. For this is a new season, pregnant with possibilities, teeming with adventure, into whose promised land we are about to enter. Here lies escape from a thousand and one petty cares and troubles—not that we mean to avoid what may be our due. Here for the first time for many months we can taste again the joys of the shooting field and under ideal conditions. The uncertainty of the sport—of general or individual results—will intrigue, as some urge of the wild will find its answer.

The northern termini have always played a happy part in this exodus and have become definitely associated with shooters and shooting. In spite of road competition, they continue to be the gateway from which a kind of pilgrimage sets out. And though the scenes at these stations—King's Cross, Euston, St. Pancras—have been so often described as to have become almost hackneyed subjects of journalism, they still retain much of the atmosphere which has inspired writers in the past. What is chiefly missed are the pointers and setters, though of course many dogs go by car. There is something about a brace of pointers, a gun case and a bag of cartridges that is redolent of an era which at times seems to be slipping away into the limbo of the past. They represent the more leisured and contented existence of our forebears, who had time to drink in each shooting scene and extract therefrom the acme of all it offered.

But does anything basic really go? Are the peace and charm of the eternal hills things that can be lost, never to be retrieved? The answer is not far to seek. They are always there for him who can learn to understand their value, and they will remain there as long as the universe remains. This, indeed, is a comforting thought, for on the truth of it is hinged the whole case of field sport.

So with a light heart and a composed mind we may set our course towards those Elysian fields and wake to find the purple moors and misty mountain tops stretching away to unknown distances and still more unknown secrets. And if it proves to be the first occasion for many months upon which we do more than justice to the enticing plenitude of a north-country breakfast, we need have no reason to search our conscience or to entertain doubts as to the wisdom of any gastronomical licence.

OUR COLOURED COVER

The picture on our cover this week is reproduced from the painting by Mr. Richard Harrison, one of our younger and most promising bird artists. The original may be seen at Messrs. Fores, Ltd., 123, New Bond Street, and Mr. Harrison has also a limited number of signed prints for sale.

"A BAD ONE TO BEAT"

NO sooner had we published an article extolling the merits of Vim and her owner, than British yachtsmen began to show they were getting the measure of the famous 12-metre challenger at Cowes. In the Royal Thames Y.C. regatta Mr. MacAndrew sailed Trivia to beat the American yacht in light airs by 2min. 25sec. The following day Vim beat Tomahawk by 8min. 8sec. and on the Friday by 2min. 29sec., but at the Royal Southampton Y.C. regatta Mr. Sopwith proceeded to show that the crew of Tomahawk could also work smartly, and, in a most exciting finish to a race of 26 miles, twice round the Brambles, won by a margin of 30sec. It was a pity after this that the next race on Monday should have been marred by an incident at the start, when Mr. Sopwith was moved to protest at an action on the part of his rival which might have led to a collision. Needle racing brings its penalties and the rights and wrongs of this start gave the Sailing Committee of the Royal London Y.C. food for thought for two sittings.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE

The oldest trophy which has been competed for year after year without intermission is to be found in the domain of aquatic sport. This is the Doggett's Coat and Badge, which was instituted by Thomas Doggett, an actor, in the year 1714. The "Coat" is, in fact, a complete uniform of the style in vogue among watermen in Doggett's day, and the "badge" is of silver, and is worn on the arm. This year's race, the 225th of the series, was won by D. E. Thomas from W. A. Healey, and provided one of the best finishes on record, only one length separating first and second after 4½ miles. The watermen had plenty of opportunities to show their watermanship, for though the race was started on the young tide and there was not much traffic, there were plenty of moored craft and bridge building operations to be negotiated. The wind, too, was at times a "dead-noser," making stretches of lumpy water which were a real test of skill.

A FINE LIFE

Anyone who visits the Territorial camps cannot fail to be impressed by the excellent spirit shown, which even rain cannot damp. The work is taken as really good fun, and a company of one battalion entered thoroughly into the task of rounding up three desperate gangsters, the price on their heads, a pint of beer, being duly earned. When one sees the prevailing cheeriness and enjoyment it is hard to understand the attitude of those who ban Cadet Corps in London schools. They inflict quite unnecessary hardship on youths who will have to join the Militia, for once a boy is initiated into military routine the Army possesses no terrors for him. Many a Territorial who took part in the War faced his service with as much equanimity as he would put on an old coat, while the raw recruit discovered hardships where they did not exist. The present Militia training will undoubtedly prove one of the finest roads to national physical fitness that could be conceived, outweighing any amount of voluntary schemes propounded by well-intentioned committees.

CHALK WATERS AND THE DEARTH OF FLY

The Southerner's adage that a high-water year means poor fishing has been illustrated once again in the present season; in spite of prolific hatches of iron blues which ushered in the month of May, hopes of a really good season have been dashed by July's leaky waterworks; weed, and the fly which finds sustenance upon it, has been sparse, and trout for the most part have been inclined to use what there was of it for a refuge instead of a dining room. What will be the result of these impoverished hatches next year? Fortunately (this time) life in the water seems largely indifferent to seasons of good and bad reproduction. Nature, it appears, has allowed too ample a margin for her plans to be seriously upset by weather conditions.

STORM

The trees and fields lie parched and bare of rain
The murmuring thunder rumbles in the hills around
The birds are still and hushed is every voice
Save for that faintly ominous and dully threatening sound.
Heavy with storm and dark foreboding care
The sky hangs low—a vast gigantic shroud
Where but an hour ago was joyous sun and dancing light
And birds sang loud.
The suffocating tension stretches on
Like some strange purpose unfulfilled
But over and above the close suspense
The impenetrable darkness and the eternal "Why"
There shines the promised radiance of God's bow
Arching the sky.

I. FOULIS.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

WHEN I close the door of the "Hermitage," where I keep my relics of country life before the shadow of it had replaced the substance, who is to say that walls a prison make, dimness excludes the light or confinement of space the vitality and variety of my landscape? Ahead of me a shepherd in a white smock, stumping along with his crook in his right hand, directs his sheep-dog to drive the flock into the shearing-pen over the shoulder of the down. The men are already busy there, and the murmur of voices, the click of the shears and the peal of the many-toned bells from the advancing flock blend into a country tune. Further down the slope is a saw-pit whose roof is being thatched by a man and his two apprentices. The last two are twisting hay-bonds with the wimble, while the man on the roof is threading his iron needle with twine. The slopes echo with the whine of the pit-saw, and in the barn close by men are mortising planks with shell-augers, adzing the ends and gouging out mouldings with the tomahawk. Towards the village, at the foot of the downs, a timber-waggon is crunching over the loose stones of the trackway, drawn by six horses. The latten bells fixed on the wooden hames send out their resonant chime a mile away to warn all who use that road, while the brasses of the martingales passing between the horses' forelegs, of the side-pieces and the face-pieces, flash in the sun. The carter touches up the thiller horse with his many-ferruled whip.

The first house in the village is the saddler's; he is sitting in front of his door mending harness with his oaken stitching clamp held between his knees. Through the open door of a workshop a few cottages further on, basket-makers can be seen sitting with their lap-boards between their legs. One of them has stopped working while a bodger from his cabin in the beechwood on the further ridge of the down beyond the village shows him the points of the wheel-back armchair he has made for him. The stone-slatters are on the roof of the farmhouse that lies at the back of the winding street fitting slats, holed by the pittaway or slat-pick, on to the oaken pegs in the laths, while through the door into the kitchen I can see the bulk of the iron kettle on its ratchet-hook hanging by the sway or chimney-crane black against the burning logs of the open fireplace. By the dresser, whose shelves are covered with pewter and blue ware, the farmer's wife is mixing something in a grooved dough-bowl. By a corner of the fireplace a glow comes from the open door of the bread-oven and another woman calls to a boy to rake out the embers of the furze as she moves towards the tall bread-peal leaning against the wall. The long table is laid for the harvest home, and I can see a lead tobacco-jar and a clay-pipe with a wide bowl and a face on it like that of Silenus. The daughter of the house sits by the pillow-horse weaving her lace-bobbins in and out, each one turned differently from its neighbour and hung with gay-coloured jingles.

The clatter of pattens comes from the yard where another girl is carrying the oak, copper-ringed meal-bucket, made by the cooper whose wattle-and-daub cottage can be seen from the kitchen window behind its screen of white poplars, to the pigs. A flight of sickle-men is just coming off the barley-field beyond the yard for 'levenses, and the "lord" has gone ahead to pour cider out of the eostrel into the cider-horn. In the next field a party is turning up the stubble with their breast-ploughs, while a sower paces up the new furrows broadcasting grain from his kidney-shaped seedlip. A shout from the lane beside the field makes him turn his head, and it comes from Simon Tark, who is bringing home the share, just repointed by the blacksmith, to be socketed into the throck of the wooden plough, itself attached to the beam by a key. At the gable-end of the stack close by the hedge a man is fixing a straw-bird to a pole, while from the great tithe-barn lying back in its grove of limes on the other side of the lane sounds the muffled thud of the barley-hummeller striking off the ears of barley from the straw and bruising the awns to prevent the beard from catching in the throats of the pigs. A woman with a pleated and chequered sun-bonnet, on her way to the farm-house dairy with a pair of butter-balancers in her hand, lifts up her head to listen to the nearing sheep-bells as the sheep float down the slope of the down like a drifting cloud.

The images pass before my vision one by one, and for the moment it is impossible for me to believe that, were I to go outside this crowded hut and look over the fields, I should, across mile after mile, see not a single fellow-man.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an article on archery:

"Bows for men are 6ft. long and weigh anything from 36lb. to 80lb., while those for women run between 5ft. and 5ft. 6in., the average weight being 25lb."



Lord Mountt in action

SHOOTING THE ONCOMING BIRD

DURING the next few months a great many chances at birds flying low and straight towards the shooter will be presented. In grouse shooting, especially, there will be thousands of such birds coming towards the butts in the many drives that will be organised from, say, the middle of this month to the end of September. There is probably no other kind of shooting in which so many chances at this angle are afforded, though in all driving the more birds that can be dealt with in front the better. For, unless birds can be killed in front, there will be very little time—in fact, insufficient time—to get off more than two barrels: indeed a poor performer may only get off one. And not only is it necessary to take birds in front; they should be taken as far in front as possible, so as to make the most of every available fraction of a second during which they are within range.

The man who knows his business will, where the lie of the land permits, kill his first bird 40yds. out, thus allowing himself the maximum time for bringing into action his remaining barrels. Apart, too, from these considerations, there are the additional advantages that birds flying towards the shooter expose their most vulnerable parts, and as they are meeting the pellets, the latter are made to exert the greatest shocking power. Thus there is far more likelihood that those that are hit will be killed cleanly than is the case with those that are flying away, which expose for the most part only their less vital parts. Another point is that oncoming birds, when shot even at close quarters, are seldom smashed or rendered unfit for table purposes. When, as particularly is the case with grouse, birds are to be sent away through the post as presents, it is most desirable that they should be as little knocked about as possible. They both keep and look better when in this condition.

It is not really difficult to kill a bird coming at you, so long as it is flying more or less straight. Indeed, it is the curling bird that alone can baffle first-class shots. Grouse can and do offer very difficult shooting when they come with the wind in their tails and with a bank, curling round the shoulder of a slope. Or again when they decide to follow the uneven contours of some wild mountain-side. But at present I am only dealing with the kind of straightforward chance that is frequently presented in the usual day's driving. The thing to remember is that it is fatal to stop the movement of the gun when the trigger is being pressed. This is what the beginner is very apt to do, and what nearly everyone does occasionally. Some men are particularly prone to do this when they have seen their bird a long way off. They may actually shoot much better when they have to fire quickly, as will be necessary when, say, placed in a narrow gulley or just behind a rise. I have known men who were good at snapping rabbits in cover or when jumping from one hole to another in a large bury that was being ferreted, but who more often than not missed them out in the open. Obviously the fact that there was plenty of time robbed them of the urge to maintain their gun swing, at least to a proper degree, just as the absence of trees or bushes robbed them of guides as to distance and angle.

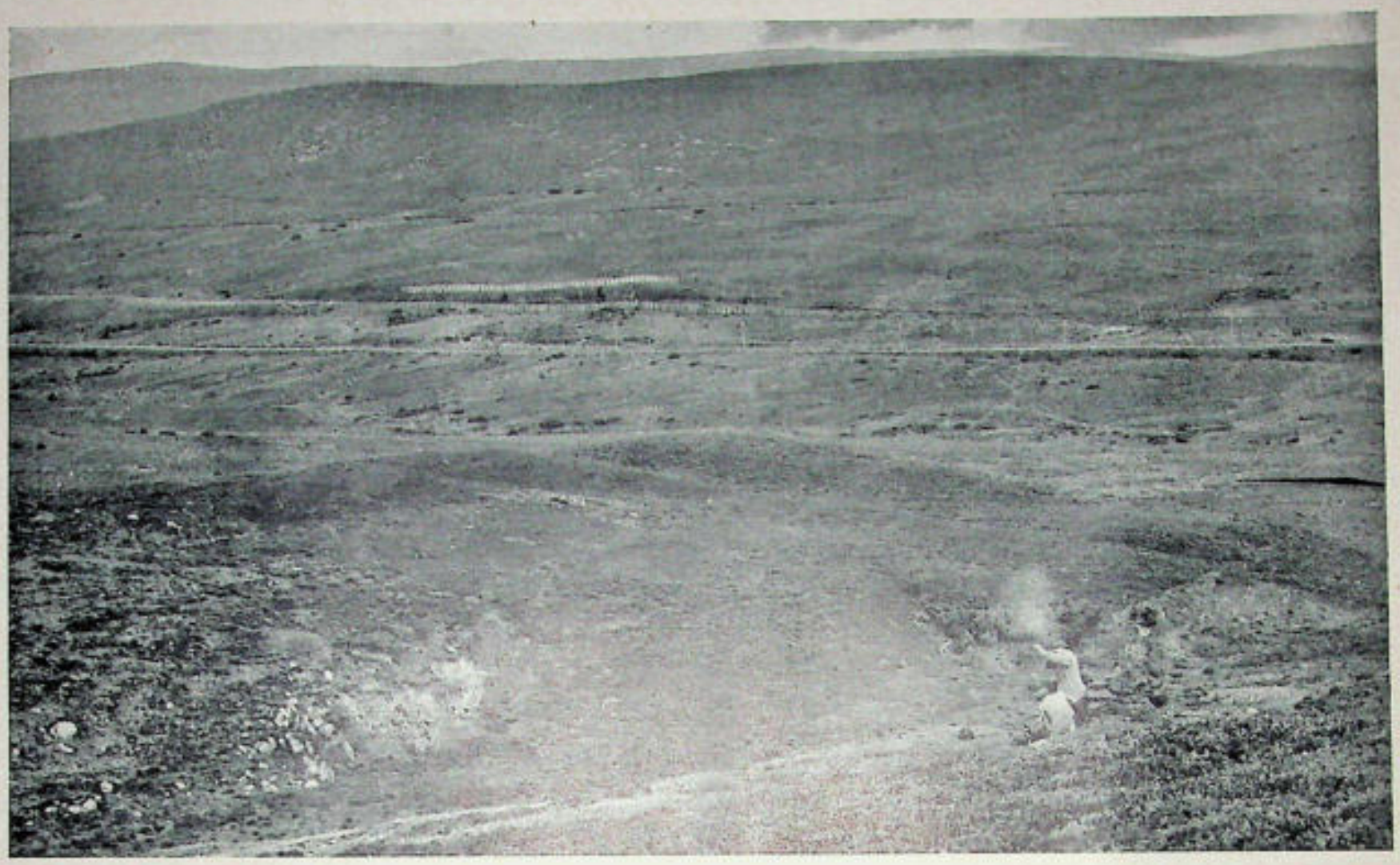
Some birds may be killed by firing at a fixed spot ahead of them, but it is impossible to maintain any semblance of consistency by such methods. If it were possible to judge the point at which bird and charge would meet in every case, and then fire at that point, birds could be killed regularly in this way. But no explanation is needed to show the utter impossibility of such a task. Ranges are never quite the same, speeds vary, and anyway it is beyond the human eye to estimate so many feet and so many inches at such and such a range. Therefore the gun must be kept moving in front of the bird.

At the same time there is less obvious movement or gun swing in the shooting of an oncoming bird than in the shooting of a crossing bird. And for this reason it is often said that gun swing is not required when oncoming birds are being shot. This is as incorrect as it is misleading. Some sort of swing or movement is always necessary for the reasons given above; and the moment one stops that movement and fires at a fixed spot, clean misses will result. It has been stated that one of the quickest shots in England owed his dexterity to the fact that he fired straight at the point where he knew charge and bird would connect. This is entirely misleading, since it implies that he stopped his gun while in the act of pulling the trigger. Actually he would be moving his gun until after it was fired. This man, it may be added, was particularly fond of shooting birds coming low towards him, and as this kind of shot needs less movement and gun action than others, it was no doubt a reason for the great reputation he gained.

Just how should a shot at a low, or comparatively low, on-coming bird be made? By such is meant any bird flying towards the shooter up to an angle of about 45° or so. Here there will be a minimum of footwork, especially if, as in a grouse butt, the shooter is ready facing in the right direction. The left foot will, of course, be forward and the body evenly balanced. The action will be comparatively short, and will consist of bringing up the gun smartly to the shoulder so that the muzzle end blots out the bird, and of pressing the trigger as the stock goes home. It is all one movement, and an essentially brief one. Should there be the minutest tendency to dwell on the aim, the charge will be placed too low. It is a matter of throwing up the gun so that the bird is blotted out, and firing it as it comes well into the shoulder. Be conscious of the head only of the bird at the beginning of the action, and align the gun so that it is covered. Once mastered it is a relatively easy shot, as no great powers of judgment are called into play.

It is not meant to be inferred, however, that because this action is accomplished in one movement, actions in respect of shots at other birds are performed in more than one movement. For no matter what kind of shots are concerned, there should be no semblance of different and distinct actions in any sort of shooting at moving objects. From the time the gun is first moved from the ready position to the time of pressing the trigger, movement should be continuous. But in this particular case the action is notably short and sharp.

Naturally these remarks are intended to apply only to the shooting of birds coming at or above the level of the gunner. "SCOLOPAX."



A CENTURY OF DRIVEN GROUSE

By MARTIN STEPHENS

GROUSE shooting nowadays is an affair of the purple in more senses than one, and the grouse is in danger of becoming a bit of a snob; but really there is no reason why he should be so. In point of fact, he is the *parvenu* among game birds, but like others of the class, he is now more royalist than the king. The pheasant was a rare and exotic if seldom encountered prize before the "moor fowl" was even accounted of; while the despised partridge has a pedigree of far more imposing length.

There are lots of reasons for this, but one of them is that the grouse runs his publicity very well. He makes his debut in the "silly season," when there are columns yawning to receive him, and blank pages of the illustrated weeklies pining to mirror the Strathbaggis party all sandwich and shooting stick. The Twelfth of August, unlike the first of September or the first of October, is an opening day in fact as well as in name, and the "crack of the rifle" is heard on the moors with an unfaltering precision.

The grouse came into the picture rather late because the North of England and Scotland became settled in the pastoral sense far later than the South. As everybody knows it was a rare occurrence for the laird to kill game for his table till the nineteenth century; he would as soon have butchered his own mutton. He left it to his retainers to do it for him. The sight-seeing Englishman did not exist. The visiting Englishman of the mid-eighteenth century was the Duke of Cumberland. It is true that he was followed by the beneficent General Wade, but it was to be a long, long day before General Wade's roads rattled to the carriage wheels of hopeful sportsmen. One has only to read the *Tour in the Hebrides* to see the frame of mind in which these holiday places were regarded even by the Scottish Boswell. To Johnson, of course, they were as Patagonia!

Nevertheless, mad old Colonel Thornton was making his eccentric way northward fairly early in the last century, and Peter Hawker himself had a day on Bowes Moor, in 1812. St. John shot the Muckle Hart within a year or two of Queen Victoria's accession. The shooting of the moor fowl, which had become the grouse by now, was pretty general by that time, and a minority had practised it since before the Napoleonic wars. Yet we have remarkably few records of it. Just as the muniment rooms of north country families often seem far less well-furnished than those of the south, so also are their game books. I often wonder why that particularly distinguished team who wrote for the old Badminton "Moor and Marsh" volume delved so little into history which was then comparatively recent, and which is now a page to which we can never turn back. Evidently the tritons of the breech-loader thought that muzzle-loading minnows were beneath contempt. Personally I would sacrifice all the hard print they expended on the placing of "batteries" for a gramophone record of the old Colonel discussing his day's sport with his lady of an evening.

Grouse shooting in those days meant dogging and the sportsman might have out two guns and a loader. On occasion they shot from a quiet pony. Dogging does not and presumably did not offer a large variety of difficult shots, but even to-day some of the bags recorded are remarkable. Even allowing for the fact that the shots were probably picked, which of us would not be pleased with 48 grouse to 50 shots? Which indeed? Driving in a rough and ready form has existed since 1803, when it was carried out on the moors of the Bishop of Durham, then a Prince of the Palatinate. Times change. The number of bishops who are likely to inaugurate new methods of grouse shooting this season will be limited. I doubt if a single shovel-hat will be seen in a grouse butt!

By the time that Queen Victoria had married Prince Albert the grouse was on the map as a sporting bird. Most people who owned grouse moors shot grouse. The stage was set for the second act. It was the beginning of the commercialism of the moor. At the time it was called—I wasn't there, but I feel it in my bones—"the thin edge of the wedge" and "the beginning of the end." But the end has not come yet. The most potent factor in the letting of moors was the railway, creeping, creeping forward to Inverness.

It enabled not only Mr. Briggs's heart to be in the Highlands, but also his body. And Mr. Briggs was only John Leech's synonym for the new middle class which the industrial revolution had created. They wanted to enjoy the same privileges as the privileged classes of those days. And why not? Rents of course were remarkably low, and over vast areas shooting could be had for the asking. The Lord Malmesbury of those days had the sporting rights over the Island of Lewis for £25 a year. Yet a good many important landowners still thought it was very unbecoming to let sporting rights. I read in Lord George Scott's admirable little book that the fifth Duke of Buccleuch, who died in 1884, never let a moor.

But the real reason for the commercialism of the moor was the decline in sheep farming. It gradually became more profitable to run a moor as a home for grouse than as a home for sheep. By the early 'seventies letting was common, though north of the Dee Valley there was still plenty of those who would not do it, just as there were still in England noblemen who would not take a subscription from those who hunted with their hounds. This change of opinion coincided with two other important events, and was no doubt influenced by them. The first was the invention of the breech loader in 1854, which appropriately enough was the year that Hawker died. The second was the terrific epidemic of grouse disease in '72 and '73. From those years spring the efforts to regard grouse disease as something more than the chastening hand of providence which must be borne in suitable submissiveness. These efforts culminated in the report of Lord Lovat's Commission on Grouse in 1911, which is a great landmark in the history of grouse. Both breech loaders and disease assisted in the general introduction of driving, for, as everybody knows, driving increases bags enormously.

Driving was customary at Bolton Abbey in the 'fifties; it was pretty general in Yorkshire and Durham in the 'seventies; it was practised as regards blackgame in the Lowlands before 1886, and presumably some grouse came along with the blackgame. When Sir Frederick Milbanke made his great bag at Wemmergill in the 'seventies his kinsman the Duke of Cleveland spoke of it in terms that may have been ducal but were certainly not cousinly. Driving was rare in Scotland except on half-a-dozen moors, of which, I believe, Cawdor was one of the first, before the 'eighties. Yet driving to-day is the absolute rule except where stocks are patently small or beaters clearly unobtainable.

From then on grouse shooting assumed its present form. There have been improvements, but they are in the nature of elegant refinements rather than sweeping alterations. Principally, I think, one would suggest the improvement in comforts in the ordinary lodge, and the superiority as a means of rapid transit of the motor over the "machine." The days are past when the bathroom was an appendage as exotic as a winter garden.

The War, of course, altered grouse shooting as everything else. Vast areas changed hands in 1919, notably the sale of a very big acreage by the Duke of Sutherland. Prices remained high till 1929, and to-day they are still above the pre-War level. The syndicate came to stay. Far more syndicate parties—in one form or another—are to be found in Scottish lodges to-day than were ever found in the past, though the earliest reference to a grouse syndicate goes back to 1838, 100 odd years ago. Here is No. 21 of the elaborate rules drawn up for its guidance: "No subscriber or keeper shall at any time be allowed to drive birds, with dogs, or by any other means, from a distant part of the moor to the intended shooting ground, for the purpose of more easily obtaining a great number of shots." I fear most of us would be blackballed. (Incidentally an old grey hen cost a guinea, a "poult" half-a-guinea.)

I suppose this year will be one of the worst in the history of grouse shooting. Apart from the fact that I hear Ichabods from Yorkshire and lamentations from Angus, the international situation has made it the worst letting year in history. The word Danzig has been even more damping than strongylosis. One of the most famous letting agents in the country assured me that he had only let one moor without a war clause. Not since 1915 has the outlook for proprietors been so bleak, and 1915 was the *annus mirabilis* of grouse which would never have been forgotten had not Twelfth of August coincided with the preparations for the battle of Loos. Those who think the old quota of £1 a brace a high price to pay for their summer holiday may well pause and recall how much of that £1 goes into the sinking fund for years like these.

There is one fault of post-War shooting in Scotland which I personally deplore, and that is the decline of deer-stalking. Once upon a time it was the *ne plus ultra* of sport, the ambition of every right-minded young man. To-day it is not so. The ancients say that modern youth cares only for aeroplanes and motor cars, and cannot walk: though I myself feel there are many who would be glad to take part in this grand sport if circumstances offered. Nevertheless one must admit that stalking has lost something of its popularity.

I often wonder what the history of grouse shooting is going to be. Will somebody invent a new shotgun, some change as revolutionary as the introduction of the breech-loader, which will make all shooting quite different? After all, that is not impossible. Will the development of the Highlands be forced through as a first-class political issue? We are all old enough to remember the Caledonian Power Bill, and some of us are old enough to remember the pheasant that ate the wurzels. If industry could be made to flourish in the Highlands, grouse shooting will become far less pleasant than it is. Will there be, as I think possible, a strong reversion to dogging?



MOVING TO A FRESH LINE OF BUTTS AFTER THE PICK-UP

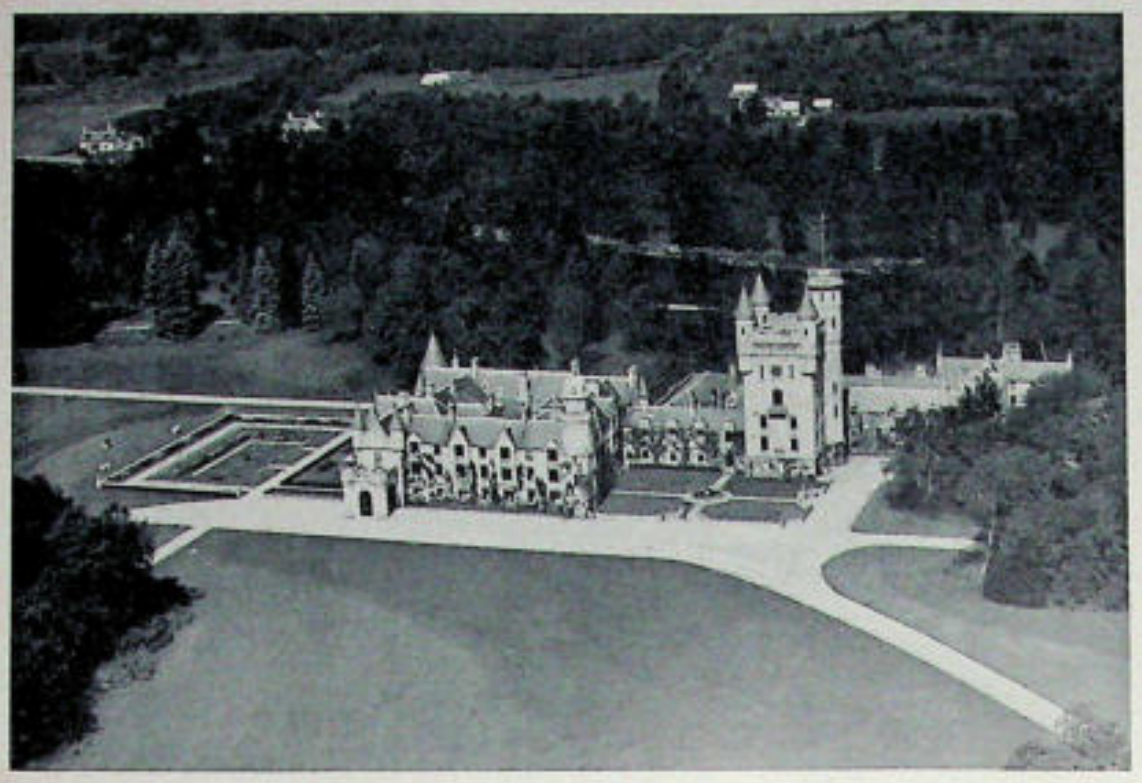
The most marked improvement in the shooting world of my time has been the noteworthy advance made in the quality and training of gundogs. Field trial enthusiasts are increasing every year. So are those who care for the wilder forms of sport, particularly the wildfowlers. Surely these two instincts could be canalised in the form of dogging.

Then, too, there comes the question of feeding. England and Scotland have not always been covered with vast areas of heather, nor will they necessarily always be so covered. Perhaps great stretches of heather may sour or become sour, perhaps huge areas may become bracken infested, or under sheep tick. If these things happen the grouse will go, and may not return. If I were the owner of extensive moorlands, and was busy tying them up for my children's children (on the pleasing supposition that life in 2039 will be on much the same sort of lines as 1939, except that the aeroplane services will be better, and television perfected), I would put a clause in any entail to the effect that a third of all grouse rents should always be funded. The majority of people in these islands—thank heaven!—still want field sports to be continued, but let nobody delude themselves into thinking there is not a possibility of a Bill largely interfering with the practice of sport being wangled through the Houses of Parliament some day.

When any of these evil days come it will be a sad time for many of us. Grouse shooting is an absolutely unique institution. You can have a first-class copy of a first-class English covert shoot on Long Island. (I believe Mr. Winston Guest, the polo player, is busy putting one ship-shape just now.) You can kill hundreds of brace of partridges as easily, indeed more easily, in Central Europe, than in Norfolk. Flighting geese and flighting ducks you may follow across half the world; but the red grouse is unique to our islands, the atmosphere of his shooting so typically and pleasantly British. At the risk of bathos I dare to suggest that it is an institution which brings out that which is both pleasant and practical in us, although I have known grouse drives which were neither pleasant nor practical. Grouse shooting is so very much a holiday, it takes place, as a rule, so far from the unpleasant things of cities; it takes place in such grand surroundings. We have no really wild sport left in these islands, but the red grouse is at least the hem of the wild. It is a garment whose hem I would fain touch; for virtue goes out of it.



THE START OF THE DAY. A PARTY ON THE GLENARTNEY MOORS, PERTHSHIRE



AN AERIAL STUDY OF BALMORAL, FROM WHICH H.M. THE KING WILL SHOOT

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH

By LORD DORCHESTER

I IMAGINE that those of us who have been accustomed to celebrate regularly a certain anniversary must find it difficult, as the years roll by, to distinguish one such occasion from another. For example, the man who has attended fifty, or even twenty, Derbys, while remembering the winner of each year, probably will quite be unable to recall his own movements on any particular Derby day. Yet he will always retain a vivid mental impression of Epsom Downs, its crowds, the roar of "They're off!" and the semi-silence while the race is in progress, to be followed by the shouting home of the winner; also many and various incidental happenings will pass through his mind without his being able to place them in their chronological sequence.

Even so is it with me, who have been privileged to take part in many a Glorious Twelfth. As in the case of the Derby devotee, my difficulty is to see the wood for the trees; in other words, to differentiate in retrospect between one Twelfth and another. Thus, instead of a succession of separate mental pictures, my recollections form a mosaic of many incidents, grouped together anyhow, and without reference to date or place. . . .

The party outside the lodge awaiting the order to move off, the walk or ride to the moor, the climb to the butts, luncheon by burn or knowe, snapshots of the guns posed so as to include everybody's dog. . . . Visions of drives in progress, a solitary flanker high up on the skyline, grouse coming on, sheep moving ahead of the beaters, a suspicious blue hare erect and *regardant*, myself at full length in hot heather, dozing digestively, or alternatively crouched in the lee of a wall, sheltering against the rain. I find that one picture melts into another, the two merging kaleidoscopically to form a third, until a shake-up of my grey matter produces yet a fourth. It would be quite impossible for me, even with the assistance of a shooting diary, supplemented by snapshot photographs, to single out and reconstruct any particular Twelfth with a view to tracing its happenings from start to finish, yet numerous incidents are as clear in my memory as though they had happened but yesterday.

For instance, it was a bad year, and birds were few and far between, and I had not fired a shot in two drives, when presently a single grouse came into view, flying high and very fast down wind. Eight pairs of eager eyes marked his advent, for he was the only bird in the drive. At a quarter of a mile from the butts he was anybody's bird; at 200yds. he developed a bias in my direction; at 100yds. he was mine . . . if I could hit him. I can still feel myself losing sight of him as I let go the first barrel when he was right overhead, only to see him again a little to my left rear, and perceptibly higher and untouched, and still in full career. I swung despairingly with the gun turned right over, and held anyhow, yet somehow I connected. Back went his head, his clear-cut silhouette losing its firm outline for a moment, until, control temporarily regained, with rapid wing beats he towered to an immense height, to collapse and fall among some peat hags half a mile behind the butts. And to-day I can still see Eva retrieving that very grouse some twenty years ago, although I have no recollection of any other individual performance on her part. Eva, naturally a good marker, even when a lot of birds were down, had on this occasion nothing to distract her attention, and on being sent out, she galloped in a bee-line for the hags, went well beyond them before turning back into the wind, and was on to her quarry in a flash, without the slightest semblance of check or cast; indeed, I never saw a bird so quickly retrieved from such a distance.

Kipling urges us when we meet "with triumph or disaster to treat those two impostors just the same," a counsel of perfection that after the lapse of years I find hard to follow when reviewing what I regard respectively as the greatest heights and the deepest depths which I ever achieved or plumbed on a grouse moor.

The triumph fell on a day when everything went right. I was in the lucky butt in each drive, it was a bumper year, and a strange loader loaded as never loader has served me before or since, and to cap it all, I seemed unable to miss. No wonder that a certain rosy smugness pervades my whole being whenever, as is not infrequently the case, I re-read in my shooting diary the very detailed records of that never-to-be-forgotten day. But, alas! there is a reverse to this coin from memory's currency; in fact, the tail of the penny is even darker than its head is bright. It was a very fair year and fortune once more was kind to me in the draw for places, but that was the limit of her favours. For although every bird seemed attracted to me as is the needle to the magnet, my shooting was vile beyond all words, for not only was I desperately slow in getting on to a bird, but I also seemed to have lost all sense of swing and follow-through. I began by missing so many in front that I gave up shooting at any but easy crossing birds, or waited to take them behind, poking and consciously aiming above, below and in front, even shooting where I hoped that they would go, with what success may be imagined! Birds being plentiful, and coveys big, I next tried browning them, and did on one occasion kill two with one cartridge, and these two, plus a few unfortunates who somehow "managed to fly into it," brought my total to eleven, on a day when, seeing the chances that came my way, I certainly ought to have had sixty and might have killed a hundred—regardless of Kipling. I still writhe whenever I recall that *dies iræ*.

In one respect there is this to be said for the opening of the grouse shooting, that its prospects, whether of a good or bad season, can usually be forecasted in advance, and while anticipation is, admittedly, usually so much better than any realisation, it is a pleasant change to be able to make one's arrangements accordingly. While on the subject of prospects, and without in any way depreciating the magnificent grouse moors of Yorkshire, Lancashire and the North of England generally, it has always seemed to me that a bad year hits these moors very much harder than it does the Highlands. In a bumper year their totals are far bigger than any that are likely to be achieved farther north, always excepting at Langholme, and, *ipso facto*, in a bad year they may fail altogether.

This, lacking another explanation, I am led to attribute to the general uniformity of their height above sea-level compared with many Scottish moors which latter may rise from sea-level to 2,500 feet, and also to their rolling character as opposed to the more rugged outlines of the Highlands. On a big rolling moor, if anything goes wrong with the weather at critical times, such as during the nesting season, or when the heather is frosted or disease breaks out, all the ground seems to suffer equally. On the other hand it often happens, on a rugged moor, that when the low ground is bad the high ground may be good, or *vice versa*.

And again, without depreciating English moors, I have a preference for Scotland because it offers such a variety of alternatives to the holiday-maker (and in these days most of us can shoot only during our holidays and not, as our fathers did, all the season through) in a bad season, that he must be hard to please if he cannot amuse himself even when there is little to shoot; golf, fishing—though not too good in August as a rule, rough shooting of sorts in bog or bracken, excursions into the hills—all these make for happy days even when birds are scarce.

So far I have said very little about the actual opening day, or the wealth of pleasurable preparation which precedes the ecstatic moment when, from your bedroom window in the lodge, you hear the old cock grouse announcing to the glen at large that the Sassenachs have "Come back! Come back!"

Such preparations are part, and quite a large part, of the fun and embrace the ordering of cartridges, the purchase of various items of equipment, visits to gunmakers and tackle shops, possibly, too, the selection and fitting of a new suit of tweeds, even a refresher course at a shooting school.

If you have but a single visit in view or are pressed for time, it probably simplifies matters to go by train, but if you are the lucky possessor of several invitations then a car is a great convenience, almost a necessity, indeed. Especially is this the case when your shoots are distant from each other, or when the termination of one visit does not coincide with the commencement of the next.

Without a car you are tied to the railways, and probably to railway hotels between visits; with a car you not only avoid the bugbear of cross-country train journeys which are notoriously tiresome in Scotland, but can also fill in your time by touring the country at your leisure, and often are able to accept one or two extra invitations which would otherwise be inaccessible to you.

Not the least pleasurable of my own preparations for the 12th is the conditioning of my dog, and so, while the mayflies are still dancing above the glassy southern waters, Gyp accompanies me daily down a

"Mile of elms and Alderneys
and surpassing greenness,"

as I wend my way to the river. Here, when I am not actually fishing, she is encouraged to gallop and swim to her heart's content; and while I watch, the summer fat seems positively to melt from off her flanks, and the muscles harden on her back and quarters.

Condition, I would remark in parenthesis, is just as important to man as to beast, and so I see to it that when Gyp and I take the heather we are, if not absolutely fit, at any rate, not butter-fat after our summer run. I emphasise the importance of condition because the unfit man tires quickly, and his shooting suffers correspondingly, while an unfit dog soon becomes too blown to find birds.

To-day, with the war clouds hanging low above us, it is impossible to contemplate the coming 12th with our usual joyful anticipation; indeed, by the time these lines are printed the cyclone may have burst, but there is still hope that the clouds may lift without discharging their lightnings. If this, happily, be the case, I do not know who is most to be envied at the commencement of the coming season, the old hand who knows and often dreams of the pleasures that await him, or the beginner to whom everything is new and wonderful.

I, undoubtedly, am an old hand, yet annually I thrill at the first glimpse of a grouse moor on my journey north, and thrill again when I cross the Border, and, further on, with Abington, Stirling and Crieff behind me, I thank my lucky stars that once more I have reached that "Land of known desires and tried delights"—the Highlands of Scotland.

If an old hand can feel like this about the 12th and grouse shooting after some 40 seasons, it might seem that I have little reason to envy a beginner in his first year; but envy him I do, nevertheless, because, in all probability, he will still be going north for the 12th long after I have bidden a last farewell to the high hills and the heather.



G. K. Yeates

SHOOTING PIGEONS FROM A RIDE OF SHEAVES

AUGUST ON THE ROUGH SHOOT

AUGUST is the shooting man's month of awakening, and this is as true of the rough shooter as it is of him whose acres are broader and perhaps more plentifully stocked. Since February, when the gun was cleaned with extra special care and put back into its case, he will have had little use for it except possibly when occasion demanded the shooting of vermin or when in the days of March or April, pigeons provided a welcome opportunity of a day's sport. And as spring advances into summer his thoughts, when they turn to shooting matters, will surely centre round the successes and failures of the past season—the morning, for instance, when he tried to shoot pigeons in a westerly gale, and returned home with two birds after having fired a quite unmentionable quantity of cartridges and, above all, perhaps, the unforgettable duck shooting during the frost at Christmas. But after mid-summer he will cease to dwell on the past to the same extent, and by the beginning of July, he will find that he is looking forward eagerly to August and a new season of sport.

The rough shooter who can count on being able to shoot a few grouse during August is indeed a happy man, but for most of us August is, above all things, the month for pigeons, rabbits and, perhaps, a few duck (but not until August 12th please, now that the wildfowl protection bill is law) if it should happen that our shoot is near a river, when we may also hope for some snipe. If it contains a reedy pond beloved of the mallard and his kind, or, best of all, if duck come at dusk to glean our stubbles, we are indeed fortunate.

A rough shoot without a fair stock of rabbits is generally a very poor proposition. They are always a useful standby, and in August and September, they offer a greater variety of sport than at almost any other time of year. On sunny days and sometimes, rather surprisingly, on dull days too, they delight to lie out in grass fields, where these are undisturbed by cattle, or in hedgerows and fields of roots. To walk them up from these situations with the aid of a dog and to shoot them when they bolt is a pastime that lacks neither pleasure nor variation. A rabbit in the open affords or should afford an easy shot, but one that is running through roots or dodging in and out among the undergrowth of a hedge can offer a very difficult target as I have proved to my own dissatisfaction on more than one occasion.

Although it is true that rabbits lie out to a greater or lesser extent at most times of the year, there is no doubt that they do so more frequently in August and September than at other seasons and, therefore, they may be more profitably walked up during these months.

Then one must not forget that in the evening when they are feeding, they can be stalked and shot with a rifle, a procedure demanding quite a large proportion of stealth and skilful marksmanship. For this purpose a .22 is undoubtedly the best weapon, and as it makes comparatively little noise when fired, it is less disturbing to other rabbits in the vicinity than a shotgun would be when used under similar circumstances.

No account of August rabbit shooting would be complete without mention of the time of corn cutting when, if the field that is being reaped contains a goodly quantity of rabbits, the sport waxes fast and furious and is often highly dangerous to those who participate in it. In this connection I shall never forget an occasion when four of us arrived at a shoot of this type and discovered to our horror that there were already five guns round the remaining area of uncut corn. When the rabbits began to bolt several of us had very narrow escapes. I know that at one time while I was watching a rabbit running straight towards me, a neighbouring gun fired at it and bowled it over within 6ft. of me. The total bag when all was finished consisted of more than 40 rabbits, and it was mere chance that it did not include several human beings as well. All the same, under less alarming circumstances, the harvest field does provide one with some excellent shooting; indeed, there are times when it is difficult to load fast enough.

As I have already remarked, I associate August as much with pigeon as with rabbit shooting, and, although it is often possible to have very good sport with pigeons in the early part of the month, I often think that the best time is towards the end of it when, in the south of England at any rate, most of the corn will have been cut and the birds are feeding on the stubbles.

Throughout the month in districts where pigeons are numerous, first-rate shooting can be obtained if you hide in a convenient place along the flight lines to and from their various feeding grounds, or in the woods where they fly to roost each evening. But after the corn has been cut, many places become accessible that were formerly impossible to approach, and thus you have a far wider scope for your activities. At this time of year I prefer to shoot pigeons in this way rather than over decoys, but success is only assured when a good wind is blowing.

On such occasions the birds seem to move about much more freely and at a lower altitude. If they are plentiful you can, by choosing a favourable place, have all the shooting you desire and still miss considerably more than you bring down.

In still weather, decoying is likely to be more profitable, and for this purpose you may use either recently shot pigeons or model decoys. I like to have the decoys not more than 25yds. from me, and if I am using freshly shot birds, I support their heads with a small forked stick or a piece of stout wire, one end of which may be pushed up the neck into the base of the skull and the other stuck into the ground. Decoys should, of course, be placed head to wind as all birds tend to face that direction when feeding.

At this time of year a stubble field is probably the most suitable place for practising the art of decoying, and if the stooks are still standing, some of them can be utilised to make a hide provided the farmer does not mind and provided that the sheaves are arranged in their original positions after your decoying is finished, for they dry more readily thus than when a dozen or more are stacked together.

If the field has been cleared it becomes necessary either to conceal yourself in a hedge or, in lieu of sheaves borrowed from elsewhere, to construct a hide of some other material such as sacking. I myself once made a very effective one out of hurdles, and it should not be difficult to discover other suitable materials.

Decoying is an exciting sport, and among its more pleasurable moments must be included that of seeing a high bird pause in its flight, descend in a wide circle and come right down to the decoys. I do not think I shall ever tire of watching pigeons act in this fashion. They hurtle earthwards with such speed and have such control over their wings that it is ever a marvel to see them from the moment when they first catch sight of your decoys until the time when they pause a few feet from them.

R. N. WINNALL.



A REEDY POOL BELOVED OF MALLARD

VARIETIES OF WILD GEESE

Described and illustrated by J. C. M. NICHOLS

I IMAGINE that most sportsmen and naturalists will be familiar with the general appearance of our British wild geese, and, given an adult bird "in the hand," should find little difficulty in naming him correctly. But in the case of immature birds, or in the field under varying conditions of light and background, the task of identification is not so easy.

In classifying the various species of grey geese, our text books, without exception, lay great stress on the colouring of the naked parts—beak and legs (orange-yellow in the bean goose, pink in the grey lag, and so on). But, as some of these "colour points" are found to vary considerably in individuals and according to age and season, while seen at some little distance they are hardly noticeable, we must look for further points of difference.

I will start by describing these colour points and some variations from them which I have observed.

In the grey lag goose the beak is orange-yellow shading down to bright pink against the nail, which is always white or greyish-white, legs from white to dull pink. The orange eyelids, too, are a feature.

In the adult white-front again the beak-nail is white, the beak is often described as orange colour, but I have never handled a white-front (old or young) which had not a pink beak, except for a tiny spot of lemon-yellow at the base (culmen), and also on the sides of the lower mandible. An immature white-front (a bird of the year) will show neither the white forehead nor the dark breast-bars so noticeable in old birds; the nail is brown instead of white, legs and feet pale yellow. Such birds can be very puzzling to a casual gunner, and are often called young bean geese or what not.

Both bean geese and pink-foot have a black beak-nail, and at all ages show a varying amount of black about the nostrils and base of beak.

The pink-foot has comparatively the shortest beak of all the grey geese.

I have, myself, shot one pink-foot that had yellow legs, and have heard of similar birds, but this is, I fancy, a very unusual variation. In a typical bird the legs and feet may vary from greyish white, in a young bird, to bright rosy pink when fully adult.

Now for points of identification in the field. The grey lag is a big "burly" goose, very grey looking about the head and neck, and, when lifting from the ground, the light pearly-grey shoulders (in contrast to the dark flight-feathers) are very noticeable.

White-fronted geese look slimmer and browner, and, in a clear light, the black breast-bars of the old ganders can be seen at some distance. Pink-feet again, apart from their dark heads, are very grey-looking geese, and, on stubble or marsh, look sometimes as "blue" as pigeons. The bean goose is a big dark-looking bird with rather an upright carriage.

After a little practice it is quite easy to distinguish the various grey geese by their voices alone. The grey lag, with its long-drawn, sonorous gabble of "gar gar gar gar" (like a farm-yard goose); the sharp "gag gag" of the pink-foot and the similar note of the white-front, but pitched in a high falsetto; and, lastly, the deep grunting voice of the bean goose, almost resembling those of a little pig!

On flight, both pink-foot and white-front look (as they are) very long in the wing, and comparatively short in the neck.

Though outnumbered by the white-front in the Western Counties, in point of numbers and general distribution the pink-foot is, without doubt, our commonest wild goose; at all events in England and Scotland; in Ireland it is rarely met with.

The grey lag is distinctly local in its occurrence, and to be considered rather a scarce bird in most parts of England, but becoming more numerous as we approach the border country. In recent years these geese have made a notable little settlement at Leighton Moss, near Carnforth. Here I have seen five or six hundred geese on flight together—all of them grey lags. About a hundred geese are shot at Leighton in most seasons and never a pink-foot among them. Whatever may have been the case 50 or 60 years ago, the bean goose is nowadays to be reckoned a very rare goose, and whether it was at any time really numerous in this country is open to doubt. I fancy that the statements of earlier writers as to the thousands of bean geese to be found in Norfolk (or elsewhere) bear obvious reference to the pink-foot which at that time had hardly obtained recognition as a separate species.

Generally alike in their habits of feeding by day (except for occasional foraging expeditions by moonlight) and of spending the hours of darkness resting on some extensive lake, estuary or sand-bar, the different grey geese show some variation in their own particular choice of bed and board. The preference of the grey lag for fresh water is well known, and I suggest that the term "lag," as applied to this species, is merely a corruption of the word lake or lough, *i.e.* the grey lough goose that sticks to the north country tarns, &c. A small party of grey lags which frequented the Holkham marshes in 1922, during the winter of 1922 were often observed to flight "in" to Holkham lake at nightfall instead of "out" to sea.

Pink-footed geese (and white-fronts also) show a decided partiality for salt water, and Loch Leven is the only fresh water that I know of which is used by them in any considerable numbers. The pink-foot again is the only goose which is to be found feeding on the barley stubbles in autumn, and not until these are gleaned bare or ploughed in, will he resort regularly to the marshes. The bean and white-front geese are almost exclusively marsh feeders. At all events I have never heard of either being shot on an "upland" farm.

In the matter of local distribution we must remark some notable changes during the last ten to fifteen years. To take as an example the county of Norfolk only. In pre-War years the entire grey goose population could be found centred in a very small part of West Norfolk comprising the coastal marsh-land from Blakeney to Burnham Overy, and inland as far as Fakenham and Docking. Elsewhere in the whole county grey geese were (comparatively) rarely seen, and, of course, still more rarely shot.

Nowadays, Holkham, the pre-War "Mecca" of East Anglian goose-shooters, has, indeed, lost its "pride of place" and geese can be found wintering in goodly numbers in almost all parts of the county which are suited to their habits, from the Suffolk border to the extreme bight of the Wash.

It was during the winter of 1913 that a few dozen grey geese began to frequent the Halvergate fresh marshes near Breydon water. During the following ten years their numbers had increased to perhaps two or three thousand, while more recently still they have spread themselves as far up the Yare valley as the Buckenham and Acle marshes.

I was lately told of some good bags of geese made at morning flight in this neighbourhood. My informant, a local marshman and wildfowler of some repute (but now in his eighties), told me also that he himself had never shot a grey goose of any sort! It was about the same time as the Halvergate settlement that the geese (pink-foot and white-fronted) began to use the Snettisham and Dersingham marshes in greatly increased numbers, and the same can be said of the country near Holbeach (South Lines), where heavy bags have been recorded.

Of these perhaps the most notable was one of no fewer than 72 geese to five guns (in a few hours), which was made in December of 1932. The geese were shot by moonlight flighting in to feed on fields which had been wheat-sown after a potato crop.

On the West coast of England we find similar local changes for better or worse. The Dee marshes near Burton Point, formerly second to no place in England for geese, are now practically deserted by them, but possibly the Ribble Estuary and other goose resorts have benefited in proportion.

Our black geese, the brent and bernicle, are easy to distinguish—the brent with his sooty black foreparts and white "stern," the bernicle with white cheeks and variegated back. There are two distinct races or sub-species of brent geese, the dark-bellied and the light. The first is an Eastern form nesting in Siberia, and the second the pale-bellied Western form, in Spitzbergen and Arctic America. Both are said to occur on the Norfolk coast in about equal numbers, but I have never handled any but those of the darker variety.

The bernicle is a very "local" goose, and its occurrence in any numbers is confined to certain favourite localities on the West coast of Scotland, and Ireland. In England the only regular haunt of the bernicle is on the Solway shore. The brent, on the other hand, is widely distributed. The bitter February weather of 1929 was heralded by unusual numbers of them on the East and South coasts.

Towards the end of January, 1937, a remarkable account of wild geese on the South coast was published in a Sussex newspaper. Commencing with the words, "Shooting amounting to wanton slaughter," the writer proceeded to state that wild geese by the hundred were being shot from the beach at Winchelsea, Pett and Pevensey; that they were of all sorts (quoting every species on the British list), and concluding with the amazing statement that "wild geese . . . fall easy victims to the modern breech-loader," &c.

The story, on the face of it, was greatly exaggerated, and I was curious to know how far it had any foundation in fact. After some inquiry I learnt from various reliable informants that there had been a wonderful visitation, of brent geese at any rate, along the south-east coast, including the Kentish fowling grounds, at Pegwell Bay, Sheppey, &c., and that quite a sprinkling of geese had been shot. I could hear nothing authentic about grey geese, though it is possible that a few were obtained. A similar influx of brent occurred on the Norfolk coast at the same time; and I was assured by fowlers of long experience at Blakeney and Wells that never (not even during the record hard winter of 1923-4 and 1928-9) had they seen so many brent geese. Curiously enough, in January, 1937, we had no hard weather at all, only a bitter north-east wind lasting for several days.

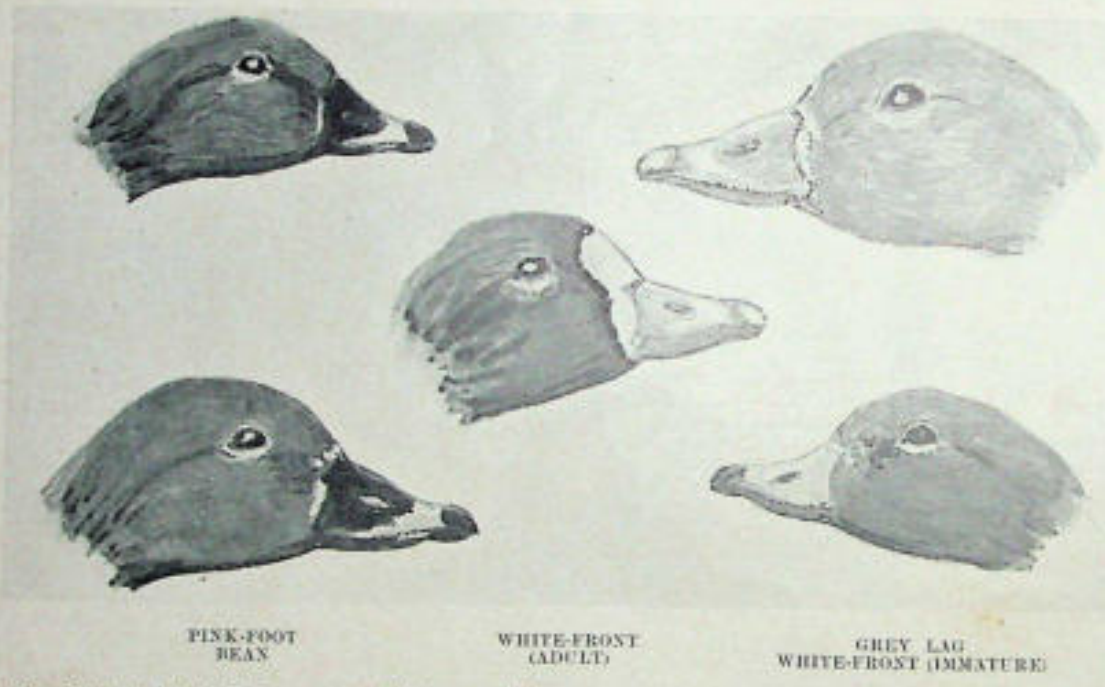
I have now dealt faithfully with our typical wild geese. The British list includes a few others, such as the Canadian and Egyptian geese, the snow geese and also the red breasted and lesser white-fronted. Of these, the first two must be written-off as half-tame introductions, and the others too rare for consideration here. The lesser white-front finds admission to the British list on the strength of two well-recorded specimens only. I might mention also certain eastern forms or sub-species of the bean goose, such as Middendorf's and Sushkin's geese, individuals of which *may* possibly have wandered *nigro-que simillima cygno* as far as our coasts.

Middendorf's goose, larger and deeper-beaked than *our* bean goose, is a magnificent bird; and a good gander might well weigh 10lb.

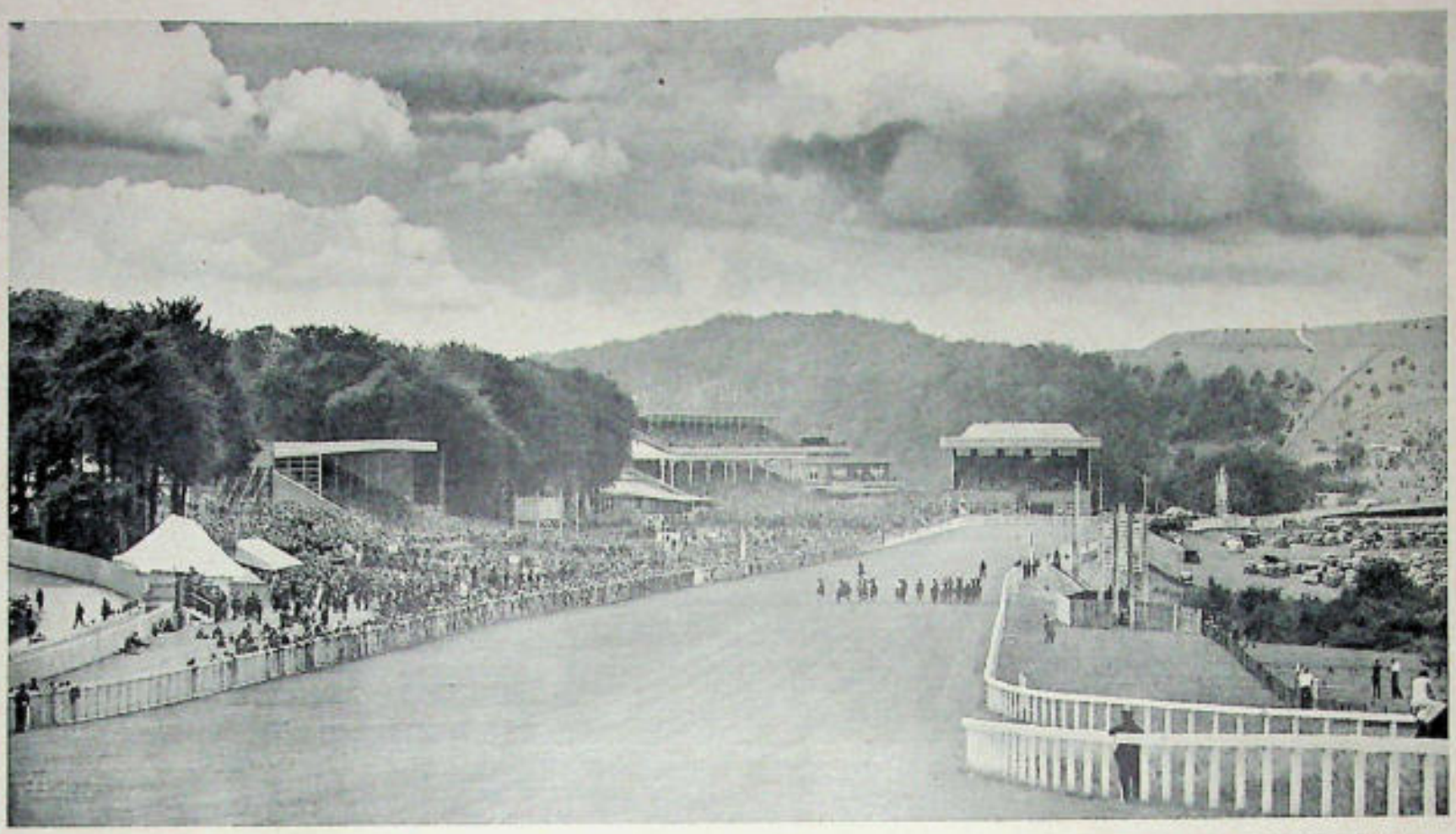
Sushkin's goose (*anser neglectus*) is typical "bean" in size, shape and length of head, &c., but has rosy-pink legs and beak, like an old pink-foot. To anyone who is interested in these and kindred varieties of the geese, I would commend M. Serge Apheraky's monumental treatise, *The Geese of Europe and Asia*.

In conclusion, we may ask ourselves: "Have our visiting wild geese increased or decreased within living memory?" The question is a hard one to answer, and I for one shall not attempt it. Owing to the nomadic habits of geese the difficulties of compiling an accurate census of their numbers would be enormous, and even if reliable figures were obtainable we have no similar accounts of past years with which to compare them.

But if the well-recorded "bags" of the last few years are any criterion at all, there would seem to be no *present* decrease in their numbers.



PINK-FOOT BEAN — WHITE-FRONT (ADULT) — GREY LAG WHITE-FRONT (IMMATURE)



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE FROM THE FIVE FURLONG GATE, SHOWING THE FIELD GETTING AWAY FROM THE START OF THE GOODWOOD STAKES. THE RACE WAS WON BY MR. J. H. WHITNEY'S VALEDICTORY

A SUCCESSFUL GOODWOOD MEETING

THOSE people who were connected with the Goodwood meeting in any official capacity, or had a financial interest in it, must have been very depressed and anxious on Monday evening, for rain had fallen all the afternoon and there had been thunder and lightning, while the weather prophets had nothing but bad news. Goodwood depends very much on fine weather, and that seemed most improbable. Nevertheless, everything was a great success, for no rain fell while racing was on, and what rain fell at night did nothing but good. The weather for all four days was the best that we have had this year. The result was one of the most successful Goodwoods for many years, and it was certainly one of the most enjoyable. Further, the racing was of the highest class, and most of the finishes almost too exciting. Mr. Hancock, the judge, earned fully every penny of his pay.

When Turkhan was a yearling he was such a bad mover that his breeder, the Aga Khan, suggested sending him for sale. His son, the Aly Khan, however, suggested that that might be a bad advertisement for Bahram, and bought him himself from his father. Whatever Turkhan may be at home, he is useful on the course, as he showed by winning at Ascot. He seemed on that form to have a good chance of winning the Ham Produce Stakes on the first day at Goodwood, and when he had overcome Boccaccio the race seemed to be his until E. Smith brought Hippius with a great run and got up and beat Turkhan in the last stride by a short head. Hippius is owned by Lord Rosebery, who bred him from Hyperion and Edgelaw, the dam of winners among them Edgehill. Hippius is a gallant colt, and, if small, is no smaller than was his famous sire. Many visitors consider that Turkhan should have won, but many people think that when a short-priced favourite is narrowly beaten.

Turkhan was not the only two-year-old favourite to be beaten during the meeting. The Aga Khan's Moradabad, however, won the Richmond Stakes at slight odds on, as did Rose of England colt the Lavant Stakes of five furlongs. Nizani, who had failed at odds on a few days before at Hurst Park, was well backed to beat Lord Glanely's colt. He ran in a hood, but ran no better than he had done at Hurst Park, and must be much better at home than he is on a racecourse. The Rose of England colt made almost all of the running, and was not all out to win. I think now that he was unlucky to have been disqualified at Sandown Park, and, so long as the distance is not too far for him, will go on winning. On the other hand, his breeder and trainer consider that he will stay. I think that he is the best two-year-old yet seen out, although that is not the universal opinion.



FIVE FURLONGS FROM THE FINISH OF THE SUSSEX STAKES, WHICH WAS WON BY LORD GLANELY'S OLEIN WITH T. LOWREY UP. OLEIN WON FROM MOON RAY BY A NECK AND ORLEANS WAS THIRD

Rose of England colt is out of Rose of England, who was by Teddy out of Perce Neige, who must be a very old mare. She is surely over 20. Gainsborough must be even older, yet the two of them had a winner during the second day at Goodwood. This was the Aga Khan's Winterhalter, who stayed on most gamely to win the Selsey Stakes of six furlongs. It is not often that the son of such old parents is of much account, but this seems to me to be a very useful horse in the making. To judge by the odds at which he started, a hundred to eight, he was not much expected to win, yet strangely enough he had been a good tip all the morning of the race.

Illuminate, who won the six furlongs Foxhall Stakes, owed much of his success to the riding of Carslake, who nursed this doubtful stayer in masterly fashion. Illuminate was well backed, and then people who back two-year-olds—and they are the wisest of people who bet—laid 7 to 2 on the Aga Khan's Bashir, who had shown such promise at Liverpool the previous week when beaten by only Fair Test. They lost their money, for after starting slowly, and then making up the lost ground very quickly, and taking the lead, Bashir failed to stay home as well as Northern Lights, who won for Lord Derby. Bashir is by Bahram out of Mah Mahal, the dam of Mahmoud, who was by Blenheim, so that Bashir is bred on almost exactly the same lines as the Derby winner, Mahmoud. He also is a grey, although described on the programme as a brown. Northern Lights is by Solario out of Lady of the Snows, by Manna, and is the dam's second winner. Credentia and Allure, the two two-year-olds to win on the last day of the meeting, are useful but hardly top class.

So much for the two-year-olds of the meeting, which I leave still considering that the Rose of England colt is the best of the lot yet seen on a racecourse. Heliopolis, one of the most fancied of the St. Leger candidates, won the Gratwicke Stakes of a mile and a half—a rich stake. He won by only a neck from Silksworth, to whom he was giving 17lb.

Time may well show that this was a very good performance, but in addition to that it is to be noted that Heliopolis won easily and had the race won a long way from the winning post. Olein, a three-year-old filly by Colombo, the sire also of the Rose of England colt, won two races at the meeting and so avenged her defeat at the Second July Meeting. Her first success was gained in the Sussex Stakes over the old mile. She gave Fulham weight and beat him with ease, being chased home by Moon Ray, to whom she was giving some 10lb., including sex allowance. It was thought after this success that she would not race again during the meeting, but she seemed so fit and well the next day that her owner decided that she should be started for the Nassau Stakes of a mile and a quarter. I have always liked this filly, but I have always doubted whether she got any further than a mile. Yet she stayed this mile and a quarter, cleverly catching the leaders in the last few yards and winning narrowly from Flyolley and Foxcraft. Olein was carrying 9st. 8lb. and must be a really high-class three-year-old.

The most spectacular event of the whole meeting was the win of Knight's Caprice in the Stewards' Cup. He was drawn number three, on the stands side, which is generally considered to be a severe handicap. Ridden by Canty, who came over from Ireland for the sole purpose of riding him, Knight's Caprice was out of the gate like a flash, and was soon leading the field. He was quite early in the race so far in front that he could edge over to the far rails without any danger of interfering with any other horse. He then sailed home unchallenged, winning with the greatest of ease and elegance by three lengths from Faststep, who beat the three-year-old Linklater by a head for second place. Knight's Caprice is a four-year-old by Knight of the Garter, and was trained for the race by R. C. Dawson, who I have reason to believe was not surprised by the colt's success. He should now win the Portland Plate, at Doncaster, if he can get that much more severe six furlongs.

The night before the race for the Goodwood Cup Basil Jarvis, the trainer of Dubonnet, told me that his candidate was not certain to run, as he had knocked a knee. However, he had him sent from Newmarket to the meeting, and finding that the knee seemed all right decided to start him. At the weights he had an outstanding chance, and the only question was whether the knee would stand the long gallop of two miles and five furlongs. There was a moment at the top of the hill when Dubonnet suddenly lost ground, when it seemed that he might have broken down, but such was not the case. Coming on to the flat, Senor, who had never been out of the first two, took up the running, chased by Dubonnet, who, with an advantage in the weights of 10lb., went on to win in the end by a length. Contrevent was third, Sierra Nevada fourth and Challenge, who seems to have lost his stamina, fifth and last. GNOSTIC.

A TORRIDGE RETREAT

By JOHN KENNET

"TORRIDGE. Rises near the Cornish border of Devonshire, and joins the Taw Estuary at Appledore, falling into the Atlantic at Barnstaple Bay. Salmon and trout." That description comes from the *Field's* publication *Where to Fish*, but in its necessary brevity it can convey nothing of the charm, beauty and sporting possibilities of this little gem of a river, which, incidentally, must have one of the most curious courses of any river in England. Curious, in that its mouth, in Barnstaple Bay, is only about a dozen miles in a straight line from its source, for the Torridge runs in a great horseshoe. And somewhere about halfway along this horseshoe is the tiny village of Sheepwash.

A writer once described Sheepwash as the "remotest village in Devonshire." It is. It lies on a road leading nowhere. It is miles from the nearest railway. Indeed, there seems very little reason for the existence of Sheepwash at all. But as a peaceful, quiet, wholly delightful fishing centre, I have found few places to equal it. The Torridge here is an attractive stream, and is well stocked with trout. In an average season (unlike the 1938 disappointment) there is a good run of salmon, and, after a summer flood, of peal. But it is with the brown trout fishing that this article is chiefly concerned.

The Half Moon Hotel at Sheepwash (proprietor, T. W. Alcock) has my fullest recommendation. It is comfortable, the food is excellent, and nothing is too much trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Alcock look after their guests in a truly hospitable and thorough manner. The Half Moon has four miles of fishing in the Torridge, all easily accessible to anglers staying at the hotel, and in these four miles there is every type of water—deep pools, shallows, stickles, glides and fast runs. Trout are plentiful, and do not seem especially gut shy.

There is little to choose between one beat and another (the four miles are divided into six beats), though probably the best from the trout angler's point of view are the two beats above Sheepwash Bridge and the bottom beat above the Iron Bridge. These are rather easier to fish than the rest of the water, which, in places, is inclined to be wooded, and in some places too deep to wade. But on the whole there is good trout water throughout the four miles, and no matter how many anglers there are at the hotel you are never likely to be crowded.

At the top end of the water (*i.e.*, above Sheepwash Bridge) the water is quite open, and is generally fishable from the bank, though wading is everywhere more desirable. This stretch also includes several of the best salmon pools, notably the Peninsular Pool, at the top end of which is said to be an excellent place for sea trout.

As in most West Country rivers, the trout do not run large, but the Torridge is no moorland river, and half-pounders are by no means uncommon. Though the average is probably four or five to the pound, there are considerably larger trout in the water, and pounders may be expected anywhere. A fish of 1¼lb. was taken from the Bridge Pool this summer, and I personally had a nice pounder to a dry Wickham's Fancy in the top stretch.

As regards flies, the Torridge trout seem very catholic in taste, and it is hard to recommend any one pattern in particular. But here are one or two which I, and others, have found successful on this water: Blue upright, pheasant tail, Greenwell's glory, Wickham's Fancy, coachman, red spinner, any form of olive, and Tup's indispensable. I have taken trout on all of these.

Dry-fly fishing I have generally found to produce better sport than wet fly, but there is suitable water for both. With a dry fly it often pays to fish the *unlikely* spots, especially in the small bays and back eddies at the sides of the salmon pools. A fly flicked under the overhanging trees will often produce a good fish. Owing to the wooded nature of the stream a long rod is not advisable, but if you are not wading, a long-handled landing net is an absolute necessity, as in many places the banks are high and steep. Incidentally, it is often under these high gravel banks, and in deep water, that the best trout lie.

Although the Torridge does not run off Dartmoor, it is quickly affected by rain, and after a few hours' steady downpour comes down thick and coloured. It fines down, however, as quickly as it rises, and even after a bank-high spate is generally in reasonably fishable condition in a couple of days or so. But just as a warning—if the water *is* coloured, do not wade at all unless you have made sure beforehand of the nature of the stream bed. In some places the bed of the Torridge is made up of rocky ledges, and it is quite easy to slip or step off these into deep water. I made this mistake once when fishing just below Sheepwash Bridge—and received a very uncomfortable ducking in about 6ft. of water. I was always exceedingly wary after that!

Yes, the Torridge at Sheepwash is certainly worth a visit. If you want a quiet, comfortable holiday in really beautiful surroundings, you will find it hard to beat. And once you have fished the Torridge at Sheepwash, the next visit is only a matter of time.

SUMMER FEEDERS

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

ALTHOUGH all coarse fish can now be angled for, and although, too, we can still go for salmon and trout, four fish which I suggest anglers should not forget when planning their calendars are tench and carp—the hibernators; rudd, which seem to revel in the hot mid-day hours of the summer months; and bream, the proverbial great big "bags" of which are likewise made in summer, though, for some reason, October is a good month for them, too.

And I suggest there is further justification for considering these four members of the carp family *en bloc*. They all often inhabit the same water—pond, lake, broad, canal or sluggish-flowing river. Upon occasion they will all take similar baits. The methods of capture (except that rudd are surface or near-the-surface feeders), as also the tackle, are much about the same, with the bait lying well on the bottom. Rudd, though, with their lovely golden-bronze flanks and brilliant lower fins, are, I think it will be agreed, the handsomest of all.

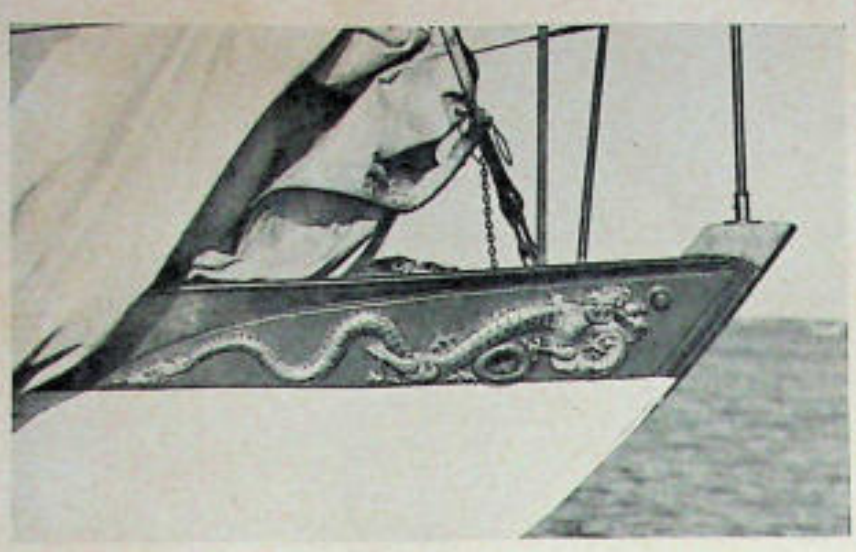
In fighting power, however, carp — leather-mouthed, barbuled wiseacres—put up the best and most cunning resistance, with, when hooked, that initial headlong streak off towards the centre, any premature attempt to "brake" this merry little scamper being apt to result in quite a different sort of "break"; while if there be any obstruction in the water, such as a submerged tree trunk, a fallen branch, a post, or reeds, these fish with the biggest brain will intentionally, so I verily believe, connive to get the line encircled around it. Tench, too, another good fighter, will likewise, unless resolutely given the butt, assuredly seek escape amid the dense mass of weed and other aquatic growth usually characteristic of their habitat.

The trouble with bream, I have found, is that, gregarious of nature, and presumably under some leadership, they are great rovers. Finding ground-bait, they may be tempted to tarry awhile—let us hope—till their numbers are thinned a bit. Alternatively, their whereabouts is disclosed by discoloured muddy water, evidencing that they are rooting and grubbing about on the bottom. Sometimes, too, one sees them basking or disporting on the surface, or when rising, which they do in a deliberate manner, jutting their dorsal fin out of the water and rolling over with a lazy flop. Bubbles are another sign, but likewise of tench and carp.

The easiest way to locate rudd, however, is to surface bait for them by throwing pieces of dry bread on to the water, and then bide quietly until these are seen being nosed about.

As regards ground-bait constituents, one cannot, I think, beat the good old general favourite of bread, bran and middlings. But I ken an angler who claimed that slaughter-house remnants brought tench and perch on feed quicker than anything. The late R. B. Marston advocated mixing in a few drops of oil of tar. But what should be added is some of the hook bait—such as chopped-up worms or a few maggots. For carp, I usually add some mashed boiled potatoes. For bream—which, of course, still abound in the Norfolk broads and rivers—I usually add some stewed wheat and/or barley.

As regards hook baits, worms, gentles and bread-paste may be equally successful. Carp, of course, like honey, either mixed in the bread paste or as a coating outside the new parboiled potato. In one old monks' stewpond I sometimes fish, however, I have found that a paste made from grated Cheddar cheese is best. For rudd, fishing at Slapton Ley (Devon), famous for its wealth of big rudd, I have found breadpaste most killing. Tench will also take boiled wheat or a piece of stiff ground bait.





DECORATIONS FORE AND AFT. THE DRAGON ON THE BOWS OF GOLDEN DRAGON AND THE STERN OF DE ROLAND VON BREMEN

OCEAN RACERS OF TO-DAY

An International Entry for This Year's Fastnet

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

ON the eve of the Fastnet, let us take a quick glance at some of the entrants, for when, on Saturday, August 5th, the gun goes at noon or thereabouts, there will be over 30 boats jockeying for the line—the flower of the ocean racing fleet.

One or two of them are brand new, so new that except for the "shake-down" race organised by the Island Sailing Club around Poole Bar Buoy for the previous Tuesday, the dust of the fitting-out yard has hardly left them; the majority are seasoned warriors with one or more full seasons behind them, while a few are veterans of several Fastnets—and just one that has carried off the Fastnet Cup before.

To take the British entries first:

Latifa belongs to Michael Mason, Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. She is a big bermudian yawl, of 53 tons, a Fife boat from the Clyde. This is her second Fastnet; it is a biennial event, of course, so last year Latifa went to the United States to take part in their Bermuda Race, but carried away her bowsprit and had to retire.

Another boat whose owner belongs to the Royal Yacht Squadron is Bloodhound, the fine Nicholson boat, also a bermudian yawl, but smaller than Latifa, being 45ft. on the waterline; she is owned by Mr. Isaac Bell, and is the same hull design as his previous ship, Foxhound. She won the Morgan Cup and Channel races in her first season (1937), but was not raced at all last year.

A third sister ship of the two "Hounds" is Stiarna, cutter rigged and owned by Mr. J. B. F. Gage. At the time of writing she is a "probable" only for the Fastnet, as her entry is not confirmed. She was second in the last contest, and in 1938 took second prize in the Dover-Christiansand race.

The biggest sloop in the race is Benbow, a Robert Clark design, built at Cumper & Nicholsons, and owned by Mr. E. Gore-Lloyd. She is very new—her mast was stepped for the first time scarcely a fortnight before the start of the race—and though she is an obvious thruster, she has hardly had time to find herself before being put at the stiffest fence of the offshore season. She is 50ft. on the waterline, with a centre-board and 2,000 sq. ft. Y.R.A. sail area—a truly enormous size for a sloop.

Another "pierhead jump" (if she makes it in time) will be Lara, also designed by Robert Clark, but built at Brookes's, Lowestoft. She is a yawl of 42ft. waterline and, again, belongs to the growing school of centre-boarders which is the result of some outstanding successes with the c.b. by American designers in the past few years. Lara is a "firm entry" for the Fastnet, but as we write there is some doubt if she will manage to start, as she was only ready to sail from Lowestoft the previous week-end, which is certainly cutting it fine. However, if she gets there after all she is likely to put up a fine performance.

Maid of Malham is another well-known boat, designed by Laurent Giles and owned by Mr. Norman Jones. She and Ortac rivalled each other in renown for a couple of seasons, though the latter has, alas! dropped out of things this year. The Maid was third in the last Fastnet, and last year won the Trenchemer Cup for the most points in the open class. She is a cutter, 35ft. on waterline.

Mr. T. C. Ratsey's Evenlode, a Fife boat, also 35ft. waterline like the Maid, but sloop rigged, is another entry. She was second to the Maid in last year's Channel race, and also took second prize this year in the Morgan Cup. This is her first Fastnet.

Ilex, owned by the Royal Engineer Yacht Club, earns the title of "old timer": with many changes of rig, from gaff cutter (when she first saw the light in 1899) to gaff yawl and back to cutter again, this time bermudian, she has been in almost every Fastnet that ever was—and most other off-shore events of any note. She won in 1926, was third in 1929 and 1930 and again in 1935, winning the inter-regimental cup in 1937.

Another "military" boat is Rose, owned by the Royal Artillery Yacht Club. Of the same vintage as Ilex, she raced her first Fastnet in 1935 under the ownership of Colonel King (of subsequent Ortac renown), and under her present ownership was second in the cruiser class in 1937.

A third old 'un is Zoraida: with her dark hull and dark sails, straight stem and gaff rig, she is a familiar sight on the Solent. Owned by Captain Franklin Ratsey, R.N., this is her 51st year afloat, and her second Fastnet. Another boat sailing her maiden Fastnet, but otherwise no chicken, is Griffin, a straight-stemmer built down west, and owned by Lieutenant-Commander Martin, Admiral of the R.O.R.C.

A newcomer from the Far East is Golden Dragon, from Hong Kong, designed and owned by Mr. H. S. Rouse, who designed Tai-mo-Shan. The latter will not be sailing in the Fastnet, as she has been scratched.

Two more well-known Clark-designed boats are entered: Erivale and Mary Bower. The former, owned by Mr. J. H. Rawlings, created considerable interest when she appeared last season, full of the latest gadgets. She won the Dover-Christiansand race, but did not appear much during the rest of the season, though she won two of the smaller events on the French coast. This year she won the Round the Island race (big class). Mary Bower is a new ship, owned by Major Bryson; she is a cutter, of 35ft. waterline and this year won the Southsea-Brixham (via le Havre light vessel) race in convincing manner.

The remaining "certain entries" among the British yachts are: Macnab, Mr. J. J. Joass's 35ft. waterline cutter, built by the Berthon Boat Co.; she won the Kingstown-Clyde race last year; and Morva, a new last year Mylne-designed cutter belonging to Mr. P. Holman. Amongst older boats are Thalassa, Forban, Joyrena and Phryna.

Besides the above, there is also a short list of "possibles": Stiarna has already been mentioned, but it is also hoped that Ragna R, a Swedish-designed boat (by Knud Reimers), owned by Mr. H. Wrohan, will turn up; also Neith, Major Henderson's handsome Herreshoff cutter, and perhaps Trenchemer, the Olin Stephens designed cutter belonging to Mr. Walter Bell, brother of Bloodhound's owner.

Amongst foreign boats there is quite a good showing: Zecarand, also designed by Stephens, and winner of the last Fastnet, and Olivier Van Noort, both from Holland, the latter a new boat, second this year in the Weser race.

Five entries come from Germany, amongst them Nordwind, a Gruber-designed ship owned by the German Admiralty, and the biggest vessel in the race—built to the limit, with a 60ft. waterline. The other four German boats are: Roland von Bremen, Walkure, Ettsi IV, and Hamburg.

There are two French entries: Aile Noire is one, a graceful yawl, designed by her owner, M. Baldenweck, and presenting an attractive picture with her tanned sails and blue hull. The second is an ex Havre pilot cutter, Saint Maâl, resembling that first-of-all Fastnet winners, Jolie Brise, but not likely to emulate her achievements in these fierce modern times.

With 29 firm entries and several possibles, there will be a biggish fleet on the line for this off-shore classic; the biggest the race has even seen, if not the most international; for somehow, the Fastnet does not seem like the Fastnet without an entry or two from across the Atlantic. There was talk of one American entry turning up, but at the time of writing it has not materialised; maybe at the last minute—who knows?



MR. J. H. RAWLINGS'S ERIVALE
Designed by Robert Clark and built by the Sussex Yacht Works, Shoreham

THE SLACKNESS OF ALASTAIR

By FRANK WALLACE

"A NICE head," said Mr. B., in the big downstairs room in Piccadilly. "A very nice head."

It was a nice head, but even Mr. B., who knew pretty nearly everything, did not know how much human thought and energy, what hopes and fears besides Alastair's had centred round it a few days earlier before it had finally come to rest on the floor beside him.

Four days earlier it had been Sunday, Sunday in the stalking season, which meant that though during the preceding six days it had poured relentlessly, and would probably pour for the following six, the swollen waters of the river which ran in front of the lodge danced and sparkled in bright sunshine. They caught reflections from a sky which turned them in mid-stream from gold and amber to silver and blue. The whole scene was full of colour, such colour as can only be seen in Scotland in October, the memory of which, once seen, can never be effaced.

In front of the lodge was sitting a boy of about seventeen. His long rather narrow face was of a deep brown from which a pair of blue eyes shone with suppressed energy. His name was Alastair, and of him at a later stage in his career I have written before.

Whatever faults he had, he could never have been accused of slackness. Occasionally his outbursts of energy were punctuated by spasms of silent brooding, the invariable precursor of a super outburst. He was broody now. He was brooding on the Baron who had been to lunch.

Lord Runton, short, stout, with a Hitler moustache, was one of those unfortunate people who, everyone agreed, would have been very much nicer had he been kicked hard when young. As it was, pink, petted and prosperous, he exuded an aura of self-satisfied opulence which less favoured mortals found intensely irritating. So long as it was generally conceded that he was the best shot, his wife the best-looking woman, his pheasants the highest, and his stags the most superior in any company, all was well. At other times the cloven hoof was apt to appear.

He had patronised Alastair at lunch, and we all hate to be patronised. He had called him "old chap," and Alastair hated to be called "old chap" by people he did not like. He had talked about stags, his stags in particular, and he had enlarged on a certain 13-pointer which he had pursued without success the previous season. He had announced that, this animal having been seen near the march, he was going to make a supreme effort to circumvent it in the middle of the week, on his return from London, whither he had been summoned for an important business conference.

It was on these facts that Alastair brooded.

A quiet voice broke in on his musings.

"What are you thinking about, Alastair?" it said.

Alastair woke up with a start.

"Oh, just thinking," said he. Then suddenly as he collected himself, "May I stalk to-morrow, Uncle?"

"You can go out with Rory if you like," was the answer. "I want Duncan. And you'd better not bump off the Baron's 13-pointer if you see it," added the speaker.

"No, Uncle Henry," dutifully replied his nephew.

The following morning was dull and cloudy with a strong S.W. wind, which was good for the ground not really forest, though deer were always about. Heavy mist swayed and eddied sullenly about the higher tops, and swirled sluggishly round the birches which covered the lower slopes.

Rory was an ally of Alastair's, but what he had planned he wished to do entirely alone, and to carry out his plan it was essential that he should kill a stag.

Fate seemed against him from the start. Spying was difficult, for as the morning drew on, the wind lessened and a slight drizzle started. A small, ugly 5-pointer had possession of some hinds in the middle of a peat hag and him they stalked. Fate still pursued them, and it was not until late in the afternoon that their third stalk ended successfully.

"I'll have to drag him down to the path and get the gillie up from the loch side," said Rory. "You'd best cut straight home by you burn, Mr. Alastair."

Alastair pondered a moment. "Right," said he. Then he added casually, "I'll just have a look over the edge of Corrie Beith on the way, in case there's anything there."

Just over the ridge lay the Baron's domain, and as he watched Rory dragging the dead stag over the peat Alastair's hopes grew. The wind was right. He knew that the best chance of a poach was on this identical bit of ground, and though such chances seldom materialise, there *was* a chance, and thoughts of the 13-pointer filled his mind. He was very wet, but he was very happy, as one always is at his age, having just brought off a successful shot.

It was not far to the march, and though the rain had stopped, a thin mist hindered his view as he reached the ridge. Crawling the last few yards, he peered over. Scattered on the slope of the hill in Naboth's vineyard were some hinds. They were within a few hundred yards, but no stag was visible, and Alastair's hopes sank. The mist curled and eddied. At one moment the whole stretch of hill-side was blotted out, the next capriciously revealed.

As Alastair watched, a roar came out of the mist. The hinds moved uneasily, bunched and lifting their heads stared intently in the direction of the sound. There came another roar. One of the hinds started to feed. The others remained motionless, watching.

Through a swirl in the mist a form dimly showed, was blotted out and again grew visible. The eyes of the watcher, blazing fiercely, were glued on the spot. There came a movement in the mist and another roar. Presently a stag stepped slowly into view, palely silhouetted against what should have been the skyline. He turned his head, looking at the hinds, and gave a grunt. With shaking hands Alastair focused his glass, for he knew that he had never seen a stag like this before. To say that he was excited would be a liberal understatement of the truth. He literally shook all





"A GREAT FORM HURLED ITSELF TOWARDS THEM DOWN THE SLOPE"

over, lying there with his head buried on his arm, until the spasm had passed. Then as he grew more composed he slowly raised himself. The mist had drifted aside and the stag stood with lifted head, his horns showing clearly. The glass was far from steady, but the watcher made out good double brows and, above the strong thick horns curving backwards in a grand double sweep, three on each top. The stag put down his head and nosed the ground. As he did so his right top was turned and a fourth point showed.

Alastair tried hard to collect his thoughts. The stag was just out of shot, but if he joined the hinds, as there was every reason to suppose he would do, he would be within range. He was over, but not very far over, the march, and what the boy was trying to get clear was, first, if he dared to take the risk of shooting could he kill the stag dead. He had no wish to pursue a wounded stag into the heart of the Baron's territory. Secondly, what his course of action should be with the stag lying dead before him.

He had practically decided the first point in his own favour when the stag roared again. It sounded nearer. Breathing heavily, Alastair grabbed hold of his rifle and pulled it up beside him. Then he raised his head and peered over the ridge on which he lay.

The mist, under the influence of a slight breeze, swept along the hillside, forming an unending procession of grey ghosts. Sometimes thicker, sometimes thinner, it was impossible to make out anything distinctly. He could see the group of hinds. Several of them were feeding, two or three had their heads raised. They had lost their attitude of watchfulness. The stag was not visible.

Then came another roar. This time it seemed further away up the hill, and the heart of the watcher sank. So, it seemed to him for hours, he waited.

A hind suddenly came into view. She moved quickly, trotting towards the others. The stag roared, and as he did so the mist lifted like a theatre curtain and revealed him, black and stark, his head and neck outstretched, broadside on 180yds. away.

Doubts and hesitations swept aside, Alastair turned the safety catch and cuddled the stock of the rifle to his cheek. As though the crack was a signal, down came the curtain of mist, but not before he had had time to see the hinds break and scatter as a great form hurled itself towards them down the slope. Then the grey procession swept everything from view save the immediate foreground, and he was left to wonder whether he had made a mess of the chance of a lifetime and what he was to do next. Slowly extracting the empty cartridge, he slipped it into his pocket and rose to his feet. Trembling all over, he took a few cautious steps forward and, bending almost double, slowly advanced. Beyond a few yards he could see nothing. The hinds had completely vanished and there was no sound save that of his own footsteps. The grey rocks and the yellow grass seemed unending. The mist swept past him, vague and intangible. Then for a second the curtain parted.

Thirty yards in front of him down the hillside were two rocks. Between them lay something dark, and above it, stark and black, a big withered branch. But there were no branches up here.

It was a horn! Caution laid aside, Alastair sprang forward. The brown object never moved, for the stag was quite dead. Alastair viewed it from every angle. He had triumphed after all. He had done in the Baron, and he had got an absolutely first-class Scottish head for his very own.

It was undeniable that the immediate future presented serious difficulties and a great deal of hard work, but with the enthusiasm of youth Alastair felt quite capable of surmounting them.

It took him three-quarters of an hour to drag his prize over the march, which was pretty good going, as anyone who has essayed a similar task will admit, and it was a very tired boy who stumbled upstairs in the lodge a couple of hours later. However, he felt better after a bath, and received his uncle's congratulations on the death of the 5-pointer with equanimity.

"Well out of the way," said the former. "I suppose you didn't see anything on the way back?"

For a moment Alastair boggled. Then, "Not much," he answered. After all, a few hinds and one stag were not much!

"Well, you'd better get off to bed," said his uncle. "I expect you're tired."

"Good night, Uncle Henry, and thank you for a lovely day!" said his nephew.

An hour later he heard his uncle come up to bed. He waited an hour longer to make sure that he was quite safe, though his eyes would hardly keep open.

Then quietly slipping from his room he cautiously opened the front door and stole into the quiet of the night. He found the path which led up into the hills and stumbled through the wood, barking his shins against roots and tree stumps, driven ever onward by the thought of what he had to do before the dawn. Presently he stood over the dark form which he had left, it seemed, so many hours ago.

How he managed in the dark to sever the head from the body, dispose of the latter in a large peat hag, and remove the more immediate traces of his crime, he never afterwards could recollect. Nor how, tired and sore, he succeeded, just as it was getting light, in depositing his trophy in a disused shed. It was Rory who found him there and who delightedly listened to the story of his Odyssey with many reproaches that he had not himself been called in to help.

"I wanted to do it all myself, Rory. You must help me to get the head away. My uncle mustn't know in case the Baron ever finds out," said Alastair soothingly.

It was Rory who enlisted the aid of the carrier and who despatched the head in an old crate to London.

These details attended to, Alastair crept wearily up to his room, flung off his clothes and crept into the luxurious softness of his bed. Three hours' dreamless sleep was his reward.

"Are you all right, Alastair?" said his uncle at breakfast.

"I'm all right, thanks," said Alastair, raising a couple of red-rimmed eyes to his host. "Why?"

"You look a bit fagged," said his uncle. "You'd better have a slack day."

For once, Alastair slacked.

USING THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

APROPOS my recent article on the modern type of sporting telescopic sight, I trust that a few hints on its proper use will be in order, particularly as the beginner will usually experience some difficulty in getting the most out of one until he has had considerable practice with it.

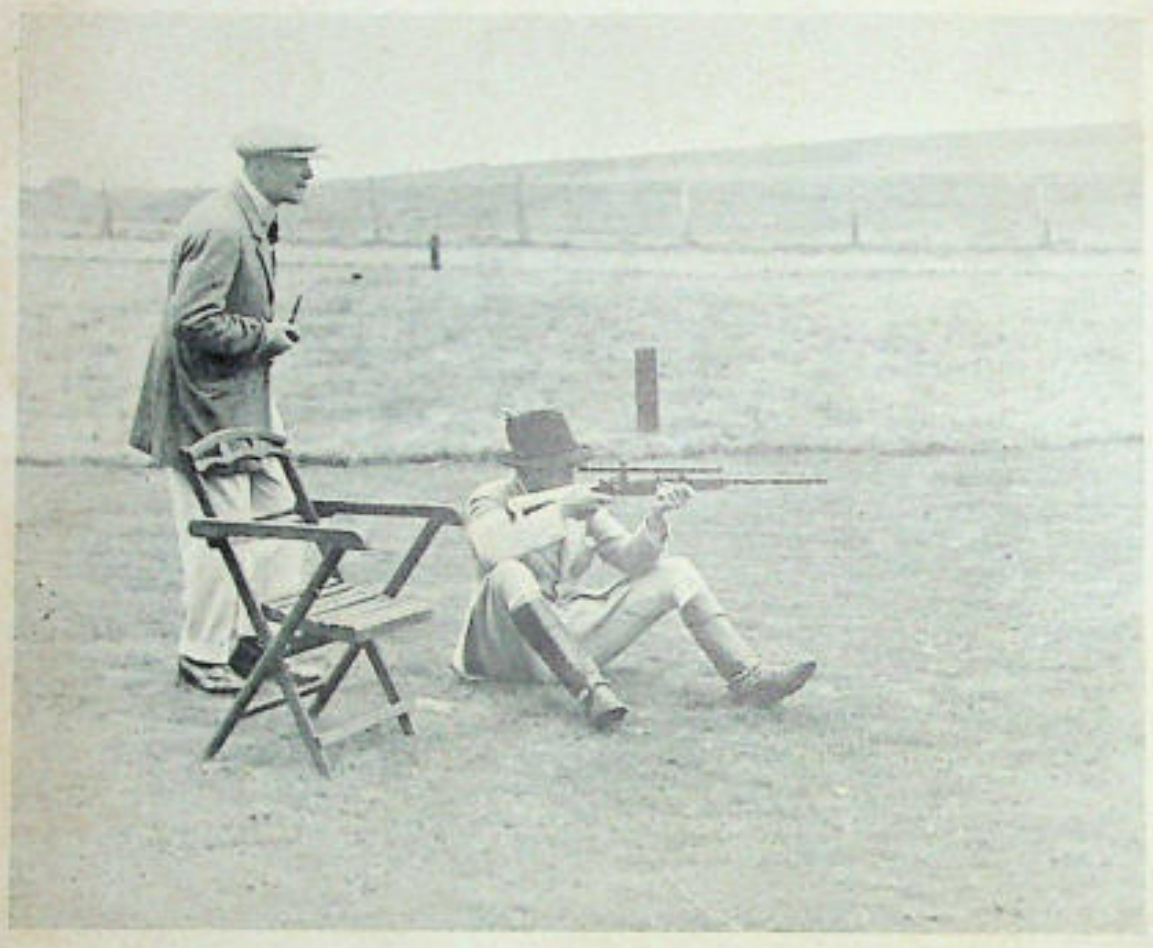
Obviously the main purpose of the magnifying sight is to increase one's ability to hit exactly where one desires; but as the glass has no inherent ability to steady the aim, or mystically guide the bullet on its course, this is entirely up to the shooter. So that while it is possible with the modern low-powered, wide-field telescopic sight to hit running game—in fact it is easier to do so than with iron sights once one has learned—it is nevertheless advisable to shoot from a rest when possible.

Naturally, when shooting at increased ranges on the open veldt, or in the mountains, one will adopt the prone position most of the time. Next to that the sitting position with the elbows supported by the knees is the most desirable. Often it is possible to shoot from the support of a boulder or when steadying the rifle against the trunk of a tree, and whenever these assistances are available they should be used. The more we increase the range the more we should guard against inexcusable wounding. When solid supports are resorted to the shooter should not rest the rifle barrel or the fore-stock directly on them, as this is ruinous to accuracy; the left forearm (speaking of right-handed shooters) or elbow should be rested on the support and in a like manner one can place his supporting left hand on the trunk of a tree. However, the barrel must not be held against the trunk but simply rested across the wrist, or in the crotch of the thumb, depending upon the side of the tree from which one is shooting. When the barrel is in direct contact with a solid support, it will shoot in the opposite direction, as the natural vibration of the barrel is retarded. When shooting off the top of a rock, if the barrel is bearing upon it, the shot will go high, sufficiently so with a perfect aim and let off to miss a large stag at 200yds., and if held against the right side of a tree the shot will go to the right.

As all telescopic sights magnify the vibrations of breathing and the tremors of the body, they appear to be less steady to the beginner, but actually they are only indicating the wobbles which the shooter is unconscious of when using iron sights, so that when one becomes used to it and does not become demoralised by their disconcerting effect, they are of real advantage.

Often when climbing at high altitude, which makes one gasp for breath and causes the heart to pound like a hammer, I have crawled out on a ridge to find game within fair range and as soon as I placed my telescopic sight upon it realised that I was in no condition to hazard a shot until I had quieted down. With iron sights I would not have been aware of it, or at least would have minimised the amount of the tremors and that is quite often the answer to what we consider an inexcusable miss.

Anyone who adopts a telescope should learn to use a strap hold; it is particularly advantageous when shooting from the standing position at running game. This simply consists of having an adjustable sling-strap on the rifle with a loop through which the left arm is thrust up to the biceps, the forearm then being twisted about the forward part of the strap before the hand grasps the fore-stock. Shooting thus I have frequently stopped running game from the off-hand position with a single shot at 200yds.



MR. W. V. C. BUXTON SHOOTING FROM SITTING POSITION

in conjunction with a glass sight, and once won the American running deer event at the Campfire Club with a perfect score plus three additional tens in the target before scoring less than a possible. I believe that score has not been equalled to date, in the States.

In using the sporting scope, I believe that the average range should be considered and the scope set for that distance and left alone thereafter for all time. While some of the good ones have micrometer adjustment in the mounts, or internal adjustment for both elevation and windage in the scope tube, they should only be used to correct the sights when a new batch of ammunition, shooting to a different point of impact, is purchased. Such a change might be made necessary by a variation in the weight of the bullet, an increase in velocity, or even a change in the type of powder.

This range, with a modern sporting cartridge having a velocity of between 2,600 and 3,000 feet per second at the muzzle, should be 200yds., and once established I would advise tightening the adjustment screws, which should be of the lock type, so that some curious friend or gun-bearer, without the aid of a pair of pliers, could not alter them. It is amazing the interest some fools show in altering other people's sight adjustment.

Such cartridges as those in the category specified will then have a point-blank range from the muzzle to about 275yds., in which the bullet will not rise or fall out of the killing shoulder area, if the aim is good.

Having established this zero, the shooter should then concentrate on the estimation of range, using the aiming post in the scope as a Mills scale. I do not recommend a cross-hair reticule, as it is too slow, very easily broken by the recoil of a heavy charge, covers too much of the exact spot which one desires to hit and has no value as a range finder. So by all means specify an aiming post, either a pointed picket, or one with a narrowing flat top. Learn by trial just how much the width of the post subtends at 100yds. and at 200. If it is 6in. at 100 it will equal 12in. at 200. Most of them subtend about 6in. at 100. Knowing this, if you held on the head of a Rocky Mountain goat, an animal that has a very narrow head for its size, being about 5in. across the eyes (a wild Highland goat is about the same, though smaller), and your aiming post subtended 6in. at 100yds., and if it appeared twice as wide as the goat's head, you would know with certainty that your quarry was something near 250yds. away. Incidentally, you can make a very canny guess as to the span of the horns or antlers of a beast by knowing the measurements of the head and the area covered by your aiming post.

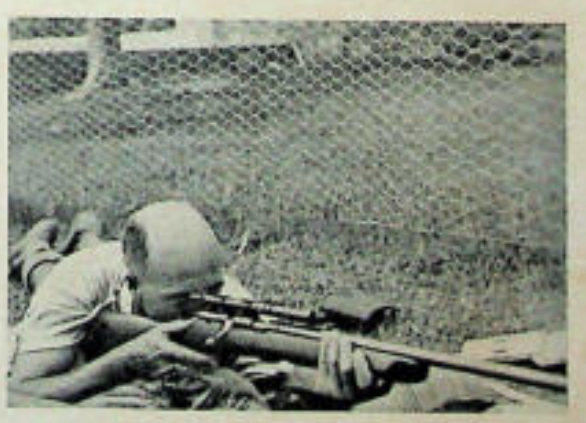
At the longer ranges, the shooter using a telescopic sight under favourable conditions, with good light, absence of wind, a steady rest and standing or walking game to contend with, can make very good practice.

There is no reason why one who has any claim to calling himself a marksman should not expect, with the super-accurate rifles of to-day and their attendant flat trajectory and when using a telescope and a strap hold, to make as good practice on game up to 350yds. as his father did at 200 with the equipment in use 30 years ago. To do so such a man has only to judge his ranges intelligently and know the fall of his bullet at them.

For instance, when the .30–06 cartridge with the 180 grain bullet at a velocity of 2,750ft. per second is fired from a rifle with the sights set for 200yds., the bullet will rise, above the line of sight, 3in. at 100yds., be zero at 200, fall 9in. low at 300 and 32in. low at 400.

These figures are substantially correct for any of the other popular cartridges in the same class, such as the .30 Holland & Holland with the 220 grain bullet at 2,750ft. per second, the .375 Holland and Holland with the 270 grain bullet at 2,720, or the .270 Winchester with the 150 grain bullet at 2,770ft. per second. At least they are so close that by relying upon them the shooter cannot go wrong, as he could not hold close enough to notice the slight variations in trajectory.

Most of the sporting telescopic sights of the type suggested have an eye relief of about 3¼in. In attaching one care should be exercised to make sure that this eye relief is maintained by the length of the stock when shooting from the prone position, as thus the glass will be most frequently used. In that position the head is thrust forward closer to the sights than when in the standing position; in



MAJOR BROOKS USING A SMALL SCOPE FROM PRONE POSITION

consequence, if the rifle has a heavy recoil the shooter is liable to have a biscuit cut out of his forehead by the rim of the scope tube. There is little chance of the optic being injured, however, with a scope, even if it is too close to the eye, as the projecting brow will painfully but nevertheless efficiently take the blow. But there is nothing that I know of which is so conducive to flinching as a smash like that at the moment of discharge, so it should be avoided.

Lastly, in learning to use a scope guard against dwelling too long on the aim, and shoot as quickly as you would with iron sights; despite the vibration which is shown through the glass it is possible to shoot even quicker, but the tendency is to become slow.

THE GROUSE SHOOTING OUTLOOK

THERE are several factors which influence grouse welfare and which accordingly have to be considered in making any forecast. Of these none is more important than the weather, and since the latter can be more extreme in Scotland than farther South, it is natural to pay special attention to what has happened beyond the Border.

On the whole the winter in Scotland was comparatively mild, as it was in most parts of the British Isles, with the exception of such cold spells as those at Christmas and the end of January. This, however, was followed by a wet spring and then a period of drought, which did not help heather growth. Where there has been disease—and this unfortunately broke out in districts of Scotland and very seriously in Yorkshire—this weather has been largely responsible. Birds lost their powers of resistance, while their enemies flourished. A contributory factor in some cases has been a too large stock from last season, though, of course, the effects of this are more local. While there are prospects of quite fair and even good bags in parts of Scotland, such as on certain estates in Perthshire, Banffshire, Aberdeen and elsewhere, the general outlook cannot be said to be very cheerful, and in Yorkshire it is generally poor. When disease breaks out in undulating districts where there are no great variations in altitudes, it usually becomes widespread.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have sent us reports and at the same time of reminding them of the great assistance which they can render the Grouse Migration Enquiry, of 43, Castle Street, Edinburgh, by collecting and returning rings, whether taken from shot birds or those which have never been put on to the young birds at all.

The following are reports of various districts :

ABERDEEN

In the Lumsden district prospects appear to be good. Birds wintered well and nested early, with an average of nine eggs. Coveys average eight, and there has been no disease or signs of heather beetle. In Crathie coveys average seven, but there were some very late nests ; in Cromar prospects are said to be better than last year.

A report from Kincardine O'Neil predicts a good season. Grouse wintered very well, there being less snow than for years and always some heather exposed. Though tick and disease have been much in evidence locally, these moors are entirely free. Prospects in the Ballater district are given as above the average and fairly good. Birds are in good condition, with no sign of disease. There are some nice broods of blackgame. In the Alford district there are very few blackgame, however, though grouse prospects are up to average.

In the Braemar and Upper Deeside districts prospects appear to be promising. There has been no disease nor any signs of heather beetle. On the south side of the Dee especially, good bags are probable. Coveys are irregular in state of growth, but all should be shootable by the 12th.



MR. MICHAEL HOLDSWORTH TAKES ONE BEHIND THE BUTTS

ANGUS

In the Edzell district coveys average five and prospects are not too good. Disease broke out after April 15th and seems to have spoilt what might have been a good season. At Clova, however, matters are a bit better and birds on the high ground are very healthy.

ARGYLLSHIRE

In the Inveraray district coveys average seven and a half, and at Craignure prospects are better than they have been for several years. On other shootings stocks are low. Heather is improving as the areas affected by the beetle are being systematically burned. There has been no disease. Blackgame remain much as they have been for several years.

AYRSHIRE

Reports from this county are not promising. There has been a lot of disease in places. The late winter and early spring weather did not help the birds. The serious decrease of blackgame is attributed in places to land on the edge of the moors going out of cultivation. In the south part clutches of grouse eggs averaged nine, but some coveys now are from one to three, for which the tick is blamed. Heather burning and moor drainage are advocated to combat the beetle, which has done much damage. In Girvan and West Kilbride things are better and no disease is reported from these districts.

BANFFSHIRE

Here prospects are quite bright. Grouse wintered very well, the condition of the heather in the autumn of last year being quite satisfactory. The spring weather was favourable and nesting was good. No disease has been reported and coveys average about seven. In one district of Upper Banff an excellent season is predicted. At Aberlour the high ground is expected to give the best sport, as a spell of wet weather has tended to move the birds from the lower ground. But blackgame are decreasing.

INVERNESS-SHIRE

Reports from this extensive county vary. In Strathglass prospects seem fair. The weather has been mostly favourable, there has been no disease, and the birds are healthy. Drought may have done some harm on dry moors. As elsewhere, blackgame are scarce.

In Badenoch there was a good stock left over, nesting was early, but the drought took its toll.



OVER THE FLANK AND BEHIND THE LINE

At Glenfeshie there is a nice show of birds and the outlook is quite good. In Beauly prospects are fair, as they also are at Aviemore, though at Braulen things are described as very patchy, blackgame are decreasing and capercailzie increasing. At Tomatin fine coveys of well-grown birds have been seen and the season may prove better than average. In Skye birds seem to have wintered well in spite of very wet weather, and are reported to be healthy.

coveys of seven and eight young birds which are strong on the wing and prospects seem good. Elsewhere there have been some diseased birds, and bags are expected to fall far below the average.

MORAYSHIRE

A report from Speyside is fairly good. Early nests contained an average of eight eggs and later ones six. There was no disease in the spring, but



FILLING UP THE PANNIERS AFTER THE FIRST DRIVE

KINCARDINESHIRE

In the Stonehaven district our correspondent reports that grouse wintered very well and there was a big increase of birds during December and January. Things, however, were back to normal in March. There were no severe storms and the nesting period was dry. The average number of eggs was nine and there was no disease. There are

in May and June there was a long spell of drought and disease appeared. There are no signs of heather beetle, but the tick troubled some of the young birds. Coveys run five to six. Had it not been for the period of hot dry weather a really good season might have been expected.

NAIRN

A fair season only is expected at Cawdor. Conditions generally have been good and grouse nested very well. There has been very little disease. Hatchings were good, but later coveys dwindled considerably, and those of eight and nine are down to less than half. This is attributed to the hot spell in May and June, when all pools on the hill were dried up and many young birds could get no water. Tick is still very numerous, but is absent from the lower reaches, and birds are looking well. There are no signs of heather beetle. Blackgame are doing better, and like the big extent of heather and birch trees.

PERTHSHIRE

The outlook on the whole is cheerful. Weather and nesting conditions have been satisfactory, there has not been much disease, and birds are strong and healthy in many parts. In places blackgame seem to be holding their own. On some estates good to very good bags are expected, and on many better than during the last four years.

On one estate it is reported that the heather beetle started in 1934 and gradually got worse. In 1936 it had spread half-way up the hill from the lowest ground, continuing for a distance of five miles long by one mile broad. Eventually it became three miles broad. The heather looked black and dead. The grouse left, and for three years there was very little shooting. Things are now improving, however, the heather looks much healthier and prospects are much brighter.

In the Pitlochry district prospects are only fair. There are some late birds, but these should be ready for shooting by the 12th. On one place blackgame seem to be increasing. At Bankfoot things appear below the average, as some dead birds have been picked up, and near Blairgowrie there has been disease. At Crianlarich coveys range from five to fourteen, birds are healthy, but are shifting about the moors.

ROSS AND CROMARTY

In this county prospects vary from poor to well up to the average. Birds have suffered from the parched state of the heather in some parts. One report from Ardgay gives coveys of from seven to ten, and predicts fair sport, but there are very few, if any, blackgame. Blue hares left when the heather beetle came, but are now coming back. At Ardross there has been no sign of disease, young birds are well grown and blackgame are said to be increasing.

WALES

Grouse are reported to have done badly in the Plynlimmon district. Coveys are small, and there are many late broods. Hatching of blackgame, however, has been very good, being as high as 93 per cent. in some cases.

THE REVIVAL OF GOLF CHALLENGE MATCHES

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE brilliant young South African golfer, A. D. Locke, has revived interest in challenge matches. On his various visits to this country he has been prepared to come to terms with any well-known golfer. Indeed, the more famous the player the more anxious has he been to arrange a game. Some of his advances have been politely ignored, but other challenges have been only too willingly accepted. Then he has proceeded to demonstrate, in no uncertain fashion, just how such a match should be played.

He has suffered a few reverses it is true, but generally he has achieved handsome victories. In just over two months he has beaten the British Open Champions of 1936, 1938 and 1939. In a series of 18-hole games he beat Alfred Padgham by four matches to three. Against R. A. Whitcombe he won by 6 and 5, and against R. Burton by a margin of 10 and 9 over 72 holes. In addition, he has beaten the match play champion, D. Rees, over 36 holes. Results like these leave no doubt as to who was the better golfer, and prove what an extraordinarily high standard Locke is able to maintain.

Against Burton, Locke made fewer mistakes than he did when opposing Whitcombe, but obtained his par figures with relentless consistency. To illustrate his machine-like golf is the fact that he did not find a single bunker until the first 34 holes had been played. When he was occasionally outdriven off the tee it did not cause him the slightest concern, for he quickly turned this questionable disadvantage to his favour by producing accurate second shots which must have made the greens seem very small for the poor champion. Ten under fours for the 63 holes played was a score few golfers could hope to equal.

In each of these matches Locke was quick to profit by the mistakes of his opponent. He was content to keep his ball in play and go for the regulation figures whilst the other could do what he pleased. If the latter occasionally produced "fireworks" all well and good, but more often than not, in attempting a spectacular stroke to pierce this armour of consistency Burton would even fail to reach the green, so Locke was presented with hole after hole.

Nothing is so disturbing as to play against a golfer who keeps on reeling off steady figures. You despair of ever obtaining an opening, and so your own game falls below its usual standard. An erratic opponent, on the other hand, even if he is spasmodically brilliant, provides an easier match for you can realise, with some degree of certainty, that he will make a sorry mess of many holes. This knowledge gives you confidence which you never maintain when playing against the consistent performer.

However, it never pays to reckon that your adversary is faultless. If, for example, he has put his approach within 3yds. or 4yds. of the flag he may not hole the putt, so it is better to be sure of getting a shot somewhere on the green rather than try to place the ball inside his. Once on the green you always have a chance of holing a putt, and if you get your blow in first his putt will appear very different! I know I have lost many holes because I have tried to do too much when expecting my opponent to hole a putt which he eventually missed. Such a mistake is costly because it affects the play at subsequent holes; you remember it and perhaps are pardonably annoyed with yourself and then promptly proceed to lose a few more.

No doubt one reason why there are not more challenge matches nowadays is because the professionals have such a crowded fixture list of important tournaments, and they cannot spare any extra time away from their own clubs. It is a pity, because they are a change, and are both interesting and instructive from the spectators' point of view. Before we had such a profusion of competitions challenges between the outstanding golfers were regular occurrences. The Morrises, the Dunns, the Parks, John Ball, Vardon, Allan Rolland, all played many historic games which make interesting reading now. But what is to prevent club golfers taking part in keen games between each other? They would make a welcome variation from the usual four-ballers.

Such matches could be played by singles off handicap or instead of one golfer conceding strokes to the other he could give him so many holes start. I have had many enjoyable challenge games of this kind. Usually my opponent has regarded nine holes up, for example, as being infinitely better than the nine strokes taken at the stipulated holes. One friend threw down such a challenge, and after it had been accepted turned to the others present and said: "It's easy. I only have to halve one hole to win!" But he was firmly reminded that the match was to be over eighteen holes, and these were to be played on level terms.

Conceding holes up instead of strokes is easier for the shorter handicap man despite the fact that the allowance seems very generous. When giving nine strokes there are only nine holes which are played on level terms, whilst, with the holes start, the full round is free of stroke holes. The larger handicap man has no strokes to look forward to later in the game and, as his once big lead slowly begins to disappear, he tries to play above himself—with disastrous results. Therefore, if anyone comes along with a challenge of this kind, beware!

In an ordinary four-ball game at least one of the players often has little to do because his partner is playing too well. To provide interest for all four throughout the round a match in which the combined instead of the better score of each side counts is worth playing. This can only be done when the course is fairly free, otherwise with everyone holing out congestion will occur. The game does give each golfer a chance to do his share of the work, and often some odd results will be recorded. Three-ball matches, in which the longest handicap player opposes the worst ball of the other two, provide yet another change from routine. But if you have never taken part in these and other rather novel types of games you will be wise if you study the handicap allowances beforehand. Then you may decide that an ordinary game with the normal number of strokes will be the best after all!

Superb Scotch





THE CLANSMAN

Dewar's
"White Label"
It never varies



JUNIPERS ON SALISBURY PLAIN
A wide variety of shapes and manners of growth, the greatest height of these little trees is six to eight feet

JUNIPER: TREE *of the* LIMESTONE HILLS

By PETER B. COLLINS, A.R.C.S., B.Sc.

THE group of trees found especially on the various ranges of limestone hills in Britain falls into two divisions. First, there is a small aristocracy, as it were, composed of the beech, the ash and the yew; and then, as members of the common people, come the whitebeam (including various closely-related species of *Sorbus*), wayfaring tree, spindle, purging buckthorn, and the juniper. Of this minor group, the first alone attains the size of a timber tree, while the others are noticeable principally only when covered with fruit. But it is with the last, the juniper, that we are here concerned.

There are several rather surprising things about the juniper, and not the least of them is the fact that it is so little known. For not only is it a native of Britain, but it is also thus one of our small total of three native conifers (the other two being the Scots pine and the yew). There is, indeed, not much in the juniper's general make-up to support the idea usually created by the term "conifer." Here is none of the stately height of fir or pine, none of the impressive and ancient appearance of the yew. Instead, we see usually a low, straggling bush, scarcely meriting the name of tree at all, sprawling nondescript over the hillside. Often scarcely larger than a gorse bush, and at the apparent mercy of the wind and weather, the juniper can thus not even compare with the smaller broad-leaved trees. Yet, in its way, it is a tree of tremendous character, especially if we consider it, not merely as a botanical species, but as an essential constituent of much of the most attractive scenery in Britain.

Near London, even, you can see the juniper flourishing, and observe its influence—though somewhat controlled by that of man—on the landscape, in such places as the range of the North Downs, along which the tree has given its name to more than one "Juniper Valley." But although it does indeed grow here in characteristic fashion, you must go farther west, towards the open country of the Hampshire—Wiltshire border, to see it at its best. If you take, for example, the main road from Basingstoke to Stockbridge and then on towards Salisbury, you will have ample evidence of the juniper's part in creating scenery, for these bare, rolling, grassy uplands suit it admirably. Here it assumes all manner of shapes, apparently without much relation to the conditions under which it is growing. On the same half-acre of hillside you may see low, straggling bushes; curious, many-spired Gothic clumps, in which a number of small stems—you can hardly call them trunks—shoot upwards together in a semi-fastigiate mass; stunted, wind-blown shrubs; or neat, conical, soldierly trees, each like a perfect miniature churchyard cypress—a regular army of grey-green little trees, creeping steadily over the Downs. At first these junipers are liable to be mistaken for furze, but the greyer foliage, and the fact that sometimes, at least, they form real trees, is soon enough to point the difference, which closer examination makes obvious enough.

It is a curious fact that although, as a photograph shows, these little trees may have a long and apparently hasty leading shoot, their growth is extremely slow, and rings are recorded of their hardly altering in shape or appearance for 30 years or more! Moreover, the age even of a small juniper may be a hundred years or so, and larger trees are correspondingly older. However, they do spread gradually, as the presence of small seedlings among the older trees sometimes shows. Such seedlings do not always survive, being destroyed by rabbits, which probably accounts for the fact that many groups of junipers consist of old trees only; but where other young shoots are available rabbits appear to shun juniper, a fact which probably accounts for the tree's considerable success in many places.

Other factors affecting its successful growth include its ability to flourish on a poor and shallow soil, and to withstand exposure to the prevailing wind. Often, as on the North Downs, you may come across junipers blown almost flat against the slope of the hill, yet still growing well. When junipers grow close together, however, nothing much grows with them, except an occasional thorn, an elder or two, and a few rank briers. This may be seen well on the Chilterns, where such patches of "juniper forest" provide a favourite home for cirl-buntings.

Although the best types of juniper will eventually produce a conical tree, such as some of those illustrated, with advancing age this breaks up, revealing the presence of a number of stems, which bend outwards, straggling apart until the final effect is that of a fair-sized bush. In appearance this resembles the "gorse-bush" type of tree already referred to.

This later type of juniper is very well shown in the Lake district, on the slopes towards Easedale Tarn above Grasmere. There, the junipers, clothing the rough hillside in the company of bracken, are growing on the hard limestone, sometimes with a fair depth of soil, but more often, as the picture shows, on a quite precipitous slope, where rain and weathering prevent any but a loose surface soil. Yet they are flourishing trees, doubtless many score years old, and 10ft. or more in height. In the matter of size, incidentally, the juniper reaches 30ft. with us, rarely, and in sheltered situations, with a girth of 5ft., but a height of 15ft. and a girth of 18in. is a more usual maximum.

One other feature of this tree, though far removed from our present point, deserves mention. This is the use of its berries for flavouring gin. The berries, which replace the cones of the typical conifer, take two years to ripen, being then very small, blackish, with a blue bloom. Both the word "gin" and the name "Geneva," as applied thereto, are derived from the French word for this little tree, "genévrier." In former days the use of these berries was not confined to this, for John Evelyn speaks of them as "one of the most universal remedies in the world" for all sorts of internal complaints. And he also strongly recommended planting this tree for hedges.



TYPICAL CONICAL JUNIPER, THE ONLY TYPE WHICH REALLY LOOKS LIKE A TREE AND NOT A MERE BUSH



ON THE HILLS ABOVE GRASMERE
This picture shows a straggling but moderately large type

THE LAKELAND, WOODLAND AND MOUNTAIN BEAUTY OF PERTHSHIRE



LOCH LUBNAIG (THE "CROOKED LAKE") FROM BEN STRUIN, A STEEP, HEATHER-CLAD, ROCKY HILL, 1,871 FEET HIGH, NEAR STRATHYRE. THE VIEW LOOKS SOUTHWARDS TOWARDS CALLANDER, WITH THE PEAKS OF BEN LEDI (2,875 FT.) ON THE RIGHT



Leonard and Marjorie Gayton

GLEN BUCKIE SEEN FROM ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF BALQUHIDDER, IN THE CHURCHYARD OF WHICH ROB ROY, IMMORTALISED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, IS BURIED. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE LUXURIANTLY WOODED SLOPES AT THE EASTERN END OF LOCH VOIL. IN THE DISTANCE IS THE CLOUD-CAPPED SUMMIT OF BEN VANE, 2,685 FEET HIGH

AN ARTIST IN NYASALAND: Paintings in oil by CAPTAIN L. M. DUNDAS



WHIMBREL BY LAKE TANGANYIKA

The Whimbrel breeds in the far north of Europe and winters in Africa and Western India



GREEN PLOVER

The Lapwing, a common sight anywhere in England, winters in North Africa



A RINGED PLOVER BY THE SHORES OF LAKE TANGANYIKA

One of the common birds of our shores, the Ringed Plover is a great traveller, wintering as far south as Cape Colony



AUGUST 12TH!

3-Garment Shooting Kit

BURBERRY SUIT

with Burberry Pivot Sleeves

Pivot Sleeves allow such absolute freedom for arm-swing and shoulder-play, that men who shoot quickly notice a marked improvement in their skill when wearing a Burberry Shooting Suit;

and

THE BURBERRY

—the Weatherproof Overcoat that satisfies the sportsman's every need. Keeps him dry when it rains, warm when it is chilly, comfortable under every conceivable change of weather or temperature.

The man who includes these two items in his kit for the moors makes fewer misses, cleaner "kills" and shoots at perfect ease, completely protected whether it rains, blows or swelters.



BURBERRY GAMEFEATHER SUITS

For shooting suits, the best possible camouflage is Burberry Gamefeather Tweeds, which are woven in the colours and on the principles of the plumage of gamebirds. These beautiful suitings are now available in fine Saxonies as well as Scotch Cheviots.

There are many model suits to choose from, each different in design, yet all planned to adjust weight, free the arms and shoulders, and add to the pleasure of shooting by ease, balance and elimination of restriction.

THE BURBERRY

Weightless—wind-proof, rain-proof, drizzle-proof—naturally ventilating—The Burberry provides a delightful Overcoat and perfect Weatherproof.

Designed on easy-fitting lines from thin and flexible materials, it makes no difference to the "set" of the gun, and is the one coat in which the "shot" can maintain top form comfortably protected against wet, wind and cold.

Patterns and full particulars sent on mention of "The Field."

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the World.

N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1



THE LIBRARY OF THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB

"The club has now approximately 2,000 home and 1,000 foreign members, two-thirds of these being from the Army and one-third from the Navy"

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—V. THE UNITED SERVICE

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



VIEW OF THE STAIRCASE

TO try to condense the history of the Service Clubs, which on the compilation of their own historians takes several hundreds of pages of print, into a few thousand words, is a task for which I feel justified from the start in asking for every consideration. One can, indeed, only present mere cameos of them, little facets reflecting the light and shade which fall from their lofty windows on generations of soldiers and sailors. And to do even this in the case of the United Service Club I have to quote largely from the admirable history of the Club compiled by Major-General Sir Louis Jackson.

The meeting to inaugurate this Club, the first of the Service Clubs, and for long known as the Senior, was held on May 31st, 1815, at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street, at the request of Lord Lynedoch, the victor of Barrosa. Lord Lynedoch, being called to the chair, then read a memorandum. So adequately and lucidly did this memorandum express the reason why this Service Club, and the others which followed it later, came to be formed, that it is unfortunate that space does not permit my repeating it here. In those days, with the exception of the Family Club of the Guards, there were no Service Clubs as we understand them now, only the old proprietary coffee-house clubs such as White's, Brooks's, Boodle's and Arthur's. The mighty Carlton Club had yet to be born. A few military coteries existed, the better known of them being the Flanders Club and the Peninsular Club. They did, indeed, meet for dinner at certain coffee houses, and from time to time the Royal Navy Club also dined at a coffee house in Cockspur Street, but none of these answered to the modern definition of a club. The meeting at the Thatched House Tavern proved successful, and it was decided forthwith to form a General Military Club, limited, after some discussion, to general and field officers only of the Regular Army, Regular Militia and East India Company's Service.

Lord Lynedoch was appointed chairman of the committee of management. He was, therefore, the founder of this club and all Service Clubs are, without doubt, indebted to him for having the initiative to conceive the idea and the ability to bring it to such a successful conclusion. Well known throughout the Army as General Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, although he had never gained a regular commission until comparatively late in life, had eventually become one of Wellington's most able and successful generals in the Peninsular War. Possessed of a wide variety of interests outside his own profession, Lord Lynedoch was an outstanding man of his times, being an experienced traveller and a well-known and able Scotch landlord. He had married the beautiful Miss Cathcart, twice painted by Gainsborough, and her comparatively early death is said to have greatly affected him for the rest of his life. He lived, however, to watch over the destinies of the Club he had founded until the age of 95. It is recorded that until recent years a saddle of mutton was always carved differently at the Senior to elsewhere—namely, crosswise instead of along the backbone. Lord Lynedoch had said that that was the correct way, and that was sufficient.

On June 13th, 1815, five days before the Battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington wrote from Brussels saying that he would be very happy to join the newly proposed club. The following year when a motion was put forward that the Navy should join the Club, the old Earl of St. Vincent dissented on the grounds that "such a vast extension of military association in this free country . . . wears an unconstitutional aspect and cannot fail to attract the attention of Parliament." He was right as to what Parliament would think. When the Club tried to obtain a Crown lease of some ground in Charles Street, on which the Club might be built, Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, saw the greatest objection to the formation of a military club, and the lease was refused. It was actually described in the House of Commons as a "formidable body" and "constitutionally dangerous." The Club, therefore, to begin with, rented a house in Albemarle Street, and whilst here, in February, 1816, the Navy agreed to join with them, and the name was then changed to the United Service Club. It then had 800 members, and a Crown lease of the site at the junction of Charles Street and Lower Regent Street having been granted, Mr. Robert Smirke, afterwards Sir Robert Smirke, the famous architect, was engaged to build their first club-house. Smirke was the designer of the British Museum, the General Post Office and the Custom House. The house in Charles Street was not completed fit to live in before February, 1819, and cost altogether, with the furniture and fixtures, £32,234. By 1826, the accommodation in Charles Street having got too small for the number of members, it was decided to sell the house to the "Junior," and build another one. The site chosen could not have been improved upon. King George IV, having recently moved to Buckingham Palace, Carlton House, his former residence, was doomed to demolition. The limits of where the east wall of Carlton House stood now mark, approximately, the position of the west wall of the existing club house. Another famous architect was chosen to design the new building—this time, the now much discussed Nash. Although Nash may have his critics amongst the experts on these matters, I venture to suggest that if any young naval or military officer is not satisfied with the house that Nash provided for him, he has probably chosen the wrong profession to be in.

On November 18th, 1828, they got into their new home. The estimate for it had been £31,000, and the ground rent was £600 a year. The only portrait they had then to adorn the lofty walls of this great house was that of their founder, Lord Lynedoch. Things now went on fairly normally and peacefully, with the exception of the usual club disputes on the everlasting subject of an extension of membership. From their windows the members viewed the Coronations of William IV and Queen Victoria, and by way of variety, had them broken by the mob in April, 1831, when it attacked the Club the same night that Apsley House suffered a similar fate, the Reform Bill being the excuse. In 1842, Nash having died some years previously, Mr. Decimus Burton was appointed architect to the Club. Burton had built the Athenæum, so the Club's architectural standards were not likely to suffer by their new choice. He immediately carried out complete interior re-decoration and also made some minor alterations for his new patrons at a cost of £6,000.

In 1843, the Club lost its founder, Lord Lynedoch. The window blinds were lowered and his portrait draped with black. Early in 1858 the Club had bought the adjoining house, No. 117, and Decimus Burton was given the order to carry out extensive alterations to the club house. Outside, Burton embellished the rather plain exterior. He provided a frieze, altered the window dressings, fluted the upper portico columns, and removed the columns of the west front, substituting a stone balustrade for the area railings. He also replaced Nash's mastic stucco by Portland cement stucco. Inside, he converted the morning and writing rooms into

one large room, substituted real mahogany for the deal doors, and put plate glass in the windows. With the additional frontage now at his disposal he provided a new house dinner room, a new smoking room and a smoking-billiard room, together with some further domestic enlargements. The cost of these alterations amounted to £38,000, and whilst they were taking place, the whole of the Thatched House Tavern was rented for the accommodation of the members. By the late '60's, the Club was experiencing money difficulties having obviously spent a great deal. In many years past, repeated proposals to increase the membership and so raise a larger income had always been defeated by the die-hards. But at last, in 1869, after several stormy meetings, it was carried that the entrance fee should be raised to £40, the subscription to £7, and that 50 supernumerary members should be elected for the current year only.

Twenty years later, owing to the lack of candidates coming forward, the Club was again forced to modify their stringent rules as regards membership and to admit into their sacred precincts naval lieutenants retired with the rank of commander, and Army captains retired with the rank of field officer. There is no doubt that at this time the Club was not as popular as it had once been, and the members themselves were to blame for this. Every single motion to improve the accommodation for smokers and to permit the entertainment of visitors had been vetoed by them. They were now no longer, either, alone in the field, having the strong competition of the "Rag," the Naval and Military and several other Service Clubs to contend with. It is obvious that these old members of the Senior must have been a very difficult lot to deal with, but probably not so difficult as the original members whose manners and customs by all accounts would not endear them to the members of clubs of to-day. Spitting on the floor was a common habit, mahogany chamber-pot cupboards were kept in the drawing room and in the house dinner room. One member used to be seen cleaning his teeth after breakfast in the coffee room with the help of the slop basin. But these strange acts must have been the customs of the times and cannot have been merely peculiar to the Service.

The Army and Navy were at this time aristocratic professions, and there were many aristocrats among the members of the Senior—the Duke of Wellington, the Lords Hill, Lynedoch, Fitzroy-Somerset, Combermere, Saltoun, Hardinge, Beresford, Cardigan, Exmouth and Gough were all original or early members of the Senior. And nearly all these noblemen were also members of White's or some such similar club, so that one is forced to conclude that these seemingly somewhat strange habits must have prevailed in other places outside the walls of the Senior. Another of their peculiarities was their dislike of strangers. It is reported that when some newly elected member had politely held the door open for one of these old gentleman with some civil remark, all that he got for his answer was: "—— you, sir! Can't I walk about my own —— club without being spoken to by a —— like you!" But at long last, in 1892, defeated by the cold figures in their own balance-sheets, the Club decided to admit into their magic circle naval lieutenants and army captains—not only that, but guests were to be admitted to breakfast and luncheon! He must have been a brave and hungry guest who first dared to sit down in the early hours of the morning and try to swallow food in that hitherto impregnable fortress. It was about this time when sponges and hair-brushes started to disappear mysteriously from the lavatories, until very soon there were scarcely any left. One can only imagine that these pioneer guests were determined to take away something as a souvenir of their bold adventure, and out of kindness chose articles which they knew could be easily replaced. But others coming later, bent on the same mission, found it necessary to cut through a steel chain before they could get away with their souvenirs.



THE COFFEE ROOM

"Famous sailors and soldiers painted by celebrated artists look down from the walls of every room you enter . . ."

It appears that when the Club relaxed their rules and admitted children in the shape of naval lieutenants and army captains, they did not find themselves in a bed of roses. The staff servants were shocked to see them. A young captain going upstairs two steps at a time was instantly pursued by a page boy requesting that he would descend and speak to the hall porter. This important man then said: "I don't think that you are a member of this club, sir." "Oh, yes I am," said the captain, and gave his name. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the porter, "but we have never seen a member run upstairs before, sir." On another occasion, when some of these new members were lunching together in the coffee room, one of the old brigade came in and, after looking slowly round the room, remarked, "My God! What a nursery!" and walked out again. But worse even than this was to follow.

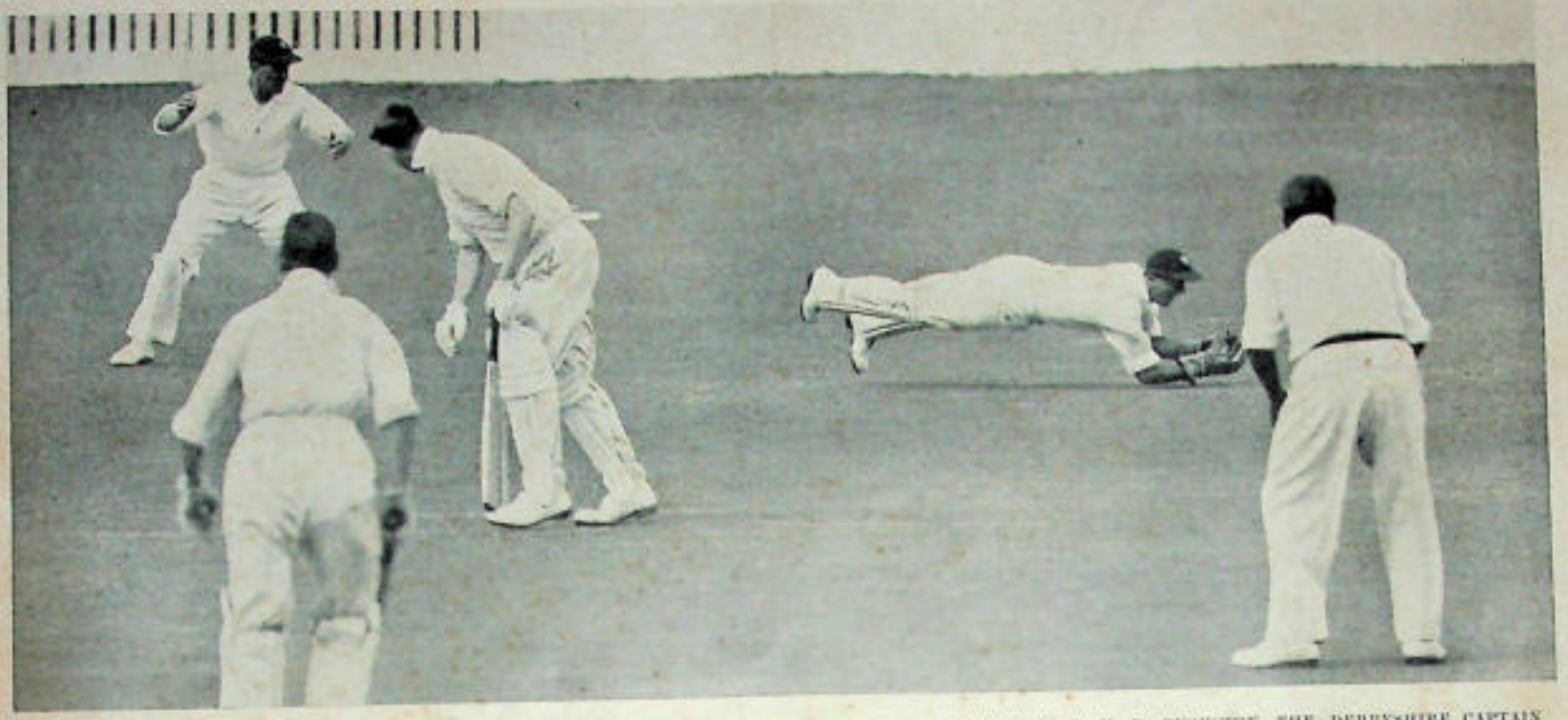
With their constitutions greatly weakened by these modernistic improvements and further impaired by the bewildering rush of events in the world war, the old die-hards were in no condition to withstand a mass attack by 470 members demanding the admission of the fair sex as guests to a certain portion of the Club. The walls of Jericho had fallen. Admirals and generals were seen to leave the meeting in tears. One old gentleman had actually cried aloud in a voice of anguish: "For God's sake, don't let them in here!" However, like all good sailors and soldiers, they have taken their defeat well. For whenever I lunch in that hospitable part of their fine house, I notice that it is not the young men who are entertaining the pretty ladies. No, sir! On the contrary, it is the admirals and generals. They realise now, we must hope not too late, what they have missed in the past.

The Club has now approximately 2,000 home and 1,000 foreign members, two-thirds of these being from the Army and one-third from the Navy. The membership is limited to permanently commissioned combatant officers of the Regular Forces of the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force, or British officers of the similar forces of any British Commonwealth, Dominion or Colony, or of the Indian Army, retired or serving. It is quite beyond the scope of this short article to attempt to describe the remarkably fine collection of pictures and statuary in the possession of the Club. Famous sailors and soldiers painted by celebrated artists look down from the walls of every room you enter, and as you mount the grand staircase which branches into a double flight of stairs leading to the spacious landing above, the view of these fine portraits of the men who have made history is a most impressive one. The ceiling above you here is Nash's original work, and adds to the general dignity and grandeur of this fine approach to the upper rooms of this great Club.



CORNER OF THE LADIES' LOUNGE

". . . the old die-hards were in no condition to withstand a mass attack by 470 members demanding the admission of the fair sex as guests to a certain portion of the Club"



EVANS, THE NEW KENT WICKETKEEPER, MOVES ACROSS SMARTLY TO THE LEG SIDE WHEN DISMISSING R. H. R. BUCKSTON, THE DERBYSHIRE CAPTAIN

GOING BY THE AVERAGES

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THERE is no commoner term of contempt thrown at Selection Committees than, "They go by averages." As a matter of fact, they many times do not. But the truth is that averages are frequently as reliable a guide to a cricketer's ability as any. Who are the best batsmen in the country at the present moment, judged not only by figures, but by style, organised technique?

I think most of us would agree to answer that question by mentioning the names of Hammond, Compton and Hutton, with Sutcliffe a candidate because of his character. Well, these four players are head of the averages as I write these lines. The four greatest of living batsmen are Bradman, Hammond, Headley and Compton; you will usually find them at the top of the averages. The great batsman who appears fairly regularly in first-class matches can most times be picked by a glance at the "detested averages."

But, to tell the truth, I do not always trust statistics about the nearly-great player, especially about the nearly-great bowler. The averages, indeed, are more just to batsmen than to bowlers. A bowler is much at the mercy of his fieldsmen, his captain, and the general psychological atmosphere of his team. A batsman can, so to say, play a solo on a good wicket; the bowler is dependent on factors beyond his own control.

I look through the bowling lists of the week ending July 29th; amongst 27 names qualified with an average of over 21, I cannot find Partridge of Northamptonshire. He is nearly the best fast-medium bowler in the country. I saw him in great form the other day at Blackpool, against Lancashire. The wicket was easy, but the wind suited the "off-cut" which Partridge gives to the ball. He overwhelmed his opposition in a way that recalled Tate at his best on mornings at Hove when the sea air was right for his style of attack. Partridge, on this extraordinary day at Blackpool, was no mere seam-bowler; he "brought" the ball back off the ground like a knife. When he got a batsman lbw., he nearly lamed him into the bargain.

The wicket was, as I say, easy. But it was just spongey enough to hold Partridge's action or "cut"-break. I have several times been told of Partridge's gifts by county cricketers of judgment. There is no doubt that if he had played for a year or two in a fashionable county he would long since have forced his claims home for wide and honourable recognition. He certainly thrilled me at Blackpool last week; I have not seen more hostile bowling than this, or more technically clinching and overpowering bowling for years.

Could Partridge make the ball "whip in" to the wicket on Australian turf? Could Perks obtain his splendid effects with a "cut"-spin on Australian turf? These questions are important for selection committees. The averages supply no information or guidance here. A few years ago, when Australian wickets were faster and glossier than they are to-day, I should have regarded both Partridge and Perks as doubtful starters for a tour to Australia.

On a fast Adelaide turf, for example, "cut-spin" was out of the question; you might as well have asked a great billiard-player to get *his* special effects of spin on a table of polished mahogany. Recently, though, the texture of Australian pitches has changed; it is becoming more and more resilient. When I was in Melbourne last year, I discovered that even *my* modest and middle-aged attempts at a breakback were not entirely in vain—and on a splendidly prepared stretch of turf!

"New-ball" bowlers are, of course, a dangerous gamble in Australia. Hirst could not swerve the ball there. In recent times, Copson and Bowes have both failed badly to reproduce effects in Australia which come naturally to them on a "green" wicket in this country. Yet, with all these "snags" in my mind, I commend Partridge to the attention of Mr. Perrin, the best and most thorough of our selectors.

I was much interested in Northamptonshire's cricket when I saw the team at Blackpool. They are definitely on the up-grade. Given another batsman and another bowler of excellence, they would win more matches than they lost. I am told that R. P. Nelson, the captain, has had a stimulating influence on his men. Imagine his task—first of all, to get rid of an inferiority complex of two or three years' duration!

Habit is important in this world; the knack of winning (or of losing) matches at cricket grows by what it feeds on. There are at least three players in Northamptonshire to-day, who would probably be playing for England now if first of all they had taken the precaution of playing for Yorkshire (one of them is actually a Yorkshireman); I refer to Timms, Brookes and Partridge. A fairly strong side could be got together of cricketers from the so-called "weak" counties. The attack, at any rate, would bear comparison with England's "official" best. For instance, consider Perks, Partridge, Hollies, Nichols, and Creese.

Nothing in the present season so far has been more satisfactory than the improvement, the levelling-up process, amongst the counties which usually are regarded "easy prey" (with a rest on the third day, free gratis and for nothing). The chain of English cricket at large is as strong as its weakest link. It is a sign of health that Worcestershire are equal to an occasional victory over Yorkshire, that Northamptonshire can again give Lancashire a fright, that Essex are included, as I write, amongst the "elect" of the county championship table. Most of us have a sentimental love of seeing the "little fellow" hit back and knock superiority over like an Aunt Sally in a fair ground.



K. H. WEEKES, WHO MADE 146 FOR THE WEST INDIES AGAINST SURREY, OPENS HIS SHOULDERS TO A DELIVERY FROM CONSTABLE

The Days are all too Short . . .

for all the wonderful things there are to see and do in **ITALY**

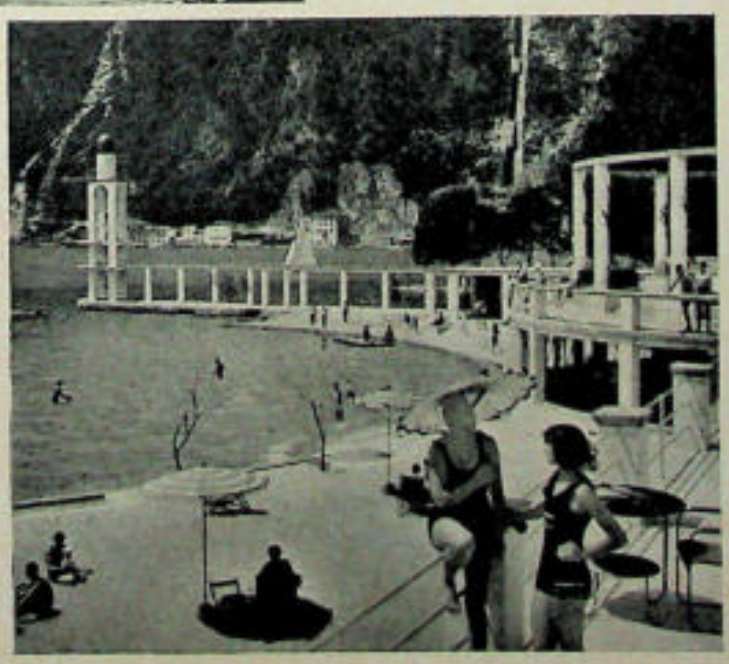


What are **your** holiday essentials? **Sunshine,** of course—a succession of golden days, so that you may enjoy all the pleasures that fine weather can bring.

Have you, like the poet Keats, "a languishment for skies Italian" and do you yearn to "sit upon an Alp as on a throne"? In the **Italian Alps** there are hundreds of snow-capped peaks to conquer and flower-carpeted valleys in which to roam. Or do you prefer the serene beauty of the **Lakes**—Maggiore, Como, Garda—each seemingly more enchanting than the last? Here, as well as in the mountains, are some of Europe's finest **Golf** courses. Perhaps you feel the call of the sea; do you like vast sandy beaches such as those at **the Lido, Viareggio** or **Rimini**, or do you prefer to plunge into vivid blue water from the rocks at **Rapallo** and **Capri?**

Wherever you go you will be within easy reach of Italy's historic cities—Imperial **Rome,** carefree **Naples,** romantic **Venice** or Renaissance **Florence,** each with its wealth of art and architectural treasures.





Whether you travel by rail, car or air you will find that a holiday in Italy is an inexpensive proposition.

15-17 day tours by "Special Trains" visiting the Italian Lakes, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples and Capri (2,730 miles) are organised by the principal Tourist Agencies, and the inclusive cost is only 25½ guineas.

The Italian Railways offer reductions of **50%** to **70%**

Motorists pay 1/2 a gallon for petrol. Hotel Coupons cost from 5/6 to 20/- a day, absolutely inclusive, and the Special Tourist Rate of Exchange still further reduces the cost of living.

For information, descriptive booklets, &c., apply to

E.N.I.T. (Italian State Tourist Department)

38, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

or to ANY TRAVEL AGENCY

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS

VII.—Sea-Trout Fishing

MY DEAR BOB,—So you have caught your first trout—congratulations. You seem to have had a fairly hectic time getting it in. I do not think from your description that you made any mistake either in this or the one you lost, except that you let the fish get below you. But these Devonshire fish fight uncommonly hard for their size, and it is not always possible to prevent this. However, it is as well to remember, particularly when you are fishing a river where the trout run larger, always to keep below your fish; then you have the current to help you since it is pushing the fish in your direction, and when the fish is played out it will drift more easily into your landing net, or on to the shingle if you have to beach it. If you are wading, and the fish gets below you, it is odds you will have to climb on to the bank to reverse the positions again; and this is awkward when you have a fish on your line.

I know you will be saying to yourself: "It's all very well to say 'Keep below your fish,' but how can I do it if it rushes by me?" There is, I fear, no method by which you can be sure of preventing a fish doing this, but there are one or two points to bear in mind which will help. When a fish feels a pull in one direction it generally tries to run in the other; so always keep a tight line. Most fish feed in a position upstream of their resting holt, and if they are scared and the line is slack, so that they do not feel a pull, will run downstream towards their holt. Again, do not strike too hard.

If you do so with a small fish you may easily turn its head downstream, and in its fright at this surprising event it will probably bolt straight ahead and be below you before you know where you are; so what you have to aim at is to keep your line taut enough to induce the fish to struggle against the resistance, and tire itself quickly, but not enough to turn its head downstream.

I am afraid your estimate of its size is rather optimistic. An 11in. trout is a good one for most Devonshire streams, but it is not likely to weigh ¾lb.; a little better than ½lb., I should think, say, 9oz. It generally takes a 12in. fish to weigh ¾lb., though of course some fish are fatter than others, and one can only make a rough estimate from length alone. However, for approximate purposes you can take it that 8in. to 8½in. means a ½lb. trout; between 10in. and 11in. a half-pounder; 12in. will average ¾lb.; and a 13in. trout in good condition will be as near as needs be to the 1lb. mark. A 2-pounder will be upwards of 16in. long; should you get one from a Devonshire stream it will look big, I promise you.

I dare say it sounds optimistic to talk about fish of 16in. or more after the little chaps you have seen and caught from your water. A brown trout of that size would be a trophy—decidedly a trophy—but do not overlook the possibility of sea trout; if not at B., at all events, further downstream. If a spate comes down the stream in August make inquiries immediately. A talk with the proprietor of a tackle store in Barnstaple will give you all the information you want. It will probably take twelve hours or so for the heavy water from where you are to run down to Barnstaple Bay, where the sea trout will be waiting to come in; so if you find the river too thick to fish one day take the opportunity to go over there. You will want some special flies for sea trout anyway, so you can buy them there and tap the tackle dealer's knowledge of the district at the same time. Take his advice as to size for the flies.

If the sea trout do come in you will have to adopt rather different tactics from those you have been employing for brown trout. There is no difference between a sea trout and a brown trout except that one goes to sea and only comes back to the river periodically, while the other stays in the river all the time. When they are young, for the first two or three years of their life before they go to sea, neither you nor anyone else can distinguish a sea trout from a brown trout, except that just before it migrates, the sea trout generally turns silvery and looks like a tiny salmon. When they come back it is otherwise; the sea trout is then a substantial fish of ½lb. to 2lb. or 3lb. in weight and is bright silver with a few black spots on it. The only difficulty then is to distinguish it from a salmon, but a salmon in the Taw is practically always much bigger than a sea trout.

I do not think it is very much use trying to catch sea trout with the small flies you are using for brown trout. After these fish go to sea they feed almost entirely in salt water. When they come into the river again it is either for the purpose of spawning, which will take place early in the winter, or for resting in a safe place free from the numerous enemies which attack them in the sea; and, in either case, they are not greatly interested in food. They do not feed regularly as do brown trout. In the lower reaches, it is true, you may find fish which run in with the tide and go out again a couple of tides later, perhaps. Sea trout seem to hug the coast when they are at sea and drop into estuaries from time to time on their way to or from their own river, and these fish probably feed quite normally on whatever the estuary holds; but I do not think they often go far above tidal waters.

The majority of the fish you will encounter will be those that have come into the river to spawn. They will be resting while the eggs or milt develop and will only take "an occasional snack" when the spirit moves them, so it is very little use offering them an imitation of the ordinary fare of the river. For a year or more the bigger ones have been feeding in the sea, and the only chance is to offer them something that looks like a small fish, or a prawn, let us say. The angler is under the disadvantage of not knowing with any certainty what trout do feed on in the sea; but a "fly" which looks like a small fish seems to be a fairly safe bid.

If I were restricted to one fly, I think I should choose Teal and Silver (unless some particular fly had a great reputation locally). Second and third choice would be Peter Ross and Butcher. All have silver bodies. For sea trout a good maxim is "when in doubt use a silver body." These fish will not be found lying broadcast in a river like brown trout. They will all be in the big pools. For many months they have been in the sea and are not accustomed to swift running water. Hence look for them in the pools. I suppose I ought not to say "look for them," for this is just what you must not do. The most important thing of all in sea-trout fishing is to keep out of sight. They are extraordinarily shy fish, and your only real chance of catching them is not to let them know you are there. But if you can possibly do so, examine the river at a time of low water when the fish are not there and note exactly where all the bigger pools lie, their shape, and how they can be fished in high water.

Sometimes, when there is a shallow run above them you will be able, even in fairly high water, to stand 8yds. or more up the shallow run and cast a fly into the pool from above. If a pool has a fair stream running through it, a good plan (if there are bushes on the bank behind which you can hide) is to cast across stream, and immediately the fly is on the water pull 4yds. or 5yds. of line off your reel and let the fly and line float unimpeded down the pool. Just before it gets to the end of the pool check the line. The current will now pull on the line in the water and your fly will drag across stream as it straightens out. Sea trout have a habit of following a fly which floats over their heads, though they seldom do more than inspect it; but if it suddenly starts to swim across stream they will often make a dash for it before it gets away. The main idea in sea-trout fishing is to excite the fish's predatory instinct without arousing its suspicion. The difficulty in bank fishing is to recover the fly without being seen. If possible, it should be worked upstream again under one's own bank (by pulling in line through the rings) and then lifted out preparatory to making a new cast, care being taken not to show oneself. In fishing from an upstream position let the fly "hang" in the water, work it gently from one side of the pool to the other; then let a couple of yards of line run out through the rings and work the fly across again in its new position.

This is a good deal easier than fishing from the bank, but makes it difficult to land a fish. You will have to play it without showing yourself (if you want to stand a chance of another); then steer it into shallow water at the side, if this is possible, bring it upstream to you in the shallow water and net it. If you are on the bank, try to walk the trout out of the pool as soon as it shows signs of exhaustion—but do not approach the edge of the bank while you are playing it—then use the shallow below to float the fish into your net.

If you are wading for sea trout you must have a wading staff. A home-made one will do, but you can buy one quite reasonably with a screw fitting for a landing net at the top end. The bottom end should have a spike, and it will be more comfortable to use if it is weighted. Wear it with a looped cord to go over your shoulder and under the other arm, so that you can drop it when you want to use both hands without losing it.

Your affectionate uncle,

HARVEY.



ON THE SHIEL, A SEA-TROUT RIVER OF ARGYLLSHIRE. THE ANGLER IS LORD GLANUSK

PRACTICAL HINTS ON GROUSE BUTTS AND DRIVES

By DUGALD MACINTYRE

GROUSE butts are built of one height, but sportsmen not so, hence a 6ft. gun looks askance at the average butt, in which he is expected to conceal himself. When the grouse see the occupant of a butt they shy off at the last moment from him, so giving his neighbours chances which were really *his* chances.

The knowing keeper has sympathy for the tall sportsman, however, so he has a nice pile of heathery turves piled up against each butt. Mr. "Long" can make his butt a height to suit himself in a couple of minutes, by use of those spare turves, and Mr. "Little," who comes after him to the same butts, can tumble the spares off again.

The same thoughtful keeper knows that certain butts which are situated in level places, or have springs of water near, are liable to be muddy quagmires after heavy rains. There are butts which no drainage can improve, and for those the only remedy is wooden bottoms.

Unfenced butts are abominations where there are cattle or sheep, for the cattle knock them about, and the sheep leave an unpleasant aftermath of ticks behind.

The fencing round butts should be of the simplest character. Four short posts driven into the ground at strongly inward angles, and two rows of barbed wire round, will keep out sheep and cattle. The posts must be painted heather colour, and, partly driven, are left so until the wires are stapled on; when the completion of the driving tightens the wires. Some old sacking round that part of the fence which guns and loaders must step over, and the fence is complete. Fenced butts become parts of the landscape at last.

The walls of the butts may be partly of turf and partly of stone, but, on all counts, half-sunk butts with growing heather outside are most natural, and it may be said that butts which are too large of circumference allow high grouse to look into them.

There may be three men and a couple of dogs in one butt during a drive, however, so that butts of 6ft. in diameter, which are splendid for one occupant, are certainly too small.

It is really no fun for a retriever to be imprisoned in a butt during a drive, for its master and his one or two loaders have no time to spare for the dog, whose nerves may suffer owing to constant jars of shots fired over its head.

The keeper who knows takes his party by the least conspicuous route to the first row of butts, and it will please him to see that guns are kept well down while the party files into its hides. The glitter of sunlight on wrongly carried guns may be seen a mile away by the beaters, and what the beaters can see, grouse can also see.

Perhaps the keeper carries a telescope, and, if so, he knows enough to avoid letting the sunlight play on its polished brass. He may want to see how the distant beaters are shaping, and from that butt which has the best view, or a flanking point near it, he watches the work of the beaters, and incidentally notes the quality of shooting of individuals of the party.

A headkeeper usually takes no share in picking up grouse round the butts, nor does he wish his beaters, or even the keepers who walk with, and direct the men, to lose time collecting dead birds. Beaters with their company commanders move off to right or left (or both) without approaching the butts. Fresh keepers or dog-trainers set to work to collect the slain, and the occupant of each butt informs the dog-men how many birds he has down before hurrying off to join the other members of the party, and the keeper, in the walk to the next row of butts.

Long experience of his moor teaches a keeper how to avoid loss of time. It may be that he splits his beaters into two parties, the better to enclose a mountain which is to be driven, and, if so, he knows which party of beaters has the worst journey, and allows it time accordingly.

The best drives are those where there is no seemingly interminable wait at the beginning. Very long drives cause grouse flushed early in them to alight before they reach the butts, and when grouse do that in large numbers, and others pass over them to face the music at the butts, the wise old grouse hear the shooting while lying in the heather, and often break out at the flanks in spite of good flanking.

The occupant of a grouse butt who means to shoot at his best, and knows how to set about it, takes stock of his position before the birds begin to come. Is there a knoll in his front? Then he decides not to be surprised should grouse come over low and swiftly. He makes up his mind to snap the first bird as it tops the knoll. He has it all arranged, his second bird is also killed in front, at close range, and, changing guns, he gets one behind, perhaps, and a laggard a moment later. Grouse driving is really problem solving in double-quick time, and the man who successfully solves each problem as it comes is a super-shot.

THE OLD CORDUROY JACKET

By PATRICK CHALMERS

"YOU'D better *ride* up the brae, Giles," said George Wilmer, "you've got a top butt and you're not so young as you used to be."

"Hang it, George," replied Mr. Breckenridge-English, R.A., "I'm not a day older than you are, and *you* take the hill like a he-goat. Why don't you offer me a bath chair?" This was logical, but, as a portrait painter, Breckenridge-English ought to have realised that age is arteries, not *anno domini*.

He started to walk uphill; Curtin, his chauffeur, and loader, followed him. Sir George Wilmer's moor, Kirkfeshie is, as most people know, an excellent one, although the ground is abrupt in its up-and-downs. The drive for which the guns were now taking their places provided an example of this abruptness.

The host glanced after the pedestrian. The August day was hot and blue and "lown." "Old Giles was at school with me," Wilmer said to young Billy Keyserling who, having had the luck of a lower butt than that for which the artist was bound, loitered and leisurely re-lit his pipe. "But that was 50 years ago. Personally, let me tell you, I wouldn't walk up that precipice on a hot day like this when I could ride up on a nice, canny shelt. No, not if the Kingdom of Heaven was at the top."

"Surely not *fifty* years ago?" said Billy, as the sycophant who cries, "Oh, King, live for ever," "I won't believe that you're turned sixty——"

"Alas, too true, and I've known Giles English all my life; I knew his wife too, nice little woman she was——"

"He's a widower then? I wondered."

"Yes, he hasn't married again—must be a dull way of living for a man of his occupation and tastes. He's no family either, except a daughter, wife of a chap in some embassy or other."

Billy Keyserling, a bachelor, was on the point of saying that it was not given to every man to be a Bluebeard, but he remembered in time that Lady Wilmer, his hostess, was the third wife of Sir George. He fell back on the correct supposition that Breckenridge-English, after all, had his painting. He added that he, Billy, had, perhaps, better be moving on. He rose from the sun-warmed boulder on which he sat, lit his pipe for the third time and went to his butt.

Giles Breckenridge-English was a thin greyish man in Lovat mixture. A small moustache suggested the soldier rather than the artist; his kindly, rather vague face was lean and lined; he wore spectacles and his brown eyes, as those of a monkey, were at the same moment melancholy and humorous. He had a small piece of plaster on the second finger of his right hand against the kick of the trigger-guard. He was, as a rule, not a good shot, though he had, now and then, his inspired moments. Nor could it be said that he was particularly fond of shooting. But his friendship for George Wilmer was of long standing and great sincerity, and he still enjoyed, like a schoolboy, the holiday atmosphere of "the hill" in August. He recognised, too, that mountains are the beginning and the end of all things in Nature. Kirkfeshie was a place of memories to Breckenridge-English who had, since a boy, shot there annually. And boyhood was a long time ago; George was right, he was an old man and a fool not to have accepted the pony. Creaking doors, however, stay long upon their hinges. Still, he was breathless and slightly giddy when he reached his butt. Hill-climbing served lots of men so, even young men. Well, at this particular drive there was always a wait—fifteen minutes at least. After that the next quarter of an hour would be strenuous, it was a wonderful grouse year. Before then, long before then, he'd be as right as rain. In his waistcoat pocket there was a little box of tablets, also a small flask. A tablet and a thimbleful of brandy were the palliatives for this particular lack of condition. Or so he had been told. He felt for the little flask's flat silver shape and found only the buckle of his braces. Confound it, he'd shed his waistcoat half an hour ago and told Curtin to put it in the panniers. Curtin propped a pair of guns against the butt's wall. He looked at his employer with a respectful curiosity and some affectionate concern.

"Feeling the heat, sir?" he enquired.

"This brae-face, Curtin, is far steeper than it was forty years ago."

"I'll fetch your flask, sir. I see David and the panniers by the burn-side; there'll be time enough." Curtin always knew what was wanted, and could produce it with the aplomb of a fairy godmother.

"I'd be awfully obliged, Curtin; I hate to bother you."

"You'll be all right by yourself, sir?"

"*Et tu*, Curtin? Are you, as Sir George, making a Methuselah of me?"

"Anyone may suffer from the heat, sir. It will not hinder me five minutes to fetch you your tonic, and, if I may say so, you'll shoot none the worse for a taste of brandy."

Curtin went linking down the brae; truth to tell he thought the guv'nor was looking poorly, and the guv'nor was one of the best. Curtin's long legs carried him easily over the rough ground.

A moment or so later Breckenridge-English found himself leaning idly on the lip of the butt. On a far-off rigging the drivers were taking up an alignment; he could see the flip of a white flag. The heather was red with summer. Sunshine and shadow strode across the face of the moor. A grouse cock chuckled, and, from further up the brae, came the baa of a blackface.

Mr. Breckenridge-English was feeling younger and fitter than he had done for years. Indeed, he could not remember when he had last enjoyed so abundant a sense of well-being. He had been a fuss-pot about the flask. To acknowledge the fact he broke off what he was saying to the lady who was with him in the butt. The latter was fair-haired and hatless, but upon a finger she dangled a knitted tam-o'shanter, like the bridegroom in the ballad. She seemed to be at the apogee of her looks, and thus in the early thirties. You may have seen a speaking portrait of her in a white frock. It is by Breckenridge-English, and in the Tate Gallery. The face is full of witchery and animation; the grey eyes are infinitely kind and tender. It is called *The Wife of the Artist*.

Her dress here, in the butt, had there been anyone to see it except her companion, might have been thought slightly unfashionable. It was a costume by Redfern, but Breckenridge-English was only aware that it suited her and that it was, at the moment, as natural as ninepence for her to be wearing it. He said:

"Curtin doesn't make company of you, Mary. It's evident that you might just as well not have been here for all the good he thinks you capable of in an emergency." The girl addressed as Mary smiled. "Curtin," she said, "would probably see no necessity for my coming."

The two, elbow to elbow, leaned upon the butt's rim and continued to be as eagerly reminiscent as the united lovers which they seemed to be.

"Two years ago, Mary, in this very butt, I asked you to marry me. I had no loader, of course."

"My dear, you didn't want one, for you never fired a shot the whole drive."

"Too busy making you rash promises, my child, till death us do part and so on."

"And I said you were not to talk of parting on such a fine day or, for that matter, on any day."

"And, I'm sure I obeyed you, though, after all, I daresay it's not too bad—to die, I mean."

"I'm sure it's not. And, anyhow, I promised to try it first (d'you remember) and call for you later——"

"That was good of you, Mary. I was to stay here in this 'body of humiliation' all on my lonesome while you went off amusing yourself with Leonardo or Boucher, or someone more exciting than poor old Giles."

"And *I* said——"

". . . And so did I——"

"You said *Dieu de Dieu c'est un rêve*! No one but you, Giles, would propose in a grouse butt. All polyglot."

"Never mind, you understood me all right, my sweet. And the beaters came and we hadn't a head to gather."

"Not a head."

"But in a minute we'll make up for that."

"Yes."

"It's funny, but I seem to see what's going to happen. I see myself as a sort of Ripon."

"Ripon?"

"A chap who always shoots as I, for once, am presently going to shoot."

"Those five grouse?"

"*What*, do you foresee them, too, Mary? That little wild lot of five birds? They'll come, all of a sudden, over that hillock. I shall shoot one with my first barrel."

"And you'll hand back the gun with one barrel still loaded to——"

"Yes, and I'll have a brace with the second gun and get the first back in time to shoot the remaining brace. Quick work, eh?"

"Very."

"But somehow now I don't want to shoot that two-and-a-half brace, or anything else, ever again."

"Again?"

"Mary, Mary, my dearest, I don't understand. Have we, you and I, stood this drive out before? And I've not worn a corduroy Norfolk jacket for thirty years and more. Mary, I don't——"

"You've got it on to please me, dear, you know I love to see you in that Norfolk jacket *and* that floppity tie."

The man in the corduroy jacket turned. He took the girl's two hands in his own. They were cool, comforting and familiar. His own hands, they were familiar too, but *something* was different—of course, these were the hands of a young man who, about a million years ago, had married on the strength of a first Academy picture. And *Mary*? Mary had been dead for a quarter of a century? "No, she hasn't, darling," said Mary, as though she read his unspoken words. She had always been able to do that.

Breckenridge-English was obviously dreaming. "*Dieu de Dieu c'est un rêve*," he repeated. Yet obviously Mary's hands were no hands of a dream. And he could, most reassuringly, feel her wedding ring hard against his right palm.

"What then?" he said.

"My beloved," Mary's voice seemed very happy, "it was being broken to you gently, but, oh, *can't* you guess?" She released her hands and stood aside. Breckenridge-English saw Curtin and the Gun and loader from the next butt. Their faces were startled and white beneath an August tan. They were bending over an elderly gentleman in Lovat mixture, whom they had placed supine upon the heather. A grouse pack swept past, skimming low and unshot at. Breckenridge-English saw that the motionless figure on the ground had a small piece of plaster upon the second finger of the right hand just where the trigger-guard kicks. This poor chap, round whom Curtin clucked like a frightened hen, was clearly dead. He reminded Breckenridge-English, who saw him with sympathy but complete detachment, of someone he used to know. But Mary was here and in charge, and no one else mattered, or ever could matter.

Mary once more took Mr. Breckenridge-English by the hand. Together they looked for a moment at the elderly gentleman with the plaster on his finger who lay so still. "Your old clothes, my own," said Mary of the latter. She spoke very gently. "You must come with me, now," she said, "it's only a step."

Giles Breckenridge-English went.

THE CORRECT METHOD OF FINDING AND RINGING GROUSE CHICKS



In finding the young birds only a steady dog should be employed. In the photograph such a dog is seen finding a young grouse which has been marked down by the keeper.



Lifting the bird. This must be accomplished delicately. In the first place, the keeper calls off the dog. He then proceeds to pick up the young chick carefully in order to affix the ring.







These photographs show the method of holding the bird. Note the keeper's position. He holds the chick in his right hand with his thumb below its right wing his index finger along the back above the head, and his remaining fingers under its left wing. He rests his wrist or forearm on his thigh, thus preventing pressure on the bird's body and strain on the wings.



The next procedure is to replace the chick. First of all the keeper looks round for a convenient site. When found, the keeper then proceeds to dig a hole with his heel below a tuft of heather.



Into the hole the bird is placed with care. Here it will be safe until the covey is being called together, when it will have no difficulty in emerging from its hiding-place.

GROUSE IN CONTEMPLATION

By THE HON. A. ELPHINSTONE

AS each grouse season comes to an end and we go down from the hill in September for the last time, it seems that the past six weeks have slipped by at a quite unfair rate and that a gulf of almost countless months separate one from the next season. As the autumn sun sinks low over the hills and the last drive finishes, one looks with longing at the scene of heaving hillsides, where so many blissful days have been spent and which one is now to leave for a long ten months. The eye travels over all the well-known faces and corries and with the sight of each some cherished memory springs up in the mind, recalling some great day or some thrilling moment. Perhaps it was where a high right-and-left was got, perhaps where, not so long ago, a huge pack of grouse had risen and come forward in perfect style over the line. Every place has its own peculiar memory, and, indeed, on the last day of the season, these memories seem to have an added glamour, since they recall for the last time all the chain of events which has gone to make the last few weeks so wonderful. The last look over the hills, probably made specially beautiful by the colours of the September sunset, must be a long deep contemplation, for it is the final drink of the nectar of Scotland which is to keep one going during a weary ten months, spent perhaps in London, until the soul will be refreshed once more by new draughts of hill, wind and heather scent.

But still, however sadly we may leave the moors after the shooting is finished, there is plenty to keep the mind occupied during the following months, and as the warmth of autumn gives place to colder days, the world seems to change into one where there is no room for thoughts of grouse and blazing sun and warm bracken scent. Maybe in the evening when the blinds are drawn and the fire is crackling defiance to the winter wind, we will sit and glance through our game books and recall past days, or discuss with a friend the memories of a certain day or drive. But all the same the grouse feeling seems to disappear with the grouse weather, and the only thoughts are how deep the snow is on the hill, and if the nesting season will be good. Perhaps if one is lucky there may be other game to seek—November partridges twisting over the hedge with a strength and cunning gained during two months of experience and often conquering even the best shots. Or pheasants on a glorious crisp winter's day of frosty weather. If one is even more fortunate, the chance may come to chase the wary goose on a wild snowy night.

Then, as winter passes by and spring comes, other and new thoughts come with it. Once again the world changes and shooting days in field and wood and marsh recede into the background. Life wakes afresh for a new lease and birds and beasts alike cast off their winter shyness, and during the period when they turn to the homely business of mating and nesting, become fearless and tame. No more are they thought of as wild creatures to be hunted by men, but as familiar beings in whose well-being we take a great and personal interest. The nesting season for grouse becomes a widespread topic of conversation. Owners and tenants from all parts of the country discuss and compare reports from their moors as to weather conditions, numbers of nests and eggs, &c. And so the time goes on: the grouse hatch and the young birds begin their career, which in its early stages is so keenly watched by keepers, and later on so pestered by the guns. More news travels south as to the conditions of the young birds and more discussions follow round the dinner-table. Finally, the summer closes and the birds, for good or for bad, have hatched and grown up.

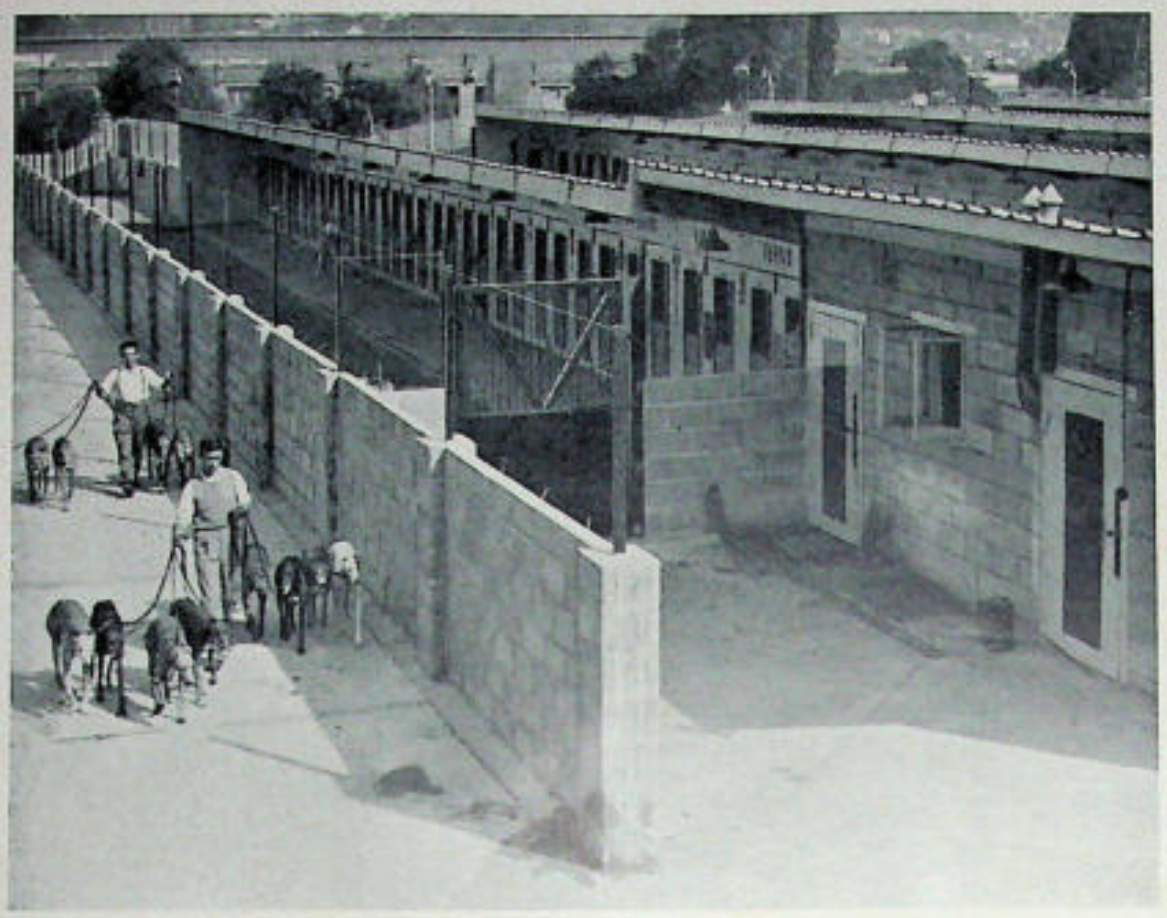
It is such a moment that we have reached now, the brink of the season. Soon the immigration of sportsmen, cartridges, dogs and guns will start into Scotland—carefree once more at the idea that in a few days or even hours they will tread once more the soft heather, smell the well-loved scents and hear the cherished sounds. If the few weeks after the last season was a time for reflecting over days past and gone, surely this is the moment to ponder over others yet to come. The autumn weather is here and in its turn it has banished memories of cold pheasants and even colder duck! In a while we shall form a part of the joyous throng making its way towards the hill. Well can I imagine the first day. A typically hot August one with brilliant sky and an occasional cloud, casting dark shadows which creep silently over the hillside, darkening for a moment a small patch and passing on, leaving it again bathed in sunlight. A friendly handshake with the keepers and beaters and then the first drive begins. I can almost see now the first coveys approaching the line of butts and hear the sound of the first rather muffled shots. At last some come over me, two single birds, well up, though not too high. With a leaping heart I raise my gun and fire, hoping madly to start the day well. Now, before it happens, I imagine them falling with a feathery wump behind. Ah! But will this really happen when the moment arrives? The day goes on and all the pent-up keenness of weeks finds expression. Drive succeeds drive, and in the good old style, the grouse come forward in coveys and singletons, high and low, slow and fast. Just like always they suddenly surprise us by coming unexpected from behind, or by swinging suddenly on us from behind a knoll to our side. The day has all the thrills we know so well. And so, finally, it comes to an end, and we go home with a new life in our veins and thankful that Scotland exists with its grouse! Maybe we have shot well or badly, it hardly matters, for there are so many other things to claim our attention. And it is just this which to my mind makes grouse shooting what it is.

A partridge or pheasant day depends largely for its enjoyment on the fact of there being plenty to shoot. It is true that September shoots share a large amount of the joy of grouse days, for the weather is usually pleasant and hot, and the stooks of ripe corn standing in every stubble give a warmth of colour to the countryside, which is anyway rich with soft autumn tints. But later on in the season, when the cold dreary days of November come, the abundance or lack of birds may make or mar the day. Under those circumstances, if the partridges do not appear, and the guns stand idle in their places, there is little recompense in observing the surrounding land with its bare fields and hedges which have been stripped of their foliage by the harsh winter wind and which now afford no shelter to man or beast. So it is with a pheasant shoot. The scenery can be uninviting, like the weather. The guns are little rewarded if they stand for half an hour with cold fingers and toes and nothing comes. It is a little different with wildfowling, for that, whatever the weather and the luck, is supremely thrilling. The goose or the duck with all its cunning, needs an active body and brain to outwit him; there are too the delights of darkness and moonlight nights and the sound of other birds calling through the night.

But grouse shooting has other and subtler charms. There is the infinite variety of views and landscapes that presents itself: heathery slopes, rocky corries, boggy flats or bracken-covered faces, each adding its different tint to the colour of the whole. And, indeed, as the clouds move, and the sun comes and goes, these colours themselves may alter, becoming sometimes deep and rich, other times light and clear and again soft and hazy, with all the tints indefinable, blending into each other. There are beautiful burns, here rushing swiftly between steep banks, there running smoothly over flatter ground. Occasional birches and rowans growing in some sheltered spot give a lonely beauty to the view. Then there are the distant hills, pale blue or grey, forming magnificent silhouettes on the horizon. I think that of all the good things about grouse shooting, the scenery is undoubtedly the best. Its ever-changing aspects always hold the attention when nothing else is happening. Another delight is the type of man whom one meets as keepers and beaters on highland, and other moors. It would be hard to say anything too good about them. Bred up on the hill and spending their lives on it, they are as natural and charming as the country which gives them their livelihood. Lastly, of course, to cap the enjoyment, there is the actual shooting. This, I contend, defies description. There is so much in common with all kinds of shooting that it is difficult to award a special merit to any one sort. Yet there is something which marks out grouse from all others. Perhaps it is the great variety of shots that the Scottish grouse presents, perhaps the perplexing shots that look so easy and are really so difficult, I don't know. But whatever it is, it will surely always be the same, as much this season as last and for all time to come. And with the thought of it we shall all travel north with an even lighter heart and greater expectation of the sport we are to get during the coming weeks.



"HEATHERY SLOPES, ROCKY CORRIES, BOGGY FLATS OR BRACKEN-COVERED FACES"



A RANGE OF KENNELS AT WEMBLEY STADIUM

THE GREYHOUND IN HISTORY

By DALE BOURN

IN canine history the greyhound must be given a position most notable and most high. It is claimed that the greyhound is the oldest pure-bred dog of which we have authentic data. It is said that when Mena, the first known King of Egypt and founder of Memphis, rode out from the city, there was a leash of greyhounds in his train. As this was about 4,400 B.C. we have no definite proof of the fact. On the other hand there is plenty of proof that the greyhound was loved and honoured amongst men before the building of the first Pyramid.

Records tend to confirm the belief that the greyhound was known as a distinct species 7,000 years ago. In early Assyrian art we find the greyhound chiselled in stone. Grecian and Assyrian paintings and sculptures depict the greyhound hunting the gazelle and the hare. The greyhound was known to the Medes and Persians in their wanderings. Phœnicia and Ur of the Chaldees knew him. Ovid extolled his virtues. Herodotus and Xenophon wrote of him. Solomon referred to the greyhound as being one of the four "things which are comely in going," the other three being a lion, a he-goat and "a King against whom there is no rising up."

Grecian writers on hunting made mention of the fact, not generally known even nowadays, that the greyhound hunts by sight and not by scent. In actual fact the sense of smell is practically undeveloped in the greyhound.

The remarkable presentation of the original type of greyhound is demonstrated by the fact that in the British Museum there is a lamp dating from 400 B.C. shaped in the form of a greyhound's head, holding a hare in its mouth. This head might quite easily be the model of any present-day racing or coursing dog. The breed has changed but little in the thousands of years of its history, but like his brothers, the Saluki and the Afghan, the greyhound's mission has always been to run down some form of game. He has been crossed and recrossed, and was undoubtedly the forefather of the deerhound and Irish wolfhound.

In Britain, the greyhound has been known since before the days of Canute. Elfric, King of Mercia, is reputed to have had several greyhounds, whilst Canute decreed that no one "inferior to a gentleman" could be the owner of a greyhound.

History tells us that in mediæval times King John accepted greyhounds in place of fines. The famous story of the faithless greyhound, Math, who deserted King Richard for Bolingbroke, is even now recorded in the nursery history books.

Greyhounds became most popular at Court in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the "hunting of the hare" became a royal sport. The Queen herself was particularly fond of the breed, and went coursing in Gray's Inn. It was she who caused the first Rules of Coursing to be drawn up, and this originated a sport which has been popularly supported ever since.

In 1491 there was published the *Boke of St. Albans*, which contained the details and description of the greyhound. The rhyming description given in this book is worth reproducing, as it has never been improved upon, and is still considered by many to be the most comprehensive. It is certainly unique. It runs:

"The head like a snake,
The neck like a drake,
The foot like a cat,
The tail like a rat,
The side like a bream,
The back like a beam."

With all this weight of history behind it, it is not to be wondered at that the greyhound as a sporting dog has become more and more popular. Originally, of course, the greyhound was used solely for coursing, and in 1858 the National Coursing Club was formed which drew up their own rules for governing the sport. One of the main outcomes of this club was the start of the *Greyhound Stud Book*, which is recognised universally as being the most perfect system of registration in the world. The rules of this book are exceedingly strict, inasmuch as a greyhound without a pedigree or unregistered in the *Greyhound Stud Book* is unable to compete at any coursing meeting. The National Greyhound Racing Club have very wisely made it compulsory that all racing greyhounds must be registered in the *Greyhound Stud Book* of Great Britain or the *Irish Greyhound Stud Book* before being allowed to race on any licensed racecourse.

Before the advent of greyhound racing, the demand for greyhounds was only confined to the requirements of the coursing field. Only a limited number of animals were required for this sport, with the result that breeders used to do away with a lot of unwanted puppies, it being a waste of time and money to rear them. The growth of greyhound racing immediately gave a tremendous fillip to breeding. Many of the breeders were farmers, and they suddenly found a brand new market with a rapidly widening demand at steadily increasing prices. Whereas the coursing puppy would fetch £10 to £15, prices jumped into the 50 and 60 pound range. To-day track greyhounds have changed hands at prices as high as £1,500 to £2,000.

Ireland used to be the chief source of supply for coursing greyhounds, and so the export of greyhounds for racing became a tremendous trade, and big and quick money was made. As more and more breeders started up in England the demand from Ireland gradually fell away, but still many well-bred Irish greyhounds are imported into this country for racing and for stud purposes.

Greyhound racing having taken firm root and become the vast industry that it is, it followed that the breeding of greyhounds became a highly developed and specialised business in this country.

Irish and English farmers are now both big breeders of greyhounds, as well as many private owners who have entered the field with a commercial object. It is the big greyhound racing companies, however, who have the biggest interest, since a constant supply of high-class track greyhounds is essential to the continuance of their business. Many of these companies have their own kennels, training and breeding establishments. Situated in the countryside not far from London, as most of them are, they make ideal homes for the thousands of greyhounds that are trained for the many racecourses now in existence.

The Greyhound Racing Association own the most modern kennelling establishment in the world on a 200-acre estate at Northaw in Hertfordshire, as well as a big breeding establishment at Blythe Bridge in Staffordshire, and at Hersham Farm, near Chertsey, Surrey.

At Northaw, over 700 greyhounds are quartered and trained to race on their four London tracks during the racing season. Recently a larger estate at Barrow Hills, near Virginia Water, was acquired, and is now being equipped with all the most modern improvements to house over 1,000 greyhounds. It will be a veritable "greyhound city," complete in itself.

Great care is taken to breed to live and to get the strain to reproduce all the fine qualities of the proved good racing greyhound.

Nowadays, the tendency is to try to breed a good "stayer" in preference to the sprinter. The argument here is that the longer races are more popular with the public in that a good greyhound is more likely to win a race on true merit rather than on the "luck of the race."

The big breeders, therefore, examine the strains of the various sires and dams very carefully with a view to trying to reproduce all the fine qualities that they require in the progeny.

The bitches from whom it is intended to breed, when in season, are sent to wherever the various sires are standing. The stud fees on these occasions average between £20 and £50. The bitches are then sent to the breeding establishment where the puppies are whelped. These litters may vary from one to ten—the average being four or five. Here especial care is taken of the bitch when in pup and of the puppies when whelped. Every modern method of science and veterinary surgery is used in the care of the puppies. The first consideration is to assure that each dog will have the strongest possible constitution. To this end, the youngsters are fed only on the finest beef, milk and especially baked rusk bread. If necessary, a foster mother is sometimes utilised, and some of the finest dogs on the racecourse at the moment were reared in this way.

The puppies are given absolute freedom in their special paddocks and on their walks, and especial watch is kept on them for any early illness or ailments.

Each litter is registered in the *Greyhound Stud Book* and with the National Greyhound Racing Club. The puppies live a healthy carefree life for their first few months while being nourished and nursed like any human baby. It is when it reaches the age of from ten to twelve months that the serious side of its racing career is started. The puppies are then sent to the training establishment. At this stage they are invariably quite untamed, having had little contact with man. They are immediately inoculated against distemper if it has not already been done, and after a few weeks in the puppy range they are allotted to their respective trainers.

By a rule of the National Greyhound Racing Club, no greyhound under the age of fifteen calendar months shall run in any race. Until they reach that age, therefore, their time is spent in being exercised and schooled.

From long practice psychological methods of breaking them in have been found, and only men with the right temperament for the job are employed in the puppy kennels.

Having enjoyed the carefree indolence of puppyhood, they get down to the really strenuous but none the less pleasant job of training for their racing careers.

And it is at this stage that the results of research and painstaking study of the ancient breed of dog begin to tell in his transformation from the wild hunter to the sleek, polished animal that attracts millions in England each year to greyhound racecourses throughout the country.

"8 Guns" IN A DODGE

—to say nothing of the dog

—to say nothing either of the lunch hamper and the shooting sticks, the top coats and the mysterious package George says he *must* take with him!

It's an accommodating vehicle—the Dodge shooting brake—as sturdy as it looks (and extremely comfortable!) It seats eight in comfort. It solves once and for all the troubled problem of transport on the moors.

The high ground clearance and the special springing make it as easy to drive as it is to ride in, over really rough country. Running costs are surprisingly low. There's time to get a Dodge for the twelfth!



DODGE DE LUXE ESTATE CAR. PRICE £355 EX WORKS
The De Luxe model Estate Car is fast, comfortable and silent. Smooth running as a luxury saloon, every effort has been made to combine the comfort of the private car with the roominess and robust character necessary for use on the moors. The engine of 23.4 h.p. provides a tremendous flow of power, whilst the combination of long springs, hydraulic shock absorbers and high ground clearance make this the ideal Estate Car.



DODGE ESTATE CAR. PRICE £299 EX WORKS
This model has been designed for work under rough and most difficult conditions. Possessing a larger body than the de luxe model and mounted on a rugged commercial type chassis with special springs and hydraulic shock absorbers, it is ideal for a wide variety of uses additional to passenger carrying requirements. Available in two engine sizes, 19.8 h.p. or 23.4 h.p. it is a most excellent general purpose vehicle.

Both the above models are available in two types, as an Estate Car with fixed seats and tailboard, and as an Estate Wagon with removable seats and drop tailboard.

Dodge Brothers (Britain) Ltd.
MORTLAKE ROAD · KEW · SURREY · PROSPECT 3456

By Appointment to  *the late King George V*

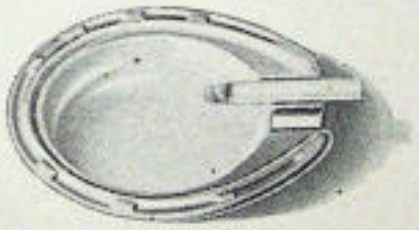
Gifts for Smokers



Sterling Silver Plain Cigarette Box, Lined Cedar

3½" × 3½" × 1½"	£1.15.0	4½" × 3½" × 1½"	£3.0.0
6½" × 3½" × 2½"	£4.7.6	7½" × 4½" × 2½"	£6.5.0
CIGAR BOX 9½" × 6½" × 2½"			£10.0.0

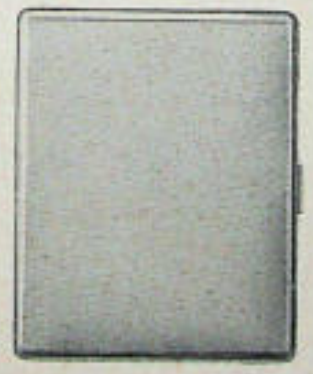
Sterling Silver-mounted Engine-turned Pocket Lighter, 16/6



Sterling Silver "Horseshoe" Ash Tray, £1.5.0



Sterling Silver Engine-turned "Tear-off" Match Case, 17/6
In 9-ct. Gold .. £7.10.0



Engine-turned Cigarette Case

Size	Sterling Silver	9-ct. Gold	18-ct. Gold
3½" × 2½"	£1. 2.6	£14. 5.0	£36. 0.0
3½" × 3½"	£1. 6.6	£17. 5.0	£42. 0.0
3½" × 3½"	£1.12.6	£21.10.0	£50. 0.0
4½" × 3½"	£2. 0.0	£26.10.0	£64. 0.0
5" × 3½"	£3. 5.0	£31. 0.0	£78.10.0

IN the showrooms of The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd. there is a wide range of gifts for the smoker. For those who cannot call and inspect them there is an illustrated catalogue available upon request.

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W1

WARNING—NO OTHER ADDRESS *TELEPHONE—REGENT 3021*

PROSPECTS FOR PARTRIDGES

PROVERBIALLY prophetic mantles are uncomfortable garments. Of which fact none, probably, are more acutely conscious than well-meaning analysts of partridge seasons. For, however sound the basis of one's reasoning, early forecasts can seldom be more than speculative at best. It is easy enough to summarize conditions at midsummer, but it by no means follows that a great, or even a good, hatch will retain the same perspective a month later. Until the harvest has been lifted, no one can gauge the percentage of baby partridges, which are eluding the most vigilant of keepers in the standing crops, or foretell their reaction to sudden and violent weather changes. The very fact that, as between first and second grade shoots, the average number of young partridges, surviving to maturity, falls from eleven per nest in a good season to less than two in adverse circumstances, suggests how dangerous may be the most intelligent anticipation. Wise men, I fancy, hold their peace until September, but "prophets" of the Press must risk their "honour" in July.

Which observation, may I say at once, is no reflection on my numerous correspondents. Without the help of friends and keepers, to whose collaboration I would pay a grateful tribute, this brief survey of the country would be sadly incomplete. As it is, in several places where late nesting has occurred, the issues are still in the balance. For, although it is sometimes said that it can never be too dry for partridges, dryness in this connection is synonymous with warmth. And although the long drought was in favour of the nesting birds, warmth, save for one brief heat-wave, has not been a conspicuous feature of the summer. This has rather been a season of extremes, temperatures sometimes varying as much as 30° from one day to another; and extremes are seldom good for man or beast. In several areas babes at hatching suffered from the cold east windy snap towards the end of June, though as a compensatory factor the intense thunder-rains which in seven midsummers out of every ten we associate with flooded nests and tiny corpses, were local rather than general. In some parts of the North and Midlands, however, their coincidence with cold winds has materially reduced a first-rate hatch. In others more southerly, an early hay harvest has had its drawbacks. Particularly in sparsely keepered areas, I hear of heavy casualties through prematurely cut-out nests. So, were I forced to bet, which, thank goodness at the time of writing I am not, I should plump for a bright season with some cloudy patches.

Even so, the outlook is more than average, and for brevity's sake I propose to quote my correspondents without further comment. Generally, nesting was later in the North than in the South, and, as typical of several Yorkshire shoots, here is a report from the well-known Birdsall estate: "Fine dry weather, and a 90 per cent. hatch; broods doing well, but some losses through cold wet conditions at the end of June." Durham and the border counties suffered more severely, the cold snap coinciding with the main hatch, but in the North Midlands the outlook is better. Conditions in Notts are a bit patchy, broods ranging from six to fourteen, but the mean of three estates on the Cheshire—Stafford border show an "85 per cent. hatch and coveys doing well." From Herefordshire and Shropshire comes news of "an ideal nesting season" and bright prospects, while a few reports from Wales indicate a considerable improvement on last year.

East Anglia reports are also good. One from Euston is typical of the Thetford and King's Lynn areas, where disease was rampant two years ago: "Partridges went down on full nests; an average hatch of 95 per cent., and hand-reared and wild game doing well." With a few exceptions this roughly represents conditions in Suffolk and Cambridgeshire, but storms in Northamptonshire have reduced a good hatch somewhat. Of the Berks—Oxon district a friend writes: "Ideal nesting weather; full nests and a good hatch. I have seen two coveys of seventeen and nineteen. In the Reading district storms have done some damage, but the downland areas have entirely escaped, and with average broods of eleven to fourteen, it should be a first-rate season."

Hampshire shoots have fared well on the whole. From reports of five well-known properties in the Alresford—Stockbridge—Romsey area I find the mean of hatchings and broods safely away is 92 per cent., and thirteen birds. Wiltshire news is also good, and strong coveys are reported in Somerset and Devonshire, though there was storm trouble in Devon at hatching time and the outlook is more patchy. From the Maidstone and Canterbury areas reports are fair, though Kent is not a great partridge county, and Sussex is rapidly deteriorating in that respect. Such of the eastern half as is not falling year by year into the clutches of speculative builders is a kind of National Park for foxes, though on two or three big estates which still remain intact the outlook is better than for the last two years. Good hatches were the rule, and the coveys which I have seen are good strong birds. On the south coast marshes, where partridges mostly fend for themselves, the show is a good deal better than one would expect, considering all wis's which they have to contend. From Hertfordshire a friend tells me of "first-rate breeding stocks going down on full nests and hatching well. Only a single egg left in odd nests." But a change to cold weather during hatching, followed by heavy rain, did some damage, and such conditions may, as a generalisation, be applied to Southern and Eastern England rather than the North or West. To sum up, in broad outline, things are hopeful, and not the least encouraging feature is that in something like 50 reports there is no mention of disease.

J. D.

DOGS FOR THE MOORS

THERE is no finer or more cheering sight than the main line platforms of the three northern termini of London at the beginning of the second week of August; piles of luggage surmounted by gun cases and cartridge bags, and here and there through the crowd struggling individuals being pulled along willy-nilly by dogs of various kinds. The dogs are an essential part of the scene and for many people the August grouse shooting over dogs is among the best which the shooter's year has to offer. Dogs for the moors—I do not propose here to offend anybody's susceptibilities by making out a case for any particular type of dog in preference to any other type, because I think that it will be of more interest to discuss the subject as a whole.

For all that there are so many people who look forward to their "dogging," there can, unfortunately, be little doubt but that the amount of grouse which are annually shot over dogs is on the decline. This is very regrettable, and is an outcome of the increasing urbanisation of life at the present time. It is something quite apart from the one-gun-one-dog rough shooter and must be considered separately; such men are on the increase, but the "dogging" grouse shooters are on the decrease.

The rough shooter is very often a Saturday sportsman and can, anyhow, arrange his day to suit himself, not so the man who essays to shoot grouse. The latter has to fit in with the rest of the party, and with his host's arrangements, or, if he happens to be the host, with the arrangements which his particular moor happens to call for, and which have been laid down for him by his keeper. More than this, he is probably on holiday and will be called upon to shoot on an average three days a week throughout his visit. Small wonder, therefore, if his limbs, accustomed to a sedentary existence upon an office chair, give all too early warning of a surfeit of unwonted exercise. It is, I think, the "soft" condition of so many of those who annually go north for the Twelfth that is bringing about the reduction in the number of "dogging" days and the early, in many cases the much too early, commencement of driving.

For those who are fit, and who realise that there ought to be a great deal more in a day's shooting than mere "target practice," the shooting of grouse over dogs will keep its fascination, and it will offer them something which they can never find while they are standing in a butt with the birds being driven over them by beaters who are doing the work.

If the man must be fit to enjoy his shooting over dogs, the dogs must also be fit, and any shortcomings in this respect will be quite sufficient to wreck a day's sport. The majority of people whose dogs let them down have no one but themselves to blame, and their fault is usually not that they forget about the dogs, but that they do not start to think about them early enough. If a man does not get very much grouse shooting in the season he may not think that it is worth while to keep dogs for twelve months in order to get one month's work out of them, and he will then be compelled to hire the number that he needs. This business of hiring dogs need not be an unsatisfactory one, but if that is to be avoided it is absolutely essential that the dogs should be delivered from the kennels in ample time—three weeks before the opening day is not too soon.

Directly hired animals arrive they should be isolated, as one can never be too careful in remembering the possibility of disease. Before they come, careful inquiries should have been made about the diet to which they have been accustomed, and this should be adhered to if possible. The change of air, of surroundings and in those who have charge of them will be quite unsettling enough for the dogs without any added danger of internal derangement on account of strange food. So, then, isolate the dogs and feed them in the way in which they are used to being fed. When they first arrive these hireling dogs should not be fussed, they should be shut up, preferably together or within sound of each other, for company, and then left alone. In the succeeding three or four days they will, of course, be exercised in the usual way and will then begin to settle down and to get to know the man or men who are to work them on the hill; this is most important, and it is as well if such men are given the task of feeding the dogs.

However good the dogs may be, it is as well to go on the principle of making quite sure, and with this end in view the exercise should be so arranged that it will all help to produce hard condition and, which is just as important, hard feet. Condition and good feet are absolutely vital to sport, and they must receive attention whether the dogs are hired or owned. Conditioning should begin in the early days of July with a gradually increasing amount of "strong" food and exercise. A dog cannot perspire except through its tongue and the sides of its mouth, and as this is of but little value in conditioning, it is therefore best avoided. For this reason it is as well to exercise in the cool of the early morning and evening, and the best form of exercise is that which can be given on quiet bye-roads behind a bicycle. Experience has shown that fast work is not necessary; long, steady work is what is required, and if the dogs are gradually trained on until they can do a steady ten miles behind a bicycle and return home fresh and cheerful, there will not be very much amiss on the hill on August 12th. The steady work will build up condition and will dispose of surplus fat, while the hard going will see to it that the feet are in proper trim.



LORNA COUNTESS HOWE'S "BANCHORY SPEY"

If these precautions are taken the dogs will be fit and well and then, for the man who is also fit and well there will be days ahead which nothing can rival. Not only will there be the exhilaration of the actual shooting, but there will also be all the interest and fascination of the dog work which, to be seen at its best, must be performed by dogs which are used to working together. For this reason dogs should be kept in "sets" and should never be used in a haphazard manner, for the essence of these days is that of team work, team work in which both the dogs and the guns play important and interdependent parts.

R. A. W.

BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS

The Cheriton and Dartmoor Joint Week

UNFORTUNATELY, the weather has spoilt the hunting this week, the continuous rain having made the Teign impossible to hunt on Monday, July 24th, when the Cheriton met at Teignbridge. Hounds were taken to the ponds below, there were a few "touches," and they carried a "line" across to the river, marking in the left bank. The terrier bolted the otter, which hounds managed to swim 200yds. in the heavily flooded river before he put in again and had to be left. They then drew the clay ponds above Teignbridge and had a faint "line" a short way up the stream towards Ugbrooke.

The Masters—Mr. Tritton and Mr. Pelly—were so anxious to show the large "field" some sport that they decided as a final effort to draw down the marshes and withy-beds under Sampford Orleigh as far as Jetty Mill. About a quarter of a mile above the Newton Abbot—Kingsteignton Road they put off an otter, which they hunted down to the first lock gate of the canal. Here in the reeds they killed him. It was at once apparent that more than one otter was still on the move, for hounds were swimming down in full cry again. They were stopped at the main road, the otter having gone on down to the tide. On returning, they were hard at it again, driving another otter upstream and through the reeds to ground in a drain. While they were marking here word came that yet another otter was to ground near the lock gates. Taking the pack back there, he was bolted and swam well down to the main road and on under the railway goods yard to the flooded Teign, up which he turned and hounds were called off.

The next day the Dartmoor met at Granite Lodge, Stover. The pond was drawn first, but proved blank. However hounds carried a speaking "drag" out of it and away down the stream past Teigngrace to the Teign, where they stopped as the river was still in flood. On being brought back to Stover they had a good "drag" all the way up through the golf links and on to the main Plymouth Road, where it faded out a short distance below Liverton. Hounds were then vanned across to the Lenon at Mill Cross Bridge and drew that stream as far as Half Way Inn without showing much interest. Wednesday, the Cheriton met at Jews Bridge to draw the Bovey. They drew down the Leat and then across to the Bovey at the junction. Hounds owned to a good "line" the whole way up to Bovey Tracey and again in Parke, but it died out above and the day's proceedings came to an end just below Lustleigh Cleeve.

The following day we returned to the Teign, when the Dartmoor met at Chudleigh Bridge. As the water below had been unhuntable on Monday it was decided to take hounds down to Preston and draw up. They hit off a screaming "drag" at once, and just before reaching the junction with the Bovey, they took a line across the meadow to the Stover beat with a grand chorus. The beat was tried out carefully but without result, and on returning to the Teign the "drag" gradually petered out, and was almost certainly dead. Raymond drew on most carefully through all the strong holdings, but had to finish at Ashton without finding an otter.

On Friday the Cheriton met at Christow. They drew up and seemed very interested in Bridford Weirpool, but, on continuing, seemed to be less keen and the Teign was drawn to Fingle Bridge, as well as the Doccombe Brook, before calling off. Saturday saw the upstream draw continued when the Dartmoor met at Fingle Bridge. Hitting off a fresh drag almost at once, hounds worked up to their otter about a mile above. He appeared to be lying rough on the right bank and, after running the land for a short distance, took to the water and dropping down slipped into a big root. Here hounds marked him well, and he was quickly away downstream. For a short time there was quite a merry rattle up and down, but the otter then got into a strong place in the left bank, from which he defied all efforts to evict him. Later the Teign was drawn to Sandy Park Bridge without finding again, and an exploration of the South and North Teign Rivers and the Blackaton Brook, from Leigh Bridge, failed us.

So ended the Joint-Week, much enjoyed by a large number of people on account of the lovely country through which they passed, but ruined from a sporting point of view by the heavy and continuous rains which kept the Teign and its tributaries in half spate. D. C.

THE HAWKSTONE RIVERS STILL IN FLOOD

MONDAY, July 24th, still found the rivers in flood, but hounds met at Aston-on-Clun and hoped for the best. There was a drag for the first quarter of a mile up to Oker, which failed to materialise. On reaching Clunton without finding, hounds were vanned to the Onney, which was drawn blank for about four miles.

Wednesday, the meet was at Kington. Mr. Stanier drew down just past the recreation ground, where there was a good drag. The river being very high the Master realised it was best to draw up, where unfortunately the drag gave out, so the Kington otter won for the second time this season.

They drew on for about two miles with only slight touches, and then hit off a very fresh drag, which continued up the Gladesevy Brook. It was strong but intermittent.

Hounds found their otter under the Forest Wood. He was bolted by Meg and viewed going upstream, where he was lost for some time until Miss Clegg-Hill poked him out from a broken culvert. Hounds then hunted her well till she was rolled over in the middle of a field an hour and 30 minutes from the find—a 13lb. hatch. S. W.



THE BUCKS OTTERHOUNDS ABOUT TO DRAW THE LAKE IN EYTHORP PARK

THE CARLISLE IN RIVER AND SEA

AS near as makes no difference to twelve hours the Carlisle Otterhounds hunted a game sporting otter in the Border Esk and Solway Firth after meeting at the Metal Bridge near Gretna on Thursday, July 20th. It was a memorable day. None of us who was fortunate enough to be there will forget it. Our thanks to Huntsman Will Hind, who worked his hounds magnificently, and no tribute can be too eloquent for the endurance and cleverness of his pack.

Hounds were cast off to try above the Bridge, and along the right-hand bank there were slight signs, but after trying a short distance farther up scent disappeared. It was decided to cast over to the Lyne. There was hardly a whimper along the willow bank of this tidal reach, but it was not long before hounds came across their otter. What a chorus of voices proclaimed the find! Rock, the little black terrier, was put in, and he could be heard sharply baiting the otter, but in spite of encouragement by the huntsman out he came. Will sent into the hover Joe Armstrong's terrier Mack, a little demon for otters. The game little beggar had the quarry out in a jiffy! "Tally-ho!" "Gone away!" proclaimed that sport had begun in earnest. The long chain of bells was followed intently till it slowly dwindled upstream. Hounds with a rare cry were soon hot on the drag and, led by Mountain, the pack swam the foil with melody that became a roar echoing through the valley of the Esk. Mountain is a pure bred not long in the Carlisle kennels. He came from the Dumfriesshire, the all pure otterhound kennel just over the Border and believe me, without throwing the least discredit upon the capabilities of the other mixed hounds, Mountain did hunt! He could not be thrown off the scent, and his sonorous note told us he was in constant touch with the otter, which took rest at almost every willow bush, but never did the field get a view of him. Only once did hounds leave their otter when he got into the reach above the footbridge. Hounds got mixed up with a stale line, but after puzzling about for a little time they got on to the scent of their otter again, locating him amongst the willows. Another spell of merry hunting followed as they pushed him downstream. At this point the gathering thunder clouds sent down a deluge, but the enthusiasm amongst the followers was too animated to be damped by rain; indeed, excitement was so great that those who were decidedly wet outside refrained from becoming wet inside! We were never out of sight of Metal Bridge Inn, our anglers' paradise!

Sport continued downstream, where the otter made good use of available cover, but could not outwit hounds, whose clever scenting powers and swimming ability were admirable to observe. Leaving a clump of willows on the right-hand bank, he went back upstream for a couple of hundred yards and then back down again, and was viewed going into the stonework of the right-hand bank. Being forced to quit this hover, he made downstream, where, with lively and melodious cry, hounds swam on the foil. By this time the tidal water had come up to where hounds were hunting and the river rose about 3ft. or 4ft. The otter took advantage of this and went downstream against the current. Hounds found it impossible to swim him, but winded him whenever he took a short respite under a willow bush as he continued on his journey downstream.

The pack hunted merrily, pushing their otter into the wider reach just above the Metal Bridge, and it was now that the otter began to show himself

frequently as he swam down the middle of the river. He was seen crossing over to the willows on the left bank, and from there he made upstream, then crossed over into mid-stream, where he vented often before setting his mask downstream. Eventually the otter went below the bridge, and what a rare sight it was to see the whole of this pack swimming their quarry with melody which reminded me of the line: "As music from a hundred throats came from these noble hounds." Crowds massed along the bridge saw the picturesque scene. Hounds worked beautifully and kept up a continuous volume of music as they took their otter in great style through the arch of the bridge downstream to the railway viaduct. But there the otter found no cover and decided to double back upstream again. He took to the left side of the island for his return excursion to the Metal Bridge. He did not get above, however, as hounds turned him and swam him seawards past the railway bridge. At a very hot pace hounds pushed him through this wide Border river for a mile and a half down to the sea.

It is of great depth where the Esk joins the Solway, and so the huntsman had to requisition a boat to keep in touch with hounds. A grand swimming hunt followed as hounds drove their otter through the flow of the Solway Firth, and nothing is more formidable than that, believe me. Time and again the otter would show his mask at this point and yonder point in the brine, but hounds absolutely disproved the opinion that scent does not hold well in the sea, for they spoke to the foil decisively and hunted their game diligently and faultlessly. He made no attempt to leave the sea, but kept on down the estuary, hounds exhibiting their rare swimming powers and unflagging endurance by keeping close to his rudder.

Hounds were racing to overtake their quarry. First one hound then another would take the lead. It was a very fast, exciting hunt. Once at Sarkfoot, Gretna, he attempted to get up the River Sark, but he turned and made back towards the channel of the Esk, but darkness was falling and the order was given for home. It was 10.15 p.m. The day had been long and memorable, and perhaps we shall never see its like again. He was a game otter and deserved to get free; on the other hand, hounds gave of their very best and deserved reward, but—

"He's wily and canny the otter
No sport is more thrilling
No beast takes more killing
Than the varmint that's known as the otter."

And don't we know it! HARKAWAY.

SPORT WITH THE WYE VALLEY

ON Monday, July 24th, the meet was at Stretton Grandison, and under the road bridge were tracks of a small otter going upstream, and off hounds went towards the Canon Frome mill pool. Here we met misfortune, for the gates of the weir had been lifted to allow the extra water to get away, and the otter had no doubt gone with it, for we had no drag afterwards.

We next went to Bromyard and drew a stream which hounds had not been on for years. I believe the last time it was drawn Griff Davies killed a 30lb. otter, but to-day it proved completely blank, although there was plenty of water, thanks to all the rain that has fallen, and is still falling. This finished the day and bome was the order. Once again the River Wye has defeated us, and by the scene at Hoarwithy, where the water has taken gardens and sheds to the banks below, we thought it much safer to keep away, so after meeting at the British Lion, Fawley, hounds were vanned to the Gurneys Oak stream and put on just above the mouth.

We soon had a nice drag, and hounds were running on with this past Brockhampton to the deep water here, across the corners they went, and everything looked quite promising. On getting to the main road just below the deep weir pool hounds were very keen, but our hopes vanished, for we could track a big otter going downstream. This proved correct, for although hounds could race away on the drag and they knew an otter had been about and drew this deep water extremely well, it was rather disappointing for them that this big otter had taken it in his head to travel down to the Wye this very morning. Crossing over to the Frome, hounds again had a beautiful drag, and took it to the Lugg, which was very heavy, and we then drew up to Dormington Bridge, and finished the day. M. L.

SUPERB HOUND HUNT WITH EASTERN COUNTIES

FROM the meet at the Brandon Ram, on July 27th, the E.C.O.H. pack showed fine sport on the Little Ouse, below the town, when one of the best hunts for a number of seasons was witnessed. Hounds were put in to draw down river towards Lakenheath, in the Fen country, and having found the Brandon covert to be blank they soon afterwards took a fresh line up the first runner below the sluice. The reeds there are intensely thick now, and hard to get through, so that when some five couple put up an otter in the middle of the carr there, nearly half an hour had passed before the Master, with the rest of the pack, had got over to the scene of action, as they had been upwind and the main body were unable to hear what was going on in the reeds. However, the reunited pack soon forced their otter into the river, where they swam her downstream with much melody for half a mile under the railway bridge to mark their pilot in a boathouse just below the bridge. She was reluctant to leave the boathouse, but bolted at long last and set off downstream for a further half a mile to the next sluice, with hounds swimming her beautifully and with a terrific cry. On reaching the sluice, however, this stout otter turned and went back upstream; scent had now become very catchy, and it took hounds all their time to keep her on the move, but they stuck to the job well and hunted on slowly.

Scent was but little better on land, but they kept on terms with their pilot and eventually brought her back to the river once more, where she took them further up stream and into the boathouse again. This time, however, she left it at once, and continued on up to the railway bridge with hounds now on excellent terms with her, and throwing their tongues in a grand chorus until she doubled back again and took them for another long swim at a slower pace right away down to the second staunch, where they took a line over to the carr, and for the first time were out of touch with their hunted otter. Mr. Russell now cast them right up river, and it was not until they got into the big carr above the railway that they put their otter away again. They now hunted her back to the river on a much improved scent, and then swam her fast upstream towards the Brandon Staunch, near which they forced her out into the carr, where they roared round on close terms with her in this vast and very thick covert. There was a lot of water in the big dykes that cross the carr, and with scent now greatly improved, hounds drove their otter at a tremendous pace both on land and in water, until after a rare spell of one-and-a-half hours in the carr she went away back to the river, getting in just ahead of the leading hounds, and set her mask down stream, but they were now fairly glued to their pilot, and swimming her hard they ultimately forced her out into the carr again, where they hunted her round like smoke for a further fifteen minutes until they rolled her over after a magnificent hound hunt of six-and-a-quarter hours. DRIFTER.

THE AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE IN BELFAST

THE Agricultural Education Association held its annual conference in Belfast last week, and an official welcome was given by the Government of Northern Ireland in the form of a dinner, attended by the Prime Minister (Lord Craigavon), the Minister of Agriculture (Sir Basil Brooke), and the Minister of Labour (Mr. J. F. Gordon). References to the important part that Northern Ireland has played in agricultural administrative development were made by Mr. W. B. Mercer, the chairman of the association, and Dr. C. Crowther. Sir Basil Brooke, in his reply, said that although in size and numbers Ulster was only a small part of the United Kingdom it was a much larger contributor to the home food supplies than its size or numbers would suggest. There were more farmers in Ulster than in the whole of Scotland. The measure of success which attended the Northern Ireland Milk Scheme, he said, might be gauged by the fact that the farmers are receiving for their liquid milk as good a price as in England or Scotland, and the consumers are receiving the cheapest milk supply in the United Kingdom. In a reference to the Northern Ireland Pig Scheme, Sir Basil stated that since 1933 the bacon output had risen from 28,000 pigs per annum to over 800,000, and that Ulster was now producing one-third of the total United Kingdom output of bacon and hams. The Ulster pig had practically disappeared, and its place had been taken by the Large White.

During the conference a large number of papers on widely different aspects of scientific work affecting agriculture were read by members of the association and of the agricultural staff of the Ministry of Agriculture for Northern Ireland. Mr. J. Morrison, of the Agricultural Research Institute of Northern Ireland, said that during 1937–38 the value of the gross output of agricultural produce, exclusive of State subsidies, reached a record figure of nearly £16,500,000. This increase reflected a rise in the value of the output of live stock products rather than of field crops.

Over 80 per cent. of the agricultural holdings were under 50 acres in extent, and probably not more than 20,000 permanent agricultural labourers were employed. Mr. Morrison said that the potato crop accounted for approximately 64 per cent. of the total income from field crops, the total annual production of potatoes varying from three-quarters of a million to a million tons annually. He referred to the very significant change over from the production of store cattle to fat cattle, which has been taking place since 1925, and of the rapid development of an export trade in fat cattle. The value of the output of the pig industry exceeded £4,000,000 per annum. He referred also to the importance of the poultry industry in Northern Ireland, and of the remarkable increase in sales of eggs in Great Britain during recent years.

In a very stimulating and witty address on Grass Land Problems in Northern Ireland, Professor S. P. Mercer spoke in favour of the shorter ley, combined with August sowing. One of the advantages of the August sowing is that it gives fresh autumn and winter feed for lambs and other stock, and mixtures containing a fair proportion of Italian rye-grass, sometimes with the addition of rape, were being tried. Professor Mercer emphasised the necessity for maintaining fertility, and had some interesting remarks to make upon the destruction of rushes; in Northern Ireland they had found that the secret of rush destruction is the application of the mowing machine at precisely the right time. Two cuttings for two successive years eliminated about 80 per cent. of rushes.

Mr. H. Trefor Jones, in a paper on "Smoke Pollution," said that in a town the size of Leeds, domestic chimneys contributed the equivalent of nearly a ton of sulphuric acid per acre per annum, and it was not surprising that in these conditions vegetation should completely fail, and that metals, wood and stone should rapidly corrode. Most of the damage from smoke pollution was done during the dormant months. Spring-sown crops survive fairly well, but it is unsafe to spray potatoes with copper preparations even under conditions of mild pollution. Liming could do something to lessen the bad effects of smoke pollution, and much of the nuisance caused by smoke could be prevented at the source.

Dr. H. H. Corner, referring to "Pine" disease in sheep, stated that this is a special form of anæmia common in the Border Counties, the Highlands of Scotland, in North Wales and in Devon. This is a wasting disease, which can be successfully treated by feeding small quantities of cobalt. The economic way of doing this is to dissolve 1oz. of cobalt chloride in 3 or 4 pints of water and spray the solution over a mixture consisting of 1cwt. each of steamed bone flour and common salt. This mixture is put into boxes to which the sheep have constant access. The cost is not more than 2d. per sheep per annum.

Mr. James Mackintosh suggested that the amount of protein fed to dairy cows might well be reduced without detriment. He said that 0.5lb. of protein equivalent per 10lb. of milk of average quality might serve as a satisfactory standard instead of the usually recommended 0.6lb. protein equivalent. Professor Baskett, dealing with the subject of fat formation in pigs, said that the backfat of pigs receiving considerable amounts of de-germed maize meal had a significantly lower iodine value than pig receiving half their ration as maize meal.

In the biology section Dr. Muskett described methods which are being tried to discover a rapid and satisfactory way of finding out the relative efficiency of different types of fungicides now being recommended for seed disinfection. Dr. Carrol, of the Agricultural Zoology Department of University College, Dublin, described the increasing importance of eelworms in Free State agriculture and horticulture, whilst the spread of the chrysanthemum midge was referred to by Mr. R. Chamberlain.

During a paper on "The Teaching of Agricultural Engineering" (read in his absence) Mr. S. J. Wright, Director of the Agricultural Engineering Institute at Oxford, stated that the real reason for teaching elementary principles is that, in the farm, they are often of much greater importance than the so-called practical things themselves. He instanced the ignorance of many students about wheel slip, and said that unrecognised wheel slip probably costs our farmers something like 5,000,000 gallons of fuel every year, to say nothing of wasted effort. Other papers dealt with marketing schemes in England and Wales, and in Northern Ireland, with Peat Land Reclamation, and the flax-growing industry.

Visits were made to the Plant Breeding Station and Veterinary Research Laboratory at Stormont, to the Agricultural Research Institute at Hillsborough, and to farms of the Irish Peat Development Company at Maghery. The Agricultural Education Association has a membership of 500, and includes most of those engaged in agricultural education and research in the British Isles. D. H. R.

Cartwrights testify to the demand for

TOM M. SCOTNEY

TIMBER MERCHANT & SAWMILL OWNER
FARM & ESTATE
APPLIANCE MANUFACTURER.

SAINT IVES, Hunts.

N. S. Downes Esq. District Manager,
Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.
Chapel Field Road,
NORWICH.

Dear Sir,

Nine years ago, we decided to build the future of our business, on what was then a new principle: Pneumatic Tyres for Farm Carts, Barrows and Trucks.

As you know, the Dunlop Rubber Co. had at that time developed and manufactured equipment, but were faced with the problem of convincing users of the advantages in converting to pneumatic tyres and wheels.

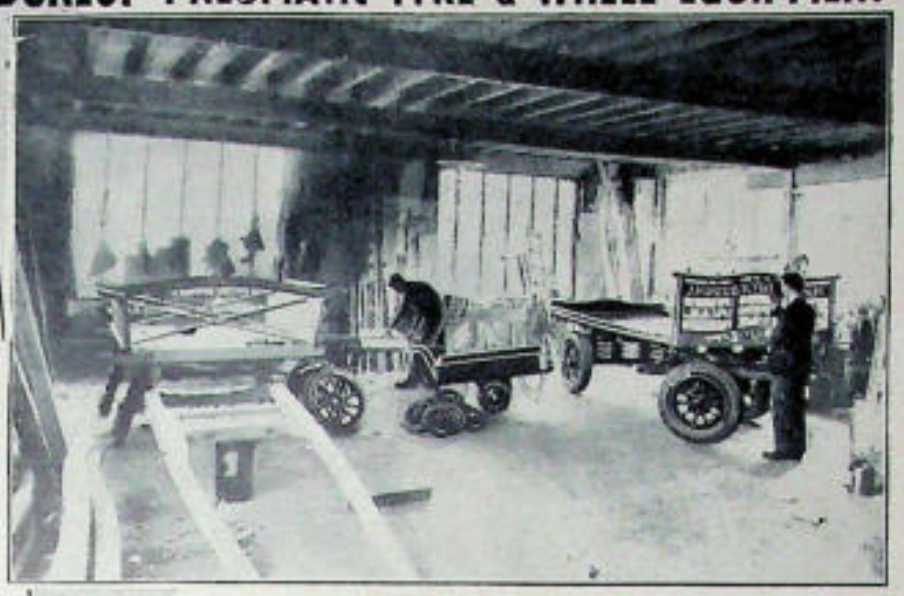
We decided to pioneer the equipment, and for this purpose arranged demonstrations in all parts of the country.

It was difficult indeed to bring users to change from the types of tyres and wheels which had been in use for so many years, but we persevered, as we were convinced that the principle was a step forward in our industry.

Today, we are manufacturing more vehicles than ever before, and we are glad to be associated with the Dunlop Rubber Co. in the development of equipment which has made transport in the fields and factories so much more efficient.

Yours faithfully,
Tom M. Scotney
TOM. M. SCOTNEY.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE & WHEEL EQUIPMENT



Cartwrights everywhere are receiving more and more orders for pneumatic tyred carts—proof positive that users are realising the substantial advantages to be obtained from DUNLOP Equipment.

ORDER YOUR NEW CART NOW, BUT BE SURE TO SPECIFY

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES & WHEELS

PIONEERED and PROVED

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, Fort Dunlop, BIRMINGHAM. Branches throughout the World.

There's no use talking TASTE IT!

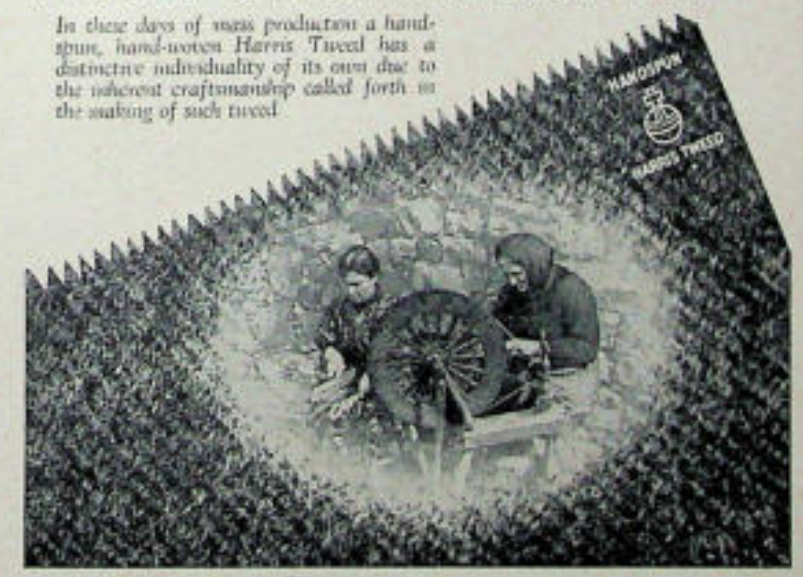


Also M.L. Liqueur 12 years old

Mackinlay's SCOTCH WHISKY Established 1820

A PRODUCT OF TRADITIONAL CRAFTSMANSHIP

In these days of mass production a hand-spun, hand-woven Harris Tweed has a distinctive individuality of its own due to the inherent craftsmanship called forth in the making of such tweed



HARRIS TWEED

HAND SPUN
HARRIS TWEED

The registered Trade Mark stamped on the cloth itself is an assurance that the tweed has been made from pure Scottish wool, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides—the home of Harris Tweed. The addition of the word HAND SPUN above the Trade Mark is an absolute guarantee that not only has the Tweed been woven by hand at the homes of the islanders but the yarn has been spun by hand on the spinning-wheel in exactly the same way as has been done for generations.

LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH

Issued by the Harris Tweed Association Ltd., 5 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

IN THE SALEROOM

Rare Armour at Christie's

REFERENCE was made in the *Field* of July 15th to the famous collection of arms and armour of the late Clarence H. Mackay, which was put up for auction at Christie's on July 27th, and very remarkable pieces of mediæval craftsmanship came under the hammer. In view of the importance of the collection some of the prices were not up to expectations. But the rare type of "Hundsgugel," or pig-faced visor, here illustrated, stated to have belonged to the fourteenth-century ancestors of Graff Trapp (there are two others in the castle at Churburg), withstood bids for the National Art Collection and was purchased, it is said for a private collector, for 2,600 guineas.



A 14th CENTURY BASCINET WITH "HUNDSGUGEL" VISOR
Italian (Tyrol), circa 1350

There were no further offers after 410 guineas for the fine Milanese Pageant Shield which depicts the Emperor Charles V taking John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, prisoner after the Battle of Muhlberg in 1547, an incident of which there is an original drawing by Martin Heemskerck (1555) in the British Museum. The shield was withdrawn, together with a fine embellished Morion. An Augsburg suit of armour of 1550 brought a bid of 1,300 guineas, but even then was bought in.

There were "plums" for bidders, as when the boy's suit of armour of 1540 went for 160 guineas and the hilt of Coventry's old civic sword, once found among refuse, went for 290 guineas; the latter had once fetched 400 guineas. One of the disappointments of the vendors was the lack of support for the Ispahan carpet used at the coronation of King Edward VII, which was bought in for 6,200 guineas. There were some magnificent tapestries. Four Beauvais tapestries, known as the Italian Grotesques, which were woven by Philippe Behagel after designs by Jean Baptiste Bernin about 1700, went to Mr. Baeri, of Paris, for 1,450 guineas. A set of five was sold in the Mortimer Schiff Collection in June, 1938, for 2,900 guineas.

In the sale of Mrs. Evelyn St. George's pictures at Sotheby's a Goya portrait of Dona Antonia Zarate made a record at £6,800, and an El Greco painting of St. Catherine secured £3,800. Some Orpen portraits were to be had as bargains.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Meatless Luncheon in August
The Fare: Smoked Eels and/or Soused Herring
Œufs mollets St. Germain
Etuvée de St. Pierre à l'Orientale
Haricots verts Maître d'Hôtel
Fromage et Salade verte
Fruits
The Wine: Chavignol

EELS are delicious and nutritious, but not glamorous. Many people do not like the look of eels; never attempt to press eels upon such people: give them herring. A soused herring is more human; soak it in plenty of white wine with lots of onion; serve with it fresh tomatoes sliced and dressed in oil and vinegar.

Œufs mollets are new-laid eggs boiled in plain water six minutes, then cooled in cold water, when the shell can be removed, the white of the egg being sufficiently firm to hold the semi-liquid yolk inside. They are *St. Germain* when served upon a *Purée de pois nouveaux*; that is, garden peas boiled and mashed.

The *St. Pierre à l'Orientale* is not quite so simple. It is a John Dory, a very ugly fish with too big a head for its body, but what there is of the body is extremely good. Cut off four fillets from the backbone and put the head, fins and trimmings into a saucepan with a shredded onion, two cloves of garlic, parsley, thyme, bayleaf, pepper and salt, some lemon juice and equal parts of white wine and water. Let the lot boil fast a few moments; skim and let it simmer during 20 minutes; pass through a fine sieve and save this precious liquor or *fumet*.

Next take the fillets of Dory and drop them gently in very hot olive oil, adding in the pan some minced onion, quarters of tomatoes and two pimentoes cut up diecwise. Turn the fillets once over and then add the *fumet*; bring to the boil; then reduce heat, cover the pan and let the fish simmer in its liquor gently from 30 to 35 minutes. To be *à l'Orientale* the fish should be served with rice *Pilaff*.

A dish of new French beans, just tossed in a little butter and served with plenty of chopped parsley, will be welcome after the somewhat highly flavoured Dory.

One white wine from beginning to end should prove quite acceptable, and if one can secure a Chavignol, not a great wine but a very agreeable one, it will introduce into the meal an element of novelty which is always desirable.



A FINE PAGEANT SHIELD AND CABASSET MORION
Italian (Milanese), 1550



A BOY'S SUIT OF ARMOUR (GERMAN)
Upon the right toe-cap is a date, 1540, and on the left toe-cap the monogram I.A.O.S.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of August 3rd, 1889.

GOODWOOD Races. "It was 'glorious Goodwood' indeed. . . . Suffice it to say that the course was in splendid condition, the verdure 'green as emerald'; that the Royal Standard floated again from the summit of Goodwood House, where its noble owner entertained a distinguished circle of the intimates of royalty, and that the general company kept up the high reputation of Goodwood for being a social function which only Ascot can rival.

"But if Goodwood keeps up its high social character, it would be idle to deny that in sport it is not the Goodwood of yore. For that there are many reasons. The large prizes now, for good or evil, offered by so many newly established meetings have played havoc with many others that pursue the tenor of their way on the old lines. The time was when 'the hundred sovereigns added' to the Goodwood Stakes was considered a handsome sum, or at least one that tempted good horses and brought out good fields; but that era has long passed. The Cup is but the shadow of a shade; and even the Stewards' Cup—that most popular and gambling of short cuts, only to be equalled by the Hunt Cup at Ascot—has for the last few years been dwindling down to small proportions; this year about as small as on record."

TOUGH BEARDED SHAVER USES SAME BLADE 12 YEARS



The world-famous flight of the "Flying Fool" in 1927 was as great a thrill to J.B. as it was to you and I. But about the same time—12 years ago—J.B. enjoyed an even greater thrill! . . . He bought himself a Rolls Razor. Read what J.B. has to say about his Rolls today—12 years later. "I have calculated that my blade (the original) has covered nearly 2,500 yards of shaving area, not including under the chin. And thanks to your patent guard, cuts are unknown." *Signed*—J.B., Leeds.

21/-, 27/6 Presentation Sets up to 20 gns.

ROLLS RAZOR

SELF-STROPPING • SELF-HONING
SELF-CONTAINED

Shaving Bowls 3/6, Shaving Sticks 2/6 (Refills for either 1/6), Shaving Brushes 5/- to 15/-. *Write for illustrated catalogue. Our Service Department exists for your enquiries & convenience*

ROLLS RAZOR LTD., LONDON, N.W.2
Showroom: 197a Regent Street, W.1

D.A.88a

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP MATHEMATICS

SIR,—That there is a serious flaw in the mathematics of the County Championship points system must by this time be clear to anyone who takes the trouble to study the tables as they appear.

A few of the anomalies revealed by the table published on July 1st provide ample proof of this statement:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts	Aver.
(1) Derbyshire ...	10	5	4	1	68	6.80
Surrey	11	6	3	2	72	6.54
(2) Essex	12	5	6	1	78	6.50
Lancashire ...	12	5	3	4	72	6.00
(3) Glamorgan ...	12	3	3	6	48	4.00
Worcestershire	13	3	6	4	52	4.00
(4) Hampshire ...	13	0	9	4	32	2.46
Northants ...	10	1	5	4	16	1.60

Surrey, Lancashire and Northants have playing records obviously superior to those of the counties placed above them by the eccentricities of the points system. And no sane person could maintain that Glamorgan and Worcestershire should in equity have the same averages.

An imaginary case will show to what extremes of absurdity the present points system can attain. Last season Leicestershire won four and lost nine of 22 county matches played, and had an average of 3.63.

If some other county—Wessex—had lost all its 22 matches after obtaining first innings lead in each, the final Championship table would have revealed the following Gilbertian state of affairs:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.	Aver.
Wessex	22	0	22	0	88	4.00
Leicestershire	22	4	9	9	80	3.63

Which, as Euclid very justly remarked concerning other matters, is absurd.

In its present form the points system fails to achieve its essential purpose—it does not provide a fair reflection of the form of the various counties. More often than not the Championship table is a ludicrous misrepresentation with little relation to fact and form.

Yours faithfully,

20, Dale Road, E. L. ROBERTS.
Purley, Surrey.

TAMING A RAVEN

SIR,—As the letter under this heading in your issue of July 1st has gone unanswered, I am sending a few lines that I hope may be of assistance to your readers who may now be bringing up and taming one of the crow family, and who wish to do so with due regard to the captive bird's welfare.

Assuming that the bird has never been placed in a cage, and is strong and full feathered, except in one wing which has had the longest feathers shortened, it is well to consider just how control of the bird can be obtained.

The only control that can be got over the bird's shyness is through feeding it. It must associate people's approach with feeding-time. Someone should remain in its presence until its appetite is satisfied. If this is not done, and it is allowed to feed by itself, it will never get tame but always try to hide itself when anybody approaches, waiting to come back and eat the food brought it as soon as left alone. On account of this the most suitable place to keep it in is a courtyard and not an open garden. If it finds sufficient food for itself you cease to have any control over it. It will eventually know feeding-time just as well by hearing a whistle as by seeing someone approach with food.

The longer taken over feeding the better. A crop full of soaked dog biscuit or strips of raw meat will soon be taken, but a piece of rabbit will keep the bird happily occupied for a considerable time pulling at it before a cropful is got. If a little fur is eaten it will do no harm. The liver is a tit-bit which will be much enjoyed.

Of course, the bird wants to be able to fly and hop up somewhere off the ground and into a roof or similar place, where it should spend most of its time. A roof or tree stump, however, does not make such a good roosting place for the night as something that it can get its feet round like a branch of an old tree. The reason is that in a wind it can be more comfortable if the feet can grasp right round something.

If the bird shows signs of roosting in a particular place as is sometimes the case, and it is a suitable one, encouragement can be given to it to continue using that spot by providing something soft for its feet. A piece of old carpet nailed round the branch is often much appreciated especially during cold weather and if always kept dry.

The crow family are well known to be fond of playing with anything bright like a small piece of mirror or string of beads. Something of this sort should, therefore, be placed at hand.

A bath should be provided as the bird may take kindly to bathing. The best position for a bath is, of course, in the sun. It should be saucer-shaped, with edges level with the ground so that the bird can wade in gradually until in a sufficient depth to throw the water over its back with its wings. A bath with steep sides which has to be jumped right into will very often never be used.

Yours faithfully,

Copse Hill House, C. C. T. GILES.
Wimbledon.

SIR,—The taming of any pet depends upon the temperament of the person, and the time they can devote to the work.

I have kept ravens for over 20 years, and have never experienced any difficulty in taming them. It takes fully two years before they talk freely, but if obtained from the nest when quite young they give very little trouble.

Until they are six months old I feed them three times a day, afterwards twice only, morning and evening. The first meal is flesh food, generally rabbit, and always with the fur attached; the second, usually a puppy biscuit, or bits from the house, avoiding carefully anything containing salt.

To teach them to talk, repeat the words you wish them to learn as often as possible, slowly and distinctly, avoiding words of more than two syllables to commence with.

Ravens dislike stroking, but do not object to having their heads and throats stroked gently with a finger. I never pinion or mutilate my birds, and find they come on better with entire freedom.

That "patience is a virtue" is indeed true in taming any wild creature.

Yours faithfully,

Parkend, M. LEIGHTON RIDGWAY.
Moreton Valence, near Gloucester.

SIR,—In a recent issue an enquiry appears on the subject of taming a young raven.

I have no experience with these birds, but my son and my wife have tamed a young rook which fell from a nest in a high elm in our garden.

This bird, now three months old, continues to be fed by hand, occupies a cage at night, and after his breakfast flies about the garden and spends much time up in the top of the tree in which he was hatched. He is called two or three times for meals, when he planes down on to my wife's or son's head or shoulder. He appears to take no notice of his wild relatives.

Some year or two ago I told you of my method of restricting my sparrow family. Our first week's catch this summer was 60.

Yours faithfully,

Start Hill House, G. P. A. CHURCH.
Bishop's Stortford.

BRITISH AMATEUR SCULLING

SIR,—The sudden and unexpected advent in the Diamonds at Henley of Mr. Burnell as a first-rate sculler is so reminiscent of my own experience 55 years ago, that I should like to point the moral for the much-needed encouragement of British sculling.

Let more oarsmen in all rowing clubs try to discover whether they are born scullers or not, for no one can be sure of this without serious trial. In any case, sculling practice would teach watermanship as nothing else can.

If such trials were more frequently made, further discoveries of latent capacity would be forthcoming, and British amateur sculling would soon recover its former prestige.

Burnell has given our oarsmen a fine and encouraging lead, and we scullers are proud of his magnificent effort against Verey, the Pole, in the semi-final heat. The cost of sculling boats and, if justified, of professional sculling should, where needed, be helped by the National Fitness Campaign.

Yours faithfully,

Burnham Overy, W. S. UNWIN.
Norfolk.

AMERICAN CREWS FOR THE LADIES' PLATE

SIR,—As an American with some interest in rowing and also as one who saw all four days of Henley this year, I might perhaps make a comment.

We have seen Kent and Tabor fighting it out for the Thames Cup this year, and the records show that either one or the other is a consistent winner of this event.

Is it not time to recognise that these two schools are beyond the Thames class? It is not derogatory to their English competitors to say that these boys, rowing together all spring and in training all that time, are bound to be better than the young business men who make up most of the English entries in the Thames.

Surely the Ladies' Plate is the place for American schools. If the regatta authorities want such entries to continue it would appear that either the conditions for the Ladies' Plate should be changed to admit foreign crews or a new event on the order of the Ladies' Plate should be created.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. 8. ROBERT P. POST.

GROUSE IN CUMBERLAND

SIR,—Although prospects on the low moors of Yorkshire are the worst they have been for many years, it must not be taken for granted that the whole of the North of England has been affected by this year's outbreak of disease which has visited many of the best moors. Some of the high moors in Cumberland, Durham and Northumberland are looking forward to their best season for several years.

The reason is, I think, not far to seek. In the spring of 1937 heavy snow lay on the high tops right up to the end of April, and the result was disastrous. While the great majority of birds migrated to the lower moors, many others died or did not breed at all. The deep snow, however, had one beneficial effect—it kept the late frosts off the heather, and the growth and bloom that year was quite phenomenal, with the result that in 1938 what birds there were did exceptionally well.

Although few could be spared for shooting last season, this nesting season began with a young and healthy stock on good clean ground, and as a result they have done exceptionally well. The hatch was very good indeed, and the heavy rains this summer did not commence until the young birds were old enough to withstand them. It was feared that the spring drought might have ill effects, but this ended just when keepers were getting anxious. On our moors, comprising Burnhope, Ireshope, Killhope and Killhope, in Weardale, and Tynehead, Priorsdale and Crossgill, in the Alston district, never a sick bird has been seen the whole spring, and I have never seen coveys so consistently big and healthy—the average must be nearer ten than eight. The shepherds on the moors, as well as the keepers, are remarking on this, and as lately as yesterday, in a two-hour walk on one beat, I flushed 20 coveys varying between eight and thirteen birds. Anyone with experience of grouse moors knows how close birds lie at this time of year on a warmish day, so this should give an idea of the stock there must be on the ground.

Similar satisfactory conditions also prevail on neighbouring moors, such as Moorhouse, Birkdale and the Killhope side of Allenheads, and several others.

I think I am right in saying the low moors of the north of England have not had a bad year for seven or eight years, and are, according to the cycles of disease, now due for one; whereas the higher moors had their bad time in 1937 and 1938. Surely a provision of nature that climatic conditions should affect different moors in different ways, as if the high and low moors were depleted in the same years recovery from the ravages of disease would be a slow process indeed.

Yours faithfully,

Bracken Bank, R. N. BURTON.
Lazonby, Cumberland.

TWO YOUNG CUCKOOS REARED IN ONE NEST

SIR,—It is, of course, quite a common thing for two cuckoos to lay an egg in the same nest, but it must be most exceptional for both young cuckoos to be reared. Almost invariably one gets thrown out within 48 hours of hatching.

Consequently, upon reading in the *Field* of this alleged occurrence at Mill Hill I obtained permission to visit the garden in question, and took with me another enthusiast, Mr. E. E. Pettitt.

The evidence of the gardener who found the hedgesparrow's nest when the two young cuckoos were half grown, supported as it was by the lady of the house, who had never before seen a young cuckoo and did not realise it was anything unusual, was absolutely convincing to both of us. Incidentally, the gardener showed us in the same 3-acre property another hedgesparrow's nest containing one young cuckoo about half grown.

We were told, and believe it, that for days after leaving the nest the twin cuckoos were to be seen sitting near one another on a railing waiting to be fed by the foster parents, but they had left the garden when the letter appeared in the *Field*.

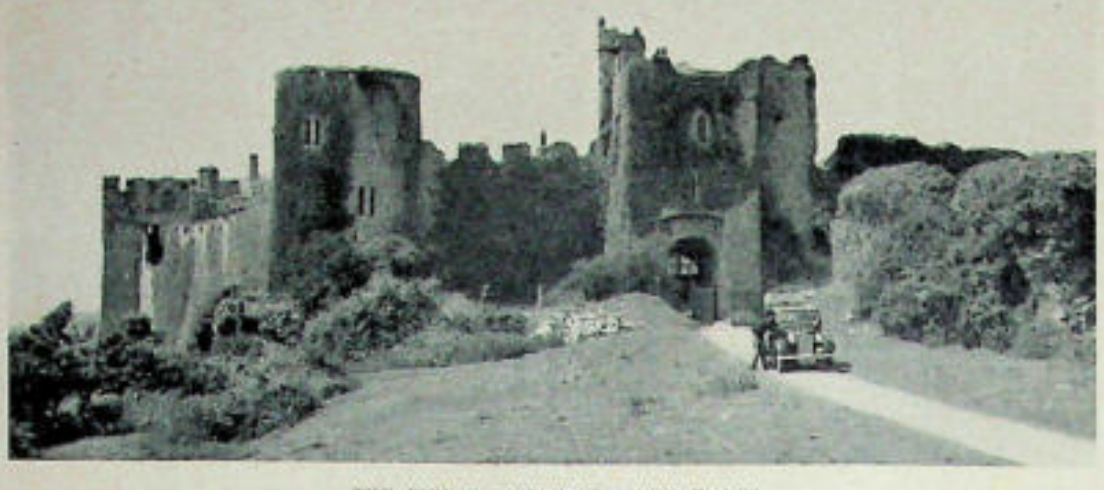
We saw the nest, which was surrounded by twigs in a thick, tight privet hedge, so that it is more than likely the twigs prevented either young cuckoo being thrown overboard by the other; supported by the twigs like matchsticks round the nest, he might well be able to resist the "ejectment order" of the other. The young hedgesparrows, being smaller and weaker, would fall through between the twigs. That is my explanation of the phenomenon.

The story had been sent in to the *Field* by a third party, and was consequently inaccurate. The suggestions offered recently by your correspondent, Mr. Brice-Smith, are exactly correct.

The "hissing," of course, emanated from the young cuckoos, and the fact that each had to live on half rations probably inclined them in their greed to grab the heads of their foster parents when being fed, which would explain the baldness of the hedgesparrows, a fact which was confirmed by the gardener.

Yours faithfully,

Gurdons, EDGAR P. CHASCK.
Witley, Surrey.



THE FINEST CASTLE IN SOUTH WALES
(See letter "Manorbier Castle")

MANORBIER CASTLE

SIR,—Perhaps Manorbier Castle is one of the most beautiful in the world; it is certainly the finest in South Wales. As an example of a Norman baron's house, and thought to originally date to the tenth century, it is one of the few old castles still used as a residence.

The keys of Manorbier are now preserved in Tenby Museum, and it is recorded that they were found at the bottom of the well in the courtyard.

The main structure was started in the reign of Henry I by a Gerald de Windsor, who married Nesta, a beautiful Welsh Princess; and at one time the castle was allowed to go to ruin, and it is said that smugglers made use of it for hiding their goods. Now the castle is in an excellent state of preservation.

Enfield, Middlesex. Yours faithfully, G. LESLIE HORN.

HARBOURING A VIPER

SIR,—After many efforts I have succeeded in persuading a pair of swallows to make use of a specially-made ledge in my garage for their nest, and the entire efforts of the household have been directed towards keeping away cats and small boys. The cats have been particularly troublesome as the height of the garage made it necessary to leave the car outside to deprive them of a jumping-off place. It now seems that I have been harbouring a viper in my bosom!

One Sunday I discovered that the youngsters, now nearly ready to fly, were being fed almost exclusively on my bees.

It appears, from the nonchalance with which the slaughter was being carried out, that this has been going on for some time, and that two other pairs had caught the habit.

In five minutes I counted fifteen bees taken, and at various times during the day I found the same thing happening.

At a conservative estimate one can safely say, I think, that upwards of 2,000 bees were being taken every day, a pretty formidable total when it is realised that a queen in full lay will only just produce that number.

I tried to get a photograph of the parent birds with bees in their beaks, but the light was against me, and by the Monday the youngsters had left the nest.

I imagine that shortly they will be able to help themselves, and I am seriously thinking of giving up bee-keeping and of taking up guinea pigs!

Scientifically it seems strange that no untoward effect appears to have been experienced by the young birds, especially so when one realises that reflex action after death is retained by the sting muscles, and that the poison sac continues to pump out its contents for several minutes.

Perhaps sudden annihilation which prevents the sting from ever being brought into play is the explanation.

Witham, Essex. Yours faithfully, K. RIDGWAY CRAWSHAW.

DEVOTION TO DUTY

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the following account of a hen pheasant's "devotion to duty." Not far from this hotel is a small copse on the edge of the Plain. The centre of the copse is fairly thick undergrowth, but for some 15yds. round the edge the undergrowth has been beaten down by troops who use the copse during training as "cover from air." The distance between trees is just sufficient for a tank to take cover from air, which happened a few days ago. After the tank had left it was discovered that it had driven over a pheasant who courageously stuck to her nest—with dire results to herself. Why she should have chosen to build here on the edge, and near a road also, rather than in the much better cover of the centre of the wood is—well, rather astonishing.

The Crown Hotel, East Everleigh, Marlborough, Wilts. Yours faithfully, L. T. MITCHELL.

SAVING THE LIFE OF A ROE

SIR,—I had an interesting experience while I was out one morning recently stalking roe. I rose at dawn, and had been out for about two hours looking for a shootable buck. I was walking fairly slowly through some very coarse heather when I heard a sharp scream close behind me. I looked round but could only see the heather moving as if two animals were fighting about 5yds. from me. I put off the safety catch of my rifle and walked cautiously towards the commotion in the heather. When I was about 6ft. away I saw something like the brush of a fox, but I wasn't sure. All this time the little high-pitched screams continued, and I only realised what they came from when a doe appeared on the scene and started darting in and out. Then I saw the whole thing: A vixen had attacked an almost newly-born fawn and was trying to carry it off. The vixen then chased the fawn (which could just walk) into some very thick bracken, so that again I could not see it. I was able, all the same, to follow them because of the fawn screaming. It then looked as if the doe and the vixen were going to fight, but neither had quite sufficient courage to go at the other. I had, of course, been trying to get in a shot at the vixen, but what with the long heather and bracken, this had been impossible.

I again got within 2yds. or 3yds. of them, and the vixen left the fawn, more because of the doe than because of me, whom it hardly noticed. Not till then was I able to use my rifle, which I did from the shoulder and shot the vixen at about 10yds. range. The noise of the shot frightened the doe away, so that I was left with the fawn, which did not seem to be in any way damaged. I have often been told never to handle young fawns as their mothers are apt to desert them if they smell of human hands, so we stood and looked at each other for about half a minute, and then it walked away into the wood.

Rothiemurchus, Aviemore, Scotland. Yours faithfully, A. I. GRANT.

CONFETTI FOR A CHAFFINCH

SIR,—It would appear that some, at least, of the chaffinch family are possessed of the artistic sense.

A pair which built in my shrubbery, about 50yds. from the church porch, ornamented the outside of their home with coloured confetti collected from those thrown outside the church after weddings.

They can only be intended as decoration, as they form no part of the structure of the nest, being merely stuck on the outside, rendering an otherwise cunningly concealed nest rather a conspicuous object.

Is this decorative fancy at all a common thing?

Alverstoke Rectory, Gosport. Yours faithfully, GUY LANDON.

IN MEMORY OF AN EXCELLENT BOWLER

SIR,—Whilst travelling on the Dover road from London I made a "good, unsought discovery" which will be of interest to all lovers of the ancient game of bowls. I had halted and refreshed at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Milton, near Gravesend, and was strolling round the bowling green at the rear of the house, when I came across a curious monument set up in 1776 to the memory of "Alderman Nynn, an honest Man and an Excellent Bowler."

As I rarely go abroad without my camera, I took a photograph of the memorial, and herewith enclose a copy of my picture.

Thanks to the preserving care of mine host and his predecessors, the monument is in good condition.



"DEATH HAS . . . CLOSE RUBB'D HIM AT LAST"
(See letter "In Memory of an Excellent Bowler")

The following is a copy of the inscription:

To the Memory of
Mr. ALDERMAN NYNN.
An honest Man and an Excellent Bowler.
CUIQUE EST SUA FAMA.

Full forty long Years was the ALDERMAN seen,
The delight of each Bowler and King of this Green,
As long he remember'd his Art and his Name,
Whose hand was unerring, unrival'd whose Fame,
His BIAS was good and he always was found
To go the right way and to take enough ground.

The JACK to the utternost verge he would send
For the ALDERMAN lov'd a full length at each end.

Now mourn ev'ry Eye that has seen him display
The Arts of the Game and the Wiles of his play
For the great Bowler DEATH at one critical Cast,
Has ended his length and close rubb'd him at last.
F.W. posuit MDCCLXXVI.

Norbury, S.W. 16. Yours faithfully, JOHN H. TWYCROSS.

"Twelfth" Night



There's the morning drive to talk over; there are good cigars to be smoked; and there is Johnnie Walker in the glasses. Now *there's* a whisky! Blended from all the finest whiskies in Scotland, marvellously mellowed and matured. And blended with Johnnie Walker's consummate skill.

Gentlemen! your

Johnnie Walker

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

RESCUING AN ELEPHANT

SIR,—I enclose three snapshots of an accident which occurred recently to one of our working elephants in the north of Siam, and is described as



follows by the man who directed the rescue operations:

"118 *Poo Orm*: I was awakened yesterday morning about 4 a.m. with the news that this elephant was stuck in a deep pool up-river and could not get out. I sent off the company's bus at once with all the men in the compound and all sorts of gear, and followed shortly after.

"When we got to the place we found the elephant almost submerged, the top of his head being just visible, and at times part of his back. He was still alive and was breathing about once a minute by raising his trunk out of the water. He had been there since 6 o'clock the evening before.

"Our headman in charge of the working party had collected a lot of boats and villagers to help, and some of our elephants arrived shortly after we got there. They should have been there long before, but I think the headman had used all available men to search for boats; it is not easy to get boats of any size in that part.

"Long poles were driven into the river bed close to the elephant and boats tied to these; villagers then dived and found out what was holding him. He was caught by the forelegs by a sunken tree which was between his legs and mixed up with the hook bobbles. There was a strong current and the weight of the water had forced him back so that he was not standing normally but with his legs stretched out in front.

"The villagers were astonishingly brave, diving repeatedly round his legs, first to find out what was wrong so that we could decide what to do, and later to attach a chain round the tree.

"First efforts with an elephant dragging in the river failed, but then we tried with Poo Chai (one of our elephants) on the bank and a long wire rope to the chain, and either owing to the slightly different angle or the better foothold, the tree broke and Poo Orm was freed. As soon as he was brought into shallower water men dived down and got his chain hobbles off, and he was then walked slowly down to a level place where he could get out. He was freed at 11.30 a.m., having been over seventeen hours in the water.

"There is no doubt he knew the men were helping him, and he stayed wonderfully quiet, even considering how exhausted he must have been.

"He was naturally desperately cold when he got out, but as far as we could see there were no injuries. Whether he is all right inside remains to be seen after he has been rested; and it is possible that he may not be as good in the water in future.

"His legs were not cut, and he started to eat as soon as he got on shore, which I think is a very hopeful sign.

"The whole affair was amazingly interesting, though rather harrassing for the first hour or two, as it seemed impossible that he could be saved. Another 6in. of water would have been sufficient to drown him; he could only just see by raising his head to the limit."



SALVAGE OPERATIONS IN PROGRESS
(See letter "Rescuing an Elephant")

The snapshots show:

(1) All that was to be seen of the unfortunate elephant from the river bank. Note the swirl of the current and what appears to be as a bit of the animal's trunk.

(2) Operations started. The tip of the trunk is clearly visible.

(3) Operations in progress. In this photograph part of the back shows, but the animal does not appear to be breathing at the moment.

I may say that Poo Orm does not seem to have suffered at all as a result of his narrow escape, although his age is estimated at about 60."

Yours faithfully,
A. R. MALCOLM.

The Borneo Company, Ltd.,
143, Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3.

AN OCTOPUS IN LOCH CAIRNBAWN

SIR,—During a recent visit to the north-west of Scotland, when I stayed at Kylesten Hotel, Sutherland, the following incidents might be considered sufficiently unusual to be of general interest.

One evening of ebbing tide, I was walking along the rocky shore of Loch Cairnbawn when I noticed what appeared to be a large goldfish swimming in from the deep water. On closer inspection the goldfish turned out to be a small octopus of about 2ft. diameter. In swimming, the creature's tentacles are extended behind and propel it with much the same action as the legs of a frog.

The octopus swam into a small pool amongst the rocks, where it later became land-locked, apparently being quite blind and incapable of finding its way out. In the course of a few hours it had changed from a golden pinkish colour to a deep rusty brown, and appeared to be in a state of semi-asphyxiation. However, with the next full tide it disappeared. None of the local inhabitants had ever heard of an octopus being seen in shallow water before, unless dead.

The other incident was the catching by my wife of a small herring of under ¼lb. on a "cuddly fly," with white wing and red body, the herring's minute mouth just containing the point of the hook.

Rumour of this unusual catch must have spread, for the next evening a local fishing smack was in Glencoul (never before fished with herring nets), where they made a catch of 200. I believe that it is very seldom that a herring is caught with rod and line.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN R. R. SMITH.
Dunscrieff,
Moffat, Scotland.

RINGING A RAT

SIR,—Captain Brook, of this address, instructs me to send you herewith a photograph of a young rat which was picked up on a farm near here the other day, and it occurs to him that it may be of some interest to readers of the *Field*. Apparently, when very young, the rat had got its head into a chicken ring and as it grew the effect of the ring slowly starved it.

Yours faithfully,
E. W. BROOK.
Kinmount, Annan, N.B.



STARVATION BY STRANGULATION
(See letter "Ringing a Rat")

PARTRIDGE V. TURKEY

SIR,—At 7.30 a.m. on Sunday, June 18th, I was looking out of my bedroom window that overlooks a field with recently cut hay, which is cocked; it



is a small field where I have always noticed for the past five years there have been a covey of partridges reared on it.

I saw a hen turkey making its way to a fence that divides this field from another, it walked to where two old partridges were with their chicks; all of a sudden the turkey chased one partridge, no doubt the cock bird, because I saw the other remain and make the usual noise, and keep lowering its wings as if it was protecting its chicks.

The turkey chased the partridge for quite 70yds. or 80yds., and then it stopped; eventually the partridge found its way back to its mate and chicks.

About five minutes afterwards the turkey found its way to the partridges again, this time to meet with some opposition, for one of the partridges flew or jumped at the face of the turkey and held on for a second or two, while the other partridge made the same noise and lowered its wings again and remained.

The partridge then dropped off the face of the turkey, which ran away as fast as it could go, and this time the partridge chased it.

I thought what intelligence and pluck partridges must have.

Yours faithfully,
DANIEL ALDIS.
Lynn Road,
Grimston.



Have you seen the 16mm. Magazine Ciné-'Kodak' in action? It's the world's sweetheart of ciné-cameras. So petite you can slip it in your pocket. So sophisticated that—well, see how advanced some of its features are. Yet it's as easy to handle as a box camera.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Film yourself (you can!)—your kiddies—sport from a distance, with long-focus lens—slow motion. All these are nothing to a Magazine Ciné-'Kodak'. Just load with film (3 seconds' work) and press a button.

TROOPING THE COLOURS

To get marvellous colour movies just change to a magazine of 'Kodachrome' Film—in mid-reel if you like. Not an inch of film is wasted.

For night shots, ordinary home electric light is often bright enough with Ciné-Kodak Super-XX Film.

Spend five minutes examining this wonderful little camera at your Ciné-Kodak Dealer's. Ask him also for a booklet on Ciné-'Kodaks', or write to Mr. F. Taylor, Dept. 57, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Ultra-fast f1.9 Anastigmat lens; seven long-focus and wide-angle lenses available (extra); 3 speeds (16, 32 and 64 per sec.) Capacity 50 ft. magazine of 16mm. film. Price (with carrying case), £40.



The MAGAZINE
CINÉ-'KODAK'

WHAT AILED THE FISH?

SIR,—With reference to the interesting experience of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Steuart-Menzies as stated in your issue of June 3rd. The cause for the queer behaviour of this fine 29lb. salmon leaping ashore was very probably due not to the reasons mentioned, but to a worse enemy. I should be inclined to give the following diagnosis:

Pain, I think, could be ruled out. I do not think fish suffer pain that we know of other than the burning sensation caused by placing the dry hand on them.

There is the possibility of the otter, but should there have been one in the vicinity, master or man would have seen it prior to the incident of the fish. Whether seen or not, the otter would certainly have been aware of the anglers and that would not have been his time to broadcast a hunt or kill, so I think the question of an otter can be ruled out.

Lampreys. These are suckers and though I know next to nothing about them, I have never heard of a Spey salmon with a lamprey attached to it.

Eels. These I think are undoubtedly the answer. They have a particularly keen sense of smell, and the fresh blood oozing from the salmon's gills would at once attract any in the vicinity. They are very voracious feeders and would at once attack the spot where the blood was coming from, and I do not think any living fish could withstand an attack on so vulnerable a part as its gills without going almost mad with fear.

Congratulations to your correspondent on his presence of mind and agility in gaffing the fish. A salmon jumping ashore does not waste much time admiring our scenery.

Yours faithfully,
London. W. M. HOGGAN.

PARTRIDGE LAYS IN PHEASANT'S NEST

SIR,—I thought that the following incident might be of interest to your readers.

One of my staff recently observed a pheasant's nest in the garden and kept watch on it. After about a fortnight he was astonished to see a large pile of eggs in the nest. He counted them, and found there were 23. All the eggs appeared to be almost exactly the same in size, but ten of them were just slightly lighter in colour than the remaining thirteen. My man had no doubt that they were all pheasants' eggs, but realising that a hen pheasant could not successfully cover 23 eggs he took them all and put the ten lighter-coloured ones under one hen and the remaining thirteen under another.

The eggs of darker colour hatched first. They were not all fertile, only eight pheasant chicks being hatched. The lighter-coloured eggs hatched about a week later. All were fertile, and each egg produced a *partridge* chick.

I am wondering whether any of your readers have known of a case where a partridge has laid almost a full clutch of eggs in a pheasant's nest, for this is undoubtedly what happened in this case.

Yours faithfully,
Lullenden, East Grinstead. BERNARD C. ROBINSON.



HARDLY CLEAR ENOUGH FOR THE MOTORIST
(See letter "An Ancient Signpost")

AN ANCIENT SIGNPOST

SIR,—While journeying from Banbury to Stratford-on-Avon recently I came upon the ancient signpost shown in the photograph at a cross roads near the village of Wroxton. It bears the inscription that it was given by Mr. Frank White in the year 1686. Hands carved in the stone indicate the ways to Stratford, Banbury, London and Chipping Norton. The Stratford and London indications are just visible in the picture.

Yours faithfully,
45, Shepherds Green Road, Erdington, Birmingham 24. S. F. PHILPOTT.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF A FRENCH PARTRIDGE

SIR,—A keeper employed by a friend of mine in Herefordshire told me that recently he had a French and English partridge occupying nests about 40yds. apart in the same hedgerow. Both began to sit. He saw them frequently, and one day found the French partridge sitting on the eggs and nest of the English partridge, who was sitting beside her. The English partridge was sitting on twelve dummy eggs, and the next day he put a nest full of pipped partridge eggs under her, and drove off the French bird. He returned in an hour or two and found the English bird firm on her nest, and the French one sitting about 1ft. away. He drove her away again, and did the same in the evening. Next day the English partridge had hatched out the pipped eggs and gone off with them. I believe the French one deserted her own nest.

The keeper told me it was common talk among keepers that French partridges would forsake their own nest and go and brood on an English bird's nest, but he had never actually seen it happen till this season. Can anyone relate a similar behaviour, or explain why the French partridge should leave its own nest and annex that of an English bird? Perhaps it recognises the superior quality of the English variety!

Yours faithfully,
"Berrimans," Stroud, Glos. E. ARMITAGE.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—We are anxious to raise the sum of £26 in order to help a very pathetic family—a brother and two sisters living in extreme poverty. They were left very badly off on the death of their father, a Yorkshire doctor, and for the last 30 years the son, aged 58, a scholastic coach and tutor and B.A. of Cambridge, has provided for his two sisters. Unfortunately he has been out of work for nearly a year and there seems little prospect of his getting employment. The elder sister, aged 62, does temporary domestic work for which she receives a few shillings weekly, but the younger sister, aged 60, suffers from acute deafness and is quite unable to work. We want to make them an allowance of 10/- a week, which, with help received from another society, will make life easier for them for at least a year.

Watch point



Don't keep your Gold Flake to yourself! That's one of the rules of the game, if you wish it to be a love game. Remember how popular they are with women nowadays. It's the flavour of the really fine Virginia tobaccos of which Wills's Gold Flake are made that appeals to the ladies as much as to you. So, if you want to be the court favourite, be generous with your Gold Flake.

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

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake CORK-TIPPED as well as Plain

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

A VERY substantial movement has developed in the last few weeks towards buying home industrial equities. I am told that high-class and fixed-interest bearing securities are being sold and the money immediately put into good class industrial ordinary stocks and shares.

The recent state of the market for high-class stocks suggests that something of the kind is going on. Underwriters of important new loans, such as the latest Australian Government and Sudan Government loans, who had been left with large amounts of the issues on their hands, find the stocks moving off very slowly indeed.

The demand is for equities. I understand it is based on an industrial boom in Great Britain. This is largely due to the rearmament plan. There are, however, other factors such as the substantial credits which have recently been granted to Poland, Rumania and other countries to purchase British goods.

It is plain that industry is booming. This is reflected in very substantial reduction in unemployment, in splendid railway traffics, a very high banknote circulation, record steel production, increased motor car registrations and other pointers of industrial prosperity.

The demand is centred very largely on the better class equities. There is, for instance, buying of Imperial Tobacco £1 units at a price around 6¾. The company has just announced a maintenance of the interim dividend on the ordinary for the current year at 7½ per cent. tax free. Total distribution in recent years has been 25 per cent. tax free. It is thought that in view of industrial prosperity the recent increase in tobacco prices will have little effect upon consumption.

I am told that Marks & Spencer 5/- "A" shares are worth buying at their present price of about 58/6. This company is, of course, one of the best known of the chain stores. It is not often recognised, however, that Marks & Spencer, with stores dotted all over the country, is now one of the largest retailers of foodstuffs in the country.

The company has an excellent record. It is sound in every respect. There is a general belief that it is participating substantially in the prosperity enjoyed among the people of this country. I regard it as a share worth putting away for a time.

In connection with trade activity, I might mention that various commodity shares should be worth at least speculative attention. I find in some quarters a confident belief of improvement in rubber shares. The statistical position to-day, thanks to the International Regulation Committee, is better than for many years.

Production quota for the final six months of this year is to be 60 per cent. of standard tonnages as compared with 55 per cent. in the first half of the year. That must to some extent benefit producers, if the price of raw rubber can be held around 8¼d. per lb.

There are many buying Anglo-Dutch Rubber shares around 22/- and Rubber Trust ordinary around 28/-. I consider that the shares offer some speculative attraction. They will be among the first to go ahead on any general recovery in the market as a whole.

Then, again, base metal shares should receive some consideration by those who can take some risk with their money. The demand for copper is now substantial. The statistical position is improving.

Among coppers, I select Roan Antelope 5/- ordinary with a price of 16/-. Results for the year ended on June 30th are unlikely to be as good as for the previous year, but the Stock Exchange invariably looks ahead and discounts the future. Those prepared to ignore temporary market movements may easily find Roan Antelope shares a profitable holding.

Most of the shares I have mentioned will produce reasonable income, but the main object at the moment is to find capital appreciation. There has been great activity in rayon shares. The industry is staging a recovery, but the shares are highly speculative under present conditions in that particular market.

AQUARIUM ADDITIONS

The Zoo Aquarium, always popular with visitors, has just been presented with some curious and highly coloured fish from the Red Sea by Colonel E. T. Peel. Perhaps the outstanding member of this collection is the dragon fish. It has enormous fin rays which give the fish a most striking appearance when spread out. On summer evenings the Zoological Gardens are kept open late, and visitors are well advised to pay the extra amount and visit the Aquarium.

New Books

BOOKS ON THE COUNTRYSIDE

East Anglia, by DOREEN WALLACE: *The Lowlands of Scotland*, by GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. (Both Batsford; 8/6.) *Highways and Byways of Essex*, by CLIFFORD BAX: *Highways and Byways in the Welsh Marches*, by S. P. B. MAIS. (Both Macmillan; 7/6.) *The Islands of Scotland*, by HUGH MACDIARMID. (Batsford; 10/6.) *Companion into Worcestershire*, by MAXWELL FRASER. (Methuen; 7/6.)

England, judging by the publishers' lists, is becoming more and more national-minded or, perhaps, in these days when the word national is subject to a number of doubtful political interpretations, more and more home-minded. I think that is a very good thing, and I do not think one can have too many books about the English countryside, the English people and English customs. The more we get to know our own country, its history, its lore, the ways of its people, the better not only for us but also for the country.

Three of these books come from Batsford. That means that they are produced as well as books can be produced, and finely illustrated. Two deal with parts of the country fairly well known to the tourist (though by no means as well known as they might be) and the other with a number of islands of the coast of Scotland, islands which are as yet little known by the average Englishman. I think (it is, of course, unavoidable in the series to which they belong) that each has suffered from over condensation. Miss Wallace knows her East Anglia and has written a fine book, but she has only whetted my appetite. She could, I feel sure, write an infinitely more comprehensive one. I do not think Mr. Scott-Moncrieff could. There is matter enough in his pages for three books. He is altogether too brief. The Lowlands of Scotland are packed with history and legend, and much else which could not find a space in this volume. And what a pity that is. Mr. MacDiarmid has done his work well. He knows the islands and loves them, and his is a fitting companion to Mr. Mason's *Islands of Ireland*, than which I can say no more.

The remaining three books fall into rather a different category. They set out to cover certain districts as fully as possible from every angle. The *Highways and Byways* series needs no introduction. Mr. Clifford Bax's book, beautifully and modestly written, is well worthy of a place in a series every one of which has maintained a high standard. He knows how to deal with a church such as Thaxted, and a resort such as Epping, and he knows Essex backwards. Mr. Mais's book should never have found a place in the series. It is altogether too superficial. Miss Fraser has done Worcestershire beautifully. This book must rank among the very best on the county, and is written in a lovely simple prose of a type altogether uncommon in these days.

There are six books in this list. I am not going to attempt to compare them—Mr. Mais's suffers only because it has found the wrong home. Each is written by a person who realises that the life of this country of ours depends upon the country life rather than the life of any individual town, and each is a straightforward account unclouded by sentimentality.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.

* * * *

The Insect Legion. By MALCOLM BURR, D.Sc., F.R.Ent.S., &c. Pp. xiv and 321, 30 illustrations. (Nisbet; 12/6.)

Dr. Malcolm Burr is a well-known authority on orthopterous insects; in fact, the results of his work on them have formed the basis of their modern study. It is seldom these days that a popular book on insects comes from the pen of an expert entomologist, and rarer still that such a popularly written book can retain the interest of adults—for it must be admitted that much that is written on the subject is rather hackneyed.

When the author was writing this book, to which he has given the sub-title of "The Significance of the Insignificant," he told me that it would be an endeavour to explain to the man in the street (surely he must be getting very wise by now?) the importance of modern entomology to mankind. This was rather a restricted statement, for besides the general reference to the insect world and the explanation of the medical and economic aspects, he writes about many other facts that will interest not only the general reader, but also many of his colleagues. In saying this I have in mind the chapters dealing with "A Sense of Proportion," which is concerned with the geological record of insects, and especially his treatment of the history of entomology. He takes us back as far as Cave Man, giving an illustration of the Palæolithic painting in the caves of Azañ, near Valencia, showing a man climbing a cliff to collect honey, with the angry bees buzzing around him. It seems that Dr. Burr has traced almost every mention of insects in ancient, classical and mediæval times. The earliest records concerned the same subject as depicted in the Spanish cave painting; man's weakness for honey is as old as the hills.

The part of the book dealing with the modern side of entomological history begins with events in the fifteenth century. It is particularly interesting to read the detailed vicissitudes of the material that went to the making of the first book on entomology published in this country, known as Moffet's *Insectorum sive Minimorum Animalium Theatrum*, which appeared in 1634. The title-page, with portraits of Moffet, Penny, Wotton and Gesner, whose combined work is embodied in that book, is reproduced from an illustration in one of Dr. Burr's articles that appeared in the *Field*.

The anecdotes collected about insects will attract the specialists as much as the general reader, and anything amusing that has been written about these six-footed creatures seems to have been seen by him. He mentions, for instance, the now forgotten caricature of the potato beetle that appeared on the pantomime stage in England in 1887, when the Demon King came on the stage dressed in black and yellow stripes, the appropriate livery, and sang:

"Take care of your little potatoes, boys!
And all your tiny spuds.
Just watch your jolly cauliflowers
And all your fuchsia buds.
You'd better hide your bread and cheese,
And everything you've got,
For the Colorado Beetle's come,
To collar the jolly lot!"

This book will be found most entertaining reading by all interested in entomology and natural history generally; it is the best of its kind published for many years.

E. F. LINSSEN.

* * * *

Angel from a Cloud. By RICHARD INCE. (Massie; 8/6.)

Personally I like historical novels. It is true that the reader is presented with a character designed and coloured to suit the author, but what matter? Before, the man was a name hedged in by the other names and facts which constitute history. The novelist takes him up, and he lives. No longer a name, now he is become a being, and the dry bones of history have taken flesh upon them.

So it is with this book. Dr. John Donne was one of the most gifted and saintly deans St. Paul's has known, so the writer tells us. Most of us, if we are honest, may not even have known that, but in his book Mr. Ince makes Donne live. The book is divided into three parts—In Pursuit of Love: In Pursuit of Fortune: and In Pursuit of God. In each section the characters are real and vital, and the reader senses the spirit of the main player as he struggles to know Truth. In Love we see him sensuous and passionate: in his search for Fortune, striving but frustrated; and in his search for God, at peace.

At times the author is apt to over-philosophise, but not often, and since his command of the English language is better than that of most, this fault is gladly forgiven him. His characters live, even down to the Countess of Bedford. She prattles on, "blowing pretty bubbles of delight out of the fragrant soap of her cheerful egotism."

John Donne (pronounced to rhyme with "sun") was a poet of no mean repute, and his lines are skilfully woven into the story. They provide a good light on the refining of his character. Early on there are the lascivious, yet strangely realistic lines, "Going to Bed," which one might describe as a rejoicing "in iniquity"; and then, towards the end, the verse written as an old man:

"Wilt thou forgive that sin which I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins, thro' which I run
And do run still: tho' still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more."

Not only is this an extremely readable novel, but it is a parable of life, worthy of consideration.

LESLIE N. RADCLIFFE.

* * * *

Greensleeves. By BERYL NETHERCLIFT. (Heath Cranton, Ltd.; 5/-.)

These days, when it is hard to escape from the metropolitan atmosphere anywhere in the Home Counties, it is refreshing to read about a rustic retreat like Greensleeves, in Sussex. There is plenty of pretty scenery in this district, but little that is still rural, little where the influence of London is not felt. But this forgotten farm lies hidden "far from the madding crowd." The authoress has found its secret and interpreted it with great charm and deep understanding in the pages of her book. She is very sensitive to the pastoral scene, but even more so to the "tangibly tranquil atmosphere that hung over the house—stilly sweet, like a benediction." It will be agreed, I think, that "the fragrance of lives lived long and lovingly in a place can never altogether forsake it." The book is dedicated to the memory of Viscountess Wolseley, and illustrated by Edith Elphick.

W. H. T. LONG.

* * * *

The Salt of the Earth. By JOSEPH WILTLIN. (Methuen; 7/6 net.)

Though this is a book about war and modern war and all the chaos and horror that it brings, it is not likely to shock to anything like the same degree as the usual type of book which the Great War produced (if, that is, the scars of war holds anything fresh for us). This is because it is written by a man who is a poet rather than a journalist or the usual type of person who writes about war. His book is in prose, yet there is poetry on every page—his writing is poetical, and his thinking is the thinking of a poet. Thus it is that no matter how hideous he makes the experiences of Peter, a railway porter in a small village of Ruthenia and the chief character in the book, their ugliness is cloaked by the sheer beauty of his language. It is a book all the more worth reading in that it was, I understand, awarded the prize of the Polish Academy of Independents. In any case, a book which can see war as this one sees it is worth some sort of attention.

HUMPHREY DANIEL.

* * * *

The Book of the Mushroom. By A. DEFRIES. (Methuen; 2/6.)

The popularity of mushroom-growing in this country is beyond doubt, and it can be explained, as Mr. Defries points out, by the fact that the market is not yet glutted and by the variety of places in which mushrooms may be grown—on ships, in flats or in pastures. The things essential to success are scientific equipment, capital to buy it, and the right methods of cultivation.

Mr. Defries deals with these subjects in the manner of an expert, and his chapters on spawns and diseases will be of particular value to the beginner.

* * * *

Huntin', Shootin' and Fishin'. By K. R. G. BROWNE. Illustrated by A. H. D'EGVILLE. (Cassell; 5/- net.)

Of the making of funny books about field sports there is apparently no end, and it is a fortunate thing that there appear to be as many and as unsuspected ways of dealing with the subject.

Mr. Browne gives advice to the novice in all branches, and contrives to mix in a few home truths—"the Englishman's natural instinct being to shoot what he cannot understand" being a case in point. Mr. D'Egville's drawings are a sheer delight, and will recall many a situation to the field sportsman.

* * * *

Cattle, Sheep and Pigs. By FRANK T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S. (Jarrolds; 7/6.)

This invaluable work of reference was first published before the War, and now appears in a wholly revised form, with over 100 new illustrations, in its third edition.

Mr. Barton's method has been to take the various breeds of stock, and to point out how farmers, living in different parts of the country and using their stock for different purposes, may purchase the breeds most suited to their needs. He also gives the latest views on diseases affecting stock and the best opinions as to how they may be cured and prevented. Food for cattle and sheep is the subject of a special chapter, and there are useful hints on the marking of livestock, the disbudding of calves, and the ringing of pigs.

There is, what is unusual in books of this type, an index which is comprehensive.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

ROWLAND WARD LTD.

The Scottish Stalking Season



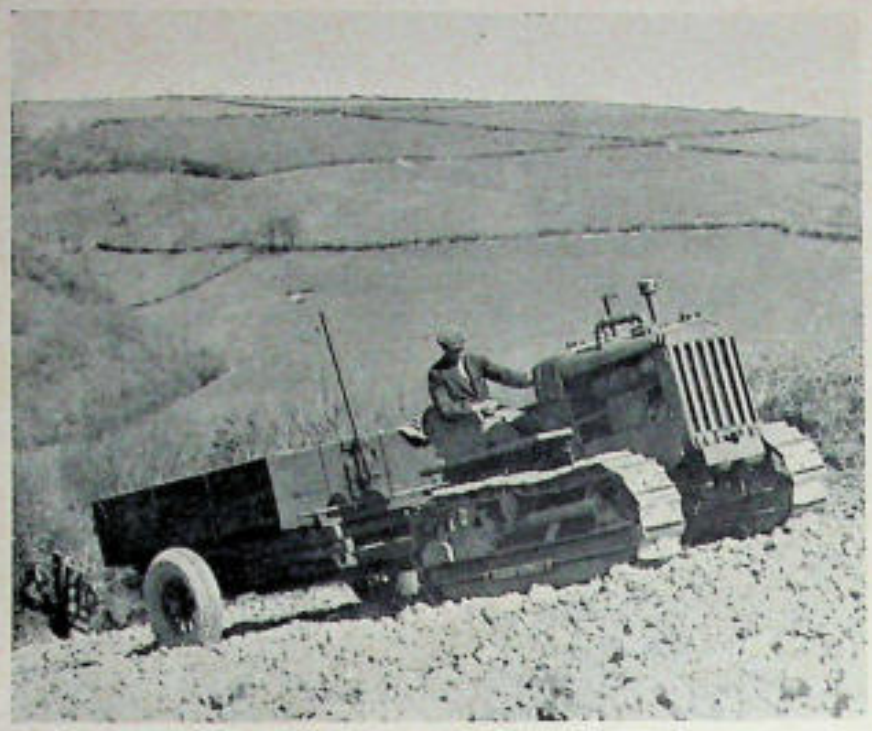
Rousleyn Gordon-Cumming's 14 pointer. Circa 1830

To encourage the cult of fine heads, we are glad to announce that we will mount free of charge the Red Deer head, which, in our opinion, is the outstanding trophy sent to our studios during the forthcoming stalking season. This offer will also hold good in subsequent years.

We will also mount free of charge the best trophy shot by a young stalker under twenty years of age. Such a trophy must be accompanied by a letter establishing the bona-fides of the applicant.

We will always be pleased for our work and our prices to be compared with those of any firm of taxidermists. New methods of modelling have enabled us to reduce considerably the former without impairing the high standard of craftsmanship associated with the name of Rowland Ward, which remains the best in the world. Our price for a modelled stag's head on a shield is £5 10. 0. Other prices will be sent on application.

ROWLAND WARD LTD.
166, PICCADILLY, W.1



THE 3-TONNER TIPPING TRAILER USED FOR THE PRINCIPAL HAULAGE JOBS OF THE FARM



SOWING ARTIFICIALS WITH A CATERPILLAR TEN ON THE FARM AT CASTELL GORFOD

A LANDOWNER'S WORK IN WALES

II.—The Part Played by Machinery

OF all our agricultural problems of the day, none perhaps is so critical as that of the derelict or semi-derelict farm. It is more than an internal problem of the industry: it is a matter of deep national concern. Millions of unproductive acres represent just so much depreciation of the country's assets, and it is urgently necessary to get this land back into condition, not only for our economic benefit in peace time but for our security in the event of war. Recent Government moves indicate official recognition of the need, but it is doubtful whether the practical difficulties are fully appreciated.

The reasons for such decay of the land need not be entered into here. What is of moment is the question of the right people to undertake the much-needed improvements. The occupiers of the land, as tenants, will rarely be capable of effecting much. Those who have been in a position to progress have not let their land fall back. To expect the State to carry out the work is to ask for nationalisation. The move towards general improvement must come from those with a permanent interest in the land. Only the landlord to-day is in a position to undertake the regeneration of the land in a practical manner.

In this connection, I do not assume that every landlord is in a financial position which makes it easy for him to undertake improvements, but generally I would suggest that they are in a better position to obtain and use credits for the purchase of machinery and the carrying out of reclamation work than tenants, and that, when farms are put in good shape, it is not difficult to find good tenants for them and to secure a return on the capital invested.

The conditions obtaining on the Castell Gorfod Estate, owned by Captain Buckley, have already been outlined in a previous article. In many respects, his work has depended for its success on the employment of modern machines and equipment.

Bracken, for instance, had to be tackled when he commenced reclamation and presented a difficult problem. Men for scything were not, of course, available, and the fern was growing on many slopes too steep for even a crawler tractor or for horse mowing. Eventually, an Allen self-propelled motor scythe was tried out and proved to be most satisfactory. It is capable of travelling across the steepest slopes and deals with bracken of any length and also with brambles, if they are not too thick. The combination of ample power and large travelling wheels enables the machine to negotiate really rough ground and hillside stones. It is considered that the bruising cut of the mower blade is much more effective in killing bracken than a clean scythe cut.

The heavy work of the farm has been carried out for the last two seasons by a Fowler Three-Thirty crawler tractor, of the Diesel type. This has been extremely economical in operation, and has given proof of the value of the bigger crawler in this hilly country. The machine is of the wide gauge type, and its driver has become a real expert in handling it in what might be danger spots for the novice. In his hands it has had every care in maintenance and has repaid by an absence of trouble. The fuel bill has been well under £20 for a full year's working.

Not only has this machine been responsible for all the major operations on the Castell Gorfod farm, but its services have been begged by neighbouring farmers, whose lack of equipment has rendered it impossible for them to get ploughing done in these days of high labour costs. An example was given me by Captain Buckley when I visited his farm, and he pointed out a 10-acre field which he had ploughed for a neighbour. This farmer had in years gone by ploughed this particular field with a one-way plough borrowed for the job and with his own horses. It had always been a month's hard work. Now the plough was no longer available. Captain Buckley's Fowler went in and did the job in 21 hours on 17 gallons of Diesel oil and a pint of lubricant.

The big Diesel outfit which has now broken the back of the reclamation work on the home farm is to be made generally available to the tenants for work on their steep hillsides or for very heavy operations, after which they are in a position to complete the lighter draft jobs with horses or wheeled tractors. A wheeled tractor is being purchased for use on many jobs at Castell Gorfod, as it is considered uneconomic to employ the heavy machine for many light jobs.

In selecting a machine for this class of work Captain Buckley considers that a four-speed tractor is desirable with a high top gear which can be employed for rapid haulage down from the hill tops with loads and back with the empty trailer. He looks for a quick-acting foot-operated brake which should actuate drums on both rear wheels together. The application of an independent rear-wheel brake to either side of the tractor when descending hills causes the machine to swing round.

He has found a difficulty in keeping up engine temperature when descending the long hills and proposes to equip his machine with an extra large auxiliary petrol tank to permit of a change over from paraffin to petrol on the down grades.

The equipment used for cultivation includes a three-furrow Ransome's plough, and the same firm's No. 3 Baronet disc harrows—a substantially constructed set of large size that is well up to any task that can be imposed on it. As mentioned, a three-row ridger by the Ipswich firm is employed for potato planting, and a Hornsby drill is used for sowing cereals. For rolling, a triple gang, opening out and covering 18ft., made by Wilders, is employed behind the tractor. Much of the grassland has been reclaimed by the use of a Bamford self-cleaning grassland harrow, which has given satisfactory service and has proved effective for tearing out moss and grass mat. A Ransome's dagger harrow is also in use. The sowing of artificials is entrusted to a Deering manure distributor, and when seen working with the Caterpillar Ten this was doing very even work with granular concentrates.

He has himself developed an ingenious planting device which has enabled two men and a tractor driver to plant and cover at the rate of three acres a day. The men planting sit in a wooden sled drawn at a very slow speed by the tractor, along the ridges which have previously been opened by means of a Ransomes three-row ridger. The sled is provided with sufficient space for carrying a supply of seed potatoes which are dropped down two spouts by the men. At the rear is fixed a frame with covering bodies, which immediately split back the ridges over the potatoes. The whole appears to be a very practical outfit and costs a very small sum to produce.

Haulage on such stiff hills would naturally present an insuperable problem if one relied upon horses under present-day conditions, and Captain Buckley has had built on the premises several special tractor trailers, among which a 3-ton tipper is of special interest. This is on Dunlop land tyres and is used behind the crawlers for taking full-weighted loads up to the top fields. While manures and other supplies have to be carried up the 460ft., which is the difference in level between yards and top fields, all the produce comes down, a matter which is very helpful in such a process as grass drying. There is an I.C.I. Mark III plant in the buildings, which itself is on a slope, the wet grass coming in at the top and the dried going away still downwards at the bottom.

Last year some good outputs were obtained, especially in connection with the saving of partly made hay. Of this material, 10 tons of dry product were obtained in seven hours with the consumption of 15cwt. of coke. It is baled with an International standard rain baler, which has proved most satisfactory.

This type of drier is very simple, and includes two sets of two trays each. Producer gas is first obtained from coke, and is then used to heat the drying air, which is passed through the trays. The batches of grass are dried in a continuous process, since the air which has gone through a partly dried batch is recirculated through another batch which has just been put on. In the meantime a finished batch is being withdrawn from another tray for baling.

The material for drying is cut and loaded with a Wilder Cutlift outfit and brought down to the drier on light trailers built by Captain Buckley's carpenter.

It is this landowner's view that the provision of equipment for such work of reclamation as that on which he has embarked must be in the hands of someone prepared to hire it out to a number of small farmers, just as threshing machines are commonly employed. In some districts, such a practice is common. I would like to make the suggestion that many landlords might well look into the question, with a view to providing such equipment themselves for the use of their tenants and that such a provision might well be in the interests of everyone concerned.

D. N. McHARDY.



THE "MOSCO"
guaranteed waterproof
shooting jacket

Shooting Suits in Highland Tweeds, ready to wear - - 6 to 7 gns.
Shooting Boots - 55/-
Shooting Sticks, 10/6 to 60/-.
Cartridge Cases, 35/- to 90/-.
Cartridge Bags, 15/- to 30/-.
Gun Cases, 30/- to 55/-.
Loaders' Suits, Shooting Hats, Hosiery, etc.

Will keep you dry in the heaviest downpour. For post orders, please state height and chest measure. 75/-
For sizes over 44in. chest, 84/-.
Waterproof Breeches to match 45/-. In two shades.

Catalogue on Request.

Temple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

MOSS BROS & CO LTD.
COVENT GARDEN
Corner of KING ST. & BEDFORD ST., W.C.2
Also a Branch at 5, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER 2



THE extreme toughness of Zug Upper Leather makes it supreme for hard wear. The most exacting conditions prove its durability and demonstrate its suppleness.

For good style and appearance, for ease and comfort, it is unequalled, and being thoroughly water-resisting it defies the worst weather.

Obtainable at most good shoe stores, but in case of difficulty apply to us for name of nearest stockist.

Look for the OVAL LABEL



Ladies particularly prefer Aquatite Shoes

AQUATITE

For those who prefer a smooth grain shoe of lighter weight, "Aquatite" is recommended. It has all the famous Zug qualities.

ZUG UPPER LEATHER
W. & J. MARTIN—TANNERS—GLASGOW



The Perfect Hunt Coat
Guaranteed ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF

"KATERFELTO"
(Registered)

Katerfelto Coats are the most perfect hunting and riding mackintoshes made, and are also equally suitable for walking and driving. Made in reliable quality mackintosh cloth in Light Fawn, Khaki, and White. Fitted with leg straps, wind cuffs, and saddle flaps, and manufactured in several different weights.

Write for Patterns Today! 75/-
Price for Ladies or Gentlemen, Belt 5/- extra.

SAMUEL DAW & CO., Sole Makers, 13a, HIGH ST., BARNSTAPLE. London Agents: *Messrs. Rogers & Co. Ltd., Military Outfitters, 5, New Burlington Street, Savile Row, London, W.1.*



STABLE FITTINGS

LOOSE BOXES, STALLS, WHITE PORCELAIN ENAMELLED MANGERS, HARNESS, BRIDLE AND SADDLE BRACKETS, VENTILATORS



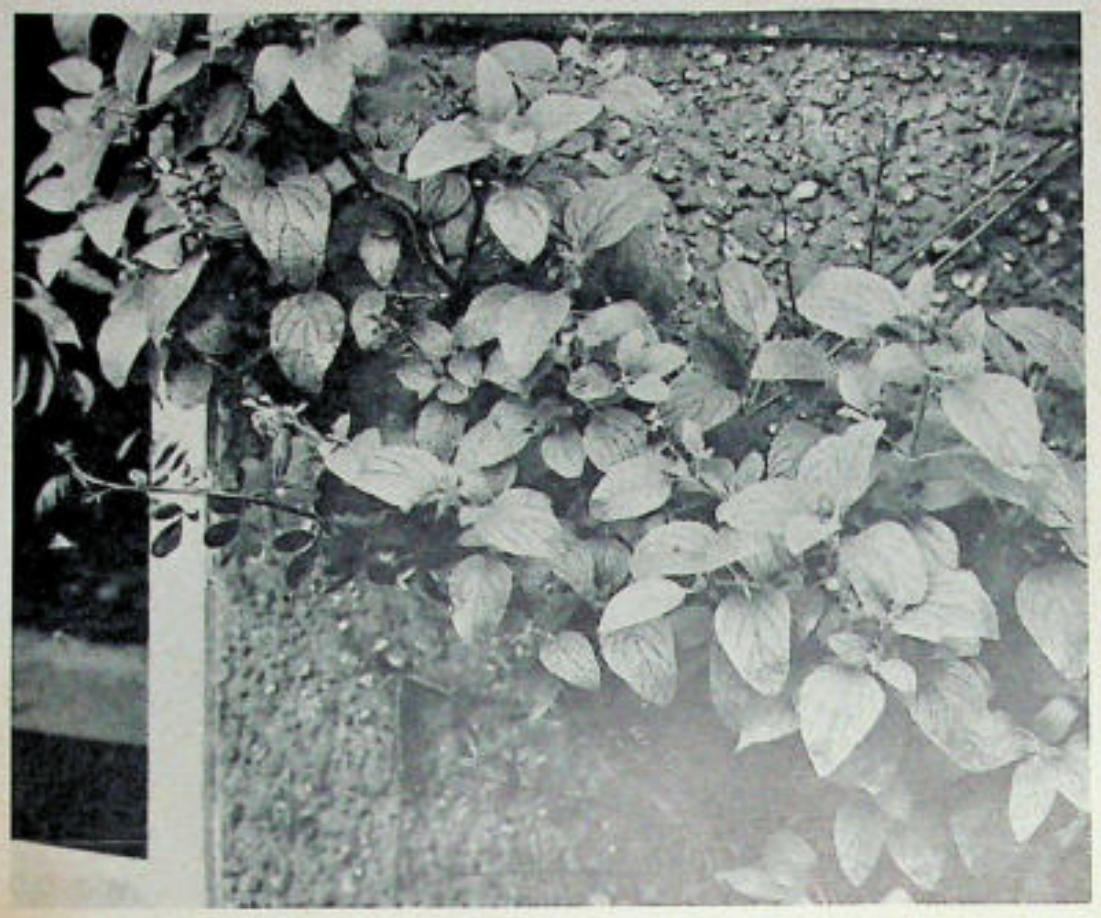
W. MACFARLANE & CO. LTD.
SARACEN FOUNDRY, GLASGOW
LONDON OFFICE: 47, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW
AUGUST 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Great International Military and Civil Horse-Jumping Contests

FOR SPECIAL TRAVEL FACILITIES INQUIRE AT YOUR NEAREST STATION

Programmes of the Show free on application to
THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY
BALLSBRIDGE, DUBLIN



SALVIA GRAHAMI, WHICH RANKS HIGH IN THE LIST OF EFFECTIVE SMALL SHRUBS TO GROW AGAINST A HOUSE WALL

The Country House

SAGES FOR THE BORDER

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

TO those of us who have a special fondness for aromatic plants, the sages make a great appeal. Some of them are amongst the most decorative of border plants, whilst at least one of them—*Salvia Grahami*—ranks high in the list of effective small shrubs to grow against a house wall.

We have this charming and deliciously scented Sage against a wall facing east. It grows about 4ft. to 5ft. high, and from June to the end of November it produces its bright crimson flowers in continuous profusion. In winter it needs the protection of a few leafless boughs and in a severe winter such as last, matting also. It is easily propagated by cuttings struck even in the open in sandy soil. This Sage is a native of Mexico and is too tender to grow in the open, but is a rampant grower against a wall facing east or preferably south. In bleak parts it is best grown as a pot plant and brought into the shelter of a cool greenhouse in winter.

Amongst the border sages the handsomest is undoubtedly the Vatican strain of *Salvia sclarea*, which grows nearly 5ft. high. This strain originated in a sport that appeared in the Vatican garden, and it comes perfectly true from seed. No soil is too sandy and poor for this Sage, and yet it does equally well on a rich soil. With its huge rough leaves and spikes of pale mauve flowers with large pink bracts, it is a noble border plant and ideal to associate with Delphiniums. Long after the Delphiniums have faded, this Sage remains decorative, for the pink bracts remain till nearly the end of October. Seedlings usually flower the following season, but the plants are at their best the year after that. They are short-lived perennials and fresh stock should be raised every second year. I find these Salvias particularly useful to associate with Hollyhocks, for their abundant handsome foliage helps to conceal the lower and rather bare growths of the Hollyhocks.

S. argentea has silvery woolly leaves its first season, but they are darker by the time the plants flower. The chief attraction of this Sage is its lovely white flowers which stand out conspicuously. In common with most Sages it does best on a very sandy soil but does well on rich soil provided it is well drained.

The most charming of the blue-flowered Sages are undoubtedly *S. uliginosa* and *S. coerulea*, both of which grow over 4ft. high. They do not flower till September and are amongst the most striking blue-flowered plants. Both require a warm sunny border. *S. azurea grandiflora*, which grows about 3ft. high is not quite so attractive, but hardier.

S. dichroa and the improved form *S. dichroa magnifica* seed themselves on warm soils. Although not as striking as the Sages mentioned above, these are effective border plants. They grow about 3ft. high and have long spikes of lavender-coloured flowers with white mid-lobes.

S. virgata nemerosa is to be found in most borders and the charming white-flowered form less commonly. In mass both are very effective, and they are decorative well into the autumn. In good soils they grow quite 4ft. high, but in poor soil not much over 2ft. *S. glutinosa* is one of the very few yellow flowered Sages. It is a strong grower, attains about 3ft. with handsome foliage and whorls of yellow flowers. *S. pratensis*, the Meadow Sage of the Alps, is effective only in mass and the garden form *Tenori* is usually grown in borders.

The annual Sages are useful for filling gaps in the border, but rather weedy. The flowers of *S. horminum* vary from mauve and pink to rich blues, such as the hybrid Oxford Blue. They look well in mixed colours.

The half-hardy perennial Sages are popular bedding-out plants, but *S. splendens* appeals only to those with a craving for the most crude and vivid effects. These Sages are disappointing in a wet summer, and it is advisable to choose early flowering varieties such as Pride of Zurich or Fireball. They are easily raised from seed sown in heat in March and planted out in June.

S. patens, a favourite for the rich blue of its flowers, is tuberous rooted, and is usually started in a greenhouse in March, in a minimum temperature of 50 degrees. Each tuber should be potted separately in a 3-inch pot in a very sandy compost. After hardening off in a cold frame, the plants can be put out at the end of May, but not in a bleak spell. They need a position in full sun, and do best where they can have the protection of a sunny wall. In parts that are too bleak to grow this Sage in the open they are popular cool greenhouse plants. If grown thus they are transferred from the 3in. to 5in. pots when large enough.

Plants in the open should be lifted before the severe frosts begin and spread on a greenhouse staging to dry. When perfectly dry, the foliage should be cut off and the tubers stored in sand in a frost-proof shed. This Sage is easily propagated by cuttings taken in spring and struck in very sandy soil in a frame kept close till the cuttings have rooted. It can also be raised from seed sown in a temperature of 55 degrees in February. The plants usually flower in late summer.

CHARCOAL BURNING—II

FOR some years experiments have been carried out for the reproduction in a portable kiln of the process of charcoal burning described last week. It was thought that the required slow smothered combustion could take place within a steel drum controlled by dampers. Success has now crowned these efforts and two separate firms market portable charcoal kilns. It must be admitted that the artificially-produced charcoal is not quite of the quality achieved by the old burners in the "pit," but it is accepted by manufacturers, and that, after all, is the acid test.

A cord of wood should yield 30 bushels of charcoal, so that the seven cords in a pit will produce 210 bushels, or say 200 bushels to allow a slight margin. About 150 bushels of charcoal go to the ton, which used to sell for £7 delivered to Billingham, though prices are now higher. The gross return from a pit would thus be £9 6s. 8d. From this must be deducted rail carriage, cost of burning, which is usually 4d. per bushel, water and use of sacks, in all about £5 1s. 8d., leaving a net return of £4 5s. per pit, or 12/- per cord of wood, a price slightly in excess of the usual firewood rates.

Against this must be set the occasional pit that goes astray and is a total loss, a state of affairs that is avoided in the new portable kilns. The most notable advantage of the kilns is that they can be worked by a labourer, granted that he has reasonable intelligence, and he will do as good work as a skilled burner. Each kiln holds about a cord of wood and an observer of a trial of a battery of three kilns in the New Forest in 1937 reported a return of 7/- or 8/- a cord for the wood used, when the prices were less than they are to-day.

For estate purposes and in order to occupy fully the time of the attendant, a battery of three or four kilns are economic; and the profitable use is made of otherwise waste wood. The kilns can be used in any weather and at slack periods of the year, thus finding whole-time employment for a seasonal worker.

A possible home use for charcoal is as fuel for central heating plants. In time of war, an eventuality for which careful preparation is being made by many, fuel will be scarce, and the possibility of producing and burning charcoal is not one to be lightly cast aside.

In 1937 a gentleman, in no way connected with the kiln manufacturers, had the idea of using charcoal for greenhouse boilers, domestic and central heating plants. He took home with him two sacks of 2½ bushels each, weighing 36lb. per sack. For the next three days the central heating for his house was operated on charcoal. It covers three sitting rooms, a hall, four bedrooms, all of moderate size. Consumption was 1¼lb. per hour, and the system worked perfectly, but rather more careful stoking was needed, especially in regulating the draught. The stove was filled up at eight o'clock each night and was still burning when stoked at seven o'clock next morning.

Accepting these figures, the cost of fuel for the winter six months would work out at £17 10s., a figure not very different from what one would expect the coke or anthracite bill to amount to. This calculation is based on a value of £7 per ton for the charcoal. In fact, if the charcoal is burnt by a man during slack times of the year, and if waste wood is used, the actual cost is very much less, and the operation becomes very profitable.

Another use which it will probably take a war to bring to the stage of practical politics is as fuel for a gas producer vehicle. An experimental vehicle of this type is now undergoing trials, and we may expect to hear more about it.

In the past the chief obstacle to the expansion of the production of charcoal was foreign competition combined with high freight charges on the home-produced article. Possible markets were limited to those within easy reach, as the rail charges made it prohibitive to transport it far. This problem has long been a major difficulty in the home-grown timber trade, the Inter-Departmental Committee in 1933 reporting that the cost of transporting timber formed so large a portion of the delivered price that it adversely affected the industry. Pitwood in Scotland is available in great quantity, but rail charges, often 50 per cent. of the delivered price, make profit impossible.

The difficulty which the railway companies face is the great number of growers and the impossibility of securing guarantees of minimum traffic that they feel would justify reducing freight charges. The stalemate is unfortunate, for the home-grown timber industry is crippled and unable to expand without the essential cheap freight rates. Now that the railways have their "square deal" it is to be hoped that they will mete out the same treatment to the woodland owner.

REGINALD DAVEY

SPORTING DOGS



—and dogs for exhibition— need a regular dose of

BENBOW'S Dog Mixture..

The original conditioner for dogs of all ages and breeds.

Essential for producing first-class condition in dogs which are dull, listless or out of sorts.

104 YEARS' REPUTATION

Used by owners and breeders in all parts of the World.

Sole Proprietors:
BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE Co. Ltd.,
2, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.1

A New British Triumph for the DEAF

NOW the deaf are offered the most remarkable and latest discovery from the Ardente research laboratories.

"AERODENTE"

Entirely different, unstoppable, and GUARANTEED by its inventors and makers.

Most uncanny in its ability to pick up sounds from all directions and convey them to YOUR deaf ears clearly, undistorted and tone true.

NOW YOU CAN HEAR *without Plugs or Attachments*

GENERAL CONVERSATION ——> where you wish with amazing clearness never before believed possible.

TALKIES, THEATRE, CHURCH MEETINGS ——> HEAR anywhere in the building—yes HEAR the talkies before you can see them—even from the Cinema entrance or staircase.

WIRELESS ——> HEAR without the loud speaker being on so you don't have to disturb others who do not wish to listen.

TELEPHONE ——> just place AERODENTE alongside without PLUGS or ATTACHMENTS and hear perfectly without even listening with the Telephone receiver. You do not have to contravene the Telephone regulations or interfere with their wiring.

YOU WILL BE AMAZED and DELIGHTED

at the extraordinary results to be obtained with the wonderful new Ardente discovery. The design and construction of the new Ardente "AERODENTE" are a triumph for British Aural Science. Marvellously simple, powerful, and the smallest possible. It represents the triumph of years of research by Ardente scientists.

Prof. Sir AMBROSE FLEMING, Kt., M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., inventor of the wireless valve which made broadcasting possible (himself deaf and an Ardente user), says: "*I think your 'Ardente' is a marvellous invention.*"

CALL FOR FREE TEST

A personal private interview and AURAMETER test is without fee or obligation. The company of your Doctor or friend will be welcome and a revelation awaits your deaf ears.

FREE HOME TESTS
arranged for those unable to call.

ARDENTE Ltd.
309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
(Opp. John Lewis)
'Phone: MAYfair 1380 1718 0947

Permanent Test and Service Bureaux also at *Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.*

Famous QUEENS *by famous Masters*



QUEEN ELIZABETH
By ZUCCHERO
(Hatfield House Collection)



HIGHLAND QUEEN
GRAND 10 LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
by Macdonald & Muir



From her canvas she looks down with the dignity of a being both regal and apart. For independence has a way of stamping its own distinction upon those who would walk alone.

This bottle, too, has something of the nobility of independence. For it is Highland Queen 'Grand Liqueur,' a Whisky that is made under the sole control of its owners, the largest independent Distillers in Scotland.

MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD., LEITH, EDINBURGH; *also* GLASGOW *and* LONDON.

189

ALL THEY ASK IS A CHANCE IN LIFE . . .

to make themselves useful citizens. The Society maintains and trains a family of 1,165 poor boys and girls—will you help us in this great effort? Financial help is urgently required to carry on this most worthy cause, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(FOUNDED 1843)
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

PRESIDENT:—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.



For WIDER HORIZONS



This BISTEL Telescope gives powerful magnification and perfect definition, yet is extremely light and compact. You will find the BISTEL invaluable when shooting, yachting, cruising or mountaineering; carry it with you on all open-air or holiday occasions.

THE BISTEL TELESCOPE **PRICE £5**

is easily carried and focused with simple precision. Length closed, 10 in.; extended, 16 in. On firing points shows .22 shot holes at 100 yds. Sliding dew shade. Finished black waterproof material.

Write for fully descriptive brochure.

W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.
313 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

WILD FLOWERS

Little Known Specimens

By E. M. REYNOLDS

FOR purposes of comparative familiarity wild flowers may be divided into three main groups, namely, those commonly found in all districts, and with which, therefore, we are all more or less familiar—at least, by sight, if not necessarily by name; those somewhat local in their distribution, that is, whilst not uncommon in certain well-defined localities practically unknown in others; and, finally, those which may be said to be truly rare and of which specimens are very seldom found in any part of the country.

It is largely with the second class that we are here concerned, for whilst it is undoubtedly true that the serious botanist of many years' experience may account the discovery of but one rare specimen sufficient reward for perhaps weeks, months or even years of patient searching, to the majority of collectors such results would appear completely inadequate and wholly disproportionate to the amount of time and labour involved. Of course, a rare herb may occasionally be discovered, perhaps more by luck than judgment, but for most of us new discoveries are mainly drawn from that large class composed not strictly speaking of uncommon plants, but of those peculiar to soil or climate of some particular character.

Under the heading of "locals," then, comes the Golden Samphire (*Inula crithmoides*), which is found, though scarcely in profusion, on certain salt marshes and sea cliffs. It is of the Compositæ order, *i.e.*, each apparent flower is in reality a head of minute florets springing from within a ring of small leaf-like structures called *bracts*. The stem is about 1ft. or more high, and throughout its length is clothed in bunches of very narrow, yellow-green, fleshy leaves which are sometimes divided at their tips into several small, rather claw-like lobes. The flower heads are borne on long, bract-encased stems and are about an inch in diameter. Both ray and disc florets are a bright golden yellow.

Salt marshes, indeed, yield many a treasure to the enthusiast who does not object to a little mud on occasion, and those botanists who have not yet explored any such district should do so at the first opportunity, for it will be found to provide a type of flora quite distinct from any previously encountered.

A peculiar and most interesting little plant, not unusual in such places, is the Jointed Glasswort (*Salicornia herbacea*), whose name derives from the fact that in days gone by the plant was used in the manufacture of glass. Rarely more than 6in.–9in. or so in height, it has succulent, cylindrical, leafless stems composed of a number of short sections fitted one into another or "jointed." The minute flowers are most inconspicuous, being produced in the joints of the upper branches.

Thrift or Sea Pink (*Armeria maritima*) is another seashore plant. Its roundish heads of small pink flowers are borne on long, leafless stalks which spring straight from the root and appear from amongst dense tufts of exceedingly narrow, almost grass-like leaves. The flowers have five equal petals, and immediately beneath each head the stem is encased in a thin, brownish, papery sheath some inch or so long, ragged at the edges.

To turn, however, to a very different type, peculiar to chalk downs is the Round-headed Rampion (*Phyteuma orbiculare*), an unusual looking plant with long, slender, erect stems each bearing an almost spherical head of deep blue flowers which are coiled while in bud, but are later seen to be composed of five long, narrow segments. The leaves from the base of the plant are long-stalked, usually pointed-oval, though occasionally heart-shaped, toothed. Those of the stem are small and stalkless. The height varies from less than 1ft. to 18in. or so, while the flower heads are roughly an inch in diameter.

The Deadly Nightshade (*Atropa Belladonna*) is also held to be native to chalk and limestone. It is most often found in the neighbourhood of ruins and old quarries, but is not entirely confined to such localities. For some reason which can only be attributed to the similarity of names, the charming Bittersweet or Woody Nightshade, so familiar in our hedgerows, is commonly mistaken for this plant of such sinister repute. In actual fact the two could scarcely be less alike, at all events, when in flower and fruit. The Deadly Nightshade has a stout stem, leaves usually set in pairs of extremely unequal size and quite entire, and large, drooping bell-shaped flowers of purple shading to green, produced singly on short stalks from the juncture of leaf and stem. The corolla is about an inch long and has five short lobes. The flowers are succeeded



THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE, USUALLY FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF QUARRIES AND OLD RUINS

by large black cherry-like berries partially cupped in their green calyces.

The Woody Nightshade, on the other hand (*Solanum dulcamara*) is a plant of somewhat rambling growth, commonly found climbing about the hedges. The upper leaves often have one or two ear-like lobes at their base, and the flowers are produced *not singly* but in drooping clusters. The violet corolla is so deeply five-lobed as to appear at first sight to be five distinct petals and with maturity these turn backward towards the stem. The stamens are drawn together to form a bright yellow, central, cone-like projection, causing the flowers to be very distinctive. The berries in this case turn a brilliant red.

Finally, mention must be made of a small herb which is very little known, not on account of its rarity, for it is in fact by no means uncommon in dry or sandy localities, but by reason of its inconspicuous mode of growth. The tiny pink flowers of the Hare's-foot Trefoil (*Trifolium arvense*) are almost completely hidden among the long, soft hairs of the calyx, and the cylindrical heads thus composed may easily be overlooked, presenting as they do, with their rather nondescript colouring, but little contrast to the soil from which they spring. Even if noticed they might well be put down at a casual glance, to some form of seed pod, and thus passed over. Nevertheless, upon a close examination the plant is revealed as quite charming, with its slender branching stem and trifoliolate leaves, while the furry, oblong heads, faintly tinged with the pink of the hidden flowers, make it readily distinguishable from any other species.



GOLDEN SAMPHIRE, FOUND ON CERTAIN SALT MARSHES AND SEA CLIFFS

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Hyacinths and Lilies

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

TWO pot plants of which I am specially fond are hyacinths and lilies. At this time of the year it is necessary to think about the purchasing of the bulbs, and though I can only touch on the fringe of the subject, I do wish to give some rather special advice.

There is nothing nicer than having a good show of hyacinths for Christmas and the New Year, and this can easily be done these days if the specially "prepared" hyacinths are purchased. The prepared hyacinths are treated by cool storage, &c., and are usually released from the preparing chambers at this time of the year. If they are withdrawn earlier the flowering results are never as good.

There are a large number of varieties which are prepared for early forcing, but of them I am going to choose a few that are especially easy to force for Christmas. Bismark is the deepest of all blues. It bears a good spike with huge bells; Dr. Lieber I like because of its dense spike. It is a bright electric mid-blue. Electra is a deep salmon-red and makes quite a pleasant change. Garibaldi is really beautiful, being a brilliant carmine scarlet. It is usually difficult to get this variety in a very large bulb.

For a rose-pink, there is little to beat Lady Derby, while Nimrod, the flesh pink, flowers very early. Tubergen's Scarlet is rather a unique colour being a vivid scarlet, but the bells are rather loose. Yellow Hammer is the only yellow that falls into this group.

In the January group may be placed a large number of other varieties such as La Victoire, the crimson; City of Haarlem, the yellow; La Grandesse, the white; and Grande Maitre, the vivid deep mid-blue.

Any of these varieties may be obtained from Messrs. John Peed of West Norwood, S.E.; Messrs. Carters Tested Seeds, Ltd., Raynes Park, S.W. 20; Messrs. Clibrans, Ltd., Altrincham; Messrs. Wells, Stourbridge; and Messrs. Barrs, of 11, King Street, Covent Garden, London.

When the prepared hyacinths arrive they should be laid out in a cool, dry place, and the temperature should not be more than 60° Fahr. In a few days they should be potted up into a compost consisting of half good loam, one-third horticultural peat moss, and one-third sharp silver sand. They can then be placed on some "standing ground" which has loose ash or a concrete base. The position should be a cool, shady one, if possible. The pots should then be covered with horticultural peat-moss, well-washed ashes, sand, straw or good leaf mould.

By the middle of November the bulbs should have made sufficient root-growth, and the pots may, therefore, be placed into cold frames for a fortnight. During the last days of November they will be moved into the greenhouse and placed on the staging. It should always be remembered that full root action is most important.

For the first week, the pots should be shaded from excessive sun and the temperature of the house kept at about 60° Fahr. Directly the flower spike is out of the bulb, the temperature may be increased to 70°. It is advisable to water sparingly until the first bell has loosened from the bottom of the flower spike, and this prevents the foliage from developing too sturdily. After this, water may be given freely.

Some gardeners find that it improves the colour and substance of the flower spike if a little food is given after the bottom bells start loosening. Clay's Fertiliser seems quite satisfactory for the purpose, and this can always be obtained from Messrs. Clay and Son, Ltd., of Stratford, E. 15.

Of the lilies, there is little to compare with the Bermuda Easter Lily (*Lilium longiflorum Harrisii*). These can now be obtained in this country from Messrs. Robert Tucker & Co., 12, Colman St., London, E.C., from whom further information is obtainable. This is a stem-rooted lily, and it is necessary to plant deeply so that top roots develop above the bulb. A 6in. pot should be allowed for each bulb, or, if preferred, three can be placed in a 10in. pot. Plenty of crocks should be used, and the compost should consist of three parts of good soil and one part of well-decayed manure.

The bulbs are ready for delivery early in September and, after potting, should be stood in a cold frame for six weeks. Little water should be given until the plants show 2in. of growth.

To Officers in the Regular & Territorial Army



THOMAS & SONS supply Uniforms cut and made in the very best manner and of the highest quality materials by cutters and workmen thoroughly conversant with military work, to Gentlemen who are accustomed to wearing first-class clothes.

Their charges for these outfits are comparatively little more than the usual scale rate, but in the long run represent better value for money spent.

ON APPROVED LIST OF WAR OFFICE

THOMAS & SONS Ltd.

Sporting and Military Tailors,

5 CARLOS PLACE, GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 2152

Precision built for accuracy in the open



BENSON'S

"TROPICAL" WATCH

Benson's "Tropical" Wrist-Watch is specially built to withstand the hard knocks and exposure with which it will meet as the sportsman's timekeeper. Outdoor conditions cannot affect its accuracy, for the case is specially constructed to render the watch completely waterproof and sandproof. It has a 15 jewelled lever movement, with shock-absorbing balance, an unbreakable glass which will not discolour and a clear white dial with luminous numerals and hands. This watch is covered by Benson's written guarantee of accuracy. Write or call for fuller details, including free Wrist Watch Catalogue, mentioning this issue of the "Field."

Benson's "Tropical" Wrist Watch, Silver or Stainless Steel, **£6 . 6 . 0**, *9-ct. Gold,* **£10 . 10 . 0**, *18-ct. Gold,* **£16 . 16 . 0**. *Leather or washable white linen strap.*

J. W. BENSON LTD.

62 & 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. 25, Old Bond St., W.1
28, Royal Exchange, E.C.3

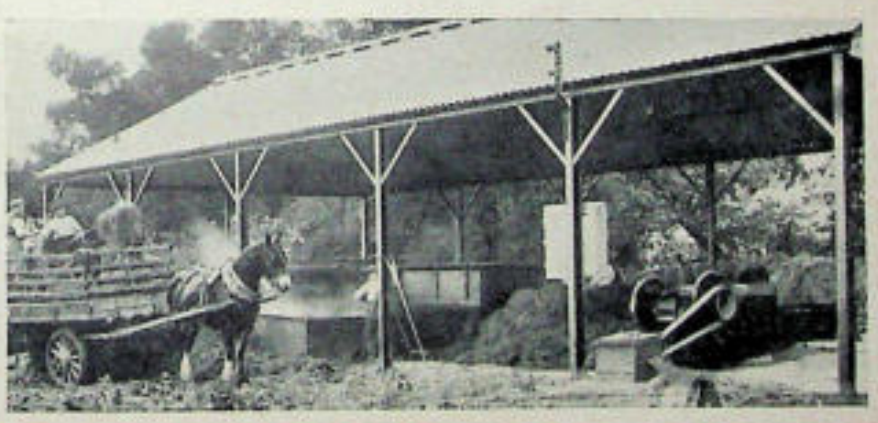
NOW is the TIME to SPRAY



Jas. Southerton & Son, Martineau & Smith,

MARTSMITH WORKS, SUTTON COLDFIELD

Telephone: SUTTON COLDFIELD 2343/4 Telegrams: MARTSMITH, SUTTON COLDFIELD



Now is the time to instal a GRASS DRYER for late Summer and Autumn grass

Drying usually continues until the end of October, and there is still ample time to secure a good stock of high quality food for the coming winter. I.C.I. have a limited number of grass dryers ready for immediate installation. Early application is necessary to secure a machine at the following attractive prices.

Dryer complete, equipped for standard electric supply **£433**

Dryer complete with foundations, shed and baler **£793**

Quotations will be given for conditions which may vary from the standard installation.

The 'Mark 3' dryer is designed and guaranteed by I.C.I.

Full information obtainable from any office of I.C.I. or from

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL HOUSE

Dept. F7, MILLBANK, LONDON, S.W.1.



A FORD V.8 22-H.P. SALOON ON THE ATTRACTIVE STONE BRIDGE AT DULVERTON

CAR TROUBLE TRACING TACTICS

The Routine for Solving Mechanical Failures

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

MOST motorists have, I imagine, experienced at some time or another those annoying occasions when, for no apparent reason and without any warning, an engine which has been performing splendidly throughout the trip suddenly chooses to stop when the car is brought to a standstill. Despite continued attempts with the self-starter, some experiments with the throttle-opening and, perhaps, the guarded use of the choke, it has displayed no inclination to come to life again.

Such occurrences are most irritating, particularly if the incident happens when driving in heavy traffic, or when the car's refusal to start coincides with the "GO" signal from a traffic light or policeman, so that following drivers are quick to voice their hearty disapproval. In the majority of cases the cause of the unexpected stoppage is nothing serious, and can be remedied in a few seconds, but the important point is to recognise the reason for the stalling and then take the proper steps to correct it.

One of the most common causes of failure is when a car which has been travelling fairly fast is brought to rest in traffic, when the heat of the engine at tick-over speed tends to produce too strong a mixture through the slow running jet, which will cause the motor to stall. Inexperienced drivers are prone to pushing the starter button and jabbing the accelerator in an effort to restart, but this merely aggravates the trouble as would the use of the strangler.

The correct treatment to apply is to open the throttle a little and depress the starter, taking care that an even pressure upon the accelerator is maintained. This should do the trick, but alternatively the throttle may be opened really wide and the engine turned over a few times. This will clear the cylinders and the induction pipe, so that within a few seconds the car will start with a roar. Yet another method is to allow the engine to cool for a few minutes and then attempt to start in the normal way, for the effects of the momentarily rich mixture will have dissipated by that time. Any jabbing on the accelerator must definitely be avoided.

Should the engine fail to respond after a series of efforts it is advisable to adopt a systematic routine examination to trace the trouble.

First of all, it is important to ascertain whether or not there is sufficient petrol, for although the automatic gauge may register a gallon, or perhaps more, it may be inaccurate, so that there may be no fuel in the tank. It is amazing how many drivers fail to check up on the petrol, even when the supply is completely exhausted, and garage hands are legion who can tell of "breakdowns" which have taken them out when the fault has merely been one requiring replenishment of fuel.

Speaking generally, if the engine has showed no signs of distress, and there have been no untoward noises from the mechanism, the trouble is usually confined to two possible sources—either the petrol feed system or the electrical system. Of the two, the electrical equipment on modern cars is the more liable to be the cause of the failure of the main power unit.

If explosions in the silencer or spitting in the carburettor had not preceded the stoppage and it is not a case of a choked jet or lack of fuel, it is almost certain that there is no fault with the carburation. The ignition therefore automatically comes under suspicion.

On elderly cars a short in the ignition switch might cause a stoppage, but with modern cars this is a rare occurrence. The general procedure is to remove the high tension wire from the centre of the distributor and hold the lead close to the cylinder block while the starter button is being depressed. Should there not be a good spark, this means good reason to believe that the trouble lies with the contact breaker or the coil and their connections. If the spark is good then a plug should be removed, reconnected with its lead and placed upon the cylinder head so that the base of the plug is in contact with the engine. The motor should be turned over and the spark observed. Each individual plug should be tested in this manner unless a sparking plug tester is available, and if any fail to show a spark or the flashes are only weak or intermittent then the trouble lies with this component and may be a bad or broken connection.

Since a variety of reasons can contribute to ignition failure apart from bad connections and loose wires in the circuit, unless the trouble can be traced speedily and the repair carried out on the spot, it is often advisable to get a passing motorist to send back assistance from the nearest garage.

If the first test proved that the failure occurred in either the contact breaker or the coil, while connections appear to be in good order for these parts, then normally the best course is to place the car in the hands of a mechanic. High tension wires may be "leaking," or, perhaps, the coil or condenser is damaged. However, should the electrical system be found in order, then, of course, the petrol system must be examined. If there is petrol in the tank and the fuel is not reaching the carburettor the trouble may be due to the pump; if electrically operated, rapping it with one's knuckles may do the trick.

The simple troubles I have described are the most liable to occur, but not infrequently there are rather more mysterious causes which give considerable difficulty before the point of weakness is located. For instance, I heard of a case some years ago where an engine cut out while running perfectly. When the car had been brought to rest the motor started easily enough and the car ran for some distance. Unfortunately, the same thing recurred time and time again, so that the owner resorted to a general examination by a garage. Eventually, after much wracking of brains and not a little experimenting, it was discovered that something quite large had been floating about inside the petrol tank. At intervals it had become lodged over the supply pipe, which, in this instance, lead to a vacuum tank which drew the petrol up to the carburettor. As the feed operated on the suction principle, immediately the car had stopped and the suction was discontinued the obstruction floated off until it was drawn over the pipe again.

Here is an instance which provided a baffling problem. A car was running well, yet after being reversed and driven a short distance forward it stopped. Various efforts were made to start it, but all were unsuccessful. The petrol supply was in good order, the ignition functioned perfectly, there was no loss of compression; indeed, everything was apparently in apple-pie order, yet nothing would induce the car to start. There were no clues to work on so far as the engine and components were concerned, but actually in reversing the car had gone gently against a bank and the end of the exhaust pipe, which protruded slightly, became effectively stopped up with the soil forced into the pipe when the car had backed right on to the bank. These things are, perhaps, extraordinary examples, but nevertheless they do occasionally happen.

Apart from the power unit itself, there may be unexpected breakdowns which could occur in the transmission. Where the cause lies—and it is normally a breakage in these cases—can only be revealed by examination, which should begin with the clutch, along to the coupling, the differential, and, finally, from the differential to driving shafts for the rear hubs. The breakage of a driving shaft can be particularly annoying, because a car may be driven to a parking place in perfect order, with no suspected trouble and left there all day. Yet, when the return journey is about to begin, everybody is on board, the gear engaged and the clutch let up, it is most galling to discover the car will not move at all! This may have been caused by someone engaging the clutch with a jerk with engine running hard and with the hand brake jammed on.

Although unexpected breakdowns are really rare with modern machines, in each of my cars I invariably carry a length of cable for towing (and this can be most useful when bogged) as well as a set of wheel chains, which are a blessing under many conditions. Being prepared can save a lot of heart-burning and often obviates needless expense.

All square on the Twelfth



THE Estate Car duly arrived before our first guests.

"If it's half as good as it looks," I said to Jane, "I'll be more than happy."

We drove it up on the moors yesterday, with the keeper, to lay our plans for the first shoot. There's a track up, so steep and rough that we used to dismount and lead the ponies.

"She'll never do it," gasped Jane, and I noticed Donald gripping the seat, his eyes tight shut.

When he opened them we were at the top and he hadn't even felt a jolt.

"Mon, that was grand," whispered Donald.

* * *

What an engine it has, and what an astonishingly roomy body! In the afternoon we took our early guests to the golf club. I let her go over the hilly main road. The performance was a revelation, and we were eight up, plus bags.



"We'd have needed two cars for that trip," said Jane when we got home.

"We're going to halve our petrol and oil bills. And think how much more fun it is than the old car!"

I rang up my brother later. He likes his comfort.

"... There's still a week before the Twelfth," I finished. "Take my tip and change to a Ford Estate Car. It'll carry your eight guns right up to the butts. Think how much walking you'll save, and you can start half an hour later ... Lunch? There'll be room for more food than even you could want. And think of the rest of the year, the fetching and carrying, the luggage from the station, the children on picnics, the friends at the golf links, the ..."

"All right," he chuckled. "I ordered mine yesterday. Didn't think I'd let you be one up on me, did you?"



THE FORD ESTATE CAR £325
INCORPORATING THE FAMOUS V-8 ENGINE

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1



THAT FAMOUS CRITIC

has a shrewd eye for the potential 'best-seller'—a cutting wit for the 'pot-boiler'. That which has merit invokes his praise. He shows the same clear insight, too, in choosing his tobacco. With him, "No Name"—that dependable blend of fine tobaccos — is a considered choice.



2 ozs. 2/9
4 ozs. 5/6

For those who prefer a coarser cut—
"No Name"
BROAD CUT.
The prices are the same

PLAYER'S "NO NAME" TOBACCO

P.N.N. 603.

GEO. PARKER & SONS TD
for
WINTER CLOTHING



Extra Super Fawn Rugs, London colour, bound Super Livery Cloth	each	49/6
Best ditto, bound Braid	"	32/6
Special Blue or Green ditto, bound Braid	"	32/6
Extra Super London colour striped full-size Blankets, all Wool, 8lb.	"	35/-
Ditto, 7lb.	"	32/-
Ditto, 6lb.	"	29/-
And a limited quantity of extra Super Striped Blankets, 8lb.	"	32/6

SPECIAL LINE.—Canvas Night Rugs, lined throughout Grey, with Buckle and Straps at Chest and Surcingle, each **18/6**. Night Rugs, part lined, each **12/6**.

NEW ZEALAND WATERPROOF HORSE RUG, suitable for Horses and Cattle turned out at grass; made from best green rotproof, waterproof canvas, lined heavy woollen lining, fitted with special leg straps with patent attachments to hold in position to prevent slipping and chafing, each **45/-**.

The splendid winter lines quoted alongside are taken from our Current Season Price Lists of highest quality Clothing, Saddlery, &c., &c. Let us quote you for all your Stable requirements.

WRITE for FULL PRICE LISTS.

HUNTING SADDLES



BEST RUGBY PANEL HUNTING SADDLES

Best Leather-lined Rugby Panel Hunting Saddle (our own best make), complete with pair of super stainless steel or super nickel stirrups, pair super leathers, and super woollen girths ... **£11 11 0**

Best ordinary Serge-lined full Panel ditto Saddle complete as above ... **£10 10 0**

Limited quantity ditto, complete as above **£9 9 0**

Others from **£5 10 0**

If with Folded Leather Girths, 10/6 extra

GEO. PARKER & SONS

ONLY ADDRESS: (SADDLERS) LTD.

12, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 1164 Telegrams: "Cavesson, Lesquare, London."

THOUGHTS ON THE STATES

A Visit to America's Coventry

THE best testimony to the success of the Junior Car Club cum Autocheque American Rally is the fact that most of us who took part in it are already planning to return next year.

For last month's 2,000 miles scamper hardly scratched the skin of American life. We lived in luxury hotels, encountered affluent people, rushed along magnificent highways and visited world-famous resorts. But as to how the average American thinks, his mode of living or the conditions outside the main traffic arteries and the great cities they feed, we are quite ignorant. Indubitably, the thing that has impressed us most on this trip is the remarkable hospitality and kindness of the Americans of all classes towards us. Again and again people came up to our cars asking where we came from, and exclaiming, as they shook us warmly by the hand, that they were pleased to meet us. Some even said it was an honour. At times the interest we and our variegated convoy class aroused was almost embarrassing, and we began to wonder whether our cavalcade of Rolls, Bentley, Humber, Wolseley, S.S., Rover, and so on, was being regarded as some new kind of circus or performing troupe.

Hospitality reached its peak at Huntingdon, West Virginia, where the locals threw a really jolly dance; and at Chicago, where two friends of our compère, Graham Lyon, gave a cocktail party in their country home. It was not a large house, but it had been cleared and arranged to accommodate nearly 50 of us at a few hours' notice. As our cars arrived, one of the hostesses, standing at the foot of the garden stairs, welcomed us with easy and sincere grace. At the top of the steps was her husband, and inside, helping with the drinks, were our other host and his wife.

An English party of this kind would be inconceivable, for not one housewife in a hundred would upset her house for a crowd of people she had never met and would probably never see again. And even if she could bring herself to do it, it would inevitably prove a formal and sticky affair.

In America they do things differently. They are specialists in making one feel at home, with the result that after the first "Old Fashioned" you "get acquainted," and feel thoroughly at ease. This particular party proved such a success that it started at 6 o'clock and went on till 11 with such gusto that some of us did not get dinner till midnight. And as a postscript, it may be added that our hosts motored fifteen miles into Chicago and fifteen miles out again in order to provide us with transport and ensure that we did not get lost.

From Chicago we went to Detroit, which is to the world of motoring what Coventry is to England. Here we were entertained by the Chrysler Corporation, the youngest and possibly the most virile of the great American car manufacturing groups. Started in 1924 by Walter Chrysler who, as a lad, was so poor that he had to make the tools with which he scratched a living, the group now employs directly 75,000 hands, owns 24 plants in and around Detroit, and 52 other plants in different parts of the world. When in full swing it turns out 2,000 Plymouths, 1,800 Dodges, 500 Chryslers, 500 De Sotos, and 850 trucks each working day.

We walked round the Plymouth assembly plant and saw two conveyor systems turning out three cars a minute. When this total is added to the still larger outputs of Chevrolet, General Motors' best seller, and Ford, both of which are made in Detroit, we began to realise why there are more cars in New York than in the British Isles, why the United States roads have to deal with over 25,000,000 vehicles, and why car parks accommodating anything from 10,000 to 15,000 cars are quite a common sight.

Having studied factory conditions, we were whisked off by our Chrysler hosts to the Yacht Club built out into the lake by a group of millionaire magnates. It was a lovely and spacious mansion, reminding me of buildings I had visited in Spain. Its harbour, with its 50 or 60 yachts, its swimming pool, and pleasant lawns suggested the Riviera in the vividness and variety of its colouring and intensity of the sunlight and heat. The choice of food had been carefully considered, with the result that the meal was not only most palatable and easy to eat, but also exceptionally interesting as an example of the American gastronomic art. In a short and informal talk our hosts welcomed us with obvious sincerity, and referred in moving terms to the immense impression created by our King and Queen's visit, and the remarkable display of spontaneous enthusiasm that had greeted them in America.

The practice of hospitality seems to come naturally to Americans of every class. The keynote to the hotels is their welcome. When you are called by telephone in the morning a pleasant voice calls good morning and tells you that it's a fine day or that the temperature is so much. Heading your breakfast menu are the same words "Good morning." Banners across the streets of villages bear a greeting of welcome to so-and-so, and a "Come again" notice on leaving. And then, on entering Boston we encountered the city's official "greeter," and were told that this was a standard and most important position in civic life.

In a simpler sort of setting we noted the same open-hearted reception. Again and again, when taking refreshment at cafés, roadhouses or inns, or when replenishing tanks at one of the Amoco filling stations, where we paid for fuel by coupon, people would come up, peer into the car and ask where we were from. Almost before the words were out of our mouths they would tell us they came from Wigan, Yorkshire or Devonshire, that their mother had been born in Cheltenham or their great-grandfather in Manchester. They were proud of these connections with the Old Country, and glad to make contact with us. Having thus introduced themselves they invariably followed up by asking how we got on with our right-hand drive, which to them seemed strange, what the letters G.B. meant on our international touring plates, and what we thought of American roads and motoring conditions.

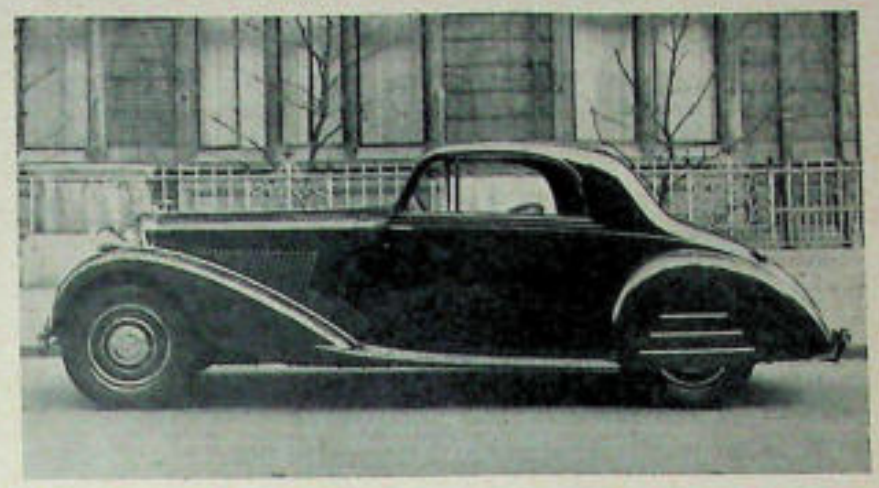
At one roadhouse I had an astonishing example of American honesty. Some six months ago Graham Lyon made a preliminary survey of the route and stopped at this place for a drink. Being engrossed with the results of his talk with the owner, he forgot to collect his four dollars change. When we called months afterwards the proprietor happened to mention to me that he had had an Englishman visit his place about Christmas time and that he had left four dollars behind. This had weighed on his mind ever since. One of the waitresses overheard this remark and told the owner that she thought the same Englishman had called as a member of our party a few minutes earlier. When she described the caller I recognised him as our compère, the man who had forgotten his change. So, without more ado, mine host handed me the money with his card to pass on to Lyon.

Life on the road in America is even more vivid and vital than it is in England. Apart from the constant stream of fast-moving cars which, despite the excellent standard of driving, forces one to keep alert, there is the added interest of studying the road signs. Never before have I seen so much reading and picture matter on the roadside. The signs vary from small tritely worded announcements to huge hoardings featuring pictures advertising oils, fuel, service and commodities of various kinds. In their immensity and numbers they undoubtedly detract from the beauty of the countryside. They also distract one's attention from driving, which is a bad feature. It was not surprising, therefore, to hear that there is a movement to abolish this form of publicity. It has advanced so far that one society has actually started propaganda which bids the public not to buy goods that are advertised in this way.

One of the most novel and subtle form of roadside announcement consisted of a series of small boards each of which bore as a standard heading the words "Lost Arts." Under this line came a sub-title such as "Permanent Roads," "Chivalry," "Patriotism," "Sculpture" or "Uncommercialised athleticism" with a bottom line giving the date and source of the "lost art." The object or meaning of this series aroused our interest, for we could discover no key to the scheme. We enquired from all kinds of people as to what the signs meant, but no one seemed to know. As a last hope I asked the secretary of the English-speaking Union in Boston, where our members were very pleasantly entertained to tea in cool surroundings that contrasted with the 90 odd degrees that prevailed in the streets outside. But as she did not know she promised to find out and write me later. Then someone suggested it might be the work of a well-meaning society attempting to show this machine-mass-minded age the advantages of other forms of culture.

Unfortunately, the solution, explained to me by a Professor of Forestry I met on the Cunarder Laconia on my way home, had no such high ideal. For the signs had been erected all over the country by a publicity concern in Buffalo, who had advertising sites to let at the points where these "Lost Arts" signs now stood! While the scheme undoubtedly attracted a lot of comment, to our mind the difficulty we had had in discovering its origin and objects created an unnecessary mystery.

W. G. McMINNIES.



A RATHER UNUSUAL SALOON COUPÉ ON THE LATEST OVER-DRIVE 4½ LITRE BENTLEY RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO A CLIENT BY MESSRS. JACK BARCLAY, LTD.



AT BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER—THE VENICE OF THE COTSWOLDS

On this pleasant little bridge, one of several in the village, stands a Daimler Fifteen 2½ litre "Ritz" Sports Saloon. Priced at £575 it is a car for those with discriminating taste



A TYPICAL CORSICAN VILLAGE

CORSICA TO-DAY

ASK the majority of persons what they know of Corsica and they will tell you that it is the home of bandits and the vendetta. A few may even mention that it was here that Napoleon Bonaparte was born, but beyond these meagre facts you will find it difficult to gather any further information.

This Mediterranean island is situated 64 miles from Leghorn, and has been French, except for a brief interlude of three years, since 1768. Measuring approximately 114 miles in length, and, at its widest point, 84 miles, it occupies an area of 3,367 square miles. Except in the few towns, the Corsican prefers to speak a patois of French and Italian, but to the stranger French is always spoken.

A land of wine, woods, waterfalls and wild flowers, it has been justly named the Scented Isle, while the French have christened it "L'ile de Beauté." Largely mountainous, its highest peak, Monte Cinto, reaches 9,000ft. Tanning bark, olives, chestnuts and cork constitute the country's main products. It is also believed to possess various mineral resources, which, so far, have not been developed.

Although possessing the quick-tempered Latin temperament, the Corsican is a courteous, kindly and hospitable individual, a great talker and a moderate pipe smoker. Corsican girls, especially in the country districts, are dark and good-looking, walking with a graceful carriage, and the old women have the most contented faces, in marked contrast with those of other Latin races. Every Corsican loves his dog—usually a long-tailed animal—and honours the name of Napoleon.

The birthplace of the "Little Corporal" is to be found in the Rue St. Charles, Ajaccio, a narrow street by the Quay, and here, amongst the relics, one may inspect the bedstead upon which he is said to have been born. His memory is perpetuated by many street names in the capital. There is a Quai Napoleon, Cours Napoleon, Rue Napoleon and Rue Bonaparte, while in the centre of La Place du Diamant stands the famous monument of the Bonaparte family known to the inhabitants as the "Inkstand," because of its resemblance to an ornate specimen of that once useful article.

Mountain-flanked and tree-shaded Ajaccio, although the capital of the island, is not as large a city as Bastia, in the north-east, which is also commercially more important. An air service connects it with the French mainland, while it is a night's run from Marseilles or Nice by steamer.

Dried sausage, cold pork, chestnuts, goats' milk cheese and a kind of bread rusks constitute the principal items in the diet of the peasant, with, of course, a plentiful supply of light red wine, and salt or fresh water fish. The gastronomically venturesome may also try milk soup or cold lentils in oil.

Although the capture of Spada, the last of the bandits, marked the end of the outlaws of the "maquis," it is difficult to assert with certainty that the family vendetta has yet been entirely abandoned, but certainly towards the stranger the Corsican is invariably hospitable. It is rare, indeed, to stop at some wayside dwelling for a glass of water (a safe drink here) and not be asked if one would not prefer wine or coffee, although the preparation of the latter may entail lighting a fire specially.

Except for the tourist or business man, the usual mode of transport is donkey or mule back, horses being too expensive for most peasants. For the same reason, cattle are rarely if ever seen, their place being taken by Angora goats. Pigs (specially blest by the priesthood at certain seasons of the year) and sheep are plentiful, however.

The mule teams, accompanied by the muleteer in corduroy baggy trousers, broad red sash and checked cotton shirt, carry harness bells, and make a pleasant sound on the rock-fringed mountain roads. Sometimes a gourd of wine hangs from the belt of these hardy workers, and most peasants carry large umbrellas in wet weather.

Most of the mails are carried in small buses or cars, which also accommodate passengers. They are driven at breakneck speed by the islanders, who, immediately they find themselves behind a steering wheel of a car, slough their gentler natures and, pressing down the accelerator, race perilously along as if the furies were behind them and Ariel beckoning ahead. Often these maltreated cars are loaded well below their Plimsoll line with passengers and baggage, but they seem to have elastic properties for no matter how crowded a vehicle may be, it is rarely that the hail of a waiting peasant is disregarded.

Despite these inconveniences of congestion, the ride over the Calanches de Piana, which might aptly be described as mountaineering by car, cannot be neglected, especially if undertaken in the early spring, before the tourist invades these primitive fastnesses. From Porto, a straggling village snuggling peacefully on the shores of the Gulf of Porto, the climb to Piana begins.

As the serpentine road rises higher and higher, jagged terra-cotta coloured cliffs stand out against an ultramarine sea, while immediately below are verdant precipices. As the summit of the Calanches is approached, the road swings through overhanging rocks, and when at last Piana is reached, a superb view rewards the adventurer.

Despite the steepness of many Corsican roads, motor accidents are comparatively few, although sometimes roadside crosses may be seen inviting passers-by to pray for the repose of some victim's soul. One fears that were such a practice to become common in Great Britain, the whole countryside would resemble a vast necropolis.

The railway which runs from Ajaccio to Bastia is, for the greater portion of the way, one of the most scenically beautiful in Europe, despite the number of its tunnels, which average one every four miles. It traverses gorges of awe-inspiring beauty, runs through majestic pine forests, and crosses innumerable mountain torrents. One of its viaducts is made of solid marble, and the Vecchi Bridge, which runs over a waterfall-spanning road beneath, is a dizzy feat of engineering from which a glorious view is obtained.

Bonifacio, that precariously perched village which looks out across the Strait of Bonifacio towards Sardinia, seven miles distant, lures the lover of quaint streets and old buildings; while Calvi, in the north-west, claims fame as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus (an honour disputed by Genoa) and the repository of some old stone cannon balls, souvenirs of Nelson's visit in 1794. Bastia, too, although the busiest of the few Corsican towns, reveals many an old corner and even more ancient smells.

Scenically regarded, Corsica is a veritable paradise of rock-strewn coastline, ancient martello towers and innumerable bays, while inland there stretches the scented "maquis" with bells proclaiming the presence of some goatherd.

On the edge of jade green pools fishermen sit pensively when not tending their vineyards or working in the forest, and over all shines a brilliant sun, for winters are short and summers long in this land of content.

C. E. KETTLEWELL.



OLD MARTELLO TOWER ON N.W. COAST

A BRITISH ATLANTIC AIR SERVICE AT LAST

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

IN a recent announcement Sir Kingsley Wood said that the long-expected commencement of the British North Atlantic Airway would be made, according to present plans, in August. The original intention, as was pointed out in a recent article, was that the service should be inaugurated in June, and the delay has been causing disquiet on this side of the ocean, and a certain amount of adverse criticism on the other.

In the meantime the Americans have pushed on with their plans. They have made crossings to schedule over both the southern and the northern routes, and they are now operating a regular service not only for mails but for passengers.

From the broader viewpoint, this progress is all to the good. In the last analysis, developments in air transport should not be made to wait on the preparedness of any one country. Moreover, Imperial Airways and Pan-American Airways are co-operating on the establishment of the Atlantic service, and it is, therefore, safe to assume that lessons learnt from these operations will be placed at the disposal of the British organisation.

In air transport, however, the intangible asset of prestige plays a highly important part; and there can be no doubt that these American crossings have made—are likely to continue to make—a profound impression on the general public. Under these conditions there is a possibility, and perhaps something more, that the Atlantic airway may become specially identified with American enterprise. We cannot rest content with such a state of affairs.

When the British service starts it will of necessity be mainly confined to mail carrying, and will hardly be able to put up performances challenging the somewhat spectacular achievements of the American boats in their initial flights. The British types to be used are a modified, strengthened version of the Short Empire boats—"C" Class—boats, and they certainly will not be able to compete with the American Boeing 314 Clippers, which are of more recent design and planned with the Atlantic service prominently in mind.

In explaining the delays, Sir Kingsley Wood pointed out that they were due to the rearmament programme, to which priority had to be given, and he added that it was hoped next year to have "comparable equipment with our American partners." He was referring to the new "G"-class boats, the first of which, the Golden Hind, was launched a short while ago. It may be remarked, however, that "G"-class boats are smaller than the Boeing 314s. While the British design has an all-up weight of 72,000lb. (about 32 tons), the corresponding figure for the Clippers is more than 80,000lb. (approximately 36 tons). Furthermore, the American boats are now carrying passengers officially, yet the Golden Hind, which has still to undergo prototype tests, is equipped for mails only.

Now in the light of these facts it may be difficult to combat the idea that this country is in danger of losing the lead in Atlantic flying that was so splendidly established in the summer of 1937. Then, the superiority of the British boats was universally admitted and their performances were outstanding. This is no more than fact, and saying it in no way belittles the fine work carried out by Pan-American Airways at the same time.

There is a body of expert opinion that questions the wisdom of the American policy. It is contended that it is undesirable to carry passengers at this early stage, and that operations should be confined to mails until further practical experience of regular flying has been gained. Undoubtedly, there is much to be said for that argument. Weather forecasting on the Atlantic route is beset by many difficulties, not all of which have been yet overcome, and many practical problems must inevitably remain to be solved. In these circumstances, a disaster is by no means out of the question; and there can be no doubt that if it unhappily occurred it would have a highly adverse effect on the public confidence in Atlantic possibilities.

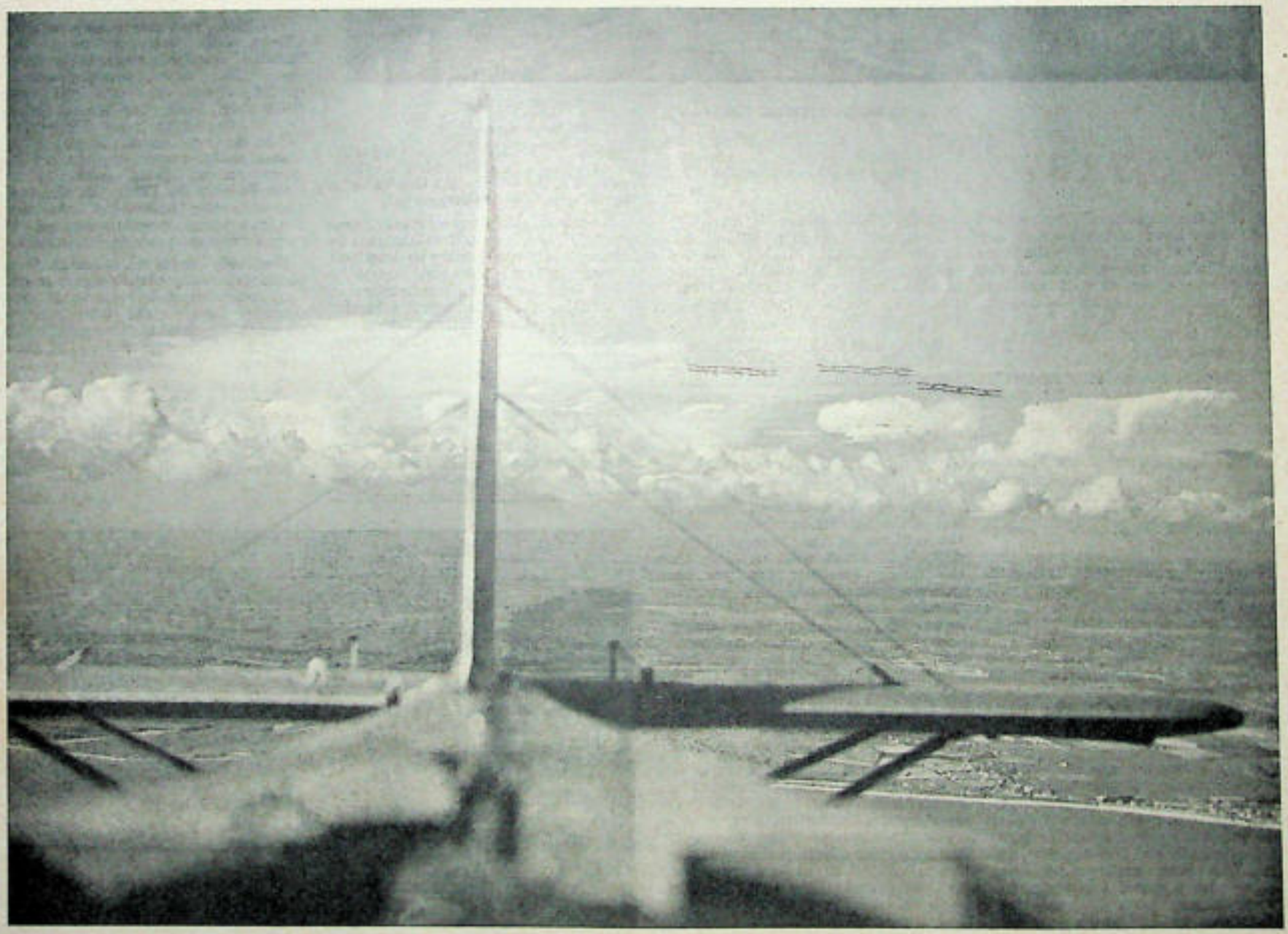
Here, however, it is not broad questions of policy that are being discussed; we are concerned with the threat to British prestige in the sphere of commercial flying that will undoubtedly claim more publicity than any other in the near future. American boats *have* carried fare-paying passengers. They have crossed by both the northern and the southern routes. Those are facts which cannot fail to impress the average man, who is more influenced by performances than by niceties of policy.

British operations with the modified "C"-class boats cannot, as has been said, hope to be so spectacular as the American achievements. And if experience should show that the Americans are right in their belief that passenger-carrying is reasonably safe and practicable under present conditions, British activities are certain to be accused of excess of caution and of lack of imagination. If, too, as seems not impossible, the "G" class are found next year not to be strictly "comparable equipment" to the American, it will become almost inevitable that the Atlantic airway will be regarded as an American enterprise in which Great Britain is a junior partner and a mere follower.

Undoubtedly, this is an important question; it can be argued from many different angles. In discussing it, too, full weight must be given to the exceptional difficulties with which this country has had to contend. It is, for example, impossible to deny Sir Kingsley Wood's assertion that the rearmament programme must take precedence. There can be no doubt that if this country had been as free as America to focus activities on Atlantic development the position would be better.

The Imperial Airways fleet has, too, suffered a number of serious losses lately, culminating in the fire to the Connemara, actually one of the boats intended for the Atlantic service.

Yet even allowing for these and other handicaps, it cannot be denied that the problem of Atlantic prestige is not one to be viewed with complacency. We gained an initial advantage and seem now in danger of slipping into a position of inferiority.



A VIEW FROM AN ACCOMPANYING AIRCRAFT OF PLANES OF THE FLEET AIR ARM IN FLIGHT OVER THE ISLE OF WIGHT

BRIDGE

THE SUIT PREFERENCE SIGNAL

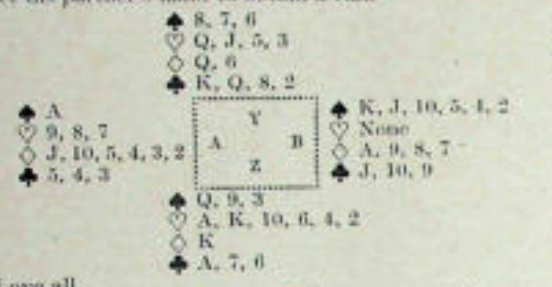
By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

AS a sequel to my last two articles on "Echoing" I should like to introduce to those readers who have not met it before, the suit preference signal, devised by Hy. Levinthal. This signal can be extremely useful and has been adopted by many English players.

The signal is designed to meet the situation where the opening leader has won the first trick and must obviously shift to one of the two suits other than the suit led and the trump suit.

The signal is as follows: If the leader's partner discards an unnecessarily high card, he wants the leader to shift to the higher of the two suits other than the led suit and the trump suit. If he plays his lowest card, he wants the lower of these two suits led.

This convention is particularly valuable when a singleton Ace has been led and the leader wishes to enter his partner's hand to obtain a ruff.



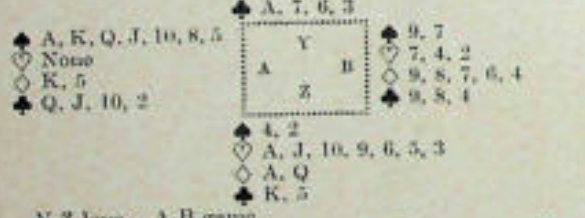
Love all.

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No bid	Two Hearts	Two Spades
Four Hearts	No bid	No bid	No bid

A leads his singleton Ace of Spades, and to get into B's hand he will have to switch to Diamonds or Clubs. B throws the Jack of Spades, requesting a switch to the higher suit. A now leads a Diamond, and B returns King and another Spade, to defeat the contract. It will be noted that if A had led a Club instead of a Diamond Y-Z can make eleven tricks.

Many players get disheartened when they continually hold poor cards and find themselves playing against game or slam contracts. This is the time, however, when they should be most on the alert. It is likely that their partner holds some strength, and that careless discarding on their part will reveal to declarer the disposition of certain important cards and enable him to finesse successfully.

Alternatively, even the retention of small, apparently unimportant cards by one defender may prevent the declarer making his contract by a squeeze or throw-in play.

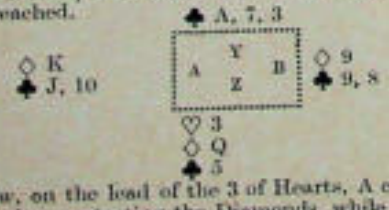


Y-Z love. A-B game.

Z	A	Y	B
Three Hearts	Four Spades	Five Hearts	No bid
No bid	No bid		

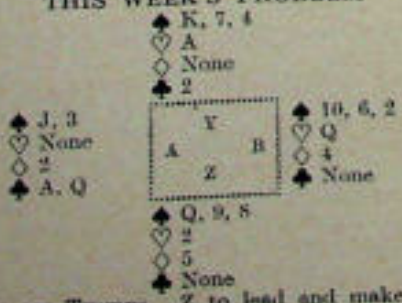
A, having already been penalised rather badly, did not feel like bidding Five Spades (in which contract he is only one down on a Heart lead) and rather hoped that Y-Z could not make Five Hearts.

After taking two tricks in Spades, A led the Queen of Clubs, taken by Z's King. Z took three rounds of Trumps, finishing in dummy, and played the Jack of Diamonds in the pious hope that B would cover if he had the King. However, B played the 4 of Diamonds, Z took the trick with the Ace of Diamonds and led all his remaining trumps except one. It was essential that B should keep his two Clubs until the following situation was reached.



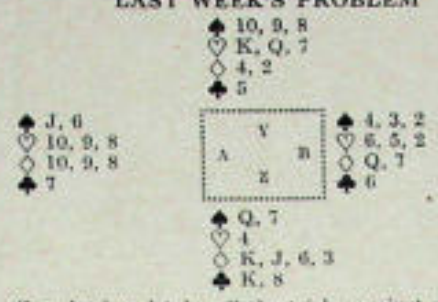
Now, on the lead of the 3 of Hearts, A could throw a Club, thus protecting the Diamonds, while leaving B to look after the Clubs. If, however, B had discarded one Club, A would have been squeezed and the contract of Five Hearts made.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Spades are Trumps. Z to lead and make all five tricks against any defence by A-B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z to lead and take all the tricks against any defence by A-B.

SOLUTION

This problem is taken from the basic situation of the famous Vienna coup. Z leads the King and 8 of Clubs. A cannot discard Spades or Diamonds without establishing the desired two extra tricks for Y-Z. A therefore discards a Heart. Z now plays the Queen of Spades, the feature of the Vienna coup, and makes his three Heart tricks, and on the last Heart lead A has to throw the Jack of Spades or a Diamond, establishing the last three tricks for Y-Z.

CHESS

LIVELY PLAY

A lively game played in the tournament at Kemeri and Riga last March.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. Mikenas.	BLACK. Dorberg.	WHITE. Mikenas.	BLACK. Dorberg.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	17. B to Kt 5 (d)	Q to Q 5 (e)
2. Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	18. P to K 6 (e)	Q to R 8, ch
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	19. K to Q 2	Q to Q 5, ch
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3	20. R to Q 3	Kt to Q B 3 (e)
5. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5 (a)	21. Q takes Kt	Q to B 7, ch
6. Kt to Kt 5 (b)	P to Q 4 (c)	22. K to Q sq	R to K sq (e)
7. P to K 3	K Kt to Q 2 (d)	23. P takes Kt	B takes P
8. Q to Kt 3	R to B sq	24. Q takes P	B to Kt 5, ch
9. B to Kt 5	Q to R 4 (e)	25. K to R sq	R to K 8, ch
10. Q to Q 3 (b)	Q to Kt 3	26. K to Kt 2	R to R sq (e)
11. Castles (g)	K to B 4 (e)	27. R takes R	Q takes R
12. P to Q Kt 4	B to K 2 (e)	28. Q takes P	Q to K 4, ch
13. B takes B	K takes B	29. P to B 3	Q to K 8, ch (e)
14. K takes P	Q takes P (f)	30. Q to B 5 (e)	Q to Q 7, ch
15. Kt to B 7	P takes R	31. B to B 2	Resigns (g)
16. Kt (B 3) takes P, ch	K to Q sq (e)		

(a) Kt to B 3 is probably better.

(b) P to K 5 is more aggressive.

(c) Not 6. . . . Kt takes P because of 7. Q to Q 4. Kt takes Kt or 7. . . . R takes Kt, ch, then 8. P takes R. Kt to K B 3; 9. Kt to Q 6, ch, K to B sq; 10. Q to B 5, and wins); 7. P takes Kt. R to B sq; 8. B to K B 4, Kt to B 3; 10. Q to K 3, P to Q 3; 11. R to Q sq. P to K 4; 12. B takes P, Kt takes B; 13. P to K B 4, with advantage to White. The text-move, however, is not good. Black should, instead, play 6. . . . Kt to B 3 or 6. . . . Castles. (If, after 6. . . . Kt to B 3, White plays 7. Kt to Q 6, ch, then 7. . . . K to K 2; 8. B to K B 4, P to K 4; 9. Kt to B 5, ch, K to B sq; 10. B to Q 2, P to Q 4 leads to an even game).

(d) If 7. . . . Kt to K 5, then 8. Q to Kt 4. P to K Kt 3 (if B to B sq, then Kt takes Kt followed by Q takes K P); 9. B to Q 3, with a very good game for White.

(e) This loses a valuable tempo. Black should, instead, play 9. . . . Q to Kt 3. If, instead, 9. . . . Kt takes P, then 10. Q to Q R 4, followed, if 10. . . . Q takes B, by 11. Kt to Q 6, ch, K to Q sq; 12. Q to K 8, ch, K to B 2; 13. Kt (B 3) to Kt 5, ch, K to Kt 3; 14. Kt takes B, ch, K to R 4; 15. P to Q B 3, with a fine game for White.

(f) Very good. If, now, 16. . . . Q takes Q, then 17. Kt to B 7, mate, or, if, instead, 16. . . . B to Kt 5, then 17. Kt to Q 6, ch, K to B sq; 18. Q takes Q, B takes Q; 19. Kt takes B, P to Q 5; 20. B to K 7, ch, K to K sq; 21. B to B 3, P takes Kt; 22. Kt to Q 4, with advantage to White.

(g) Threatening 12. R takes P, P takes R; 13. Kt takes Q P and wins.

(h) B to K 2 at once is better. If, instead, 11. . . . P to K R 3, then 12. B to K 3, Q to Q sq (if 12. . . . B to B 4, then 13. Kt to Q 6, ch, K to K 2; 14. B takes P); 13. P to B 4, Kt to B 3; 14. R takes P, P takes R; 15. Kt takes Q P with a powerful attack.

(i) If B takes B P, then Kt to Q 6, ch wins a piece.

(j) If 14. . . . Kt to Q B 5, then 15. P to B 4, followed, if 15. . . . Q to K 6, ch; 16. R to Q 2, Q takes B P, by 17. Kt to B 7, threatening a deadly check at Q 5 with a Knight.

(k) If K to B sq, then B to B 4, threatening P to K 6.

(l) Better than Kt takes R. White now threatens either P to K 6 or R to B sq.

(m) Kt takes P is, perhaps, slightly better, but in any case Black has a very bad game.

(n) Threatening P to K 7, mate.

(o) If 20. . . . Q to B 7, ch; 21. K to B sq. P takes P, then 22. Kt takes P, ch, K to K sq; 23. R to B sq, with a winning attack.

(p) If 22. . . . P takes P, then 23. Kt takes P, ch. K to K sq; 24. Kt takes P, ch, with a winning game.

(q) If R takes R, then Kt to K 6, ch, and mate in two more moves.

(r) 29. . . . R takes Kt; 30. Q takes R, ch, Q takes Q; 31. Kt takes Q. K takes Kt is, of course, quite hopeless.

(s) Threatening either Q to Q 6, ch or Q to B 8, ch.

(t) If 31. . . . Q to K 7 (to prevent Q to K 7, mate), then 32. Q to Q 6, ch, B to Q 2; 33. Q to B 8, ch, B to K sq; 34. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 35. Q to Q 6, ch, Q to Q 2; 36. Q takes Q, ch, K takes Q; 37. Kt to Kt 6, ch, and wins.

A GOOD GAME BY ELISKASES

The following game, from a tournament at Bad Harzburg, was well played by Eliskases.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Eliskases.	WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Eliskases.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	15. P takes P (k)	B takes P
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	16. R to Q 3	Kt to Q 5
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	17. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
4. Q to Kt 3 (a)	P to B 4	18. Kt to Kt 5 (l)	B to B 4
5. P takes P	Kt to B 3	19. Q to Q sq	Q R to K B sq (j)
6. Kt to B 3	Kt to K 5 (b)	20. Kt to Q 4 (k)	B to K 5
7. R to Q 2	Kt takes B (c)	21. R to K Kt 3 (j)	B takes Kt
8. Kt takes Kt	P to B 4 (d)	22. Q takes B	B takes P
9. P to K 3	Castles	23. Q takes P, ch	Q takes Q
10. R to K 2	B takes P	24. R takes Q, ch	K takes R
11. Castles K R (e)	P to Q Kt 3	25. K takes R	R to Q 5
12. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 2	26. R to Q sq	R takes R
13. Q R to Q sq	Q to K 2	27. B takes R	R to B 5
14. P to Q R 3 (f)	P to B 5 (g)	Resigns.	

(a) This move, at one time frequently played, has not been seen much of late, Q to B 2 being generally preferred.

(b) B takes P is considered to be better.

(c) Nimzowitsch's move, Kt takes Q B P, has gone out of favour.

(d) If Kt to Q 5, then Q to Q sq, threatening K Kt to K 4.

(e) Castles (Q R), is better since White very quickly gets a pressure along the open Queen's file against Black's backward Queen's pawn. A game Spielmann v. P. Johner (Carlsbad tournament, 1929) was continued as follows: 15. . . . P to Q Kt 3; 16. Kt to B 3, B to Kt 2; 17. R to Q 2, Q to K 2; 18. K R to Q sq, K R to Q sq; 19. P to Q R 3, Q R to B sq; 20. K to Kt sq, P to Q 3; 21. Q to K 5, P to Q R 4 (to prevent P to Q Kt 4); 22. Kt to Q Kt 5 with the better game for White.

(f) Too slow. He should, instead, play Kt to Q R 4. Black could not reply with B to Q 3 because of Q to Q 3.

(g) A good move.

(h) P to K 4, although it condemns White's Bishop to inactivity, seems better.

(i) B to B 3, although uninviting, is, we think, to be preferred. If, instead, 18. P to Kt 3, then 18. . . . Q to Kt 4 (threatening R to R 5 followed by R takes P); 19. Kt to Kt 5, B to B 4; 20. R takes P, B to B 3; 21. R takes P or R to Q 3, Q R to K B sq with a winning attack.

(j) A strong move. If now 20. R takes P, then 20. . . . Q to R 5; 21. P to K Kt 3 (if 21. R takes B, then 21. . . . B takes P, ch followed, if 22. K to R sq, by 22. . . . Q takes P, ch and mate next move, or, if 22. R takes B, by 22. . . . Q takes R, ch; 23. K to R sq, Q to B 8, ch and mate in two more moves), R takes K B P and was for, if 22. P takes Q, then 22. . . . R to B 8, mate, or, if 22. R takes R, then 22. . . . R takes R, ch; 23. K to B sq, Q to R 6, mate.

(k) B to B 3, although still uninviting, is better.

(l) White has no satisfactory move. If 21. R to Q 2, then 21. . . . Q to Kt 4; 22. P to K Kt 3, P to K 4; 23. Kt to Kt 3, B takes P, ch; 24. R takes B, R takes R with a winning game for Black.

END-GAME STUDY

By P. HEUÄCKER.*

WHITE (3 pieces): King at Q B sq, Bishop at Q Kt 8, Pawn at K B 6.

BLACK (3 pieces): King at K R 5, Bishop at Q 5, Pawn at K 4.

White to play and win.

**New Freie Presse*, 1930.

PROBLEM No. 4025

By G. WATSON.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K R 8, Queen at K 3, Rook at Q B 6, Bishops at Q B sq and Q R 2, Knights at Q 8 and Q R 8, Pawn at K B 4.

BLACK (8 pieces): King at Q 4, Bishop at Q R 4, Knights at K sq and Q R 6, Pawns at Q Kt 3, K 5, Q B 5 and Q B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

** Yorkshire Observer Budget*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4024

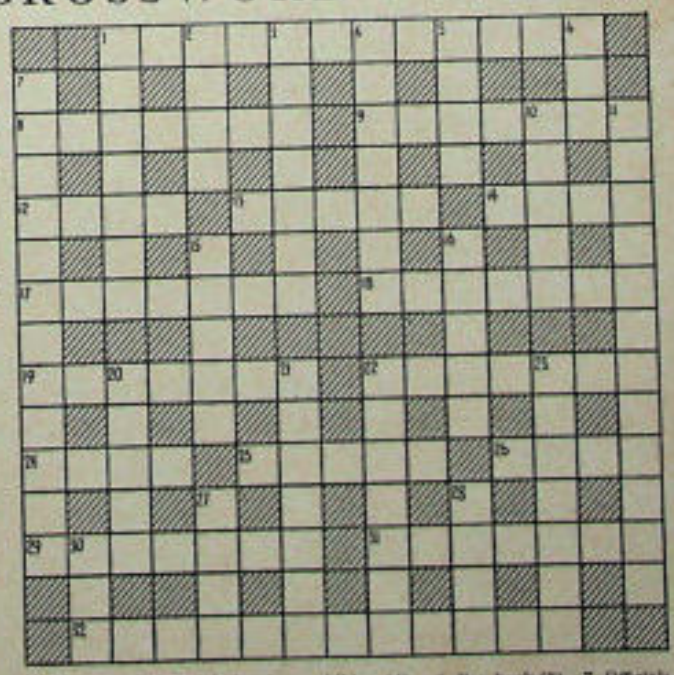
1. B to B 3, Any move; 2. Q, R or B mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 528

ACROSS.—1, Not an ethnological race (12). 8, The Territorial Army in a flutter (7). 9, Air raid precautions with a sebaceous cyst (7). 12, No stuff for a racehorse (4). 13, Root or lace or reverse title (5). 14, Affection of a sebaceous gland, says the dictionary (4). 17, The type of bird for a motor cycle (7). 18, Wildflower, not a piece of Royal Worcester (7). 19, If you are a prig you will recognise yourself here (7). 22, This statement is usually partial (7). 24, Roman horses are equal to anything (4). 25, This fowl is in beer up to the neck (5). 26, Mother is in the midst of an exclamation (4). 29, Pan lies! The Dog! (7). 31, Beloaks for the crew (7). 32, Carried by some horses (12).

DOWN.—1, A yacht can be a rutter, but this is a —— (7). 2, Like mother in 26, father is in the midst of an exclamation too—the poor fish! (4). 3, Much the same as 1 on the farm (7). 4, A pillar with an honoured head and a priestly heart (7). 5, Fresh tea is amphibian (4). 6, Pay back (3). 7, Officials, of course, but sounds like the Hunt servants touching the field (12). 10, I can't eager (5). 11, Fun for the sporting curate? (12). 15, Rising 544 (5). 16, A bird in the pines (5). 20, Lobe (5). 21, A young twister? (7). 22, Stop in the middle and altogether (7). 23, Man is the core of love (7). 27, Cripple (4). 28, Porch (4). 30, Part of 29 (3).



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

SOLUTION TO No. 527

Published July 29th

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Country House

Nettle Destruction.—The destruction of nettles by preparations of sodium chlorate may be carried out at any time of the year, but it is best to start the work in late spring or early summer when the plants have made some top growth and so have partly exhausted food reserves stored in the roots. The nettles should not be cut before spraying. It is generally better to spray two or three times throughout the season as fresh growth is made, using about 25lb. of the chemical per acre each time, rather than to give a single heavy application.—*A. R. A., France.*

Wood-Destroying Fungus.—Several different kinds of fungi cause decay in buildings, and it is impossible from the description given to name the species responsible for the damage in your case. From its habit of forming strands that carry it over large areas of brickwork, however, and, in particular, the drops of water in exhibs, we are inclined to suspect that the fungus may be *Merulius lacrymans*—the dry rot fungus. If so, we cannot attempt in a few short paragraphs to advise you as to the extensive structural and other methods necessary for its control, and strongly recommend you to send for identification samples of affected timber and specimens of the fungus (carefully packed in waterproof paper or cotton wool so that their moisture is retained) to the Forest Products and Research Laboratory, Princes Risborough, Bucks. We also think you should obtain from His Majesty's Stationery Office, London, a copy of the *Forestry Products Research Bulletin*, No. 1, "Dry Rot in Wood," price 1/- net. This gives a full description of the various kinds of fungi occurring in houses, with a simple table that should enable anyone to identify a particular species, as well as full instructions for the control of dry rot. The dry rot fungus is rarely found out of doors, and since you seem to be certain that the fungus strands originate from the soil, it is possible that the fungus in your house may not be dry rot. If so, less drastic action will be necessary and it is possible that with the structural alterations you have already made, especially in the way of improved ventilation, and by sterilising infected wood and brickwork by chemicals, the pest will be eliminated. Moisture is essential for all wood-destroying fungi, and it has been established that if the timber contains much below 25 to 30 per cent. of the oven-dry weight of the wood, they cannot exist. As wood that has been thoroughly air-seasoned in the open contains 15 to 18 per cent. of moisture, and in a properly ventilated house 12 to 14 per cent. and even lower, it follows that if the timber is in a satisfactory condition, and the house is kept well ventilated and dry, attack will eventually die out. The dry rot fungus, however, is an exception, for it can attack timber containing 20 per cent. (oven-dry weight) of moisture. Moreover, it is able to carry water by means of its conducting strands and penetrate even to dry parts of the house where, by its power of producing water by action on the wood, it can make the timber moist enough for further attack. For these reasons it is very difficult, if not impossible, to control dry rot by ventilation alone. If the fungus is not dry rot, we would recommend that you turn over the soil round the infected parts of the house to a depth of 2ft. and thoroughly drench this with a 5 per cent. solution of copper sulphate to destroy any fungus in the soil. Outside brickwork should be sprayed with the same solution. Interior woodwork and walls should be treated with a 0.1 per cent. spray of water-soluble salicylanilide. It would be advisable in any new constructional work to include 0.2 per cent. of this chemical when mixing the plaster, and 0.1 per cent. in any distemper used for decoration. Before undertaking any further structural work you certainly should have the fungus identified and seek the advice of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research at the Forest Products Research Laboratory.—*C.J.S., Leeds.*

Kennel

Spaniel Hunting.—We are afraid nothing will now cure your spaniel of the bad habit of going off hunting. Whipping is not likely to be of any use. Some dogs are responsive to a sound rating, but when they have once become confirmed in the misdemeanour it is doubtful if anything will stop them beyond giving a kennel with a run attached in which they can be confined when not under observation.—*A. H. H., Bury St. Edmunds.*

French Bulldogs.—A French bulldog should answer your purpose very well. Usually they are good-tempered, do not require a lot of exercise, yet can walk when wanted to do so. Some breeders are: Mrs. Townsend Green, 18, Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.8 (kennels in Bucks); Mrs. Vaughan, Southfield Park, Harrow, Middlesex; Miss M. Billiter, Penn Cottage, Beaconsfield, Bucks; and Mrs. Roberts, L'Estanto Cottage, Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, Bucks.—*J. C. T., Berkhamsted.*

Swollen Udders.—Bitches that are not allowed to breed, frequently have a secretion of milk at the time they would whelp if they had been mated, and if this does not receive attention there is danger of the formation of tumours. When things get as bad as this it means an operation. Tumours are very unsightly, although they often do not seem to cause inconvenience. As a preventive, rub the parts with camphorated spirits and give an aperient. As your bitch seems to have the swelling rather badly, suffer first by massaging with warm olive oil.—*W. H. H., Andover.*

Stuttgart Disease.—Stuttgart disease, or specific gastritis, is a most serious complaint, with a high rate of mortality. We know of no form of inoculation as a preventive. We cannot say what is the cause, except that it is contagious. If your kennels are disinfected thoroughly and have a rest for a little time after a case, they should not harbour infection, but the job needs to be done well. Patients should be put on a liquid diet of a nourishing nature and not allowed water to drink. Milk and Vichy water in equal quantities, Benger's or a similar food, white of egg with milk, are all to be recommended. Three drops of cyllin in a capsule thrice daily. Wash the mouth frequently with a solution of permanganate of potash. Treat as an invalid for some time after apparent recovery.—*R. W. S., Ford.*

Shooting

Robbing Partridge Nests from Footpaths.—Under the Game Act, 1831, any person not having the right of killing game upon the land, nor having permission from the person having such right, wilfully taking out of the nest the eggs of any bird of game, or having any eggs so taken in his possession, is liable to a penalty for every such egg of 5/-. An old grass verge outside a hedge usually belongs to the owner of the land on the other side of the hedge, but it has often been left in case the road is flooded or founders, as otherwise the wayfarer would have the right to pass over the fields. The existence of a right of way does not affect the ownership of the land.—*J. G., Devizes.*

Right to Shoot Rabbits.—Rabbits are not "vermin" in the sense of the Gun Licence Act of 1870, so an occupier killing rabbits on his land must have a gun licence. Where, however, an occupier's only right to kill rabbits is due to the Ground Game Acts, he can do so only by himself or persons duly authorised by him in writing. The occupier himself and one other person authorised by him in writing are the only persons entitled under the Acts to kill rabbits with firearms. The person authorised by the occupier must be either: (1) A member of his household resident on the land occupied; (2) A person in his ordinary service on such land; or (3) A person *bona fide* employed by him to take and destroy ground game.—*G. L., Bradfield.*

Stable

Worms in Horses.—All horses are liable to become infested by worms if pastured on land infected by worm eggs or larvæ which can persist in the soil for twelve months or over, according to the species of the worms.—"*A Horse Lover*," *London.*

Travel

Staying in North Devon or Cornwall.—There is the Lee Abbey Hotel, near Lynmouth. The hotel looks out over the sea, which can be seen from all the public rooms, notable among which is the lofty octagonal room with its vaulted carving—and most of the bedrooms. There is here no set promenade, such as one finds at a seaside resort, but only yellow sand and ragged cliffs to set off the sea. Everything is natural and nothing has been spoilt. You would have to go a long way, believe me, ere you found a hotel more charmingly situated than Lee Abbey. It stands, for example, in its own nine-hole golf course. The first tee and the last green are both in front of the hotel, so that the enthusiastic golfer need not fear losing any precious minutes ere he can drive off after breakfast. And in Cornwall there is the delightful Tregenna Castle Hotel, which stands in lovely seclusion behind the famous little Cornish town of St. Ives. Its situation is high and lovely, and it stands amidst its own hundred acres of park and woodland stretching down almost to the yellow sands at Porthminster and up to the gorse-covered moorland. The gardens are full of sub-tropical flowering shrubs, with an occasional fountain and "other delights." To stroll among the Tregenna woods is to obtain many a lovely glimpse of land and sea, while the windows of the house itself, long, turreted and machicolated frame delicious pictures. At Tregenna Castle one may fare sumptuously within and enjoy all the country pleasures without. The hotel's own gardens supply the vegetables; from its farm come eggs, poultry and salads and Cornish cream is served with every meal. Out of doors at Tregenna, to say nothing of hard and grass tennis courts, the Castle provides its own golf. A nine-hole approaching and putting course was made some years ago, occupying about four acres. The length of the holes ranges from 80yds. to 135yds. with a total distance of about 1,000yds.—*R. S. P., Aldershot.*

Inns near Dorking.—The White Horse Hotel at Shere is 600 years old, and there is every reason to believe that it was once used as a church guest-house. It is a remarkable building, and, except for the new wing which was added 34 years ago, the original structure remains. From the outside the inn belies its age. You can see at a glance that it is not modern, but there is little to make you expect such a splendid old interior. The house has no foundation, the mud walls being built round oak beams, which run through the house from top to bottom. No nails or ridge-boards have been used in the construction, while many of the beams are of odd shapes. In all probability they were brought up from Shoreham by barges, for most of them are ships' timbers. The proprietor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Askew, take a real pride—as they may well do—in their old inn. You would also like the White Horse at Dorking. Here is a typical Dickens inn which has stood in Dorking High Street for at least 400 years. Americans often cross the Atlantic to see this old hostel, and they will tell you that it is the original Marquis of Granby, where Sam Weller met his mother-in-law in the bar parlour. It is strange to see the twentieth century sanitation rubbing shoulders with the sixteenth century oak, but it is one of the charms of the White Horse. Modern improvements have been made without in any way impairing the character of the queer old bedrooms, with their low ceilings and rough beams, while in the public rooms you will find some splendid furniture of the Georgian period. Not far away from Dorking, though a little difficult to reach unless you have a car, is the Abinger Hatch Hotel, near Abinger Common. Small enough to be friendly, big enough to be comfortable, the Abinger Hatch Hotel is a Mecca for walkers and motorists on Saturdays and Sundays. There are eight letting bedrooms and a suite, and they are all usually full in the summer months, which is, of course, the great compliment of all for the management, the cuisine, and the general attractiveness of the hotel. No local record has been kept concerning the foundation of the hotel, though inside the inn a solid oak beam here and there speaks of far-off times. At all events, Abinger retains an atmosphere of peace and quietness which are too rarely come at in this modern world. Outside the church, which stands opposite the inn, the village stocks can still be seen, mouldering and repaired in places, but there they are.—*W. R., Kingston-on-Thames.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 12th

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (Aug. 5th), Rhydmeredith Bridge on Tanat; M., Llangedwyn on Tanat; Th., Dolgarrog Bridge on Conway; S., Meifod Bridge (for Banwy)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Aug. 5th), Markham Moor; M., Round House, Lechlade; Th., Deddington Mill, near Banbury; S., Trafford Bridge near Banbury—10.30.

BURE VALLEY.—Monday (Aug. 7th), Bickling Mill—10.

CARLISLE.—Monday (Aug. 7th), Lazonby, Eden (up); Tu., The College, Kirkoswald; Th., The College, Kirkoswald—9.30.

CHERITON.—Saturday (Aug. 5th), Jacobstowe; M., Kersham Bridge (Taw); S., Town Mill's, Torrington (cap for Hunt servants)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Aug. 5th), in district; Tu., Millbridge, Fremsham; W., Millbridge, Fremsham; S., Headley Bridge, Bordon—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Aug. 5th), Goudhurst Station; M., Onslow Arms, Loxwood; W., New Bridge—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (Aug. 5th)—Hemyock (R. Culm); M., Whitford Bridge (R. Axe); Th., Otterу St. Mary (R. Otter); S., Axminster—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Monday (Aug. 7th), Longbridge (Plym); Th., Staverton Station (Dart); S., Dartmeet (W. Dart)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (Aug. 5th), Chilkofoed Fleet; M., Potash Bridge, Brandeston; Th., Earsham Bark; S., Glemsford Station—10.30.

HAWKSTONE.—Saturday (Aug. 5th), Carreg—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Aug. 5th), Gosshgham Bridge (Lune); M., Kirkby Lonsdale; W., Where leave off Monday—10.

WYE VALLEY.—Tuesday (Aug. 8th), Colgarron, Goodrich; F., Newbridge-on-Usk—10.30.

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND & WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Tuesday (Aug. 8th), Varde Down; Th., Exford; S., Comer's Gate—11.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Aug. 7th), Triscombe Stone—11.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage Home and Abroad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1939) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Aug. 5, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4520. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1939

REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE | INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.



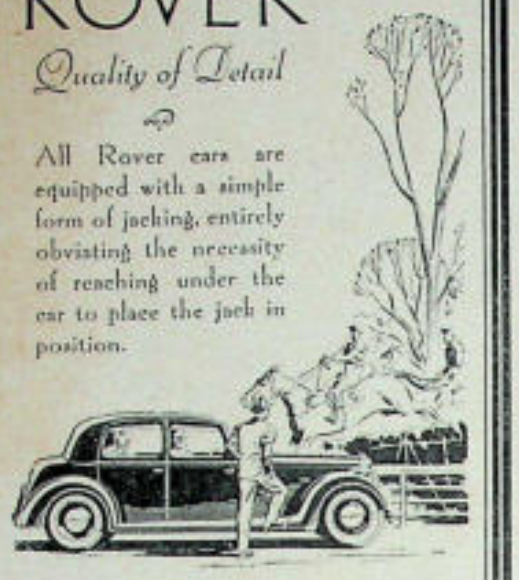
THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THEIR GUESTS AT ABERGELDIE

During their visit to the King's Camp at Balmoral, where two hundred boys from industrial centres and public schools are assembled, Their Majesties and the young princesses joined heartily in the rendering of the camp song, "Underneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree." Captain J. G. Patterson, next to the King, appears to be a bit late with his action

ROVER

Quality of Detail

All Rover cars are equipped with a simple form of jacking, entirely obviating the necessity of reaching under the car to place the jack in position.



THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

EVS-317

THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

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

Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL	393
A POLICY AGAINST GRAIN PESTS?	393
THE KING'S ESTATES IN SCOTLAND	394
SNAPSHOTS FROM THE IRISH HILLS	397
SUMMER SPORT WITH A .22 RIFLE	398
THIS BIRD PROTECTION	399
WHY TROUT REFUSE TO TAKE SURFACE FLY	400
RACING IN "RECORD COWES" WEEK	401
TURF: SOME PROMISING APPRENTICES	402
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: NAVAL AND MILITARY	404
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLYFISHERS	406
CA' CANNY ECONOMY IN CRICKET	407
ROUND THE WICKETS	408
GREYHOUND RACING KENNELS	410
REVIVING GOLF IN SPAIN	411
ART OF GOOD LIVING	412
FIFTY YEARS AGO	412
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK	412
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Back to the Land; "The Cuckoo and its Egg"; The Little Owl	413
IN THE CITY	416
NEW BOOKS	417
NEW USES FOR FARM PRODUCTS	418
SOIL PASTEURISATION	420
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE	420
AUGUST IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN	422
ESTATE COMPANIES	422
IMPRESSIONS OF THE AUSTIN 10	423
ROADSIDE SERVICE	424
ALONG ALPINE VALLEYS	425
ENTENTE IN THE AIR	426
CARDS AND CHESS	427
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	428

RUNNING TO FAME

ONCE again we have seen the incomparable Finnish athletes in action in this country. Surely Maeki must be the best of them all.

Last week-end, when competing at Edinburgh, Maeki set up a new British record for the three miles of 14min. 3.4sec., and then proceeded to lower this figure to 13min. 59.4sec. at the International Meeting at the White City. That is powerful, magnificent running. Actually it took a deal of persuasion to get Maeki to run at the second meeting after his testing effort on the Saturday previous. Doubtless it was a mistake to engage him for two track meetings within a couple of days, but sport, even amateur sport, is linked up with £ s. d. and thrives on publicity. More is the pity.

Maeki's performances at distances from two to six miles in the past year have been phenomenal. In the space of three weeks he broke three world's records. He has run the two miles in 8min. 53.2sec., a world record and six seconds faster than even the great Nurmi at his best. He also holds the world records for the three miles, the 5,000 metres, and the 10,000 metres.

For long-distance running the Finns have always had a style of their own. Many maintain that for this type of race an athlete must come down on his toes, fall back on his heels and so go off again into the next stride. The Finns, however, come down lightly almost on their heels and go forward on their toes. Part of their success in long-distance running can also be traced to the fact that at home they mainly run in cross-country races and, as there is no scheduled season, they are always in training and always fit. They have, too, an obvious confidence in themselves. And races, after all, are won in the mind.

Consider into the bargain the outlook of most cross-country runners. Do they run to clip seconds off records or because they like the nip in the air and the tonic feeling of general fitness which they get from running?

The question: Why do men run? is not easily answered. Can you answer it personally, honestly? If it were in competition would it be to heighten the prestige of Britain? We do not like to see games turned into cash, but is it very much better to see them in terms of fame or prestige? That is a very difficult question to answer in these days when sport gets so much publicity.

We are now approaching the next Olympiad, as the International Meeting at the White City reminded us. People were saying as they left the ground that our performances were not good enough. Yet we did reasonably well, and no one could deny that our athletes enjoyed their races. Is that not the spirit of a game? Or are we, in this age of specialisation, to abandon our British angle on games and make our leading athletes almost professional in outlook? They would be made to see that their job is of secondary importance to their game. Our performances might then rank as second to none, but would we have gained anything? Our outlook on games to-day is a good one; it is worth keeping.

If, on the other hand, we feel that our prestige as a nation does suffer every time we are defeated in some international game then something must be done. Either our best men must become practically professionals or we must cease competing. But let us not forget that both failure and success are imposters.

SUMMER WEATHER

AS though we have not enough troubles to contend with these days, the weather has decided to show what it can do. The rain it raineth every day to spoil hard-earned summer holidays and, what is worse, to supply a bit more depression for the farmer, whose hopes of harvest are considerably damped. Sympathy, too, will go out to those who have looked forward to summer camps. At Beaulieu the Territorials were flooded out, and if the idea had been to give them a possible conception of what Flanders mud looked like conditions came near to doing so. This raises a point as regards camping sites and tents, for it seems that more forethought will have to be devoted to the matter. The very brief fortnight of training is wasted if slopping about on waterlogged ground is allowed to disorganise it. It seems better drainage and more permanent camps will be needed as an insurance against bad weather. And now that a battalion has to be accompanied by a train of cars and tractors, the parking spaces will have to be of such a nature that the coming and going of the vehicles does not make miniature lakes on or near them.

NORTHWARD MIGRATION

Were it not for the failure of grilse to make their customary appearance, northward migrants this year would take more thought for the rods they carry with them than is usual in August; for the rain which seems to have gone northwards, too, though unhappily without leaving the south, should fill the spate streams of the west coast and bring up whatever fish may be haunting their mouths. Lacking grilse, there is still an exceptionally good prospect of sea-trout runs whether one's destined watershed falls to east or west; for there has been something like an invasion of the Spey by sea-running trout and the Atlantic coast can always be relied upon for a full house in times of spate. Summer fishermen have had some cause to complain of the salmon's lack of adherence to schedule these last few years, but sea trout, once again, seem to be doing their best to make good the deficiency.

THE RABBIT ACT

Since the War, no fewer than eleven attempts have been made to legislate on the question of rabbits. Last week the Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Bill, introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Sempill, and in the House of Commons, on behalf of the Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare, by Sir Joseph Lamb, became an Act. Briefly, this Act empowers any county council to require an occupier of land either to keep his rabbits on his own land or to destroy them. The county council may assist occupiers to do so, and there are penalties for non-compliance. Spring traps must, in future, be set inside the rabbit holes, and not scattered about in the fields. It remains to be seen how this Act will work. If everyone were equally determined to keep rabbits down, it would be assured of an easy success. Unfortunately, there is a vast amount of money in commercial rabbit trapping, and these interests will constitute the difficulty. What is really needed is a policeman in every field.

MAIN ROAD CONGESTION

We have a Ministry of Transport. We point it out just in case, after the Bank Holiday, you should think we have not. Every main road out of London had its traffic jams—some a mile or more in length—and on a number of roads the congestion was increased through long stretches being "up." Conditions on our main roads worsen year by year, and no Minister seems to be able to do anything about it. The Alness Report, a very sane document and at the same time a damning indictment, of the Ministry of Transport aroused a considerable interest when it was published. No one seems to know what has happened to it since. It is to be hoped that it has not found a permanent home in one of the Ministry's pigeon-holes. And all this time the congestion continues and increases, and we hear optimistic talk about the completeness of evacuation plans. Perhaps Captain Euan Wallace has not driven through Staines at the week-end?

BLOOD-HOUND

(St. Hubert's hound: "able to lead all good hunters into Heaven."—*Turberville.*)

When good St. Hubert, bonny man,
Would find a halo heavy
He'd cheer his Talbot black-and-tan
Throughout the greenwood chevy;
And good St. Hubert had the gift
To say that here was given
A hound who had a voice to lift
A huntsman's heart to heaven.
With a hey, ho, chevy,
This day a stag must die.

Duke William made his forest new
That he might have good sport;
A Talbot run from scent to view
And William blew the mort;
The Saxon gaped at horn and haunch
And shook his head askance.
"What dog o' ourn," says he, "be staunch
As you black dog o' France?"
With a hey, ho, chevy, &c.

Count Gaston was a glorious youth,
His hair was like the sun;
He heard the Talbot tell the truth,
He saw the Talbot run,
And joyfully his horn he wound
And tightened up a girth,
"*Ma foi*," quo' he, "a valiant hound,
The surest hound on earth!"
With a hey, ho, chevy, &c.

To-day he hunts no hart of grease—
He hunts the good red-herring;
Or runs at head (of his police)
The line of lightfoot erring;
But still he lifts his solemn head
And speaks like bells at even,
And takes, as good St. Hubert said,
His handler's heart to heaven.
With a hey, ho, chevy,
Hey, ho.

PATRICK CHALMERS.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

MY sheepdog, Friday, has four bad warts on one of her back feet, and the most skilled of veterinary practices have been unable either to remove them or to prevent them from spreading. An old countryman to whom I have been of some slight service learns of this and comes to see me. His grandmother, he told me, was a wart-curer and, when she was on her deathbed, she sends everybody out of the room, and asks to see a young girl to whom she had taken a fancy. To her she confides the secret that is not to be told. I asked him what the treatment was. Nothing, he said, except show her the warts and tell her how many they be. What did he mean, I inquired, by his nothing? It's nothing, he said, because it's a charm. He himself had had eight severe warts for which he had tried all manner of remedies in vain. So at last he goes to this Mrs. —— and tells her the number, and she says nothing, and he says nothing, and he goes away. In a week, the warts had changed colour and in a fortnight they had all disappeared without leaving scar or mark of any kind.

"There was one bwoy-chap," he went on, "that ud sixty-four warts on his hand and arm. He sees Mrs. —— and she exes him how many, and he sez sixty-three. A month arterwards there was one wart left, and he never gets rid of this one wart till he goes and sees her again." I asked him if he knew of any other people who had been cured by her. "More nor twenty in my village," he said, "and lots more roundabout." The charm had never been known to fail, and all that passed between patient and charmer was her question of the number. She would never discuss her powers with anybody, nor would she explicitly undertake to make a cure, nor did she wish it to be known what she had done. Yet nobody who had ever been to her but had, as it were, left his warts behind. Nobody doubted her capacity to-day, though many had done so in the past.

I neither believed nor disbelieved, but it seemed to me the most thrilling story I had ever heard in an English countryside that our urban pseudo-civilisation has emptied of nearly every element of interest, adventure or vitality with which she was once so rich. How far back did this white witchery, handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, extend? To the days of Herrick and his country lore, half herbalist and half magical? To the well-dressings of the Middle Ages? To the medicinal properties of megalithic monuments? Or to the whisperings of nature into the human ear yet older than they, to the hidden cult-knowledge of seers whose mysterious certainties had been transmitted not merely from the old to the young, but from Egypt to the Mediterranean and from Knossos to beyond the Pillars of Hercules? Who shall tell?

It is no good asking our archæological or our anthropological science for light, since its defect is absolute and prohibitive of extension in any but one-way knowledge. It knows too much and too little at the same time, and on these foundations has built up an edifice of ferro-concrete dogma and orthodoxy such as no light can penetrate and with which no religion, however rigid in its formulæ, could ever have competed. Its idea is that anything early is childish, and anything immaterial is the mumbo-jumbo of cheating medicine-men. How can rational argument be conducted with a state of mind like this?

For the matter of that, what would any branch of science say to the story that an old woman in an obscure village of *our time* was able to cure warts by a charm? The scientific pontiffs would not actually have her burned at the stake as King James I's court physicians would have done, or crucified as the pundits of Palestine did to one who cured people without medicines or operations. We no longer persecute for heresy because nobody believes in anything at all to-day except in science itself and the scientific theory of inevitable and automatic progress, a belief more preposterous than any superstitious notion entertained in his wildest dreams by a Solomon Islander. All that science could do if mystical cures ever threatened to shake human faith in its divinity would be to starve out the heretics by manœuvring the economic machine against them. Science could work that all right. It is pretty good at inventing new ways of killing people.

Well, we shall see. I have yet to find out whether this village magician undertakes to cure animals as well as men. If she does, we shall see!

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an account of a Karachi race meeting:

"Other fines during the afternoon included Rs. 5 from Abdul Latif for crossing over too soon near the bend in the first race, while Bhoop Singh and Mehar were each fined Rs. 25 in the third race for waving their arms and using them as whips."



Grain merit (Calandra granaria) *on wheat*

A POLICY AGAINST GRAIN PESTS?

By JOHN ROKEBY

THE recent Government announcement that "a permanent organisation has actually been established to carry on research on infestation of foodstuffs in storage and to provide an advisory service for industry" is welcome news.

The problem of pests in stored food is one that has long been virtually ignored by the authorities, and with the increasing stocks that are now being held against an emergency it is more than ever essential that something constructive should be done. It is only natural, however, to ask what form this organisation is taking; how, when and where it will work; and, above all, how it maintains contact with industries and individuals concerned in food storage.

This organisation consists of a staff of entomologists, chemists and other workers centred under Professor Munro at the Biological Field Station of the Imperial College, at Slough, Bucks. Many of the staff have already been working for some years on problems of stored food pests, and much time and expense have been saved, there being no need for special training of a new staff. Besides the problems directly concerned with the survey, investigations into the biology of grain pests of all types are being carried out, with a view to devising methods of control which can be applied until prevention becomes a general practice. At present, the most effective control is assured by using the pyrethrum–white oil spray which has produced excellent results in other similar situations.

The actual survey has established several important general points in relation to grain pests. The worst pests, such as the *Calandra* weevils and the flour moths (*Ephestia*), are shown not to be native in a wild state in Britain, but to be rather in the nature of a permanent population in many mills, granaries and ships and other transport media. The difficulties and dangers of such a situation are obvious, for infestation of grain may thus take place at almost any time from its entry into this country till its actual processing as a foodstuff. Furthermore, although on most farms there is a similar small permanent population of half a dozen or so assorted pest species—out of the total of 150 so far identified—these are far less frequent where a farmer keeps his own stocks of home-grown grain separate from any imported stocks, and where his granaries and stores generally are kept really clean. The matter of general hygiene, in fact, is the most important factor in preventing farm outbreaks.

Such facts, together with the knowledge that it is only very seldom that a farmer notices any appreciable loss or damage through grain pests, have made farmers as a whole loath to admit that there is any problem at all. Actually there is little doubt that a continual small loss does occur, while the presence of the pests, even in small numbers, makes every farm a possible source of reinfestation. Moreover, the very fact that the N.F.U. were the original body to subscribe to the first informal meetings implies that they, at least, admit that such a problem does exist. As a rule, however, farms are not important sources of infestation, and such insects as are found there have usually arrived, in the first place, with imported grain from other sources.

With regard to imported grain, it has been found that the hard Canadian wheats alone are really pest free, owing without doubt to the high standard of hygiene maintained in the Dominion's great grain ports. This is the more interesting since under laboratory conditions it has been found that the pests thrive best on hard wheats of precisely this type. The pests under consideration, of course, are by no means confined to wheat, and those on barley especially are of almost equal importance, while pests of flour and grain products generally are also under constant investigation. For the most part, however, the same factors govern infestation on all types of grain and grain products, and by every different sort of pest.

At present, then, we have a Government policy which may be defined as being the same as that for any other problem handled by the D.S.I.R., namely, the provision of advice and information to any industry or individual asking for it, this advice coming in the present case direct from Slough. It must be realised, too, that although the presence of large Government stores of wheat is probably responsible for this move being taken at this time, there is no intention of regarding it as a merely temporary measure. The proposal is, in fact, the establishment of a new Government laboratory, near London, for research into pests of stored food products. Such a laboratory will have a large and complete staff able to cope with every aspect of these problems, and it will be an essentially permanent establishment.

So much for the present. What of the future? While Professor Munro is gradually building up his research staff and giving such "first aid" to industry as he can, there is no doubt that the problem of pest infestation itself grows daily more and more urgent, not merely at home but throughout the Empire. The facts about the tremendous and disastrous increase of pests in stored products are well known, and should we be at any time compelled to depend on such stores, it would seem imperative that a policy of protection and control should be already in action and capable of immediate application under war conditions. During the Great War, exactly similar problems arose, and at the request of the then Government, the Royal Society appointed a special committee—the Grain Pests (War) Committee—to investigate means of pest control. At the present time it is instructive to read the concluding pages of their report, published almost exactly 20 years ago.

The committee came to the conclusion "that the whole subject of grain pests is of serious importance to the Empire, and that a permanent organisation should be brought into being to deal, not merely with insect pests, but with all living organisms causing destruction to vegetable foodstuffs." It was decided, too, that "in the first place the State should assume a general responsibility for the continuation of grain pests' work," and that "the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research might be willing to take up the scheme on the lines suggested above." After 20 years we are seeing some at least of these ideas put into action. Is it too much to hope that we shall have an early announcement of a complete and active, aggressive and not merely advisory Government policy? Action is timely, and it is greatly to be hoped that ample financial and administrative support for this new and urgent national service will make amends for the long delay in recognising in this country, which more than any other is dependent on imported foods, the magnitude of this problem.



THE THICKLY WOODED SLOPES AND RUGGED HILLS SURROUNDING THE ROYAL RESIDENCE AT BALMORAL

THE KING'S ESTATES IN SCOTLAND

By ALEXANDER KEITH

THE King and Queen enjoy a holiday on their Scottish estates, and are evidently as much attached to picturesque and secluded Balmoral as was Queen Victoria, who 90 years ago became first the tenant and later the proprietor of this portion of the ancient Earldom of Mar. Queen Victoria used frequently to reside at Balmoral more than once in a year. On her first visit, in September, 1848, she arrived by sea at Aberdeen—there was then no continuous railway connecting the city with the south—as her great-grandson arrived one year.

The attractions of Balmoral are its privacy, its deep and extensive pinewoods, its large grouse moors and deer forests, and its salmon and trout fishing on a long stretch of the river Dee. The grouse moors, leased from Mrs. Farquharson, of Invercauld, are on the north side of the river, and extend northwards to the watershed between the Dee and the Don. The deer forests, south of the Dee, form a triangle with a base of twelve miles along the river, and with its apex at Lochnagar, whose "steep frowning glories" dominate the whole estate.

The territory comprises the great Forest of Ballochbuie and the Forest of Balmoral itself, with Birkhall, which was their Majesties' autumn residence for several years before King George's accession. Balmoral includes Lochnagar. To round off the shootings the King takes on lease Glen Callater, which runs in a south-westerly direction behind the hills of the White Mounth, of which Lochnagar is the chief and central eminence, from a point a couple of miles south of the village of Braemar.

The Castle of Balmoral has been completely rebuilt since the estate was purchased by Queen Victoria in 1852. When she first saw the mansion in 1848 she was delighted by the quaint contrast of its small apartments with those of her palaces in England.

"It is a pretty little Castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower, and a garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee; and hills rise all round.

"There is a nice little hall, with billiard room; next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs, immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room . . . next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's." It was rustic simplicity indeed after Windsor and St. James's."

The Royal holiday-makers, impatient to explore such an unaccustomed environment, scarcely waited to rest and refresh themselves after their six hours' drive from Aberdeen. At a quarter to three they reached Balmoral. At half-past four they were out and about, climbing the "high wooded hill" in front of the castle, and gazing across the tumbled mass of bare hills towards the majestic rocky ridge of Lochnagar. "It was so calm, and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around."

But truth to tell, although the elevation of Loch-



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING

nagar is impressive from all points, the view from Balmoral lacks one feature which gives Lochnagar, seen from the east, a distinctive quality. On the east the three fairy hills known as the Coyles of Muick interpose their pinnacles between the observer at Ballater and the massive ridge, and are ranged like satellites to the major planet in a constellation of mountains.

Even the ascent of the hill did not satisfy the Queen and her Consort. Down they came again, and round the castle to the river. "We walked beside the Dee, a beautifully rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills toward Invercauld is exceedingly fine." They were, in fact, looking on the Cairngorms from the east side for the first time. They had already seen them, on a previous tour, from the valley of the Spey.

Later, from the summits of the White Mounth, the Queen was to view the Cairngorms unrolled before her in a tumultuous panorama. From north to south, the long knobby ridge of Ben Avon, the shapeless mass of Bheinn-a-Bhuird, and to the left of them the mighty bulk of Ben Muichdhui, which, although the second highest mountain in the British Isles, scarcely out-tops its three neighbours—all, like itself, over 4,000ft.—Braeriach, Cairn Toul and Cairn Gorm. Braeriach, by the way, although the third mountain in the kingdom, is never mentioned in the geography books!

In this confusion of wild rocks the Queen could trace the whereabouts of her beloved Dee by the impudent spire of the Devil's Point, which marks the last turn (or the first) of the river next to its source at the Pools of Dee between Ben Muichdhui and Braeriach.

The best view of Balmoral, in the full glory of its setting, is got from north of the Dee. A little west of Crathie Church, opposite the Castle, a road strikes northward by Bridgend of Bush towards Gairnshiel and Donside. Two miles along this road one looks down upon Balmoral, gleaming white (it is built of light grey Crathie granite) in a setting of dark pines, which themselves are encircled and thrown into relief by the wide arc of the White Mounth.

Within the King's estates or on its boundaries there are no fewer than nine peaks of over 3,000ft. This company of giants, with Lochnagar in the centre, quite equals the Cairngorms in scenic dignity, being more compact than the greater range. Another excellent view of the environs of Balmoral (although the castle is not visible) is got from a point 20 miles to the eastward, above Tarland, at the summit of the Slack of Tillylodge, where the road from Midmar crosses the watershed into Cromar. Queen Victoria discovered this observation point for herself, and many a day in her long widowhood saw her carriage being driven through Ballater, round the base of Culblean by Lochs Kinord and Davan, through Tarland and up the winding slope to the Slack. The point is now known as the Queen's View.



A RIGHT ROYAL SCOTS WELCOME



THE PARADE AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING

For sixteen years Balmoral was the whole of the Royal Family's estate on Deeside, but in 1878 Queen Victoria purchased Ballochbuie from Invercauld. Ballochbuie had at one time belonged to that unfortunate clan, the Macgregors, "the children of the Mist," and had been bought by the Farquharsons, for a tartan plaid (the Macgregors being notoriously destitute of clothing). And so, when Queen Victoria became proprietor she erected a commemorative stone, thus inscribed: "Queen Victoria entered into possession of Ballochbuie on the 15th day of May, 1878. 'The bonniest plaid in Scotland.'"

The Farquharsons themselves have had a romantic history. About the beginning of the sixteenth century a Donald Farquhar, a cadet of Clan Chattan, entered the service of Stewart of Invercauld, married his daughter, and ultimately succeeded to a portion of the estate. His son, Big Findlay, became the King's Baille of Strathdee, and added to his territorial possessions. He fell at Pinkie, but his descendants spread over Upper Deeside and across into Donside.

In the fifteen Jacobite Rebellion, for which the rendezvous was in Braemar, where the Invercauld Arms Hotel now stands, the then Farquharson of Invercauld was an unwilling participant, and was pardoned. He refused, as did his eldest son, to "go out" in the 'forty-five, but his daughter, Anne, wife of Mackintosh of Mackintosh, was a veritable Amazon on the Jacobite side, who saved Prince Charles from capture after the Battle of Culloden.

Soon after the purchase of Balmoral, Prince Albert, to secure greater privacy, shut up that part of the road on the south bank of the Dee which was connected with the north road about six miles east of Balmoral by a bridge known as the Bridge of Dee.

This bridge was built in 1752 by General Wade. It carried the military road from Blairgowrie to Braemar, where the Government had rebuilt Braemar Castle, which General Mackay's dragoons had destroyed in 1689 while chasing Bonnie Dundee before the Battle of Killiecrankie. Braemar Castle was garrisoned by Hanoverian troops to put down local Jacobites, and it was connected with a corresponding post on Donside, Corgarff Castle, by the road which passes through Gairnshiel and the moors over which the King shoots. This road motorists will agree, is very much as General Wade left it, and its single-arch hump bridges hold together (according to the natives, who are a humorous folk) by force of habit.

In Braemar itself, a few yards from the Princess Royal Park, where the Braemar Gathering, of which His Majesty is a Patron, is held before a great and cosmopolitan concourse in September, stand the ruins of Kindrochit Castle. This castle, legend asserts, was a personal seat of Malcolm Canmore, the first king of modern Scotland. If so, its proximity to Balmoral testifies to many centuries of Deeside's popularity with the Royal House.



THE DEE AT BALMORAL LOOKING TOWARDS THE SNOW-CAPPED LOCHNAGAR

THE WILD GRANDEUR OF THE KING'S DEER FOREST



LEFT: LOCH KANDAR AND CORRIE KANDAR IN CALLATER DEER FOREST, NEAR BRAEMAR. *RIGHT:* MOUNTAIN MUSIC IN GLEN CALLATER



THE SWIRLING WATERS OF THE ROCK-STREWN MOUNTAIN STREAM



BALLYNAHINCH RIVER AND SHOOTING, RECESS

The Gun Month by Month

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE IRISH HILLS

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

THAT the "earliest moment at which grouse seasons can be accurately forecast is at lunch-time on the Twelfth" is probably as true as the rather cynical reflection that "anticipation is often the better half of reality." Most of us, perhaps, who cannot run to costly moors, might subscribe impartially to either theory. But does it really matter very much? Were grouse as rare as solitary snipe there would still remain the splendour of the everlasting hills, ever more insistent as July slips into August. Their blue distances are mirrored in the dingy office windows: with the roar of London's traffic merge their rivers in full spate. For once anticipation is our daily bread, until (if Mr. Patrick Chalmers will forgive me) "we wake when the glamour of morning is pale over Perth."

Though I for one shall wake to quite another scene: the haunting beauty of the Bay of Dublin, as the misty dawn is lifting from the Wicklow hills. And thence across the Galway bogs to where the Connemara giants reach out to the sky. But we shall not be contemplating any high adventure. For the grouse in Western Ireland has a good deal to contend with, not least the ineradicable indecency with which the native sportsman forestalls the legal opening of the season. But again this does not matter a great deal. For with all due deference, I greatly doubt whether men, who transfer their posteriors from shooting ponies to shooting seats and there stay put, get as much kick out of the proceedings as those who walk a bit and then drive a bit and come in with fifteen to twenty brace. I am not such a fool as to sneer at sport de luxe. I could do with more of it myself, now that the weaknesses of the flesh are beginning to find me out, and what little I have experienced of grouse driving on the grand scale has taught me a becoming respect for those who acquit themselves with distinction. Only I always have and always shall prefer the smaller days.

Of one thing I am sure. There is nothing like a dogging moor for teaching youngsters the ethics of the game. It is often said that walking up grouse is so straightforward as to need no comment. Sometimes, perhaps, but not, I think, on mountains of deep crevicod rocks, so steep in places that not more than two guns can walk in line, and a man is very often cut off from his neighbour by projecting spurs. You need wide-ranging dogs on a wilderness of this kind, not only to save miles of unnecessary walking, but also because very often you must hurry to a point without waiting for a colleague who may not be able to get up in time. Moreover, there is a vast difference in walking well-tended moors and those whose principal characteristics are illimitable stretches of high wiry heather with a few patches of treacherous bog thrown in. I have seen men accustomed to the driving heather lawns of Yorkshire so beat that they could scarcely shoot after a couple of hours' heel and toe in this country. A rule of common sense which is very often disregarded is speed. The pace of a party should be the pace of its slowest member. No one can shoot if he is puffing like a grampus; moreover, where birds are not in great abundance, and there is little chance of driving them successfully, it is just as well not to make them wilder than they naturally are. Irish grouse seem earlier to lend to wildness than their British relatives, possibly thanks to so many premature reminders of the opening of hostilities. Be that as it may, you save yourself a lot of unprofitable foot-slogging by hunting the sheltered sides of hills. Stalking old grouse on the really high tops is in about the same category of gambles as chasing wild duck on an open bog. But at least if you put them off the high ground early in the day you can see where they go, and as a rule on a warm afternoon you will get them in or around the oat patches which are a common feature of the lower slopes of many of the Western hills. And always, if possible, work dogs up or across the wind so as to keep new ground constantly to windward of them.

Though in this rough country it does not pay to be too orthodox. Artists paint delightful pictures of well-trained setters flushing coveys at the exact moment convenient to unflurried sportsmen on either hand. It does not usually work out quite like that. Very often you must judge by your dog's manner whether the birds are stationary or running on. If he hesitates, looks back at you, and draws on quickly you may almost risk a bet that the birds are running too. And then you may advantageously forget all the "rules of procedure" of the text books on grouse shooting, and do a sprint yourself to come down on the birds from the opposite direction lest they should rise out of shot. Even then you are as likely to sink knee deep in a bog hole as to get an easy brace. But that is the fascination of bog trotting. Nothing ever works out as it logically should.

I recollect a day when, starting in that frame of mind which, expecting little is seldom disappointed, we discovered to our joy that the local gunners had by some oversight neglected to include our moor in their pre-Twelfth comb-out of the surrounding country. That at least was the only explanation of the fact that seemingly most of the grouse in North Mayo had congregated on our ground, evidence conclusive that they had already withstood the storm troops somewhere else. They were more like October birds, packed, and up and off at a hundred yards, and it was just about as likely that they would lie to dogs as that a gaggle of geese would sit to a bevy of wildfowlers in the open.

There was nothing for it but to split our six guns into three parties, trusting that the grouse would give each crowd a few driven shots if nothing else. The scheme worked well, as the ground lent itself to our strategy of pushing the birds off opposite sides of the mountain into a boggy valley between, in which there was a little sparse cultivation. Here a couple of guns concealed themselves, the foot-sloggers converging gradually downhill on the bog. It was devilish walking, but we scuppered a few brace "en route," mostly long shots, thanks to the grouse conforming to plan and passing over the valley from one hill spur to another. Incidentally, that form of "driving" provides shots a good deal more difficult, to my mind, than those one usually gets in a butt, from which one can see the beggars coming for a good half-mile. For although I have read from time to time that grouse always "follow the undulations of a moor," I think this is one of those comfortable theories that do not always work out in practice. At any rate, our grouse had not read the rules, for they did not bother about "undulations" or anything else. They came smack over the valley at heights varying from 35yds. to about 100yds.

The real beano was in the afternoon. We had started very early, and stiff walking in the heat, conducive to knocking off for lunch about noon, decided us to take a good two hours' rest. Whether this long cessation of the barrage suggested to the birds that their troubles were over for the day, or whether they were tired too, I cannot say, but the fact remains that they were much more amenable when we once again got on the move. For one thing, several coveys had drifted in to the scanty oat patches in the bog, which we decided to drive in two beats. It was a very "scratch" affair, as there were not more than half-a-dozen beaters, but no plan meticulously thought out for days beforehand could have worked better. We could have walked most of the birds up with setters, so comparatively close did they lie. They came straight up the valley in twos and threes and coveys. None were "sitters," but all were fair sporting shots, and we ended up that day with 34 brace. Many a time I have shot that same ground for an eighth of that bag, and I shall always believe that thanks to the activities of "non-licence holders" for a few days previously we scuppered the best part of our neighbour's birds. Still, that being the luck of the game, may I be forgiven if I hope for something similar next week.



"WHERE THE CONNEMARA GIANTS REACH OUT TO THE SKY"



RABBIT SHOOTING IN A WOOD

SUMMER SPORT WITH A .22 RIFLE

By REGINALD ADCOCK

SUMMERTIME is the heyday of the .22 rifle. From May till September the interests of game on the moor, in covert or on the rough shoot demand that all ground be kept as free from disturbance as possible. Yet these are the very months when brood upon brood of vermin, both furred and feathered, is being launched into the world, and no time is more propitious for their very necessary decimation than those early days before they have entered upon their careers of pillage and crime, and when they are still inexperienced in matters of self-preservation. With its unobtrusive report, its advantage over the shot-gun in matters of range and its deadly accuracy, a light .22 rifle is so obviously the weapon for the job that it always seems a pity that keepers have so little use for it. True, it is not possible with it to snap those odd chances at winged vermin that sometimes occur, as when, for instance, a jay flaps quietly over a ride, or a sparrow-hawk comes dashing out of a coppice. On the other hand, with the leaf hanging heavy upon the trees such chances are of relatively infrequent occurrence; the field of view is too restricted, whereas it is a fact that vermin in summer are more prone to flit from tree to tree than to make long, sustained flights through a wood. And as they hop from branch to branch or alight in one tree after another, the rifle has a chance to speak, and with greater effect at long range than any shot-gun. That by itself takes many vermin by surprise.

And what pastime can be more congenial to a sportsman in these spacious days of high summer than to take the .22 rifle from its case, and stuffing a box of cartridges in his pocket, to saunter happily off to the woods and meadows, there to forget for a carefree hour or two the grim realities of a crazed and fever-stricken world. The shooting man, in my view, is fortunate above his fellows. All nature is his domain—peaceful meadows, quiet woodlands, desolate moorlands, barren mountains, bleak foreshores, windswept marshes, all afford him scope for his pursuit in due season. He can attune his mood to nature's varying whims, and knows how to draw advantage from the fickle vagaries of wind and weather.

So by many the .22 rifle has come to be regarded as part and parcel of summer; in a sense, it epitomises the very spirit of the season. It is a leisurely weapon for thoughtful unhurried use, the perfect companion for a solitary stroll along the quiet uncrowded byways of nature. It is reluctant to shatter the sleepy peacefulness that broods over the countryside. It does its work quietly and unobtrusively. Yet its effectiveness is such that it will as readily tackle a cormorant as a weasel; and the death it deals is as sudden and as painless as any humanitarian could wish either for the quarry or for himself.

Every sportsman has his likes and his dislikes, his particular fancies, maybe even his superstitions. Opinions and preferences concerning sights vary considerably. But I venture to suggest that the .22 rifle, at any rate, is really only half a weapon and does not attain to its full potentialities until it is equipped with a telescopic sight. The ballistic accuracy and regularity of modern .22 ammunition has reached a very high standard, and has made possible a degree of precision which cannot be fully used with ordinary iron sights. It is only a logical step to match ballistic accuracy with precision of aim, and the fitting of a telescopic sight is the means to that end.

For the .22 bullet is small, but provided it is correctly placed, its striking energy is ample to deal with all manner of vermin at sporting ranges. A telescopic sight, it might be claimed, virtually increases the power of the rifle in the sense that it ensures a kill, where under other circumstances only a wound might have resulted. Rabbits are a case in point; so often do they get away when they have obviously been hard hit by a shot fired from an iron-sighted rifle, that the opinion is frequently voiced that .22's are lacking in sufficient power to kill them clean. In point of fact they are not; but their power must be accurately directed to a vital spot. A telescopic sight will reduce the number of lost rabbits to a negligible proportion, provided that the temptation is resisted to try exceptionally long shots.

I have referred above to the necessity of reducing the numbers of young vermin before they are properly able to fend for themselves, and while they are yet ignorant of the significance of man. Having pursued them every year with a light rifle, and having derived infinite pleasure and a great deal of instruction from the pastime, I should not now think of changing to any other weapon. The sport starts in early May, when the young rooks require to be thinned out as they sit about their rookeries.

In June crows and magpies turn their youngsters loose upon the world, but are yet assiduous in their protection. They are often not easy to outwit. But in July and August the numbers of vermin seem thickest, when young jays, young squirrels, young sparrowhawks swell the ranks of the woodland pirates. The toll that may be taken of them with a little guile and patience is considerable. There is a clump of wild cherry trees in a corner of the woods through which I roam; every year when the fruit is ripening I sit in semi-concealment at the foot of an oak about 20yds. away, and there wait for the raiding parties of jays and squirrels to arrive. They are seldom long in coming after the sun has risen, and it is rare that I fail to make a good bag—thus saving the fruit from their greedy maws—for the benefit of the blackbirds and thrushes.

The shooting of squirrels is a special delight. They are noisy messy feeders, and their lack of table manners is often the cause of their undoing. The scene of their feasting is invariably littered with debris of one kind or another when they take their departure; so that if they are not caught in the act when their feeding place is first discovered, a second visit at the right time will seldom go unrewarded. A telescope on your rifle, when your quarry is squirrels, is invaluable. Their practice of hiding in a fork when alarmed, or circling the tree as you yourself move round it, is well known. But a telescope will discover their whereabouts, for with its aid the protruding tip of a tail or an inquiring eye looking over a bough is enough to betray the position of the squirrel, and to ensure that it is safely brought to book.

The last half-hour of daylight I like to dedicate to rat shooting, as the semi-crepuscular creatures come forth to feed under the hoppers in the chicken runs. In the failing light of evening optical sights again reveal their marked superiority over any other form. To spot a rat creeping about against a dull background, when the light has all but gone, may tax the powers of the best eyesight; to shoot a rat by such a light over a bead foresight and V backsight is out of the question. But a telescopic sight will not only pick the rat out, but will even make it possible to shoot it, when the naked eye by itself is no longer able to discern it.



FIRING FROM THE EDGE OF A CLIFF
Note silencer on rifle

THIS BIRD PROTECTION

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

Who is the Greatest Enemy to Bird Life: Egg-Collector, Gunner, Gamekeeper, Photographer, or ——?

FOR some weeks now the correspondence columns of this journal have contained a number of letters on the subject of Bird Protection. We have published letters from people representing every shade of opinion. We have not denied to anyone, no matter what his views, the opportunity of expressing them. We have withheld no letters, and only twice have we had to use the editorial blue pencil. I think it can be said that every side has been given a fair chance to state its views.

We initiated the correspondence deliberately. The Bird Protection laws in this country, as they stand at the moment, are utterly useless in that they are observed by very few (if indeed by anyone at all), have far too many loopholes, and vary from county to county in the most fantastic manner. We feel that something should be done about them—and done quickly. Hence this correspondence, and the attempt to get the views of every side put forward. We are well aware that there is at the moment an Advisory Committee sitting to advise the Home Office on the subject of Wild Bird Protection. It might be thought that the matter could safely be left in the Advisory Committee's hands, and particularly since we have heard from Sir Samuel Hoare himself that he is a naturalist. But the composition of the committee does not altogether inspire confidence since it is by no means representative of every point of view; and it is essential that in so complex a business as the protection of wild birds every point of view should be heard.

What has come forward in the course of the correspondence in the *Field*? One thing immediately became plain—this question of Bird Protection is largely a question of egg-collectors *versus* anti-egg-collectors. The egg-collector maintains that he does no harm to the bird population (even of comparatively rare species) by the taking of eggs, and also that in taking their eggs he is furthering, in some measure, the science of ornithology. The anti-egg-collector has a number of objections to egg-collecting—that it is cruel, that it is useless, that it is wicked, that it is against the law. Nothing, in the eyes of the ardent protectionist, is so black as an egg-collector.

Let us try to consider these two sides. Egg-collecting is a pitiless trade. The trader in eggs deserves everything that can possibly be handed out to him in the way of punishment. Let us leave it at that. But the egg-collector? Some of them—very few, I will admit (in my personal opinion—I admit I do not know the work of all of them—only about half-a-dozen)—are really great scientific ornithologists, and one of them a really great field naturalist, to whom we owe a very large proportion of our knowledge about birds and the ways of birds.

Some of them have large collections—in some cases numbering thousands and including many clutches of the same species—but these collections have been taken over a period of many years, and certainly not, as is too commonly believed, in a few years, or even—vide Mr. Chance's 146 clutches of shrike's eggs—in one season. We might as well be truthful about it. The question of the effect on the bird population of the work of egg-collectors is complex. I personally do not believe—and I would take a great deal of convincing—that any species has been exterminated by egg-collecting, or ever will be. Once a species has been reduced—generally by some other agency—to what may be called its minimum population, then the egg-collector will very soon finish it off. The kite would not last long without the aid of the most rigid protection. But the effect on a multimum population is so small as to be non-existent—or so I think. As to the usefulness or otherwise of egg-collecting, I am more doubtful. The majority of egg-collectors collect not because they have any scientific leanings, or any interest in birds, but simply because they must *collect*. And some egg-collectors collect because out of collecting they make money. The small minority do definitely further our knowledge of ornithology. There can be no question about that.

The protectionist arguments are less easy to deal with because for the most part they are intangible. Cruelty. What is cruelty? And who is not cruel? Mr. Chance gave up shooting for egg-collecting. And I know a man who would not hurt a fly, who thinks nothing of popping butterflies in killing bottles. Wickedness—I seem to remember something about the first stone, and I'll leave it at that. Useless. In almost every case I agree—but not in every case. Against the law. There can be no argument here. It is against the law.

It is against the law, and the law must be upheld and enforced. The fine for taking the eggs of a protected bird is £1 for each egg. That fine should be enforced. But while on the subject of law-breaking, it is only fair to point out that the egg-collector is not the only man who offends.

Birds may be protected throughout the year, or for a portion of the year. A protected bird shot during the season of protection means a fine of £1 per bird. In every county of England, almost without exception, the four English owls—barn, brown, long-eared and short-eared—are protected throughout the year. They are shot just the same. Let us take the county I know best—Hampshire. All four owls are protected throughout the year, *even from owners and occupiers of land on their own land*, and so are all the hawks, falcons and harriers, with the exception of the sparrow-hawk which is protected (but not from owners and occupiers on their own land) from March 2nd to July 31st



THE SPARROW-HAWK IS SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTED DURING THE BREEDING SEASON

inclusive. That means that any of these birds shot during the period of protection (and note the dates between which the sparrow-hawk is protected) should earn the shooter a fine of £1. I am not certain how many prosecutions of gamekeepers and others there have been in Hampshire—very few, I am certain—if any. But I also know that some of the birds, at least, are shot. I have seen them. The egg-collectors know it, too: and the egg-collectors know something about the pole-trap also. The egg-collectors—or some of them—know that they are breaking the law: but they say that a law which is not enforced impartially is no law. I am not concerned with the ethics of that viewpoint. I merely point out that it exists.

You cannot blame the gamekeeper. He has got to return the "goods" in the form of good sport. And the hawks—yes, and the owls—do take his chicks (though not perhaps so frequently as he would have you believe), and do, therefore, harm his sport. The man who spends some thousands on that sport expects some return. That is human nature. And the gamekeeper—many of them are also exceedingly good naturalists—has done a good deal for the population of small birds by keeping down "vermin" in the shape of hawks and crows, and so forth. But that is not the point. The point is that more often than not he is breaking the law and should be prosecuted, as the egg-collector is prosecuted. That is the law. No one could say that it is enforced. And I am not suggesting that it should be. I am merely showing how foolish the law is.

And if we are to consider these two—the egg-collector and the gamekeeper or the man with a gun—we must also consider the photographer. Bird photography is extremely fashionable these days. The bird photographer breaks no law. But if that law is framed to protect birds and to ensure a future population—and it must be said that there are many people who confess that they do not know for what purpose the law was framed—then some bird photographers at least defeat the object of the law, break the law in spirit if not in fact. Most bird photographers indulge in "gardening." They must, the nature of their work and the nature of the bird demand it. If you look at a reed-bunting's nest in the wild (to take but one example), and then at the photograph of a reed-bunting's nest, you will realise that "gardening" is unavoidable. The good, the skilled, photographers "garden" without doing harm. That I know, from personal experience of their work, to be true. But there are many—and their numbers increase each year—who are learning how to take bird photographs. Just what harm do they do? No one, so far as I know, has attempted to explore that avenue. It must, I feel, be considerable.

If the bird is shot, then there is one bird the less. That is quite definite. If the eggs are taken, more almost certainly will be laid—they may be taken, too: but the parent birds and the possibility of further eggs in the following season remain. If, during the course of learning the art of bird photography, the parent birds are made to desert the nest (and perhaps also their second nest), then the effect is the same as if their eggs had been taken.

As it stands, the law is farcical. The egg-collector is fined; the gamekeeper and the man with the gun 99 times out of a 100 is not; the pole-trap is still in use; no one has thought about the photographer, or the learner-photographer. If the law is to stand it should be enforced equally (the photographer is not breaking the law). If it is not then, as at present, it will not be respected. If it is not, then that is unfair and un-English.

What should be done? That is a very difficult question, and one that can only be settled by a round-table conference of *all* the interests concerned under the chairmanship of a completely neutral man, a round-table conference to which the participants should come determined by give-and-take to find a reasonable and satisfactory solution. We must wait and see what the Advisory Committee advises—and hope for the best. But a few thoughts may not be out of place.

In considering bird populations and in estimating their increase or decrease, a very large number of factors have to be taken into consideration. It is fashionable in these days to lay the blame for decrease very largely—and by some people wholly—at the door of the egg-collector. I am no egg-collector, but I would state as strongly as I can that that is an entirely wrong assumption. Personally, I do not believe that the egg-collector has ever exterminated, unaided, any species—or even seriously diminished the numbers of that species. The kite was not reduced to its present pitiful state by the egg-collector, but by the gun (*not*, by the way, the gamekeeper's gun), and the same is true of the osprey, and the white-tailed eagle, and the honey-buzzard, and the marsh and Montagu's harriers, the ruff, the godwits, the dotterel, and many others. Once the species has been reduced to a certain level, then the egg-collector—at least the irresponsible egg-collector—is a menace. There would be no kites at all to-day were it not for the most rigid protection. But the egg-collector was not responsible originally for the decrease. And it must be remembered also that other factors, over which the laws of protection have no control, have a very considerable and in some cases paramount influence on bird life—building, road-making,

drainage schemes and so forth. For example, the use of the drill has had much to do with the decrease in numbers of the corncrake; Pagham Harbour is no longer a good place for geese. And further—or so it seems to me—the great increase in the numbers of starlings is leading, though gradually, to a change in the habits of the rook.

There are other factors, some of which are unknown to us, that lead to an increase in certain species. The accelerated planting of coniferous trees will mean an increased population of crossbills in the not far distant future. Both the buzzard and the Dartford warbler are most definitely on the increase—despite the egg-collector, or thanks to the gamekeeper! Bird populations fluctuate for a number of reasons, and all, or all that are known, should be taken into account when considering populations. The danger point is attained when what I would call the *minimum population level* has been reached. The kite, having reached and probably fallen below that level, will not increase. The buzzard and Dartford warbler never reached that level and will increase, and then decrease, in the normal way of nature—with the added danger to the latter nowadays of heath fires. If you will cast your mind back you will remember a time—not so long ago—when the long-tailed tit was considered very scarce indeed. I would not regard buzzard or Dartford warbler as in any danger to-day. Certain other birds—the ruff is an example—will not now increase as breeding species, no matter how much protection they receive, simply because they no longer have enough of the right sort of breeding territory available. That is equally true of blackgame, which still maintain a very precarious existence in ones and twos in the South of England.

Remembering all that (and, of course, there is infinitely more that could be said), what should be done? Should egg-collecting be abolished? I do not think so, and I have no brief for egg-collecting. Some of our egg-collectors have done magnificent work. The Rev. F. C. R. Jourdain is among the foremost ornithologists of all time. Mr. Edgar Chance has taught us pretty well all we know about the cuckoo. And there are others. To stop such men as these would be quite silly.

But I do think egg-collecting should be controlled, and black sheep eliminated. Would it not be possible to institute some form of licensing? And to insist that before a licence was granted the applicant should prove that he had done work of biological importance? The licences would run for a season at a time, and would apply to the whole country with the exception of certain birds acknowledged to be on the danger list; and would be renewed only on proof that work of biological importance had been done or was being done.

Something would also have to be done about the gun. I am more concerned about the gunner-collector than the gamekeeper. The former needs controlling, and this could be done by the licence system again. The gamekeeper has got to earn a living, and satisfy an employer. Employers generally are becoming more and more ornithologically minded, and are extending protection on their own account—but in some instances at least (and I know one or two) they have no idea what their keepers do on the quiet. Gamekeepers as a whole are a magnificent body of men, very amenable to reason, and I should not like to see them interfered with. Furthermore, I am not of the opinion that they do very much harm, and I know that they do a great deal of good. But I do think that if the law is to be treated with respect it must be enforced impartially. That is not the case at present. Any new law must not be open to the criticism at present justifiably levelled at this present law. The law as it stands needs revision so far as the status of certain birds is concerned, and particularly in the limitations imposed by county boundaries. Otherwise it might do well enough, though it is, in my opinion, too stringent (or would be were it enforced) and too comprehensive.

The law must be changed. It might also be considered whether the work of the Watchers and Wardens Association could not be extended. That association, as summarised in its founder's letter published in our issue of July 29th, is the best idea yet put forward. It has done some really excellent work. But it seems to have wandered a little from its course. Could it not be brought back and greatly strengthened?

The main losses in bird population in this country each year are due not to the guns wielded by collectors or gamekeepers, not to the work of egg-collectors—not, indeed, to direct human interference—but mainly to the weather and to vermin, and secondly to indirect human interference in the form of building and road-making and draining and so forth. We should remember that.

We should also remember that we all—game-preservers, egg-collectors, ornithologists, bird-lovers—profess the same object, love of and care for our birds. It seems silly, therefore, that we cannot come to agreement. It is silly. At the moment we all hate each other like poison. Harsh words fly around, ugly rumours, pure lies. It is more than silly. It is idiotic.

And may I put forward just one more thought? What is really needed is not control of the egg-collector, or gunner, or gamekeeper, or photographer—so much as control of ourselves, so much as *control of protection*. We are in danger of becoming hysterical.

Well, I suspect that I have made a few more enemies. But I have tried to be honest about a horribly complex business. Write and tell me just how ridiculous I am. It would also be interesting, *after the heat of the moment*, to have honest opinions about this article.

WHY TROUT REFUSE TO TAKE SURFACE FLY

I HAVE just completed an annual exercise; one for which I sit down after dinner on a free night, so that I may feel no need to hurry over it; and one that always evokes a rapid alternation of pleasure and pain—the exercise, I mean, of transferring the gist of my fishing diary for last season to my game book; 40 odd pages of the former to a double page of the latter.

This is an exercise that ought not to have been left as late as the summer. But do not attempt it too soon. Wait for a rough night in November. By that time you will feel no longing to be back by the riverside; and you will have begun to doubt whether the portly trout, that freed itself from the hook just as it turned on its side within 6in. of the net, was really so much bigger than the 3-pounder you killed the week before. Time begins to deaden the sensation of pain before it has power to spoil the sensation of pleasure.

If you are not to make your game book unwieldy you must, when you write it up, ration yourself strictly in the matter of space. There is no room for much more than statistics. But few seasons fail to provide a red-letter day or two, and of these I allow myself the briefest possible record. To-night I have passed seven days as qualifying for such record—all, unusually, on a single chalk stream. An eighth—on the limestone—has been considered but rejected. Of one of these seven days, the record reads: "Sept. 2—3 brace, 9lb. 12oz." I have put a star against this entry. Next year I shall wonder what the star means. The context shows that the day was not the best of the season. There is no room to explain in the game book. I therefore propose to explain here.

That day has taught me—or I believe that it has taught me—more than I have learnt in any one day before. There were three lessons, and all, perhaps, deserve the audience of other scholars. But for the present I will confine myself to the first, which was (to me) entirely new. I had spent the morning on a popular stretch that is reputed to hold more big trout than any other of the fishery. The reputation is due, in my belief, to the fact that here the road directly overlooks the river from the face of a cliff, so that the big trout can be seen more easily than elsewhere. Still, the fish are there.

Very busy fish they were in the latter part of the season, and every one of them was nymphing. Now, I do not fish the nymph in chalk streams; not because I do not think it as fair a way of catching trout as any other, but because I do not like the method or succeed by using it—a case of cause and effect, no doubt, though which is which I do not know. I chose the stretch because at a dead period I was sure of finding movement there.

On some days it is possible, especially on the stream of which I write, to bully a nymphing trout into taking a fly. This did not prove to be one of those days. And so I sat down to a late lunch with one very ordinary fish in my bag—the only trout I had seen that was prepared, as a rare concession, to take victual off the surface.

The popular stretch, which is absolutely straight, was now behind me. In front was a succession of acute bends, much protected by camp-sheathing. For some distance the runs that were to be found under the sheathing earlier in the season had been weeded up. The water last year was abnormally low, and in an attempt to hold it up the keeper had been wise to cut the weeds very sparingly. In consequence, the current was dispersed all over the stream, not only where the river is straight but also where it winds. Obviously the presence of camp-sheathing indicates the natural set of the current towards the bank. Before the weed has grown big there is no more likely place to find a good trout rising than under sheathing. If and when the weed covers the surface up to the sheathing, one would expect such trout to move out farther into the stream. There they appeared to have moved, but these, too, were nymphing.

At last I came upon a bend where along the face of the sheathing a narrow channel had been kept clear. Relatively to the rest of the stream there was here a noticeable current. Watching this from below I was delighted to see, one in front of the other and at satisfactory intervals, three sets of repeated and promising dimples, undoubtedly caused by trout feeding on the surface. Creeping closer, I made out the lowest of them to be about 1¼lb., and the next above to be appreciably bigger. The highest was hidden by a snag just behind it, but had all the airs of a personable fish.

Instantly the whole prospect of the day was altered. Gone was the listlessness that inevitably grows upon one as hour after hour hopeless enterprises succeed each other. Here at last were three better-than-warrantable trout open to methodical attack. And here, for the present, I am going to leave them. Their subsequent history (not entirely closed) gave me the second and third lessons of the day. Their mere discovery was the text of the first.

Pondering this discovery, and relating it to other incidents that now seem to have the same import, I feel convinced that trout in chalk streams take progressively to nymphing as the season advances, not because they develop a preference for the nymph, but because, as the current is deflected and broken up by the growth and subsequent cutting of the weed, they find it easier to make a satisfactory meal off the nymph than off the fly. Keepers follow present fashions. Some cut the weed so as to give the stream the appearance of an elongated gridiron. Others leave the weed at the sides and clear the middle. In either case the well-marked runs, mostly clinging to the higher bank, into which the surface food of May was drawn, are replaced by wide open spaces in which there is no defined current. In these the floating fly, once concentrated, is now dispersed. Even during a strong rise a trout sees only an occasional dun cross its "window." For the seeing of nymphs below the surface-film it commands a much bigger area. That is why we find it (with disgust) not lazily poised in one place, but dashing hither and thither and humping the water within a radius of yards.

Previous experience, hitherto undigested, seems to confirm this view. During the mayfly last year I kept disconsolate watch for part of several days on three master trout at the bottom of a club water on the Dunn. All were hunting nymphs freely. None troubled to look for anything else. Immediately below, in private water, several Leviathans (two at least of which proved to be over 4lb.) were taking every mayfly that passed over them.

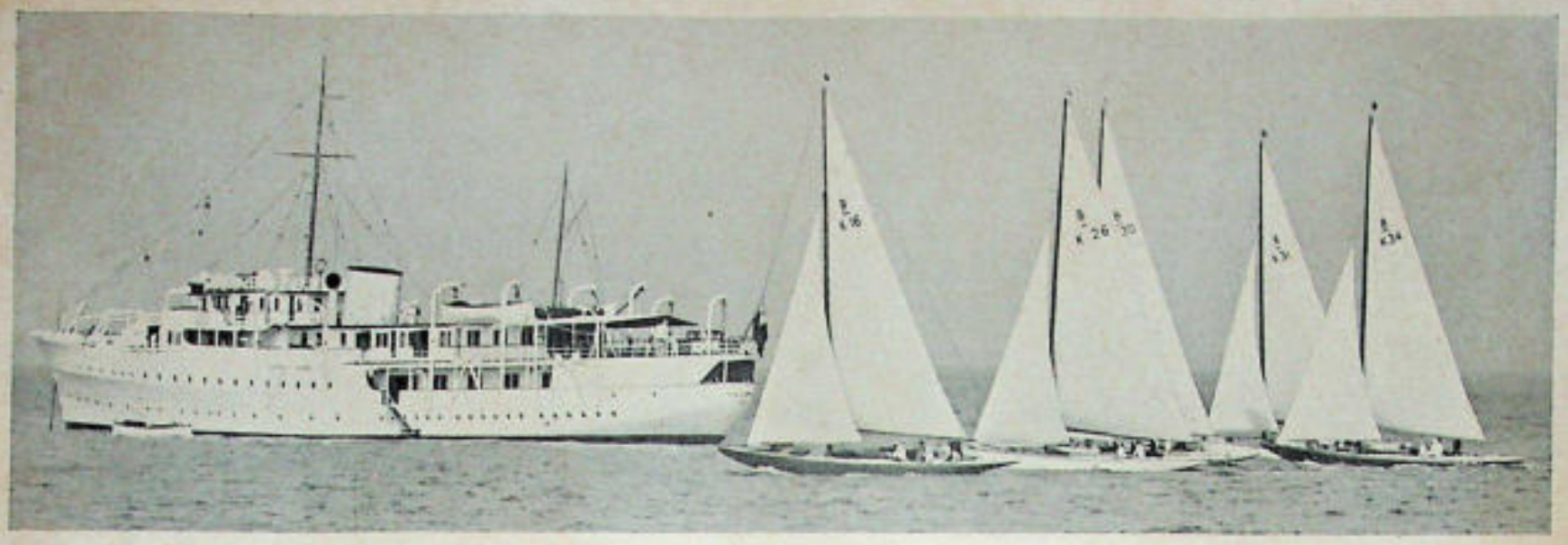
At the time I accepted the usual explanation—that the club fish had been forced to concentrate on nymphs by the frequency with which artificials were floated over them. I find now another theory much more convincing. In the club water above, which for some distance is quite straight, the weed had been shaved almost uniformly from bank to bank. Fly was dispersed over the whole surface. Just beyond the boundary a great mat of weed extended from the far bank three parts across the stream. Both fly and current were diverted by this into the remaining fourth part under the near bank. The fish below, therefore, were satisfied by what they saw in their windows. The fish above were not.

Towards the end of the season I spent a morning on a reach of the Kennet (also straight) known as the Bracket Hatch. Here strips of weed had been left along the banks. The middle of the stream had been cleared. And here also a tantalising number of good trout were devoting themselves exclusively to the nymph. I found one fish, and one only, feeding on the surface. This was where, at the top of the reach, the river bed had been raised by an accumulation of silt, on which had recently appeared a crop of stiff rushes. The obstruction diverted enough water to form a short but substantial run under my own bank. In this a badger quill elicited two tentative rises and finally a business offer. And no prospect of completing the brace presented itself till, in the afternoon, I moved to another and a less uniform beat.

I could tell of other like incidents. But I prefer to appeal to all chalk anglers. Where in the stream do they see the great majority of persistent nymphers? And how often do they find one in a confined current?

But the lesson, if I have read it aright, is not so much for mere anglers as for keepers. By taking thought in their treatment of the weed they have the power, I suggest, to discourage in trout the worst of their bad habits.

DISTOFFER.



THE EIGHTS AT RYDE REGATTA PASSING MR. SOPWITH'S YACHT PHILANTE

RACING IN "RECORD COWES" WEEK

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

HARDLY can one remember a Cowes more dogged by black skies, rainstorms, chill winds and leaden seas—yet with one saving grace, as regards the weather; sufficient wind, at times, to make some of the smaller craft distinctly uncomfortable, but never of such force as to cause the abandonment of racing on any day.

Gleams of sun there were, on most days; brief, but recurrent; and though oilskins were necessarily far too much in evidence for a function which one at least tries not to think of in conjunction with turned-up collars and rain-blurred horizons, day's racing succeeded full day's racing, until the Week—"Record Cowes"—had run its course.

The 12-metre class, this year as last, were, of course, the lords of Cowes. The Bartlett Trophy, a challenge cup given by the late Sir Herbert Bartlett, sometime Commodore of the Royal London, for the premier-class yacht scoring the highest number of points during the Week, was won by Vim—but only by a very narrow margin.

With four firsts and one second she was run close by Tomahawk, who had chalked up three firsts and three seconds; Vim thus made 32 points against Tomahawk's 30, the next nearest being Jenetta with 16 and Blue Marlin with 11. No one else reached double figures.

This was the chief trophy for which Vim was eligible to compete, as a "foreign" yacht; the principal prize for "the big class"—as we have learnt to call them, vice the J's—is, of course, the King's Cup, open only to yachts of British nationality. This was carried off by Mr. Sopwith in convincing manner, Tomahawk coming home nearly 6min. ahead of Evaine. Tomahawk started favourite for this race, as she has shown a pretty consistent superiority over the other British "Twelves" this season; but all in the class were obviously extra keen to secure this coveted cup, and a hard-sailed race resulted in spite of the only moderate wind. Jenetta, tearing along for third place, split her mainsail and had to retire.

Other races in the premier class were: On July 29th (the opening day), under the flag of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, the Fleuret Challenge Cup, held by Evaine, was won by Tomahawk, beating Vim by 30sec. On the 31st, a squally and blustery day, the racing, promoted by the Royal London, was marred by a protest at the start, by Tomahawk against Vim. The protest was upheld by the sailing committee, and the race awarded to Tomahawk.

The King's Cup took place on August 1st, and on the 2nd it was Vim's turn to win, which she did very narrowly. On the run, Vim produced and set a small balloon foresail, well inboard and drawing below the spinnaker, and which certainly seemed to help her along.

On the 3rd (Thursday), Vim again won in a commanding manner, Mr. Sopwith having put himself at considerable disadvantage by taking the off-shore position at the start and thus losing the advantage of the tide, hoping to pick up first the northerly "morning wind" off the Hampshire shore. In this race, Vim used a long-roped jib-topsail while reaching, and walked away with the prize.

On the Friday, a day of almost continuous rain, Vim again won by a narrow margin, and repeated the performance—this time with 6½min. to spare—on the last day, the Royal Southern Y.C. fixture.

Thus Vim and Tomahawk, between them, virtually monopolised the 12-metre picture at Cowes; Vim has carried off seventeen firsts in the total racing this season, whilst the British leader has won six.

The 8-metres also had their share of excitement in the course of the Week, beginning with the dismasting of Messrs. Kenneth Preston and Robert Steele's Saskia and Major Musker's Cedora in the hard south-westerly blow of the 31st. The new "Eight," Iskareen, belonging to Mr. R. Tree, won on the first two days of the racing (she was built in Sweden and designed by the designer of Vim), but the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers's new Christina—also Swedish built—though she won the Marchioness Camden's Cup on August 2nd, brought off no more wins during the remainder of the time, her other flags being one second and two thirds. Iskareen's career was cut short on the 4th, when she was in collision with Cedora and stove in her bows. The Lady Magdalene Williams-Bulkeley Cup was won by the 8-metre Carron II (Major Digby Peel) on the 1st, and this boat was the most successful of her class, gaining three firsts and two seconds in the seven days' racing, including the Lady Gore Cup on the 3rd. Severn II (Major Hall and Mr. F. A. Richards) won the Lady Dilke Cup.

In the 6-metre class the flags were very evenly divided on the whole, the three leading boats each gaining four places apiece. Catherine (Mr. J. Ewing and Mr. C. Ratsey) had the best record, with three firsts and one third, whilst Erin (Mr. Austin O'Connor and Mr. W. Hancock) took two firsts (including the Frank Chaplin Cup) and two seconds. The other two cups in this class were won by Mara (Mr. J. Dudley Head and Mr. G. Greville Williams), who was out of form at the beginning of the Week, getting a third and a second on July 31st and August 1st, but not scoring a win until the Thursday, when she won Colonel the Hon. Henry Guest's Cup, following this up the next day by taking the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup. In the stormy weather of the final day, Martell (Mr. Harold Bowden), who had had bad luck all the week and failed to take a flag, rounded things off with a dismasting.

The Dragons were out every day, an outstanding feature of their racing being the consistent success of the German boat Woge XII., owned by Herr Otto Ernst. This boat, it will be remembered, put in a lot of good work on the Clyde last year; during Cowes Week this time, she got a flag on every day except one, finishing with a record of four firsts and two thirds, but just failed to bring off Mrs. Kenneth Preston's Cup, which was won by 6sec. by Moccassin (Messrs. C. Taylor and M. Illingworth).

The 30 square metres also put in an appearance on each day, the outstandingly successful boat in this class being Mr. A. H. R. Fedden's Teal, who won four firsts in a row, and then a second and another first on the two following days. This left only two other firsts for the remaining boats to share, and they were both taken by Tre-Sang (Messrs. K. and R. Preston), who gained a second and a third also on other days. Waterwitch, (G. Wansbrough), out of luck the whole week, was another of the unfortunates who lost her mast in the wild squalls of the 5th.

There were Y.R.A. handicap events on every day of the week except August 2nd; the principal handicap cup being the Queen Mary's Cup, only eligible for competition by boats belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron. This was won by Marianna, the 19-ton German-built cutter belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Blewitt, D.S.O., after a fast race. The big ketch, Thendara, belonging to Mr. A. S. L. Young, of 145 tons—the queen of the handicap fleet—was unable to save her time over the smaller vessels, a circumstance which likewise put Cynara, the 115-ton ketch owned by the Marquis of Northampton, into second place.

The handicap classes are (as is usually the case) a little hard to follow, when surveying the week as a whole, owing to the fact that there are no hard-and-fast classes into which a given boat falls by virtue of size, class, sail area or any other readily reckonable characteristic. The classes for each regatta are drawn up in accordance with the ideas of the promoters of that event, and the divisions vary from day to day. It is not impossible that some of the lack of support from which the handicap classes have suffered in recent times may be attributable to this.

The most consistent of the handicap classes during Cowes Week was the Over 25 tons class, though this had to be divided into A and B divisions on two of the days, so that such boats as the ex 12-metres Noreen and Vanity V. and the ex 15-metre Lady Anne should not race *pari passu* against Old Fox, for instance. The latter won the event on the opening day when pitted against Diadem and Cariba, and won again (in B division) on the second day, Noreen winning the A class. The other winners were Morva, who won the Cowes Town Cup on the 3rd, Lady Anne (in A class) on the 4th, The Blue Peter (class B) on the 4th, and a sail-over for the latter on the 5th.

The Under 25 tons races were won on two occasions by John Dory, the only other time when this "class" appeared, Kismet being the winner.

The latter was third on the opening day in the 9–25 tons class, in which Neith was first and Freedom second. Freedom, again, won the Under 15-tons event on the second day.

An "extra" was provided by the holding of the Island Sailing Club events for boats of 4 to 25 tons on the 2nd and 3rd August.

On the second, for a prize presented by the town of Cowes, the A division was won by Neith, the graceful "pre-War" Herreshoff cutter owned by Major Henderson, with Kismet (Messrs. O. Wright and C. Pearce) second and John Dory, the small Clark-designed ocean racer, owned by Mr. L. H. Ryan, third. B division was won by Josephine II, a Swedish Albatross class double-ender, owned by Mr. C. Smallpiece; she is an interesting boat, being simply an enlarged Tumlare with 30 square metres sail area. Second was Iolaire, a gaff cutter owned by Mr. D. H. Owen-Edmunds, and third Freedom, also a gaff cutter, belonging to Mr. M. Wyatt.

The event on August 3rd, for the J. Samuel White Cup, was also in two divisions. Winners were: A Division—(1) Tuctoo, Commander Barraclough; (2) John Dory; (3) Neith. B Division—(1) Rouzelle, Mr. M. Sharp; (2) Freedom; (3) Marianna.

All the Solent One-Design classes were, of course, well represented, each day having its fleets of different sizes, shapes and colours. The West Solents and the Teals, the Q class (ex 6-metres), the Redwings, Solent Sunbeams, X class, Mermaids, Yarmouth O.D., and on Cowes Town day, some of the very small fry had their hour; there was even a class for ex-Redwings!

THE PROBLEM OF CLOSE FINISHES

Should the Camera Decide for the Judge?

A NUMBER of regular followers of racing, not professionals, but men and women with enough money to follow the game more than occasionally, are always asking me to advocate the photography of finishes, and when I refuse to do so, consider me to be an old Tory diehard. I admit that there are, to-day, cameras which can take the finish of a race perfectly, and that the photographs so taken can be developed, printed and on view in a very short time. Examples of all this have been shown recently at the dogs, and yet I remain unconvinced and I shall not advocate it being adopted at any race meeting under Jockey Club or National Hunt Rules.

In the first place it would be an unnecessary expense and racecourse companies are not having the best of years. Even such meetings as Sandown Park and Kempton Park are down on last year by several thousand pounds. Then the photographs might not have to be taken at all some afternoons, and so the whole thing be idle. But it is not for reasons of expense that I consider the whole thing should be forgotten, but because it just is not necessary in this country, whatever it may be in the United States of America and elsewhere.

I am not going to state at all that mistakes have not been made by judges in the past and that they will not be made again, but they are rare and far between. At the present time we have the best lot of judges that I have known in my long experience of racing in this country. They are all young and alert and very quick. There was a race at Sandown Park this week when five horses went past the winning post in a line. Heads and short heads divided them, yet the judge, Mr. Malcolm Hancock, gave his decision at once and the numbers went into the frames. It might have been argued that here was a case for the camera, but, apart from one fanatic, I never heard anyone suggest for one moment that the placings of the first four horses were not correct, and, what is more, even the owners and trainers of the four horses that just did not win never complained or tried to think that their horse really had won. The whole of the crowd accepted the decision at once and went off either to draw their winnings or to consider the problem set by the next race.

It may be true that in France or the United States of America there would have been a clamouring mob all around the place, and many gesticulations going on. Much abuse would, no doubt, be shot at the judge. It has, I know, happened here, and there have been occasions when in answer to much yelling, a number has been changed, but that is very rare, and with the latest set of judges, not likely to happen again. Not only are the present judges quick and well trained, but their honesty is never doubted, so that if in a close finish they may seem to make a mistake, no one really minds and racing goes on just the same. I am told that in some other countries the honesty of the judges is not always accepted nor believed in.

Photographed finishes of horse racing are not wanted in this country and are not likely to come. They are not needed.

Another grievance with some followers of racing is the naming of horses, or rather the neglect to name them. A two-year-old can run all his first season without a name of his own, but when he, or she, becomes a three-year-old he or she has to be named before he or she can run. I do not think that it matters very much, and I doubt whether any change will be made in the rules and regulations. It has cropped up again this season, because Lord Glanely has not named his colt by Colombo out of Rose of England, about the best two-year-old yet seen out.

I find it just as easy to speak or write of the Rose of England colt as I would do if it were called Bill Bailey, or any other name. Lord Glanely is waiting until he can find a name worthy of such a high-class and well-bred colt. Of one thing we can be certain, and that is that the colt will be well-named, for all that owner's horses have good names and not such awful things as Boomps-a-Daisy, which a poor beast has just had bestowed on it. Such names can mean only one thing, and that is the bestowers of them have no love for a horse, nor, indeed, any respect for the animal. Boomps-a-Daisy is more suited to some silly little Pekingese dog or a Siamese cat. It really makes one's blood boil.

It must be a long time since there were so many boys of real ability riding as there are to-day. Mullins, Littlewood, Mitchell, Wells, Burns, and Sprague, to mention only a few of the youngest ones. D. Smith must also be included, although he is now a seasoned rider. Yet he is still very young. It is a good thing that these very young riders are coming along, for some of the other men riding are getting old, and in some cases will not go on much longer. Carslake always excepted, for the longer that he rides the better he gets and the fitter he looks.

But to return to the apprentices of whom I have made mention, such as Mullins, Littlewood, and Burns and others. More than once recently apprentices have finished first, second and third in quite important races, with a number of leading senior riders behind them. I have also seen these apprentices ride most confident and strong finishes against the leading men of the day, who do not make them afraid or cause them to get in the least flustered. It is often recorded in the history of the sport that wonderful boys vanish as soon as they lose their allowance of five pounds. It is to be feared that many of them do so as soon as they cease to be fashionable apprentices. It is not always the fault of the boys, although some of them get too heavy and some of them get into bad hands and so lose their chances.

It is much to be hoped that when the present leading apprentices lose their allowances that they will not be dropped. After all, when a boy has ridden 40 winners he should be an accomplished rider, so that the loss of the five pounds should not mean much. I am sure that Mullins and Littlewood have come to stay, and that little Burns, the son of Tommy Burns, the great Irish rider, has a great future. One thing in his favour is that he is with Steve Donoghue, and that trainer puts him up continually, remembering, no doubt, his own early struggles to make his name. Russell is always giving Wells rides, while Captain Hogg never has any one else but his own boy, Littlewood, riding for him. Victor Smyth also gives Mullins any amount of riding, and will continue to do so when the boy loses the allowance, which he will do very soon.



A CAMERA IMPRESSION OF A CLOSE FINISH

The race is the Greenwood Plate at Kempton Park in which Mr. Hartigan's Colorado Boy won by a short head from H.H. Aga Khan's Mubarak, a neck separating the latter from Mr. Hardy's Motu Kari

Another little boy of promise is Dick, the son of the trainer and a member of a family that has produced many riders, including R. Dick, who rode for so many years for Lord Astor. This little boy rode a really good race at Lewes on a two-year-old named Happy Flight, sitting down and riding home against H. Wragg as well as that famous rider could have done himself. Happy Flight won by a length and a half.

Caerleon, the famous winner and sire of increasing value, was found dead in a paddock in the Earl of Derby's stud at Side Hill, near Newmarket, on Sunday morning. Caerleon was twelve years old, and he had enjoyed a most successful career. Perhaps his best performance was in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown which he won in 1931. His value as a sire of winners was becoming increasingly recognised, and his stud fee for next year had been almost doubled. He was by Phalaris ex Canyon, and some of his most successful winners this year are Cockpit (Hastings Stakes) and Caerloptic (Newbury Spring Cup and Royal Hunt Cup).

GNOSTIC.



Golden Moments – with

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE–THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE



THE ENTRANCE TO THE NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB IN PICCADILLY
"Known to generations of London cabmen as the 'In and Out'"

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—VI. NAVAL AND MILITARY

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

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, known to generations of London cabmen as the "In and Out," was not founded until the year 1862. It is, therefore, the youngest of the great Service clubs. At that date, the existing Service clubs were all complete to their full membership and anyone wishing to join one of them had to be prepared for a long period of waiting. With a view to meeting the requirements of those desiring to join a club immediately, a party of officers, chiefly from the Buffs, who were then quartered at the Tower of London, founded this Club. Its original membership was settled to be 150 at an entrance fee of 15 guineas, a home subscription of 5 guineas and a supernumerary subscription of 10/–. These sums were very shortly afterwards increased to £42, £8 8s. and £1 1s. respectively.

The Club started its life in a furnished house, No. 18, Clifford Street, in September, 1862. In less than a year this house was found to be too small, and at the end of 1863 the members moved to larger premises at 22, Hanover Square. Here they remained until about the close of 1865 when, the same difficulties over accommodation being experienced, they moved to Cambridge House, Piccadilly, where they have been ever since. Though, therefore, the Naval and Military is the youngest of the principal Service clubs, it has spent nearly all its life in a house considerably older than any of those occupied by the others. Ninety-four Piccadilly, or Cambridge House as it was then called, had been built by the 2nd Earl of Egremont, who had entered into occupation of it in 1760 and the house then bore his name. The invasion of Piccadilly by the aristocracy had started at its east end and before Egremont House was built, there were no houses of any standing so far west down Piccadilly, only, in fact, a collection of mean dwellings occupied by livery stable keepers and small dealers. Farther west, around Hyde Park Corner, were a number of small and poor lodgings frequented by drovers who attended cattle markets held in Brook Fields.

Horace Walpole, writing to Montagu in 1759, was amazed at the rapid development of a neighbourhood which he only remembered as the recognised haunt of livery stable keepers and purveyors of lead figures. "I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire," he writes. "There are 20 new stone houses. At first I concluded that all the grooms that used to live there had got estates and built palaces." It appears that he was thinking of the houses, amongst others, just built by Lord Egremont, Lord Coventry and the Duke of Grafton. Lord Egremont died in 1763, it is said of apoplexy. He was a well-known gourmand and is



A MODERN NOTE. THE COCKTAIL BAR

related to have remarked, only a few days before his death, "I have three more turtle dinners to come. If I survive the last of them, I shall be immortal." Lord Egremont was succeeded by his son, who at the time of his father's death was a boy of twelve.

This third earl was a man of very great wealth. He is reputed to have given away annually £20,000 in charity. At Petworth, his country seat, he formed a valuable art collection; he was a patron of the painters Constable and Turner and also of the sculptors Flaxman and Nollekens. At Petworth he lived in feudal style and kept open house for all. As a successful racehorse owner, he has never been equalled in the history of the Turf, as he won the Derby and the Oaks each five times and the Gold Cup at Goodwood in the first year of its institution. He was also a noted agriculturalist. He made Egremont House his headquarters in London for 30 years before moving from there.

After him, in 1794, the house was occupied by James Milnes, about whom little appears to be known. He was succeeded early in the nineteenth century by the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who remained in occupation until his death in 1827. During this period it was known as Cholmondeley House. The next tenant was the Duke of Cambridge, the seventh son of George III and the father of the Duke who became Commander-in-Chief. The house was now called Cambridge House. It was while the Duke was in residence here that Queen Victoria was attacked in the courtyard on leaving the house after paying him a visit. A lunatic named Robert Pate, a retired lieutenant, struck her a severe blow with a stick. The next visit of a Queen of England to the Club house was fortunately a much happier one.

The Duke died at Cambridge House in 1850, and in 1851 Sir Richard Sutton, the ground landlord, took up residence himself. He was another very rich man to occupy this house, being Master of the Quorn, and was reputed to have spent in the course of his life £300,000 on foxhunting. He died here in 1855. After him came Lord Palmerston, the most famous of all Victorian Prime Ministers. The house now changed its name once again to Palmerston House. The sporting traditions of the house were fully maintained by the Prime Minister, as he habitually rode from here to the House of Commons. After his death, his body was brought from Brockett Hall to 94, Piccadilly, where it lay before being taken to Westminster Abbey. We now arrive at the tenancy of this house by the Naval and Military Club in April, 1866.

It will thus be seen that, in the comparatively short space of 80 years, this important London

house had been in the occupation of six members of different families before being acquired by the Naval and Military Club. People are apt to imagine that it is only in these times that such frequent changes take place. The original lease of the Naval and Military terminated in 1876, when the Sutton Estate granted a further extension of 60 years at an increased rental. Later this lease was again renewed. In 1876, on the extension of their original lease, the members determined to make the house suitable in every way for the needs and requirements of club life and embarked on an extensive scheme of alterations and additions to the old portion of the house. This included a new dining room, billiard rooms, offices and cellars on the site of the former stables, coach-houses and yard.

The work took two years to complete, and the Club was not reopened for the use of members before April, 1878. As the result of these alterations to the house, Lord Palmerston's bedroom had been converted into an upper smoking room; from this room formerly a small semi-secret staircase had led to Whitehorse Street, used, it is said, by foreign spies and other persons of a similar kind to gain access for interviews with Lord Palmerston. The ballroom had now become the library and Lady Palmerston's bedroom the new cardroom. This room had opened into her boudoir, called the Octagon Room and having a beautiful, painted ceiling. It was here where the beautiful Lady Palmerston wrote all the invitation cards to her receptions and, according to Mr. Gladstone, in this room she and Lord Palmerston had one day formed a Ministry.

The fine position of Cambridge House with its views over the Green Park, its historic associations, the beauty of its interior and the attractive features of the courtyard in front and its small terraced garden behind, all combined to make it for a number of years the most fashionable and popular of all the Service clubs in London. The waiting list became an extremely lengthy one and reached its highest point just before the Great War, when it took a period of fourteen years before admittance could be gained to the Club, after first having paid an entrance fee of 40 guineas.

At the close of the Great War, with the reduction in the naval and military forces and a less general desire on the part of the post-War generation to enter club life, difficulty began to be experienced in keeping up the membership. No longer were to be found the people prepared to wait fourteen years and pay 40 guineas for the privilege of joining any club, Service, social or political. It was found necessary in consequence to waive the entrance fee and to lower the rates of subscription for new members. The further necessity of providing accommodation for members and facilities for entertaining ladies, which had now become universally recognised, if any club was going to retain its membership in these difficult times, led to a lease of the adjoining house, No. 42, Half Moon Street, being obtained in 1919. On the ground floor of this new house dining rooms and sitting rooms were arranged for ladies, and on the upper floors 43 bedrooms for members were provided.

This involved extensive alterations to the building and the new premises were not ready for occupation until 1923. Ten years later the ladies' accommodation proved to be quite inadequate for the demands made on it, so it was decided to further increase it. For this purpose the second floor of the Club house, where formerly the Club offices had been located, was converted into three large drawing rooms, two dining rooms, a writing room, a cocktail bar, and a dressing room for ladies. The Club offices were now moved into the former ladies' rooms on the ground floor of 42, Half Moon Street.

The new ladies' rooms were opened in 1934 and proved a great success. The institution of associate membership for ladies being near relatives of members was adopted, and by 1936, 700 lady associate members had joined the Club. A few days before the opening of the new rooms, H.M. Queen Mary, who had from the start shown a great interest in the new scheme, honoured them by a visit and graciously consented to become an honorary life member. Her Majesty also presented to the members an engraving and several other mementoes of the time when what is now the Club house was occupied by Lord and Lady Palmerston.

There appear to be few, if any, anecdotes worth relating about the inner life of this Club. The Peninsular heroes were dead and gone when it came into being; drinking and gaming, to the extent they had been indulged in at the end of the eighteenth century, had ceased to be popular amusements; ladies were no longer the subject of public bets. The Club grew to manhood in the most conventional period of the whole Victorian era. When frailty walked abroad, she did so heavily hooded and cloaked.



THE LADIES' DINING ROOM

"The further necessity of providing accommodation for members and facilities for entertaining ladies . . . led to a lease of the adjoining house, No. 42, Half Moon Street"



VIEW FROM THE CARD ROOM, SHOWING ONE OF THE WALL PANELS



THE COFFEE AND LUNCHEON ROOM



SMOKING AND READING ROOM

Both these rooms are remarkable for the dignity of their classical decoration and stately pillars

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS

VIII.—The Technique of Lake Fishing

MY DEAR BOB,—Most certainly accept the invitation to fish at Blagdon. From your hesitancy, as also from your question: "Where is Blagdon?" I gather that the name of England's most famous trout lake is as yet unknown to you. It is actually one of the reservoirs of the Bristol Waterworks Company, and lies in a fold of the Mendip Hills a few miles from Yatton Station, which you would have passed if you had gone down by rail. It is not so much the number of trout caught there which has made it famous as their size. It produced a 10-pounder on one occasion. Your 9½ft. rod will do very well; it would hold a 10-pounder if necessary, though I do not think it will be called upon to do so. Indeed, you must be prepared for no call to be made upon its powers of resistance at all. Do not let that remark discourage you. The element of luck in fishing is, I think, even more pronounced at Blagdon than elsewhere. And I will tell you why.

Trout in lakes are rather different in their habits from those in streams. Where you have been fishing in the Bray, trout, as you must have noticed, lie in wait for food which the current brings down to them; they have only to rise and absorb it. But lakes have no current to speak of, except for a hundred yards or so where a tributary feeder runs in, and the trout in consequence has to get out and hunt for its food if it is to make a living.

Most of this food is found in comparatively shallow water. In lakes where the shallows are well defined and the trout small and numerous there will lie on a favourable day a shoal of trout scouring the area in search of food, one to every 100 square yards, let us say—very often more. So when a boat is drifting over the area there is a very fair chance of a fish seeing the angler's flies at least once in every dozen casts or so. But you do not find this great quantity of fish in a lake where the trout run big. It takes, I suppose, as much food to produce one big trout as ten small ones. In Blagdon the ordinary run of fish is from 1½lb. to 4lb., and instead of finding a feeding fish every 100 square yards you will find one per acre, perhaps, or thereabouts; so the chance of your flies alighting within its range of vision at any given cast is decidedly small.

All the same there is no reason why even your first cast on the water should not come within the range of a feeding fish; hence the vital element of luck. On the average, clearly, you are not likely to get a fish on any given day; but if you do, you will probably regard its capture as worth all the rest of your holiday put together. Not only are trout there big, but they put up a fight which will make you wonder whether it is you who are trying to get the fish into the boat, or the trout which is trying to pull you into the water. If you want to get a little practice in lake fishing before you go—it will be on your way home, I suppose—try a day or two on one of the Devonshire reservoirs. There are a couple near Bideford for which day tickets can be obtained, and one or two near Ilfracombe.

As I mentioned just now trout in lakes have to hunt for their food, and I think this is why the methods used by fly fishers differ from those used in streams. Normally flies are more of the sea-trout than of the brown-trout variety. This may seem odd to you since trout are in the lake all the time, and feed in the lake just as they do in a river, whereas, as I explained in my last letter, sea trout do very little feeding in fresh water and have to be enticed by rousing their predatory instinct with something one hopes is like the animals they chase in the sea. I believe that the reason why these large, and often highly-coloured flies are successful in lakes is simply because trout can see them much further than a small, sober-coloured fly. The fish sees something which looks alive moving in the water, dashes after it and has seized it before it has had time to consider whether it is good to eat or not. If it hesitates the animal will escape, so it goes for it blindly. Now if a gaudy fly can be seen twice as far off as a sombre one, then there is four times as much chance of its being taken, since it can be seen from any direction. The only risk is that the fly may look too good to be true.

So your best tactics in lake fishing will be to take with you your ordinary stream flies—get them rather larger if you are buying them specially—and use them if you see a number of fish rising together over one particular part of a lake. Over a weed bed is a likely place for this to happen, and it means as a rule that a hatch of fly is coming off the weed and the trout are grabbing the nymphs as they come up or are rising to the hatching nymph as it struggles from its shuck on the surface. But if there is no very definite rise going on, and you see only a very occasional whorl at the surface, then put on your regulation lake-trout fly, or flies, and work them by drawing them through the water for a yard or so before picking them off for a new cast.

The most common method of lake fishing is for two anglers to sit, one at the bow and the other at the stern of a boat and be rowed upwind by a boatman, who then manœuvres the craft so that it drifts broadside on across a shallow. During the drift the anglers, using two flies each, cast continually straight in front of them, draw the flies in, or play the dropper on the surface for a moment, and then cast again. It is important that only the straight overhead cast should be used, as with two men in a boat there is a danger that the flies may catch the other angler in the head if any other type of cast is made. A hook in the flesh may cause a nasty accident. The main difficulty lies in hooking your fish when you get one of the rather dashing rises typical of lake fish. Some men say "strike instantaneously," others say "pause before you strike." But I must leave you to decide which produces the best result with you. I believe it to be purely a personal idiosyncrasy.

At Blagdon this type of fishing is seldom practised. If you are in a boat your boatman will row you along within casting distance of the shore and you must try to get your fly into the line of foam which in most winds lies pretty close to the beach. Use only one fly—my own favourite for Blagdon is Dunkeld, but I doubt if the fly matters at all—size about No. 6. Do not attempt to use drawn gut; it is too fine for these large flies. Let the cast be tapered to finest undrawn only; and cast as far as you possibly can. For some reason Blagdon fish do not like boats, though in most lakes trout take no notice of them at all; but at Blagdon it is the man who casts the longest line who gets most fish.



BOAT FISHING ON LOCH BEGG. THE MOST COMMON METHOD OF LAKE FISHING IS FOR TWO ANGLERS TO SIT ONE AT THE BOW AND THE OTHER AT THE STERN

Unless your host is fond of boat fishing, probably you will not fish from a boat at all but from the bank. Your rubber thigh boots are just what is wanted for this shore fishing as you can wade out 30yds. or so into the lake. Your principal difficulty will be the wind, for your best chance of a fish there is always on the lee shore, by which I mean the shore on the lee side of a boat on the lake; the shore in fact against which the wind is blowing; and if there is any strength in it you will find it hard work casting, say, into the teeth of a west wind.

The best way to circumvent it is to wade out and then cast parallel with the shore—across the wind. The waves stir up the food along the shore of the lake and you will be surprised to find how big a fish will come into only a couple of feet of water when waves are breaking along the shore. At times lake fishing can be wearisome, but should you chance to be in Blagdon lake at a time when one or two of its monsters are hunting the shore line, and you can see (the wind will not let you hear) their resounding boils coming nearer and nearer to the place where your fly is riding the waves, you will understand, I think, why men go again and again to that attractive spot, heedless of blank days or time spent in casting into a lifeless waste of water.

Your affectionate uncle,
HARVEY.

CA' CANNY ECONOMY IN CRICKET

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THE composition of the English team to visit India throws some light, perhaps, on the problem which this time next year will be entertaining, if not agitating, our Selection Committee, for none of our major players have been included in A. J. Holmes's contingent, which, really, has a "consolation prize" aspect about it. Many of its members may be said to have just missed the most precious laurels of cricket—Dollery, gifted but disappointing; the two useful Langridges (Jno. and Jas.); Emrys Davies, who has lived too far from Lord's; Nichols, who has been wasted, so to say, for years; and Wellard, who had he been an Australian would have played in Test matches years ago.

Flight-Lieutenant Holmes can be proud of his team, which, taken all round, speaks not unfavourably of the strength of English cricket at the present time. At no period since the War have we possessed a "second eleven" as strong as this combination for India. Not more than two or three of them are likely to be called upon to play in Australia in 1940-1941; at least, I sincerely hope that Gimblett has not been finally relegated to the reserves; he has gifts which still need the encouragement and training that come from experience in the best class. In a recent article in this paper I argued the case of the all-rounder for the purposes of Test matches in Australia. There is a certain irony in the constitution of Flight-Lieutenant Holmes's team; three admirable all-rounders in it have never played for England in Australia, despite the general scarcity since 1914 of cricketers who can both bat and bowl. I allude, of course, to Nichols, Wellard and Langridge (Jas.).

I am all against the "specialist" bowler in Australia—unless he happens to be an undeniably great bowler, a Barnes, a Tate. An Australian Test match usually occupies five or six days; if a "specialist" bowler is not taking wickets regularly and consistently he is merely a "passenger" on the field for maybe two days out of the six. The fact should be emphasised in and out of season that on Australian wickets precious few bowlers have justified themselves as "specialists."

During the wretched weather of the last few weeks we have had to talk cricket to kill time waiting for the rain to cease. By the law of compensation which operates mercifully in all the activities of life, cricket is the best of all games to talk about; here, perhaps, is a case of cause and effect: we have learned the art of talking about it for the simple reason that so often we cannot play or watch it. A great pre-War cricketer the other day told me, between the cracks of a colossal thunderstorm, that the absence in the game to-day of the all-rounder is the chief difference between cricket as we know it now and cricket as it was when he was famous. And frankly he ascribed the decline in the all-rounder to deliberate "economy." "The game has become entirely a profession; and a player means to stay in it for as long a time as possible." I believe that this sort of "economy" is fallacious. First of all, the value of an all-rounder is extremely high in any period of cricket. To-day even a potential Rhodes or Braund would enjoy good profits and quick returns.

Then, the point may be put that "long" careers have been enjoyed by most of the great batsmen-bowlers; we need only mention Rhodes, Woolley, Warwick Armstrong, Noble, Hirst, John Gunn, Braund, Arnold Tarrant. It is only the fast bowler who is likely to suffer in physical endurance by departing from a canny specialism. The paradox is that at the present time a cricketer of less than the highest "specialist" attainments would be in the running for Test matches if he could provide merely moderate services as a batsman-bowler. Any cricketer worth his salt should wish always to be "in the game," in the thick of the action. The post-War habit of specialism has, I am certain, deprived us of several all-rounders of natural endowment. I need scarcely mention names. At the end of the present weeping summer it is likely that a new and most undesirable record will be set up—that of the fewest cases in the game's history of individual performances of the "double"—a 1,000 runs and a 100 wickets (I mean, of course, in the history of cricket since the counties became organised into heavy day-by-day engagements.)

And while we are discussing, between one deluge and another, this matter of the all-rounder, I cannot refrain from mentioning that nowadays when I hear folk paying tributes to Woolley, I notice that they refer only to his batting. So short are memories that the truth is overlooked that Woolley for years was one of the finest of slow left-handed spin bowlers. Even Tom Hayward might have played for England, had he "gone in for it," as a specialist bowler. But maybe it was Tom who started all this ca' canny specialist batsman economy! He insisted that a clause should go into his contract with Surrey absolving him from duties as a bowler. It is not generally known that once, at least, he took a hundred wickets in a season at the cost of less than 20 runs each. The ca' canny economy has even travelled to Australia, where there is no day-by-day strain on the players for months at a time. Last year Waite and McCabe were Australia's all-rounders. Shades of Giffen! Shades of J. M. Gregory! I had nearly said "Shades of Grimmett!" who at least commands a back-out of strong, if esoteric, properties.



SELECTED FOR THE INDIAN TOUR—M. NICHOLS, THE ESSEX ALL-ROUNDER



SURREY *v.* NOTTS AT THE OVAL

Keeton driving a ball from Watts past Gregory at silly mid-on



Edrich, the most-discussed cricketer of the moment, glides to leg

ROUND THE WICKETS

By HUMPHREY DANIEL

AS he passes through the Main Gate of Lord's Cricket Ground and the roaring ranks of score-card and soft-seat sellers, the newcomer to this incredible world will doubtless be even more astounded to read that admission this day is going to cost him anything from 1s. 6d. upwards. If he has the money he will pass from barrier to barrier to the finest seat that money can buy. If he has the tip he will keep walking until he comes to the stands labelled "Free Seats," and get the best seat on the ground for a shilling. For the free seats at Lord's are opposite the Pavilion. They are behind the wicket.

That is where all the best cricket is seen. The people at the side see very little of it at all, because they do not see what the bowler is doing. They do not see how far the ball is swerving, how much it is spinning. Seeing what the bowler is doing with the ball is half the fun of watching cricket.

In the Free Seats at Lord's sit some of the greatest critics there are. There is one old gentleman who can tell you everything about the cricket of Middlesex you could wish to know, and very nearly everything about the cricket of every county. There is another gentleman who can tell Sims's googly and Peebles's googly every single time. There is a youngster who could write a lengthy book on Denis Compton and how very much better he is than Don Bradman and all the rest put together. There is even a lady who can pick out everyone of the Middlesex side by name, even though they are only shapes of white on a green background. I have yet to hear ironic clapping from the Free Seats. What I have heard has astounded me before now. And it might astound one or two of the gentlemen who sit in the windy shrine on the opposite side of the ground. Not all the best cricket is talked in the Press Box.

* * *

Wright was bowling at Maidstone. He was bowling at the top of his form—a lovely length, a top-like spin. He was the real Wright, the young man who has been hailed the most original bowler since the War. Yet when I first saw Wright bowl a few years ago there was not even a glimmer of this glory to come. I remember that it even seemed incredible that his impetuous run and his unbalanced action could pitch a length at all let alone produce a break at the end of it. But, like every other great bowler, Douglas Wright is a man of ideas. He realised that spin and spin alone was not enough to get wickets; that a leg-break proclaimed and heralded by a high, slow trajectory was almost useless against a batsman who could use his feet, get to the pitch of it, and kill it; that flight could hold few difficulties for a batsman with eyes like Headley's. He realised that the only way to spin a batsman out was to bowl in such a way that the spin would be able to work on the batsman. And so he started to be a fast spin bowler.

At first, of course, he had no length at all. Critics told him to bowl slower. Spectators were surprised. The Press did not notice his experiments because they gave no results, no sensational analysis. When he found that length things began to happen. He took wickets. He was chosen to bowl for England. He was acknowledged by Bradman as the most effective bowler we had got. As we watched him bowling there seemed something vaguely familiar about that violent rush towards the batsman, that windmill action all arms and legs, that curious way of delivering the ball off the right foot. Then, as a particularly vicious leg-break snapped back from outside the batsman's pads to clip off his off-bail with a click that all the ground could hear, I had it. Wright bowled like O'Reilly. It must be more than coincidence that the most promising bowler in England and the best bowler in the world should both bowl in exactly the same way.

* * *

A friend of mine and I have a small bet on the last Test match to be played at the Oval. He thinks England will walk it. He assures me that if Hutton does not make another treble century someone else will. The West Indies apparently are in for it. I am not so sure. Not sure enough, in fact, to prevent me from backing them to win the last Test match. I think they may win because in all probability the game will be played on a very hard wicket, a wicket fiery with all the sun of August in it. A fast bowler's wicket. I still think there are no two really good fast bowlers capable of doing for England what Gregory and Macdonald did for Australia. And I still have the lurking suspicion that our batting will not look quite so nice against a vigorous attack. The West Indies have got that attack. They have Martindale, after McCormick, the fastest bowler in the world for sheer pace. And they have Constantine and Hylton. I hope they win. Not just for the sake of my bet, but in the hope that they will remind us that there is such a thing as fast bowling.

Gregory scored a century in his benefit match at the Oval. That century was almost as inevitable as the conclusion to an algebraic equation—Surrey v. Yorkshire at the Oval (Gregory's benefit)=1 century by Gregory. It might have been dated in his notebook. To a man who plays as much cricket as Gregory does, who finds himself with a bat in his hands facing a bowler almost every day of the week, runs in themselves tend to seem rather hollow, rather meaningless things. A big score means as much to Gregory as a fabulous sum of money means to the man who adds up its figures in the ledger—absolutely nothing. It is the way the score is made, the shots he makes to make it, that matter more than anything. And so it is that he and his like do not concentrate on the scoring of runs. They like to experiment, to make shots just for the sheer fun of making them rather than to send their score along. There are many like him. And there are many more who do the other thing. They concentrate on the score. They make hundreds of runs. They lead the average race. Many of them play for England at some time or another. Gregory is not one of these.

He has never found fame, never seen his name blazoned in large block capitals on the sports pages, or amongst the chosen of England. "Not quite first-class," sigh the critics. "Good county player, but just not good enough for England." I wonder. I wonder if Gregory is very far behind all those who have been chosen before him. The only difference, I suspect, is that they play for fame and he plays for fun. He needs an urge, a goad to make him turn out runs to order. It is the big moment, the needle match, which produces the big thing. Gregory's benefit match was one of them. Some call this temperament, ability to rise to the occasion. I would call it inspiration—companion of the artist.

I do not often refer to Club cricket in these notes, but I think the feat of K. H. Chapman, the Harlequin and Middlesex Rugby footballer, not long ago is worthy of record. Playing for Stanmore against Radlett, he beat the Radlett captain with the first ball of the match, and had at one period of the game the remarkable analysis of 5 for 0. He bowls medium in-swingers and, getting help from the wicket, was practically unplayable. It is worth noting, too, that Stanmore had won an exciting match against Ickenham on the previous day with the seventh ball of the last over.



H. M. Garland Wells dives at a hard chance in the slips and succeeds in knocking the ball up

HAIG in every HOME



Obtainable also in Small Sizes

Don't be Vague ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



A FINE ACTION STUDY OF THINK SO, MELKSHAM MONICA AND HOPPINGWOOD SPOT

GREYHOUND RACING KENNELS

By DALE BOURN

BEHIND the glamour, the bright lights and the outward show of the modern greyhound racecourse, there is an organised industry employing thousands of men and women and millions of capital with the sole object of kennelling and training racing greyhounds.

Few of the multitude that follow greyhound racing, either at the racecourses or in the daily papers, ever give a thought to what goes on behind the scenes.

No one who has not actually visited the kennels and training establishment of a modern greyhound racing company can possibly have any idea of all the up-to-date equipment and staff that goes to comprise it.

Let us pay a visit to the best example of a greyhound racing establishment in the country. This is situated at the Hook Kennels at Northaw, Hertfordshire, although even this will be outdone by the new quarters at present in course of construction at Barrow Hills in Surrey. Both are owned and operated by the pioneers of greyhound racing and the biggest company of all, the Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd. Here is to be found a lovely pastoral estate of about 200 acres. On this estate is situated a self-contained greyhound village. Here is the home of anything from 700 to 1,000 greyhounds and the staff that tends them.

Before seeing how the greyhounds themselves are looked after let us see how the managers, trainers, veterinary surgeons, kennel men, cooks and all the others that go to make up the staff are catered for. Firstly, there is the big house in which the racing director and his personal staff live and work. There are modern houses for the trainers, the resident veterinary surgeon and his assistants. There are very comfortable sleeping dormitories provided for the kennel men and others of the staff. The recreation of the 160 or so members of the staff is given close consideration, too. A fully licensed club room with billiard tables, dart boards, table tennis, card tables, radio and a fine dance floor are all at their disposal in their leisure hours. Outdoors is an extensive football field and pavilion, also a big swimming pool. From time to time sports, swimming contests, dances and other shows are organised for their entertainment.

The personnel is one big happy company of good fellows who know how to work and how to play. Everything that can be done for their comfort and good is done. Everything that is necessary for their use is provided. A contented staff naturally makes for greater efficiency. Some of the married staff live nearby and are close to their work.

The establishment also contains its own garage, petrol station and repair workshop to house and service its fleet of Pullman vans which are used to transport the greyhounds to and from the various racecourses. These modernly equipped vans can hold 20 greyhounds, each in a separate compartment, as well as the five kennel men who accompany them. They are driven and serviced by the staff of highly experienced drivers and mechanics resident on the estate.

There is also an up-to-date laundry, complete with staff, and a company of gardeners who tend the big kitchen garden which supplies over 500 tons of vegetables annually for home consumption.

There is a workshop for manufacturing and repairing the greyhounds' racing coats, as well as the kennelmen's white coats.

An independent water supply is installed, as well as a system of incinerators. The estate has its own fire brigade, manned by its own staff, and the whole system is linked up by a network of modern concrete roads. The kennels themselves are modern brick-built structures, draught proof and electrically lit, divided into cubicles. Each cubicle accommodates two greyhounds, and a raised platform is built in each, which is covered in clean straw each day for sleeping and resting purposes.

The G.R.A., Ltd., at present control four leading racecourses in London—nine altogether in England and Scotland. To each track are attached five trainers, and to each trainer, five or six kennel men. When an owner sends a dog to the kennels for training, it is attached to one trainer or another, but the owner may, if he or she likes, choose any particular trainer if his kennel is not already fully engaged. Each trainer has his own separate block of kennels, which is adjacent to its separate paddock for exercising.

One modern ingenious invention fitted to the kennels is worthy of especial mention. In each kennel is a microphone wired up to a receiving set in the watchman's quarters. Whenever there is a disturbance or barking in any kennel, a light shows on a numbered board on the receiving set. The watchman has only to touch a switch to hear through the loudspeaker what is going on, and he in turn can speak through a loudspeaker to that particular kennel and quieten any restless dog, whose noise might disturb the rest of his kennel companions.

The feeding is carried out on a scientific basis, and the present system of timing of meals and diet is the outcome of many years of research. Special cookhouses are installed with expert cooks to run them, and especial care is taken to see that everything in contact with the food is kept scrupulously clean. Each meal is under the personal supervision of the resident veterinary surgeon. Again, the quality of the food and milk is from time to time tested for quality in the up-to-date laboratories in the hospital.

An indication as to the scale on which the kennels are run may be obtained from the huge annual consumption of food stuffs for the dogs. A special type of rusk bread, found to be more digestible than any other, is consumed at the rate of 2,500 tons annually. About 45,000lb. of best beef, 25,000 gallons of milk, the heads of 11,000 bullocks (which are boiled down for soup) and approximately 60,000 eggs are used annually, besides varying amounts of other special foods used for sick dogs and special diets. Most of the food is cooked in bulk, but at times the likes and dislikes of individual greyhounds are considered. The diet given to the dogs has been the subject of an exhaustive study by the veterinary surgeons since greyhound racing first began, and each dog receives a carefully balanced ration that contains the highest possible nutritive value.

In special cases and in cases of sickness the diet may be varied by order of the veterinary surgeon, and in these cases special delicacies such as chicken and calves foot jelly may be used. They couldn't be better fed at any first-class restaurant! Except in especial cases and sick dogs, feeding takes place at stipulated times, and training and exercise times are regulated accordingly.

The regular programme followed is that at 7 a.m. the dogs are let out into the paddocks in charge of their respective kennel men, what time the kennels are cleaned out and fresh straw and sawdust await their return. At 8.30 a.m. they partake of their first meal of the day—a busy time for all concerned.

The basis of all feeds is the best quality of slightly toasted wholemeal wheat flour bread, and the morning feed is composed of this type of bread and fresh milk. After this meal the dogs are taken for a long walk round the park with occasionally some road work to harden their feet if and when necessary, or they go through their various training duties if required.

Returning to kennels about 11 a.m. they are brushed and groomed and generally cleaned up. Then back to bed until 2 p.m.

For those dogs not racing that day or night, another short walk, training routine or a romp in their paddock is then the order of the day, preparatory to the big, eagerly looked forward to meal of the day at 3.30 p.m. This consists of the special bread broth made from home-grown fresh vegetables, barley and meat. According to the amount of work being done by the individual dog, so the amount of meat given to that dog is varied. After this feed, the dogs are kennelled up for the night and their day's work is done. Those greyhounds that are engaged in racing that afternoon or evening are not served with this last meal until they return to their kennels from the racecourse, although they do receive a bowl of milk in the racing kennels immediately after they have finished their particular race. From this it can be seen that the modern racing greyhound puts a new interpretation on the phrase "a dog's life."

When it is realised that the greyhound is a highly strung, nervous animal, it can be well understood that the first consideration in the policy of a huge kennelling organisation such as the one at Northaw is companionship plus atmosphere. His exercise is always taken in company with a kennelman. His odd romps off the lead in the paddock are always under the supervision of a kennelman. All progress in the development of the dog's health and racing qualities can only come through this human association. There is no particular trick in bringing out the best in a racing greyhound. It is a long, continual process of "getting to know the dog." It has been known in some cases that a greyhound has taken such a liking to a particular kennelman that the dog has never run true to form unless that kennelman accompanied the dog to the racecourse.

It amounts to this. Companionship is a necessary ingredient in a racing kennel, and atmosphere of a congenial nature is essential. Thus, sports grounds, lawns, flowers and swimming pools all set in a beautiful parkland are not only ornamental and useful but an essential background to a successful training kennels. It is a happy circle of trainers, kennelmen and their charges at a large racing establishment such as this, where companionship and trust is mutual, yet strict rules and hard work are the dominant factors, that goes to produce the highest efficiency in racing greyhound training.



THE DRIVE TO THE FOURTH GREEN ON THE REAL CLUB DE LA PUERTA DE HIERRO, MADRID

REVIVING GOLF IN SPAIN

By E. R. TIPPLE

UNTIL the Civil War ended all normal activities of life golf in Spain had become popular. From the construction of the course in Madrid, as long ago as 1895, the game had spread throughout the country until in 1936 rounds could be enjoyed in Barcelona, Bilbao, San Sebastian, Seville and many other places. Moreover, the character of the golf obtainable was unexpectedly good, the Madrid course in particular, where the Open and Amateur Championships were always held, being a fine, interesting test.

Most of the professionals were Spaniards and not Englishmen, as is usually the case in most European countries. The best known was Angel de la Torre, who paid frequent visits to this country before he finally left his own home for America, three years ago. Inspired by his successes and the standard of skill he had attained, other promising players, both amateur and professional, came into prominence. But just as the work of the pioneers seemed about to be properly rewarded hostilities broke out and golf and other games were forgotten.

Efforts are now being made to reorganise the game. It can be imagined just how difficult this will be. Not only is there a lack of money available for such a purpose, but the number of Spanish professionals has been reduced to just seven, the rest having been killed. These seven professionals have sent a letter addressed to a leading British firm of manufacturers, appealing for assistance. Already their appeal has had a response, and at least one firm has promised to send a collection of used and unused clubs to Madrid.

The courses in Madrid, says the appeal, have been totally destroyed "by both abandonment and shelling as well as extensive trench digging. They were both in the heart of the battlefield. We have already started rebuilding operations to the point of having a small number of complete holes actually open to practice and playing." That at least is good news and shows that little time has been wasted. But the letter continues: "That in regard to our professional activities in teaching and practising, which are of such vital importance for the resuming of golf life, we are most seriously handicapped through the total unobtainability over here at present of clubs, new balls and even practising balls."

Therefore they have asked that any contribution from golf clubs, private golfers or anyone else—even used clubs, bags or old balls—would be heartily welcome and enable them to show their authorities that the proposed official assistance is not undeserved and will be far from wasted.

I am sure that this call for help will meet with sympathetic response from individual golfers and any supplies should be sent to Emilio Cayorga (the oldest golf professional in Spain), Real Club de la Puerta de Hierro, Madrid.

Whilst this Spanish appeal is a deserving one, I think that caddies and even artisans in this country merit more assistance than they receive at present. The lot of the caddie is not an enviable one. No matter what time of the day or evening, they are expected to be at hand for a round. If it is raining, the golfers are clad in waterproof jackets and trousers to go out for their game, and perhaps give little thought to whether the caddies are also protected from the weather. The caddies cannot afford to refuse a job, particularly as little golf has been played of late, and despite occasional high fees it is a wonder how they manage to make a living. Many of them do not possess a change of clothing. So old flannel trousers, plus-fours, pullovers, coats and shoes which golfers keep in their lockers month after month without intending to wear again would prove a godsend to these men.

Sheridan in *Around Golf* tells a good story of one of the old type of caddies—Sandy Smith, a fisherman, who caddied for a certain Lord S. at North Berwick. He made a rare fuss of his patron and waited for him throughout his holiday.

When the peer pointed out that Sandy should not wait so long in case he missed other work Sandy replied: "I'll no lose anything through you, for, mark ye, I'm a very big man and few men's clothes fit me. Now you are the man I've been looking for for years, foe your clothes will fit me like a glove!"

"Sandy invariably carried Lord S.'s clubs and for many a year turned out like the "Hoose o' Lords itself!"

Although the artisans do not need presents of clothing, I think they would appreciate the opportunity of acquiring clubs and even balls. Furthermore, golf clubs would be doing a great service if they would permit them to play over their courses. At present there are over 170 artisan clubs in existence, but this number is small in comparison to the number of other clubs, and there has been a growth in artisan golf since the association was formed in 1921 by the late Lord Riddell, J. H. Taylor and F. G. Hawtree.

Before becoming professionals both Taylor and Abe Mitchell were artisan golfers, and the latter when a member of the Cantelupe Club at Forest Row had a handicap of plus ten! William Sutton, the former English amateur champion, was another who began his golfing career in the artisan ranks, showing that ability will be recognised even when opportunities for playing the game are restricted.





A FEW HAZARDS ON THE GOLF COURSE AT ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND

Left: Chimneys on the tee which liberate steam from a boiling spring beneath it. Right: Not the hole, but a bubbling mud crater and possible source of trouble as regards lost balls. The Maori caddie is wearing his native flax skirt

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By *ANDRÉ L. SIMON*

A Fishless Luncheon in August

The Fare : Brochettes de foie de veau Parmentier
Roast Grouse
Pois Mangetout au beurre
Fromage et salade verte
Fruits

The Wines : La Fleur Pétrus 1933
L'Angélus 1920

THERE are many good things to eat in many parts of the world, but there is nothing quite so good as a young Scotch or Yorkshire grouse, just plainly and lightly roasted. It is the cleanest feeder of birds : it feeds on heather shoots and never gobbles slugs or insects ; its flesh is the most delicate and delicious. A grouse is so good that it is unpardonable to overcook it, as only too often happens ; it is also a grave error to devour it in hunger. One should serve just one dish—no fish—in front of a grouse, something tasty and fairly substantial to blunt the edge of one's appetite. *Brochettes* of calf's liver cut up in pieces as large as mushrooms' heads and passed through a skewer, with a piece of lean bacon and a mushroom head between each piece of liver, soaked in melted butter, breaderumbed, given more melted butter and then cooked under a hot grill, supply a sort of hot hors d'œuvre which will provide just the right preface to the poem that is to follow : the first grouse of the season. The *Brochettes* are *Parmentier* when served with some potatoes diced and cooked in butter.

The *Pois Mangetout* are a kind of green peas which are not nearly sufficiently grown in England. Their pods are free from all parchment lining and very tender. The peas are picked when quite small ; they can be seen through their transparent pods ; they are not shelled but cooked, pods and all, exactly like French beans.

The first grouse of the season deserves a really fine bottle of wine, but being August and lunchtime a red Burgundy might be a little oppressive, so we might turn to St. Emilion and drink L'Angélus 1920 with the grouse and after, but having led up to it with a bottle of a younger Pomerol, such as La Fleur Pétrus 1933.

K·L·G

'CORUNDITE'

SPARKING PLUGS



K.L.G. "Corundite" Plugs are fitted as standard equipment in all Rolls-Royce, Bentley and Austin cars. There are "Corundite" types for your engine at 5/- each.

K. L. G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD. PUTNEY VALE, S.W.15.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of August 10th, 1889

FREAK Horses. "When Frederick Chard, a travelling showman, was charged with working a horse whilst in an unfit state, a policeman deposed to having seen the horse, which was attached to a vehicle, leaning against the shafts, apparently exhausted. When spoken to, the defendant, in excusing himself, accused himself by saying that it was a freak of nature, and that the horse could not be got to carry flesh. Presently it fell down and was unable to rise, whereupon the policeman summoned the travelling showman. It came out in evidence that the horse, which 'had a head like a camel,' had been exhibited at Roundhay Park, Leeds.

"Fortunately, there have been scarcely any malformed horses exhibited, the records of shows bringing to light very few instances. The 'blue horse' exhibited many years ago was simply one with a very little hair on him, and was sometimes exhibited as the 'hairless horse,' when he is said to have been denuded of the very scanty allowance of hair with which nature had endowed him. Rather more than thirty years ago a horse was shown whose height was 22 hands. He was of the ordinary machiner stamp, but beyond being somewhat leggy, was of no unusual shape or proportions. A few years later the three-legged horse was exhibited in Regent Street. This was a chestnut cob, about 14.1, by no means badly shaped, but lacking a near fore-leg. There was no scapula on the near side, but only a gristly substance. The right fore-leg was placed somewhat across the body, to make up for want of support on the near side. . . . The cob performed a few simple tricks, and concluded his business by jumping a pole placed about a couple of feet from the ground."

IN THE SALEROOM

THE market for valuable books, autograph letters, historical documents and manuscripts has had to absorb a great number of important collections this year, resulting only too naturally in these times in disappointing prices being fetched from time to time. But, fortunately, those responsible have shown considerable acumen by not throwing the whole of a great collection into the auction rooms at one time. It has been said that some collectors are afraid of the destruction of valuable documents in the event of hostilities and are inclined to dispose of their treasures through the lack of enterprise by the great insurance companies in not combining and bringing forward an insurance scheme for the approval of the Government to cover possible losses.

However, when Sotheby's had to dispose of 514 lots from various sources the rarities secured relatively good prices. A letter from Jane Austen, written on March 14th, 1815, to her niece Caroline, fetched £58 ; *Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret*, by Charles Lamb (first edition, Birmingham, 1798), was bought for the quite good price of £165 ; Walt. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* (first edition, Brooklyn, 1855) sold for £102, and one would have expected a keener fight by Americans ; George Gardyner's *A Description of the New World* (first edition, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1651) was an undoubted bargain at £48 ; and an important letter from Benj. Franklin to David Hartley, dated March 31st, 1784, went at £200, not a bit too much.

When the sale of the Harmsworth Trust Library took place it showed there was an increasing demand for old atlases and books dealing with voyages and travels.

A geographie by S. & J. Blaen, of twelve volumes, including 558 double page maps (Amsterdam, 1667), fetched £100 ; J. Gastaldi's collection of maps, comprising a Mappe Monde, and maps of Europe, Africa, Asia, and America folio (Venice, 1562–1579) brought £500 ; and Thomas Baines's large collection of original MSS., journals, letters, notebooks, and sketches relating to his explorations in South Africa and Australia, 1848–1879, secured £280. Dr. Livingstone's letters were bought for the following prices : to R. Hayward (1843), £23 ; to Benjamin Pyne (1849), £20 ; to the Earl of Clarendon, £30 ; and to James Gordon Bennett, £62. A letter from Sir H. M. Stanley to Bennett relative to his expedition to find Living-stone (1871) fetched £55.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, games, country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, Sept. 12th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

ONLY the other day I met a friend who had just returned from a visit to the Rhine. "It's just the same," he told me. "The people are as pleasant as ever, and the last thing they want, or think about, is war." This did not surprise me. The Rhinelanders are very *gemütlich* and easy-going, though unfortunately some of the men from other parts of Germany, who come to holiday on the banks of the great river, are by no means so amiable.

* * *

I went to the Rhine first of all because of the glowing descriptions given me by a German friend in the French Foreign Legion, a friend still somewhere in the Sahara, since he prefers the comparative freedom of the Legion under the French to the conditions existing in his own country.

There were in those days, and still are, Dutch boats running from Rotterdam to Worms. The river boats provide, I find, a very pleasant method of transport, with all the advantages of sea travel without any of the drawbacks. For instance, the food and accommodation as one would expect on a Dutch ship, leave nothing to be desired, and since it is never rough, even the worst sailor will not feel unwell. By day there is always plenty to see, and by night when the boat ties up at the bank you can, should you so wish, go to have a jolly on shore. The quantity and the variety of the shipping is extraordinary, and the barges, their living accommodation adorned with flowers in window boxes, present quite a festive appearance.

* * *

The Rhine is really a national playground. Half the young men of Germany—when not engaged in military service—hike and bike on the banks or *Faltboot* down the river. A light, collapsible affair is the *Faltboot*, invented by a German engineer, whom thousands of young men have learnt to bless. The whole thing is so simple, though, of course, skill and courage are needed, for at night you merely extract your ship from the waters, pitch your tent, and retire to the nearest inn—in search of refreshment.

* * *

Koblenz, where the Rhine and Moselle join, is a pleasant town ; clean, picturesque and very amusing in the evening. There is a *weindorf* concerning which many travellers retain happy memories, having spent a night there drinking "the wine that comes from Rüdesheim," and talking to complete strangers as if they had known them all their lives. From Koblenz, too—I am referring to those who have come by train and not the Dutch boat—one can take the little ferry boats, all of them amply supplied with food and drink, down the Middle Rhine, which is without doubt the most picturesque stretch of all.

* * *

Crowning the hills that tower over the river there are castles, lots of castles. Not an advertisement mars the view—I once saw a large advertisement of a certain brand of corsets in the middle of the Sahara—and, a matter over which the Germans must be given full marks, you hardly see a sign of that monstrous modern invention the petrol pump. But one word of warning. It is almost certain the proprietor of every restaurant you enter will extol with tears in his eyes the merits of the Rhine salmon, and if you believe the story you will soon have tears in yours, for they taste more like Nigerian mudfish than anything else. The Rhine is a noble waterway, but also a very dirty one, and the rhyme learnt at school pathetically asking, "What fair divine can henceforth wash the river Rhine," after its passage through Koln still holds good.

* * *

Rüdesheim I like the best of all the places on the banks of the river, and very much fear it is on account of the wine feast, an annual summer debauch lasting about a week. Once I walked alongside the river from Boppard down to Rüdesheim, and averaged about six kilometres a day. This sounds ridiculous, I know, but there are so many temptations that Rüdesheim would never have seen me had I not encountered a young man carrying a heavy pack who was, so he said, walking to Italy. With him for very shame I completed my journey in one long lap.

* * *

There are vines everywhere, and one sees a marvellous example of intensive cultivation. Every inch of ground has been taken advantage of, and one marvels at the skill of the farmers who have created these terraced vineyards in the most unlikely places, while wondering how the labourers ever work the soil and thin the grapes without toppling into the Rhine.

". . . The wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of water proudly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees."

F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BACK TO THE LAND

SIR,—Your readers may have perhaps noticed that the French Government is considering the giving of marriage loans to young peasants on condition that they remain on the land for fifteen years. This is being done for the purpose of increasing earlier marriages, increased birthrate, and re-peopling the countryside.

A certain number of people have the idea that this or a similar plan might be useful in England. All experiences of this sort, especially the very extensive ones which took place after the war, show that this plan alone is doomed to failure.

A townsman is no use planted in the country. You cannot transplant an old tree into a new climate or a new environment. The re-population of the country must begin in the schools.

All masters and headmistresses appointed to country schools should be country people and country lovers, otherwise their influence is always towards getting their best pupils into offices, into town posts, in the Civil Service, and so on.

Arrangements should be made in all country schools with neighbouring farmers that as part of their regular teaching boys should go on the farm for half a day three times a week, and that girls should go into the dairy or the kitchen for the same educational purpose. It will then be readily seen which pupils are fitted for this life, and which are not fitted. The aim of the future should be to secure for every young man on marrying in the country the opportunity of a little holding of at least "ten acres and a motor car," to enable him to compete successfully for a living and to enable his wife and family, as well as himself, to keep in touch with social life in the neighbouring villages and towns.

Yours faithfully,

8, Harley Street, London, W. 1. JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

"THE CUCKOO AND ITS EGG"

SIR,—The two letters on "The Cuckoo and its Egg," published in your issue of July 22nd, should not be allowed to pass without comment. Mr. W. Audas says of a reed warbler's nest in which he found a cuckoo's egg: "From the shape of the nest . . . which was built on slender reeds, it was impossible that the egg could have been laid, as in the first place, the nest was far too small for so large a bird as the cuckoo to sit in; and in the second, the weight of the bird would inevitably have swamped the nest. Does not this fact go far," &c. May I ask *what* fact? Perhaps it has not occurred to your correspondent that the weight of a young cuckoo for days before leaving the nest cannot be very much less than that of an adult.

Pursued to its logical conclusion, this statement means that it is impossible for reed warblers to rear young cuckoos in the nest, which, of course, is an utter absurdity. The "fact" which is somewhere in the quoted sentences is considered by Mr. Audas "to confirm the theory held by many ornithologists that the female cuckoo drops her egg into nests by means of her bill. She is provided with an enlargement in the throat, in which the egg could be carried in safety during her flight in search of a suitable place in which to deposit it." This is the old exploded regurgitation theory in a slightly new guise, for whereas its one-time exponents readily admitted that cuckoos could stand on nests, Mr. Audas would apparently have us believe that they cannot do so. The only possible inference, then, is that cuckoos hover above a nest and vomit an egg into it. Should he wish to develop this ridiculous theory he may find it difficult to explain why eggs are not smashed in the process of deposition.

Your other correspondent, Mr. Newham, is also a "hoverer" and produces another priceless piece of information. "The bird (cuckoo) must have hovered over the nest to drop the egg in, for it would topple over if it rested on the nest. The egg was hatched out, but the fledgling's weight was too great. I found it dead five days after its birth." We are not told why the "fledgling's" weight was too great, but let it rest!

But Mr. Newham brings forward what is, to me at least, an entirely new version. He says that the cuckoo carried her egg in her feet—feet, mark you, not foot. But I had better quote his very remarkable observations. "I can verify that the cuckoo does lay its egg in the grass, having studied birds all my life. I made a study of this when there were quite a lot of cuckoos in this vicinity. I rose early, between three and four in the morning, and took my position under an elm tree in the middle of a field, covered myself with a grey army blanket, had my glasses, and imitated its call. I attracted cuckoos; one bird settled just over my head, then flew down about 15yds. from me, laid still for about three minutes (I could only see its head at the time), then rose up, turned round, picked up the egg in its feet, then flew away. I distinctly saw this with my naked eyes."

To use an Americanism, can you beat it?

I really hope that Mr. Newham will tell us some more about this unique experience. Why did he go to his post in the very early hours of the morning? I suppose that he imitated the call of the cock, for it is not to be imagined that he could successfully copy the call of the hen. How many cuckoos were attracted? What did they do when they arrived? He tells us that one of them flew down into the grass about 15yds. away when he could only see its head. He presumes that it laid an egg because it "picked up the egg in its feet, then flew away." He must have implicit faith in the reliability of an eyesight which enabled him to observe so graphically an event which has never been witnessed by anyone else—or shall I say recorded?

Mr. Newham draws attention to the zygodactylous feet of cuckoos, and these merit deeper consideration than they have perhaps hitherto received. I think that we can safely dismiss his suggestion that they were so made purposely to pick things up. Those who have watched female cuckoos closely will be aware of the somewhat curious manner in which they will "creep" along a branch. Is it possible that there can be some connection between this arrangement of the toes and the peculiar creeping action?

Yours faithfully,

The Corner House, East Sheen, S.W. E. E. PETTITT.

SIR,—Your correspondent, H. W. Robinson, states in his letter which appeared in your issue of July 8th, that the cuckoo is not an egg eater.

I have made a special study of the cuckoo for many years and have found this bird to be a most confirmed egg thief.

When the cuckoo has laid her egg in a nest she usually carried one away in her beak, and this is almost invariably eaten.

I have watched, at close range, the cuckoo taking eggs from nests on her non-laying days; also, if there are no nests in a suitable condition for her to lay in—that is, nest with fresh eggs—she or her mate will destroy the eggs and the nest, so forcing the owners to lay again.

Yours faithfully,

The Bungalow, Leighton Buzzard. OLIVER G. PIKE.

CAUSE OF FLY SCARCITY

SIR,—Low rivers during the last winter, coupled with very severe frosts, have had the effect of reducing the normal river flies to an almost unparalleled scarcity. Not only is the effect felt by the fisherman, but the trout are taking all and every odd fly which comes their way. Irrigation of trout this year reveals that the ingestion of nymph and fly rarely reaches double figures, in place of as many scores.

The last fish that I have taken from the Avon, although in good condition and full of fight, showed, when cooked, a most unmistakable absence of fat. The flesh was hard and dry, resembling that of a migratory fish after a prolonged stay in a river. Is this perchance due to the absence of fly from the dietary?

To me it opens an interesting question upon which others with greater knowledge may enlighten me: is it cause and effect or coincidence?

Yours faithfully,

Easterton, Wilts. RICHARD LAKE.

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—I have read with interest several letters from readers on the subject of the little owl, and as I have kept one of these highly interesting birds as a pet for well over three years—a feat of which I am rather proud—I decided to relate this story in the hope that you might print it.

A few years ago, a mouse farm was started not far from my home and quite a few pairs of little owls took up their abodes in the vicinity of this farm, because, I suppose, some hundreds of mice must escape into the surrounding fields. I have found mice of all colours in the nests of the owls, which seems to prove it. Well, as I have always had success with all kinds of pets, I decided to tame a little owl, although I was told it is impossible.

I obtained this owl by dangling a woollen sock on a piece of string in a hollow oak which contained four owlets. These birds were little balls of grey fluff, and they showed their hearty disapproval of the presence of the sock by turning over on to their backs and striking out with their sharp little talons. As I had hoped, one of them got his claws entangled in the wool and I was able to draw him gently to the top of the tree. He showed no fear and peeped out of my jacket all the way home.

He used to eat ravenously anything I cared to give him, and was exceptionally fond of the white of a hard-boiled egg. I used to catch and skin mice for him, and these he used to swallow whole, taking about four minutes to do so. I kept him in flannel on a luke-warm stove.

He soon lost all his fluff, which gave way to a soft mottled grey plumage. By this time I had to keep him supplied with at least two mice every day, and this was no easy task. He soon learned to fly, and finally I left him to his own resources in the garden, and used to feed him regularly. After a time he used to fly into the house when he was hungry and not wait for me to go and feed him.

He got to know my family quite well, but if a stranger was in the house, he would fly indoors on to his usual perch, the top of a door, and calmly look for some one to feed him. And then suddenly he would notice the stranger and instantly the pupils of his eyes would dilate and he would stretch his neck and glare most balefully at the intruder. He would refuse any food I offered him, and continue to follow every little movement of the stranger and not until he had gone would he relax and allow himself to be fed.

In less than a year he learned to satisfy his own needs, and it certainly gave me a great deal of relief. But he would come indoors at any hour of the day or night to show us what he had captured. It was a strange and I might say rather unpleasant sensation, to wake up in the night and find a warm mouse, or a large earthworm being dangled in my face. This also has happened to my sister, and needless to say, she did not seem to appreciate it. And when the threshing machine had been at work nearby on the stacks, I found dozens of mice neatly beheaded at different spots in the garden.

The sparrows and starlings used to make a great fuss of mobbing this little owl, but one day they annoyed him so much that he killed two sparrows, more venturesome than the rest—but that is the only time I have known him attack any other bird.

He took a strong dislike to cats, and as our Pekingese also disliked cats, a kind of code sprung up between them. Whenever cats appeared in the garden, which was quite often, the owl would make a terrific din for so small a bird, and the dog—who is usually asleep—would dash outside and chase off the offender. But the owl held even the dog in contempt, and used to take meat from between his jaws.

His behaviour in the spring time and mating season is very strange. When he comes indoors he will suddenly alight on some soft object, such as a carpet slipper, and spreading his wings and ruffing his feathers until he appears twice his usual size, giving him a very comical appearance. He will cluck and make soft cooing noises like a hen with chicks. Also he becomes very irritable, and if anyone whistles or makes any offending noise, such as swishing a broom or stirring coals, he will have a fit of rage and fly on to the offender's head and flap his wings, all the time making a screaming noise. With any food that is given him he makes a great fuss—exactly like a hen calling a brood of chicks to her.

He takes a great delight in being gently scratched, and puts his head on one side and closes his eye for anyone who approaches to do so.

I even took him away 20 miles from home on a farm when I was on holiday. He did not mind his new surroundings at all and soon made the barn his abode. I stayed there for six weeks, and then brought him back home with me.

Finally, he is the most delightful and most interesting pet I have ever had, and when he perches on my shoulder and nibbles gently at my ear with his cruel little beak I often think he is trying to show his affection.

Yours faithfully,

Essex. DERRICK A. SHEAD.

THE HYSTERIA PROBLEM

SIR,—I was most interested in the letter from Mr. J. C. Clayton in your issue of July 15th regarding hysteria in dogs.

I have bred smooth smooth foxterriers for a number of years and have never experienced a case of hysteria. Fifty per cent. of the food supplied to puppies consists of fresh raw minced meat straight from the butcher.

Some puppies I have sold or given away have contracted this disease.

My first question of the new owner is "Have you fed the puppy on raw meat?" The invariable answer is: "No; but some cooked meat."

In one instance, the lady being much aggrieved, I took the puppy home and fed it entirely on raw meat with the result that it recovered in a few days and was successfully shown.

Yours faithfully,

15, Lansdowne Road, Bedford. F. W. POTTER.



SEEDS FROM NEW ZEALAND
(See letter "Palms in Skye")

PALMS IN SKYE

SIR,—I am enclosing herewith a photograph I took last June whilst on holiday in Skye. It was taken at Ord, Sleat.

It shows the only palm trees growing in the Isle of Skye. They were planted about 100 years ago by Colonel Ian Macdonald from seeds sent to him from New Zealand.

The Cuillin Mountains can be seen behind, across Loch Eishort. Yours faithfully,

104, Woodland Way, W. E. BALL.
West Wickham, Kent.

A STRANGE IMPLEMENT

SIR,—The implement which was illustrated in your issue of July 22nd is evidently the lever of an old "wool iron," used for closing the wool sheets after they have received their quota of fleeces. To be complete it should have on each of the two hooks a piece of chain long enough to reach across the filled sheet, and having sharp hooks at the further end. By engaging these hooks in the further side of the sheet, the two sides can then be drawn together with the lever. They are then skewered, and stitched. It is evidently the work of an old craftsman, who, like all his fraternity, liked to make use of old scrap. He appears in this case to have made the handle of the lever out of a pair of old hames.

Yours faithfully,

Itchen Stoke Manor, A. H. BARING.
Winchester.

A similar reply was received from Mr. E. Coward of Southgate House, Devizes. The Curator of the Museum who asked the question writes as follows:

SIR,—Will you please allow me to thank the various readers who have written to me direct in reply to my recent query in the *Field*?

Several seem to think that the implement was for use on a cross-bow, but it is not nearly strong enough for such a purpose. After consideration of the various suggestions received, I am now inclined to the opinion that it was used for pulling together the tops of sacks which were bulging with wool before being sewn up. I am very grateful for your assistance in arriving at this conclusion.

Yours faithfully,

Public Library, F. C. MORGAN
Museum, Art Gallery (Curator).
and Old House, Hereford.

CARRION CROW

SIR,—It is much to be hoped that Mr. J. F. Aspley will send to the British Museum (Natural History) the specimen of a carrion crow, illustrated on page 132 of the *Field* of July 8th, 1939.

In this part of France both raven and carrion crow are abundant, and I have, for some time, suspected the existence of a third species, intermediate in size between the two and with a call note about half-way between the raven's croak and the crow's harsh cry.

The British Museum asked me, some weeks ago, to try to obtain a specimen, but so far I have not been successful.

It would be of interest to the whole scientific world if Mr. Aspley's bird was found to support this surmise. Yours faithfully,

Ermitage du Kerdro, Le Pouldu. KERDRO.

TENTACLE-LIKE ROOTS

SIR,—I have read your correspondent's letter in which he states that the baobab starts life as a creeper, adding that this is the view held by the authorities at Kew.

A few years ago, when I was in the Western Provinces of this territory and in a district abounding in these trees, I remembered the saying that no one had ever seen a young baobab and offered a reward to the local natives for such a sapling. Within a few days I had the choice of specimens, undeniably baobabs, ranging in height from 3in. to 2ft.

The photo I enclose may be of interest. It is of the roots of a great cedar tree on the Nadungoro Plateau of Mount Maru. The soil, containing presumably a palatable salt, has evidently been quite licked away by game, and the remaining protuberant roots have afforded a most pleasant place for a quiet scratch. Tracks of elephant, rhino and buffalo are regularly seen under the roots, which are conveniently situated on a path from their drinking place at the Walatia River, and there is no doubt that all find it, literally, very much to their taste.

Yours faithfully,

Nadungoro Downs, C. HARLAND SMITH.
P.O. Box 124,
Arusha,
Tanganyika Territory.

A "DEGENERATE" MOOSE

SIR,—In the reply of mine, which you published in your issue of July 15th, to Mr. Johnstone's letter, owing to my bad writing there is a mistake. You print "Mr. Johnstone's last paragraph is rather absurd in meaning"; I wrote, "Mr. Johnstone's last paragraph is rather obscure." Perhaps you would be kind enough to correct this.

Yours faithfully,

Staffs. H. F. WALLACE.

ELEPHANT'S DOUBLE HEART

SIR,—I was very interested in the letter and photograph published in the *Field* of June 17th. Having had no experience with the African elephant, this so-called double heart might be phenomenal, but I am sure it will be of interest to your correspondent to hear that all Indian elephants have two pointed hearts, very similar to the photograph, but naturally much smaller in size. Evans, who wrote *Elephants and their Diseases*, mentions that certain other mammals, whales and dugong, share this peculiarity.

Of the innumerable post-mortems I have carried out on wild and domesticated elephants in Burma, I have never seen one without this double apex, giving it the appearance of a double heart.

Yours faithfully,

Shwebo, Upper Burma. J. H. W.



A TALL TOMBSTONE
(See letter "Peterson's Tower")

A RARE BUTTERFLY

SIR,—It may interest some entomologist readers that I took, on July 15th last, in the New Forest, a purple hairstreak (*Z. quercus*) var. *Bellus*, a fine newly-emerged female. As South, in *Butterflies of the British Isles*, says: "At least two such varieties have been taken in England," its scarcity is apparent.

Yours faithfully,

Oaklands, ERNEST E. JOHNSON.
Avenue Road, Brockenhurst.



WHEN IS A CAVE NOT A CAVE?
(See letter "Tentacle-like Roots")

PETERSON'S TOWER

SIR,—Peterson's Tower, or Folly, as it is sometimes called, is a veritable landmark for miles around Sway, Hants.

It was built by Judge Peterson, a wealthy retired Indian judge, about 70 years ago to test the quality of a certain type of cement he made locally, and is believed to be one of the first structures of any size to be built in the British Isles with this cement.

The tower is approximately 250ft. high, and has 345 steps. It took about two years to erect.

Judge Peterson is buried beneath the tower, and it is, therefore, sometimes spoken of as the largest or tallest grave-stone in England.

Yours faithfully,

Little Steddings, G. A. MUSGAVIN.
Forest Row,
Sussex.

COCK PHEASANT SITTING

SIR,—I had the same experience here as your correspondent. An old Amherst cock pheasant drove a hen off her nest and sat on the eggs till they all hatched out. Afterwards he "mothered" them for more than a week, just as a hen would have done, till a day of thunderstorms and very heavy rain, when they were drowned. I imagine he left them and took shelter himself.

Soon after he took possession of the nest, a hen pheasant (I cannot be sure it was the same bird) laid her eggs on the very edge of the same nest for several days. The cock bird did not attempt to drive her off, but when the young hatched she deserted her eggs.

Yours faithfully,

Knebworth Hall, MARY KNUTSFORD.
Royston, Herts.

SIR,—Your correspondent from Balnacoil, Brora, who describes the "maternal" instincts of her Lady Amherst cock pheasant, will be interested to hear of a silver cock pheasant of mine who, finding that one of his wives was too flighty to trust, took on a clutch of eight eggs and sat the whole incubation period of 28 days. He would allow none of his hens near him, and was furious if one dared approach. Six hatched out, and he was a most painstaking mother, scratching and calling to his chicks like any old domestic hen. I never once during the month saw him off the nest, so he evidently fed in the early morning, as he was in excellent condition at the end of his voluntary retirement.

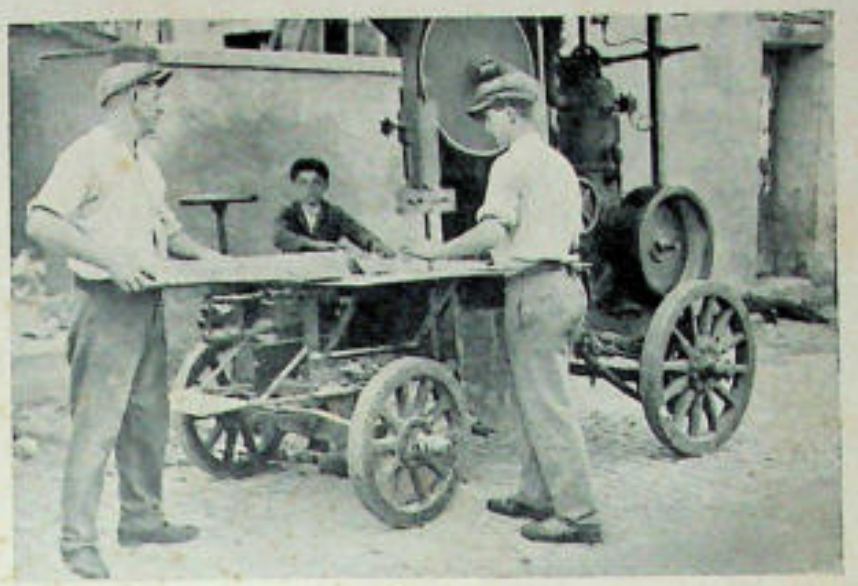
I wish I could record a happy ending! Jealousy, possibly at her husband's domestic success, I imagine, brought tragedy. One day, when they were less than a week old, I found them all either dead or so damaged that they had to be destroyed, while the unnatural mother was still chasing a crippled chick. The cock was evidently bored with the whole business, and took no interest in the destruction of the family he had taken such pains to raise.

Yours faithfully,

Farnham, J. D. SCALE.
Surrey.



HARVESTING WITH A WELL MATCHED TEAM



AT WORK WITH A SAW MILL ON WHEELS

(See letter "Summer in Luxembourg")

SCARCITY OF LANDRAIL

SIR,—For the information of nquirers on the above subject I should like to point out the following facts: Some years ago, in many parts of Dorset, landrails bred in considerable numbers. But with the increase in the number of little owls the landrails began to get scarce, until now one seldom hears a cornerake in summer, and very few are seen in the shooting season. The same applies to the nightjar, which was a very common bird in Dorset, but is now hardly ever seen, or heard, in its old haunts. Nightingales also have been reduced from great numbers to being very scarce in some of their greatest strongholds in this county. I have seen, in recent years, numerous remains of all these birds which have been killed by owls either on their nests or near them. Briefly, then, it is certain that any birds which call or sing by night are doomed in a place where little owls are plentiful. On the other hand, in the north of the British Isles, where, fortunately, the little owl is unknown, these things do not occur. And on my estate in Caithness, where landrails have bred for years, there seems to be no diminution in their numbers.

Judging from the extraordinary letters we see in defence of the little owl, there are still large numbers of our countrymen who have no idea of the appalling damage done by the most destructive of all the raptores, the foreign imported little owl. I could fill a book with known and proved cases, and which I have seen myself, of the havoc caused by these pests.

Yours faithfully,

Hyde, C. E. RADCLYFFE.
Wareham.



A NATTERJACK FROM LANCASHIRE
(See letter "A Rare Toad")

ROEBUCK ANTLERS

SIR,—Refering to Mr. G. Rausing's letter to you concerning a roebuck having clean antlers on May 29th in the Stockholm Zoo.

I have stalked and watched roe for several years, both in this country and abroad. From my own observations and from authoritative literature on the subject, there appears to be no doubt concerning the cycle of the shedding and growth of this animal's horns.

The buck will cast its horns any time from October until the end of December; buck have been shot during Christmas week with antlers intact. The new horn begins to grow almost at once, and therefore a buck who has cast early will have his new horns earlier.

I have shot roe in England quite clean, *i.e.*, without any trace of velvet as early as April 12th, at the same time I have seen roe still in velvet as late as the middle of June.

There appears to be a great deal of difference between the times of cleaning, individuals varying in coming clean from towards the end of March until the middle of June.

Climatic conditions and feeding also must affect these times—for example in one year roe seem to clean much earlier than in others, and I believe the same applies also to the casting period.

East Riding, Yours faithfully,
Morpeth. H. STUART TEGNER.

SUMMER IN LUXEMBOURG

SIR,—An easily accessible part of Europe which deserves more recognition from holiday-makers is the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. In spring the apple trees which border the roads make a fine picture, but the part of the country which has earned the name of "Little Switzerland" is also lovely in summer, when there are shady woodland glens and streams to visit and rocks to climb overlooking the valleys of the Sure and ripening cornfields. I enclose a picture of a quaint harvesting scene and one of a portable saw which goes from house to house to cut up the winter fuel.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. A. SKIDMORE.

A RARE TOAD

SIR,—What is probably the largest colony of natterjack toads in Britain breeds in the slacks or damp hollows between the West Lancashire sandhills near Ainsdale (on the bird sanctuary), where this photograph was taken, and some interesting facts have come to light during observations I made this breeding season in conjunction with my friend, Mr. L. G. Payne, F.Z.S., Curator of the London Natural History Society. It appears that our West Lancashire natterjacks commence to spawn much earlier in the spring than do those of Hampshire, and whereas June is the main spawning season in the South, these colourful little running toads begin to breed in West Lancashire early in April or at the end of March. In mid-April the rattling chorus of the toads gathered in the pools is almost deafening—like thousands of nightjars at a distance—but some were still spawning in June. We have often found natterjacks spawning with common toads, and although I have kept these specimens in my vivarium for four years at a time, I have not succeeded in obtaining any hybrids. It was interesting to see how the bulk of the common toads spawn in the water on the heathy land covering the dunes towards Freshfield, and the natterjacks in the more barren slacks on the bare pans of sand at Ainsdale; the common toads seem to require the vegetation to hold their thicker chains of spawn from getting wind-blown, and the natterjacks seem to take a more coleopterous diet. Incidentally, an enormous destruction of natterjack toads takes place at the hands of birds, and possibly voles, and completely disembowelled specimens can be gathered in hundreds in spring. Herons have been known to kill them and one spring a couple of wigeon were watched feeding on them.

Yours faithfully,

47, Woodsorrel Road, ERIC HARDY.
Wavertree, Liverpool, 15.

PUPPY FEEDING

SIR,—I have a cross-bred Border rough-haired terrier bitch. She is a great hunter, killing all the rats and rabbits she can get hold of. She recently had a litter of two puppies. When they were eight weeks old she started bringing back young rabbits to them. About two weeks later, after one pup had been given away, she came in and searched the house for the remaining pup, whining all the time. Having found it she vomited up a part-digested young rabbit, perfectly skinned and ready for eating. She then stood guard while the puppy ate it. She has now done this five times. She always follows the same routine. Great anxiety till she finds the puppy, when she whines to it to follow her. It leaps up in great excitement and rushes after her, licking her mouth. She takes it to a secluded spot out of doors where she thinks they will be undisturbed, and then watches while it eats. We can only suppose she devised this method of bringing the puppy food as she found the rabbits too heavy to carry far. But how she does it is a mystery.

Yours faithfully,

Lymington, Hants. E. LA COSTE.



how time flies

It is nearly twelve years ago since George that incomparable barman introduced Lillet into the Guards' Club adding just a dash of orange bitters to two-thirds Lillet—one-third Gin.

* * *

Since that time the glad news has gone round Piccadilly . . . through Mayfair and out into the wide open spaces where men hunt foxes and hostesses hunt lions. 'Try a Gin and Lillet' has become 'the usual, please' and Lillet now wears laurels round its neck BECAUSE it carries all before it in cocktail competitions.



LILLET

5/6 *a bottle*

Agents:
Twist & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.,
16 Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

SIR,—While fishing in Ireland a fortnight ago, my wife, who was fishing for the first time, put a worm on while we were having lunch. I personally propped the rod up in the fork of a stick, ran off about 2yds. of line, and placed a stone on the butt of the rod, taking care that it could not interfere with the reel.

As we were finishing lunch, the rod collapsed and disappeared into the river, which is about 12ft. deep at that point. Shortly afterwards, a trout jumped some 20yds. from the bank, and lay on the surface of the water.

I immediately rowed out, hoping to catch the line, and thereby secure rod and fish; but the trout, a fellow of about 4lb., saw me and dived.

I have not seen any more of him or the rod since, in spite of the fact that the river was dragged very thoroughly for many hours afterwards.

Possibly some of your readers may have had similar experiences. I should be very interested to know of them.

Yours faithfully,

Weybridge, SLACKLINE.
Surrey.

A NATURALIST IN THE CHIN HILLS

SIR,—I am just on my way back to my native country—South Africa—after a most interesting trip in the Chin Hills in Upper Burma.

I had reason to believe, before going on this trip, that such an out-of-the-way place should provide a wonderful field for the activities of a naturalist, and I may say that my anticipations were certainly fulfilled.

My idea was chiefly to make a collection of "ophidia," and I think possibly some of your naturalist readers may be interested in the varieties of snakes which I managed to collect.

The Chins regard all snakes with horror, and I found that I could get very little co-operation from them in my search for specimens.

I treated four villagers for snake bite while I was there—all bitten by *Lachesis gramineus*, which is the commonest snake in those parts. The other snake which seemed to be common up there was *Xenodon*.

Some of the varieties I got are tabulated under:

1. Family *Typhlopidæ*. One specimen found at Taungtek, near the Manipur river. A very rare snake as far as I know.

2. Family *Viperidæ*. Three specimens of *Lachesis gramineus*—the common snake.

3. Sub-family of No. 1 above—*Dipsadinæ*. Two specimens of *Dinodomorphus hexagonotus* (one, length 26in., dorsals 19–19–14; a fine specimen). One specimen of *Pseudodynastes pulverulentus*; only a small one.

4. Sub-family of No. 1—*Elapinæ*. Two specimens of *Callophis macclellandi* (one, length 29½in.).

Yours faithfully,

The Wheeler Club, WILLIAM WHEATSTONE.
Meerut, United Provinces.

A QUEER SEAT

SIR,—I thought the enclosed photograph might interest some of your readers. It shows a chair made with sixteen pairs of antlers from the red deer which roam parts of Exmoor.

I came across this chair outside a house near



THE EXMOOR ARMCHAIR
(See letter "A Queer Seat")

Minehead, and was told by the owner that only three such chairs were ever made.

They were made by the same man, who collected the antlers, and were bolted together to form the chairs.

It is the first time I have ever seen anything else but hat racks made from antlers; but perhaps some of your readers know of other uses to which they have been put.

Yours faithfully,

27, Pragnell Road, J. KING.
S.E. 12.

[It is a little difficult to see the point of such a seat.—ED.]

GUITING WOOD

SIR,—In your issue of June 24th, there is an article by Mr. H. J. Massingham which, after dilating on the beauty of Guiting Wood in the Cotswolds, states that Oxford Dons "having first sold Oxford to be developed as a second Manchester or Wigan, did not hesitate to lay waste Guiting Wood for gain." Anyone who considered the first part of this sentence may have wondered if the second part was more than whirling words, and for those who are interested in Guiting Wood, I may state the facts. There are 385 acres in the wood belonging to the College, of which 22 have been cleared for re-afforestation; the underwood and some of the timber has been cut on a further 20 acres in another part of the wood.

Yours faithfully,

Corpus Christi College, R. W. LIVINGSTONE.
Oxford.

VARIETY OF MARTIN

SIR,—On Thursday morning, July 20th, I saw a completely grey—almost white—martin hawking for flies over a water-cress bed in this neighbourhood. Is not this a very unusual variation?

Yours faithfully,

F. AINSLIE WILLIAMS.

Itchen Abbas House,
Near Winchester, Hants.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask your help for a poor woman, aged 67, the widow of a cobbler. Her only son has taken on the debt left at his father's death, but, as he has a family of his own, is unable to give additional assistance to the family purse. There are two daughters; one is lying critically ill in hospital with a rheumatic heart and the other is doing domestic work and trying to keep both her mother and herself. We have a promise of 7/6 weekly for this tragic family on condition that we raise the sum of 5/- a week. Will you make this possible? £13 needed.



IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

PRACTICALLY every branch of British trade is enjoying boom conditions. Never was the country more prosperous. There is more money in the tills of the deposit banks and in the hands of the public than ever before. This is proved by a record note circulation at the Bank of England.

It is true that prosperity is based on lavish expenditure by the Government on rearmament. That is the driving force. It results in record steel production, increasing railway traffics, increasing motor car registrations, and other pointers to industrial prosperity.

Money is available to purchase necessities and luxuries. Unemployment in the country has been very substantially reduced in recent months, with the probability of further contraction as the months go by.

These pointers have been duly noted by investors. There is a diligent search for securities in companies likely to benefit from the present period of prosperity. The brewery trade very naturally derives much benefit from reduced unemployment. Beer production during June was at the highest level for that particular month for several years.

Most reports and dividend statements coming from brewery companies reflect the better conditions. Future reports are likely to show even better results. An important point is that prosperity is likely to continue for several years to come.

There has been a movement towards brewery stocks and shares. Special attention is directed to companies operating in the centres of hectic industrial activity. For instance, Tennant Brothers Limited has its brewery at Sheffield. It is well known that Sheffield trade is particularly active.

Tennant Brothers Limited has a good record. Dividends have been regular, although varying according to conditions operating from time to time. The financial year ends on June 30th. For the last two financial years total dividend has been 12½ per cent. with earnings of over 16 per cent.

An interim of 2½ per cent. has been maintained for the year to last June. A final dividend is expected at the end of this month. The £1 ordinary shares have a market price around 43/-. The shares offer a return of over £5 16s. per cent., but there is possibility of an increased distribution.

Newcastle Breweries £1 units of ordinary stock are being bought around 69/-. Here is a company which has made steady progress since the depression period of 1932. The year ends on October 31st. For the last two financial years the dividend has been 15 per cent., supplemented by a 2½ per cent. cash bonus in 1938.

Naturally, the important Burton breweries must derive considerable benefit from industrial activity because of the widespread character of their trade. Ind Coope & Alsopps £1 ordinary with a price around 92/- are regarded as a sound investment. Total dividend for the year to September, 1938, was 27½ per cent.

There was also a scrip bonus of 20 per cent. Interim on the larger capital has been maintained this year at 7½ per cent. It is, however, possible that the final will be somewhat under the 20 per cent. distributed a year ago. Despite this the security merits investment attention.

I regard Taylor Walker £1 ordinary units as well worth investment consideration. It is a security which I believe to be worth buying and putting away for a time. Dividend for 1938 was 9 per cent., which went against 10 per cent. for each of the preceding three years. The lower distribution was explained by dearer brewing materials.

This brewery has a substantial and growing interest in the County of Essex. This is particularly so in an area which shortly will be developed as a result of the electrification of the railway from Liverpool Street and the opening up of a new tube railway to the area.

The units are now valued around 31/-. They return about £5 16s. per cent. on the reduced dividend of last year. Those prepared to exercise patience may find this security a remunerative investment.

PANDA PHILANDERINGS

Even pandas have to grow up, and Ming, the so-called baby giant panda, at the London Zoo, has practically trebled her weight since her arrival at the end of last year, and her temper in the Children's Zoo is becoming a little uncertain. She has now been given quarters in the Lion House, and from this vantage point she has opportunity to view Tang, the male giant panda. It appears that they have fallen for each other, and in the autumn it is hoped that arrangements for their courting will have been made.

New Books

TWENTIETH CENTURY COBBETT

Turn Left for England. By REGINALD POUND. (Chapman & Hall; 8/6.)

THIS book is apparently due in no small measure to Sinclair Lewis. Mr. Pound says so. Well, I read through the whole book, expecting on every page to find just what it is that Sinclair Lewis did not know. But I do not know now, which is very disappointing.

But the book is anything but disappointing. Mr. Pound set out on a bicycle to make a tour of England. He seems to have been followed by his car, and when the going was not too good he exchanged bicycle for car—and by so doing missed, I think, much that he might have seen. But he saw quite enough. He is a really keen observer with that very rare faculty of imparting the feel as well as the substance of what he has seen to his reader. He describes England green and pleasant, and England horrible and dirty. He hobnobbed with girl-bicyclists and men-bicyclists, with ice-cream vendors and commercial travellers, with A. P. Herbert and Henry Williamson, with monied man and tramp. He puts down what he saw and what he heard in simple compelling language.

He puts down also his conclusions—rather vague conclusions, perhaps, the gropings of a sincere man who is bewildered by the maze of modern life. But conclusions that are most thought-provoking. He sees a new temper rising in England "with possibilities unforeseen for ourselves and the world." He sees a new social order coming in England. He sees the youth of England, of every class except that called "the old school tie" class (and that is a class limited to about two or three schools), waiting for a leader. That temper is not realised by the men who govern us. The possibility of a revolt against the present social system is not realised by the politician or the financier. Mr. Pound is convinced of the existence of that temper, and the new order that will come from it is as certain in his mind.

This serious note—sometimes a bitter note—crops up with unexpected violence every now and again, and is the more forceful since the book as a whole is as leisurely as was Mr. Pound's bicycle tour. "It is," says the blurb, "honest, sincere, fearless, and as uncompromisingly English as its author's name." That is one of the few really truthful statements I have ever read in a blurb. This is a book that should be read by everyone who cares for England: by everyone who thinks of England more than as a place to live in or exist in; by everyone who thinks at all of the future of this country of ours. It is a magnificent book, quiet and leisurely, and friendly—and fierce and defiant. It deserved more than a Book Society's Recommendation.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.

* * * *

General Regulations of the Federation Equestre International.

One welcomes the rules of the above very admirable organisation, which have been translated from the French by Captain G. F. Fressanges, the Secretary of the International Horse Show, Olympia.

It should be stated that French is the official language of the F.E.I., which now claims the membership of 31 nations in its muster roll.

The F.E.I. is the official organisation under which all dressage tests and military jumping events are judged in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent.

In view of the impetus which dressage tests have received in England there has been a constant demand for an English version of the rules: fortunately the translation was undertaken by one who is so *au courant* with horse show organisation, and rules, and he has left nothing to be desired in his work. It is a straightforward translation with no ambiguous matter, and it is written in the correct phraseology.

Everyone who intends to compete in dressage tests would be well advised to study these rules carefully, particularly with regard to the smaller details. It will be noted that blinkers and bandages are prohibited and this fact alone has been responsible for many competitors at the International Horse Show, Olympia, having to alter their "tack" at the last moment; such little annoyances invariably upset the morale of the rider before riding into the arena to carry out his test. Plans showing measurements of the arena, the obstacles and their measurements, and the much discussed half-pass (*appuyer*) is carefully demonstrated by diagrams.

It should be noted that any British competitor wishing to take part in equestrian events abroad must obtain the necessary permit from the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, which is the appointed representative in England of the F.E.I., thanks to the yeoman service of Brigadier-General T. H. Marchant, D.S.O., who was responsible for introducing these rules into England, and thereby providing more competitions for British horsemen to take part in. This book, which is to be obtained for 5/- from the Secretary, the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, 66, Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1, gives the names and addresses of the representatives of the 31 nations which are affiliated to the F.E.I., under the headings of their respective countries, and the Dressage Committee from which the judges are selected. Here one notes the names of old friends at Olympia in Commandant G. Hector, of France, the enthusiastic founder of this splendid organisation, which has done so much to foster international goodwill and co-operation; General Von Poseck, of Germany, who is as distinguished an authority on dressage as he was as a cavalry leader; and Colonel Quarles Van Ufford, of Holland.

Captain Fressanges is to be congratulated on producing such an invaluable and accurate work.

F. C. HITCHCOCK.

* * * *

Skittie. By ALLEN W. SEABY. *Khyberie in Burma.* By Major C. M. ENRIQUEZ. (A. & C. Black; 5/- each.)

Mr. Seaby has chosen the history and trials of a Shetland pony as the theme of his latest book. From Shetland the scene shifts, with much invention and originality to the South of England, where the story has a happy conclusion. Mr. Seaby's great knowledge of his subject, combined with his admirable illustrations, make an exceedingly attractive book for any child.

Thousands of children read about the pony Khyberie on the Frontier, and now Major Enriquez follows his fortunes to Burma. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say that this book is as attractive as the last, and is illustrated by K. F. Barker.

* * * *

Who's Who in Racing. TOTE INVESTORS, LTD. £1 10s.

This is probably the most comprehensive book of its kind ever published. The main section is devoted to racing personalities of every kind, and the information given is accurate and full. There is also a social section in which details as to membership of the many racing clubs are set out. A description of the more important of the bloodstock breeding establishments in England, Ireland and France is a particularly good feature, and no less useful is the list of stallions and their successes. A table of the results of the principal races for the last twenty years is unusually comprehensive, as it gives placed horses with the owner, trainer, jockey and weight. I can imagine no one interested in racing from any point of view being without this book.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

* * * *

Sky Roads of the World. By AMY JOHNSON. (W. & R. Chambers; 6/-.)

This is Miss Johnson's first book. She may write others which will be more technical, but certainly they will not prove more interesting to the general reader who "hopes to fly one day."

Sky Roads of the World is by no means a mere encyclopædic history or a book full of statistics. It is something much more personal; it is a record of Miss Johnson's own flights and those of other brave and well-known aviators. It has as its theme the romantic story of the pioneering which conquered the air. In these days, when we are apt to forget all the experience and endurance which led to our splendid modern air routes, it is a pleasant thing to be reminded of the people who blazed the trail for our future comfort. Miss Johnson has made another fine flight. WILLIAM LUSCOMBE.

* * * *

The Principles of Insect Physiology. By V. B. WIGGLESWORTH, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. Pp. 434, 316 illustrations. (Methuen; 20/-.)

It is not often the pleasure of a reviewer to find that the book placed before him is something really excellent, one that he recognises will become a standard work of reference. The most casual perusal of the present text-book shows that it must be the result of profound knowledge of the subject and the industry of a life-time. Five years ago the author produced a small book, *Insect Physiology*, as one of the companion volumes in Methuen's "Monographs of Biological Subjects"; no doubt it was the nucleus from which the present work was formed. But during those few intervening years it has become evident that there is need for a much more comprehensive volume.

No form of animal life has so many species as are found in the Insecta, consequently experts have had to specialise in certain defined branches of study when dealing with such a vast assemblage of life. In the past this has been almost exclusively confined to morphology and taxonomy, the latter exercising a peculiar attraction for specialists. The physiological study of insects was considered, or rather treated, as a part of morphology, and it is only of recent years that the physiological aspect has been receiving the attention that is its due.

The increasing importance and the successes that have been gained by the biological control of injurious insects has undoubtedly been the reason for the impetus that was given seeking answers to many problems. What are the effects of climatic conditions on insects? What are the laws that govern their sensory stimuli, and what are the most effective chemical agents to bring about their destruction? How do insects feed, are they specific in their habits, and what are the exact details of the extensive interparasitism that obtains among them?

It is obvious that to find the answers to such questions requires a detailed knowledge of the inner working of the insects themselves, and when information was sought on these points it became very evident that the physiological side had been very much neglected. From that time much progress has been made by many workers in several countries and papers published in different languages in the various technical journals and transactions of learned bodies. To keep track of these scattered publications is quite a feat in itself and has imposed a burden on the scientist who must remain conversant with the researches of his colleagues abroad. The previous book by Dr. Wigglesworth necessitated the study of some 2,000 such publications, of which he quotes nearly 300, but in his new work he himself gives well over 2,000 references!

Present-day advances in experimental technique have rendered much of the older physiological work useless, and Dr. Wigglesworth has now given us a perfect text-book, the only one of its kind, for use in a branch of study that will continue to assume greater importance. The layout of the text is admirable, illustrations are given whenever called for, and although they are said to number 316, actually many times this number appears in the book; one figure alone contains some thirteen drawings. References are at the end of each chapter, they are truly numerous and include a definition of the material dealt with in the work to which reference is made; it is one of those small details that makes a reference book so much more valuable.

This new work may be considered as completing the entomologist's reference library and is the indispensable companion to Methuen's *General Textbook of Entomology* (by Imms), which has now run into its fourth edition; I foresee a similar demand for this new and most important work.

* * * *

The World of Insects. By DUNCAN and PICKWELL. Pp. 409, Figs. 194. (McGraw-Hill; 21/-.)

There are three kinds of books about insects, the very technical kind which seem to be quite unintelligible to ordinary mortals, then there are those that are printed privately which are usually concerned with the author's own collection of specimens and are seldom worth while reading, and finally we have the books written popularly for the general public.

These popular books were much of a muchness. Before the War they were published at intervals that could almost be timed, yet, with such a vast amount of material to draw upon, the plan followed by each book remained so similar that an attentive reader could assure himself of finding the usual pet items. The monotonous treatment palled after reading only a few authors.

To-day things have changed considerably. In the popular field we find that fewer books are published—perhaps just as well—and those that do see the light of day are now normally concerned with a rather more specialised subject. However, *The World of Insects* is a book based somewhat on the old lines: to write an introduction to entomology as a whole necessarily requires covering much of the usual ground, and so it could well fall under the heading of a re-write of an older book. This the authors have been able to avoid.

Both the authors are expert entomologists and they have not refrained from bringing their specialised knowledge into the book, the structure of insects, using Orthoptera as example, is explained and illustrated in great detail. In fact the physiological and morphological descriptions are treated at length and technical terms have not been omitted, but when they are first mentioned they are so lucidly described that the general reader is never left at a loss. The first terminological definition always appears in italics, it makes for easy reference and follows the modern practice of well-edited literature.

This book is one that will lead its reader more deeply into entomology, but nevertheless there is little fear that one will soon "outgrow" the book, as happens with so many popular works, for the detailed contents will remain a useful guide to the majority of us.

The final chapters deal with advice on collecting, rearing and observing insects and setting specimens for the cabinet, here the tyro will find illustrations to help him at every step. I was rather surprised to see that dipterous and hymenopterous insects were not set with wings extended.

The book is printed on art paper and bound in the usual excellent binding associated with McGraw-Hill. Illustrations are in line and photographic, a feature of them is the length of the captions and sub-captions, which are quite excellent reading in themselves.

E. F. LISSSEX.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

"One man in his time plays many parts," and R. HENDERSON-BLAND has done so on the stage and in his life. His experiences are recounted in *Actor—Soldier—Poet* (Heath Cranton; 12/6), and very remarkable they are. He took the part of Christus in the film "From the Manger to the Cross," visiting the Holy Land for the scenes, and this was evidently the most emotional event in his life; yes, even compared with the part he played in the Gloucestershire Regiment during the Great War, with its visions of Thiepval, Beaumont Hamel, Paschendaele and that epic retirement of the Fifth Army in 1918. What a contrast to days of theatrical ambition and memories of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree (wounded by the author in a fencing demonstration), Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Brown Potter, Sir George Alexander and Lewis Waller! "A Sheaf of Poems" marks "Phase 4" of the volume, and in it are verses which re-echo truths, notably those addressed to Georg Brandes.

* * * *

The travelling public will get full value from the official guide to British hotels and restaurants published by the Hotels and Restaurants Association at 1/3. It is a very complete work and includes full details about our leading hotels.

NEW USES FOR FARM PRODUCTS

The Avoidance of Waste in North America

VIEWED from a detached angle, modern life seems a confused patchwork of riches and poverty, abundance and scarcity, over-production and mal-distribution. However, in this vortex of human activity, aimless though much of it may seem, some developing trends are becoming visible to the keen observer. One is that the horizon of human knowledge is rapidly widening, as science marches on. Another is the increasing dependence of mankind on science in its various phases. Science has provided, for the agriculturist, new and better varieties of plants and animals, has produced fertilisers for our depleted soils, and poisons to check the ravages of insect enemies, has invented new ways of processing and preserving our staple foods.

Now we demand of our scientists a further service—to find new uses for the surplus food products and attendant farm-wastes which the world's markets seem temporarily unable to absorb. Agriculture and industry are interlocking to a rapidly increasing extent, and their dependence on one another is becoming very marked. We have already embarked upon an era when much of the raw material used in our complex industrial systems is to come from the farms.

In North America farming has hitherto been marked by extravagance and waste, largely because of the lack of demand for much of the stuff produced. "Get-rich-quick" methods have too often been in evidence. The early pioneers of Ontario burned down invaluable hardwood trees for the sake of the potash which they leached from the ashes, and because this method of clearing land for farming was quick and cheap. Even now considerable timber, valuable as fuel if not for lumber, is burned merely because it is in the way. Forests generally have receded steadily before the plough; too much so, in fact, for the good of many districts, now barren for lack of the moisture which the trees helped to bring and to conserve. Wide-scale grain farming has looked upon straw, and even manure, as useless waste, only to be burned.

But better methods are now gradually superseding these. Wiser planning will recognise in straw a valuable by-product, to be utilised in industry. The millions of tons consumed yearly by fire would afford a splendid source of wallboard and paper, and would thus conserve the timber supply. Cellulose is in great demand to-day, and research points to straw as a rich source. Already a beginning has been made in the direction of utilising straw for these purposes. Flax straw in particular would make excellent paper, but practically no use is made of flax straw so far in the West, though in Eastern Canada the fibre content of the plant is regarded as the most valuable part.

Corn cobs and oat hulls, once discarded as worthless, are being utilised in the manufacture of furfural, of which millions of pounds are now made yearly at a low cost. Furfural is a light-coloured liquid with a specific gravity slightly higher than water. In combination with carbolic acid it produces a synthetic resin which has a multitude of uses as a substitute for hard rubber. Acetone, a valuable solvent, has also been produced from similar material, and is useful in the manufacture of chloroform, ether and explosives.

Another method, produced in State Experiment Stations, of utilising corn waste (stalks and cobs), is to produce a gas for household requirements of cooking and lighting. The generator for the gas can be cheaply made of concrete on the farm, and will supply the house with 100 cubic feet of gas daily at a small initial cost. The scheme requires the addition of domestic wastes as well as the corn stalks, and employs the natural process of fermentation, so that it may prove a boon to districts in the corn belt away from electric power.

On the Western prairies a certain amount of diversified farming is now being carried on, the principal object of which is to sell cream for butter to central dairies or "creameries." Consequently an important by-product of this region is skim milk, now mostly fed to calves and pigs. It is estimated, however, that the feeding of this skim-milk is not particularly profitable, and considerable research work has been carried on to find better industrial uses to bring larger returns. Quantities of an excellent waterproof glue used for aeroplanes and similar constructions are now made from the casein part of milk. The paper trade prefers size made from casein, much of which is now imported from South America. A textile fibre from casein, similar to rayon, and first produced in Italy, has possibly a bright future. Lactose (milk sugar) is estimated to be at present the largest waste in the dairy industry, and though part of it is now consumed by the brewers, and a smaller part used in medicine, it can be utilised in larger quantities as a cattle feed, or incorporated into foods for humans.

A comparative newcomer to North America, but rapidly gaining in popularity, is the Asiatic soy-bean, long grown in Manchuria, and there used widely as food and feed. Its peculiarity as a legume is its remarkable oil content, and this oil promises well in industry, for it is now extensively used in soap-making, while, when refined, it can be employed in salads and in butter substitutes. The meal is valuable as a cattle-feed, and also in the manufacture of plastics, while a breakfast food is also made from it. Scientific research during the past three years has established nearly 50 industrial and other uses from this remarkable plant.

One of the main crops in the Middle West, inherited from older civilisations, has always been Indian corn. While about 90 per cent. of the corn produced is fed directly to all kinds of livestock, there still remains a considerable quantity which passes through many complicated processes. Corn starch has long been sold over grocery counters, and corn syrup, familiar as a staple food, has recently jumped into fame as an infant food since the advent of the Callander quintuplets. Dextrin, or British gum from the roasted starch, has many uses in textile and other industries, while an oil is extracted from corn which is being absorbed into the manufacture of soap and also aids in the production of artificial rubber.

It has often been suggested that a motor fuel for use in farm machinery could profitably be made from surplus grains and potatoes. Accordingly, considerable research work has been done along this line, to determine the cost and efficiency of this alcohol. So far the beneficial results from this line of effort have been small. Though a mixture of alcohol with petrol makes for smoother engine operation, and tends to prevent the formation of carbon, there appears to be a tendency towards harder starting, while the solvent action of alcohol is a detriment to the cork floats of carburettors. The mixture, too, slightly increases the cost of operation.



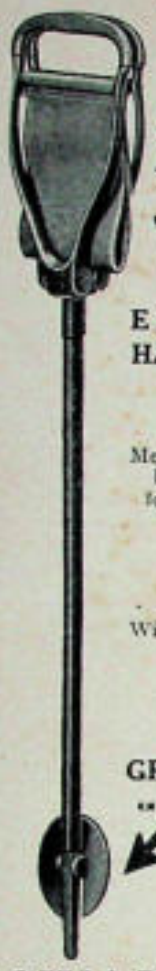
A TYPICAL FOREST IN NORTHERN ONTARIO, SHOWING A STEEL TOWER USED FOR OBSERVATION PURPOSES IN CONNECTION WITH THE AVOIDANCE OF FOREST FIRES

In the drying of apples for shipment and in crushing them for cider there was at one time, considerable waste material (apple pomace), which at best, made a second-rate feed for cattle and pigs. Scientific investigation has aided here, in the development of pectin a natural substance which has a colloidal or "jelling" effect on many fruit juices. Pectin can now be obtained at all groceries in bottles for home jelly-making, while it is also employed extensively in factories where jams and jellies are prepared on a large scale. It has even been used in the rubber trade to "set" the rubber milk or latex.

The general trend of these experiments, now being carried on in most great modern States, is, by constant and patient research, to find new markets for materials produced on the farm. Much of this work is necessarily in the "blind-alley" class, for what may at first appear to be a profitable line of endeavour may turn out to be comparatively worthless. On the other hand, scientific research should, in the long run, contribute to the increased comfort and convenience of humanity in general. In the meantime, every movement which tends to co-ordinate different branches of human activity deserves encouragement. Surpluses of food will eventually be absorbed, and at some time in the future large-scale waste will be regarded as a sin against the community. Hence it is of the utmost importance that Science and Agriculture should march side by side towards the great task of efficiently supplying, with the minimum of effort and waste, the needs of humanity.

HENRY BEES.

By Appointment to the late King George V.



The SHOTOVER
A NEW SHOOTING STICK

EXTRA WIDE HAMMOCK SEAT

No. 1501
Metal stem, extra wide hammock seat and folding ground plate.
£2 : 7 : 6

No. 1500
With adjustable stem.
£3 : 0 : 0

FOLDING GROUND PLATE

SWAINE and ADENEY, Ltd.
185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

GET THE BEST RESULTS FROM YOUR SNAPSHOTS THIS EASY WAY



On the back of the already addressed tag you just tick off your developing and printing instructions. Nothing could be simpler—no packing, no wrapping, no writing. When the finished prints are sent you receive a fresh envelope for the next spool, and, in addition, a reply paid postcard for the easy ordering of new films. So no matter where you live or spend your holiday you get London service.

We have long been famous for the quality of our developing and printing. Our thousands of regular postal customers increase each year—this is what one of them says: "The films returned were beautifully done, and I shall send all my films to you in future." And another: "The quality of the work posted is far in advance of any other firm I have dealt with."

All films, whether miniature or not, have the care and attention of experts only. The best costs no more.

Write for free linen despatch bags now.

WALLACE HEATON Ltd.
Leading Developing and Printing Specialists,
127, NEW BOND STREET, W.1
47, BERKELEY STREET, W.1
43, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8
166, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1



SAFEGUARD YOUR HERD

'Chloros' is the ideal farm disinfectant because it is harmless to man and animals at strengths that rapidly destroy disease germs; because it will not taint milk; because it removes bad smells by removing their cause; because it is cheap and simple to use. Use 'Chloros' regularly.

For cleaning milk pails, coolers and other equipment, use the I.C.I. detergent "Lustros".

CHLOROS
THE IDEAL FARM DISINFECTANT

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD., DEPT. G.C.84, IMPERIAL CHEMICAL HOUSE, LONDON, S.W.1

C.N.874

KELVIN-RICARDO
PETROL-PARAFFIN MARINE ENGINES

MADE in six (Poppet Valve) models from 7½ h.p. to 72 h.p., these engines are available in three series:—E, light weight; F, medium weight; and G, heavy duty.

All are equally reliable, and all are noted for excellence of design and workmanship, coupled with moderate price and low maintenance costs.

Prices cover complete marine equipment, including shaft, stuffing boxes, propeller, tanks, and all piping connections. This greatly simplifies installation, reduces total cost, and is an important point which should not be lost sight of when prices are being compared.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES TO THE MAKERS.



The Bergius Co. Ltd
DOBBIE'S LOAN — GLASGOW C.4

SEAGER'S
SUFFOLK HAMS
Famous for over 100 years

THE UNIQUE FULL BUT DELICATE FLAVOUR, COMBINED WITH SUFFOLK SWEETNESS, IS A DELIGHT TO THE EPICURE

Apply: Leading London & Provincial Stores, or
ROBERT SEAGER, LTD., IPSWICH

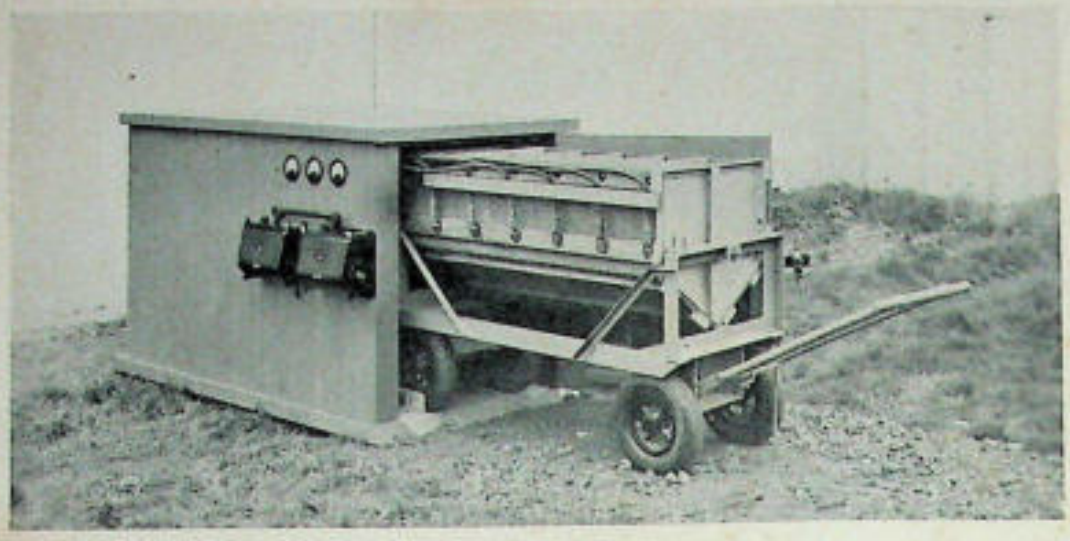
YACHTS, Steam, Sail & Motor, also LAUNCHES.
ALL SIZES—SALE OR CHARTER.
Write for List of Motor Yachts, Cabin Cruisers, or Auxiliary Sailing Yachts.

BLAIR & BINNIE, *Yacht Brokers*
93, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW, C.2
Telegrams: "AMARANTH, GLASGOW."
Tels.: 2519 | Central

HEALTHIER MOTORING

Enjoy health-giving fresh air by motoring in Tickford Coachwork. The pleasure of touring is doubled. The Tickford Drop-Head Coupes and Four-Door Cabriolets are built up in electrically welded steel framework, giving lightness and great strength, and the ease with which these are opened and closed is not found in any other Coachwork of this type. The hoods are fully lined as in a Saloon, no framework being visible. Tickford Bodies are the result of over 20 years' specialisation in Open-Closed Coachwork in which are incorporated patents giving the maximum ease of opening and closing, with complete protection from wind and rain in rough weather. No other Coachwork of this type can give you the same advantages. Thousands are in daily use giving absolute satisfaction. Tickford Coachwork is included in the Models of the Armstrong-Siddeley, Daimler, M.G., and Rover Cars. Descriptive specification with pleasure from the Patentees:

SALMONS & SONS
(Coachbuilders) LTD.
NEWPORT PAGNELL
London Showrooms:
8, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2



PORTABLE ELECTRICAL STERILISER, HOLDING HALF-A-TON

The Country House

SOIL PASTEURISATION

By R. QUARENDON, Ph.D., B.Sc.

GARDENERS are realising to an increasing extent the need for soil which is clean as well as being in good physical condition and supplied with suitable plant foods. All soils contain pests and disease organisms in a greater or less degree, and their removal cannot fail to benefit in a striking manner the health and vigour of the plant.

Pasteurisation of the soil improves germination of seeds, reduces loss of seedlings, strengthens root growth, produces earlier and finer fruit and flowers in greater abundance, while weeding is almost eliminated.

There are two general methods of soil sterilisation, firstly by heating, and secondly by means of chemicals. The former is the most satisfactory, and is the one most generally employed.

For the pasteurisation of glasshouse soil on a large scale, there is little doubt that steaming is still the best and cheapest way. It consists of blowing in steam from a boiler at 70–80lb. per square inch pressure, and thus raising the temperature to a point where no organisms can survive.

Steaming can be carried out either by the tray or the "grid" system. When the disease organisms are near the surface, the former method suffices, but when the trouble is deep seated, as, for example, with eelworm, the latter method must be used to secure proper penetration. If thoroughly carried out, steaming need not be repeated for three or four years, but it pays to do the job thoroughly. Careless steaming may leave local untreated areas which soon become sources of re-infection.

In the tray method, a 1in. diameter iron pipe, drilled with holes along its length, is laid in a shallow trench along the soil, and is covered with a tray 9in. deep, made of match-boarding and lined with zinc. Steam is blown in until the temperature of the soil reaches 200–212° F., as judged by a thermometer pushed 10in. into the soil. It should continue for another 30 minutes for normal soils and longer for very heavy soils. The soil to be pasteurised must be moderately dry and must be dug one spit deep before steaming.

The general principles of the grid system are the same, but the iron pipe is arranged in the form of a comb some 8ft. to 10ft. long, having side-takes about 2ft. long pierced by holes some 3in. apart. This grid is placed in a trench about 18in. deep. The soil to be pasteurised is placed on top and the whole covered with a tarpaulin. Steam should be passed for 15 to 20 minutes.

Steaming by the tray method costs roughly £80 to £180 per acre, according to the thoroughness with which it is carried out, while the grid method also costs about £180 per acre.

For sterilising smaller quantities of soil, boxes holding about one ton can be constructed quite simply. A type which has been used with success is built up from 1in. deal boards provided with a thin steel lining bolted on. The steam pipe is laid beneath a false bottom.

Another cheaply constructed steamer has a concrete bed with channels in which the pipes are laid. It is surrounded by a brick wall 18–20in. high on three sides, the fourth being closed by a steel door with handles which can be taken away to facilitate the removal of the soil. When pasteurisation is carried out in boxes of this type, it is convenient to arrange them at somewhat above the level of the cart or barrow which receives the soil.

In all these cases, while the pasteuriser itself is comparatively cheap, it is the boiler which is the expensive item. A new one may cost from £250 to £450. There is a portable type of pasteuriser mounted on wheels, holding a ton of soil in which the steam is both raised and used, which costs £140.

For really small-scale operation, there are several units mounted on wheels which are capable of handling a hundredweight or two of soil. In these, water is boiled in an iron vessel, which is provided with a perforated false bottom on which the soil rests. A steriliser operated on similar lines could easily be constructed at home from a domestic gas-fired wash boiler at a minimum of expense.

Owing to the high cost of boilers, electrical pasteurisers have gained a considerable following during the last year or two, and with the steady cheapening of electrical energy their popularity will undoubtedly increase.

They have the advantage of relatively low labour costs, because close supervision is not necessary. Heating is more under control and is therefore more uniform. A fine crumb is produced, excellent for potting, and in some as yet unexplained way the electricity seems to have a beneficial effect on the soil. Moreover, it is not necessary to store the soil for three weeks before use, as is necessary with steamed soil.

Electrical pasteurisers consist of boxes of hard rubber or asbestos cement enclosed in an earthed metal case and provided with adjustable pole plates between which the electricity passes. The current warms the soil and automatically falls when the correct temperature is reached, thus overheating is almost impossible.

The soil is moistened outside the pasteuriser, and then tamped well down in the box. Good contact with the pole plates is important and can be assisted by adding more water to the soil near them. Different soils require different amounts of water to give the best results, but experience soon shows how much should be added.

A variety of sizes and types are available, from the smallest holding a mere 50lb., costing 75/- to the really big one holding 30 cwt., for the commercial grower, costing about £75. Convenient wheel-barrow types of 1 cwt. and 2½ cwt. capacity have been introduced by means of which the pasteuriser can be moved from place to place. A skip type specially suited to mushroom growers is also available, also a tomato house steriliser, while sterilisers built to special requirements can also be obtained.

All these pasteurisers have interlocking safety devices which make it impossible for the current to be switched on until the pasteuriser is closed. They run on A.C. or D.C. and consume from 1 to 1½ units per cubic foot of soil, or 3–4 units per hundredweight. Heating takes about an hour in the smaller size with a maximum current of 5 amps., and up to two-and-a-half hours in the larger ones at up to 60 amps.

When pasteurising composts, one or two precautions are necessary to get the best results. The soil should be heated separately from the sand, chalk, fertilisers or peat moss or other constituents, and mixed afterwards. Another important point is that pasteurisation increases the available nitrogen in the soil and to restore the fertiliser balance it is advisable to add 1½oz. of superphosphate per bushel of compost.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Garden Guide and Holidays

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

EVEN gardeners have holidays, though I must admit that some people say they do not deserve them. I have a friend who always pulls my leg and says that my life is just one long holiday, out in the open air, doing a little hoeing, some occasional pruning, and so on! But a gardener needs change just as much as anyone else, and so here I am on holiday, hundreds of miles away from my own home town. I always enjoy the change as much as anything else. I cannot stop thinking gardening, and I get a lot of pleasure from wandering round other people's gardens and seeing what they are doing.

I have taken three gardening books away with me so as to improve my mind. They are three that have been recently sent to me as presents. The first one is called *The Garden Guide*, and is one of a new series of booklets issued by Messrs. Plant Protection Limited, of Yalding, Kent, for the guidance of the amateur gardener. It consists of 96 pages, and contains a number of excellent photographic illustrations.

As you might expect, the insecticides, fungicides, weed-killers and lawn preparations advised are those marketed by Plant Protection and manufactured by I.C.I., but this does not detract from the value of the book as a whole. For instance, I shall find most useful pages 90 and 91, on which appears a table of times to take cuttings.

The advice given on the soil and its cultivation is very sensible. I should have mentioned other things as well as Abol Hop Manure for digging into soils containing little or no humus, for, of course, one could use horticultural moss-peat, well rotted vegetable refuse, finely divided wool shoddy, and so on.

In the same way there are other garden fertilisers that one could use other than I.C.I., but the I.C.I. artificials are provided already mixed and they are convenient for they are supplied in granular form.

Anyway, the book gave me a great deal of pleasure, and *Field* readers who would like to have a copy should write to Messrs. Plant Protection, Ltd., of Yalding, Kent.

The next book I have with me is the Annual Report of the East Malling Research Station. This gives full information of the latest experiments carried out with various fruits. It is wonderful what is being done with fruit trees these days—feeding them through their trunks instead of through their roots, and so on. Some of it is a bit too deep for me, but on the whole I am enjoying it!

The third book is one on Lilies, by D. T. Macfie, price 5/–, the publishers being W. H. and L. Collingridge. It is obvious that Mr. Macfie has made a special study of the lily family, and I am interested to find that he is able to state quite clearly that the majority of the members of that family will succeed in any ordinary garden, given common-sense treatment.

He is obviously a practical man, for he gives certain advice which may cause the "Elder Brethren" to lift their eyebrows. Mr. Macfie does not mince his words. In Chapter 4, for instance, concerning soils, he says, "A great deal has been written about the soil in which lilies will grow, but it must be admitted that a great deal of it can be dismissed as *exaggerated nonsense*." He goes on to say, "Let us consider first the natural habitats of the plants and it will at once be seen how *utterly ridiculous* such suggestions are." (The italics are mine!)

I must say I like a man who calls a spade a spade. This chapter, therefore, gives practical details concerning lilies and soils, which all gardeners would do well to study. I think it was this chapter that I enjoyed most of all, and the chapter that precedes it, called "Where lilies will succeed." They make good reading, both of them. The chapters that follow on, "The Best Garden Lilies," with descriptions and details of them, are very helpful, but are not the sort of matter to peruse in detail on holiday!

I am very fond of lists, and so Chapter 9 fascinated me, for it contains nothing but tabulated information as to lilies that tolerate lime, lilies for the sunny situation, lilies for the waterside, lilies for the greenhouse, &c.

By the way, it is well worth while joining the Research Station—you can become a Founder, a Fellow or an Associate. I shall be happy to send further particulars.

I regret that in my article on July 29th I priced the Auto-Culto Junior, the mechanical cultivator manufactured by Messrs. Allen & Simmonds Ltd., at £36. This should have read £45.

SKILLED ADVICE BY

Archie Compston



KEEP THE ACTION MOVING

A marked difference between the "rabbit" and the "tiger" is that the latter keeps the action moving, not only through the ball but to the finish of the shot, whereas in the case of the "dub" there is often a complete collapse at the ball; compare the finish of the two movements.

sixth of a golfing series by Archie Compston



For skilled advice on independent electric light and power and water systems, consult R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd., Head Offices and Works: Dursley, Glos. 'Phone: Dursley 177, and at London, Glasgow, Stamford, Belfast and Dublin



Preserve your Drive from Wear & Weather

With COLDCOAT such preservation is simple and, whilst ensuring a neat and clean appearance all the year round, will save the inconvenience and expense of constant maintenance. COLDCOAT waterproofs and securely binds gravel, stone, ash and clinker surfaces, so that they resist the effects of weather and traffic whilst preserving a natural appearance. No skill or special apparatus is necessary to apply COLDCOAT.

"THE MODERN METHOD OF DRIVE & PATH MAINTENANCE"

is the title of an interesting booklet on the subject. May we send you a free copy? Ask for publication K154.

COLDCOAT

BERRY WIGGINS & CO. LTD., Water Lane, Stratford, London, E.15.

SOUTHPORT FLOWER SHOW, August 23rd—25th
See our exhibit at STAND No. 170

C5.



Pintail SHERRY

The Perfect Aperitif

72/- per doz. bottles, carriage paid. Sample bottle, post free, 6/-

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:

Matthew Gloag & Son, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

ROBIN HOOD BOILERS



FOR CENTRAL HEATING WITH

BEESTON RADIATORS

ROBIN HOOD ROYAL BOILERS are suitable for fixing in scullery or kitchen and will give warmth in every room when used in conjunction with BEESTON Radiators

Through all Heating Engineers
PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE BEESTON BOILER Co., Ltd.
BEESTON, Notts.
MAKERS of BEESTON DOMESTIC BOILERS

The WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to a cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) - - - 64/- (Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

RAPIER

SELF-PRIMING PUMPS

(Petrol Drive)



for

WASHING
IRRIGATION
FIRE
A.R.P., Etc.

1½" SIZE illustrated, Output 4,300 gall/hr.

SELF-PRIMING up to 70 ft. head

Price £29

Also 2", 3" and larger sizes mounted on road wheels for easy transport.

(Dept. F.)

RANSOMES & RAPIER LIMITED
IPSWICH, ENGLAND



A DELIGHTFUL JAPANESE GARDEN IN HERTFORDSHIRE

AUGUST IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN

Important Crops in a Slack Month

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALTHOUGH a slack month in some respects there are important crops to be harvested this month and nearly all the vegetables to stand the winter, notably Lettuces, Brussels Sprouts and Cauliflowers should be sown during the next few weeks.

Onions and Potatoes are the chief crops to be harvested. In large gardens Onions are usually left on the soil to dry with their roots turned towards the south. But they dry better on a gravel or cinder path, and if grown on a small scale this can be done. If grown on a very small scale they can be dried to perfection spread out on netting lifted well above the ground. It is essential to store Onions in a dry cool place. If they are exposed to damp they start into growth, and then there is the trouble of topping and tailing them before storing again. It is better to store in net bags than in boxes. In any case they should be looked over occasionally as a few decayed bulbs soon affect the others.

Onions are no sooner lifted than it is time to sow again. Even in small gardens where Onions are not commonly grown it is always worth sowing a few rows to stand the winter. All through winter the thinnings are an invaluable addition to the salad bowl.

Further, autumn sown Onions usually make better plants than those raised under glass in early spring and they are seldom attacked by the Onion fly. Also they ripen during what are usually the sunniest weeks of the summer and not too late.

The preparation of an Onion bed for a first rate crop should also be done as early in autumn as possible, trenching the ground 3ft. deep, breaking up the subsoil and incorporating well-rotted manure and enriching the top spit with liberal supplies of mortar rubble, wood ash, leaf mould, old potting soil, &c. The ideal is a rich but porous subsoil into which the roots can penetrate easily and a very firm but finely pulverised surface soil.

Potatoes should be lifted when the haulms have almost died down. Those offered for sale have frequently been lifted before they are fully mature and consequently their flavour is poor. The simplest method of testing whether a Potato is fully ripe is to scratch the skin with a finger nail, and if the skin can be rubbed off the Potato is not ripe. It is an odd fact that whereas few people will eat unripe fruits the majority of folk are indifferent as to whether vegetables such as Potatoes, Tomatoes, Vegetable Marrows, &c., are ripe or not. Yet immature vegetables are as unwholesome as immature fruits.

Lettuces to stand the winter, if to be sown in the open, should be a very hardy kind such as Stansted Park, the old Bath Cos, or All the Year Round. In warm parts the end of August is usually the best time to sow, but in cold parts seed should be sown early in the month. The ideal, a sandy soil on a sheltered sunny border. In parts that are too cold or on soils that are too heavy it is always worth sowing in a cold frame early in September to provide seedlings to plant out in March. They come in at a time when lettuces are expensive and usually only imported stuff is available in the shops. Sow thinly, and even through the winter the soil along the rows should be carefully stirred with a handfork. If the soil is left caked the plants suffer even more than if left neglected in summer. In mild parts some of the plants are ready by late autumn, and therefore it is advisable to make a further sowing early in September.

Silver or Sea-kale Beet is far less commonly grown than it deserves. All through the last severe winter we were gathering ours, and though the mid-ribs were not as large and tender as in summer (when they are quite 4in. broad) they were very good. This vegetable is grown chiefly for the sake of these mid-ribs which should be cooked like Sea-kale. The green part of the leaf can be cooked like Spinach and is decidedly less acid.

Unlike the common Beet, Sea-kale Beet does best on a heavy soil and can do with any amount of manure. It is always worth giving the plants the protection of a few leafless boughs through the winter to keep the leaves from being touched by frost. This Beet sown now affords pickings right up to the middle of June.

All vacant ground should be planted up as soon as possible with Greens or Leeks. Most Brussels Sprouts and brassica of the Broccoli and Borecole tribes planted out in July, notably Collards, can be put out now. Leeks are invaluable, for they take the minimum of space and are hardy in the bleakest parts. Grown on exhibition lines, *i.e.*, in trenches and earthed up, Leeks involve considerable labour and take up a good deal of space. But those dropped into holes made with a dibber make quite good enough plants for all practical purposes, and lines of them can be fitted in, in very limited space. As soon as the tops of the leaves bend over they should be cut back to half their length, otherwise the strength of the plants goes into the leaves instead of the roots.

ESTATE COMPANIES

IS the old order passing? On every side we hear of the break-up of the large estates, of the formation of landowning companies, of dictators. It is disturbing, but then disturbing things have a habit of occupying prominent positions in newspapers, and of coming readily to the tongue of the speaker who would make an impression. But still democracy continues in this country at least, and no one speaks of the people who are buying land, adding to their holdings and gradually rebuilding large estates. Not perhaps of the same land, but new landed estates are being formed by the well-to-do business man.

History is merely repeating itself. The merchant princes of a bygone age moved into the countryside and replaced the impoverished aristocracy. After a time they were accepted by countryfolk, and founded the great families, some of whom are now impoverished by taxation. A fresh leavening of business is again returning to the countryside the capital that it needs, and the process goes on. We call it evolution. Repetition would be a more apt word.

Advocates of progress say that landownership is a business calling for up-to-date methods, and instance estate companies which involve periodic board meetings, recording of transactions by minutes, and strict form of balance-sheet and profit and loss account. All this contrasts strangely with the customary haphazard methods which exist on most estates, methods which have nevertheless proved their worth and fit in better with the rural scene.

The truth of this statement will be admitted by any business man who has sought to apply the methods of his office to his estate. Shortage of capital is one of the major difficulties of many landowners, and the limited liability which can be attached to an estate company enables outside investment capital to be attracted. If this is not desired it is cheaper to dispense with the limit of liability, which is not in any case intended to enable the evasion of just debts.

Another advantage is that by distributing the shares among his family, an owner can reduce his own liability to surtax. Reduction of death duties is claimed, but this involves transferring most of the shares to the heir three years before death, which can equally be achieved by transfer without the machinery of an estate company. A disadvantage is that while death duties on real property can be spread over eight years, the shares and debentures of a company rank as personal property. Duties on personal property must be paid within six months of death.

The position with regard to the various maintenance, farm loss and other claims is not altered, but in the case of the woodlands loss claim one of the principal advantages of claiming assessment under schedule D is lost.

If it is considered that the advantages outweigh the drawbacks, the landowner will become the governing director, his eldest son and other members of his family directors and the agent will be the secretary. The first step when forming a company is to prepare a statement showing the financial position of the estate, both as to capital, income and expenditure based on the experience of the past three years.

A formal valuation will be required, together with a deed, which for an unlimited company bears a stamp of £50, or for a limited company a duty of 1 per cent. on the share capital, in order to transfer the assets to the company. A way of avoiding the large stamp duty is to allow the transfer to rest upon an agreement for sale instead of a deed of conveyance. This is quite satisfactory.

The memorandum and articles of association are drawn to suit the circumstances of each estate, and all the other paraphernalia, including sending full particulars to Somerset House, and not forgetting to decide upon a registered office.

It is all very formal and businesslike, and rather out of tune with country life, but once the step is taken the actual dealings with the tenants remain a matter between agent and tenant as before. The great difference is that the agent refers matters to the directors, and decisions are recorded in the minutes. The estate accounts and records have to be kept in a more strict manner, and there is the annual statement of accounts to prepare, and severe penalties if it is inaccurate.

Experience is that estate companies are not being formed to any great extent. The formalities are scarcely essential for efficient estate management, and when not essential they become doubly irksome. The drawbacks are serious and largely offset the advantages. No, we shall not live to see an England composed of estate companies, any more than we shall see nationalisation of land, or our politicians in coloured shirts.

REGINALD DAVEY.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A VERY UP-TO-DATE COACHWORK ON A 4½-LITRE BENTLEY. THE HEAD OF THIS DROPHEAD COUPÉ, DESIGNED BY JACK BARCLAY, IS COMPLETELY HIDDEN WHEN CLOSED

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE AUSTIN 10

A Fine Car and a Great Improvement On Past Models

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

I HAVE for several years regarded the 10 h.p. Austin as one of the virtual leaders of its class, and my opinion still remains unchanged now that I have had an opportunity of thoroughly testing the latest production from the works at Longbridge.

Austin cars have always been noted for their unfailing reliability, which reputation they have justly earned over a long period of years. In 1934 I bought a new 10 h.p. Austin for my head mechanic, who has now been in my employ for close on nineteen years. That car is still in his possession, and he tells me he has covered over 60,000 miles to date. It has never let him down during that period in any way, and it was only after the car had covered 45,000 miles that he found it necessary to fit new pistons and rings. To-day the little car is running even better than it did after it was run in.

I have owned several Austin Tens myself, but the latest creation gives one the impression that the car is at least a Twelve, if not more—it runs and handles so well, and there is much more body space than before. The dimensions of the engine are exactly the same as they have always been since the model was first introduced seven years ago, although the brake horse-power has been considerably increased during this period. The motor has four cylinders with a bore of 63.5 mm. and a stroke of 89 mm., the capacity being 1.125 c.c.; the R.A.C. rating is 9.96 h.p. and the annual tax £7 10s. The engine, however, now gives off 32 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m., and consequently there is an abundance of power which greatly improves the general performance of the car.

The valves are still side by side, and barrel-type tappets are employed, which have quietening ramps on the camshaft for silence. The cylinder head is of aluminium alloy and the carburetter a Zenith downdraught; the petrol tank, which is fitted to the rear of the chassis, contains six gallons, and the fuel is fed to the carburetter by means of an A.C. pump. The sparking plugs are 14 mm., and the advance and retard are automatically controlled by a vacuum device.

The clutch is a Borg & Beck, and the gearbox, which is in unit with the engine, has four forward speeds, the ratios being as follows: Top 5.3 to 1, third 8.23 to 1, second 13.08 to 1 and bottom 21.6 to 1. All but the low speed has synchromesh engagement. The suspension is carried out on orthodox lines by long semi-elliptic springs; the shock absorbers are hydraulic and of the double acting piston type, the ones in the front being set transversely, thus acting as an anti-roll device.

Girling brakes are employed and the drums themselves are 9in. in diameter—both foot and hand lever operate on all four wheels, the latter being conveniently situated between the two front seats. The chassis and floor is now a complete welded unit—this type of construction being light, extremely rigid, and strong, and as the body is bolted to the frame at various points it forms a box section. The interior dimensions of the coachwork have been considerably increased and there is ample room for four large adults, both front and rear seats being extremely comfortable. The doors are wider than one would expect with a car of this size, and the luggage compartment at the rear is also of generous dimensions.

The instruments are grouped neatly in two large dials, the one containing the ammeter, petrol and oil gauges, whilst the other is the speedometer. There is also an electric clock and a large glove locker on the near side of the facia board. The electrical equipment is a 12-volt and the battery is placed underneath the bonnet, being easily accessible. The equipment also includes a special jack which operates from the bumper brackets, dual electric windscreen wipers, safety glass to all windows, and automatic return direction indicators which are operated by a small lever mounted on top of the steering wheel. The dimensions of the chassis are as follows: Wheelbase 7ft. 9¾in., track 4ft., and the overall length of the complete car is 13ft. 1¾in.

The road performance of the new Austin Ten is truly remarkable. Its maximum speed, which is in the region of 70 m.p.h., is noteworthy for a car of this type and size, and on third gear a speed of 40 m.p.h. can be exceeded. The car is most comfortable to ride in from every point of view, as the seating has been so well arranged—the forward visibility is excellent, and the suspension is extremely good. The point which, however, pleased me most when driving this car was its remarkable stability on corners and its general roadworthiness. The driver cannot but feel completely at his ease, for the car gives one the feeling of solidity and safety.

The engine is full of life, and, although its maximum speed is about 70 m.p.h., it can carry on for mile after mile on the level at 60 m.p.h. without any apparent effort whatever, and it could certainly cruise along at 50 all day under similar conditions. This new model is at least 8 m.p.h. faster than the one I owned eighteen months ago, has more body space, and even better brakes—although possibly the transmission is not quite as quiet running when travelling on full throttle.

I frankly admit that I formed a very good opinion indeed of this latest product; it is really remarkable how greatly the performance has been improved during the past few years considering the size of the engine remains unchanged and that the body space and length of the chassis has been increased.

The price of this car complete, with full equipment and four-door fixed head saloon, is £175 or, with sliding roof, £185. There is also an open four-seater body available at £175.

The small car of to-day is certainly a masterpiece, and it is most gratifying to remember that Great Britain is supreme the world over in this particular market.



"AUSTIN CARS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN NOTED FOR THEIR UNFAILING RELIABILITY"

£80,000 HOLIDAY MONEY FOR MORRIS WORKERS.—Over £23,000 was paid out in holiday money to employees in the Morris Motors, Ltd., factory at Cowley on July 31st. The directors have decided to continue the arrangement which operated so successfully last year, whereby those employees with over five years' service receive two weeks' holiday with pay, and those with over one and under five years' service receive one week's holiday with pay. In addition, those workers who have not yet completed one year's service by the time the workers' annual holiday is declared, also receive holiday money under the scheme. The total sum which will be paid out to employees in the Morris group of companies for holidays with pay exceeds £80,000.

ROADSIDE SERVICE

Can It Be Improved?



THE NEW L.M.S. RAILWAY BOAT, PRINCESS VICTORIA, APPROACHING THE PIER AT STRANRAER

BY roadside service I mean the service we enjoy when we call casually somewhere out in the country or on the outskirts of a city for petrol, oil, air or water. I do not mean the service we get from our pet garagist or in the better service stations that are springing up in our cities.

What happens when we stop at a roadside filling station? The odds are that a youth will appear, take our order for so many gallons of such-and-such, and then begin fumbling with the wrong filler cap. He may be careless with the hose connection and scratch the paint, and he will certainly have no change on him. So he will wander back to the office to get it while we, if we are average motorists, wait champing at the controls to get away.

Compare this free-and-easy fill-up with its counterpart in the States. In the first place the service or filling stations in the country are backed up by the oil companies, and there is great competition between these organisations to acquire or win over to their brands filling stations of all sorts. The filling stations, even those situated out in the blue, are clean and brightly coloured. Maybe they are too lurid for our insular tastes, but, anyway, they can be seen. Then, if you are running on any particular fuel, you can purchase vouchers and hand the right number of these chits in on arrival at a station which announces such-and-such checks honoured. This saves time and trouble in payment. A similar chit system is used in various countries in Europe, and I can never understand why it has not been adopted in this country.

While you are being filled up with petrol the odds are that another smartly overalled server will have inspected the level of water in your radiator and the oil in your sump. He will have done this as a matter of course, and will advise you if you need more oil. He may easily have checked your tyre pressures, and will certainly have cleaned your windscreen. Should he do any other odd jobs for you and you offer him a tip he will politely refuse.

This habit of looking round the car helps him as much as it does you. The water may be low in the radiator, or the oil may need replenishing or changing. If it does, the operation is to your mutual advantage. It is good business, yet how often, except in the more modern service stations, do the servers of petrol suggest these extra attentions in this country?

Inside the service stations in the States you will find a really civilised toilet or "rest room." This term fooled me once when after a tiring afternoon I saw the words and thought, "Ah, I'll go and have a smoke, rest and read the paper for a few minutes while waiting for my friends to rejoin me." Alas, after mounting a long flight of steps, I found myself in a large, well-plumbed gentlemen's lavatory!

I believe the oil companies are behind the great development in roadside service in America. They have developed all kinds of touring aids that in this country are provided by the tourist agencies and motoring associations such as the R.A.C. and A.A. They provide you free with first-class maps, route cards and pamphlets relating to whatever district you may wish to visit. In our J.C.C. tour of the States the Amoco people actually sent a representative round with us to act as guide, philosopher and friend—by name Rudd Lowry. Nothing was too much trouble for him, and whether it was showing us the latest night club in New York or advising us as to the speed regulations in any particular State, he was equally well informed.



THE GARAGE ON BOARD THE PRINCESS VICTORIA WHICH CAN ACCOMMODATE BETWEEN 70 AND 80 CARS

Now the point of these random remarks is that were the personnel of the country filling stations more highly trained, they would reap their own reward in the form of increased business. Furthermore, a little extra intelligence and attention should not cost money like a new piece of plant or a battery of electric pumps.

Another direction in which we motorists are justly entitled to better service and consideration is in the matter of putting our cars on board ship. Tens of thousands of us take our cars abroad every year, and while methods have been notably improved at Dover, where we can drive on board up a ramp, this lay-out is still an exception in other ports. The more usual method is to sling the car up on a crane and dump it down in the hold of the ship, whence, with much man-handling, it is manœuvred into some obscure corner.

The other day friends of mine had to drive their car some miles from the landing stage to the docks 24 hours before their boat sailed. They had to return from the docks to their hotel by train, having previously not only disconnected the battery terminals and drained the petrol, but also the water from their car. The authorities, on being questioned as to the reason for this water-draining routine, said that it was to ensure that the water would not freeze if the car were left on the quay on the other side. Probably the regulation was sane enough in mid-winter, but as this occurred in mid-summer it seemed rather unnecessary.

The disembarkation of the car was a clumsy and out-of-date affair. A gang of men man-handled it somewhere down in the bowels of the boat. Another gang, wagging limos, assisted the man at the crane controls to hoist it on deck, where a third gang pushed it out of the way of the next car to emerge from the hold. Risk of damage to wings, fenders and bumpers was present at each of these operations. The car, having arrived on deck, was slung on to the quay some hours later, where it took something like a dozen men to push it to its appointed position. And then, of course, the old routine for replenishing with water and petrol and of re-connecting the terminals started again. The net result of all this rigmarole was that it took several hours to clear the car.

Well, time is precious, and never more so than when it has to be taken out of a limited holiday period. For which reason it seems about time that ship architects realised that a motor car to-day is just as much a piece of personal luggage as a cabin trunk, and made provision for dealing with its arrival and departure in an efficient and time-saving manner.

Happily, there are signs that this is coming to pass. I have already mentioned the efficient methods in force at Dover. And now comes news of another step in the right direction, this time by the L.M.S. Railway, who have installed a drive-on-deck plan in connection with the Scotland–Ireland ferry between Stranraer and Larne. Their new Diesel-engined boat, Princess Victoria, can accommodate between 70 and 80 cars, and specially attractive rates are offered for their conveyance with passengers.

The service is a quick one, and runs several times a day on Fridays and Saturdays in each direction. At this particular point Scotland and Ireland are fewer than 25 miles apart, and as Stranraer is little more than 110 miles west of Carlisle the ferry is strategically placed to serve both Scotland and the North of England. Last year nearly 5,500 cars used this route. This year, with this improved L.M.S. service, the numbers should increase substantially.

Reverting once more to service ideas in America, it is worth noting that when a tourist arrives *en auto* at an hotel in a big city a driver will be available to take over the car and deposit it either in the hotel garage, which may be under the hotel, or in a nearby place. As American car controls are mainly standardised this plan may not be workable or desirable in England. Anyway, two amusing incidents occurred as a result of this practice over there, and illustrate "service" in rather a strange light.

The first concerns the owner of a Bentley who, on obtaining his car next morning, found that his driving mirror had disappeared. Naturally indignant, he protested strongly to the hotel and/or garage manager. The latter was quite equal to the occasion and said he would certainly replace the missing accessory. So the two of them looked round among the 200-odd cars in the underground garage and discovered a suitable mirror on one of them. Its support was quickly sawn off to the correct length, and the mirror thenceforward changed its nationality!

The second story concerns two young women who trustingly handed over their Buick to a driver to take to the garage. When the time came to re-acquire it, they gave the ticket to the man, who duly turned up with a Buick, but unfortunately the wrong one! Picture, then, the two young women standing forlornly in the middle of the street surrounded by their baggage, and with only a few minutes to go before the boat sailed, awaiting the arrival of their own car.

Telephoning the garage produced no results for some time, for there were probably in that land of mass production at least 60 or 70 Buicks in the garage from which to choose. And as they had given up their ticket and did not even know where the garage was it would have availed nothing had they gone in search of their car themselves.

Well, the story ended happily, with the right car arriving in the nick of time. But it shows that even in America, the country of 100 (or is it 200) per cent. efficiency, things sometimes slip up.

W. G. McMINNIES.



SUNSET ON THE MATTERHORN AFTER A STORM

ALONG ALPINE VALLEYS

By A. HYATT KING

BEFORE the railways came to Switzerland there must have been much of the genuine thrill of adventure in store for the traveller who set out on his own feet to penetrate to the heart of the valleys. Now, regular train services convey a multitude of tourists from one end to the other of the longest and steepest in less than two hours.

But for this privilege of upholstered speed enjoyed *en masse*, in shelter from wind and rain, they must pay the inevitable price. Never can they know the subtle joys that only intimate contact with nature can bring. But to him who walks alone beneath the open sky, the valleys will reveal themselves in all the rich variety of their beauty, whether in the Oberland or Valais, the Grisons or the Engadine. Each valley that branches off from a great watershed such as that of the Rhône or the Aar is a world in itself, a microcosm of the grandeur of Switzerland. Each has a well-defined, almost human character: one is grim and stern, another is verdant and gracious; some run for miles straight as a bird's flight, others wind and twist among the vast spurs.

Yet all have something in common, the mysterious attraction which urges the traveller on at one time to trudge beside the leaping torrent and press on to get a closer view of the glaciers and snowfields. At another time it tempts him to linger high on the valley's side, in the luxury of contemplative idleness.

At Interlaken, on whose plain many valleys converge, the first thing that attracts the gaze of every visitor is the brilliant crown of the Jungfrau gleaming above the gap in the dark hills to the south. They feel they must get nearer, for it does not look a difficult journey. Yet once they eagerly leave the plain behind, the Jungfrau is coyly hidden from their view by the slopes of the intervening ranges through which the road rises steeply. On the bends they get tantalising glimpses of the mountain appearing always more fore-shortened, but not until they climb up through the pastures in the direction of Mürren or Wengen does she display to them something of her true majesty. It is as if the beautiful peak spreads the folds of the hills around her feet to tease her admirers.

Retiring in a different way is the giant that guards the end of the Nicolai Valley, 23 miles south of the Rhône. Right up to the last of many curves in the path, in fact until the last half-mile, does the Matterhorn remain invisible. There is no thrill in Switzerland quite equal to one's first sight of this mountain, the most sensational, the most photographed, the most tourist-ridden, but still the one that remains for sheer grandeur unsurpassed in the Alps. Against the deep blue it towers in apparent solitude above the wide snowfields, the embodiment of proud, dynamic beauty.

From a nearer view the soaring pyramid shape becomes squat, till it takes the form of a couchant lion, a fitting warden of this stupendous valley. Its unique position can best be appreciated by climbing up to the Matterhorn hut nearly 5,000ft. above Zermatt, on a ridge beneath the overwhelming mass. Hence one can look northward, right along the shadowy V-shaped cleft, a mosaic of greens and browns, with the white ribbon of the Mattervisp torrent running clear the whole length. At the eye's farthest range the battlements of the Oberland rise above their cloud-filled hollows.

But a clear sky by no means always greets the traveller along the Nicolai Valley. If the wind from Italy prevails in its perpetual strife with the air currents from the north and north-east, inevitably the cloud-banks will come lower and break. Then the prospect of the valley vanishes in the icy wall of rain. Ceaselessly the trees drip beneath the grey pall of cloud, which, like a kind of sounding-board, seems to magnify and reflect the roar of the torrent, drowning voice and footsteps.

But towards evening as Zermatt is reached the rain may stop and the "lingering flecks of the cloud-host" rise higher, thinning out to golden wisps of vapour floating along the streaming rocks. And there, to the right, is the Matterhorn! Its monkish, gabled cowl gleams white above the dark storm-wrack which still seethes round the terrible precipices. The sunset light deepens, the dazzling snow seems to glow with inner fire, then suddenly it dies—the soul of the mountain flees into space, leaving the mass cold and lifeless. But while the splendour lasted, what a reward for the pilgrimage through the downpour in the valley!

More spacious in its revelation of the sublime is the kind of valley which leads up, not to some peak or range, but to a pass, the Monte Moro pass, for instance, at the end of the Saas Valley. High above the tree line the track rises over a waste of scree and boulders, across dreary moraines and past wrinkled glacier snouts, till it reaches a desolate ravine. On and on, up the steep zig-zags, till one feels (like Alice with the Red Queen in "Through the Looking-Glass") that the greater the exertion the less chance there is of getting anywhere.

Then, without warning, the path drops down into space; the rich tapestry of the Italian landscape is unfolded, as if by magic, at one's feet, which have reached the frontier. The jagged masses of greys and whites sink into lesser heights, more undulating and variegated with belts of pine and larch. The eye travels on westwards over the lighter shading of olives and chestnuts to the bright patches of corn far below in the foothills, where the cerulean arms of the lakes—Maggiore, Lugano and Como—stretch forth and are lost in the luminous haze of the Lombard Plain.

And when a man has had his fill of wayfaring to the valley's end, a different yet equally satisfying pleasure can be his if he will spend a few days in a hut, high amid the brown crags, just below the ridges. Here he can watch in the early dawn the great peaks above the swirling mist, their summits touched with light, beautiful as the white sails of ships at sea. All through the day there are the austere harmonies of light and shade, forming infinitely varied patterns as the sun moves on and the clouds drift by.

The clouds! How different they are here from the ponderous masses of vapour that are seen by dwellers in the plain. Along the sides and on the crests of the valleys they become instinct with life; from the challenge that the hills offer to their progress they derive form and strength. Here a man can share their kingdom and appreciate their architecture. At one moment the wind hurls them like breaking seas against the crags, at another they float in "wise, majestic, melancholy train," casting solemn shadows far below.

But as the day wears on both clouds and valley appear to grow old. The higher outlines of the hills fade, and the oblique light picks out unsuspected scars and furrows in the long slopes. The battalions of clouds break into weird formations and rise, seeming to scatter before the dying shafts of light, whose power is as memorable as the dawn.

The drama is over, and the spectator at the hut watches the gloom spreading in the depths. Then silence. Only the faint murmur of waters reminds him that the spirit of the valley is not dead, but will be born again at day-break. He has found that the valley has indeed a character and being of its own, and that the majestic pageant is a true mystery into which, by his sojourning in the high places, he has been initiated. And he will wish to return many times to the valley as to a cherished friend, to renew and deepen his friendship. Assuredly he will not be disappointed.



CLOUDS BREAKING UP AT SUNSET



ZERMATT AND THE MATTERVISP TORRENT

ENTENTE IN THE AIR

The Importance of Anglo-French Co-operation

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of "The Field")

THE arrangements made for the co-operation of the British and French air forces through a series of long-distance flights over each other's territory is probably one of the most important steps yet taken in the development of our air defence. As a gesture of solidarity between Britain and France, the initial flights have already been widely commented upon and praised; but it is not that aspect that is of the greatest interest, significant though it undoubtedly is. What is of fundamental importance is that these arrangements provide the last and most practical stage in the preparation of our air forces—and, of course, the air services of France—for any emergency.

To realise why this is so, it may be well perhaps to glance rapidly at the functions of air power in war. There can be no doubt that, vital though passive defence through A.R.P. and active defence through anti-aircraft guns and intercepter squadrons, &c., are, a most important function of the R.A.F. would be to carry out sustained attacks on enemy key points, for the purposes of crippling his activities and destroying those bases which might be used for attack on this country.

It is for this reason that the number of bombing squadrons has been increased and that latterly so much emphasis has been placed on this branch. The bomber may well be the most powerful weapon in any future war; and it will have to operate over extended ranges.

Now it is clear that efficiency depends here, as elsewhere, on first-class equipment capable of carrying a large military load over long distances at a speed high enough to embarrass the enemy, and on the skill of pilots and crews to make objectives of importance. As to the former, there can be little doubt of the excellent performance of the latest British types. As to the latter, there cannot but have been some reasonable cause for doubt through the very geographical nature of the British Isles.

There is little enough space within the British Isles for extended long flights such as bomber squadrons would be called upon to make in war; and even the flights that can be made must suffer to some extent as a practical training through the familiarity of the country over which they pass. What will be demanded of the bomber pilot and navigator is that they shall be able to reach a specified point in unfamiliar country with the minimum of ground aids. To some extent, training can be given by artificial devices; this cannot compare, however, with practical experience of flying over unknown routes.

It is just this experience which co-operation with the French will provide. It is understood that at least one flight may be made right across France, starting at some British aerodrome in the south and turning over Marseilles. This is the kind of journey bomber pilots would have to make in war, and much will undoubtedly be learnt from it. It is to be noted, too, that it is not proposed that any of the formations visiting France shall land in French territory, except under special circumstances. Thus, war conditions will be exactly reproduced. The flights will be of the out-and-home non-stop kind, that would be made under those conditions.

From this point of view, then, Anglo-French co-operation in the air has a threefold importance. It will provide invaluable practical experience; it will test the soundness of R.A.F. training methods in regard to long-distance flying; and it will try out equipment in the best way of all.

The initial flights, though they did not cover any extremely long courses, did show that the R.A.F. is being built up on sound lines. The performance of the Wellington heavy bombers, which maintained a speed of about 200 m.p.h. over a reasonably extended flight, was particularly striking. But perhaps even more impressive was the fact that in the first demonstration of all, no fewer than 100 machines took part, all completing their scheduled flights without mishap of any kind, either mechanical or operational.

Important lessons may be drawn from this fact. In the first place, as has been said, it shows the R.A.F. training is producing pilots absolutely fitted for the duties they would be called upon to discharge in war. In the second, it reveals that that high standard is not the special property of any one particular unit, such as the now disbanded Long-Range Development Flight. In the third, it gives some sort of indication of the rate of progress of equipping the Service with machines of the latest type.

Naturally, we view the importance of these flights from the British standpoint; but they are equally valuable to the French. They will do much to strengthen the collaboration between the two nations' air forces, which is already close; and they will give the people of each country an opportunity to familiarise itself with the other's progress and preparedness.

And it is not merely the staffs of the two air forces who will find these flights instructive. To the people of this country they cannot fail to bring a new sense of confidence and satisfaction.

For obvious reasons, details of R.A.F. progress have necessarily been kept secret, and there has undoubtedly been a certain amount of anxiety as to the actual state of affairs—anxiety that general statements and bald performance figures have been unable to dispel completely. Here is actual proof of present efficiency.

The flights are being carried out on a scale that gives a better indication of the numerical strength of the R.A.F. They are impressive in range and speed. To that extent, therefore, they will do immense good in dispersing the fog of official secrecy that has surrounded efforts of the past few years. More than that, the very fact that France and Great Britain are prepared to make such demonstrations for all the world to judge is a measure of confidence and progress.

We in this country will be glad, too, to have practical proof of the present standing of the French air service, which has had many difficulties to overcome. We shall not have to wait long.



Chas. E. Brown

VICKERS WELLINGTON LONG-RANGE BOMBERS IN FLIGHT NEAR PARIS

As a piece of practical and imaginative planning these flights have great significance and recording their progress will be one of the most interesting occupations during the coming months

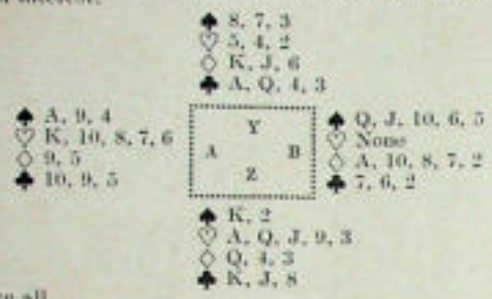
BRIDGE

TOO MANY TRUMPS

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

OCCASIONALLY the declarer finds that the trump distribution against him is exceptionally unfavourable or put in his own, no doubt somewhat prejudiced, terms, an opponent has more trumps than he ought to have. When that opponent has to play after the declarer and the declarer's trump suit is not solid, the hand usually requires rather careful play.

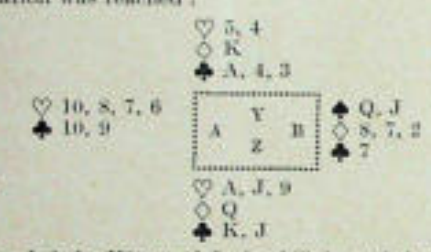
Less often, the declarer finds himself in the unusual predicament of having too many trumps in his own hand and not enough in dummy. In this case he may have to make a trump reducing coup. One example of each of these two types of hands occurred in a recent duplicate match, and although the bidding and defence were by no means faultless, the declarer's technique is of interest.



Love all.

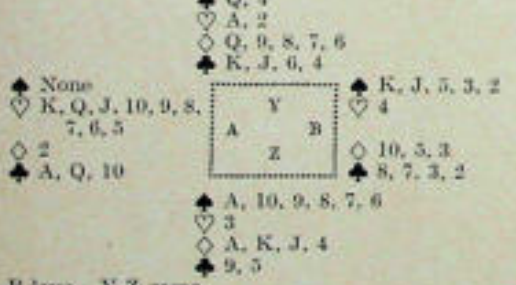
Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No Bid	One No Trump	Two Spades
Three Hearts	Double	No bid	No bid
No bid			

A led the Ace and another Spade, and Z led the 8 of Clubs, taken by dummy's Queen. Y now returned a small Heart, upon which Z played the Queen. A took this trick with the King of Hearts, and led the 9 of Diamonds. Instead of passing this, B played the Ace of Diamonds and returned a small Diamond taken by Y's Jack. Z now ruffed a Spade and the following situation was reached:



Z now led the King and Jack of Clubs and the Queen of Diamonds and A was compelled to give him the last three trump tricks.

The second hand presented a rather more unusual problem and owing to faulty defence, enabled the declarer to make his contract by a coup not often met.

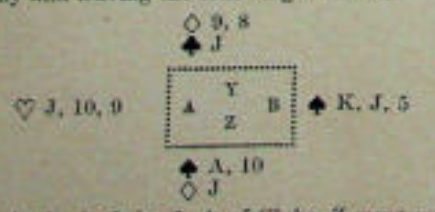


A-B love. Y-Z game.

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	Two Hearts	Three Diamonds	No bid
Three Hearts	Four Hearts	No bid	No bid
Four Spades	Five Hearts	Five Spades	Double
No bid	No bid		

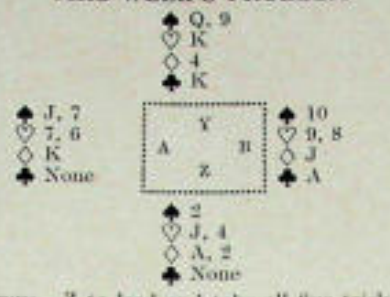
A's first bid of Two Hearts was made in the pious hope that the opponents would eventually double him in Four Hearts. However, since he was not vulnerable, Y-Z ignored his sacrifice bid and landed themselves in a Five Spade contract which B doubled with every prospect of a heavy penalty.

A's opening lead of the King of Hearts was taken by Y's Ace and the Queen of Spades led. B played low on this and also on the subsequent lead of a small Spade. Z finessed the 7 of Spades and played a Club which A took and returned a Heart. Here B slipped up by discarding a Club instead of a Diamond. Z ruffed the Heart lead, led the King and another Club which he ruffed and took three rounds of Diamonds, finishing in dummy and leaving the following situation:



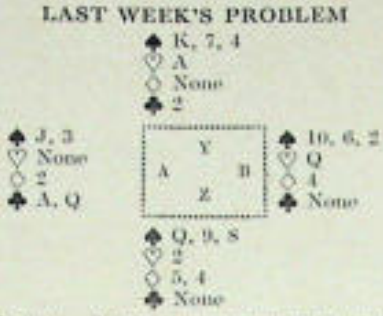
On the lead of the Jack of Clubs, Z must make two more tricks since if B ruffs with the 5 of Spades Z overruffs with the 10, and if B ruffs with an Honour Z discards the Jack of Diamonds and must make the last two tricks, since he holds the Ace 10 of Spades over B's remaining Honour and 5 of Spades.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



No Trumps. Z to lead and take all five tricks against any defence by A-B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Spades Trumps. Z to lead and take all six tricks against any defence by A-B.

SOLUTION

Z leads the 5 of Diamonds and discards Y's Ace of Hearts. The 2 of Hearts is now led and A's best defence is to discard a Club. Y ruffs with the 4 of Spades and returns the 2 of Clubs. If B trumps with the 2 of Spades Z over-trumps and makes the last two Spade tricks. If B trumps with the 10 of Spades Z finesses A's Jack of Spades.

CHESS

BRILLIANT PLAY

For the following game, played in this year's Dutch Championship Tournament, Black was awarded a brilliancy prize.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
A. J. Wijnans.	Jhr. J. H. O. van den Bosch.	A. J. Wijnans.	Jhr. J. H. O. van den Bosch.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	21. Kt to B 3	Q to B 2
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	22. Kt to K 4 (*d*)	Q to R 3 (*m*)
3. P to B 4	P to K 3	23. R to B 3	P to B 4 (*n*)
4. Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	24. Kt(K 4 to Kt 5	Kt takes K P
5. P to K 3 (*a*)	P to Q R 3	25. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
6. Q to B 2 (*b*)	P takes P	26. Kt to B 3	Q to R 3
7. B takes P	P to Q Kt 4	27. K to Kt 2	P to B 5 (*o*)
8. B to K 2 (*c*)	B to Kt 2	28. Q to B 2 (*p*)	P takes P
9. P to Q R 3	P to B 4	29. R to K R sq	R takes Kt (*q*)
10. Castles (*d*)	R to B sq (*e*)	30. R takes Q (*r*)	R takes P, ch
11. Q to Kt 3	B to K 2	31. Q takes R	P takes Q
12. Kt to K 5	Castles	32. K to R sq (*s*)	R to B sq (*t*)
13. B to B 3	B takes B	33. R to Q 3	Kt takes Kt P
14. Kt takes B	Q to B 2 (*f*)	34. R to Q 2 (*u*)	Kt to B 5
15. B to Q 2	P takes P	35. R takes B P	R takes R, ch
16. P takes P (*g*)	Kt to Kt 3	36. K takes R	Kt takes P
17. Q R to B sq	Kt to B 5	37. R to R sq	P to Kt 5
18. B to Kt 5 (*h*)	Kt to Kt 5 (*i*)	38. R to Q B sq	P to Kt 6
19. P to Kt 3 (*j*)	B takes B	Resigns (*v*)	
20. Kt takes B	Q to Q sq (*k*)		

(*a*) A tame move. B to Kt 5 gives more chances.

(*b*) After 6. P takes P (the usual reply to P to Q R 3 in this opening), P takes P Black's Queen's Bishop would soon have more freedom of action than White's.

(*c*) After 8. R to Q 3, P to B 4; 9. P takes P, Kt takes P White's King's Bishop would be attacked.

(*d*) P takes P followed by P to Q Kt 4 is the logical sequel to his 9th move.

(*e*) A good move. If now 11. P takes P, Kt takes P; 12. P to Q Kt 4, then 12. . . . Q Kt to K 5 with a winning game for Black.

(*f*) Black has the preferable game.

(*g*) 16. Kt takes P is, perhaps, slightly better, although the continuation 16. . . . Kt to Kt 5; 17. Kt to B 3, Q Kt to K 4 would force a weakening of White's King's side.

(*h*) R to K 2 is better.

(*i*) Beginning a strong attack. Black now threatens to win a piece by B takes B.

(*j*) Not B takes B because of Kt to Q 7 (threatening either Kt takes Kt, ch or Kt takes Q) and wins.

(*k*) Not Kt to Q 7 because then Q to B 2 wins a piece.

(*l*) The King's Knight cannot move because of the reply Kt to Q 7.

(*m*) Threatening to win the exchange by playing Q Kt to K 4.

(*n*) This forces the gain of a pawn.

(*o*) A good move.

(*p*) If at once 28. R to K R sq, then 28. . . . Q to Kt 3, after which White cannot continue with 29. Q to B 2 because of 29. . . . Q takes Q; 30. R takes Q, Kt to K 6, ch.

(*q*) A very fine and powerful move.

(*r*) If, instead, 30. R takes R, then 30. . . . Kt to K 6, ch; 31. R takes Kt, Q takes R, ch; 32. K takes Q, R takes Q; 33. P takes P, K to B 2 with a winning end-game for Black.

(*s*) Not 32. R takes K P because of 32. . . . R to B sq; 33. R to B sq, Kt to Q 7.

(*t*) Threatening Kt to Q 7. If now (1) 33. R to B 3, then 32. . . . R takes R; 34. K takes R, P to B 8 = Q, ch; 35. K takes Q, Kt to Q 7, ch and wins, or if (2) 33. R to K B sq, then 33. . . . Kt to Q 7, 34. R takes P, R takes R, ch; 35. K takes R, Kt to K 5, ch and wins.

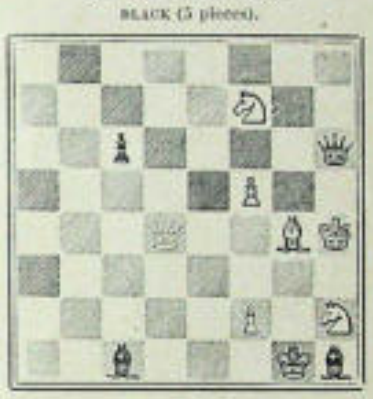
(*u*) 34. R to K B 3, R takes R, 35. K takes R, Kt to B 5 (threatening P to B 8 = Q, ch); 36. K takes P, Kt takes P gives the position that was actually reached after Black's 36th move.

(*v*) White is helpless. If 39. R to B 8, ch, K to B 2; 40. R to Q Kt 8, then 40. . . . Kt to Kt 4 and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4026

By Dr. E. PALKOSKA.*

BLACK (5 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Mezinarodnicky denik*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4025

1. Q to K 2. Any move; 2. Q mates.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. R to R 7, B to R 8; 2. K to Kt sq, B to B 6; 3. K to B 2, B to R 8; 4. B to Q 4, B takes B (if P takes B, then K to Q 2 and wins); 5. K to Q 3, B to R 8; 6. K to K 4 and wins.

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH.—Play at this congress begins next Monday. The competitors in the Premier Tournament will be as follows: Dr. Euwe, S. Flohr, J. Mieses, Dr. Landau, I. König, E. Klein, W. Winter, A. O. Conde, G. Abrahams, A. E. B. Thomas, J. M. Aitken, and F. E. A. Kitto.

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.—This tournament will be played at the City and National Chess Club, London, from November 6th to November 17th.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 529

ACROSS.—1. Environment should have made the sailor expert at this game of skill and luck (12). 8. Though not in the Navy he may lose his rating if you pay him (7). 9. At a ride display your brilliancy (7). 11. This going nowadays may be entertaining, it certainly is expensive (7). 12. Too many cooks spoil the broth, too many I's spoil this person (7). 13. It only needs ten to make this avaricious fellow a gentleman (5). 14. A vulture that is protected in most countries (7). 16. Not being under central control is naturally capricious (9). 19. This wood may be raved (5). 21. Even when expertly used, if successful, it is only by a fluke (7). 23. Unlike the living one, the electric hare never does (7). 24. This swing is mostly used to get to another (7). 25. Even with an extra head this wretched fellow would be little better off (7). 26. Presently in a tournament the champion will appear (12).

DOWN.—1. These should leave a good impression (7). 2. This negotiator often has to stand a round of drinks (7). 3. Does he find wild horses difficult to cope with? (9). 4. To make the greatest exertion strain every one (5). 5. His round head seems too big for him, but that will soon be changed—perhaps to go sweeping (7). 6. A bright blade should cut a good figure here (7). 7. When as small as this one is really game to fight (12). 10. "An —— foole needs little wit": Old proverb (12). 15. Rulers in Austria held this rank (9). 17. Most primitive weapons were this (7). 18. The stuff for little Annie Eager, not Becky Sharp (7). 19. It is no kindness to call about an instrument that is out of order (7). 20. He is apt to trifle even if he does go slowly (7). 22. Reels may exhibit these unpleasant features (5).

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

SOLUTION TO No. 528

Published August 5th

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Country House

Making Lily Pools.—We should advise you to get in touch with Cement and Concrete Association, 52, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. 1. They will supply the concrete and also some very helpful pamphlets on how to lay it.—*M., Guernsey.*

Position for a Sundial.—To set a sundial the longitude of the district must be ascertained, *i.e.*, the number of degrees that it is east or west of the Greenwich meridian. This must be found by studying a survey map. If it is east of Greenwich, four minutes must be added, and if west the same amount must be subtracted from the watch time, for each degree of longitude. The following example may make this clearer:

Andover is 1°-30′ west. To set a sundial here on October 1st, the following sum must be worked:

	Hrs.	Mins.	
Greenwich meantime	10	30	
For difference of longitude, deduct.....		6	(4×1°-30′)
Local meantime.....	10	24	
Difference of equation according to day of the year, add		10	
Andover Solar time..	10	34	

Therefore the dial should be set four minutes faster than the watch. The sundial is, of course, set by the sun, no account being taken of "summer time." The sundial should also be set in full sunshine. To ascertain the difference of equation the following table must be studied:

The difference in equation referred to in the above table is ascertained by studying a further table. For July and August the differences are as follows:

July 4th – 4mins. fast	Aug. 17th – 4mins. fast
„ 10th – 5mins. fast	„ 22nd – 3mins. fast
„ 19th – 6mins. fast	„ 26th – 2mins. fast
Aug. 4th – 6mins. fast	„ 28th – 1min. fast
„ 12th – 5mins. fast	

The "fast" means that the watch should be that much faster than the dial, on those days.—*J. W. H. E., Huddersfield.*

Garden

"Telegraph" Pea for Examination.—The haulm of "Telegraph" pea sent is stunted, the cause at the present time is an infestation of thrips, although it may have been injured previously by other insects. Unless destroyed recently by spraying, you will find them in the growing points and under the membrane covering the stalk of the young pod. They are yellowish-brown when young, black when old, about ¼in. long and thread-like in diameter. Spray regularly at intervals of three days with nicotine soap when an attack is observed. Chicken manure is very strong, and when in close contact with the roots of plants will sometimes kill them with dire results to the plant above. It may be the primary cause of the unhealthy haulm. The manure should be well mixed with the soil, and never used in excess.—*F. C., Cawberley.*

Hunting

Otter Hunting in the Lake District.—Owing to the West Cumberland Hounds having been abandoned, there are only two packs of otterhounds hunting in the Lake District, the Carlisle and the Kendal and District. The Carlisle meets on Monday and Thursday, and suitable places from which to hunt are Carlisle, Penrith and Appleby. The rivers hunted are Caldew, Eamont, Eden, Esk, Irthing, Liddle, Lowther, Lune, Petteril, Wampool, Waver, and their tributaries. You will be able to get further information from the secretary, Mr. W. Haig, 34, Moorhouse Road, Carlisle. The Kendal and District hunt on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and convenient towns hunted from are Kendal and Kirkby Lonsdale. The rivers hunted are in Westmorland, North Lancashire and parts of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The secretary is Mr. C. A. Wilson, Kidside House, Milnthorpe, Westmorland.—*R. J., Torquay.*

Kennel

Car Sickness.—Several remedies are suggested for this annoying trouble. Ordinary precautions are to avoid feeding for some hours before the start, and do not let the dog have any drink for an hour or two earlier. In some cases a 5 grain dose of sodium bromide in a little water is efficacious, given half-an-hour before the start. Others recommend feeding with a little medicinal glucose in milk several days prior to the journey, and a teaspoonful may be given dry in the mouth before leaving. A 5 grain aspirin tablet has done good. A dose of chlorotone, about 3 grains in a capsule, often acts as a preventive. Let the dog have plenty of air.—*A. R. W., Hertford.*

Remedy for Mange.—There are two kinds of mange caused by parasites. In sarcoptic, which is the more common, the complaint spreads rapidly, causing soreness and intense irritation, with loss of coat. In this kind the parasite is on the surface, and a cure is not difficult. An old-fashioned remedy that works well is to dress thoroughly with a mixture of vegetable oil and powdered sulphur. This should be applied two or three times at intervals of four days, and finally the dog should be washed. It is most necessary to disinfect the sleeping bench of tar and to burn the bedding. Follicular mange is most difficult to cure, as the parasite burrows to the roots of the hair. It often begins with a small bare patch and extends slowly. In treating a dog for sarcoptic mange be sure to wash afterwards in disinfectant as it may set up irritation of the human skin.—*V. A. D., Co. Wexford.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Food Remains of Little Owl.—A correspondent forwarded for identification, the bones removed from the nest hole of the little owl. The specimens consisted of the portions of three frogs, the leg bones of two blackbirds, part of the leg bones of a bird which was probably a thrush, and one wing of a house sparrow.—*R. S., Essex.*

Fractured Spine of a Partridge.—A newly dead hen French partridge had been picked up; she had been brooding her clutch. Her body was in a very good state of nutrition; no disease was found. Her death was due to a fracture of the backbone at the end of the neck, possibly due to the bird having been struck down. Her ribs were not broken as usually happens when sitting partridges are trodden upon.—*R. P., Norfolk.*

Air-sac Mites in a Pheasant.—We received for examination the body of a hen pheasant which had died in an aviary fourteen days after commencing to sit on her clutch. Her body was emaciated, and her lungs were heavily infected with minute insects known as air-sac mites, *Laminosioptes cysticola.* These microscopic mites multiply in the air-spaces of the lungs and over a long period progressively weaken the infected bird, and appear invariably to cause death. The nesting material and all the litter in the aviary should be burned; the nest-box and the interior of the aviary, including all its fittings, should be thoroughly scrubbed with hot soda water and soft soap to each gallon of which a cupful of paraffin has been added.—*D. D. C., Devon.*

Disease among Aviary Birds.—Fatty degeneration of the liver caused the death of a cock whydah, a cock budgerigar and a hen redpoll, which was six years in the aviary. All three birds were excessively fat, due to their taking insufficient exercise; no contagious disease was found in the three birds. Congestion of the lungs, due to the contractions of a chill, caused the death of a grey linnet cock; another result of chill, hæmorrhagic enteritis, was found in an Australian finch. Aviary birds are highly susceptible to chill in summer through roosting out in the flight during a cold night following a hot midday. Both these little birds were in a very good state of nutrition. Two cock finches, a Bengalese fawn and a munnikin were suffering from coccidiosis. This contagious germ infection of the bowels is spread through contamination of the food and aviary floor by the infected droppings. Since the germs of this disease are capable of remaining alive for many months on the ground, one readily sees how the disease spreads in aviaries which are not thoroughly cleansed, preferably every day. This fact should be kept in mind by aviculturists who are designing a new aviary; the floor of which should be made of concrete or tiles which permit of thorough scrubbing. It is a mistake to lay down a grass or earth floor, and on a clinker base is equally insanitary; the planting of shrubs and flowers in the aviary flooring is a mistake. If shrubs are required, they should be planted in tubs which can be removed at will. All perches, nest boxes, trays and other fittings should be designed and placed so that they can be scrubbed clean like a kitchen table. Dirt in aviaries spells disease.—*H., Berks; H. McK., Bucks; J. T., Berks; M. R., Derby; R. H. R., Hants; P. A. C., Surrey.*

Shooting

Date of Pistol.—This pistol is a typical "Belt Pistol" of the 1845 to 1850 period, and was a very popular type of weapon for officers serving in India. The late Lord Roberts carried one as a subaltern in India, and mentions in a letter that they were the best pistols as stopping weapons one could find, so they were evidently carried and used well into the 'sixties. However, the date of manufacture of this pistol can be put quite definitely as about 1845. They sometimes, but not always, went in pairs. As regards the business of Reilly, this is now carried on by Charles Riggs & Co., Ltd., 22, Woonwood Street, London, E.C. 2.—*R. H. M., Risalpur.*

Travel

Hotels near Cirencester.—You would most certainly like the Mansion House Hotel at Evesham. It is a beautiful old house, mellowed by age, and one has a friendly feeling of being at home when one is there. This does not only apply to the visitor who intends to stay for a long period; it is the same whether he or she is staying for a month or a night. For over 400 years, extensions, additions and modern improvements have made this a delightful country house. Warmed by big open fires and central heating in their seasons—all the 20 bedrooms also include gas or electric fires—the hotel is just the place for anyone who wishes to stay in a typical English country house hotel. The fact that the hotel increases its clientele considerably every year is one recommendation; another is that Mr. Purves, the proprietor, has developed a really delightful garden. He has many rare and beautiful plants, which he has collected during the last ten years, in the Alpine section. Then there is the Noel Arms at Chipping Campden. It is a fourteenth century inn, and contains all modern amenities for the comfort of guests. If you want to be in Cirencester itself, there is the pleasant Wellesley House Hotel. The cuisine there is excellent and rooms are comfortable and tastefully furnished.—*H. B. L., Wadhurst.*

On the North Cornwall Coast.—We would recommend The Dormy House Hotel at Rock, near Wadebridge, North Cornwall. It is in its way an *Ideal* hotel among hotels for everyone there is friendly and happy. This, of course, is a compliment to mine hosts, Commander and Mrs. Bannerman, not forgetting the cheerful and efficient staff they have gathered round them. The cooking is excellent, the beds are comfortable, and the general atmosphere most inviting. But these are not the only reasons for the success of Dormy House. Much of the charm of the place attaches to the attention which Commander and Mrs. Bannerman give individually to all their guests. To golfers the Dormy House is a veritable paradise. There are two courses, eighteen holes and nine holes, affording natural seaside golf, yet it is not necessary to be a golfer before you can enjoy a visit to Rock. Guests at the Dormy House Hotel pay a minimum weekly subscription of 5/-, and this enables them to play, free of charge, lawn tennis, squash, badminton, billiards, table tennis, while there is shooting over 1,200 acres and fishing in the little River Allen for over two miles. There is, too, an excellent dance room at the Dormy House. On some Saturday evenings a small orchestra plays, but on most days the dancing is informal to a gramophone or wireless. Let it be noted that there is no danger of any noise disturbing other guests as the position of the dance room has been carefully chosen at the end of the entrance hall, well away from the bedrooms.—*L. N., London.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 19th

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND & WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Aug. 12th), Comer's Gate; Tu., Alderman's Barrow; Th., Hawkridge; S., Brendon Two Gates—11.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Aug. 14th), Park End, Cothelstone—11.

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (Aug. 12th), Meiford Bridge (for Barmy)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Aug. 12th), Trafford Bridge, near Banbury; Tu., The Greyhound, Tidmarsh, near Pangbourne; Th., Newstead Mill, Stamford (up); S., Newstead Mill, Stamford (down)—10.30.

BURE VALLEY.—Monday (Aug. 14th), Billington F., Dale Ride, Holkham—10.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Aug. 12th), Headley Bridge, Bordon; M., Terwick Mill, Rogate (W. Rother); Th., Weeks Bridge, Ringwood; S., Trigon, Wareham—10.30.

CREDITON.—Saturday (Aug. 12th), Town Mills, Torrington (cap for Hunt servants)—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Aug. 12th), Dartmeet (W. Dart); Camel Week (by invitation); M., Egloskayle, Wadebridge (Camel); W., Dunmere Bridge, Bodmin (Camel); Th., Where leave off Wednesday; S., Shebbsbridge, Wadebridge (Allen)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (Aug. 12th), Glemsford Station; M., Holbrook; Th., Easton Road; S., Thorpetree—10.30.

WYE VALLEY.—Tuesday (Aug. 15th), Cowbridge, Glam; W., Ogmore Castle; F., Peterstone—10.30.

OTTERHOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (Aug. 12th), The Kennels (Annan); Tu., Dalbeattie Bridge (Urr); Th., Drumlanrig Bridge (Nith); S., Auldgirth Bridge (Nith)—9.30.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage Home and Abroad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1939) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex Saturday, Aug. 12, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4521. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1939

REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.: FOREIGN 3D.



BEFORE THE DRIVE BEGINS

Lord Charles Bentinck with two patient companions at Lady Henry Bentinck's shoot at Deeside Moor, Dent, Yorkshire



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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 447
IRELAND'S HORSES—AND ITS SHOW 447
DUBLIN'S SPECTACULAR HORSE SHOW . . . 448
BLUE PETER'S CHANCES IN THE ST. LEGER . 450
GOOD CATCHES FROM NORTH DEVON RESERVOIRS 451
AN OFF DAY 451
THE HEAVY 20-BORE GUN 452
RIGHTS OF A SHOOTING TENANT 452
TWO GREAT BATSMEN 453
ROUND THE WICKETS 454
THE SCIENCE OF MANIPULATING GROUSE . . 455
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: THE TRAVELLERS' . 456
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS 458
A TITHE BARN IN DANGER 459
HANDICAPS OF POLO PLAYERS 460
REPORTS FROM THE MOORS 461
THE VETERINARY SIDE OF GREYHOUND RACING 462
BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS 464
FIELD TRIALS ON GROUSE 465
THE FASTEST FASTNET RACE 467
OLD SPORTING PRINTS 468
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 468
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK 468
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 469
IN THE CITY 472
EXPERIMENTS ON THE GREEN 473
GOLF SUPERSTITIONS 473
THE INCREASING FLOWER INDUSTRY . . . 474
MAKING A YACHTSMAN'S GARDEN 476
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE 476
DECORATIVE ANTIRRHINUMS 478
PITPROPS 478
POINTS ABOUT PLUGS 479
THE MOTORIST AND HIS MEALS 480
IRELAND'S ARCADY 481
MOTORLESS FLYING TO-DAY 482
CARDS, CHESS AND CROSSWORD 483
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 484

COUNTRYSIDE ELECTRICITY

BRITAIN'S rural population occupies 89 per cent. of the country's total area, and yet it constitutes but a mere 20 per cent. of the total population. Putting it in actual figures, we find that the density of Britain's rural population is only 115 per square mile as compared with 4,810 per square mile in the towns, and this alarming urban preponderance is yearly increasing.

For a hundred years or so this seeping into the cities has gone on, and only now are we beginning to realise the tremendous danger in which we stand by allowing labour to be driven from the soil by bad wages, bad housing and bad conditions.

We have now begun to shout "Back to the Land," only to find that those to whom we shout are less eager to return than we had hoped. They cannot be blamed. In the country there are long, tedious hours of work in miserable conditions as often as not, and nothing to show for it. While in the towns, the labourer argues, things cannot be worse, and may be greatly improved—as often as not their surmise is correct.

That there cannot be a panacea for agricultural maladies is obvious. The problems are many; the solutions must be many, but there is no reason for ignoring the runners because we cannot eradicate the tap-root.

One of these contributory evils is the lack of those amenities which the townsman considers essential. Perhaps the most important of them is an adequate electrical supply. Its importance in some directions needs no explanation, but in others the difficulty is more subtle. Economists tend to forget the important role that women play in determining a decision to leave the countryside. Where they have had acquaintance with better living conditions they will not readily tolerate a return to bad housing, unnecessary labour such as pumping, and ill lighting.

A proper supply of current at a reasonable price, quite apart from its good effect on the efficiency of a farm, supplies that extra refinement which makes all the difference to a labourer's life. It gives certain essential amenities such as lighting, ironing and cooking, and in many cases makes a piped water supply possible, or at least removes the necessity for hand pumping; while contributory factors to village life, such as the school and local hall, can receive those improvements which will turn an icebox—and often enough a damp one at that—into a cheerful and warm building.

It may be argued that the expense of electricity prohibits its use by the country dweller, and that were a supply to hand he would not avail himself of it. Quite obviously electricity *is* more expensive in the country than the town, but to say that people will not use it is untrue, for it has been found that, of those persons in rural districts who have electricity available, 90 per cent. take advantage of it.

The solution to the difficulty lies largely in the hands of the country dwellers themselves. Obviously an electrical supply concern cannot afford to lay expensive cables to a hamlet for the use of two houses, while thirty others adopt a policy of "wait and see." If local communities will get together and apply for an electrical supply, they will receive it, but they must not complain if they are content to sit on the fence and do nothing about it.

In 1929 there were 3,700 miles of electric mains in rural areas, while to-day there are over 20,000. This increase of 440 per cent. means that 67 per cent. of premises in rural districts have supply available to them. The other 33 per cent. can have the same amenities if they are willing to co-operate with one another in making wayleaves easier, and in seeing that unfair rating assessments, &c., are reduced. Let those who have position and influence set the pace and the others will follow.

ENGLISH DESERTS

THE waste lands of Northamptonshire have at last achieved publicity. The Kennet Committee has issued its report. It is a good report and makes some good suggestions. But we have seen many good reports recently, and seen them pigeon-holed. We should not be too optimistic. Iron ore has devastated Northamptonshire. What only five years ago was pleasantly-wooded farmland is now a desert. Everything has given way to the hungry mechanical shovels that can swallow 11 tons of earth at a mouthful; everything—wheat-land, pastures, woodland, even houses. Perhaps something will come of the Kennet Committee's recommendations. Perhaps a huge larch forest will grow up. And perhaps not; larch costs money to plant. But the Corby district is not the only desert in England. Outside London a desert of houses, a monstrous rubbish heap of bricks, is growing up. An ugly rash, the disease spreads many miles each year. And unconcerned, we watch the slums of a few years' time arising, and our countryside, good farming land, disappear. And we do nothing. Private enterprise is beyond criticism in England. Go and look at the towns that have recently sprung up south of London; for that matter go east or west or north—these are examples of Private Enterprise uncontrolled.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

will contain a description of a day with the Kendal and District Otterhounds, an account of the United Counties Hunter Show, which is the oldest hunter show in the country, and more Reports from the Moors. Mr. Cheevnix Trench writes on shooting in the Himalayas, and all the usual features are included.

TREASURE TROVE

No one can have read without more than passing interest of the discovery of the remarkable collection of gold and silver Anglo-Saxon relics at Sutton Hoo. Although their intrinsic value may not have been great, their worth as silent witnesses of a past culture is beyond price. The silver plate from Constantinople, bearing the hall-mark of the Emperor Anastasius, invites romantic speculation. The treasures as the subject of a coroner's inquest left the question to be decided as to whether they belonged to the owner of the ground, Mrs. Pretty, or to the Crown. No doubt many of us have wondered what would happen if we found buried treasure on our own property, and governing factors are whether the original owner instead of hiding it or casually losing it, parted with it purposely in such a manner that it was evident he intended abandoning it altogether. As the evidence proved, the treasure was in a burial ship, and its interment was in the nature of a public ceremony, the verdict was that the articles were not buried or concealed secretly, that there was no case of an owner intentionally hiding them with the object of returning later to recover them. The legal finder was Mrs. Pretty and the case not one of treasure trove.

PICADOR—PRISON—PESETAS

Recently during the National Anthem, we noticed a lady who dived unremittingly into the depths of a voluminous handbag in search of articles unknown, regardless of the unwinking stance of those around her. We may safely do such things in England. Why, if we stood on our heads, or sucked Brighton rock throughout such an occasion nothing would fall upon us save the disapproving eye of the more patriotic; however, this is not so elsewhere. Last week in Algeciras, Major M. J. Malley, Embarkation Medical Officer at Gibraltar, and his wife visited a bull-fight. All went well until the strains of the Fascist anthem broke upon the air, when, presumably, carried away with enthusiasm for bulls and toreadors, Mrs. Malley quite forgot to elevate her right arm at an angle of 45deg., for which omission her husband had the doubtful pleasure of spending a night under lock and key, regaining his liberty the next morning at a price of 1,000 pesetas—about £23. The absent-minded are advised not to visit Spanish bull-fights.

A SERIOUS LOSS FOR THE WESTMEATH

The Westmeath Hunt will find it very difficult next season to replace Captain J. B. Grant, who had been a most successful secretary and who died recently, following an illness which began during the last season, at Ratheonrath House, Co. Westmeath. Captain Grant had achieved success in many ways. He was well known as an amateur rider and had many successes in both steeplechases and Point-to-Points, his first being at Mullingar when he was seventeen. He was also a well-known shot, being particularly adept at snipe. During the War he was seriously wounded when serving with his regiment, The Queen's Bays. But perhaps he will be missed most as secretary of the Westmeath. Few secretaries have performed their duties more carefully or have been a more useful and understanding connecting link between the Hunt and its farmers.

THE CHARM

Better than all remembering that you are
The tiniest grain within a grain of star,
Remember, whenever fevered eddies whirl,
That Wentworth sleeps through afternoons of pearl:
Souls ninety-seven, and not a soul in sight,
And not a sound from farmsteads on the right;
That half an hour—or is it half an age?—
Is needed for the black and slinking cat
To reach the pond to left, where ducks have sat,
And then an hour, or century more, for rage
To soften in the immemorial feat
Of licking paws and whiskers in retreat.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

TO my mind there is no more shapely apple tree than a Bramley Seedling. The growth is compact, symmetrical and many-branched, the leaves are larger than in other varieties and closely massed, while in late summer the apples are of a beautiful clear luminous light green. They are rounded and appear as soft globes of green disposed among a network of boughs and close mesh of foliage. In out-of-the-way villages they still say that St. Swithin's Day, if rain falls upon it, "christens" the apples, but none can say what they mean by this.

Why so? The answer, I think, lies back in the Industrial Revolution which had a spiritual effect beside that of giving husbandry its mortal wound. It externalised Nature for the townsman, turning it into his Fair Rosamund when he could get away from the serious business of life, and it stopped up the springs of self-expression in the countryman. The loss was for both, as is inevitable when two parts of an entity are forced asunder. Nature became a peep-show for the one, a flowerless toil for the other. But these parted elements were once united, not, I mean, only in the artist and the poet but in the whole community, and in trying to answer the riddle of the rain christening the apple it is to that unity we must refer. For the countryman the apple is now something profitable to grow, for the townsman something pleasant to eat. But once the apple was grown to be eaten by the people as a whole. As a result, an immense corpus of legend, song and ritual gathered itself about the apple tree. The wassailing of orchard trees gives the clue out of sackfuls of these rites and ceremonies. The folk assembled round the fruit-tree and sang this song:

> "Wassail the trees that they may beare
> You many a plum and many a peare,
> For more or less fruit they will bringe
> As you do give them wassailing."

They then encircled the tree and passed round a toast of cider-cup with roasted apples in it, pouring a libation on the roots when all had drunk. Another song was sung: "Stand fast, root, bear well, top," &c., a blast blown on a cow's horn and the tree rapped with sticks. Rite and observance far back in time and far away in space lay behind this orchard revel of our ancestors, whose varieties in secular form were all survivals of the archaic tree cult and of the common belief that the fertility-power of the fruit tree depended upon human conjuration and co-operative rhythm. In ancient rustic rites the Norse Balder was the apple tree personified, as was Apollo in Greece.

Science says that this ceremonial, first religious and then secular, proceeded from a biological fallacy, while Mr. R. H. Hodgkin, of Queen's College, Oxford, in the second volume of his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, remarks upon Beating the Bounds, Rogation Tide, Midsummer Fires, Harvest Home, Hogmaney, Plough Monday and the junketings of May Day, as "the grosser forms of heathenism" which were "the regrettable signs of affection for their old ways displayed by the Anglo-Saxon peasantry." Granted that the actual data were the product of imperfect knowledge, yet the unconscious or misapplied recognition of a common bond between man and the earth was not only soundly scientific but essentially religious.

Behind the magic and misinterpretations (but not greater than that of the Anglo-Saxon historian) lay the quest of the soul for expressing its unity with the divine spirit as it was manifested on earth. Behind the self-regarding promptings and devices and mummeries lay the transcendental sense that all creation is one, the proliferation and intricate branching from a single root whose fibres took their nourishment from an unseen and unknown source. The old Church was more tolerant of such intuitions ritually expressed than is the Oxford don preening himself upon his modernity: it desired only to purge such recognitions of savagery and idolatry—that is to say, of the loss of the end in the means. The reason why the mechanism of such ends utterly disappeared from country life was because the commercial idea of the Industrial Revolution, allied with scientific negation, admitted no authority, desired no end and formulated no system but those of material gain. I wonder if the idea of St. Swithin christening the apples is more fanciful than the reduction of all life and all phenomena to the measure of a differential equation or a pass-book.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a London daily:

"She worked in dungarees and held the 300lb. kicking sheep under her knee. She is one of a family of eight children, and her brothers taught her to shear sheep instead of play games."

From a Rhodesian daily:

"The judges were Mr. A. Lockie and Major A. Browne, a visitor who at one time was the champion amateur huntsman of England."



A GENERAL VIEW AT BALLS BRIDGE

IRELAND'S HORSES—AND ITS SHOW

By COLONEL PAUL RODZIANKO, C.M.G.

(Director of the Irish Equitation School from 1928 to 1933)

EVER since 1731, when the Royal Dublin Society started the idea of improving agriculture and cattle breeding, the Dublin Show has grown and developed until it is now the most unique and, I think, most glamorous show in the world.

It is especially different in this sense. The Dublin Show is not merely a splendid display of horse-flesh and riding, it is an enormous market for the breeders of Ireland, a stimulant to every farmer who owns a mare as well as to the professional dealers and experts.

Apart from the well-kept grounds that make such a fine stage for the seven or eight hundred horses, cobs and ponies entered and the perfect organisation that makes pleasurable every crowded minute of the five days, there is a real and important purpose in this great gathering.

The show has of course the reputation of being a great social function, but it is far more than that, and it is more also than a mere display of equestrian skill and champion horses. Many of the thousands who flock to Balls Bridge come only to see the jumping competitions, but many other thousands come primarily to buy and sell. The money earned at the Dublin Show is used to provide prizes and keep the horse trade of Ireland going.

The majority of exhibits in other shows are regular show horses kept for that purpose and which appear year after year like old stage favourites, whereas 90 per cent. of the horses shown at Dublin are sold and never appear there again. The horses are not shown merely to win glory for their owners but to display their capacities, and if they win prizes of course the value goes up.

Since the 'sixties, when the Leaping Competitions were considered tests of the suitability of horses as hunters, and the judgment was given according to "superiority of form and style," tremendous changes have been seen at Balls Bridge. Gradually horse jumping has ceased to be merely a test and become a sport in itself, the obstacles have grown longer and the modern exact rules have come in.

Now the International Military Jumping Competitions are the greatest draw of any horse show. The teams of highly-skilled officers riding their well-trained, well-picked horses for the big cups and trophies, has the most attraction for the crowds. As well as this the foreigners provide a market for Ireland's most promising jumpers.

When in 1926 the first International Military Jumping Competition was held at Balls Bridge, it made a difference of thousands of spectators. Of these extra thousands a hundred may be counted on to buy and the rest help pay for the numerous prizes for other classes.

The inspiration derived from watching the crack teams of officers has had a definite effect on civilian riders and the general standard has greatly improved. A scientific style and precision cannot of course be learnt merely by watching others, but it gives an idea that leads the would-be expert to serious study.

In the Civilian Jumping Competitions you get a number of "old timers" ridden by their owners for the sport of the thing year after year, but you also get the dealers and breeders, who find the Dublin Show ring the finest way to show and sell their best jumpers.

Meanwhile, in the judging rings there are hunter, cob and pony classes and parades of prize-winning horses; and in the bloodstock paddock the pattering voice of the auctioneer selling, selling, selling.

The horses of Ireland make their début to the world at Dublin Show, whether it is the farmer who has got a likely foal by hunter mare is out to make a little money, or the serious breeder who is out to show what kind of a "lep" his horse will give over the double banks or the plucky, hard-riding colleen, who puts her dearest hunter around the course for the glory of the sport, it is all part of the great aim to stimulate the horse trade.

Even in the present uncertain times all worries are thrown off at the Dublin Show, and trade has been good, which means that hundreds of Irishmen will go home with a little money in their pockets and again take pains to breed a good horse. It means that the futility of a financial depression has been cast aside and the best trade in the world been stimulated. And in the show ring at least, politics are forgotten, the officers of various countries ride like the sportsmen they are, and no "crisis" is discussed save that of who shall win the Cup.

Irish horses have been famous for centuries, but to what a huge extent the Dublin Show has helped in maintaining and spreading their reputation; and no one man has done more for the show itself than the untiringly energetic president, the Hon. W. E. Wylie.

Many people find enough to enjoy in the spectacular side of the show. They wander around the judging rings, where every kind of horse can be seen competing in various classes, notice the fine young hunters and thoroughbreds, and to try to pick the winners; but the fundamental purpose of Dublin Show should be remembered by all. It provides the best fair market for the breeders of Ireland, and encourages them to produce the right type of horse. This is of benefit to the whole world for the right horses do not just grow like wild flowers, they are the result of careful selection of dam and sire. The farmer must be induced to "try" to produce good hunters. This he will not do if he can sell any likely filly of the brood-mare type at four years old to abroad, and keep the worst fillies because they work just as well and then breed bad foals from them.

The unique Irish hunter mare is in danger of extinction and to avoid this the Royal Dublin Society has inaugurated a scheme to give premiums of £12 each to the farmer whose mare produces a living foal to a thoroughbred horse.

Hunter breeding is not scientific, but it must not be haphazard for conformation is hereditary, and if certain general principles are not followed the results will be disastrous.

As well as aiding every kind of breeder and dealer, the Horse Show is of great benefit to racing, and, of course, the many visitors from England and abroad are of value to the hotels of the whole city. And what light-hearted crowds they are that stroll round listening to the thrilling jargon that accompanies the selling of a hunter. The most pleasant of diseases, "horse fever," soon affects them all. Long may it live, the Dublin Show, that has given Irish horses and Irish hearts a reputation throughout the whole world.



MILITARY TEAMS PARADING AT BALLS BRIDGE BEFORE THE START OF THE JUMPING COMPETITIONS

DUBLIN'S SPECTACULAR HORSE SHOW

By R. ANSELL WELLS

HELD, as usual, at the Royal Dublin Society's beautiful ground, from August 8th to 12th, the Dublin Horse Show was, this year, as successful as ever, and the total attendance figure of 96,155, although slightly less than last year, must, under present world conditions, be looked upon as eminently satisfactory.

In discussing a show of this kind there are various points which must be borne in mind, and the classes at Dublin are different from those which are to be seen at the English shows in that they are so large and the entries in them are not composed entirely of made horses. Here in nearly every class there are approximately 30 competitors, many of them young and partly schooled horses, and for this reason the judging at Dublin presents problems which are not met with elsewhere.

Quite apart from the task of assessing the merits of partly-made horses there is also the difficulty which is experienced by even the most practised judges in making a preliminary selection without missing a horse; this is by no means easy as, quite apart from the difficulty of actually seeing all the horses which there are in the ring, there is also the difficulty of keeping one's mind fresh and active throughout a long day's judging. To draw attention to this is only to mention something of which the judges themselves are aware and in no way to detract from the way in which those gentlemen who had been asked to adjudicate this year discharged their very onerous duties.

In accordance with the usual custom at this show, the three rings were allocated to the heavy, medium and lightweight hunters and were presided over by the Right Hon. the Viscount Knutsford and Captain H. A. Jaffray, M.F.H., Captain T. Wickham-Boynton, M.F.H., and Mr. Adrian Scrope, and Captain Guy Lucas and Mr. Herbert Sutton respectively; while Mr. J. G. Bletsoe and Mr. H. J. Bonner had charge of ring four in which were judged the brood mares and produce classes. The judging for the championship was carried out by one judge from each of the hunter rings, those selected being the Right Hon. the Viscount Knutsford, Captain T. Wickham-Boynton, M.F.H., and Captain Guy Lucas, and was done in the main jumping enclosure.

The result of the judging for this supreme award created a certain amount of surprise and not a little comment in some circles, though anyone who saw the horses could not for one moment doubt the merits of the winner. I cannot say from memory, or find out with any degree of certainty, whether this year's show has made history in this respect, but it must be almost a record for a five-year-old light-weight horse to be selected as Champion of the Show.

Such was the horse which was awarded the supreme honour this year, and whatever may be said about the question of giving a championship to what is possibly the least valuable type of hunter there can be no doubt but that, if the champion should be selected for merit regardless of which category it belongs to, there could be no better choice than Mr. H. Davis Kenny's Wavering Bee. This is a little chesnut horse of the very highest quality. Bred by Mr. James Daly, of Navan, Co. Meath, he is by Wavetop (by Spearmint) out of Flying Bee (by Honey Bee), and was purchased by his exhibitor as a foal at the bloodstock sales.

As a yearling he did not show signs of fulfilling early promise, but the decision to persevere with him has been amply rewarded, and he now leaves nothing to be desired. It is really rather stupid to try and pick upon points which are worthy of especial mention as no fault can be found with this horse on any score except perhaps that of his size. He is a perfectly made hunter in every respect, and has, in addition, that wonderful freshness of movement which is only found in the Irish-bred horse in Ireland; it may be that it is something to do with the country, but these horses do not seem to retain their spring and vitality when they are exported, and if they are to be seen at their best they must be seen in the country in which they are bred; they are then quite incomparable.

This champion is indeed a champion in the fullest sense of the word, and can bear comparison with any other champion of recent years. In addition to winning the championship he also won the Samuel Ussher Roberts Perpetual Cup for the best light-weight hunter, the Laidlaw Champion Cup and the "Bright Prospect" Trophy for the best hunter in the show, which latter was presented by his owner, Mr. Kenney, who won the Laidlaw and the Babe in the Woods Cup outright in 1925, and, in addition to his own class, he also headed that for ladies' hunters up to 12–13st., in which he was seen under a side-saddle. Directly after winning the championship he was purchased by Mr. Young, acting on behalf of Mr. Bernard A. Selby.

In the class for light-weight ladies' hunters the well-known English exhibitor, Mr. A. H. Ashcroft, was third, with his horse Right Away, and Mrs. Ashcroft gained second place with V.S., both of which are well-known winners at the English shows. As may easily be seen from the first three horses, this class was an exceptionally strong one, being well filled with horses of a good class. By comparison the class for ladies' hunters up to from 13 to 14st. was a disappointment, since it did not include a really first-class horse among the whole list of entrants. The first prize was won by Mrs. J. A. Aizlewood's Shangri-La, a brown six-year-old by Englehorg, which seemed to give the judges, Mrs. A. R. Kent and Mrs. Oliver H. Gilbey, a very good ride, despite a rather unprepossessing appearance due to a poor fore-end and neck.

The second prize horse in this class was Mr. N. Galway-Greer's Drimmore Star, which, when seen under a cross-saddle, had not qualified for an award. Shangri-La had received a third prize when judged under a cross-saddle, having been beaten by Mrs. R. Collen's seven-year-old, Manners, first prize, and Lady Athlumney's Johnny Burgoyne by John o' Groats—Tomona, second, which latter received a third prize in the side-saddle class and gave the appearance of being able to go a good gallop, putting his feet well out and really covering his ground.

Mr. Galway-Greer won the Army Tattoo Committee's Perpetual Challenge Trophy for the owner whose horses obtain the greatest number of points in the hunter classes, with a remarkable list of successes. This owner's Grey Owl obtained a reserve in a small class of weight-carrying hunters, up to 15st. and upward, five years old; Steel Dust was fifth among the 14st.–15st hunters, six years old and over; Tradition, a very taking chesnut, by Pseudonym, won the class for five-year-old hunter geldings up to 13st.–14st. from Mr. Terry O'Brien's Bachelor's Tax; and Crover Bay, a high-class six-year-old, won in a big class of hunter mares up to 12st.–13st. from Mr. James McCutcheon's Slieve Ciamaltha. Other successes achieved by this owner were a second prize in the class for three-year-old geldings (to be led) for Merry Prince (by Wilson—Irish Battle), which was just defeated for first place by Mr. Eamonn Rohan's Cahir Valley, and a fourth prize among three-year-old fillies for Irish Gold.

On the whole, it seems that it may be said of Ireland, as it is of England, that the high-class heavy-weight horse is the most difficult to find; these classes were the smallest of those for hunters, and horses that one already knows held their own among the newcomers and others which were fresh to English spectators. Among the six-year-old horses up to 15st. and upwards Mr. H. M. Read, from Roscrea, produced a winner in his Knight of the Castle, by Knight of Kilcash—The Jewel, which beat Mr. Ashcroft's Acclamation, and thereby placed himself on a par with the winners in the English show ring. Third prize in this class was won by Mr. Bobbie Laverty's Big Wonder, a powerful chesnut son of Miradore out of a mare by Tag-Rag. Only six five-year-old horses appeared in the class for youngsters up to 15st. and over, and they were headed by Mr. Terry O'Brien's





LEFT: MR. H. DAVIS KENNY'S WAVERING BEE, WITH MR. KENNY JUN., UP *RIGHT* THE FRENCH JUMPING TEAM AFTER WINNING H.H. AGA KHAN'S TROPHY

brown gelding Jorrocks with Mr. John J. Ryan's Bree Hill in second place.

There was not a six-year-old horse up to 14st.–15st. which could compete with Mrs. A. H. Ashcroft's well-known winner, Trespasser, which scored a fairly comfortable win in a large class, the best of the others being Miss L. L. Seymour's Pierre, a bay gelding by Popett.

To interest Irish breeders in hacks a new class for novice hacks, four years old and over, not less than 14.2 hands, and not exceeding 16 hands was introduced, and the English hacks, Thor and Gentleman John were paraded in the ring on each day of the show.

Both were bred in Ireland and were exported, un-made.

The judges in this class preferred Mrs. C. H. Nicholson's Leprechaun to Miss M. L. R. Moore's Rob Roy, second; and Miss Mary P. Horan's Sunbeam was placed third. The first three horses were thus the property of ladies, and the fourth horse, Mr. Bertie Graham's Red Sarrail, was ridden in the ring by a lady.

Heavy-weight cobs put up a good show, and the best was Mr. J. W. Murland's Reliance, by Corcel, by Corcyra. Second and third places were taken by Mr. George Ervine's Castle Corr and Mr. J. M. McMahon's Ladylike respectively.

Space does not permit of anything like a detailed survey of the 785 horses which were included in the 56 classes judged on the five days of the show, so some must be omitted altogether and but brief mention made of others. It was interesting to note that of the six stallions which were entered in the class for thoroughbred stallions calculated to get weight-carrying hunters, not one was bred in Ireland, five coming from England and one from France.

The classes for thoroughbred young stock were well filled and produced some likely looking youngsters as well as some good brood mares and foals. Major C. Mitchell's liver chesnut daughter of Southannan—Palm Tree won the class for thoroughbred brood mares and her colt foal by Spion Kop was adjudged the best of his age and sex. Second prize among the mares went to Major P. W. G. Stuart-French for Turkish Dancer and the same owner also gained second prize for a filly foal out of this mare by Interlace. The first prize filly was the property of Miss Kellett and was by Lucca out of Golden Ramor, which received a third among the brood mares.

Dublin's permanent course for jumping with its banks and stone walls is an unequalled test, and this year the jumping was of a particularly high standard.

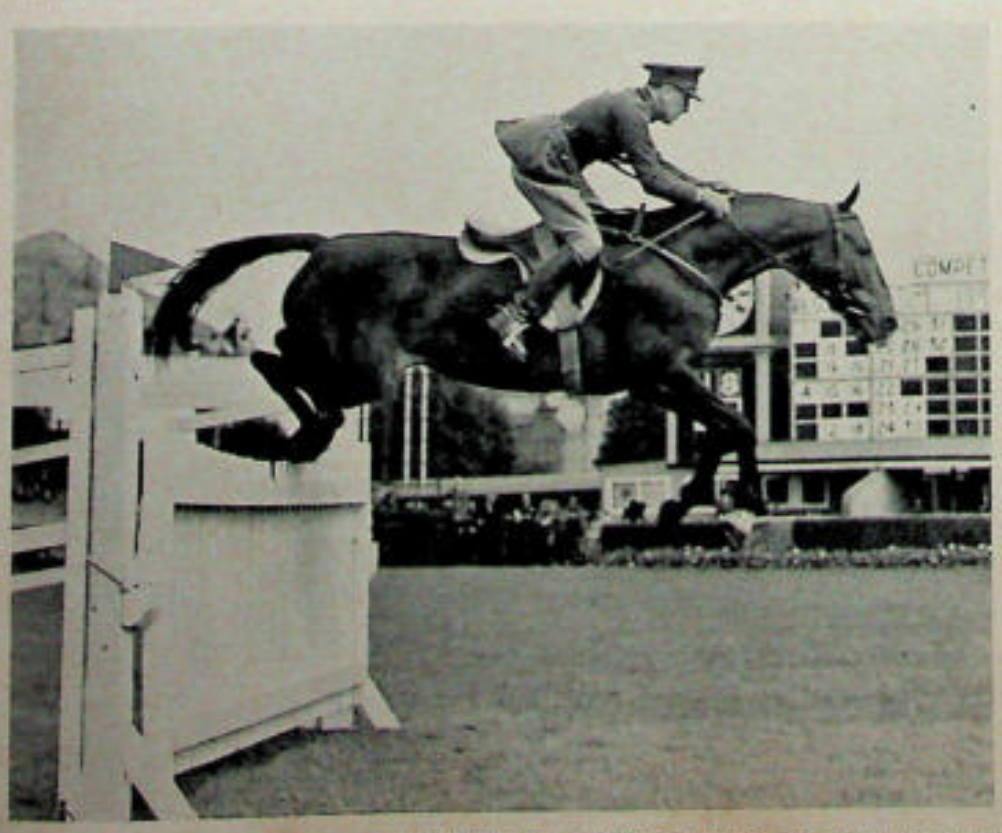
It was a matter of universal regret that the Italian team which had entered for the military events were unable, at the last moment, to fulfil their engagement, as they could not bring their team up to strength for this show, but the international aspect of the show was well maintained by the presence of teams from Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland as well as the Irish team.

Ireland started off well with a win in the first event by Red Hugh, ridden by Commandant Corry, who completed a faultless round of the special course in 1.32⅘ sec.; second place was taken by Alant, ridden by Rittmeister Hasse of Germany, with another clean round and a time of 1.33⅘sec., and the only other faultless rounds were also put up by Irish competitors.

In the competition, which was held on the second afternoon of the show over the permanent course and in the only heavy rain of the whole week, Germany came to the fore, represented by Baron IV, ridden by Rittmeister Brinckmann, who put up a very good clean round for first place. It was in this competition that Rittmeister Hasse gave such a fine display of horsemanship in the course of two rounds which he made on Alant and Tora; on his first horse he fell at the double bank, and with consummate skill averted what might have been a very nasty accident; his second horse made a bad mistake at the sleeper fence, but he managed to save the day, although he did not feature in the awards.

Another German horse, the grey Schneemann, ridden by Rittmeister Huck, was equal second in this competition with the French horse Jacynthe, ridden by Captain Chevallier. Germany was fourth and England was fifth with Blue Steel, ridden by Major D. Cleeve.

Germany was in winning vein and again on the third day took first place over the permanent course with Tora, ridden by Rittmeister Hasse; on this occasion Switzerland was second, represented by Lieutenant Mylius on Rainbow II; Ireland was third, France fourth and Germany fifth. The most important day of international jumping was the Friday when there was the competition for the Aga Khan Trophy for International Military Jumping.





LEFT: COMMANDANT D. J. COREY JUMPING THE GATE ON DUHALLOW. *RIGHT* RITTMEISTER HUCK ON ARTUR

On this occasion the president, Dr. Hyde, and also Mr. de Valera were present, and the competitors were played into the ring before the event by pipe bands and saluted the President to the accompaniment of their respective national anthems.

The reception which was accorded to the English team—Major Sheppard, Major Cleeve and Captain Butler—was such as must have moved the heart of any Englishman present, exceeding as it did even that given to the Irish team and being followed by the singing of the National Anthem by the crowd. In the ensuing competition France was first, Ireland second, Germany third and England fourth, though the English team received some compensation for their lack of success through the presentation of the special individual prize to Major R. B. Sheppard, who on Blue Steel was the only competitor to do two clear rounds.

England were out of luck through the whole show and only succeeded in getting a third prize on the last day when Captain Butler did well on Big Sweep in the very last event. Before that there had been a tremendous duel between Commandant D. J. Corry and Captain Chevallier for the Irish Challenge Trophy. These two competitors each did five rounds of the course, or part of it, before the result was decided; Commandant Corry on Red Hugh eventually being declared the winner after a fine display of consistently safe jumping. Germany added to her laurels by winning the last competition from Ireland.

One of the most enjoyable of the jumping events was the inter-hunt competition, which was won by the Mid-Antrim Harriers with the creditable total of only 8 faults for the two rounds, the South Dublin Harriers being second with 9 faults. The parade of the teams on this occasion was headed by the Galways Blazers, by which name most people know the County Galway Hounds.

The only other parade of competitors took place before the Irish Challenge Trophy and provided a sight which is not seen anywhere else but in Dublin; civilians in ordinary dress and hunting clothes took part with the officers in their uniforms, and an unusual feature was one competitor in full clerical dress and a top hat, the Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, who, although he did no good on this occasion, had already ridden his horse, Star, to gain a second prize in the competition for heavy and medium weight hunters over the big course.

BLUE PETER'S CHANCES IN THE ST. LEGER

THERE is little more than a fortnight before the last of the season's classic races is run on the Town Moor at Doncaster. Every follower of racing seems to think that the great race is as good as over, and that it will be won by Lord Rosebery's good colt, Blue Peter, who has already won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. If he wins he will be the second horse to gain the Triple Crown in the last five years Bahram being the only one to do so since Rock Sand won it away back in 1903.

Blue Peter has won the two earlier classics and also the Eclipse, and there can be no doubt that he is a really high-class three-year-old, but many funny things have happened in the St. Leger. Odds-on favourites have gone down more than once in my time, and other hot favourites have been beaten. Horses that appeared to have only to start to win have been beaten.

It has been argued that it is the distance that beats some of the Derby winners, but, although the St. Leger is a quarter of a mile longer than the Derby, more than one great rider has told me that it is no greater test of stamina, if indeed as great as the Epsom race. Scottish Union, who won last year, is not a real stayer, but a great middle-distance horse. I doubt whether Coronach was a genuine stayer, and I have never thought that Caligula, Polemarch or Salmon Trout really stayed, but they stayed long enough to win this Doncaster race.

If on any of this season's known form Blue Peter is to be beaten at Doncaster it will be, so it has been argued by those people who must argue, because he cannot stay the mile and six furlongs over which the race is to be run. If my view just expressed is correct then Blue Peter will win, for as he stayed the Derby distance with ease at Epsom, he should be able to stay the St. Leger distance. Further, his trainer has satisfied himself that the colt can stay a mile and six furlongs with ease. Horses that have lost the St. Leger when they looked good things have been beaten sometimes because they have lost their form; sometimes because they have met opponents who have made exceptional improvement during the summer; sometimes because they have been over raced during the summer and sometimes because, like Manna, for instance, they have gone wrong just before the race.

Is it possible, I am wondering, whether there can be any horse in the race at Doncaster at the beginning of next month, who has made exceptional improvement during the summer or who, it may be, has only just reached his best? Of one thing we can be sure, and that is that Blue Peter will not be beaten because he has been over raced this season. He has been most carefully and judicially managed and will come to Doncaster, if all goes well with him, a larger and better colt than he has been before.

Heliopolis is, I consider, his most dangerous rival, but he has had more racing than Blue Peter and did not run quite as well as I had expected at Goodwood. He may have another race this week at Hurst Park. Still, he is trained by a master of his profession, Walter Earl, and he will know just how much work his horse wants; some want more, and some want less. Heliopolis will stay every yard of the St. Leger distance, and, although on known form he should not beat Lord Rosebery's colt, he will give him a race. I would repeat in this connection what I wrote after the Derby. Heliopolis did not get a clear run in that race, whatever the photographs in the papers may show. The films show that he was crossed at a most important part of the race. If I have a bet on the race I shall not leave out Heliopolis, each way.

I was not so much impressed with the running of Pharis II at Longchamp in the Grand Prix as were some others who saw him run. He is small, and if he stays home as well as some of our colts, then I shall be surprised. I consider that he beat nothing in the Grand Prix, for Tricameron had been going backwards and forwards between this country and France, and, even if he were at his best, he is not anything like the same class as Blue Peter and Heliopolis. After all, it was only close home that he caught and beat Tricameron. It is said that he was interfered with, but such interference may have helped him to stay the distance.



FLIERS IN THE FLYING HANDICAP PLATE AT WINDSOR

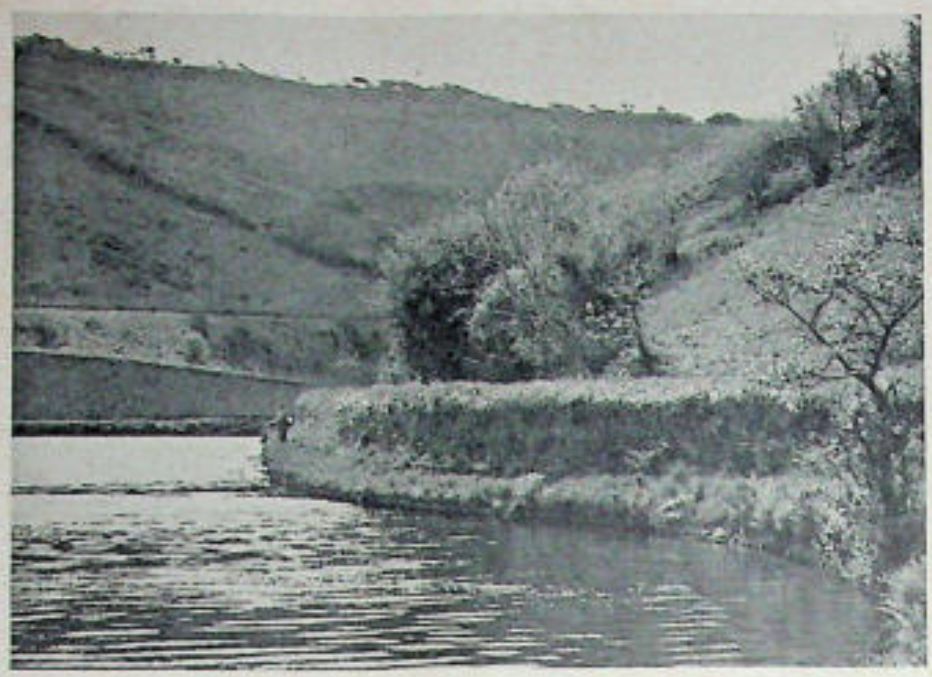
Mr. Monkhouse's Angel Bread is leading the field half-way with the winner, Captain G. S. Barnes's Portworth, coming through on the right

There has been support for a comparatively unknown three-year-old owned by Lord Astor, named Quick Ray. He has won his only race this season, but that told us little about him. He is a very good looking and a very well-bred colt, well enough bred to win any race. Presumably Gordon Richards will ride him, and he has always shone as a rider at Doncaster. His handling of Chulmleigh a few years ago in the St. Leger was masterly. He had a much easier ride on Singapore, also owned by Lord Glanely and trained by Captain T. Hogg. Quick Ray has been quietly backed by some people for the race. Another sort of outsider is Wheatland, who keeps on winning races and who stays well, but he has a long way to make up on form to beat either Heliopolis or Blue Peter, one of whom will surely win the race. Heliopolis each way remains my bet.

There is still more outcry for photographs to decide close finishes after two or three incidents at Windsor, but I am still of the opinion that it would be waste of money. It is true that I did not agree with the results at Windsor, but then I may have been wrong, and a few mistakes, if they were mistakes, would not justify the great expense that photographs of finishes would entail. Anyhow, there is no chance at the moment of the camera coming to the racecourses of this country.

GNOSTIC.

GOOD CATCHES *from* NORTH DEVON RESERVOIRS



A NICE RIPPLE ON TOP RESERVOIR AT ILFRACOMBE
Many bays and corners are a feature of these reservoirs

FORTY years ago an angler took 40 trout from the Ilfracombe reservoirs before breakfast. Then, returning for the evening rise that same day, he accounted for another 30! Although such catches are not likely, or indeed permissible, these days, yet the two Ilfracombe reservoirs still give very good sport on the right day.

These reservoirs are within three miles from the centre of the town, and within 200yds. of one another. They were formed by the building of two dams across the beautiful valley, or combe, formed by the Beaconbridge and Folly streams, and one reservoir is at a higher altitude than the other. Both are about 250yds. in length, while their breadth varies from 20yds. to 80yds. The edges conform to the natural contours of the valley, and there are thus many little bays and intriguing corners. This means variety. The fishing is by no means so monotonous as might be expected from the term "reservoir."

At the time of the big catch already mentioned, the higher reservoir contained rainbow trout and the lower ordinary browns. Now, both are stocked with the brown variety only. Conditions here would appear to be ideal for experimenting, not only with varieties of fish but also with methods of fishing.

At the present time, the fishing is restricted to the use of an artificial fly. It would be interesting to see the effect of opening one of these reservoirs for spinning, or to the use of a small fly spoon with single hook. If this were done for a limited time, say, one season, then it might possibly have the effect of weeding out some of the cannibals that are known to exist. If successful, then the same procedure could be adopted in the other reservoir, and a general improvement in fly fishing would result.

Daily tickets can be obtained from the council offices, or from the keeper, for half-a-crown. The limit for any one day is eight fish, and any that measure less than 8in. must be returned.

Fish of over 2lb. are sometimes caught, and these are very big trout for Devon. A typical basket of six fish, taken recently on a favourable evening between 6.30 and 9.30, weighed 2¼lb. The best fish of this catch was one of ¾lb. There was one half-pounder, while the remainder averaged 5oz.

Some suitable dry flies are March Brown, Black Gnat, Coachman, Alder, Blue Quill and Silver Horn. There is always a good hatch of the latter fly during the second half of the season. Perhaps the most successful wet fly is a Silver Doctor, and this should be fished fairly deep. Others include Blue Upright, Greenwell, Butcher and Black Gnat. Late in the season good results may be had with a Red Ant fished close under the banks.

In Bideford there are two reservoirs which are stocked by the local authority with brown trout. Unlike the Ilfracombe reservoirs, however, they are some distance apart, and the day tickets are not interchangeable. Jennets reservoir is some three miles outside the town, off the main Bideford—Torrington Road. Gammaton reservoir is on the other bank of the Torridge, and is reached from the old Bideford—Torrington Road. Cars can be taken to within a short walk of both areas.

Although these Bideford reservoirs are delightfully situated, they do not, perhaps, give such variety of fishing as those of Ilfracombe. On the other hand, the fish caught in them appear to be more uniform in size, and a few ounces heavier; 10in. is the minimum length that is allowed by the regulations.

Jennets reservoir is shaped like a three-pointed star and covers a considerable area. Unfortunately, a number of rushes and weeds grow in the water close to the banks, so that a deal of care is needed when landing a fish. At Gammaton there is a fair amount of rocky bottom, but the edges are free of all weed. Although the fishing here may lack some of the variety of the other reservoir, there is the decided advantage of a more constant breeze. Black Gnat, Coch-y-bonddu, Tup and Red Badger Quill are all good dry flies, while the sea-trout flies, Butcher, Mallard and Claret, and Mallard and Teal, are among the favourite wet ones.

Neither at Bideford nor at Ilfracombe are boats used. It is not known whether they are barred by regulations, but if not, then they would be a decided advantage. Any enterprising fisherman with a light, folding type of boat should have a distinct advantage at any of these North Devon reservoirs.

Considering the advantage in weight between these reservoir trout, and those to be taken in the North Devon streams, it is rather surprising to find that the fishing is not more widely known. It is recognised that they cannot hold an unlimited number of sportsmen, but they are not yet by any means "over-fished."

D. M. F.

AN OFF DAY

A BUMBLE BEE stung me just as I reached the water. I flung down my fishing gear, and howled with rage. The bee sailed away in the light breeze over the surface of the loch, followed by several decidedly unprintable and well-deserved words.

I had climbed nearly twelve hundred feet in hot sunshine and the most perfect Scottish scenery. White tails bobbed in and out of the rocks. I had seen three little plover chicks basking in the sunshine by their nest, and an old cock grouse had nearly given me a heart attack by "kuk-kuk-kurring" away suddenly from under my very feet. The blue sky was filled with gulls wheeling and diving with harsh cries, and curlews flapped around with their plaintive note.

My face swelled to an astonishing size, and, despite the pain, I could not help laughing as I examined it, Narcissus-like, at the water's edge. I had often heard of the expression, "a bear with a sore head," and wondered at it. Now I knew. I applied some of the contents of my flask externally to the sting, and felt a little better. I applied the remainder internally, and felt better still.

After an interval for tea I started fishing. The sun went in, and a cool breeze played round my bare knees, and crept up my sleeves. I could only see out of one eye, and fished away rather half-heartedly for an hour, when I had two rises in quick succession, and the second proved to be a nice ¾lb. fish, which fought well but was safely netted.

The sun came out again, the cool breeze dropped, and the loch was ringed with rising fish. I landed two more, and then seemed to be unable to catch anything but perch, as seven were hooked in a very short time, much to my disgust.

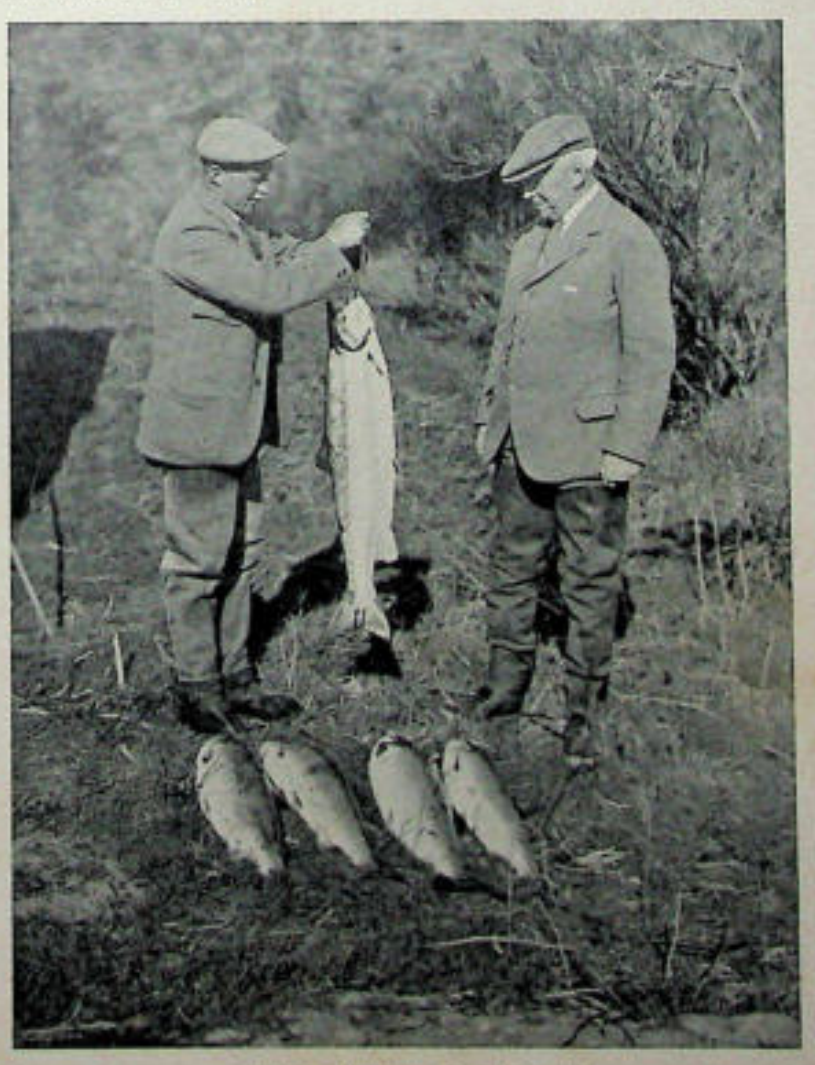
Fate had another little jolt for me, as in landing one of them my rod top snapped. It was a 20-year-old rod, and had been mended several times. As I mused over the question of repairing it I rounded a corner of the loch, and saw a small cottage. A wisp of smoke from its one red chimney indicated life within. "The cottage of the Seven Dwarfs," I murmured to myself as I knocked at the door. A small voice said, "Come in!" and the next moment I nearly cried out in delight. In a small stone-floored kitchen, on a tiny wooden stool before a crackling red fire, was perched the nearest and most life-like personification of the immortal Dopey. I looked round for the others, when a voice spoke behind me. It was not, alas, Snow White who was addressing me, but the well-known tones announcing that ". . . this is the National, and also the Empire, programme."

Dopey could not lend me a rod top, but he offered to row me round the loch. We embarked in a creaky old boat, half full of water, after both had satisfied ourselves that the other could swim. He was, apparently, a kind of "watch on-stop on" custodian for the reservoir, which served the big city ten miles below in the valley, and was full of statistical information concerning it. We pottered round the loch, and caught nothing, but talked at great length on this and that. He said sometimes he was alone for a week or more, ". . . but the air's grand, and I ha' the wireless." He went "doon to the toon" when he was getting short of food, but he was quite happy by himself. I said I would take his job on when I retired.

I caught one more ½-pounder when we landed, but I found it difficult to cast, and my face was still very sore. Dopey was most sympathetic, and said: "You bee sairtainly gave you both barrels!"

As I walked home I turned for a last glimpse of the loch, and in the distance I could see Dopey, with the oars over his shoulder, striding happily back to the cottage, silhouetted against the golden sunset, as he did in the film. I listened hard, expecting to hear the strains of the well-known marching song, but perhaps I was too far away. I envied Dopey. He had fresh air, fishing, and perfect scenery around him. And on the window-sill in the cottage I had noted two bottles of an amber nectar that, either neat or diluted with the water of the loch, would be a big help to happiness also.

W. S. D.



A SPRING MEMORY OF THE SPEY
At the end of the day Sir Ian Hamilton Benn watches his gillie weighing up five on the bank

THE HEAVY 20-BORE GUN

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

FOR a matter of fifteen years or more, ever since the vogue for ultra light 12-bores began, I have been championing their cause in the American sporting magazines. Not because I used them or had especial regard for them in connection with our rough shooting, unless it were for southern quail and where snipe are plentiful, but because of certain factors in internal ballistics in their favour, because they represent the finest example of the modern gunmaker's craft and because of the fact that they at least deserved serious discussion in a country where they were so little known or understood.

Now, to show the perversity of man, with the editor's tolerance, it is proposed to take up the neglected cause of the heavy 20-bore, the American prototype of the British light 12-bore.

I am aware of the prejudice, namely, on the grounds of safety, whenever the 20-bore is mentioned, when one notices old heads being shaken with a frown of admonishment; and the same people are inclined to shy from a fellow guest who appears with the small gun as if he had a pocket full of adders instead of the little cartridges which he shoots. It is hard to conceive any attitude more ridiculous. It must be admitted that there have been some unfortunate accidents whereby fingers were lost when a tube was blown up because the shooter had in some manner dropped a 20-bore case into the barrel of a 12-bore; but the situation has been harped upon so long in the papers that it is hoped that it is unnecessary to go into all that again. We have had these accidents in the States also. The writer has appeared in court on several occasions in support of the gunmaker in a suit for damages, but that is hardly a sufficient reason for condemning the 20-bore gun rather than the stupidity or carelessness of some shooters. One might as logically condemn electric lighting because an occasional house was burnt down through faulty wiring.

The factors in favour of the light 12 are many, chief of which is its portability and handiness for the less active when only light charges are required, and the fact that the more charitable area of the 12-bore tube affords a shorter shot column with less pellet deformation and lower pressure.

There can be no doubt that the featherweight 12's with their 2in. cases have solved the problems of many shooters, but it is equally true that they are being used unsatisfactorily in instances where a stronger shooting gun would be of advantage. It is for those whom the shoe fits that the following advantages of the 20 are brought forward.

To begin with it is a more powerful weapon, usually weighing about 6lb. and bored for 2¾in. cases. The usual load is 2¾ drams of bulk smokeless and a full ounce of shot. Bored as they generally are full choke left and modified right, they represent a type that can be depended upon consistently to bring down heavy duck up to 50yds. So they would be equally effective for high-driven pheasants in view of their close boring.

This, however, is not the disadvantage which might be imagined, because the narrower tubes may be pointed with greater accuracy. It would seem that accuracy in shooting at long range has not been increased in Great Britain by the introduction of the driven game system. Accuracy, as we used to know it, has been sacrificed for speed in handling a pair of guns and getting off a lot of shots at certain angles and ranges.

This opinion may call down a storm of protest, but the facts are too definite to permit much argument. Outside of the gun made for the colonies, the average high-grade weapon built to-day is bored improved cylinder, and very infrequently more than half a choke. Does not that show beyond all doubt that a wide pattern is demanded?

It may be said in justice that a range of 40yds. is all that is required. True enough. But a 20-bore is deadly at such distance with the full ounce charge. There are many things in its favour apart from its narrow muzzles. Its narrower tubes and body are very strong. Recoil is hardly noticeable, as it comes back on its long line, and its slender barrels can be aimed with great ease.

There is a slightly higher deformation of the charge due to longer tubes, a longer shot column and tighter choke, but that can be tolerated in view of the more generous load, and it is a satisfaction that it is lost with a gain in accuracy. Chamber and barrel pressures are higher, but so long as they are not dangerous—and they are not so in a suitable pair of tubes—such things are not worth considering. One would not refuse a motor car of higher power because one could more easily be killed in an accident at higher speed.

This American type of 20 is the result of the fact that makers produce no high-grade shotguns of the British type over there, and most of the machine-made guns are heavy—hence in a desire for a lighter weapon with strength and range they developed what might be called a magnum 20. And in so doing they produced a more effective weapon.

There has been a concerted effort to popularise the ultra light 12 in the States, but it has met with little or no success; yet strange to say there is not a reputable London or Birmingham maker who does not annually ship 20s of the American type to the States and Canada in considerable numbers.



PRACTICE AT A SHOOTING SCHOOL IS A GOOD WAY OF FINDING THE IDEAL WEAPON

Do not confuse these guns with the 5lb. 2½oz. 20s occasionally seen about England, where they are looked down upon as the small boy's rabbit gun. For these American 20s, though they come from Bond Street, are a different breed. Do not condemn them, either, because it is possible to drop a 20-bore cartridge into a 12-bore barrel with disastrous effects. And if you have a chance to try out one of the 20s of the Yankee type, do not forgo the opportunity, even if it is at a stand for the highest pheasants of which you know. You will be surprised at its reaching qualities and how easily you connect, not only because of those narrow muzzles that point so definitely at the mark, but because you will instinctively shoot with greater care and, maybe, better results.

RIGHTS OF A SHOOTING TENANT

By W. J. BROWN

A SHOOTING tenant's position is peculiar in many ways. He does not own the land, and he does not occupy it, but he has certain rights which the law protects.

A word may be useful as to the taking of the shooting in the first place. It may be that during the spring a prospective shooting tenant makes some inquiries as to the shooting rights over a particular piece of property for the next autumn. If the owner, or the tenant who has the shooting rights, as the case may be, agrees to let them in the future, that agreement should be in writing.

Nothing formal is necessary at this stage—an interchange of letters will be enough. But if the arrangements are merely verbal they are not binding, and either party could ignore them if he chose before the time came. Whereas if there is writing, and the lessor changed his mind, the prospective tenant can hold him to his contract or sue for damages.

The actual letting should always be by deed. It is as well to have this drawn up by a solicitor if both sides wish to protect themselves. There are so many questions to be borne in mind. Is the tenant to have the exclusive right? Can he course hares? What length of notice is required to end the agreement? What game is to be left? What arrangements for helpers? The deed will require stamping *ad valorem* on the rent paid. If the shooting is in Scotland or Ireland, however, no deed is required.

A shooting tenant has certain liabilities, which it is well to bear in mind. He must exercise his rights in a reasonable way, either by himself or his guests or beaters. He cannot damage crops or hedges to an unreasonable extent, and if he did it would be no defence to say that he had done so in pursuit of game which he had a right to take.

He is not liable for damage done by rabbits or hares which are the normal stock carried by the land, for the occupier can shoot these, whether he has the sporting rights or not. But he will be liable if he *introduces* on to the land an abnormal number of rabbits. He is also liable under the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1923, for damage done by game, which is defined for the purposes of this Act as deer, pheasants, partridges, grouse and blackgame.

The liability arises in this way. If the tenant of agricultural land is not granted the sporting rights he can only kill rabbits and hares. He cannot, therefore, protect himself against the ravages on his turnips which one of our elder statesmen laid to the door of the landlord's pheasants. So the Agricultural Holdings Act gave him the right to claim for damage by game against his landlord. And the Act also provided that where the right to take and kill game was vested in anyone but the landlord, then the landlord should be allowed to claim indemnity from the person who had the right. Hence, if the tenant claims from the landlord, the shooting tenant will have to pay.

There is also the natural liability for wanton damage to the land. The shooting tenant must use reasonable care in exercising his rights. If he trumples down standing crops he will be liable for the damage, even though he did so solely for the purpose of coming to terms with his game. And if he or his beaters damage fences he will either have to make them good or pay the damage.

What of his rights? When a landlord lets the shooting rights, there is implied in the lease a covenant for quiet enjoyment, so that the tenant is not unreasonably interfered with. But unless there is an express term in the agreement the landlord can still use the land in the ordinary and accustomed way, having regard to the character of the land at the time when the rights were granted.

For example, a tenant who had taken the shooting round a quarry could not object to the noise of blasting operations. If the land is agricultural, the grantor of the shooting rights (a better term than landlord, because it may include a tenant who has the shooting to let) cannot be prevented from continuing the normal course of husbandry. The shooting tenant cannot, for example, prevent his cutting timber.

In one such case the judge said: "There is evidence that the cutting of the trees will prejudice the pheasant shooting this year, and I have no doubt that it will, but there is no evidence that the landlord is not cutting them *bona fide* and because the trees in the ordinary and proper course of management require to be cut." And in another case the occupier of a farm, over which the sporting rights had been let, cut underwood and grubbed up furze over about a tenth-part of the area, but that was held not to be a breach of the covenant by the landlord to the shooting tenant for quiet enjoyment.

It is usual in a shooting lease to insert specific covenants that the grantor will not work in the coverts after a certain date, or to limit the work to be done there. If there are no such covenants the grantor would not be liable because he carried on thinning, faggotting and timber hauling, even if it disturbed the game, provided that it was in the ordinary course of estate management.

But the grantor must not intentionally do anything to injure the exercise of the rights he has granted. He may not entirely change the character of the land, for example, by selling it for a building estate, or cutting down all the timber for commercial purposes. If he does so, the shooting tenant may either get an injunction to prevent his doing so, or may recover damages for the injury to his rights.

In one famous case it was held that a shooting tenant was entitled to protect his rights by burning heather to leeward to stop a fire spreading. But this remedy of self help should be used with caution. And, incidentally, when taking shooting rights over heather, any agreement for burning it should always be included in the lease.

TWO GREAT BATSMEN

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THE evidence is accumulating that the next English team to visit Australia will be extremely strong in batting, and that it will contain two of the finest young players we have ever sent over the seas. I allude, of course, to Hutton and Compton. Comparisons are probably odious; none the less, it is fascinating to make them, so long as we bear in mind that there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon. Whenever I see Compton at the wicket this season, I am satisfied that he is the best young stroke-player since Hobbs flashed on us thirty years and more ago. And whenever I see Hutton I am equally as satisfied that he is the most complete batsman, the most fully and beautifully organised in technique, since Tom Hayward.

Recently I was fortunate enough to be present at Leeds when Hutton won the match for his county against Lancashire. On a bowler's pitch he scored 105 out of 147 for five; nobody else got as far as 20. We saw Hutton "fathering" such veterans as Leyland and Mitchell. He commanded the situation, and played on an average five balls an over. His colleagues were obviously mortal and fallible, likely to lose their wickets every ball. Hutton played every ball *with the middle of his bat*. He cut the slightly short ball outside the off-stump late and on the ground; he turned the slightly short ball on the leg-stump with strong and certain wrists. When the Lancashire bowlers pitched the ball up, to avoid these two behind-the-wicket strokes, Hutton stepped out of his ground and drove with a power that was concealed by his easy poise.

In a cricketer who is still not much more than a boy it was quite astonishing to find batsmanship as "knowledgeable" as this, as wise and as soundly principled. And for all the science and thoughtfulness of it, the innings was free, stylish, alive, with a sense of Hutton's own enjoyment of what he was doing. This was not the inhuman robot who achieved the "record" in the Oval Test match a year ago; here was an artist as well as a craftsman. The true sign of a great player is the ability to control a perilous situation.

The view generally held amongst cricketers up and down the land is that Hutton possesses a "sounder" defence than Compton's, and that Compton will always be the easier of the two to get out. If you watch Compton carefully, you will now and again suspect that he does not put his left leg close enough to the offside ball. But I am coming to the conclusion that this is an apparent and not a real defect in Compton's technique. The fact is that he makes his offside strokes strongly and securely enough. I fancy that even though he may sometimes play the offside ball with his arms in front of the front leg—I fancy that he neutralises this formal weakness by a right arm of uncommon power.

Compton is certainly a more improvisatory stroke-player than Hutton is: Hutton seems to have planned an innings, thought all the details out in advance. Compton, at his most brilliant, gives the impression that he is free to treat any ball in two or three different ways. A cover-drive by Hutton is handsome but logical. The same stroke by Compton is seemingly inspired on the spur of the moment by the player's spontaneity of temperament; he might have given us a hook, a pull, or a late-cut instead!

Hutton and Compton together in a great stand will be an example on the cricket field of the eternal dualism of life and all activity—the classic and the romantic; age and youth (for Hutton's cricket has never lacked old-headedness); reason and instinct; the Aristotelean and the Platonist—if in an article on such an innocent game as cricket I may use this strong language.

I believe that Hutton and Compton are, at their slender years, as gifted a pair of batsmen as cricket has known in all its history. The jealous old 'uns will no doubt remind me that bowling is so poor that it is easy, or comparatively easy, for a young batsman to make a reputation nowadays. "How would Hutton and Compton fare against, say, Kortright, J. T. Hearne and Blythe?" The answer is that a great player satisfies an *absolute* test by his technique, which we can examine as style and science to find out whether it is convincing and comprehensive in itself. If you watch Hutton, you will see little if anything that is wrong in mechanism and range; obviously here is a method (and a governing mind and character) guaranteed to cope with any of the known resources of bowling, ancient or modern.

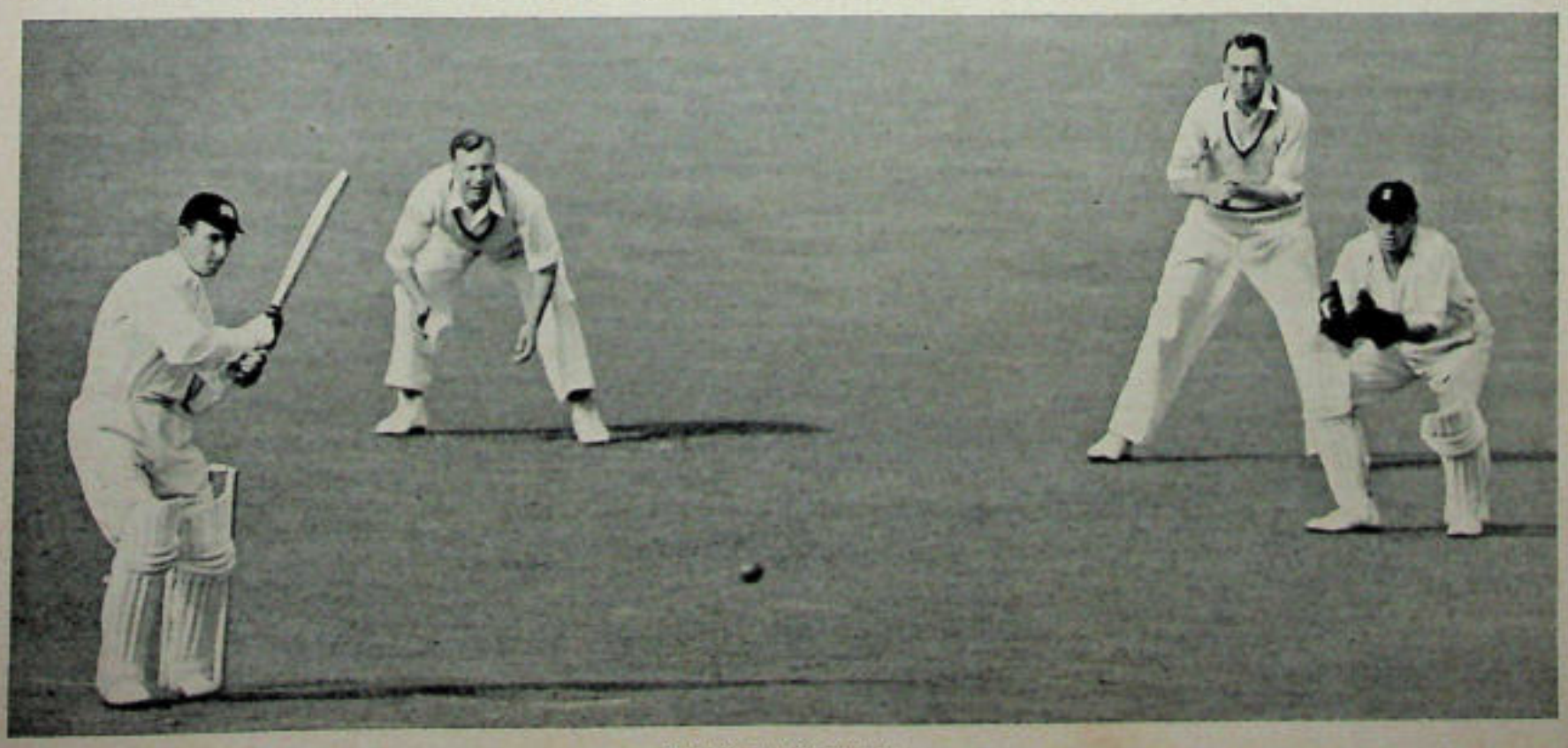
Besides, it is fallacy to suppose that in "the old days" bowlers of the calibre of Barnes, Hearne and Blythe were swarming over all our cricket fields, terrifying the young batsmen of that period. I have seen Hutton and Compton tackling a difficult attack on a difficult wicket—an attack as challenging as most in existence before 1914. By their methods, as well as by performances, by technique as such, Hutton and Compton compare well with any players of their ages that I, or anybody else, have ever seen. The imagination trembles with pleasure to think of the splendid things these two players will accomplish, to the pleasure of thousands—if only they are allowed the chance.

Hutton and Compton are typical of the revival that has happened in batsmanship during the last few years. Only yesterday, it seems, we were groaning under the boredom of the "dead" bat, the poke "round the corner" off the pads. Our eyes and our sense of cricket's loveliness were outraged by the "two-eyed" stance. Hits on the offside were becoming obsolete. This year, in spite of the wet weather, we have seen brilliant stroke-play in most matches—even in the Lancashire and Yorkshire match. I cannot recall, in all the thirty years I have watched cricket, a more *cultured* stroke-technique than you may see any afternoon in this present weeping summer from Hutton, Compton, Oldfield, the boy Robertson, Barnett, Hardstaff, Dollery, Washbrook—to name only a few, and not to mention Hammond. Oldfield, I am glad to see, has got the chance he has so obviously deserved. He has all the requirements the selectors are looking for. He is young, a batsman of rare ability, and a great fielder. In the North many consider that Hutton has only one rival and that is Oldfield. When he comes to the Oval this Saturday we shall see how true that is. When the new leg-before-wicket rule was brought in, the diehards said it would spoil footplay and cramp strokes. It has so far had an entirely opposite and refreshing effect!



HUTTON HOOKING

"I am equally as satisfied that he is the most complete batsman . . . since Tom Hayward"



COMPTON TURNS TO LEG

"Whenever I see Compton at the wicket this season, I am satisfied that he is the best young stroke-player since Hobbs flashed on us thirty years and more ago"



Democracy in cricket. These two spectators, seen at Lord's, might be colonel and batman

ROUND THE WICKETS

By HUMPHREY DANIEL

ONE of the gunners had found a cricket ball in his kitbag. Prospective players, in ammunition boots, overalls and khaki shirts, had taken the field on the narrow stretch of mud which lies behind the group of huts officially known as Hyde Park Camp—and unofficially as anything under the sun. We recognised it at once. It was the Oval. There could be no doubt about it. There was the Pavilion, four of them in fact. There, undoubtedly, was the Vauxhall end with the camp's four boilers smoking themselves black in the face in their efforts to look like gasometers. There was the enormous crowd—a bunch of gaping faces peering round the fence and looking as if they had taken the wrong turning for Regent's Park. And there, too, was the sight-screen—a lone tea-cloth of doubtful hue which some trusting soul had hung out to dry outside the cook-house.

Only one thing suggested that it was a game of cricket, and that was that it was played with a cricket ball. The wicket at one end was an edifice of two billycans, one perched perilously on top of the other; at the other end, nothing—with the batsman at the mercy of the bowler's generosity—and direction. For bats there were a variety of inventions. The first man in tried an ordinary piece of wood. When at last he did make contact he had to leave the field wringing his hands like a maiden in despair, but hardly with the language of one. The next man tried a broom—one of those things which always remind one of "black and midnight hags." He was equally unsuccessful. As he had perforce to use a scythe-like motion, because every attempt at playing straight resulted in a blow on the chin, it was not very long before the crash of the billycans behind him were ringing his fall. The next man had the best weapon of all. It was a large and heavy Army spade. The batsman dealt out blows right and left like some mighty Vulcan at his forge. The game became even more complex, even more devoid of rhyme or reason. The stoppages became even more frequent because where before the ball had merely to be poked out of the dixie of potatoes behind the wicket it now had to be retrieved from under the huts—a game in itself. It was on one of these quests into the nebulous unknown that a speculative pole struck a bottle—and we, in turn, struck beer. And it was here that Alby appeared on the scene.

Alby, known to his few enemies as Albert, held the position of assistant to the cook. In other words, Alby was not only a very wise man but also a very resourceful man. And it was not beer this time which had drawn him from the cook-house. In his arms he bore what at first sight appeared to be a small tree and at second proved to be the roughest of roughcasts of a cricket bat. It was so large that it covered the entire wicket, and as Alby was so small that he could put his legs behind it and defy the world in general, we had some difficulty in getting him out. Just as we were getting rather tired of Alby, and Alby's position was looking rather unhealthy, the bowler happened to notice a large saucer-like hole, made possibly by some unfortunate gunner in the face of the sergeant's wrath to encourage the earth to swallow him up, about 2 yds. from where the leg-stump is normally rooted. It was so large that his first attempt went straight home. Alby, seeing the ball sailing innocently down somewhere outside his rear, turned his attention to more pressing issues (I suspect it was what had happened to the bottle of beer). We were quite unable to convince him that the crash of his wicket had been made by the ball and not the boot of an exasperated wicket-keeper. And so we finished, in true army tradition, in hot argument—and the canteen.

* * *

There was a time, well within memory, when Worcester was amongst the down-and-outs of cricket. They were always at the bottom of the table; they never had any batsmen, never made many runs, and they never had any bowlers and never got many sides out. When they won a match, it was almost headline news. The only time they touched the threshold of fame was when the Australians came and used them as a sort of bicycle to try out their paces at the beginning of the season; when Bradman used to come to score an inevitable double century which broke the hearts of their bowlers for many a day. Poor little Worcester it always used to be. To-day poor little Worcester are sixth in the county championship. They are above strong Surrey, above great Lancashire. They have swamped sides like Sussex. They have beaten Yorkshire. Poor little Worcester are getting up. They are not only on their feet again, but taking on the might of the game. Why is this? What has turned the weakling into a side to be respected and even feared? There is, true, the fast bowling of Perks, and the thrilling batting of the boy C. H. Palmer. But that is about all. And it cannot account for everything. Worcester's rise is one of the great surprises on which the game of cricket is nourished.

* * *

Not even the most sensational of co-starred comets from Hollywood can challenge the popularity of Compton and Edrich nowadays. They are doing a great service to the game. They are bringing back youth into it. Compton can hardly move off a cricket ground now without an admiring train to uphold his greatness. (The other day I saw a gentleman come out of the gates of a county ground simply howled out of existence when he put forward quite a creditable pretence to a crowd of small boys after autographs that he was indeed the one and only Denis Compton.) Edrich has not been so fortunate, or rather he has been too cherished by fortune, almost bewitched by her smile. One day I have no doubt the less intelligent representatives of the press will say of him: "Failed, because he had too many chances." People are still speculating about Edrich. What is the matter with him? Is he really a great batsman? Is he going to prove us all wrong in the end and the selectors right?

The answer, I think, lies at the other end—when Compton is batting. Watch Compton drive a half-volley. The stroke is decided without hesitation, is perfectly balanced, instinctively timed; the ball fairly skids over the ground to the boundary, *all along the ground and between the fielders*. Now watch Edrich play the same shot. There is not the same quick decision, the same balance, the same timing. And more often than not the ball goes straight at a fielder. And how many times in an innings does Edrich stir the hopes of opponent spectators by being caught off "bump" balls? He is always doing it. He obviously gets too far over the ball, nullifies the power of his shot by driving the ball into the turf. The difference between Compton and Edrich is the difference between a great batsman, an immortal player and a great county batsman, someone to be remembered when all the deeds of a Compton have been told. The ingredients of a great batsman are an uncanny pair of eyes, a brain behind them which can read instantly the message they telegraph, a comprehensive array of strokes perfectly geared and timed, an ability which is almost an instinct to put the ball anywhere, and the fortune to be born a great batsman. Compton has them all. Three years ago, when I first saw him bat, I did not think so, but he has turned out to be the greatest discovery since Hammond. He has proved me wrong. I hope Edrich will.



Harold Gimblett jumping to the pitch of the ball



KEEPERS AND BEATERS DURING A HALT ON THE PITCHROY MOORS BANFFSHIRE

THE SCIENCE OF MANIPULATING GROUSE

By MARTIN STEPHENS

I ALWAYS think "driving" as applied to grouse is a bad rub. It does not suggest the process required. It makes one think of a "kick in the pants." Now, the grouse does not need a kick in his buff and brown breeches: he wants a gentle hint. He should not be driven, but manipulated.

Large numbers of beaters are not required for such purposes. Naturally, every man differs to some extent, and much depends on whether drives are to be "staggered" or not. For a single drive in August I should say up to two dozen are required, while in September one can do with less. Beaters should be warned before moving off about talking. It is not sufficiently generally realised to what extent the human voice terrifies birds and beasts. I know a first-class keeper who will not even use a whistle. They should be deployed whenever it is possible on a line parallel to the butts, and they should remain evenly spaced. This information may seem a little elementary, but it is essential to carry it out. A mile from the butts would be a good distance for deployment, though in August it could be less.

If beaters carry a flag, or a handkerchief tied to a stick, it is a good thing to give the keeper or underkeeper a coloured flag, which has a certain commanding significance as it flaps. As the beaters approach the line of the butts each should be made to hold his flag as high as possible above his head to draw attention to his position, particularly so when there is dead ground in front of the butts.

Beating is comparatively simple. Flanking is all important and extremely difficult. In my opinion the headkeeper should normally be the chief flanker, and an added advantage to this is that in the majority of cases he will get a clear view of guns, grouse and advancing line. He can thus make plans for future drives, or for the placing of future lines of butts. In a normal drive, if there is a cross-wind at all, he will be on the down-wind side of the butts, about 100yds. in front and to the flank.

There will be another trained flanker about 200yds. farther away from the butts, and slightly farther out, and the same on the opposite flanks. If the keeper can see beaters and butts he is in a good position for signalling the "off."

Early in the season birds will not fly far, but will settle again. This becomes annoying if there is a grouse trap in front of the butts, as birds are inclined to settle in it and rush the butts at the end of a drive. These coveys should always be fired at, even if they are almost out of range. The converse holds good. When birds are wanted through the butts, for a return drive, packs coming up-wind should not be fired at till the leading birds have passed the butts. When driving is started too early, as I am afraid far too often is the case, no attempt should be made to force forward every bird. A covey of cheepers, whose parents have been driven forward, are probably a covey lost.

The art of the flanker is a subtle one. It is the art that is required on the Stock Exchange, in a love affair, and in cross-examination that of knowing when to stop. If the flanker jumps up as soon as he sees the birds coming to him, and waves his flag like a semaphore arm in a crisis, the birds will almost certainly break back over the beaters. On the other hand, if he flaps it like a signaller ending a hundred word message, the birds will but quicken their pace and pass on. A good flanker appears suddenly at the critical moment. His appearance coincides with the arrival of the grouse to his front as accurately as a Hollywood star's with the press photographers. Such a flanker, incidentally, can help quite a lot with the pick-up.

For many years I have held it as a first principle of manipulating game that a very close study must be made of the direction of the wind. I was very much surprised to read an article in the *Field* by Arthur Hipgrave, probably the most experienced partridge general living, that he did not alter his partridge drives in any way owing to the direction of the wind. Yet I cannot believe that wind is not of paramount importance in grouse driving. On a property on which there are several beats I would advocate that where there is a possible choice, the beats and order of drives should not be arranged till the direction of the wind is known. The first drive will, of course, be down-wind. Grouse will fly back to dinner into the wind, but they will not fly away from dinner into the wind. Therefore they should be put off their feeding grounds first. What the grouse has in his mind all the time, except in moments of panic, is the question of to-morrow's dinner and to-day's.

If there is a real hurricane blowing it is not as easy to put grouse down-wind as one might imagine. There is also a degree of wind which a grouse will not fly into to get back to the most tempting feeding grounds. When grouse have been pushed off high ground to a lower and more sheltering part of the moor they become exceedingly difficult to manœuvre. I learnt this from Lord George Scott's book, and then went and saw it in practice. It is a very easy thing to ignore the obvious. The man in the butt can remain unconscious of minor tactics throughout his life if he wants to.

Placing of butts, however, is a thing that even the least observant of us can look at, and in the intervals before the drive starts it is rather fun trying to work out what has gone through the minds of the keepers who placed them. Or rather what is going through the mind of the grouse that flies over them, for they should be put to intercept the natural flight of grouse. Grouse are very fine cartographers, and they are connoisseurs of contours, which they cling to with an abiding affection. Therefore it is easier to place butts on undulating ground. Bear in mind in particular the spot where the grouse will ultimately land. One does not wish them to end their day in MacNaboth's vineyard over the burn. A sheltered lower hillside beyond the butts is an attraction to them as a settling point.

I think all lines of butts should be made longer than is required. Six is the ideal party, but for reasons of hospitality many hosts want to have eight out. One can leave the flank butts empty according to the wind and adjust the flankers as necessary. No numbers should be painted on butts. Numbers have a mesmeric effect on guns. If No. 1 gun is in a butt labelled 3, it is no good expecting the man who drew 3 to find his way to No. 5. He is on his holidays, and be damned to arithmetic.

Butting must be adjustable. "Nothing is sacred"—not even the line of butts which the last laird but two erected three years after the death of the Prince Consort. A case in point is the lone butt of the Two Burns drive at Moy. Lord Chesterfield, arriving late and being unable to take his place in the line, placed himself some way below No. 1 butt, and shot 39 grouse. Macintosh immediately erected a butt there, where it remains to this day.



LOOKING DOWN THE LIBRARY

The structure of this beautifully proportioned room is exactly the same as when it was built by Barry over 300 years ago

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—VII. THE TRAVELLERS'

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

CLUBS are like regiments. Outwardly, they may appear to the casual observer much the same—resembling two regiments standing on parade. Inwardly, some intangible spirit or aura permeating through all the members of either of them makes them, in truth, completely different one from the other. The Travellers' Club is certainly no exception to this rule. Ever since it was founded, it has possessed a complete and distinct personality of its own. Internationally, it is probably the most famous of all the clubs to be reviewed in this series.

Lord Castlereagh, the statesman, is credited with having been the moving spirit in its foundation. At its inception, it was set forth that "the object of the club was to form a point of re-union for gentlemen who had travelled abroad, and to afford them the opportunity of inviting as honorary visitors the principal members of all foreign missions and travellers of distinction." To be eligible for candidateship "it was necessary for a person to have travelled out of the British Isles to a distance of at least 500 miles from London in a direct line." This rule still holds good to-day.

As, however, more than one great traveller has been rejected for the Club, it would appear advisable for the intending candidate to fortify himself with further credentials than that of a morning's flight to Rome or Vienna. Early in the history of the Club, it was discovered that several members did not possess these necessary qualifications. This got out to the papers and was much too good copy for them to miss, and they made a "sensation" of it. They then published a list of places of the prescribed distance from London to help the members and intending candidates!

The immediate necessity of the Club was to find a home for its members, and in 1819, an agreement was entered upon for the lease of No. 12, Waterloo Place for 21 years, for the Trustees of the Society called the Travellers' Club. At the start, the number of members was limited to 400, but applications of candidates were so numerous that it was shortly extended to 500, and then to 600 members.

It became necessary to try to secure a larger building. Fortunately, at this time George IV had decided to move from Carlton House to Buckingham Palace. Carlton House, on which he had spent vast sums of money, now came under the demolition order. In consequence, a large number of sites along the south side of Pall Mall became available and the Trustees of the Travellers' Club were able to obtain a crown lease of their present site from October 10th, 1829, for 99 years. It has since been renewed. The committee to settle the arrangements about the new house was certainly a powerful body. Amongst its members were the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earls of Aberdeen, Ancrum and Dartmouth, Earl Beauchamp, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Auckland and the Hon. Robert Clive. They selected as their architect Mr., afterwards Sir, Charles Barry, who later was to become the architect of the new Houses of Parliament.

The house he erected for them is generally accepted to be one of Barry's finest works. When it was completed, he is said to have exclaimed that he had raised an edifice which did not admit of alteration in the smallest particular. Later on, we



THE DOOR OF THE LIBRARY

It is covered with book jackets and imitation shelves

are to see how his prophecy was vindicated in a manner probably he could never have expected. Barry derived the general idea of the Pall Mall front of the house from the Palazzo Pandolfino at Florence, the design of which is attributed to Raphael. Mr. Leeds, author of the *Public Buildings of London*, states that the resemblance between the two serves to show how much the beauties of a model may be improved upon by a free imitation of it in the hands of a master. He claims that there is a "sveltezza" in the English Palazzo, which the Italian one does not possess and more variety in its individual features; it has also more unity of character. In another passage, Mr. Leeds says: "We here behold the full beauty of the Italian—not the Palladian—style, purified from its defects and all its baser alloy, and stamped by a severe kind of dignity that renders it truly captivating." To mark their appreciation of Barry's work, he was now made a member of the Club—a singularly fitting compliment. The house, together with all fittings and furnishings, has cost the members £30,905 10s. 7d.

To revert to the early years before Barry's house was built, 12, Waterloo Place was first opened for the reception of members on August 18th, 1819, and the names of the first foreigners to receive an invitation as visitors were selected on May 20th, 1820. The conspicuous feature of the first elections held was the number of candidates who failed to pass the ballot. This particular feature has remained no novelty in the elections at the Travellers' and has persisted all through its history up to the time of the Great War. Probably, one of the most marked changes in society that the War brought about has been the complete indifference now shown by members of nearly every club in their own elections.

It is, indeed, now quite necessary to drive members into the room where the ballot is held in order to get the necessary quorum. Personal enmities seem largely a thing of the past or, at any rate, appear no longer to extend to club life. Yet in the times we are speaking of, there were no ends to which people would not go to exclude a person uncongenial to themselves from entering their club. An instance is on record of a Scottish nobleman having hired a special train from the north of Scotland to London so that he might be in time to blackball a man coming up for election at his club. It is doubtful whether this nobleman has one living descendant who would take the trouble even to walk across the room to blackball anyone for his club.

Among some of the original rules of the Club which to-day strike a strange note are: "Every member making use of the smoking establishment is requested to put one shilling in the box for the use of pipes" and another that the secretary should dine with such of the upper servants, at a separate table, as hereafter may be agreed upon. The admission of distinguished foreigners had not in all cases proved an unqualified success, some of their names and titles having been found to be the most distinguished part about them. There had also from time to time been complaints from the members on the subject of the overcrowding of the accommodation in the house due to their excessive numbers. Finally, after these various points had



THE STAIRCASE AT TRAVELLERS' CLUB

The narrow rail was added to help Prince Talleyrand up and down when he was a member between 1830 and 1834. An inscription is attached to the rail stating the purpose for which it was added to the wide balustrade

caused friction more than once, it was resolved that the recommendation of two members of the club for their introduction was not sufficient, unless the same shall be supported by the recommendation of the Ambassador or Minister of the country concerned.

The most famous of all the Foreign Ministers and diplomats to make use of the Travellers' Club was Prince Talleyrand. When he was in England between 1830 and 1834 as the representative of the Orleanist dynasty at the Court of St. James's, he made constant use of it. He took great pains to ingratiate himself with English society, and his social success was very great. Much of his leisure time was spent playing whist at the Travellers' Club. The handrail of the grand staircase being far too wide to permit of anyone's grasp, it was therefore furnished with a central mono-rail by the grip of which the aged statesman went up and down. An inscription on the rail reads: "This rail was attached to the balustrade for the use of Prince Talleyrand-Périgord, Ambassador of France, 1830–1834, during which time he was a member of the Club."

In December, 1850, a fire broke out in the night and the billiard room and all its furniture was completely destroyed. Barry was again called in to repair the damage. In 1861, Mr. Robert Smirke, professor of architecture at the Royal Academy, informed the committee that the Royal Academy proposed to award its silver medal to the student who made the best architectural drawing of the garden front of the Travellers' Club. This had always been considered to be the most beautiful front of the house.

Six years later the committee got themselves into serious trouble by an ill-advised action on their part. Without consulting any authority on these matters, they removed Barry's ornamental stone balustrade outside the Library and substituted iron railings. Mr. Edmund Barry immediately wrote to the committee, protesting against his father's work being defaced. The committee, however, would not yield, whereupon Mr. Barry set public opinion ablaze by a letter to *The Times* in which he complained of this act of vandalism in destroying the charm of symmetry, finish and beauty of proportion which had always caused the garden front of the Travellers' Club to be considered one of the best works of Sir Charles Barry. He described the substitute put up by the Club "as common bulging iron railings of a design which I can only describe as Baker Street vernacular." After this, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests joined in the fray and demanded to know why the committee had done this without their sanction and contrary to the terms of their lease. Yet still the committee quibbled, and tried to get out of making any alteration. Fortunately, the Woods and Forests stood firm, and Barry's balustrade had to be put back. It is to be regretted that people who do the same sort of thing now are not treated in the same firm way.

In the course of the Club history the committee has also had some very difficult members to deal with. Quite early on, a certain Colonel Fox, a Member of Parliament, took upon himself to erase the name of every candidate in the book who was not down as being proposed and seconded by a member. The committee wrote to him most strongly, objecting to his action. Thereupon, Colonel Fox replied to the effect that he had again defaced the opposite page and would continue to do so every time a candidate's name was put down in the book without the names of his proposer and seconder. At the time this controversy took place there was nothing in the rules to say that this was necessary whenever the candidate's name was inserted in the book. It must be obvious, however, to every clubman that Colonel Fox's principle was a right one, and eventually he won the day, a rule being passed to give effect to his wishes.

The next trouble was of a more serious nature. In 1878, Colonel Dawkins, a member of the Club, published several pamphlets under his own name addressed to members of the Club. In these pamphlets, the honour, rectitude and respectability of the members of the Club were impugned. One of them was addressed to General Stephenson, then in command of the Home District and a member of the Travellers'. The inscription on the wrapper was entitled, "Dishonourable conduct of Colonel (now Lieutenant-General H. Stephenson)." Needless to say, these pamphlets were placed before the committee, and Colonel Dawkins was asked to explain his conduct. He, however, declined to give any explanation or to submit to their jurisdiction.

After several discussions his expulsion from the Club was finally ordered by a general meeting. Dawkins then brought an action against the Club, which he lost. Undeterred, he took the case to the Court of Appeal, who confirmed the original decision. With considerable generosity, the Club returned him his subscription for 1879. The only other person to put the Club to any real serious inconvenience was a member who used the billiard room as a place to shoot himself in.

After the War the Club, like many others, had to face up to the difficulty of maintaining their membership. Among the steps taken to popularise it was the very important one of placing the election of candidates in the hands of the committee. It was obvious that the long-persisted-in custom of blackballing candidates had to end if the Club was going to survive the difficult times ahead of it. There can certainly be no club which can show from its foundation a more distinguished roll of members than that of the Travellers' Club. On the Club's first roll there were no fewer than five who became Prime Ministers—George Canning, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston. Seven, also, of the original members were destined to be Governor-Generals of India. Famous statesmen of more recent times who have also been members are Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. Baldwin. All through its history the Club has borne on its roll the names of men distinguished for all time in every sphere of the national life. It can, in truth, be said that it is the history of England since 1819.

There are no oil paintings of any note in the Travellers' house, but a large collection of engravings of past distinguished members are to be found everywhere. The library, reputed to be one of the most beautifully proportioned rooms in London, not unnaturally includes some valuable early books of travel.



THE SMOKING ROOM

Among some of the original rules of the Club is one to the effect that "Every member making use of the smoking establishment is requested to put one shilling in the box for the use of pipes"

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS

IX.—Dry-Fly Fishing and What it Means

MY DEAR BOB,—I am delighted to hear that an invitation to your cousin's water has materialised. As I mentioned in my first letter it is an uncommonly good piece of dry-fly fishing. You will need to use there a different method of fishing from any you have done hitherto, but the tackle you now have will do very well; in fact I had the possibility of dry-fly fishing in mind when I suggested certain of the tackle details in my original list. For example, my emphasis on a tapered line and tapered cast. In dry-fly fishing accuracy in casting and the way the line falls on the water are all important; hence the necessity for a line which tapers gradually from the rod point to the fly.

This does not matter so much as regards wet-fly fishing in rapid streams, for in them a long line is a disadvantage; very little line should lie on the water, as I explained earlier; but in dry-fly fishing you will always have 10yds. or more of line lying on the water, and you would find yourself badly handicapped if you had to cast with parallel line and gut. So while a tapered line can be used quite well for wet-fly fishing, a parallel line cannot be used advantageously for dry-fly fishing. If you are going to do both, the tapered line is the better investment.

I can see you have been talking to someone about dry-fly fishing, and I am not sure that you have got quite the right idea about it. Simply using a dry fly (*i.e.*, one which is tied with stiff hackles to make it float) is not necessarily dry-fly fishing. But I am not going to write you a treatise on the origin and development of the dry-fly system. Suffice it to say that at the beginning of the last century anglers began to note that in certain streams trout had the habit of picking flies off the surface during a hatch, and that the methods then in use—which were really the same as those you have been using in Devonshire—were not a very good imitation of the behaviour of the fly when it had just hatched.

They tried to devise a method which imitated the behaviour of those "duns" more exactly, and found they caught more fish. The system has been developed very ingeniously during the last hundred years and has now become what we call "dry-fly fishing." What I should like you to bear in mind most particularly is that the real aim and object of the dry-fly fisherman is the imitation of the behaviour of the flies during a hatch; the imitation of the appearance of the fly is often helpful, but the main point is to imitate its behaviour.

When you first get to Dorset it is odds you will be tempted to think you have come to a pretty poor fishing water. Apart from a weir at the head of the reach and the weirpool it has formed below, there are no deep holes, no rocks or small waterfalls, and few sizeable stones behind which a trout can lurk; the whole three-quarters of a mile consists of moderately swift unbroken water, filled with weed in September; just the kind of water, in fact, in which feeding trout are not found in Devonshire. Actually there is more clear bottom than appears, for the full-grown weed trails a long way downstream and hides many clear gravel runs where trout will be lying hidden from your view.

But chalk-stream trout have adopted a different mode of feeding from those in swift water. There is no need for them to find a quiet lay-by and dart from it to absorb a morsel. While feeding, they take up a position in the stream itself, a few inches under the surface, except in shallow places. If you are on the water when the rise is on and you can get the right angle for the light, you will see shadowy forms lying broadcast all over the river, on the top of a weedbed and at the tail of the trailing weed. Wherever there is a gleam of yellow gravel visible, careful inspection is almost sure to show you one or two trout, and when the rise starts you will see the rings of fish feeding quietly under the banks as well.

It is while the rise is on that one fishes in a chalk stream. That is one essential difference in the technique. You do not cast where you think a fish is likely to be; you cast to a rising fish whose rings you can see; in fisherman's English you "fish the rise"; you do not "fish the water." Although nowadays this has become a convention, there is sound reason behind it. Except in a few places where an open patch of gravel enables you to see a fish, it would be useless to cast on a chalk stream when no fish are rising, for they are under the weed and will not see your fly or take any notice of it. On the other hand, they will see you on the bank, for a man is much more visible to a fish lying under strands of waving weed than a fish is to a man, since the shadows on the bottom confound the fish with its surroundings. To "prospect" on a dry-fly water on the slender chance of a fish seeing your fly is rightly considered unsportsmanlike, for you spoil the water for other rods, while your own chance of success is exceedingly small.

I am telling you this because you will probably find that your cousin will impose what appear to you to be "rules" for fishing his water and you may be inclined to chafe at restrictions which involve many hours of idleness, but there is good reason behind them. You may remember I mentioned that your three-quarters of a mile of the Bray would be none too much for a day's fishing, and from your letters you evidently found it so. But on a chalk stream it is otherwise. Your cousin has probably about the same amount of water, but there is room for three rods instead of one; and I verily believe that, if they were first-class fishermen, three rods could fish the rise on his water day in and day out through the season without doing it any material damage. So never cast except to a feeding fish.

I do not think you will find the fishing itself any more difficult than the fishing in Devonshire once you have grasped what it is you are trying to do. Flies hatch out in just the same way, but since the water is altogether quieter they remain on the surface longer after they have hatched and the trout get a better chance of taking them in the dun stage. You will not find the fish make a sudden dash to annex a fly as they do in a swift stream. There they have to be very quick about it or the swift current will have carried the fly out of reach, so they are not usually particular as to how the fly floats. But in a chalk stream they can see the fly coming down on the surface from a couple of yards away, and there is plenty of time. Trout generally get in front of the fly; then rise and suck it in just as it comes over their nose. And what you have to do is to make your artificial fly come floating down on the water in just the same way.

The first thing to notice is that flies *stand* on the water; they do not float with their bodies; they stand on their feet with the body held above the water. This is very important because you can easily realise how very different *from below* a fly must look when it is standing on the water from one which is lying in the water. In one case the surface of the water is between the fish and the fly; in the other the surface is broken by the fly's body. One still occasionally sees flies offered for sale with hollow bodies or bodies made of cork, and their merits extolled on the ground that they float well. Such flies are perfectly useless for dry-fly fishing since the body does not have to float at all. The fly must stand up on its hackles with the body held above the water if it is to imitate a dun which has just hatched.

In consequence flies for dry-fly fishing are tied with a rather stiff hackle which stands out like a ruff all round its neck, and if you take one of these flies and drop it on to a glass of water you will see that only the hackle points penetrate the surface, and it is when a fly alights like this on the water as the result of a cast that you stand the best chance of getting a fish. So to fish successfully the fly must fall lightly and it must remain dry enough to stand on its hackles for several casts.



DRY-FLY WATER WHERE THERE ARE NO DEEP HOLES, NO ROCKS OR SMALL WATERFALLS, AND FEW SIZEABLE STONES BEHIND WHICH A TROUT CAN LURK

To attain this end a fisherman does three things: he greases his line so that it floats (but not the cast, for grease will make it too visible to the fish); he makes "false casts" backwards and forwards in the air half-a-dozen times or more between each cast to dry his fly; and he casts at a point in the air above the water so that his line extends first and then drops; the fly should flutter down, so to speak, on to the water and not come down hard on to it, otherwise it will immediately become waterlogged and fish will ignore it.

Some, probably most, dry-fly fishermen anoint their fly with paraffin (or some patent preparation) which helps in keeping it dry. The effect is to waterproof the feathers temporarily so that the water is thrown off easily as it is from a duck's back; but it should be noted that such preparations do not, as is often believed, make a fly float; they only preserve its floating powers. A fly which will not float well when perfectly dry will not float when anointed even with the most expensive unguent. I will write you about the fishing itself next week.

Your affectionate uncle,
HARVEY.



A TITHE BARN IN DANGER

By DENNIS FLANDERS

As many motorists know, the great trunk road to Bath beyond Marlborough runs along the crest of the Wiltshire Downs for many lonely miles. Where it drops into the vale of the Bristol Avon stands the village of Cherhill, a typical village of a townsman's imagination. There is an inn on the main road, three lanes leading off, connected by another; all lined with hedges and interspersed with elms. Between them stand a few thatched cottages, with their own kitchen gardens, and at the end of the village are the church, the manor house and the tithe barn. There it stands, between the Downs and the Vale, a complete mediæval village. I said "stands," using the present tense. For there may be an unfortunate change in the near future. The great tithe barn, an integral part of the village, with its position so close to the church, is for sale. And it has a great deal of fine timber and a roof of stone tiles—two things in great demand to-day by builders of "antique" houses, and by our cousins across the Atlantic.

In the thirteenth century this Wiltshire village belonged to Richard FitzJohn. After his death it passed to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Warwick. It was again a part of the Warwick estates when the King-Maker was killed at Barnet, in 1471, after which it reverted to the Crown. Henry VII subsequently restored the confiscated land to the same family for one generation. During the seventeenth century there is actual mention of this tithe barn in the church records. Since the end of the fourteenth century this barn, for all the world like a cathedral, has stood up against the winds that blow down from the lonely hills.

Its total length is 110ft. and width 35ft. You could put the whole church inside it and a few cottages as well! The main structure is rough-hewn timber, built on the cruciform principle, standing on a low masonry wall, and roofed with shale stone tiles. It is divided into eight bays by means of seven trusses. There are four porches walled with stone of a later date. The flooring is various, part of concrete, part of timber and part of naked earth. The side walls are of oak studs and panels, and the ends are of weather boarding applied to oak stud framework. It has been inspected by H.M. Office of Works, which has issued a scheduling order and recommended preservation.

These remarks will show that the barn is well worth saving, both from an historical and a structural point of view, and because it is an essential part of a complete mediæval village. Its inspirational value, too, is tremendous. And then, beyond all these reasons, is its æsthetic value. I have seldom seen anything more impressively beautiful than its dark interior, with the sunshine streaming in through the open doors, touching the old beams with brightness and diffusing light into the utmost recesses of the roof, as can be partly seen in my drawing reproduced above.

As to the present state of the barn, the official report tells a sorry tale of fractures and leakages, leanings and saggings—but for all that, its condition is very far from being hopeless. The greatest trouble is the weight of the tiles (estimated at 100 tons!) under which the roof rafters are sagging. Once the tiles are off the timbers can be straightened, the roof put back, and the barn can go on for another 500 years.

Now it could either be a Youth Hostel or a village hall. In the first case a partition could be made in one end to contain the sleeping quarters, and the rest of the barn used for meals and as a common room. Schemes have already been set on foot with this in view, but have failed, so far, through lack of funds. In the second case, what a splendid meeting-place it would make as a village hall! The local branch of the County Library could be housed there instead of in the school as at present. Nor must it be thought that these ideas are doomed to failure. There are many examples of successful preservation; a tithe barn in Hertfordshire, now turned into a library; one at Bradford-on-Avon an agricultural museum; and the Youth Hostel Association use a barn at High Roding, and converted water-mills at Houghton and Winchester. Also quite a large number of stone tithe barns are preserved as ancient monuments for all time.

As usual, the difficulty is lack of funds. Mr. J. Millhouse, of Woodhall Spa, discovered it a few years ago and bought it on the spot. He has spent a lot of money on it, and treated it with great care. Without his aid it might now be a ruin. To-day, circumstances compel him to sell, and the Office of Works have given permission for unconditional sale.

Now, indeed, we must hope that someone will come forward and provide for its future. Expert help and advice are at hand, only the money is wanting. If this is not forthcoming we shall never see that lovely interior again, and the barn, in one of the most delightful positions imaginable, will be but a memory.

HANDICAPS OF POLO PLAYERS



CHIEF UMPIRE

Major Michael Cox was appointed Chief Umpire at the beginning of the season with a view to obtaining uniformity in the interpretation of the rules. There was some complaint at the start of London polo of too much whistle, but it has gradually been borne on the players that the remedy lies in their own hands

IN the Revised Handicaps issued at the end of the London season, and which are operative during the remainder of the season, as yet happily some distance away—you may read the history of the past three months. At a time when we are in urgent need of new blood in the game it is refreshing to observe that several young players have been judged worthy of advancement, more than one to the extent of a "double-remove," notably Jack Traill and Captain J. H. Montagu-Douglas Scott, who have ended up at 5 goals.

Another who has been one of the outstanding performers this season, the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell, has gone up to 6—a well-deserved promotion. There is also Captain R. O. Critchley, who has been a great stand-by to Edmundsbury, and goes up to 5. But although most of our best players in the past were started in the game and developed their skill in the Army, the change-over to mechanisation (which many of us continue to regard as an unwarranted risk) that has been the fate of the cavalry has made it increasingly difficult to keep the game going, and if polo is to have a future we must look more and more to the civilians.

Judged from American standards, our young entry is both less numerous and less promising than we might hope for, but it must be remembered that the American player makes his polo his chief recreation, whereas with us the game is a mere incident in the year. This is intensified by the fact that English polo is essentially a part of the London season, which lasts only from May till July. Any polo manager will tell you that it is impossible to get up even a members' game at any of the London clubs once Goodwood Week has begun.

To be sure there is still lots of fun to come. The Cowdray week, not long concluded, has provided as good and as enjoyable polo as any tournament this summer, followed by Rugby, where the Optimists won the Open Cup, holiday tournaments at Le Touquet and Deauville, and, to wind up, the Dunster meeting, which goes right on to the end of September. But that very dispersion tends to lower the standard. How much more fortunate are they in America, for, though there is any amount of polo played all over the country, Meadow Brook is able to accommodate all the important polo in the East and, with its delightful country atmosphere, within easy reach of New York, there is no need to go farther. Accordingly, though they play only a tithe of the tournaments from May till October that we cram into twelve weeks or less, there is constantly the feeling that the play is progressive, leading up to the grand finale, the Open Championship, and with the 20 goals American tournament, the 12 goals, and the 20 goals championship, there is the opportunity for the young player to develop his game in constant fast polo.

Regarding that same American 20-goal championship, I have just had news of how things went. The winners were Bobby Loewenstein's not inappropriately named League of Nations team, who beat Laddie Sanford's Hurricanes in the final by 15 goals to 9, having on their way beaten Tommy Hitchcock's Sands Point team with young W. H. Chisholm and A. L. Covey, of the Yale team, and Jock Whitney at back. The former two were in the Sands Point team that won the League 20-goal tournament at Meadow Brook. That is the way to bring on young blood. Think what an incentive it must be to be playing in a team with Tommy Hitchcock with all his experience and encouragement to play up to. No wonder their men come on apace.

The tie between the League and Sands Point was, I am told, about the best game of polo they have had yet at Meadow Brook this season. George Oliver is a most promising player from the South, Loewenstein is always well mounted, but Bob Skene on this occasion surpassed himself, hitting 10 goals of the 12 his side made against 8—and that against Tommy Hitchcock. This season's polo in America has, I reckon, put 2 goals on to his handicap, and they say now that undoubtedly his place is No. 2, supporting thus a remark in these notes some time ago. There was another promising youngster in the final, Harry Evinger, one of those hard-riding, hard-hitting Texans that exist up from time to time. Cecil Smith and Rube Williams were the lungs. So ends a gallant and distinguished career.

It is a pity the young and promising player in England is constantly (especially in the Army) compelled to keep a low handicap team together at the expense of his personal progress: too often he is forced to play back in the game, at No. 3 or back, and so, though we have plenty of useful players throughout the country in those positions, we are hopelessly short of good forwards. Perhaps some day we shall have a polo centre that will accommodate as many people as wish to play, not too far from London, and which, owing to the large number of players who wish to stable their ponies and to play all their polo there, may be able to reduce the cost of playing, which year by year makes it increasingly difficult to keep in the game.

In our country clubs they are hard put to it to keep going, and that they do so at all is thanks to the few wealthy and public-spirited sportsmen who are ready to put their hands in their pockets to make up deficiencies. But on every hand one hears that regular players, who used to be able to pay for their polo by making young ponies and selling them at a reasonable profit at the end of the season, are giving up owing to the importation of foreign—mostly Argentine—ready-made ponies, which can be bought at a lower figure than the English article can be produced, and are very nearly as good. There is a strong, but at present not vocal, agitation for the imposition of an import duty that will at least give the home producer the chance to compete with the importer on an equality.



THE XOEUD-VINCENT GROUND AT LE TOUQUET

Now brought into use this season after having lain fallow since 1914

two of them. It is as much the system of playing their polo as anything else, time, money temperament or climate that brings on young American blood.

At the time of writing I know of only three teams definitely entered for the Open Championship this autumn, though no doubt others will be added. These are first and foremost Greentree, who won in 1935 and 1936 before being deprived of their honour by their cousins of Old Westbury in 1937. Now Jock Whitney has all the best of Sonny Whitney's string—and what a string that is—and, as the racing experts say, "Anyone who wins will have them to beat." The team will be J. P. Grace (young blood again), Bob Skene, Tommy Hitchcock and Jock Whitney. Charlie Wrightsman's Texas team will consist of himself, Eric Pedley, Cecil Smith and Winston Guest, which on paper is probably the most formidable of all three, and Bostwick Field, an amalgam of that and Aknusti will be G. H. Bostwick, E. T. and R. L. Gerry and Eric Tyrrell-Martin. There is, too, a probability that Mike Phipps and Stewart Iglehart will team up together.

The projected challenge for the cup of the Americas has come to nothing, which is regrettable, for the likely American team with Pedley, Smith and the two Guests would have had a fair chance of recovering the cup, though Americans do not, I think, show up so well against Argentines as they do against us. I hear that the British ponies who remained over there after the sale have mostly been going well, but I grieve to hear that old Tatters, the flea-bitten grey by Tag Rag out of Corunna, has died as the result of a haemorrhage of

It certainly seems to me that the production of the home-bred pony should be encouraged, and it would no doubt have the effect of keeping men in the game who cannot well be spared. In England polo is less of a rich man's game than it is in America, and most of our good players manage to keep up by selling one or two ponies each year. We have our peculiar needs and these should be considered sympathetically.

Though three teams are, I understand, to be broken up at the end of this season, it is to be hoped that there will be replacements and that we need not despair. The ideal team is one in which each member has his own string of ponies, which the leader may be able to supplement by the loan of one or two of his own as occasion arises. It gives a great incentive to the individual and seems in every way desirable.

If we ever challenge again for the Westchester Cup (and that at present seems problematical), I hope that an intensive search will be made in England a good two years before the series begins for suitable ponies.

There are undoubtedly plenty of them about, but the trouble is that so many of them never get a chance to show their quality through being kept in moderate polo. As an instance three English ponies that we had seen last year in London, and which had not impressed us with their ability to any vast extent, proved themselves on the International Ground at Meadow Brook as unquestioned internationals. There are scores of the same sort up and down England to-day if only we can find them. JEMADAR.



SIR JAMES WILSON OF INVERTROSSACHS LEADING HIS PARTY UP TO THE BUTTS OVERLOOKING LOCH VENNACHAR

A DISAPPOINTING TWELFTH

WHATEVER fortune may have befallen all the various parties who were out on the moors on the Twelfth, it can be said that at least in certain cases they enjoyed bright weather. And whatever the sport, it is indeed a disappointing experience to wake up to torrents of rain—there seems nothing quite so wetting as a Highland deluge—on this day of days. Where grouse are plentiful, too, heavy rain is inimical to the best of results, as birds are far more likely to become restless, and when shot present a bedraggled appearance which, especially where they are to be sent away as presents, is to be deplored.

There is a good deal of truth in the well-worn saying that "the best time to estimate grouse prospects is at lunch-time on the Twelfth," and experiences in many instances seem to be bearing this out. As, of course, is always the case, whether for business or social reasons, some moors are not shot right at the very beginning, and it is not possible to make any really fair or comprehensive statement by way of summary of the whole situation. Comparatively few reports, too, have yet come to hand. Whatever, therefore, is said must fail to be representative of the shooting as a whole. However, at a venture, it would seem that if the season turns out to reach the average of recent years it is quite as much as can be expected. This opinion is based both on those reports of bags that are already in and on the general situation up to the beginning of the month. As has already been made known in the *Field*, a generally favourable winter was followed by a wet spring, and then by prolonged drought in May and June. There was disease—a great deal of it in some places—and the tick has done its worst in not a few districts. The heather beetle has deprived the grouse of its livelihood on large areas of normally good shootings, and while some moors have been forsaken by the birds, others have been overcrowded. All these are factors which are bound to exercise an adverse effect, though the real extent of it cannot be measured till the season has advanced.

Of those counties in Scotland in which the pre-season prospects seemed to encourage a fairly cheerful outlook, Banffshire and Aberdeen provided the brightest spots, and what reports there are to hand have confirmed this view. On the Balmoral moors, for instance, there has been no disease, and H.M. the King, who was shooting on the opening day, found a good stock of birds. At Glenmuick, too, Sir Victor Mackenzie enjoyed fair sport. At Pitlochry, in Perthshire, where birds are reported as healthy, there are still a number of backward coveys, which has militated against early bag-making.

Coming to England, while on certain moors near the borders of Cumberland, Westmorland and Durham there has been some good sport, Yorkshire for the most part has fully justified the pessimistic reports that were made. This has been the black spot for disease, which has made untold ravages over a very wide area. Probably the generally undulating nature of many of the moors which cannot claim the great variations in altitude that those in the Highlands can, has helped to make matters worse. No sadder case of the seriousness of the situation is likely to be forthcoming than that on the famous Blubberhouses moor, the scene of much shooting history, where the bag on the Twelfth was but nineteen brace to seven guns.

When, however, the season is a little older and shooting has become general will be the time to see just how wide-spread has been the inroad of disease and what districts have been more fortunate.

Aberdeenshire

ACHBEENACH.—On the 12th, 25½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns in three hours before lunch, walking up: Admiral Lumsden, Major-General Sir Frank Connor, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Woods, Mr. A. M. Bennett, Mr. Q. H. I. Irvine and Captain M. B. Pollard-Urquhart. Strong westerly wind, heavy showers. Plenty of birds, all fully grown, but wild and rising far out.

BALLOGIE.—On the 12th, 80 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Sir J. Burnett, Sir George Abercromby, Brigadier-General H. P. Burn, Lieutenant-Colonel W. V. Limmles, Major H. M. Clowes, Mr. D. G. Cochran, Mr. P. E. H. Warner and Colonel R. J. Nicol. Plenty of birds. A strong wind in the worst possible direction.

CLOVA.—On the 12th, 160½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. E. Hubert Litchfield, Mr. Wm. N. Beach, Mr. Post, Mr. H. C. Brown, Mr. E. G. Baetzer and Mr. H. Baetzer. Very heavy north wind, fine, some slight showers. Birds strong and plentiful.

KILDRUMMY.—On the 12th, 54 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. W. A. Bailey, Colonel W. Dugald-McCombie, Colonel J. C. Simpson, Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Maitland, Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. Varwell and Brigadier-General C. Ogston. Birds very plentiful and strong. Very strong wind interfered with driving.

Argyllshire

ACHNAGOUL.—On the 12th, 20½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. J. Campbell Blair, Mrs. Campbell Blair, Major G. E. G. Grant Forman and Mr. John MacKean. Birds plentiful but wild.

Ayrshire

SOUTHANNAN.—On the 12th, 40 brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Mr. David Boyle, Mr. Alasdair Boyle, Mr. Ranald Boyle, the Earl of Glasgow, Air-Commodore the Hon. John Boyle, Mr. C. L. Hill, Mr. H. Cowan-Douglas, Mr. P. Wilkinson and Sir C. MacAndrew, M.P. Strong west-north-west wind spoiled morning drives, but day was fine and sunny. A very good show of birds, all strong, and no disease at all. Heather good.

Cumberland

BRACKEN BANK.—On the 12th, 67 brace were killed by eight guns: Mr. A. C. Shepherd, Mr. T. B. Foster, Captain the Hon. Caryl Bartuc, Mr. A. Mathias, Colonel Williams, Mr. G. Cuthbert-Walker-Heneage, Mr. Mervyn Seames, Mr. Stanley Robinson. A strong wind did not help driving. Shorter drives produced best results. A surprising number of backward broods. A very nice lot of birds, and much better results may be expected next week.

Inverness-shire

DALRACHNEY, CARRBRIDGE.—On the 12th, 48½ brace of grouse, 1 woodcock and 1 snipe were killed by seven guns: Mr. Alastair Currie's party walking in line, two parties—Mr. J. D. Jenkins, Mr. T. F. Rawle, Mr. R. Mackay, Colonel D. Mackay, Colonel G. P. Grant, Mr. J. M. Munro Kerr, Mr. H. L. Usher in morning only. Strong N.W. breeze. Birds strong and wild.

GLENSHERO LODGE, LAGGAN BRIDGE.—On the 12th, 41 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Major Horne, Captain Norton, Sir Peter Farquhar and Captain Trotter. Very wet and windy. Birds very patchy and a lot of second broods.

MOY.—On the 12th, 61 brace of grouse and 15 various were killed by five guns: Mr. F. D'Arcy Cooper, Mr. R. Thibaud, Mr. S. R. Cooper, Mr. H. A. Benson, Master D. Martin. Driving and walking up.

Kincardineshire

GLENFARQUHAR AND DRUMTAVERD.—On the 12th, 85½ brace of grouse and 4 blue hares were killed by seven guns: Sir James Caird, Bart. (Proprietor), Viscount Arbuthnott, Brigadier-General A. G. Pritchard, Mr. John Elliott, R.A., Mr. Peter Elliot, R.S., Master James Scudamore, Master Edward Scudamore. Better show of birds than last year. Birds strong and well grown. No signs of tick except on blue hares. Heather good; in bloom.

CRY AND RICKARTON.—On the 12th, 9 brace of grouse, 11 hares and 7 rabbits were killed by 3 guns: Viscount Stonehaven, Lord Forbes, and Commander Hobbs. Short day. Shooting over setters. Coveys extremely wild. Stock of grouse patchy.

Perthshire

BALNAKEILLY.—On the 12th, 35½ brace of grouse, 2 snipe and 1 wild duck were killed by five guns: Mr. A. E. Berry with Mr. Doble C. Berry, Captain John Courage, G. Cross and Miss H. Kalaud. Walking in line, birds strong and no evidence of disease. Driving prospects better than average of last two years.

BORESPIC.—On the 12th, 16½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Sir Robert Burrows, Mr. Miles Burrows and Mr. David Burrows. Coveys small, but well grown, healthy.

CASTLE MENZIES.—On the 12th, 59 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Lieutenant-Colonel J. Gordon Ramsay, Major W. H. S. Alston, Captain F. Bonham Carter, General Sir Archibald Cameron, Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Charrington, Brigadier-General K. J. Kincaid Smith, Mr. Alex. Mitchell, General Sir Arthur Wauchope. Driving was difficult owing to wind.

DALMUNZIE.—On the 12th, 32½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. Archy Birkmyre and Mr. J. Robertson. Weather fair, occasional showers. Birds seem more plentiful; young, healthy. No signs of any disease in birds or heather.

GLENDEVAR.—On the 12th, 25½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Hon. A. Dewar, Hon. Mrs. Dewar and Mr. Douglas Parker. Birds quite well grown, but rather patchy on the ground shot over.

KIPPEN.—On the 12th, 33 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: General Sir Reg. May, Admiral Thomson, General Reddie, Colonel Innis, Major Duncan, Mr. D. Thomson. Birds very strong and wild; good coveys and up to usual.

ORCHIL.—On the 12th, 14 brace of grouse and 3 woodcock were killed by four guns: Colonel R. G. Dawson, Mr. Peter Dawson, Mr. J. M. A. J. Dawson and Captain A. T. Dawson. Fine day. Mr. J. M. A. J. Dawson and Captain A. T. Dawson. Fine day. Birds in good condition and well grown. Numbers not up to average.

RIEMORE.—On the 12th, 24 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. Alexander Ramsay, Mr. Michael Lyle, Major J. R. Cooper, D.S.O., Sir A. M. Lyle. Birds very wild. Coveys on the whole small—average about five. Judging from this part of the moor the season might be an average one. No signs of disease, and the heather promises well.

THE BARRACKS.—On the 12th, 15 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Major Mann-Thomson, Mr. J. W. Mann-Thomson, Sir George Stirling, Bart., Colonel the Hon. D. P. Tollemache. Coveys were good but scarce. Heather good.

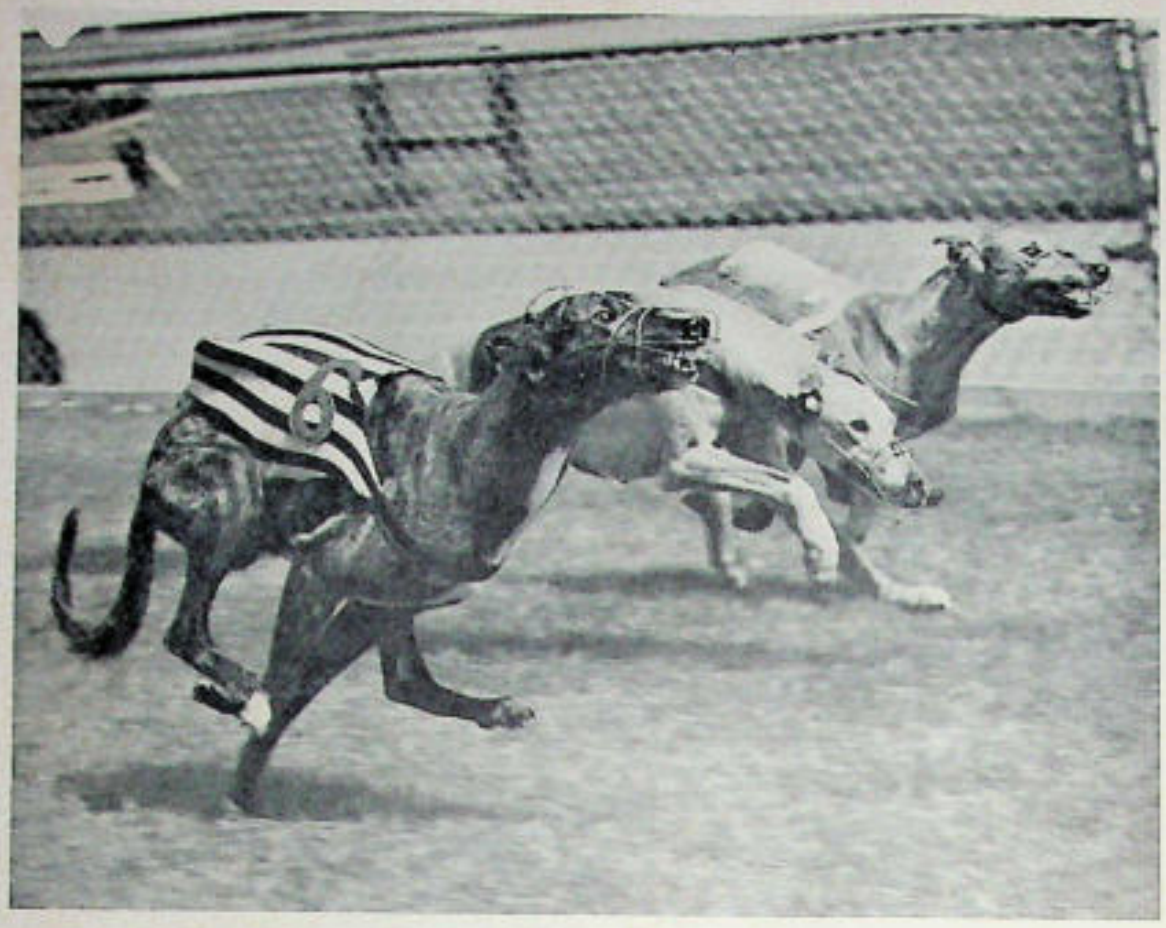
TULLIERET.—On the 12th, 15½ brace of grouse, 20 hares and 13 rabbits were killed by three guns. Sunny fine day, westerly wind. Birds wild, strong and healthy, heather good, fair prospects for season.

Ross and Cromarty

KINLOCHEWE.—On the 12th, 17 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Mr. Leslie Garton and party. Coveys fewer and smaller than last year. Birds fairly well grown. No trace of disease. Very wet morning.

Yorkshire

DEEPSIDE MOOR.—On the 12th, 65½ brace were killed by seven guns: Lord Charles Bentinck, Lord Bingley, Earl Grey, Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart, Sir Ronald Graham, Captain Macmillan, M.P., and Mr. Richard Cavendish. Weather was showery with some bright intervals. Birds all very healthy and in good condition; some very late broods.



A TRIAL AT THE WHITE CITY
Doctor Champion (No. 6) at speed with Neurology and Sneezy

THE VETERINARY SIDE OF GREYHOUND RACING

By DALE BOURN

DURING the parade at any greyhound race-meeting many are the remarks that can be heard on all sides concerning the appearance of the animals. Such ejaculations as, "Don't they look wonderful!" "Don't they look fit!" "Aren't they beautifully sleek!" are the types of remarks that are made by many present—mostly, need it be said, by the fair sex!

Few, however, give a thought to the magnitude of the task of keeping 65,000 or so greyhounds registered with the National Greyhound Racing Club in racing trim or to those who devote their time to this end.

Being as susceptible as young children to illness and disease, and their value, or potential value, being what it is, it is obvious that no risks can be taken with their health.

The collection of many hundreds of greyhounds in one kennelling establishment creates a grave danger to the spread of contagious diseases.

Again the hazards of the race itself are responsible for many unavoidable accidents. It is small wonder, then, that the N.G.R.C. insists upon very strict veterinary supervision over all the many race-courses licensed by them.

Since the advent of greyhound racing, veterinary surgery and research work has taken enormous strides forward. The big racing companies have utilised, advantageously, many thousands of pounds to further this great work.

Each racing kennel has a resident veterinary surgeon, and one or two assistants attached to its staff. A racing establishment such as that owned and operated by the Greyhound Racing Association at Northaw is equipped with an up-to-date hospital, laboratory, operating theatre, x-ray apparatus and ultra-violet ray room.

Research and investigation have proved that diseases may be imported into the kennels from an outside source. These may be introduced by a newcomer or by food contamination, and many are the safeguards used to protect the kennels. For instance, isolation quarters are provided, and into these go all new arrivals for a fortnight and remain under observation during this period. Any symptoms of contagious diseases will have manifested themselves within this time, and can accordingly be treated in order to prevent infection or contagion to the rest of the kennels when they are transferred into regular training quarters.

So strict are the measures taken in this respect that those visiting observation kennels are made to dip the soles of their shoes in disinfectant before entering and again on leaving.

Infection due to food contamination is guarded against by regular veterinary inspection and analysis of the food prepared for consumption.

The milk they drink is analysed at definite intervals and is regularly tested for purity and fat content. It is part of the vet.'s daily routine to inspect all kennels to see that they are scrupulously clean. What is probably most remarkable is the revolutionary discovery made by veterinary officials of greyhound racing companies in the treatment of the two most serious canine maladies—distemper and hysteria. Distemper—the bugbear of all dog breeders—is rather akin to a virulent form of contagious gastric influenza, resulting in high fever and causing the animal to waste away until it dies. Hysteria, on the other hand, is a nervous disorder—the origin of which is as yet undiscovered.

It is the prevention, rather than the cure, of these two deadly maladies with which the vets. at the big racing establishments are concerned. Modern veterinary research work by the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons in co-operation with the laboratories of the big pharmaceutical companies and those of the greyhound racing companies, and originated and sponsored by the *Field*, has resulted in the discovery of an anti-toxin which has completely defeated this distemper. In recent years at Northaw, mortality from this cause has dropped from 53 per cent. to less than 1 per cent., or practically nil. No death from this cause has taken place at Northaw for three years. Nowadays puppies are inoculated with this anti-toxin serum between the ages of one and three months.

Hysteria, it has been found, can be counteracted by a complete change of diet. Thus a dog showing the slightest symptoms of this malady is immediately switched over to an entirely new diet. If the animal has been used to a preponderance of vitamins, it is straightway changed to proteins and vice-versa. Complete rest and quiet in a darkened kennel is a further necessary part of the treatment.

Modern kennels being constructed draught- and damp-proof as they are as at Northaw, and having central heating and air-conditioning installed, have obviated such ailments as cramp and rheumatism, but when a greyhound—usually passing the prime of life—is attacked by a bout of either of these, treatment by infra-red radiant heat or ultra-violet ray is at hand.

Other complaints, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, enteritis and gastritis, although most rare nowadays, do occasionally occur, and the vet. immediately has all such cases removed to the hospital for treatment and nursing.

"Accidents will happen" is a trite saying, but nevertheless very apt when applied to the racing greyhound. Whereas diseases are now, thanks to modern veterinary precautions, most rare, accidents and injuries still continue. Up-to-date veterinary surgery saves the life of many an animal that would in the olden days have been "put down."

It is not to be wondered at that these animals suffer injury from time to time when it is realised that they may be racing once and occasionally twice a week on "going" that may be anything from hard to slippery and soft, according to the weather. Travelling as they do at about 40 m.p.h., injuries are bound to occur at times.

These injuries may be of the minor type, easily got over, after treatment, in a few days. On the other hand, they may be extremely serious and practically fatal.

The most common injury to a racing dog is "track leg," which is met with in other sports. It is more prevalent in greyhound racing, and one of its causes is the strain on the leg involved in negotiating bends. It is a strain of the tendon in the muscle above the hock and inside the thigh. A cure is never certain, but treatment with hot and cold fomentations and rest go a long way to alleviate it. Knocked-up toe is another injury fairly common on the racecourse. It is an injury to the second joint of the toe and is a severe strain. It is treated by firing and blistering.

Pulled dew-claws are fairly common, too. These claws are of some use to the greyhound, but they can get along quite well without them, and amputation after injury is quite frequent without apparently affecting the running of the animal to any extent.

Various other minor injuries such as torn nail beds, fractured toes and split toes are sometimes serious enough to warrant amputation. These operations, which are performed painlessly under anaesthetic by the Resident Vetinary Surgeon, in some cases have no effect on the greyhound's running, and in others, very little, so that a valuable animal may not necessarily be hampered in its racing career by any such injury. Indeed, there are many greyhounds racing to-day without a dew-claw, toe or toe-nail, which run just as well as if they still possessed them.

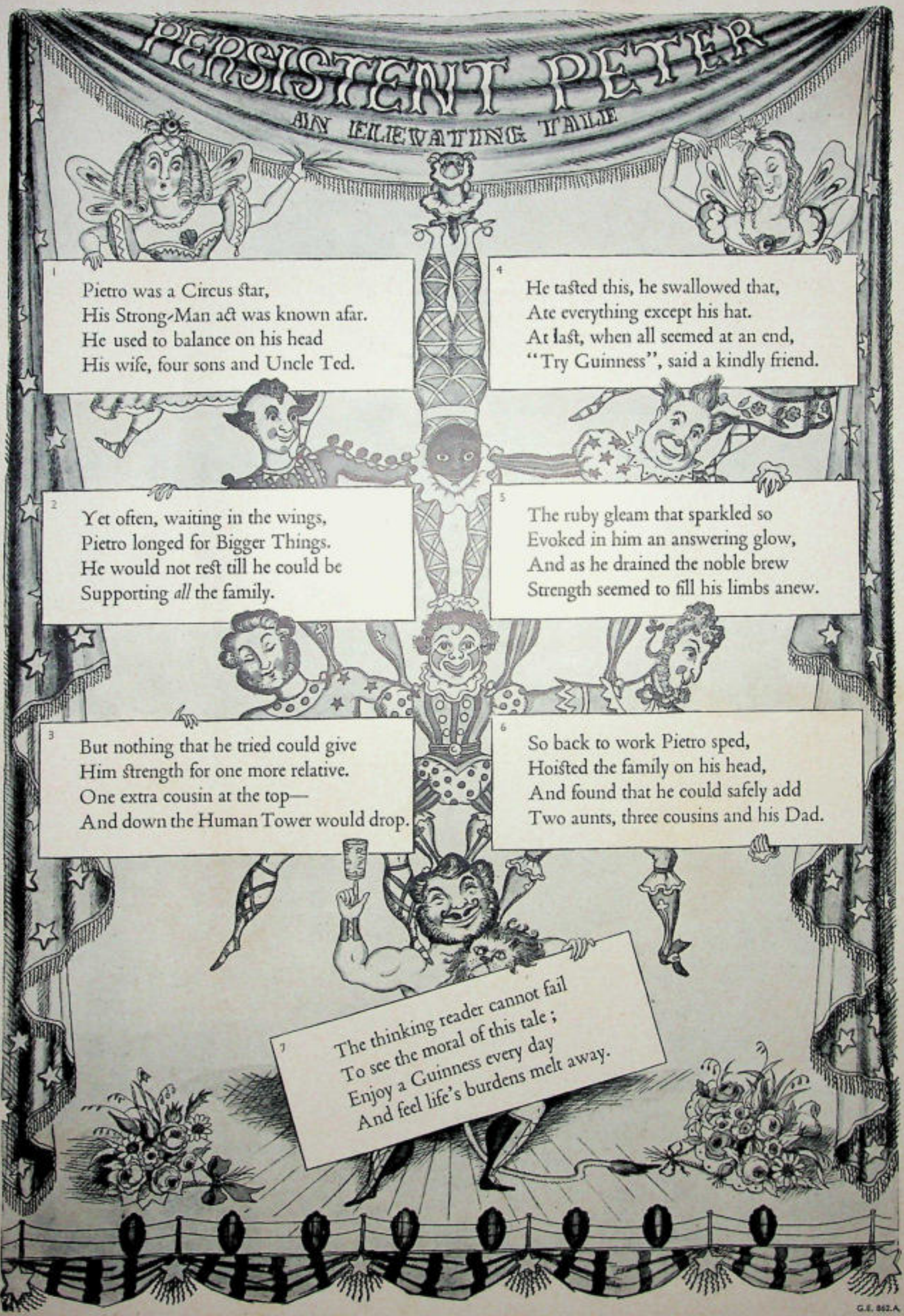
Hurdlers are, of necessity, more prone to serious injury than flat racers, but even with them the amazing development of modern surgery has done wonders, and it has to be a very serious accident indeed which keeps a greyhound off the racecourse for all time.

How often does one read in the Press that such-and-such racehorse broke a leg in some race or other and "had to be destroyed"? Not so in greyhound racing. There are several cases where a dog has broken a leg and the vet. has taken it in hand, set it, and after months of treatment the dog is once more on the racecourse.

Even broken or fractured necks are not necessarily fatal if taken in hand in time. At the present moment there is a puppy at Northaw who, while out exercising, fell and broke its neck. In past years this would have been fatal—the dog would have died or have been put down. The vet., however, took this pup in hand immediately, and by skilful surgery was able to set it. After months in plaster of Paris, followed by treatment and massage, the puppy gradually recovered and is now romping about as usual. A miracle of modern veterinary science. The puppy's life was saved, and it remains to be seen whether complete recovery takes place. To paraphrase Gilbert and Sullivan, "A Resident Veterinary Surgeon's life is not a happy one." He is "on the job" all day, and sometimes a lot of the night. His daily routine is like that of a surgeon at a hospital. First thing in the morning he receives the report of all the trainers and visits or prescribes treatment for all new "patients." Then, if necessary, X-ray photographs have to be taken of injuries, ray treatment given to convalescent animals and special diets prescribed. He has to inspect the food and do a round of the kennels. Each day he sends in a report to the Racing Managers of all new "patients" and their various ailments.

By a rule of the N.G.R.C. all greyhounds have to be kennelled at the racecourses at which they are racing at least one hour before the first race. The vet. has to attend to this and inspect the dogs and pass them fit for racing or not, as the case may be. Again he inspects them as they leave their kennels for their respective races, and is in attendance the whole time in case of injury before they are transported home to their training kennels. As most meetings do not end until after 10 p.m. it can be easily understood that the vet. has a full-time job. Even then he may be called out during the night to some emergency case.

The veterinary profession are to be everlastingly praised and given credit for all they have done to further the interests of greyhound racing and as a result of this the interests of all dog-breeders throughout the world.


PERSISTENT PETER
AN ELEVATING TALE
1
Pietro was a Circus star,
His Strong-Man act was known afar.
He used to balance on his head
His wife, four sons and Uncle Ted.
2
Yet often, waiting in the wings,
Pietro longed for Bigger Things.
He would not rest till he could be
Supporting all the family.
3
But nothing that he tried could give
Him strength for one more relative.
One extra cousin at the top—
And down the Human Tower would drop.
4
He tasted this, he swallowed that,
Ate everything except his hat.
At last, when all seemed at an end,
"Try Guinness", said a kindly friend.
5
The ruby gleam that sparkled so
Evoked in him an answering glow,
And as he drained the noble brew
Strength seemed to fill his limbs anew.
6
So back to work Pietro sped,
Hoisted the family on his head,
And found that he could safely add
Two aunts, three cousins and his Dad.
7
The thinking reader cannot fail
To see the moral of this tale;
Enjoy a Guinness every day
And feel life's burdens melt away.

G.E. 862.A.

BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS

The Kendal and District in Yorkshire



TOM STUBBINGTON, VETERAN HUNTSMAN OF THE COURTENAY TRACY, WITH CONTEST AND MASTERFUL

WITH their arrival home at kennels on Wednesday last, these hounds concluded a fortnight's visit to the rivers Nydd and Wharfe, in Yorkshire, and although the results did not add to the record, the finding of some otters about after the sorrowful results of our hunting in the last few years was very pleasing, and one cannot help but think that the efforts of the newly-formed local committee to preserve are already bearing some fruit, and for which we owe them our very best thanks. It is a pity that more fishermen do not come out otter hunting, for they would then perhaps change their views about an otter spoiling the fishing, for we have many times seen salmon leaping time after time and trout feeding in the river within quite a short distance (yards) of the hounds and the otter while the hunt has been proceeding, a sight which I know could be confirmed by the editor of his own observation.

July 19th. Our first meet in Yorkshire this season was at Newton Kyme. There was a large field, including many old members of the Hunt, to welcome again the hounds and their Master, Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson. The River Wharfe was rather bigger than we could have wished, but, however, the Master decided to try down, and they had hunted only about half-a-mile when they marked in an old deep rabbit burrow. Pip was put in, and a small cub came out and fell into the river and disappeared. Another cub was bolted, but escaped into another rabbit hole. The Master immediately gave orders for Pip to be picked up, and he took hounds away back to Newton Kyme to hunt upstream. They had arrived about quarter of a mile from the railway bridge when they put off another otter, but a huntable one this time.

The current was very strong, and the bank where they had put it off very steep and undercut with deep water and a very strong current, and it was a most difficult place to handle. No terrier could be put in, and hounds could only be put in above and allowed to swim down to it. The otter kept returning to the same place, and was only destroyed by banging with a spade on the ground above it, and after two-and-a-half hours of this, with the river still rising, the Master decided to leave it, and walked hounds back to Thorp Arch to call it a day (and a quite good one) at about 3 p.m.

Thursday, July 20th. We met at Thorp Arch to hunt Clifford Beck, the River Wharfe being too big to hunt. The Master again hunting hounds, we went on to Clifford Dam, only to find it blank, and then up to Braham Village, but nothing but foxes to be found all the way, and no use to us. The Master then decided to take them to Collingham Bridge, on the Wharfe, but there was nothing doing. We hunted right up to the fish ponds, hoping that we might find there, but all known places were vacant, and Sir Maurice blew off to end a blank day.

July 22nd. The meet was at Harewood Bridge, on the Wharfe. There was a large field again to meet the Master and his hounds, and it was a nice morning for a hunt if only the river had not been quite so big. The Master decided to try upstream, and as they got towards Rougemont hounds picked up the line of a fox, but they were soon brought back to the river, where they picked up a drag, and they kept touching all the way up to the old ash tree root, where they marked. It was impossible to put a terrier in the river covering the entrance to the root, but the otter was dislodged, and we hunted for about one-and-a-half hours under difficult conditions owing to the high state of the water. At last it got back to the root we had found it in, but this time he refused to bolt, though we tried all known means, and the day ended between four and five o'clock. Too much water.

July 24th. We met at Addingham Low Mill, Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson again hunting hounds. There was a nice field out, and the river was in good order for hunting. Hounds picked up the drag on the weir and touched all the way up to Addingham High Mill, where they found under the big root and put it off. It was never viewed—the cover is very thick and overhangs the river, and it is bad to see here—and hounds swam the wash down to the shallow, but the otter, when bolted, had turned up and had got into a drain just above the root which drains a meadow where the grass had not been cut, and so, as we were not allowed to dig, it had to be left, much to everyone's sorrow, for we would have had a good hunt. The weather by now was changing. It went very dark, and the thunder started, and a deluge of rain came down and everyone bolted for the tea-rooms at Bolton Abbey, wet to the skin, and so ended the day sooner than we could have wished. July 26th. The meet was at Burnstall, above Bolton Abbey, a charming country, a good field, and all well set for a good day's hunting. Hounds were put in, and we started full of hope. We went upstream and tried right up to Kettlewell, but instead of hearing hounds speak all we could hear was of the number of otters which had been trapped or shot in the river all the way up, and so we went home after a completely blank day. What the Master thought remains to be recorded.

July 27th. The meet was at Walshford Bridge to hunt the River Nydd. We were very glad to see Major Dent out again to meet us. The river here has been spoilt for hunting and as a home for the otter, all the cover on the banks having been cut by the catchment board. There was no sign of any otter having been about. We tried up the Crimple, and then back to the Nydd; up through Ribstone Park, hounds still silent, except to an occasional fox. At the hairpin bend, where we have generally found, we had the same experience, drew up to Goldborough Hall blank. Here the Master put hounds in the van, and we harked back to Low Crimple Bridge, and brought the River Crimple up to Spofforth. Blank, very disappointing; and so finished the day.

July 29th. Met at Killinghall Bridge, on the River Nydd, again, a good field out, which included visitors from the Malton and District. The river was big and rising, but the Master decided to try down, and after about half an hour's hunting we found, but the water was covering the roots and still rising and very deep. We could not put a terrier in, so owing to the conditions it had to be left. We then drew on up to Birstwith, where we had lunch.

However, we did do some good, for we found a W.D. motor water tank fast in the river bed, and unable to get out, and there being no troops about the Master enlisted the whole of the field, put them on to the end of the rope, and so pulled the water cart ashore with a loud cheer, which made hounds dash for the water, thinking, no doubt, that an otter had gone away—another of our good deeds, for the Master is always willing to help anyone, and we have saved many a sheep we have found fast or on its back.

We then drew the river up to Birstwith Dam without finding any trace of an otter, and on up to Ross Bridge still blank, and so finished the day.

July 31st. We should have met at Thorp Arch, but owing to the river being a raging torrent the Master took hounds to Spofforth Bridge to hunt the River Crimple. Hounds were very silent except to an occasional fox, and we hunted on up to Humphrey Bark, where hounds were pulled out after another blank day, and so ended our visit to Yorkshire for 1939. Mostly too much water and too many foxes for us, but the latter, no doubt, pleasing to the local foxhunting people out at various times, and whom we were very pleased to see.

REDFORDE.

THE HAWKSTONE'S FIVE-HOUR HUNT

ON Saturday, 29th, the meet was at the Radnorshire Arms, Presteigne. The Lugg being too high, hounds were taken to Coombe on the Hindwell. Mr. Stanley hunted hounds. There was no drag at first, but above Red Bridge, hounds became interested on the water, and continued past little Brampton; they came up to their otter on the left-hand bank half a mile below Knill Court. They swam him up to the holt, where he was found last year and marked solidly. He bolted and went upstream, where he was viewed by the second whip. He then swam down some way, and took refuge in an old oak tree from which hounds soon shifted him, and the hunt continued fast and furious down-stream, until two fields above Little Brampton Bridge hounds caught him, but were unable to hold him owing to the flooded state of the river. He then disappeared, and it was not until after lunch that they refound him. They hunted him for some time in a big bend of the river, until he slipped down under the road bridge to a long pool, where he was left after a good hunt of five hours.

On Sunday hounds journeyed to North Shropshire, where they were kindly put up by Constance Lady Stanier at The Citadel, as near to their original home of Hawkstone as it is possible to be.

The Dee was quite out of the question, and arrangements had been made to hunt the Roden, but the heavens opened again on Sunday night, and everywhere and everything was in flood. So after the joint Masters had motored all over the countryside, they decided to meet at Sandford Hall on Monday and draw the marshy country round the pool there again. The old customer of a few weeks ago was at home again, and hounds pursued him round this impossible jungle for two hours.

In the afternoon they drew down the Losford Brook and picked up a drag on the Shavington estate. They found their otter lying rough on Mr. Griffith's farm a mile above Tern Hill, and were soon hunting him hard upstream. Although the brook was overflowing its banks, scent was extremely good, and hounds never left him. They caught him after 50 minutes when he landed on the bank—a 14lb. dog.

On Wednesday they met at Aquilate Hall, near Newport, the home of Mrs. John Morris, who kindly entertained the field and generously provided boats and boatmen. Most of the field spent the day on the mere, which is about a mile and a half long and half a mile wide in some places. An otter was put down immediately and hunted all the way round this enormous stretch of water. The reeds were very thick, and the otter never left them. He was viewed once or twice, and it was hoped he might go down the river Meese, which goes out at the top end, but he never did, and in the afternoon it rained again, and the occupants of the boats became very wet. Mr. Wallace blew off about 4.30, and Mrs. Morris kindly provided shelter and tea for the field.

On Friday they met at Forton on the Meese and Mr. Wallace had a successful hunt and killed at Calvington. On Saturday the meet was at Tern Hill.

There was a beautiful drag up through Buntingsdale, and hounds found their otter in the reed bed above Victoria Mill, Market Drayton. Hounds never left him for 35 minutes, racing him round the reed bed and back into the river, over and over again, before they killed him—a 21lb. dog. Drawing on up, they luckily ran into another otter in the rhododendrons at Oakley Hall, and killed it immediately. Thus ended a most successful week in North Shropshire, which partly made up for not being able to hunt the Dee.

The Wye Valley and the Carlisle have also had some very good and interesting hunts during the past week, and reports of these days will also appear next week. The Welsh rivers hunted by the Pembroke and Carmarthenshire Otterhounds, which were very flooded a few weeks ago, are now once more in a huntable condition, and it is hoped that it will be possible to publish reports from these rivers also in next week's issue. S. W.

Owing to lack of space it is impossible to publish this week's accounts of the Kendal and District back in their own country, the Dartmoor or the Eastern Counties. These reports will, however, appear next week.

FIELD TRIALS ON GROUSE

The I.G.L. Pointer and Setter Society Meeting

THESE trials were held on August 7th, 8th and 9th over the Douglas Castle Moors, Lanarkshire, by kind permission of the Earl of Home. The judges on the first two days were Captain W. S. Medlicott and Mr. M. Moreton, and for the Champion Stake Captain Blaine and Captain Colville. Upon the first day, when the Brace and Puppy Stake were run, there was unfortunately a very poor show of grouse and too many hares. It also rained in the afternoon.

For the Brace Stake five brace of dogs came up for trial, and after the card had been run through once the judges retried Mr. Eden's Gordon setters, Jill and Judy of Cromlix. The trial, which had begun well, came to an abrupt end when a hare jumped up in front of Judy, which she promptly caught. Mr. Holt's Irish setters, Keane and Duchess O'Moy, were then called. Keane pointed almost at once, but Duchess went past him and birds rose. Mr. Nagel's Irish setters, Brantome Muscat first, Mrs. Holt's Keane O'Moy second, and Mrs. Foot's Beorcham Welcome third. Certificates were awarded to Mrs. Eden's Jill, Judy and Jack of Cromlix, the Duke of Montrose's Isle of Arran Flash, Mr. Verschoyle's Ardreigh Rust and Miss MacIntosh's Boyndie Brigela.

Muscat ran very consistently throughout. He had not much to do in the morning, but later, when running with Keane, put up an excellent performance, made two pretty finds of single birds on rather tricky ground, and ended up with a fine draw up to a brood. He has a reliable nose and pegs his game with great confidence. Keane did some excellent work early in the day, finding birds at long range, but later lost his pace and was inclined to potter. Both dogs are excellent trackers.

Beorcham Welcome is a particularly stylish setter, carries a grand head and can find game, but is inclined to wander off occasionally. He made a couple of stylish finds the first time down, close in, and followed up by a clever find on an old cock grouse which had crept away along a hollow. Muscat ran a very similar trial to that in the Aged Stake, made no mistakes, but was perhaps inclined to get out of the beat on two occasions. Witch is a fast, untiring worker, knows her job thoroughly, and uses the wind extremely well. She found a lot of game during the day, and she and Muscat must have been difficult to separate.

Jill of Cromlix, another hard-going Gordon, well deserved her position in the stake, and at one time must have been higher up after she had found a couple of single birds which might easily have been missed. In the end she went past Muscat in her keenness and took a point from him.

The most unlucky dogs in the stake were North Dyke Gardie and Banchory Spey, both pointers of class who did excellent work in the first stages, but got into trouble later on bad semi-enclosed ground where a lot of birds had collected with sheep in close proximity. They had some consolation by being awarded diplomas.

At the conclusion of the trials Lord Hamilton proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Home for lending his ground, and on behalf of Lady Howe the owner of the winner, thanked the judges for their services. Captain Blaine replied. A. G.



FIELD TRIALS AMONG THE HEATHER. WATCHING WORK ON THE MOORS DURING THE SCOTTISH TRIALS

and Bounty D'or followed. This brace go a good gallop, quarter well, and were handled to perfection by Abbot. Brantome drew up to birds well in spite of the presence of a hare, and was well backed by Bounty. This ended the trial and a win for this brace. No other award being made.

There were only seven entries for the Puppy Stake, and after all had been tried once it was evident that the issue rested with Mrs. Kemmis' Black Doctor, Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Spey and the Duke of Montrose's Isle of Arran Tyne, all the others having committed various offences, chiefly brought about by the presence of hares.

Doctor and Spey then met, the latter a particularly stylish puppy who had little to do in the first round owing to shortage of game, whilst Doctor had proved himself a great game finder. Doctor pointed almost at once, but was unsettled when Spey came up to him on back and left his point, which was then made out by Spey. They were put down again, when Doctor made a mess of things by getting away on the line of a hare.

Spey and Tyne were tried together. Tyne is a fast good quartering puppy, but gave one the impression that he is galloping rather than hunting, but was steady to hares. Both behaved well to a hare, and then Spey got his chance and made a stylish find of a single grouse and ran out a clear winner with Tyne second and Doctor third.

Next day the All-Aged Stake was run upon another beat. The weather was much better and, fortunately, there was more game as 24 dogs had to be tried, of which fourteen survived the preliminary stages. They were soon reduced to twelve owing to an unfortunate accident to Mrs. Nagel's handler, which meant the withdrawal of Bluff and Brantome D'or. After a series of interesting trials the judges placed Mr. H. Mitchell's Lingfield and backs well. He got off rather lightly in the afternoon when Bluff D'or had to be withdrawn. Mrs. Eden's Jack of Cromlix was unlucky not to get into the money. He had some first-class work to his credit in the early stage, but took the edge off a good trial later by blundering rather carelessly into a bird.

The final day was reserved for the Championship Stake, which was run under excellent conditions over very good ground at Muirhead, and there was just the right amount of game for an important trial. By lunch the card had been run once down, and though birds were more restless in the afternoon the judges were able to make their awards without any protracted trials. In the end Lorna Countess Howe's pointer, Ginger of Rishangles, run out a clear winner with Mr. Mitchell's Muscat second, Miss Brookes's Witch of Fearn third, and Mrs. Eden's Jill of Cromlix fourth.

Ginger is a pointer of high class, who gets well out when necessary, but can be very careful over tricky ground and on close-lying birds. This he proved toward the end, when he pegged a bird very

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, scenes, country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, Sept. 12th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

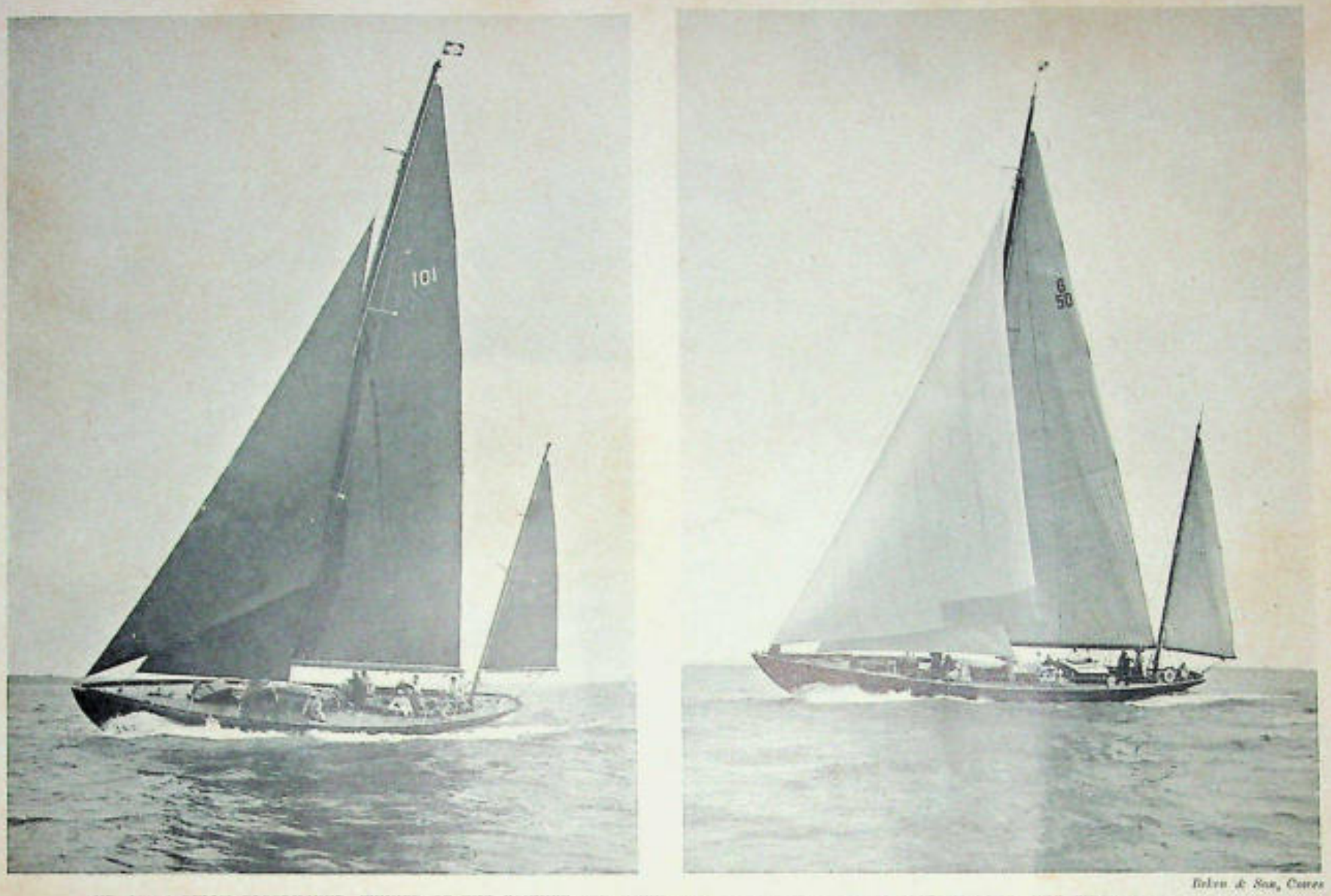
Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.

Brace Stake.—Mrs. Florence Nagle's Irish Setter, *F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Brantome D'or*, b. 5/1/34, by F. T.Ch. Sulhamstead Baffle D'or ex F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Cleghan Belle, and Irish Setter b., *F.T. Ch. Bounty D'or*, litter sister to Brantome. Breeder, owner. Handler, G. H. Abbot.

All-Aged Stake.—1, *Lingfield Muscat*. Mr. Herbert Mitchell's English Setter dog, b. 21/4/35, by Lingfield Largus ex Lingfield Margaret. Breeder, owner. Handler, Harry Brown. 2, *F.T. Ch. Keane O'Moy*. Mrs. Mary Holt's Irish Setter dog, b. 28/4/33, by Cymwran Gorse ex Menaifron Penelope O'Moy. Breeder, owner. Handler, Miss Sutherland. 3, *F.T. Ch. Beorcham Welcome*. Mrs. R. M. Foot's English Setter dog, b. 15/2/34, by West Down Welcome ex West Down Wanda. Breeder, Captain G. Blaine. Handler, Duncan Lindsay. Reserve.—Lorna, Countess Howe's *F.T. Ch. Ginger of Rishangles*. Certificates of Merit.—*Jill of Cromlix*, Mrs. E. V. Eden's Gordon Setter bitch, b. 3/3/36, by Squib of Glemore ex Crescent Nell. Breeder, Mr. J. MacDonald. Handler, owner. *Jack of Cromlix*, litter brother to above. Handler, owner. *Judy of Cromlix*. Gordon Setter bitch, b. 4/8/37, pedigree same as above. Handler, owner. *Isle of Arran Flash*. The Duke of Montrose's Pointer bitch, b. 15/4/33, by Isle of Arran Fleet ex Isle of Arran Frolic. Breeder, owner. Handler, Alex Fraser. *Ardreigh Rust*. Mr. A. H. Verschoyle's Pointer dog, b. 1933, by Crusty ex Jess of Ardreigh. Breeder and handler, owner. *Boyndie Brigela*. Miss I. MacIntosh's Gordon Setter bitch, b. 12/3/37, by Boyndie Brian Boru ex Wishery. Breeder, owner. Handler, Harry Brown.

Champion Stake.—1, *F.T. Ch. Ginger of Rishangles*, Lorna Countess Howe's Pointer dog, b. 1/6/36, by Gaff de San Patrick ex Buoyant of the Borcen. Breeder, Mr. J. Frost. Handler, T. Gaunt. 2, *Lingfield Muscat*. 3, *Witch of Fearn*, Miss G. J. Brooke's Gordon Setter bitch, b. 21/4/33, by Amos ex Foyle Katie. Breeder, owner. Handler, R. MacDonald. 4, *Jill of Cromlix*.

Puppy Stake.—1, *Banchory Spey*. Lorna Countess Howe's Pointer dog, b. 3/2/38, by Gaff Di San Patrick ex Banchory Banner. Breeder, Messrs. Isaac Sharpe, Ltd. Handler, T. Gaunt. 2, *Isle of Arran Tyne*. The Duke of Montrose's Pointer dog, b. 23/3/38, by Isle of Arran Fleet ex Isle of Arran Pap. Breeder, Owner. Handler, Wm. White. 3, *Chilworthy Black Doctor*. Mrs. G. Kemmis's Pointer dog, b. 3/2/38, by Gaff Di San Patrick ex Banchory Banner. Breeder, Messrs. Isaac Sharpe, Ltd. Handler, R. G. Powis



Beken & Son, Cowes

MR. ISAAC BELL'S BLOODHOUND, WINNER OF THE FASTNET CUP (LEFT), AND NORDWIND (GERMAN KRIEGSMARINE), THE FIRST HOME AFTER A GREAT DUEL WITH LATIFA

"... livelier acceleration and increased power are obtained when Ethyl is used"

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL



"and you need livelier acceleration for this job!" said the Sergeant

Livelier acceleration—plus higher power and mileage—can always be obtained when pinking, either audible or *muffled*, is stopped by Esso Ethyl. Modern high-compression motors take full advantage of high-compression petrol, and in return give you all the power and performance the manufacturer built into them. Fill your tank with Esso Ethyl and give your car a chance to show how good it is.

THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL

ESSO ETHYL

LOOK FOR THE OVAL GLOBE
YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

ESSO ETHYL—THE PETROL THAT STOPS MUFFLED PINKING



Beken & Son, Cowes

WALKÜRE (GERMAN KRIEGSMARINE), GOLDEN DRAGON (MR. H. S. ROUSE), PHRYNA (MESSRS. R. A. P. BEVAN AND H. W. PATON) AND JOYRENA (MR. J. F. ROY MITCHELL) AT THE START OF THE FASTNET RACE

THE FASTEST FASTNET RACE

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

BY common consent, the weather conditions prevailing for the Fastnet Race—the eleventh of its series—were just about everything that they should have been. Nobody wants blue skies, a gentle breeze and a soldier's wind the whole time; this, the biennial classic of the off-shore season, the race from which sprang the Royal Ocean Racing Club itself, should properly be a severe test of boats and crews alike: the Fastnet Cup, a trophy not lightly to be gained.

This year the outward half of the race was nine-tenths windward work, and a good thrash with, on occasion, plenty of sea, giving everyone a chance to show what they could do—or what they could not.

The big boats got the better of this outward leg, rather naturally; and first round the Rock was the biggest boat in the race, Nordwind, the German Admiralty boat, 60ft. on w.l. Five minutes on her tail came the R.O.R.C. Commodore, Michael Mason, in his yawl Latifa; 55½ hours out from Spithead. Seven more of the big fellows went round in the next fourteen hours or so, before the first of the smaller boats reached the turning point. This was the little Roland von Bremen, smallest boat in the race, which rounded the rock at 10.11 on the Tuesday.

Homeward bound, in spinnaker conditions, the advantage turned a little in favour of the smaller boats. One or two "balloons" went west here, including that of Zeearend, winner of the previous Fastnet; but the run to the Scillies produced some extraordinarily close duelling. Latifa and Nordwind, for instance, never lost sight of each other throughout the race, and on the homeward leg the struggle at times became ding-dong.

Two other boats which had a neck-and-neck struggle, and at times hufling matches almost like a couple of One-designs, were Erivale and Olivier Van Noort. Chris. Boardman, the Olympic 6-metre helmsman, was steering Erivale, while Jan Heinen, crack Dragon helmsman of the Netherlands, was at the helm of Olivier Van Noort. Having retained touch over the whole journey (rounding the rock half an hour apart), coming home they found themselves together to the northward of the Scillies. Lufling tactics of the best metre-racing variety ensued, and after a sail of 635 miles distance made good, Erivale eventually reached the line at Plymouth 1¼min. ahead. Nice work!

The order of *finishing* for the first eleven boats was Nordwind, Latifa, Benbow, Bloodhound, Zeearend, Lara, Erivale, Olivier Van Noort, Roland von Bremen, Rose, Morva. On corrected time, the winners resolved into: First, Bloodhound (Isaac Bell); second, Zeearend (C. Bruynzeel); third, Roland von Bremen (S. K. das Wappen von Bremen).

Bloodhound's win was a thoroughly deserved and very popular one; she is a beautiful Nicholson yawl, a sister hull to the cutters Foxhound and Stiarna, her yawl rig, deck and internal fittings having been designed by Olin Stephens. Her deck arrangements are severe in their simplicity; she has no streamlined deckhouses—in fact, no deck-house at all—merely a long cockpit with a "hood" hatch at the fore-end, and a small skylight amid-ships. She has that generally graceful, thorough-bred look which Mr. Nicholson knows so well how to impart to his designs.

Zeearend, as mentioned, was the 1937 winner, and has done extremely well again, taking second place by 5 min. over the hour.

Roland von Bremen, third on corrected time, is a new boat this year, and is not the old Roland we saw in the Fastnet two years ago. She, too, can plume herself on a great achievement; only 74min. separate these three boats on corrected time. Corrected finishing times:

			H.	M.	S.
*1.	Bloodhound	Isaac Bell	79	4	2
2.	Zeearend	C. Bruynzeel	80	9	22
3.	Roland von Bremen	S. K. das W. von B.	80	18	24
4.	Latifa	Michael H. Mason	80	36	22
5.	Benbow	E. Gere-Lloyd	82	15	40
6.	Olivier Van Noort	A. W. Goudriaan	82	44	51
7.	Erivale	J. H. Rawlings	83	7	45
8.	Lara	Kenneth Poland	83	33	9
9.	Eventide	T. C. Ratsey	84	40	59
†10.	Nordwind	Kriegsmarine	85	2	54
11.	Alle Noire	M. Baldenweek	85	3	41
12.	Maid of Malham	N. Jones	85	39	46
13.	Morva	P. Holman	87	45	1
14.	Walküre	Kriegsmarine	88	24	17
15.	Phryna	H. Paton and R. Bevan	89	13	54
16.	Mary Bower	Major Bryson	89	57	43
‡17.	Rose	R. Artillery Y.C.	92	2	47
18.	Stiarna	J. B. F. Gage	92	40	6
19.	Dex	R. Engineer Y.C.	93	32	51

* Winner, Fastnet Cup. † Winner, Erivale Cup, Elizabeth McCaw Trophy and Inter-Regimental Cup. ‡ Winner, Hong Kong Challenge Cup and Jolie Brise Cup.

LITTLE SHIP CLUB OSTEND RACE

Another event, starting on the same day as the Fastnet, but considerably smaller both in distance sailed and the minimum w.l. of the competitors, was the Little Ship Club race from Brightlingsea to Ostend. This race has become a very hardy annual, and a much-looked-for event on the East coast. If memory serves, this is its twelfth consecutive year. It is one of the few (if not the only) off-shore events which do not have a flying start, the competitors anchoring on the line with sails furled until the starting gun.

This year, four entries came down from Yorkshire, amongst them the well-known Wire and Maid of Abo, veterans of that North-east coast minor classic, the Outer Dowsing race.

The crucial point of this race is always the Longsand Head. Since the race of 1930, when (there being no course restrictions), Sunshine, then owned by Colonel C. F. King, ploughed a strong-minded furrow across the Longsand and got away with it, the sailing directions have stipulated that the Longsandhead Buoy must be left to starboard. Miss your tide round the buoy—and if there is a head wind and sea down the East Swin the smaller and slower boats invariably do miss it—and your chances of the race usually shrink to negligible proportions. This year it seems everybody missed it, but, after a while spent becalmed, the breeze came fair from the N.W. and got the lot successfully round.

There must have been many sighs of relief at this, for although to be becalmed on the far side of the Longsand is bad enough (one minds the time, *circa* 1934, when in such conditions Betsy, owned by Major Blewitt as he then was, put up a "long service" record for the 90-mile course—something like three days), to be becalmed with that interminable sand *between* you and Ostend, must be a despairing procedure.

Spinnakers were set for the run to Ostend, but the wind eased off as the Continental shore approached, and those boats which allowed the tide to set them to leeward of the harbour found themselves in the soup. Sposa, owned by G. H. Haynes, got in first, and as she was two hours ahead of the next two to finish, saved her time over them to win. Second and third were two of the Yorkshire entries, the Finnish "T" boats Wire (H. H. Marshall) and Maid of Abo (N. King), with one minute between them at the finish. Gadfly (F. S. Sheridan) won the Duleibella Shield, and Aurac (R. Gresham) got the special prize for being the boat which would have won under R.O.R.C. formula.

The L.S.C., of course, has a special rating rule of its own, whereby each boat receives an allowance of so much for every foot difference between it and the scratch boat. It works very well.

OLD SPORTING PRINTS

QUESTIONS asked by readers often concern the value of old sporting prints. They are not readily answered, as not only much depends on the rarity of the prints but also on their state. If the margins have been cut or torn the value is depreciated, and if the colours are faded, or have been retouched, the worth may sink from pounds to shillings. Also a number of prints have been taken off the original plates or re-engraved for reproduction, and even old paper is no criterion of the genuine article.

But when sets have been kept in portfolios and treated by their owners in the same way as books, especially if the original wrappers or title-pages have been preserved, their value may be considerable. Such prints originally sold for a few guineas will fetch their hundreds to-day.

Most of the old sporting engravings were bought by sportsmen of the time, a few were sought after by specialists, and it is one of the reproaches to a country with sporting traditions that no great national collection has been formed. Mr. C. F. G. R. Schwerdt undoubtedly possessed a collection of sporting books, prints and drawings relative to hunting, hawking and shooting of the widest range, and when he died it was put up for auction by Messrs. Sotheby's, some of it still remaining to be disposed of. Buyers have not been lacking, and although many quite good prints could be had for a few pounds the rarities have commanded their prices. These give a good idea of current values, the purchasers being mostly the leading art dealers in sporting works, among whom Messrs. Maggs have taken their share of the cream of the sale.

The Beaufort Hunt series of eight plates of foxhunting from "Going Out" to the "Return Home," with the supplementary plate, "Consequences," engraved by Henry Alken from the original drawings by W. P. Hodges and coloured by F. Rosenberg, were purchased by Messrs. Maggs for £1,200. The set, in their original pink wrappers, had the dedication coloured lithograph of a fox's head entitled "The Sportsman's Arms," and was on dated watermarked paper. Throughout the sale there was keen bidding for prints by and after Alken. A price of £360 was paid for a bound set of four of the celebrated "Night Riders of Naeton," by J. Harris, after H. Alken (1839), with their original buff wrappers. Mr. J. B. Sainsbury bought the Quorn Hunt set of eight by F. C. Lewis after H. Alken (1835) for £145, a price that was also secured for E. Bell's foxhunting set of four mezzotints after G. Morland.

H. Alken's "Humourous Miscellanies" brought £175, and his six "Hunting Qualifications" plates (1829) the same sum; while the "National Sports of Great Britain" (1820), with 50 coloured plates after Alken, secured £205. This figure was also given for R. G. Reeve's shooting set of four after H. Alken (1813), "Woodcock Shooting," "The Repast," "Pheasant Shooting," and "The Return," in one volume, and for S. W. Reynold's "The Falconer," Mr. Samuel Northcote, after J. Northcote, third state, printed in colours. Samuel Alken's rare first edition, "Delineations of British Field Sports, with Various Methods of Poaching" (24 plates) brought £295; and his "British Field Sports," with 27 drawings in pencil and water-colour—£130; while Dean Wolstenholme, junior's, "Shooting Verses" (1819), with four coloured aquatints after Dean Wolstenholme, fetched £160. R. G. Reeve's "Fox Chace" after Dean Wolstenholme was sold to Messrs. Sabin for £72. A rare shooting set—"Pheasant," "Partridge," "Grouse" and "Wild Duck"—by G. Hunt after Alken, without margins, went for £165.

As instancing the difference in values, a set of six Pollard's shooting coloured aquatints of 1812–13—"Duck," "Grouse," "Snipe," "Pheasant," "Woodcock" and "Sea Fowl"—were obtained by Mr. J. B. Sainsbury for £200; while a set of four Pollard shooting subjects of 1822 as knocked down to him for £24. C. Turner's Coursing set of four mezzotints in colour—"Going Out," "Coursing," "Finding" and "The Death"—after R. Jones brought £190; and his "Mr. Fleming, of Barochan, with his falconers, John Anderson and George Harvey," £110. Two foxhunting sets by T. Sutherland, one of four and one of seven after H. Alken, and another after D. Wolstenholme, each went to bids of £130. For R. B. Davis's "Hunter's Annual," Parts 1, 2 and 3, with coloured lithographs, £115 was paid; and £125 for Samuel Howitt's volume of five signed water colour drawings for Orme's *British Field Sports*. Other prices for Alken sets ranged from £115 to £130.



AN ALKEN PANORAMA OF INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SQUIRE'S SON

This cylinder with scroll containing 35 aquatint pictures was sold for £50 at the Schwerdt sale. On the cylinder itself is a view of the Steyne at Brighton. Another depicting "A Trip to Melton Mowbray," after Sir J. Dean Paul, sold for £90

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Luncheon Menu With Both Fish and Meat

The Fare: Melon charentais
Mousse de homard
Cotelettes d'agneau Paysanne
Cold grouse
Fromages et salade
Fruits

The Wines: Château Climens 1928
Bourgueil 1929

IN August, the little Charentais are the finest melons for flavour, but if you cannot get three ripe little Charentais for six people, a fair-sized Cantaloup will serve.

The lobster mousse or mould is not difficult to make, but it is tiring, as the lobster must be well pounded, all save the claws, of course, and if you want to know how good it can be, order it a day ahead and go to the Hind's Head at Bray.

The lamb cutlets are *Paysanne* when cooked in the oven with vegetables in the following manner. First of all dip the cutlets in boiling olive oil to seal their juices; keep them warm. Then brown in an oven dish some shredded onions; add the juice of one tomato per cutlet and a little crushed garlic; also pepper and salt. Now add the cutlets and one tablespoonful per cutlet of good meat stock. Cover the dish and cook in moderate oven during 20 minutes. Then give the cutlets a light covering of thin rounds of potatoes; add pepper and salt to the potatoes and a few pats of fresh butter as well. Continue to cook in a moderate oven until the potatoes are done, basting frequently. When ready, sprinkle some finely chopped parsley over the potatoes and serve in the dish.

Being no longer hungry, now is the time to enjoy half a young grouse, cold and just as good, if not better, than when hot, provided it has not been over-cooked and still shows a rosy blush.

A Château Climens, cold but not too frigidly iced, will prove quite enjoyable with the Melon, and it will not be out of place with the lobster. The red wine of Bourgueil has a personality of its own which may not be obvious at first with the cutlets, but it will improve on acquaintance and it will show to great advantage with the cold grouse and the cheese.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of August 17th, 1889.

AN opinion of a 28-Bore. "As a recent purchaser of one of these 'toys,' I should like to give my experience of them. It was built for me by Powell, of Birmingham, and shoots 25grs. of Schultze and ¾oz. of shot, in paper cases; 28in. barrels. Though by no means a first-rate shot, I can kill rabbits with it better than with a 12-bore; but the best test of its shooting is the way it will bring down very high rocketing woodpigeons with No. 6 shot, which I find the best size. I have killed some very long shots at green plover, using No. 8. The gun is perfectly balanced, and the workmanship excellent.—Satisfied."

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

I SOMETIMES wonder whether in spite of the enormous amount of money spent by the Government on social services we have progressed as much as we should have done. True, on the whole, things are very much better than they were in the days of Charles II, for then, as we know from Pepys' diary, it was no unusual thing for even the most exalted to be lousy, and the sanitary conditions were so appalling that the Great Plague became inevitable and the Fire of London a blessing in disguise. Yet there still remains much to be done.

It came, I must admit, as a shock to me, when I was told that it is no uncommon thing for people to sleep three or four in a bed in the East End, not in many instances as a result of extreme poverty, but owing to the bad housing conditions. The effect on people's manners and morals may well be imagined. In fact, it is such that even when they are able to find new and far better accommodation they sometimes use the bath as a convenient receptacle for coal. If we compare this state of things with the conditions during the reign of Abd-er-Rahman III in the tenth century, when there were miles of public drains in Cordoba and every Andalusian spent at least two evenings a week in one of the very numerous and well-equipped public baths, we begin to wonder whether we had better not do something about it if we are to justify ourselves and our civilisation.

* * *

There is only one way, so it seems to me, of improving matters, and that is by education of the young. I do not mean by teaching boys the thirteen times table, a list of the Kings of England, or any of those other pieces of information served up free by a benevolent Government for the compulsory edification of mankind, but by moral and physical training. And thank goodness a good deal in this way is being done, thanks to private effort, by the Boy Scouts, Boys' Clubs, and last, but not least, cadet battalions.

* * *

The other day I was invited to attend the annual inspection parade of the 1st (London) Cadet Battalion, "The Queen's Royal Regiment," and discovered as a result a number of very interesting things. Of this regiment, it appears, the four companies are based on four Boys' Clubs, one of them, now Sherborne House, having been opened as far back as 1888 by Miss Octavia Hill. Both clubs and battalion owe their continued existence to the help of the three schools, Sherborne, Haileybury and Westminster, the generosity of private donors, and a small grant per cadet from the War Office. Most of the cadets come from the very poor quarters of London, and so it is obvious are the material that need more than most instruction in physical training, drill, and the essentials which go to make a good citizen.

* * *

At the annual inspection the cadets, over 300 strong, were drawn up in line under Colonel Dunn, in Temple Gardens, the spot where one of the most picturesque incidents in English history was enacted, when the Dukes of York and Lancaster plucked red and white roses, flowers used as symbols in the subsequent Wars of the Roses. General Sir Alexander Godley inspected the parade, and subsequently a colour—one of the few to be in the possession of a cadet battalion—was first dedicated and then presented by the Duke of Atholl. Then the colour was trooped so impressively and with such precision I am certain some Guards' non-commissioned officers must have had a hand in things somewhere, and the battalion marched past. It was all admirably done by these boys, most of whom, I suppose, were between fourteen and seventeen years old, and seemed to me, considering they very rarely have an opportunity of all drilling together, quite remarkable.

* * *

To wind up with, we were treated to a display of physical training, when the boys "soared through the air with the greatest of ease," and showed how very fit they were. Sports cups and shields were then presented, including the Admiral Jellicoe sword, won in the King George V shooting trophy for boys of the Empire.

Of course, there are many other cadet battalions, all of which are no doubt doing excellent work, but I chose this one because it is largely recruited from boys who before joining have had little opportunity in life, and it shows what good stuff they really are, when they take to discipline, drill and physical training as a duck takes to water. It pleases our enemies to-day to regard us as decadent, a nation of shopkeepers beneath contempt. They would not have liked the annual inspection in Temple Gardens, for these boys will soon be men of the breed and type of those to whom Henry V cried before Harfleur, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more." F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HIGH VELOCITY AND KILLING POWER

SIR,—Captain Paul Curtis in three articles in your columns has so strongly advocated the use of the light rifle of very high velocity for powerful American big game, that the inexperienced sportsman in this country who has read these articles, may be tempted to use such a rifle on tiger. I do not say he would be wrong, as I do not know.

Captain Curtis, however, in his article of December, 1938, says that for jungle shooting in the Orient against dangerous game at close-quarters, he would use a double express. Then in his article of July 1st, he tells of a certain maharajah who has killed 137 tigers with a .280 Mauser, mostly shooting on foot. This rifle fires a 140-grain bullet (I nearly wrote pellet) at a velocity of 3,050ft. secs. Now if a light bullet travelling in the region of 3,000ft. secs, hitting a big deer or grizzly in the lungs or stomach will knock him out instantly, there seems to be no reason why it should not do the same to a big cat.

One finds, however, that most of the recent books by experts such as Dunbar Brander, Burton and Burrard advocate the old-fashioned double heavy express firing a solid lead bullet of from 440 to 650 grains at a velocity of 1,900ft. sec.

The men whom one meets in India, at present, who have killed a number of tiger and panther, nearly all insist on a heavy double rifle, some using a .470 high velocity (velocity 2,125ft. sec.) and some the old express. No one seems to like the Magnum (*i.e.*, velocity over 2,500ft. sec.) for such game.

It is obviously very desirable to knock your tiger or panther down with the first bullet, but these beasts seem to have a strong aversion to being knocked down, and even after being hit in the vitals often display alarming vitality. Only a shot in the spinal column can be counted on to drop them, and shots in the lungs or stomach merely annoy. The writer has hit a panther through the heart with a Holland & Holland .375 Magnum soft nose, and he ran about 50yds. and half-way up a tree before he dropped dead. Later, it was found that the bullet had gone clean through, breaking up the heart *en route*. Such stories are common.

It would, therefore, be interesting to see in your columns the opinions of some tiger-shooting experts on the contentions of Captain Curtis. It would be particularly interesting to know from the above-mentioned maharajah whether his tigers dropped at once or whether he had a more heavily armed attendant beside him to finish the beasts off.

Yours faithfully,
T. ff. M. DARLING.

2, Magdala House,
Colaba, Bombay.

[Readers' opinions are invited. Below is appended Captain Curtis's reply.—ED.]

Far be it from me to tell an Indian sportsman what rifle to use. Generally speaking, I follow the time-worn principle of when in Rome, doing as the Romans do; and were I going to India I would like to have a .465 Holland & Holland with me.

At the same time, having seen the devastating effect of the .30 Magnum on Canadian game, I most certainly would not forgo an opportunity at a tiger or panther with one. Or, more particularly, with one of even higher velocity.

After all, so far as I know, the Halger and similar cartridges have not been tried on the big African and Asiatic cats, but I have complete confidence in the result to be obtained with them.

After all, Major Burrard, General Burton, and the other authorities whom Captain Darling mentions wrote at a time long before the era of super-velocity which we are now entering.

I am sorry that I am not at liberty to mention the name of the maharajah referred to in my article as having killed his 137th tiger. However, I should add that this was under conditions hardly representative of tiger shooting as a whole.

The beasts were stalked in an open country, where they could be plainly seen from the high banks above the dried river bed below. Most of the shots were at 100yds. to 150yds., where the .280 was at its best. Nevertheless, it shows what the cartridge is capable of in competent hands.

The A.D.C. assured me that when one had to be followed up, he and the maharajah used heavy doubles.

RIDING SIDE-SADDLE

SIR,—The recent correspondence on "Side-Saddle" is of great interest to me as, owing to an injury, I had to learn side-saddle twelve years ago, at the ripe old age of 42, as an alternative to giving up hunting altogether, and my experience might possibly interest others.

As Major Faudel-Phillips says, it can be accomplished in a much shorter time than one would expect, after riding the other way for so long. At first it seemed extremely dangerous and uncomfortable, and so unless it is a case of necessity the attempt in the "sere and yellow" is discontinued. Once over the first fence, however (in my case on the horse's initiative!), I found the seat to be remarkably secure—more so than the astride both in jumping, especially in the case of the horse pecking, and also with one that is putting his back up; though I would qualify the latter opinion by admitting that a quick and unexpected sideways fly back has caught me napping, since the hanging leg having left the grip of the pommel, disgrace in the shape of a "voluntary" has ensued.

Having said that, I think the astride seat has all the rest of the pull over the side-saddle. The chief drawback seems to be that in side-saddle the weight is so much on his loins and one's inability to get on his withers when going uphill or out at gallop is a tremendous disadvantage, and is one which practically puts the side-saddle out of Point-to-Points; yet I well remember, when framing the conditions for one of the earlier ladies' races, the criticism I received from the fairer sex for allowing 7lb. to side-saddle riders when in fact I personally thought it ought to be a matter of "stones."

I entirely agree that the left leg hanging only low enough below the pommel for a hand to be inserted enables the grip to be instantly acquired by raising the heel in the stirrup which gives a comfortable and secure seat—I could never see the reason for the long leg—I know I should roll badly and give sore backs at once.

For the following reason I came to the conclusion that the forward leg did most of the work by taking the strain in the jump and in the gallop. I started learning ordinary side-saddle (near), and continued for some four seasons; but my injury being in the right hip (forward leg), I was not without pain so, having borrowed an old (Victorian) off-side saddle to experiment with, I found that, leaving the work to be done by the left (forward) leg and hip I was in far greater comfort and have hunted thus for the last eight seasons. This, I think, bears out Major Faudell-Phillips's inference that the hanging leg (normally left) should hang easily until tightened up at the jump, &c., and the leading leg (normally right) secure the general balance and grip.

I personally think that horses like the extra length of rein they are given by the side-saddle, with perhaps more freedom on their mouths as they approach a fence, and I got this feeling since, on going "side-saddle," I continued riding my same horses and some of them certainly jumped more "hearty" than they did before when I thought I was holding them straight and with a short rein, but I don't suppose there will be general agreement with this. I am, of course, speaking of horses "wanting to go," as undoubtedly with a nappy one, one feels very helpless without the leg on either side—one spur and a stick are poor substitutes!

Yours faithfully,
London. "MERE MAN."

FISHING IN SWITZERLAND

SIR,—Fishermen who are acquainted with this neighbourhood need no advice from a humble follower of the gentle art; there may be others, however, who are unaware that good trout fishing is obtainable within half an hour's distance of Territet Veytaux, either by tram, train or car, and those contemplating a visit to this or other parts of the Canton of Vaud will find it worth while to bring a trout rod.

The Grand Canal and the Eau Froide, to name two waters very near here, are both full of trout, large and small; in the evenings of this July from 7.30 to 9.30 I have seen the Eau Froide water literally alive with trout rising all round, while in clear water on the Grand Canal scores of small trout can be seen and not a few of considerable size, trout of from 2lb. to 5lb. being by no means uncommon.

Suitable flies, tied at Vallorbe, can be obtained either at Vevey—where one easily and readily obtains a monthly and obligatory licence for the whole Canton from the Prefecture, price 10*s.* a month—from the establishments of E. Deriaz at Vevey or that of Monsieur Stapfer at Montreux. Messrs. Gasser, of Vevey and Moore, of Territet, whose names are household words amongst fishermen in these parts, are only too pleased to give fishermen information and advice, which in the case of the grateful writer has made a stay of some three months doubly attractive.

Local fishermen use not only the fly, but, with a lengthy rod and long line, the *vert de bois*, the *vert de terre* and the *asticot* (gentle), the last three being the most popular; and nothing could be kinder than the treatment given to me, even to showing where their favourite big trout lie—one of some 3lb. under the Pont de Noville, though risen to a tiny black fly, eluded me to grace the creel of a better man.

I am hoping for further sport in September and that this may catch the eye of some one or more who otherwise might miss an opportunity of spending some happy hours on the waters of the Canton of Vaud.

Yours faithfully,
Hotel Bonivard, WELLWISHER.
Montreux Territet,
Switzerland.

FARM WAGES

SIR,—In your leading article of the 29th ultimo it is stated that the reason for the migration of the farm workers to the towns is the low wages, giving the average wage as 34/9 reduced to 28/– after payment of rent. So far as I am aware the rent does not exceed 3/– per week, in these circumstances the net wage is more than 28/–.

The minimum wage in my county is 35/– and rent 3/–, but this wage is really no criterion of the wage received, for instance: waggoners, shepherds and herdsmen work overtime the year round, and the general workman gets the benefit of a lot of contract work.

On the whole there is nothing the matter with the farm cottages, they are often visited by the sanitary inspector.

The cottages have large gardens from which the occupier obtains his vegetables and fruit; he also keeps poultry and very often pigs. Now compare his position with the town worker with about 45/– per week and about 12/– per week rent. He has no garden, poultry or pigs. Consequently he has to pay for every bit of vegetable, fruit, eggs and bacon. An agricultural worker is in clover compared with his town brother.

Yours faithfully,
The Albynes, W. J. PITT.
Bridgnorth,
Salop.

WILD BIRDS (DUCK AND GEESE) PROTECTION ACT, 1939

SIR,—I have read with interest the article by W. J. Brown in your issue of July 15th, which suggests that under the new Act no more orders varying the dates of the close season for wild duck are to be made (with one exception), and any orders now in force are to be valid no longer. This statement is misleading.

The new Act provides that no order shall be made whereby the killing and taking of wild duck or geese is prohibited for any period commencing after February 1st and ending before August 11th, and that any order made before the commencement of the Act shall be invalid if, and in so far, as it contains such provision. The Act does not prevent the making of an order to extend the close season. Such orders will continue to be made in certain counties as they have been in the past. The order for the Administrative County of Cambridge, provides for a close season for wild duck between February 10th and August 16th. The effect of the new Act on such an order is to leave untouched the extension of the close season to August 16th, while invalidating the order so far as it provides for the close season to commence after February 1st.

No doubt your commentator understood this, but the position should be made plain for the benefit of wildfowlers in certain counties who will still have to look for the annual advertisement three weeks before the end of the close season reminding them of its extension by a few days.

Yours faithfully,
Shire Hall, A. TABRUM
Castle Hill, (Clerk of the County Council).
Cambridge.

SNAKE ATTACKED BY FROGS

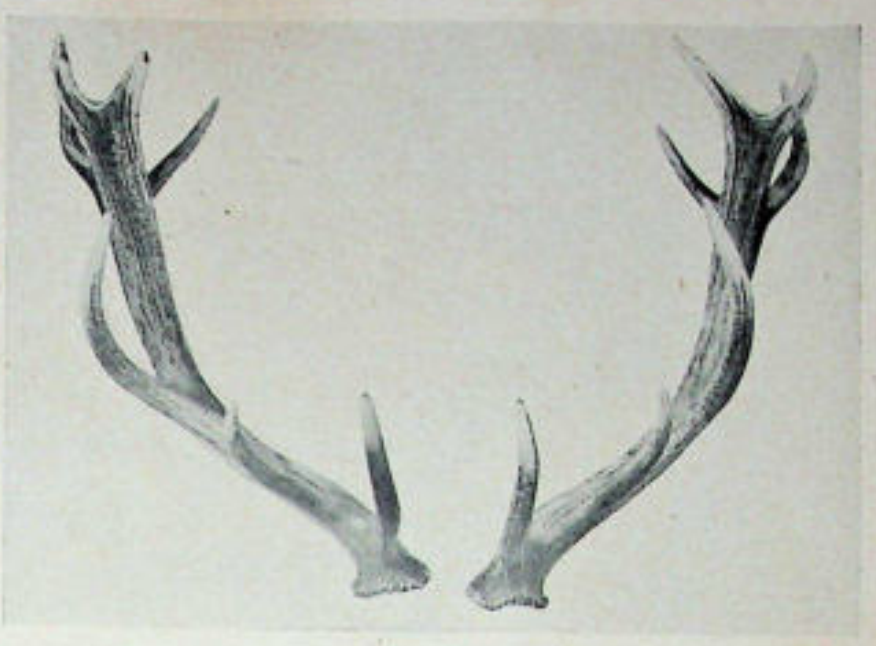
SIR,—I was taking my usual early morning exercise near my bungalow two days ago when I noticed a European nearby obviously interested in something happening at the edge of a flooded piece of country. (The monsoon is very heavy at present, and there is a good deal of casual water about.) On joining him I saw a grass snake, about 2ft. long, struggling with a fat frog in its mouth. A few seconds later, with the frog still in its mouth, it started to swim across the flood water, which was only about 15yds. wide at this particular place. I noticed innumerable frogs, all croaking like fury, at the edge of the water, and remember wondering at the time what would happen if the snake chanced to land up anywhere near them. This is exactly what did take place, but I was certainly amazed when three or four large frogs immediately attacked the snake which was forced to release its victim. It should be noted that at the time of attack the snake was still in the water, and I presume this would place it at a disadvantage and at the same time allow the frogs to adopt tactics which would hardly have paid on dry land! I wonder if any of your readers have known this happen before?

Yours faithfully,
H. N. CHARRINGTON.

No. 1, Bodyguard Lines,
Ballygunge,
Calcutta.



UNFED FOUR-YEAR-OLD STAG IN FOURTH YEAR
Weight, 3lb. 8oz.; *points*, 12; *length, left*, 30, *and right*, 31



FED STAG IN THIRD YEAR
Weight, 9lb. 14oz.; *points*, 14; *length, left*, 34, *and right*, 35

(*See letter "Feeding and Horn Growth"*)

THE TREATMENT OF "SUMMER GARGIT"

SIR,—You may be interested to publish this result. I saw an Ayrshire cow, a splendid beast and one of a famous prize-winning herd—owned by S. Mayall, Lea Hall, Shrewsbury, dying of gangrene, on June 28th this year. She was obviously getting rapidly worse and her owner had decided to send her to the knacker next morning. At this time one-quarter of the udder was purple and completely gangrenous and during the last six hours the infection had spread through the hind limb which was dragged in walking; in other words, she had a fulminating gangrenous mastitis which was rapidly becoming a generalised infection.

As an extreme measure he gave her sulphanilamide (Crooks). She weighed seven times as much as a human and the dose, therefore, was five times the maximum human dose—viz., fifteen five-grain tablets repeated at six-hourly intervals by day only. On the 29th she was no worse, next day much better, and after three days' sulphanilamide she was changed to ten tablets of prontosil rubrum for two days. This is a very similar substance and the change was only made because the supply of sulphanilamide was exhausted. After this five days' treatment her condition was obviously much better, her coat was glossy, her eyes bright. It was quite expected that the infected quarter would slough away. Instead of this, the most extraordinary thing happened. The udder opened and the mammary tissue of the quarter remained exposed and dependant but not suppurating for nine days when it dropped off on the fifteenth. She was given a foster calf on about the fourth day of treatment and it gained weight fast and thrived on the milk from the other quarters.

In her owner's opinion these results are so remarkable as to warrant widespread publication. Further experimental work will be done in the treatment of that form of mastitis commonly known as "summer gargit," so troublesome at this time of year in many districts. The results will be communicated. Yours faithfully,

B. F. HAYTHORNTHWAITE.

Weir Hill, Shrewsbury.

BLACK-AND-WHITE CROCUSES

SIR,—I wonder whether any of my gardening friends of the *Field* have ever come across a black-and-white crocus? I remember, 70 years ago, an old gardener showing me, with great pride, one he had raised with much trouble from seed. It was somewhat smaller than the well-known yellow or the mauve or the white or the purple varieties. Perhaps it was only a freak, as I have never seen any since. Yours faithfully,

GEORGE I. WILLSON.

29, Julian Road, Folkestone.

FEEDING AND HORN GROWTH

SIR,—I have read with great interest your correspondent's article entitled "Sesame and Antlers."

You may be interested to have the following additional facts.

Mr. George Sicht brought in 1932 some four-year-old stags from Warnham Court Park, recognised as the home of the finest herd in this country. One of these stags was a royal, and the weight of the cast-off antlers 3lb. 8oz. He started feeding the red deer in his park at Buckhurst in 1933, with the following results on three stags born in 1933:

Age.	lb.	oz.	Points.	Length Left	Length Right.
3	6	6	14	28	28
4	9	12	14	35	36
5	14	10	14	39	38
3	7	4	12	29	30
4	7	15	15	31	32
5	12	13	16	41	40
3	6	9	12	33	31
4	9	4	14	34	37
5	10	7	18	35	36

Mr. Vogt's experience is that the real influence of Sesame cakes on the antlers is shown only in the second generation. These further facts from Mr. Sicht's herd bear out these facts.

A three-year-old stag born in 1935 shed antlers with fourteen points, weighing 9lb. 14oz. In three years he showed this development:

Age.	lb.	oz.	Points.	Length Left.	Length Right.
1	2	0	6	21	23
2	4	8	14	26	26
3	9	14	14	34	35

The average weight improvement of the antlers of the three four-year-old stags is 150 per cent., compared to the stag not fed on oil cakes. The three-year-old stag born in 1935 (from a hind which had been feeding on Sesame cake for three years) surpassed these three stags by producing antlers equal to those of the four-year-old stags.

I should like to mention that Mr. Sicht feeds the deer with Sesame cakes (special Stag Nut from the British Oil & Cake Mills) all the year round. Maize (Indian corn) is fattening, but will not increase the size of the antlers considerably.

I enclose photographs to show the development of the horns of the three-year-old stag mentioned in the second part of this letter, and of a four-year-old stag which had not been fed.

These antlers are on exhibition in Rowland Ward's shop. Yours faithfully,

5, Queen Anne Street, W. 1. M. T. STEPHENS.

BIRD-SONG IN WINTER

SIR,—Those of your readers who are amateur ornithologists may be interested in the following particulars regarding winter song in the cases of three species which I have had under observation for some time past. A good deal of misconception exists concerning winter song, even where common species are concerned; much of it would be cleared up if more amateur naturalists kept day-to-day records—a simple enough matter which takes up little time and amply rewards the observer in interest and the knowledge thus gained.

The song-thrush, I find, takes a good deal of silencing; he will sing in winter on every possible occasion, and only severe frosts, if *followed by cold and sunless weather during the daytime*, seem to stop him. I have entries for fifteen days in November, nineteen in December, and twenty-two in January; February furnished a full quota.

The blackbird is not so spirited. Mild days in winter, especially if the weather be damp, not infrequently entice him; but during frosty or severely cold weather, even if the sun is shining, he seldom sings. Entries for November number ten, for December three only, and January eleven; as in the case of the song-thrush, February yielded a more or less full quota.

Most decidedly chaffinches do not like the depths of winter; at least, not for choral purposes. During the period November-January I had no entry for this species, the first songster being noted on February 6th. In this locality (Aldershot and environs) the song of one individual appears to be the signal for the others to start; from February 6th onwards I have entries for practically every day, and on most occasions several singers were in evidence. Yours faithfully,

56, Cranmore Lane, Aldershot, Hants. PETER MICHAEL.

DARING OF AN OTTER

SIR,—When fishing the Dunalastair water of the Tummel the other day I hooked a salmon and had it about played out when suddenly, seemingly from nowhere, an otter sprang at the salmon, and a great battle ensued. The otter seemed to get its body round the salmon trying to get it down, then got on the salmon's back, with its claws round the small part of the salmon's tail, and started to pierce its back with its tusks.

All the while this was going on I was shouting and throwing missiles into the water, but the otter took no notice; finally, I decided to put all force on to get the fish to the water's edge, and the otter still clung to the salmon's back, looking straight towards me till it was only a few yards off.

I wonder if any of your readers have experienced the same? Yours faithfully,

Dunalastair, Perthshire. P. H. PARKER.

"Twelfth" Night



There's the morning drive to talk over; there are good cigars to be smoked; and there is Johnnie Walker in the glasses. Now *there's* a whisky! Blended from all the finest whiskies in Scotland, marvellously mellowed and matured. And blended with Johnnie Walker's consummate skill.

Gentlemen! your

Johnnie Walker

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG



THE LITTLE OWL IN BROAD DAYLIGHT



THE SHORT-EARED OWL IN LIGHT AND SHADE

THE EYESIGHT OF BIRDS

SIR,—Mr. Morrison-Scott's interesting article on the eyes of birds, in your issue of July 22nd, prompts me to send these three photographs of owls, which show clearly the effect of light on the pupil of the eye.

The little owl, photograph above, was taken by daylight about noon, and the pupil is accordingly contracted. The second of this bird with a cockchafer was taken on a dark night at about 10.15 p.m. (by flashlight), and here the pupils are fully dilated. In the photograph of the short-eared owl the same thing is seen in both eyes at the same time. The right eye in full sun has the pupil very small; the left eye, being in shade, shows it accordingly expanded.

Yours faithfully,

Meriden, G. K. YEATES.
Sherborne, Dorset.



THE LITTLE OWL AT NIGHT
(See letter "The Eyesight of Birds")

A TALE OF A TOAD

SIR,—On going round my garden and passing an old heap of sods, I noticed a few wasps working in and out of a hole, and made a mental note that there was a nest to be attended to. Passing the spot a day or two later I was surprised to find the site apparently deserted, not a wasp to be seen; but as the sod heap was shortly to be removed I warned my gardener of the possibility of a nest being there. He went to inspect, and reported all clear, and in the afternoon of that day, went to remove the heap. I happened to be nearby at the time when he called to me "there is a wasp nest here, sir," so I went to see, and found the beginning of a nest about the size of a tennis ball, but no sign of a wasp. I soon found out the reason, for comfortably settled down beside the nest was a toad, and he had snapped up every wasp as it hatched out. There was a small piece of comb with a few grubs in it, but as there was no sign of the queen, supplies were running short, and a few days would have seen the end of the toad's banquet. That toads will take bees is well known, but this is the first time I have heard of one destroying a wasp nest.

Yours faithfully,

Woodside, R. S. K. EYRE.
Crowborough, Sussex.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF TWO WILD DUCKS

SIR,—I have two pairs of domesticated wild ducks on a small pond wired in with 8ft. wire, and a locked gate. Both ducks began to lay, one in an old coop and the younger one under a pampas grass bush about 6yds. away. When each had laid seven eggs my man who feeds them every morning found one nest empty, and the one under the old coop contained fourteen eggs. The next day both were seen on the nest side by side, and there were sixteen eggs. A day or so afterwards the younger duck, whose nest had been robbed, went broody and took possession of the nest under the coop, and in a few days when I had a broody hen I took up all the eggs and found there were seventeen. They did not all hatch out under the hen. The ducks soon began to lay again, and after laying about six eggs each, the older duck again robbed the other nest, and went broody and sat for a week, when I gave the eggs to a friend who had a broody hen, and they all hatched out.

I have during a long life had to rear large numbers of wild ducks and pheasants and various kinds of domestic ducks and poultry, but have never known of a duck taking the eggs from another one. I also wish I could have seen the duck actually removing the eggs, as I do not know how she would do it. It was done in each case at one time, probably at night, and no eggs were broken or lost. The duck's mouth is not adapted to carry an egg, and they must have taken a lot of pushing. The nest was not in any way disturbed. Can any of your readers relate a similar experience? I have asked several friends and keepers without result.

Yours faithfully,

Berrimans, Stroud, Glos. E. ARMITAGE.

FOOD OF THE PEREGRINE FALCON

SIR,—On July 24th last I examined a nest of the peregrine in Breconshire after the young had flown, and was able to identify remains of the following birds: Carrion crow, jackdaw, curlew, great spotted woodpecker, black-headed gull.

In addition there were leg rings of pigeons per the attached list. It would be interesting to know, if the birds can be identified, where they were released and bound for. Their direction of flight and course could then be plotted on a map.

1934	CH8585	R.P.	1938	X8294	N.U.
1934	A585	S.H.U.	1938	4987	I.U.C.F.
1935	HNE34	N.U.R.P.	1938	UC5949	N.U.R.P.
1935	CCL29	N.U.R.P.	1938	UPM80	N.U.R.P.
1935	BFD101	N.U.R.P.	1938	PDF2911	N.U.R.P.
1935	RF2308	S.H.U.	1938	LHP679	N.U.R.P.
1936	AW144	R.P.	1938	J1570	N.U.R.P.
1936	PF82	N.U.R.P.	1938	MHR290	N.U.R.P.
1936	M144	S.H.U.	1938	X20844	N.E.H.U.
1937	B4516	R.P.	1938	2023	I.U.M.U.F.
1937	NLV1374	N.U.R.P.	1938	2587	I.U.M.U.F.
1937	SPK1166	N.U.R.P.	1938	K557	S.H.U.
1937	WGF34	N.U.R.P.	1938	A1566	S.H.U.
1937	BHV110	N.U.R.P.	1938	A8045	S.H.U.
1937	RF6386	S.H.U.	1938	D809	W.H.U.
1937	L4516	S.H.U.	1938	14750	I.U.C.F.
1937	BF2913	S.H.U.	1938	645	I.U.N.W.F.
1937	K912	W.H.U.	1939	WA121	N.U.
1937	945	I.U.C.F.	1939	PDF1155	N.U.
1937	WD1224	N.U.	1939	HCU26	N.U.
1938	A5722	R.P.	1939	MUS372	N.U.R.P.
1938	KF557	R.P.	1939	S8D237	N.U.R.P.
1938	SEM264	N.U.	1939	VH8460	N.U.R.P.

Yours faithfully,

Whiteley Lane, O. H. WELLS.
Fulwood, Sheffield, 10.

CANADA GEESE

SIR,—I was interested to read the late Sir Jeremiah Colman's letter in your issue of July 8th. It is our experience, too, that Canadas are very greedy grazers and because of this farmers have requested us to keep their numbers down. Like the Gatton geese, the flock here disperses at the beginning of April. We believe they go to the large meres at the north of this county, but of course cannot be certain. At any rate, it appears that they leave simply because, being very quarrelsome among their own species in the breeding season, they migrate for the sake of peace, leaving only a few pairs to nest here. At the end of the summer there is a return migration of old birds with their young.

With regard to the fourteen to twenty-one days' absence in the autumn which Sir Jeremiah mentioned, I think it is almost certain that the birds fly off to the stubbles at that time, which perhaps are some distance from the lake. Our birds go to the stubbles here, too, for about the same period, but owing to there being no other water round here of any size and because the stubbles themselves are comparatively near the geese always flight in again at sundown.

Yours faithfully,

Walcot Hall, R. STEVENS.
Lydbury North, Shropshire.



ARMY HORSEMANSHIP

SIR,—The letter on Army Horsemanship, in your July 15th issue, is much to the point.

The interest in the horse is not dead in the British Army. The questions recently asked Mr. Hore-Belisha by the chairman of the Army Committee in the House, and also by another Service member, *re* the advisability of re-horsing certain mechanised cavalry regiments, elicited the response that it would be better to utilise the present sixteen horsed Yeomanry regiments! Necessary as these may be—they are only "part-time" units in "peace"-time, and not equivalent to Regular Line cavalry regiments, which could be sent abroad—such as to Palestine—where our present only two remaining Line cavalry units have proved the worth of horsed regiments in certain terrain.

The truth is, that we *have* over-mechanised, as many foresee. Why not recognise the fact and remount at least one Dragoon, one Hussar and one Lancer regiment before the nucleus of horse-trained personnel have disappeared?

Yours truly,
RUSSELL STEELE.

Cunard White Star Ausonia,
St. Lawrence River.

CUCKOO'S NOTE

SIR,—In reply to Mr. W. R. Thompson's letter in the *Field* of July 22nd, I have noticed that in this district the cuckoo failed to change its note as is usual about mid-June, and seems to have left now, whereas last season there was a young cuckoo in the field in which I caravan until the middle of September which I watched with great interest being fed by two meadow pipits, which on several occasions did this by perching on the cuckoo's shoulder since it was on top of a wire fence post.

Yours faithfully,
Palmyra House, WALTER C. PHILLIPS.
Newport, Mon.

HOOKING A RAT

SIR,—When fishing the Exe on the evening of August 2nd, a few miles above Dulverton, I had creeled some half-a-dozen nice trout before reaching a particularly good pool. Having here secured another nice fish I essayed to reach a piece of flat water across the main current. This necessitated a fairly long cast which was accomplished at a moment when, unknown to me, a large-size water-rat started off from my bank to swim across the pool. In recovering my cast of 4x gut I hooked the rat securely in the right groin and it started off downstream at several miles an hour.

I made sure it would break me, but the gut held against the pull of the rat and the not inconsiderable weight of water. After a struggle of about five minutes I drew it carefully on to a shelf of shingle, where it lay, quite literally a drowned rat.

Yours faithfully,
Wraxall, near Bristol. M. A. TODDY.



5¼LB. AND 6¼LB. IN WEIGHT
(See letter "Large Puff Balls")

LARGE PUFF BALLS

SIR,—I think the enclosed photographs of some large puff balls found on Salisbury Plain, near Bulford, may be of interest. The puff balls were growing in a ring, and there were six of them.

The photograph shows them compared to an ordinary tennis ball and a foot rule.

The larger one weighed 8¼lb., and the smaller 6¼lb.

Yours faithfully,
Fleet, Hants. H. M. S.

STRANGE NESTING PLACES

SIR,—At 6 a.m. on June 8th my chauffeur, who has been in my family's employ for some 35 years and is a great bird-lover, found that between daylight and that time a pair of flycatchers had half-built their nest on a sponge in the rack in which he keeps his under-the-car washing tools; the rack is hung inside a passage-way, open at the yard end and a door at the back entrance, about 2ft. from the side door of the garage and faced by the chauffeur's front door and the stable door. The stable is now used for my sporting dogs; there is a constant movement through the passage all day. The nest was finished on June 9th, the first egg laid on the 12th, and three others, one on each of the following days at exactly 8.10 a.m. and 8.40 a.m. each day. The cock bird brought one feather each day to cover the egg or eggs, and the feather was incorporated into the nest by the hen next day when she came to lay, except one day when the cock put in a hen's wing feather. Mrs. Flycatcher did not care for that class of furniture and outed it at once. She started to sit on the 17th and hatched the four eggs on the 29th; three of the four died about the fifth or sixth day; the last of the four got out of the nest on July 13th, sat on the top bar of the rack for about half an hour, then flew half-way across the yard, about 15yds., then another 15yds. to a mounting block, rested there for a time, then flew across the yard, about 25yds., to a fig-tree with the old bird, and has been seen no more.

Yours faithfully,
Coldharbour, Wivelsfield, RICHARD FOSTER.
Haywards Heath, Sussex.

HARVEST BUGS

SIR,—I recollect that a year or two ago a letter appeared in your columns inviting readers to supply information to a lady research worker at Oxford on the question of harvest bugs.

As we are nearing the time of the year when they usually launch their attack, I, personally, and perhaps others would be very glad to hear whether there is any improved deterrent or more beneficial form of treatment for the afflicted.

Yours faithfully,
Snowshill Hill, JOHN BOURNE.
Glos.

PILOT FISH ON A LINE

SIR,—An unusual capture was landed here the other day in the shape of a pilot fish. It was caught on a Spiller line set by one of our local drifters, and was forwarded to the Plymouth Laboratory.

Yours faithfully,
Trenance, GUY DE MAUPAS.
Mevagissey, South Cornwall.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask help for an old gentleman living in Devonshire. He has been unable to work for many years as he suffers from epilepsy and now, at 78, he has a hard struggle to make ends meet. A married brother, a schoolmaster, helped him for many years, but now his wife is an invalid and he cannot afford to continue this allowance. Will you help this gentleman, who is unable to help himself, by sending us £6 10s. so that we may allow him 2/6 weekly for one year?

Watch point



Don't keep your Gold Flake to yourself! That's one of the rules of the game, if you wish it to be a love game. Remember how popular they are with women nowadays. It's the flavour of the really fine Virginia tobaccos of which Wills's Gold Flake are made that appeals to the ladies as much as to you. So, if you want to be the court favourite, be generous with your Gold Flake.

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

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake CORK-TIPPED as well as Plain

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets are rarely at their best during the holiday month of August. Conditions this year are particularly subdued. I find many who hold the opinion that inactivity this year is not due entirely to political nervousness. It should be realised that there are large numbers who usually take an active part in Stock Exchange affairs now serving with the Defence Forces.

That may be one of the reasons. Under the circumstances, there is much satisfaction in the healthy feeling apparent in markets. There is no liquidation of any consequence. Buyers may be few and far between, but here and there there is a growing demand for securities.

As I have previously mentioned here, there are many who anticipate quite a boom in home industrials later on if only politics are settled. Others are equally confident concerning base metal shares. There is also a definite movement towards rubber shares.

The rubber market is capable of lifting stock markets out of despondency. Rubber shares are widely held and, largely because of their low denominational value, are popular with small investors. The position regarding rubber is steadily mending.

An increase in production quota to 60 per cent. of standard for the second half of this year instead of depressing the price of the commodity has had the reverse effect. A consumption demand for raw rubber has developed with the result that stocks are steadily diminishing. There is an abundance of rubber in producing areas. The International Rubber Regulation Committee sees to it that supplies are regulated to meet manufacturers' requirements.

That is the main reason for the present healthy statistical rubber position. Rubber is selling over 8½d. per lb., which is the best price since October of 1937. It will naturally take time for better conditions to be translated into increased dividends by producers. The Stock Exchange, however, invariably discounts prospects ahead.

Supplies of rubber shares which have been available in markets are being steadily cleared. Prices are rising. Many are anxious to secure supplies before the expected real rise materialises. That, I must say, is the way to make money out of rubbers or any other securities.

Doubtless the market leaders, such as Anglo-Dutch and Rubber Trust, will make definite headway. I find, however, that most operators favour lower-priced shares, so long as the companies are reasonably sound. That is where most business is seen at present.

There is a wide selection of rubber shares. Improvement in prices invariably means that the whole list moves ahead, although some shares naturally advance to a greater degree than others.

Those prepared for a flutter in this market might direct attention to some of the 2/- nominal valued shares, such as Sungei Tiram now about 1/3 each. I am also told that Hevea (Johore) with a price under 1/6 should be worth putting away for future capital appreciation. A share like Kepitigalla with a price under 1/- has possibilities from a purely speculative angle.

I find several firms of stockbrokers have compiled lists of rubber shares which are considered attractive. A very good plan is to inquire from a stock-broker which shares can be recommended. A share may appear attractive on the price quoted but, when it comes to dealing, it will be found that no shares are available.

That is mainly why I suggest to those contemplating purchases to inquire whether the shares of such and such a company can be bought at a certain price. I believe there is a good future for this market, but I must add that it is wise to consolidate a profit while the going is good.

THE WEAKER SEX

As a general rule of life the female is considered the weaker sex, but, like all rules, this, too, has notable exceptions. One such is to be found in the fish world in the form of the ceratioids, or sea-devils. In this group of anglers living between 200 and 1,000 fathoms below the surface, the females are very much bigger than the males and are equipped with a large mouth and some fine teeth, while the males possess mouths of far smaller dimensions and teeth to match. They have, however, large olfactory sacs and nostrils which are used in search of their prey or of the females to whom, in some families, they attach themselves with their mouths and become grown for the rest of their existence. As a rule the females have only one of these parasitical husbands, but two or three are not unknown. Generally they attach themselves to the abdomen and the union is so complete that it is almost impossible to tell where male and female join. The male appears to exist solely through the continuity of the blood-streams.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE GREEN

Changes of Putting Style Which May Be Helpful

By E. R. TIPPLE

MOST common of all remarks that can be heard in any locker room is: "My putting let me down; I kept on missing even those two yarders." Putting bothers golfers more than any other shot in the game. Even the experts endure periods when they can do little right on the greens. So it is comforting to watch the leading players miss those simple-looking putts after they have astonished us by their wizardry with the irons and their terrific length off the tees. But if such a sight is some consolation for our own inconsistent efforts it does not provide us with a solution to our problems.

A good putter makes the business of rolling the ball into the hole appear so very simple. I suppose it is when you get the knack. A golfer may know off by heart all the correct fundamentals which go to produce good putting yet may not be able to put them into practice. On the other hand, someone who has never touched a golf club before may take up a friend's putter and proceed to hole all kinds of putts with complete nonchalance.



ONE STYLE OF PUTTING
Leo Diegel's peculiar method

Whilst on holiday recently I watched several people amusing themselves on a putting green that no self-respecting golf-club secretary would dare to possess. It had not been cut for days; the grass was coarse and worn patches were everywhere. With an odd assortment of grips and styles, some of the party kept on getting in dead from a range of 10yds. and over, and they missed very few of those putts we call "awkard." Try as we might, my friends and I, despite our experience of the game, could not match their skill.

We blamed the queer clubs we had been given, the green itself—anything, in fact, but ourselves! No doubt one reason for these novices' success was their ignorance of the troubles that can so easily beset any golfer. They did not bother about the niceties of the game, but just went up and hit the ball. We, knowing more about golf, fussed about, and having got ourselves thoroughly "set," jabbed at the ball hopefully. So, if any golfer is experiencing difficulties with his putter, he would be wise to learn a lesson from these carefree holiday-makers—relax, keep the body, legs and arms free from any trace of tension. Once you get set over the ball the tendency is for the right hand to take complete charge of the club, then pick it up with disastrous results.

At times drastic measures are needed to solve putting problems. A complete change of style may restore confidence and eradicate persistent faults. Champions such as Cotton and Bobby Jones have experimented before they finally acquired a method that exactly suited them.

There is no set style for putting. Each of us can evolve his own, however queer it may look to others, and I do know that such experiments are worth while. As a start it would be advisable to copy one of the masters of the game. If that style proved to be unsatisfactory another could be tried or a combination of various experts' different methods. Jones tells us that he copied Walter Hagen for a time. Feet well apart with the weight mostly on the left leg. This did not suit him, so he next tried bringing the feet closer together, with the right slightly in front of the left. Finally he chose the style that made him one of the finest putters the game has ever seen. Ankles practically touching, body almost erect, left eye on the ball, the head turned slightly to the right. Both his thumbs were kept straight down the shaft.

Alteration to the grip may need to be considered. The reverse overlapping grip is well worth trying. The forefinger of the left hand is overlapped on the little finger of the right—instead of the opposite method which is popular for the long shots. A change of putters may restore lost confidence and bring about that desired sense of "touch." Most of the consistent putters I have seen use steel-faced clubs. They say they can feel the ball better with them than with wooden or aluminium heads, and the judging of strength needed is also easier.

Experiments in stances can be tried. Taking the ball off the left foot or off the right; open or closed stance. Then try keeping the left elbow pointing towards the hole with the right close to the body. Some believe in holding the club firmly with both hands, others say that a light grip is better. Each golfer can decide by practice which suits him; perhaps he will find he likes to keep the left hand tighter on the club than the right or *vice versa*.

Watching the experts on the greens, when their eyes are in, one can learn a great deal. Whatever their individual idiosyncrasies they all contrive to hit the ball a smooth, rhythmic blow. When they begin missing putts they check their swing and see whether they have lost that smoothness at impact. Espinosa, the American Ryder Cup player, says that when he is putting his best he is "taking the putter back with the left hand and striking with the right with a smooth, sweeping downward stroke and with a follow through, not a jab or a stab."

Any golfer will find that experiments with his putting style will repay his trouble. Good putters are not just born; they are made by their own efforts. So we need to follow the example of Cotton, Locke—who has treated us to an exhibition of wonderfully consistent putting this year—or Bobby Jones, to give just three names, and not be frightened to change our methods in searching for that elusive style that will enable us to strike the ball into the hole with fairly constant regularity.

GOLF SUPERSTITIONS



ANYONE who for the first time watches the play in any open competition may be pardoned if he wonders whether golfers really enjoy the game. They see players with strained, agonised expressions on their faces, walking up to the tees and greens; they notice their nervousness whilst the crowd looks on in deadly silence; and they overhear their expressions of relief, mingled with excuses for bad strokes, as the round is ended.

The very uncertainty of golf makes the question of temperament important. So many unexpected things can happen during a game that it is indeed difficult to preserve that priceless feeling of confidence without which little can be accomplished. A player may hit a perfect drive down the fairway and then find that the ball has been picked up by a wandering caddie; he may hit the spectators, perhaps without doing them serious injury, but his ball may turn off anywhere.

Outside disturbances of all kinds may occur to add to the difficulties. I remember a friend of mine during an important tournament, just as he was in a winning position, having to bear his caddie back to the club-house because he had had a fit. For a long time afterwards he insisted on carrying his own clubs!

On one occasion, as mentioned in *The Architectural Side of Golf*, a player, concentrating on his drive, was startled by the unexpected charge of a mob of Ancient Britons, who emerged, shouting and yelling, from a wood on the side of a fairway. They were recalled by the wrathful blare of the megaphone of a cinema director for having made a false start. The uncertainty of the game certainly makes most golfers subject to superstitions.

Women golfers, in particular, like to possess several mascots, and few would think of going away without lucky talismans. When playing in tournaments many men and women are particular about the clothes they wear, not so much from a sartorial point of view as from selecting certain garments that have been worn on previous occasions when they have met with success. Certain coloured ties may be favoured, or trousers rather than plus fours. Most players have some definite preference. I have known golfers wear the same clothes throughout a championship, fearing to make a change in case it altered their luck. Even so great a golfer as Miss Cecil Leitch wore, I am told, the same pair of stockings for a week, fearful of changing her luck by discarding them. On one occasion I debated about changing my attire after I had got through several rounds of a championship. I finally did so and was promptly beaten. Just a coincidence? Perhaps, but I regret having done so to this day.



A MORE CONVENTIONAL STANCE
A. Perry with a "Calamity Jane" putter

Winning the first hole is often regarded as a bad omen. No doubt the thought is uppermost that the fates are being too kind early on and are therefore likely to switch their favours to the other side in the later stages of a match. This constitutes one of the greatest of all golfing superstitions, although from a logical point of view it must be argued that the more holes you win and the quicker you do so the better. Then there comes the question of the numbers on the balls. No. 3 marking is the most popular, and I know quite a few golfers who will never use a No. 1. They may evade their real reasons for keeping to one particular number by saying that they always know which is their ball, but that is only a half-truth.

We have all experienced at one time or another a "bogey" hole—a hole that we never seem able to play correctly. Before we reach it we are resigned to our fate, and when it is over turn to our partners and say: "That is a poor one; should be altered, you know." On the other hand, there are just a few holes—and how few!—that we really like and play as nearly perfectly as we can, superstitions or no superstitions. When practising most golfers always decide to finish with a good shot even if that means staying out on the course an extra half-hour. Nothing is too much trouble or too illogical providing they can become more confident in themselves and their abilities, and that is the reason for golfers' superstitions.

Doubtless there are some golfers who do not believe in mascots, who do not worry about lucky suits or pullovers, perhaps they are even strong-minded enough not to be disturbed at seeing their caddie look at them cross-eyed. They are to be envied. Still, I think even they would look with favour on a black cat, which has an established place in our regard as the herald of good fortune.

On the most reputable authority an account is given in the book already refered to of two golfers on the tee of a certain short hole "seeing one of these lucky emissaries of fortune approaching." They agreed to wait and note which of them it would condescend to favour. It came up to one of the pair and "lovingly rubbed its back against his stockings with tail waving and eyes adoringly cast upward." He promptly did the hole in one! E. R. T.



A FIELD OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS BEING CUT FOR MARKET

THE INCREASING FLOWER INDUSTRY

Importance of the Local Trade

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, F.L.S.

FEW people have any idea of the enormous quantities of cut flowers which find their way to the markets week by week. For many years the bulk of this trade was in the hands of France, the Netherlands and Belgium, and until restrictions were imposed and imports of flowers subjected to duty, early in 1932, the value of imported flowers was well over a million pounds sterling.

Before the War the acreage devoted to flower growing was probably round about 4,000 acres, and this year there is little doubt that the acreage will be approximately 13,000 acres. This great increase is undoubtedly due to the women folk of the country who, quite rightly, will beautify their houses with flowers, believing that "Man cannot live by bread alone."

Flower farming is one of the most fascinating agricultural pursuits. Like every other branch, it needs a specialised technique, but it cannot be said to suffer from the ups and downs of sheep or pig farming. Flowers are always in demand, year in and year out, and providing they are well grown, properly graded and packed, they receive their due reward.

Certain districts have specialised in flower growing. Cornwall, for instance, is well-known for its daffodils, anemones and violets. The Spalding area has made itself famous for its tulips. The Hampton district near London has largely concentrated on chrysanthemums, while North-West Kent grows flowers of all kinds. In the north, districts have arisen around Manchester and Liverpool, for instance, where large quantities of flowers are grown for the local trade. There is no reason at all why acreages in other counties should not be developed, for there are flowers to suit almost every kind of soil, and where there is a town there are always townswomen to buy.

Many growers have found it advisable to develop the local trade rather than to attempt to send packages long distances to central markets. The roadside market has come to stay, and thousands of flowers change hands week by week. Lord Darnley's glass-covered, wayside flower shop on the Rochester By-pass is a typical example of what can be done in this direction.

It must not be thought that good flowers can be grown without heavy manuring. Many of the most successful flower growers use up to 60 loads of good organic manure per acre when carrying out the initial preparation of the land. In subsequent years 40 loads may be found to be sufficient, but the greatest care should be taken to see that the land is rich in humus. The basis of all schemes for manuring on the flower farm should be the maintenance of organic material in the soil. In addition, it is not unusual to give heavy dressings of artificial manure. Superphosphate may be applied at 6cwt. per acre, steamed bone flour at 4cwt. per acre, and sulphate of potash at 3cwt. per acre. To the ordinary farmer these may seem heavy dressings. Such flowers as chrysanthemums do take a lot out of the soil; while many of the perennials like scabious and pyrethrum are in the soil for two or three years before being disturbed.

The best prices are always paid for the flowers of varieties of recent introduction. The worst two months for cut bloom, as far as prices are concerned, are July and August, when so many families are on holiday and when most gardens, however, small, can provide something for house decoration. It is during these months that novelties will sell and flowers that have been produced with longer stems or better size than those normally seen in the district.

Pyrethrums, early in June, are certainly popular. The soil in which they grow may be a fairly shallow one, for the plant is naturally surface rooted. It does best on a light soil, and needs a good dressing of lime every autumn, especially in the North of England, where the rainfall is high and frost damage is a reality.

Planting is best carried out in July, immediately after the first flowering period, though should the summer be dry it is better to wait until the following spring. The roots should be spread out evenly, and not planted so that they are "tucked up" in a bunch.

The modern varieties, like Margery Robinson, a bright rose pink on a 3-ft. stem, Eileen May Robinson, the large perfectly shaped salmon pink; Harold Robinson, the scarlet crimson with the lovely sheen; and Kelway's Glorious, the earliest crimson scarlet, have largely replaced the older smaller-flowered varieties like A. M. Kelway, James Kelway and Mrs. Bateman Brown.

The scabious (*Scabiosa Caucasica*) is another popular market flower, even though the main cut is during the two principal summer months. The introduction of such varieties as Goldingensis and Clive Greaves have been the cause of vastly increased sales. Clive Greaves, a rich mauve, and Goldingensis bears rich flowers of a deep lavender shade on long stems.

The flowers fetch better prices in the South than in the North, and there is at least one flower farmer near Manchester who finds that it pays him better to send to London than to market locally.

Scabious can be planted in the spring or early autumn in rows a foot apart. It certainly needs perfectly drained soil, and it is a lime lover.

Few cut flowers on the market can guarantee the ready sale that Alstromeria does. It succeeds well in any good soil, having good drainage, and seems to grow equally well in an exposed garden in the North as in a well-protected area on the South Coast. It is, however, susceptible to frost and water logging.

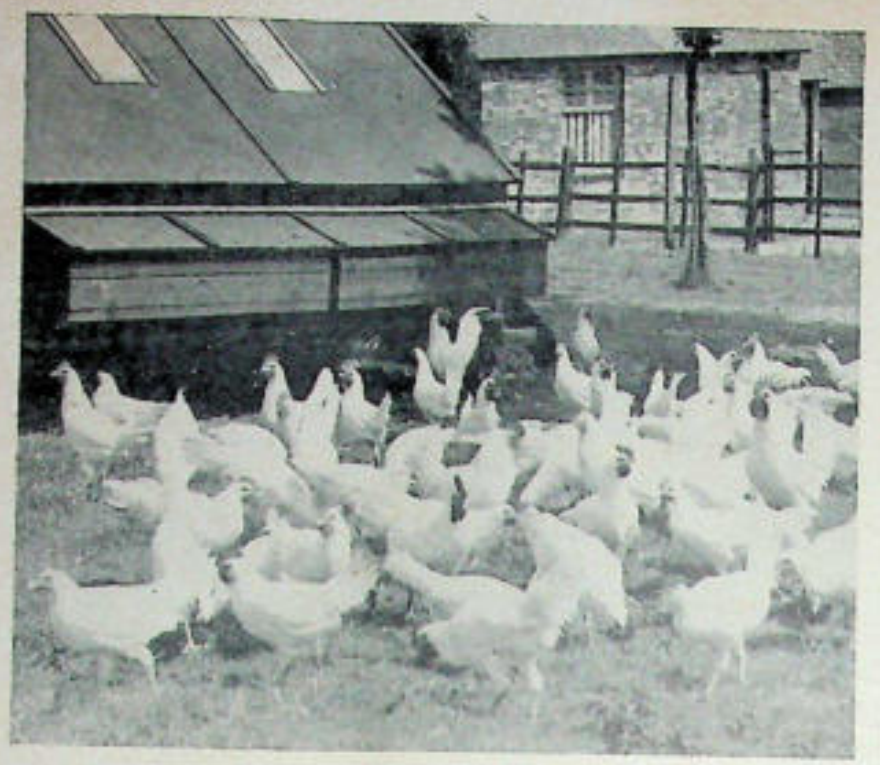
The Alstromeria has tuberous roots, which are often sold by the bushel in a similar manner to mint roots. It is better to plant in March than in the autumn, for a newly-planted bed may suffer from winter frosts. The tubers should be inserted 6in. deep and 6in. apart. The rows should be 1ft. apart. In a very short time the area devoted to this flower will be covered, for the roots have a tendency to run and to produce flower heads where they will.



A FINE DISPLAY OF TULIPS IN ABUNDANCE IN KENT

When purchasing Alstromeria it is necessary to insist on those with flowers of a deep orange shade and not light yellow. The main cut occurs early in July, though some years it is possible to [illegible] market late in June.

In addition to standard lines like Chrysanthemums and Daffodils, other perennials that have proved popular as cut flowers are Gypsophila, Paeonies, Ranunculus, Statice, Trollius, & [illegible]. Those who are interested in flower farming should consult *Modern Flower Growing for Profit*, published by Ernest Benn at 5/-. This is the standard work.



COLLECTIVE SECURITY

Colds, roup, pip, "bumble-foot", fowl cholera and typhoid, can be prevented by the regular use of 'Chloros' in the washing and drinking water. Although 'Chloros' is one of the most powerful disinfectants known, it is perfectly harmless to man, beast or bird in the strengths recommended for use.

CHLOROS TRADE MARK

THE IDEAL FARM DISINFECTANT

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED
DEPT. G.C.84, IMPERIAL CHEMICAL HOUSE, LONDON, S.W.1

C.N.877

BURBERRY

GAMEFEATHER SUITS



Why do the birds swerve from one's own guns and go over other butts without apparent fear? It may be the suit one is wearing is too conspicuous.

For many years past Burberry Gamefeather suits have enabled their owners to obtain a great deal more shooting than otherwise would have come their way. At least Burberrys are often told that this is the case.

Gamefeather suitings contain in their colourings the same shades that serve to camouflage gamebirds themselves.

Gamefeather suits are a complete success in rendering the wearer invisible to game and they are, as well, handsome suits.

THE BURBERRY



Weightless — wind-proof, rain-proof, drizzle-proof— naturally ventilating — The Burberry provides a delightful Overcoat and perfect Weatherproof.

Designed on easy-fitting lines from thin and flexible materials, it makes no difference to the "set" of the gun, and is the coat in which one can maintain top form without let or hindrance.

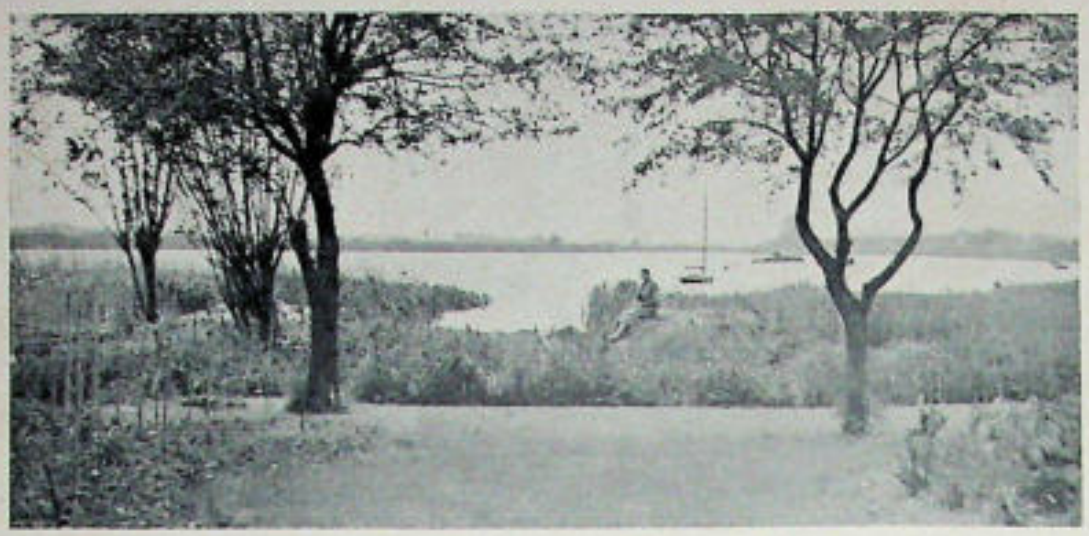
The World's Best Weatherproof

One of the World's Best Overcoats

WARNING
No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the World.
N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

Patterns and full particulars sent on mention of "The Field"

BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1



THE FIRST SPRING: CURVED BORDERS FLANKING THE CENTRAL GRASS PATH
In the background can be seen the dyke cut through the reed bed into the Broad

The Country House

MAKING A YACHTSMAN'S GARDEN

By J. A. ROBERTSON

THOSE who live close to the Broads and who sail and race upon them are usually anxious to obtain private access to the water, but firm land close to the water is usually very limited in extent and often already wholly occupied. When a nearby derelict garden beside the Broad was offered for sale in plots it was therefore natural to buy one. Like many such plots, it was long and narrow (200ft. by 30ft.); it was smothered with brambles, raspberry suckers, elder and ivy, and at the bottom it lost itself in reed-beds with an intervening and overgrown ditch and bank close to the edge of the reeds, so that the Broad was almost invisible.

When this thicket had been cleared it became apparent that there was a belt of tall and spindly trees at the top followed by a stretch carrying several fair-sized thorn trees springing from a carpet of ivy; then came three well-grown small oaks and a bat-willow with their roots in rough grass, and further down two umbrella-shaped thorns close to the ditch, which proved to be part of a series of small ponds. The earth and gravel taken out when these ponds were dug had been thrown up onto the edge of the reed-bed and now formed a firm broad bank or "hard." On this a slipway could easily be built. But before this could be done it was necessary to bring the water up to the hard, and by a convenient arrangement with the owner of the next plot it was agreed to cut a 14ft. party dyke for some 60ft. through the reed-bed, with one bank on either plot. Two labourers were hired to dig out the shoreward end of this dyke, to "diddle out" the two little ponds, and to put up a fence at the far upper end of the plot. The rest of the dyke was dredged by a hand grab worked from a small pontoon.

The mud, matted reed-roots and peaty bottom of the reed-bed were thrown up into banks on either side, which, when they had settled and consolidated, began to grow rough grass, purple loosestrife and reeds, forming useful natural jetties through the boggy reed-bed. Some time later a carpenter was brought in to build a simple slipway and chair, which proved very suitable for a racing dinghy, and, being built from shipbreaker's timber, was moderate in price and made of stout and well-seasoned material.

When the lie of the land had finally been revealed by the use of "slasher" and bonfire, it was clear that the best place to make a garden was on the landward side of the ponds, between the two umbrella-shaped thorns and the oak trees further up the plot. Here the ground was not shaded by trees and was covered in rough grass. Accordingly, in the hottest weather, this land was trenched to the depth of about two-and-a-half spits. The soil was so deep and so good that it was unnecessary to keep the top spit to the top, but the whole was turned upside down, which helped very greatly in the removal of the black, wiry roots of catstail and the bloated white underground stems of reeds. At the lower end of the piece of land which was trenched the spade struck sodden peaty sand at the bottom of the second spit, promising an abundant supply of underground tidal moisture even in July and August when the gardens farther up the hill, with a shallow soil on a gravel bottom, are invariably parched save in the wettest summers.

It was at once decided that the future herbaceous borders should be mainly planted with perennials flowering in these months, which also fortunately coincide with the time of the sailing regatta and the greatest use of the plot.

It may seem strange that tidal water should be a welcome source of moisture for plants, but although the rise and fall of the tide is considerable the water is not appreciably salt, for it consists of fresh water held up and driven back by the salt water entering the Yare and Breydon Water.

After trenching, the soil was levelled and raked, and two borders with curving edges were marked out on either side of a broad path which was sown with grass seed. One border was reserved for dahlias and the other was filled during the autumn with late-flowering perennials, though a few earlier flowering but moisture-loving plants were also included. The varieties selected were the following: *Achillea eupatorium* and *A. ptarmica* (The Pearl), *Aconitum bicolor*, Alstrœmeria, Astilbe (and Spiræa) in variety, Campanula (Telham Beauty), Chrysanthemum (early flowering) and *C. maximum*, Coreopsis, Delphinium, Echinacea (The King), Echinops, Erigeron (Quakeress), Helenium (Moerheim Beauty and Wyndley), Helianthus, Hollyhock, Inula, Kniphofia, *Meconopsis Baileyi*, Michaelmas Daisy (early flowering), *Monarda violacea* and Cambridge Scarlet, Phlox in variety, Potentilla, Poterium, *Rudbeckia speciosa* and Herbstsonne, *Salvia virgata nemorosa*, *Scabiosa caucasica*, *Statice latifolia*, Verbascum and Veronica.

As the border was a small one it was impossible to plant in large clumps if monotony were to be avoided.

Although the ground was low-lying and liable to flood, very few plants failed to survive their first winter. This was probably due to the partially sandy nature of the bottom spit, which was now on top, and to good drainage owing to the deep trenching of the border. The only weed to survive the trenching was the indomitable catstail.

The upper part of the plot was left wild and planted with bulbs, violets and primroses. The recalcitrant stumps of some twenty thorn bushes had first to be eradicated, and when the last of them had been removed the ground was thoroughly searched for bramble roots and some of the trailing ivy was torn up. This treatment has succeeded beyond all expectation, for now that the ground is no longer choked with undergrowth grass has ousted the ivy. Half a dozen home-grown seedling brooms (*Andreanus*) have been planted in groups on either side of the rough path leading down to the borders and little lawn. On either side of the plot a row of *Cupressus macrocarpa* about a foot high and planted 2ft. or 3ft. apart constitute the "sufficient fence" which each owner covenanted to erect.

Throughout the making of this little garden cost was a primary consideration, and for this reason it was necessary to forgo all forms of garden masonry and other costly embellishments. Apart from the digging-out of the dyke and ponds and the erection of the slipway and of a gate and fence, no hired labour was employed. In consequence there was little temptation to indulge in the unchastened enthusiasm and ambitious schemes of the vicarious gardener! But simplicity is not ill-suited to a background of Broadland scenery.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Soil Sterilisation

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THE partial sterilisation of soil has proved one of the most interesting developments of recent years. It has been taken up by golf clubs who wish to use organic matter free from weeds for treating their putting greens. Market gardeners have found the usefulness of having weed-free soil and so have dug up quite large areas for the purpose of sterilisation, replacing the soil thus treated afterwards.

The glasshouse grower could not carry out his work over a long period of years without sterilisation of soil, and he is able to treat the land covered with glass *in situ*. This enables him to grow good crops when otherwise the results would be very poor.

The partial sterilisation of soil should aim at doing five things. First of all, it should ensure that all insect life is killed. Thus soil that is so treated is free from all pests. This may be of great importance in the case of stacked turf (for instance, full of wire-worm) or soil that is known to have a high slug population. Secondly, all fungi and protozoa should be destroyed. There are many fungus diseases in soil that ruin the roots of plants or that cause the stem of the plants to die off at soil level. You have only to think of the damping off fungi as an example.

Then, as has already been said, all weed seeds should be destroyed. It is wonderful to have weed-free soil. Every seed you sow grows in an unrestricted manner, there is no patchiness. No weeding has to be done, and so for frames, boxes and even for borders, partially sterilised soil is ideal.

Point 4 refers to the non-spore-producing bacteria which are killed. These may be called the harmful bacteria, and so when they are out of the way, it allows the surviving ammonia-producing organisms to multiply exceedingly, and to carry out their activities in an unrestricted manner. This provision of the right medium for the ammonia-producing organisms is very important indeed and is, in fact, point 5. Soil that is properly treated with dry heat or steam may be said to be rich in nitrogen, for the bacteria work unhampered.

Unless you have seen the difference between seedlings grown in sterilised soil and those grown in unsterilised soil, it is impossible to realise it. Plants in sterilised soil can grow more quickly. They are healthier and better-looking, and, what is more, there is a saving of seed, for in sterilised soil almost perfect germination can be ensured.

There are various firms who specialise in structures for the purpose of soil sterilising. For the small garden there is a machine made by the Gloucester Incubator Company, of Stroud, Gloucestershire. Those who have electricity can sterilise by means of the electric soil steriliser made by Messrs. Electro-Horticultural Equipment Co., Ltd., of Harpenden, Herts, and the consumption can be taken as approximately one unit per cubic foot to be sterilised. A booklet on the subject can be sent to readers, published by the Electric Development Association of 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C. 2.

An efficient machine is made by Messrs. Cope and Cope, of 10, King's Road, Reading, while Messrs. Charles P. Kinnell, Ltd., of 65, Southwark Street, London, S.E. 1, make the Mellik Soil Steriliser, which works by oil or electricity.

For those who have got quantities of soil to treat there is much to be said for the Reaseheath Steriliser or Warburton baking apparatus. This consists of a trough of brickwork 3ft. wide, 20ft. long and just over 1ft. deep. All these are inside measurements.

There are flues underneath 4½in. wide and 15in. high with a fire box at one end and a good chimney at the other. Full details on the construction of the steriliser, which can be done by unskilled labour in the garden, will be found in the book *Modern Flower Growing*, published by Benns, price 5s., obtainable from any bookseller. The drawings and the photographs are very easy to follow.

The earth is placed in the trough until full, and in the case of such a structure as this, about 3 tons is put in at a time. The soil is then covered with sacking and the fire is lit. After baking for four hours the earth is dug over and the baking continued for another four hours. At the end of this time the soil is removed and allowed to cool.

Those who have large greenhouses may sterilise by steam *in situ*. There are firms who will give quotations for doing this. The soil is not dug out, but perforated pipes are laid in the soil and the steam passes through them at high pressure.

"EN-TOUT-CAS"

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

By Appointment to the late King George V

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Sweden

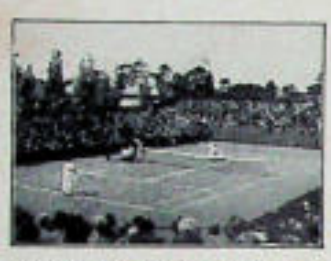
Have again been selected for the

BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS
(Tenth year in succession)

BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS
(Twelfth year in succession)

INTERNATIONAL PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT
at Southport
(Fourth year in succession)

WHAT BETTER EVIDENCE of PRE-EMINENCE and RELIABILITY?



1939 Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth: Men's Singles Final, Kho Sin Kie v. W. C. Choy.



Leicester Club, four Squash Courts, Plunge Pool, etc.

HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1939
The local Committee of Management report that the "En-Tout-Cas" Courts used for the above **were again in first-class condition.**

WRITE FOR BOOKLETS

No. 1 HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

No. 2 SQUASH COURTS AND SWIMMING POOLS

No. 3 NON-PAREIL NO-UPKEEP COURTS

THE EN-TOUT-CAS Co. Ltd., Syston, Leicester

LONDON OFFICE IN FORTNUM & MASON'S SPORTS DEPT., 182 PICCADILLY, W.1



Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Lord Astor

BETTER STABLING

When you are buying stabling, strength and durability are big considerations. Your stables have to stand all weathers and heavy usage for years, and the welfare of the horses depends upon the quality of construction. Boulton & Paul stables have a reputation for reliability in this respect.

All types fully specified and illustrated in Catalogue 571 sent free on request.

"My MARE is in the best of health—no coughs or cold." (C.N.C.W.)

"... I have a stable I can be PROUD of ..." (C.M.S.)

Purpose Planned
BOULTON & PAUL LTD NORWICH
Faithfully made

SEE EXAMPLES AT OUR LONDON SHOWROOMS

BOULTON AND PAUL LIMITED

HORSEFERRY HOUSE, HORSEFERRY RD., S.W.1

HEALTHIER MOTORING

Enjoy health-giving fresh air by motoring in Tickford Coachwork. The pleasure of touring is doubled. The Tickford Drop-Head Coupes and Four-Door Cabriolets are built up in electrically welded steel framework, giving lightness and great strength, and the ease with which these are opened and closed is not found in any other Coachwork of this type. The hoods are fully lined as in a Saloon, no framework being visible. Tickford Bodies are the result of over 20 years' specialisation in Open-Closed Coachwork in which are incorporated patents giving the maximum ease of opening and closing, with complete protection from wind and rain in rough weather. No other Coachwork of this type can give you the same advantages. Thousands are in daily use giving absolute satisfaction. Tickford Coachwork is included in the Models of the Armstrong-Siddeley, Daimler, M.G., and Rover Cars. Descriptive specification with pleasure from the Patentees:

SALMONS & SONS (Coachbuilders) LTD.
NEWPORT PAGNELL

London Showrooms:
8, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2

THE TIME IT SAVES *Makes it a Gilt-edged Investment on any estate*

● One man cuts a hedge at six times normal speed, does spray painting or creosoting four times the speed of a brush. Brilliant electric light speeds work in outhouses and after dark. These are but examples of the increased work output per man introduced by this self-contained *portable* source of electric power.

Use it for Hedge Trimming, Lighting, Pumping, Grass Edging, Paint or Creosote Spraying, Milking, Sawing, etc., etc. Use Tarpen all the year round.

Models 400 watt to 3 k.w. Write for particulars and free demonstration.



Electric Hedge-trimming with the Tarpen

A.R.P. *Ideal for emergency lighting and pumping.*

TARPEN ENGINEERING CO. LTD., 4 Ixworth Place, London, S.W.3. Tel.: Kensington 3495-7.

TARPEN *Portable Generator*

Bermuda Lilium Harrisii

BULBS

UST ARRIVED

and Obtainable from

All High-Class SEEDS EN

YOU WOULDN'T BUY *HALF* A CAR



—and not bother to enquire about the other half. Yet many men buy shoes and take a chance on the leather—which means half the shoe and half its cost. Why risk unbranded leather? Choose shoes of VEEBEX leather. So soft and pliable it lends itself to the shape of your foot, so tough it stands hard work and resoling again and again. It's well worth looking for the name VEEBEX Leather on the tie-on label. Specially suitable for golf.

Wm. Paul Ltd., Oak Tannery, Leeds.

Look for the name **Veebex**



LEATHER FOR WEEK-END SHOES

THERE'S NO USE TALKING

THERE'S NO USE TALKING

THERE'S NO USE TALKING

THERE'S NO USE TALKING

TASTE IT!



Mackinlay's SCOTCH WHISKY
Established 1820



ANTIRRHINUM SEMPERVIRENS NEEDS A VERY SUNNY SHELTERED SPOT AND THE PROTECTION OF A PANE OF GLASS IN THE WINTER

DECORATIVE ANTIRRHINUMS

Useful Late Summer Flowering Plants

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE modern craze for treating biennials as annuals has, at least in the opinion of old-fashioned folk like myself, more disadvantages than advantages, and this is especially the case in regard to Antirrhinums. Plants sown in January when there is very little daylight and rushed up in artificial heat cannot compare with those sown this month in natural conditions and given the protection of a cold frame through the winter. Further, apart from being sturdier, these plants bloom earlier.

Antirrhinums are amongst the most decorative and useful late summer-flowering plants, and I have a special liking for the delightful and handsome old striped kinds still largely grown in Scottish gardens, but seldom in this country, and the deep crimson dark-leaved variety formerly so popular with cottagers. Second to these I like all the tall-growing varieties in mixture. The "intermediates" are useful for planting in conjunction with the tall-growing varieties in large beds. For the different heights give variety just as much as the different colours. I recall seeing a huge bed of tall and intermediate Antirrhinums in mixed colours in an enclosed garden with the perfect background of one of the few old garden houses that survive. It is a mistake to omit at least a proportion of white kinds, for without these touches of white the gayest colours are apt to look a little heavy in mass. As in needlework a little yellow is also essential.

The dwarf varieties leave me cold, for to my thinking they are out of all proportion, and the new ultra-dwarfs largely advertised as being useful for the rock garden (though no true rock gardener would dream of putting Antirrhinums of any kind in a rock garden) are even more deplorable.

Early August is generally regarded as the best time for sowing seed in cold parts, and the third week in August in the south. Seed should be sown in boxes or pans standing on ashes in a cold frame. The compost should be two parts loam, one part leaf mould or prepared peat, and a little mortar rubble and silver sand. The whole should be finely sifted. Sow the seed as thinly as possible and then barely cover it with sandy soil. Germination can be assisted by covering with a pane of glass and brown paper, but this, though a good method in winter, is unnecessary at this time of year. If glass is used, however, it has to be turned and wiped daily.

Transfer the seedlings as soon as they are large enough to handle into deeper boxes or pans filled with the same compost, setting the seedlings 2in. apart. In the very mildest parts and on warm soils the plants can be put in their flowering positions in early autumn, but in most parts this is impossible, and they have to be sheltered through the winter in a cold frame or cold greenhouse. Theoretically Antirrhinums are hardy biennials, but hybridisation, and especially in the case of the lovely new varieties, has resulted in a breed that are anything but hardy. For instance, the old deep crimson kind cottagers used to treat as a perennial and the species *A. majus* that grew on walls and from which all hybrids are descended withstood almost any cold. In this country it had almost naturalised itself.

Though they need protection through the winter, undue coddling only makes the plants sickly. In cold parts, and especially where very fine specimens are desired, the plants are potted off singly in 3-in. pots and kept in a cold greenhouse with a minimum temperature of 40 degrees. They need the minimum of water, but as much air and light as possible to keep them sturdy.

In fairly mild parts, however, the protection of a cold frame is sufficient, opening the frame whenever the weather is genial and even in cold spells keeping the light a little lifted. Watering is important. This should be given only when the surface soil is dry. Water in the morning, giving enough to reach the farthest roots, and then leave well alone till the surface soil shows dry again.

If the plants are needed for greenhouse flowering in May they should be transferred to 5-in. pots in February, using the same compost as above. The mortar rubble is important, and a little wood ash is also a good addition. Kept in a temperature of 45 degrees to 50 degrees after February the plants should flower in May.

Some of the low-growing Antirrhinum species are possible in mild parts, notably *A. asarina* and *A. sempervirens*, but they are far from hardy in our damp climate. *A. asarina* has greyish foliage and cream-coloured flowers, and *A. sempervirens* has white flowers. Both bloom in late summer. They need the sunniest and most sheltered position available in very well-drained sandy soil and protection through the winter in the shape of glass raised 5in. or 6in. above the plants.

PITPROPS

By REGINALD DAVEY

IT is perhaps inevitable that a large proportion of the pitprops used in our mines are imported. It is not that the imported article is superior to our own. Though it is true that the supplies, grading and preparation of our own props are often inferior. Our props are every whit as strong as those grown abroad, and the Forestry Commission's supplies are as well marketed as those from over the seas, a lead which the larger estates are not slow to follow.

The real difficulty is that the coal from our mines is taken abroad by ships which return loaded with pitprops. If the return load were not forthcoming the freightage on the coal would be higher and less would be sold. It is natural that the mine owners should buy imported pitprops if it thereby increases their sales of coal.

A proportion of home-grown props are purchased, partly because the mine owners realise that a war would cut off their supplies of imported mining timber, and they would be left high and dry unless they take some pains to foster the home industry.

For this reason alone the home-grown pitprop is likely always to meet a fair demand, and provided the pithead is not more than 100 miles distant from the wood, a fair profit should result.

This is easily the most important outlet for our larch, spruce, pine and Douglas fir thinnings. Larch usually meets a more remunerative demand for pergolas, fencing, wireless poles and other purposes, but is the most favoured wood for pitprops. The Forestry Commission in the New Forest area mix all their coniferous species together and send them to the Kent coalfields under the description of mixed fir. The species accepted varies according to the colliery, but all take a wide range of sizes, a fact which renders the market so convenient for the woodland owner. Sizes vary for different collieries, the minimum diameter usually being 3in. and the maximum 9in.

The woodland owner who is contemplating selling pitprops will be well advised to ascertain the exact requirements of his nearest colliery.

The financial result will depend upon many factors, an example of an actual transaction being as follows:

	s. d.	£ s. d.
Price per ton at pithead		2 10 0
Rail carriage 180 miles	18 10	
Hauling to station	5 6	
Felling, seasoning and cutting	7 0	
		1 11 4
Profit equal in this case to 5d. per foot cube		18 8

Circumstances vary for each estate and a price of 8d. per foot cube is by no means unusual, especially owing to the recent substantial increase in the price of pitprops.

Mining timber is not difficult to produce, but it calls for care. The selection and marking of the thinnings is followed by felling with axe or saw as near ground level as possible. All branches and snags are then removed with the axe, and the bark, except of larch, removed with a special spade, draw shave or old bagging hook. The spade is easiest to work with. Next follows the laborious task of hacking the poles to the nearest ride, and by horse labour to the hard road, where they are stacked for seasoning. This may occupy six weeks if there are drying winds, or it may take several months.

Cross cutting with hand or saw power is the operation which controls the extent of profit made. Well done, with the colliery specification to hand, all lengths accurate and all cuts truly at right angles to the lie of the prop, means maximum production, minimum waste and no rejections.

For delivery the props must be correctly sorted, for they are competing with French and Portuguese timber delivered to our ports in any quantity, perfectly prepared and correctly graded.

The chief attraction of pitprops is that they offer a market for thinnings which are otherwise difficult to sell. Larch usually meets a ready demand for many purposes, but spruce, Douglas fir and the pines are a different proposition. To be able to sell them from 3in. diameter upwards is to increase greatly the financial potentialities of a plantation.

The earliest date at which a conifer plantation might be felled is the 60th year, and the Forestry Commission work to a rotation of 80 years for larch and 100 years for other conifers. If it costs £10 per acre to establish, compound interest at 5 per cent. has increased this outlay to £187 by the 60th year, so that any sales of thinnings from the 20th year onwards will likewise accumulate on the credit side. For example, £1 received in the 30th year is equivalent to £4 6s. 6d. received at maturity. In practice, nearly as large a sum is received for thinnings as is realised by the final crop.



A TRIUMPH DOLOMITE ON THE SUMMIT OF BIRKIEMORE, LOOKING DOWN GLEN EROOM, NEAR ULLAPOOL, ROSS-SHIRE, TO THE PEAK OF BEN MORE COIGACH

SOME POINTS ABOUT PLUGS

Component Parts Which Respond to a Little Attention

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

OF all the component parts of the modern engine which the motorist takes for granted, I imagine that sparking plugs stand supreme. The tendency is to instal them and then promptly to ignore their existence. There may be an occasional inspection and perhaps a periodical cleaning when the car is not pulling too well, but in comparison with the unceasing hard work and generally arduous life which plugs are expected to stand up to, the degree of attention they enjoy is relatively low. While it is true that sparking plugs to-day maintain an extremely high standard of efficiency and have been developed through the years to function under varying conditions, this is no reason why they should be thoroughly neglected.

If the best performance and economy in running is to be obtained, it is essential that the plugs are given their fair share of attention because they exert such a profound influence upon the general behaviour of the engine. I find that unless something is going radically wrong, the average motorist is not particularly sensitive to the gradual decline in the performance of his engine as the mileage increases. The process is a slow one and if he is driving regularly in the same car, the deterioration is not always easily discernible. This factor, therefore, rather rules out the old adage of "leave well alone" and makes a routine examination of the plugs desirable every two thousand miles or so. In the majority of cases the difference in an engine after the plugs have been cleaned and the gaps between the points reset, is really surprising.

The readjustment of the points should be done with some care and with the assistance of a gauge, for it is utterly useless to attempt to arrive at the correct setting with the eye alone. Neither should the edge of a visiting card or a matchbox be utilised, because these objects differ greatly in thickness, and consequently will not produce good results. The manufacturers invariably advise the correct gap setting in the instruction book, and this normally is in the region of from .020in. to .025in., or, with high voltage ignition systems, from .036in. to .040in.

The gap between the points increases with usage since the constant firing causes the electrode metal to burn away. Therefore the normal procedure is to tap the points closer together to enable a strong, healthy spark to bridge the gap. If the metal has become well worn and the burning appreciable, then it is a wise plan to buy a new set since maximum efficiency can hardly be expected from worn plugs and poor performance will result.

Cleaning is a job which can be done easily at home and this is even occasionally necessary with new engines. Either oil or excessive carbon deposit will impair the functioning of the plug, because both will tend to make the gap non-existent or perhaps provide a means for the current to leak, thus reducing the strength of the spark. It is, I find, often a good plan to clean the insulator as well as the metal points, although this is not necessary on every occasion when the plugs are removed for inspection and cleaning. With some types of plugs the insulator can be unscrewed and (whether of mica or a china-like substance) is easily cleaned with petrol and a rag. It is not desirable for any undue abrasion to take place on the insulator during this cleansing process, because any uneven surface will provide an excellent foundation upon which fresh deposits of carbon can soon be built up. Care should be taken when reassembling to see that the joints are perfectly clean. Those plugs with insulators that are not detachable are best left in the hands of the service station for cleaning, where the operation is carried out on a special machine within a few minutes and at very low cost.

With new engines the necessity to clean plug points frequently arises because during the running-in period the motor is turning over slowly, thus preventing the plugs from becoming as hot as they normally would under ordinary conditions. It is obvious that without sufficient heat the oil which may be thrown upon them cannot be burned off; also since it is common practice nowadays to mix upper cylinder lubricant with the petrol when running in, it is easy to see that the plugs have an additional obstacle to meet since they have more oil to deal with than might otherwise be the case. Naturally, when higher speeds become permissible these conditions will disappear, but during the running-in period I would recommend that the points be cleaned at 500 miles and again at 1,000 miles.

One of the advantages of the regular inspection of sparking plugs is that the nature of the points invariably provides a clue if the strength of the mixture becomes at all abnormal.

Over-rich or too weak mixtures not only militate against good performance, but, in the long run, both conditions—if permitted to continue unaltered—are apt to prove expensive, so that the routine cleaning of plugs may prove a stitch in time, especially when the motorist is not particularly observant of other symptoms which may show that all is not well with the carburettor setting. Sooty plugs mean a rich mixture, while hard "parched" looking points indicate that the engine has been running on too weak a fuel mixture.

Although plugs may be cleaned systematically and gaps set periodically, it is natural that, like anything else, they do need replacing from time to time. The plug manufacturers and the majority of car makers recommend 10,000 miles as the time when it becomes advisable for a new set to be installed. After that mileage, the points will have become somewhat worn, and with the diminishing effectiveness of the plug, the performance will deteriorate. All sorts of troubles can be traced to worn plugs, yet, after all, for the yeoman service they give, they are not prohibitively expensive.

A worn plug, for instance, will become overheated during ordinary running to such an extent that the points may become nearly incandescent, which would result in great loss of power. The engine designer—when the engine was being produced—took great care to see that his cooling arrangements were such that the correct type of plug would neither become too hot nor too cold in general use so that the maximum amount of power would be forthcoming at all times. But if the plug itself is faulty, obviously the engine cannot function at its best, as intended by the maker. The fact that the plug is becoming overheated is often recognisable by the fact that when the ignition is switched off after a run, the engine will continue to fire since the still glowing points will ignite the incoming gases.

The overheating can also occur if the wrong type of sparking plug is fitted. Therefore, when renewing, care should be exercised in obtaining the correct type for the model. Racing drivers and sports enthusiasts know only too well how plugs can make or mar performance. Perhaps the ordinary motorist has no necessity to indulge in any experimentation with plugs, but nevertheless he should use discrimination when buying. There are many types of plugs being marketed to meet varying conditions, but recently there has been a move to produce a plug which will operate satisfactorily in almost any circumstances. Improvement in design has evolved sparking plugs with a heat range which will ensure that they will not overheat with wide throttle openings nor exhibit any tendency to run too cool when idling, thus preventing any possibility of petrol and carbon causing shorting across the points. For instance, the Champion concern produce the L 10 plug, which will meet the conditions, previously demanding a choice of no fewer than ten types of 18 mm. plugs. This new plug has a special "Sillimanite" insulator, the exposed end of which is designed to resist any untoward action upon it by ethyl lead or benzole. The K.L.G. concern have also recently introduced a new model which will stand up to high temperatures and will still function in an oily engine.

THE MOTORIST AND HIS MEALS

Value of the American Kerbside Counter

MOTORISTS' preference for meals, and especially lunch, would form an interesting subject for a questionnaire. Were I to conduct such a thing I should divide motorists into two classes: one, those who travel alone or with a single passenger; and two, those who go accompanied by friends or family. I should ask each class to put down in order of merit the following kinds of middle day meal: (*a*) a fixed hotel lunch, (*b*) a restaurant type of lunch, (*c*) a snack lunch and (*d*) a picnic lunch.

One of the things I should like to find out is whether the general demand is for a few simple dishes or for a heavier meal. It would also be interesting to know what price the ordinary upper and middle class motorist considers a fair one to pay for lunch.

But the main object of the questionnaire would be to discover the most popular form of meal. The same motorist, in varying moods and under different conditions, would sometimes feel like standing himself a full-course meal and sometimes would be content with a snack. But there are very few ports of call in the country where these alternatives are available. If we go to a country hotel we must eat what is provided, the choice being necessarily limited. If we stop in a town there is probably a good restaurant to feed us—if we can find it. But the difficulty of finding a parking place and the fear of being harried by the police if we leave our car outside are definite disadvantages. Furthermore, the popular city restaurant is liable to be crowded, and its atmosphere does not compare with the quiet and restfulness of a country hotel.

The picnic idea is amazingly popular with family parties. One has only to count the number of car picnics one passes on the roadside about lunch time to realise this. Nor are the picnickers all owners of small family cars. I have seen Rolls-Royce, Daimlers and Armstrong-Siddeleys among them. Clearly, economy is not the motive that drives these big-car folk to feed at the roadside. It might be the reason for the small-car parties' kerbside eating, for a lunch that the housewife could provide for a shilling or two would cost the family eight or ten times as much were it eaten under cover.

Most motorists, and especially those on tour, would, I believe, prefer to eat in the country. Yet in England there are practically no roadside restaurants. In America I noted heaps of these places, which generally featured a quick-service counter. And it seems to me that an anglicized version of the same thing might suit a lot of people. My scheme would be based on the R.A.C. snack bar downstairs by the swimming pool. Here is a counter laden with a variety of sandwiches—incidentally, the best I know anywhere—drinks in decanters and jugs, cold meats and vegetables, various forms of sweets such as fruit tarts, cheeses, biscuits and fruit. One helps oneself to a plate, knife and fork, seizes the desired food, pays for it and plumps oneself down at the nearest table. The choice of food always astonishes me, and the fact that it is set out in so limited a space is also a source of surprise. As far as I know, the whole show, which must feed over 100 people each mid-day, is worked by two or three stewards and a couple of boy waiters.

Well now, imagine this sort of outfit dumped down in an attractive site and in a pleasant looking building on the roadside. I would not suggest meals being served at the counter as they do in some of the American places. A stool is not a comfortable perch to eat from after 150 miles' run. One wants somewhere where one can relax and stretch out a bit. So the restaurant equipment would include armchairs, not lounge chairs, and a number of separate tables. Wall and window seats would be effective and economise space.

One would help oneself to the food, and the whole conduct of the counter would follow exactly on the lines of the R.A.C. snack bar. By this means the motorist would be properly catered for whatever his mood. If in a hurry and not particularly hungry a sandwich or two and a glass of sherry will suit him well. If accompanied by his family, each member can choose what he or she fancies. And the advantage of the scheme is that one only pays for what one likes and what one has.

An essential feature of a scheme like this is that the food though simple should be thoroughly good. The American places to which I have referred understand this point. Their sandwiches, a meal in themselves, are made under one's eyes while one waits, only the insides having been prepared beforehand. Coffee that is a pleasure to drink is freshly made for each order, and invariably served with cream. Their apple pies, also served with cream, are tip-top, which is saying a lot, as I do not like apple pies as a rule. And then their selection of soups is immense, and yet served piping hot in fewer than two minutes. This is done by decanting the contents of the chosen tin into a metal jug which is then plugged into electric heat. The soup warms up instantly, and is then decanted into a bowl all ready for your consumption.

The kerbside counter restaurant would have other advantages besides quick service and selectivity of food. Its situation would eliminate parking trouble and the time wasted in finding a suitable hotel or restaurant in a city, while its charges should be inexpensive owing to its site and self service.

Some years ago, before the civil war, I was touring in Spain and used some such roadside restaurants which the National Touring Club of Spain had erected in standard and most attractive form at various strategic points. The buildings were most picturesque, both inside and out, and while the food did not descend to the simple lines suggested, it offered a wide choice and one paid for what one had. In this case the restaurant included limited sleeping-out sophisticated accommodation, by which I mean that the beds and plumbing arrangements were all that could be desired, petrol and oil supplies, which were very necessary as the next habitation might be 50 miles distant, and a sort of touring office of information. The whole place was in charge of a multi-language man, his wife and one or two assistants. It would be interesting to know what has happened in the interval of several years' civil war to this very excellent scheme. Have these charming places gone to rack and ruin, been razed to the ground or reverted to private dwellings?

In this country we have a certain number of road houses, some of which by concentrating on food, and especially on teas, continue to prosper. But the original road-house idea often featured as its chief attraction a swimming pool and dance floor. Some have ceased to function, a series of summers unfavourable to sun or water bathing having proved too much for them. Also their positioning was chosen not so much with the idea of providing meals for the motorist on tour as to be within easy reach of a large town, whose youth and beauty it was hoped would spend their summer evenings at the place. Possibly had these road houses concentrated more on first-class food they would have survived even the attacks of an English summer.

While the road house idea seems to have faltered, another angle of the same thing has forged ahead. I refer to the lorry drivers' ports of call. In a few cases pioneers have built quite imposing places for these knights of the road to rest and feed at. There are one or two such buildings on Watling Street, and in time no doubt the untidy huddle of huts that is the standard equipment to-day will give place to a better sort of building. Once or twice, returning very late at night, I have used these places and found such items as their bacon and eggs most welcome to a famished interior. And, of course, the charges are amazingly cheap.

And now a final word about the food we get at hotels. This has improved immensely in the last few years, and there are places where every course of a short but simple meal is a real pleasure to eat. If I was asked to suggest a line of development I should say that a wise policy would be to give us motorists less but make what we were given the best of its kind. People are always writing to me and saying that they do not need long and elaborate meals when motoring. They would much prefer a simpler and sometimes a better meal. And if there is one point that comes in for criticism more than any other it is the coffee. In America, where coffee is a staple drink, it appears half-way through lunch or dinner, and is universally excellent. Yet in England it is rare to drink coffee that even scores 75 per cent. of perfect. Is it that our people do not understand how to make it, or if they do, do not take the trouble?

W. C. McMINNIES.



THIS DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING OPEN CAR IS THE DAIMLER 2½-LITRE TOURER IN THE MAIN VILLAGE STREET OF STANTON, IN THE COTSWOLDS. WITH GOOD ROADHOLDING, A 80 M.P.H. OVERDRIVE GEAR, SILENT RUNNING AND REALLY COMFORTABLE COACHWORK, THE INTRODUCTION OF THIS NEW TYPE OF DAIMLER IS A MAJOR EVENT IN THE FIRM'S FORTY YEARS' HISTORY. ITS PRICE IS £700

IRELAND'S ARCADY

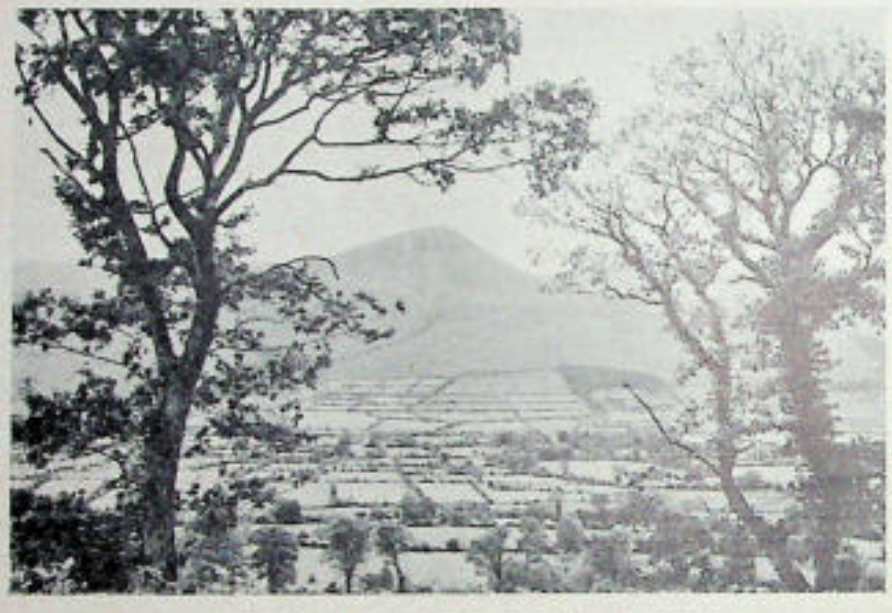
By SYDNEY ALBERGA

IRELAND is a country with a wide appeal, attracting for enthusiasts all kinds of people, ranging from sportsmen to scholars and pilgrims.

But even after the fullest allowance is made for this country's incomparable sporting amenities, and for its inexhaustible interest to archæologists as well as ecclesiastics, the Irish landscape, with all its haunting beauty, remains Ireland's chiefest charm.

And no Irishman, I think, would quarrel with me for putting its landscape first among Ireland's charms. Some of the loveliest scenery in the world Ireland can supply: few lands are richer in that fourfold combination of mountains, rivers, lakes and valleys; and few call back the visitor more insistently. Once visited, it is true to say that Ireland is sure of the visitor's return. For my part, I place it high on the list of what I consider revisitable places.

To everyone, then, his Ireland: mine is in the golden Vale of Tipperary.



"THE LOVELY AND ROMANTIC GLEN OF AHERLOW"

Fluellen boasted to his colleagues in arms that there is a river in Monmouth just the same as there is a river in Macedon. That was the Welshman's naïve way of calling attention to his country's possession of just as estimable attributes as any other. To him, apparently, rivers were no more than rivers, with but their names to distinguish one from another.

On this analogy, I suppose, we might well expect to find Arcadias outside of Hellas. Despite this supposition, however, I must admit it came as a surprise to me to find in Ireland, that is, in Tipperary, a countryside recalling, in so many respects, Greece.

But if ever you visit the lovely and romantic glen of Aherlow, you will look upon a landscape whose peaceful joy and gladness, and whose refreshing and well-nigh holy stillness are all authentically Arcadian. There is a pastoral beauty about the Glen of Aherlow comparable to the pastoral beauty of Arcadia, where to-day wild flowers lord it over ruined temples.

Do not let the song beguile you into supposing that a legendary distance separates you from the enjoyment of so much quiet beauty. Tipperary is, in reality, not such a long way to go. From Dublin to the golden vale is but a paltry 60 miles. The effect of coming face to face with this landscape is exactly similar to the effect of seeing for the first time Olympia or Delphi—it is a regenerative effect, as though you were suddenly born again.

Away and apart from the turmoil and tumult of a fretful world, lies this golden valley, where the only riot is that of gorse among heather; and for noise there is the soothing sound of burbling peat streams. Here, indeed, is a region of Pagan bliss recalling an earlier age—an age when time was fleeted away carelessly.

Even to-day this is the precise treatment meted out to time, as far as I could make out, by those apparently carefree inhabitants of Aherlow's glen.

No wonder Spenser chose it for the gentle revels of Cynthia and her attendant satyrs:

"Who knows not Arlo-hill?"

(Spenser's spelling, note, seems to fix once and for all the English pronunciation of Irish Aherlow.)

That question appears in the sixth canto of the *Faerie Queene*, but it is more a statement than question of the fame and repute which already in Spenser's time this romantic countryside enjoyed.

A first glimpse of the Galtee Mountains is breath-taking, that is, even if *your* breath is of a kind not easily taken away.

For I myself heard the gasp which apathetic friends emitted while watching the play of light on these fantastic peaks, late one summer's evening. The range of the Galtees reminded me of the Taygetos mountains of Sparta: both bulge like huge elephants crouching and huddling together in a frantic endeavour either to sun themselves or to seek shade, according to the time of day.

Sunset on the Galtees is followed by a rich afterglow of soft and delicate shades, ranging from deep purple to a misty blue. So rapidly, in fact, does the play of light here change the colour of the mountains that I think myself opalescent is the one and only word that fittingly describes these ever-changing colours.

An Irishman who watched this sunset with us, but whom I regard more for his sly humour than for specially acute powers of observation, expressed the opinion then, I recollect, that mountains the world over seemed to him much the same in shape and colour, instancing the Blue Mountains of Jamaica as being similar to the Galtees.

I could not help taking exception to this view, exchanging my own, which is that only the Greek mountains bear so close a resemblance to the Irish.

We all stood for a while listening to the silence, which I expected at any moment to be broken by the pipes of Pan. But, alas, in Ireland you never meet a shepherd piping his way about the countryside, as you so frequently do in Greece.

There is, however, another kind of music in Ireland to compensate for the lack of Pan pipes: it is the music of the waters singing merrily as they prattle along under grey stone bridges overgrown with moss.

Like the people of Ireland, its rivers have also won, it seems, a popular reputation for friendliness, and are thus for ever meeting. Always there is some indication or other of a meeting of these waters all over the country: seldom or never of their parting.

What, in fact, mainly distinguishes the Irish pastoral scene from the Hellenic—apart, of course, from the luminous clarity of Greek light, which Ireland lacks—is just this abundance of sounding and mingling water that fills the whole ambient air with its music.

In Greece, on the other hand, the rivers, so far as I can remember, are mostly river-beds. I have been rebuked before now for giving vent to this observation which, a Greek friend assures me, is libellous and grossly unjust to his country. I am afraid, however, I must let my observation stand, since it was as river-beds always that I saw the rivers of Greece.

That peculiar translucence of Greece is naturally absent not only from Ireland, but from all Northern lands. Where else but in the plains of Attica is there such a crystal clarity and diamond luminousness? Not even in North Africa is the air quite so pellucid.

For all this difference, the similarity between Ireland and Greece is sufficiently striking, at any rate, for me to have discovered another Arcadia in the golden Vale of Tipperary.

Tranquillity is the keynote in both these idyllic places, tranquillity together with a sense of security. Though just as this security is sometimes, in Greece, of a sudden destroyed, as, for example, by those ramshackle, tumble-down dwellings of Corinth, which to-day seem so grim a reminder of the ravages of earthquake.

Likewise, in Ireland, too, the destruction of peace and security is every now and then forced upon the visitor by an equally sad spectacle that often mars the blissful appearance of this countryside. I refer to those horribly scarred and gutted buildings, now desolate and untenanted save for a stray, self-satisfied cow or a timid mountain pony.

It is good, therefore, to escape into the glorious woods of Ballinacourty estate, or "demesne" as the Irish prefer their estates to be termed.

The fortunate owner of Ballinacourty is, moreover, an ardent Spenserian. He can, and often does, quote by heart yards of the *Faerie Queene*. Stumped for a line, he will immediately have recourse to his battered copy of Spenser's collected works, heavily blue-pencilled wherever the slightest allusion can be found to this region, either to Aherlow itself or the vicinity.

But my old friend is not at all content to restrict his enthusiasm for Spenser or Ballinacourty—it is easy to twig which is the major passion—to mere quotation and blue-pencilling. No, he is also a man with a plan, and this plan he confided to me when I was at Aherlow: it is to invite a number of Spenserian scholars to come and stay at the Glen of Aherlow Hotel, which he owns himself. His modest but fairly comfortable hostelry was built, it appears, in order to give employment to the unemployed villagers. For the master of Ballinacourty, as I soon discovered, is regarded as a kind of Sir Roger de Coverley among his tenants, as well as among the country folk for miles around.

Such a scheme, therefore, as his, for bringing together Spenserians at Aherlow, is really quite of a piece with his large-hearted generosity. "He is a lovely man, he is," all the villagers to a man will assure you.

But to get back to this plan of his. Surely there must be a Spenser Society, he once remarked to me; and, doubting himself for an instant, fell to asking me if I would find out for him when I returned to London, if, indeed, such a society existed. Perhaps some of its members would care to come to Aherlow and see for themselves the lovely Glen the poet had written about. He would be quite willing, he said, to bear the expenses of such a pilgrimage. And the simple way in which he made known to me this offer was just another proof, had I needed it, of his beneficence.

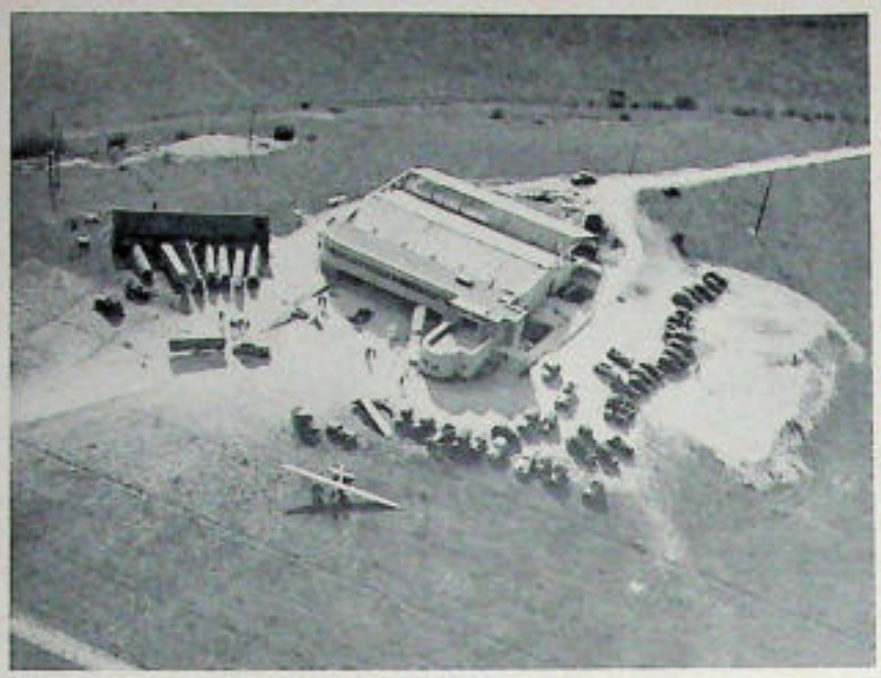
I remember the tall wild fuchsia, and the broom, of course. But there were several shrubs unfamiliar to me. I also remember crossing the wattle bridges, every one of which threatened to give way under my weight, even though mine is. I do not mind admitting, far more of the light fantastic nature than a good many others who must also have crossed these bridges and listened to the unceasing music of the chocolate-brown waters playing so gay an accompaniment to the song of the birds.

Spenser or no Spenser, something else showed me palpably that this is the fairies' ground—it lay spread out before me an emerald-green carpet embroidered with the vivid yellow of gorse and the dark purple of bell-heather, with here and there strands of the lighter purple of ling intricately woven into the pattern—not, I admit, a recognisably Greek pattern, but truly Arcadian none the less.

Not far off is the towering landmark of Cashel's Rock, a citadel of kings and nothing short of an Acropolis, an Acropolis, too, of which Ireland may well be proud.



"TOWERING LANDMARK OF CASHEL'S ROCK"



". . . THE PROGRESS OF THE GLIDING AND SOARING MOVEMENT HAS ACQUIRED A VERY SPECIAL INTEREST"

MOTORLESS FLYING TO-DAY

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

NOT long ago in these articles it was pointed out that there was a growing tendency for all forms of flying to become dominated by the State to a greater or lesser degree, and that even the flying-club movement, which started as an endeavour to popularise aviation mainly for private and sporting purposes, had developed into a nationally subsidised system of flying schools through the formation of the Civil Air Guard.

For that reason, the progress of the gliding and soaring movement has acquired a very special interest. Here it may be said that while perhaps the purely sporting aspect has remained the chief appeal, the closest approach is made to placing flying on a really popular basis. It is true, of course, that the gliding clubs do receive State subsidy; but so did the original light-aeroplane clubs. Motorless aircraft, by their very nature, have no obvious or immediately practical military or commercial applications. While the subsidies paid to the flying clubs for C.A.G. work are undoubtedly justified in that they help to create a potential reserve for air operations in emergency, support given to motorless flying is of direct value, mainly as encouraging the air sense and useful scientific and sporting development, and as making its practice available to a larger public.

In these circumstances, therefore, there is room for satisfaction in the continued progress of the movement in this country. This reveals that what might be termed the purely amateur aspect of aviation still has a wide appeal, and that achievement for achievement's sake in the air is still considered worth while by many.

The National Gliding Competitions are always a guide to the year's work in motorless flying, and this year's event, recently held, provides a useful index in this respect. The meeting, held at Great Hucklow, in Derbyshire, was somewhat hampered by bad weather, more particularly in the earlier stages, but even so the results achieved are highly commendable.

Results are not, of course, strictly comparable from year to year, since motorless flight is essentially dependent upon air conditions, over which competitors have no control. Exceptionally appropriate weather conditions lead to exceptional performances, though, of course, great skill is needed on the part of the pilot to take full advantage of them. How much this is so is shown by the circumstances in which the British height record was twice broken just before the National Competitions.

On June 22nd, Mr. N. McClean raised the record from 10,080ft. to 10,540ft., with an average rate of climb of 40ft. per second. Just over a week later, Mr. P. A. Wills, the previous holder of the record, recaptured it by rising to 14,200ft. He entered the base of a cloud bank at 3,200ft. and climbed the further 11,000ft. in 15 minutes—an average rate of climb of 735ft. per minute. A height of 1,100ft. was actually gained in 30 seconds at one point in the flight. Though this is the flight that is being recognised as the official record, both achievements are of considerable merit.

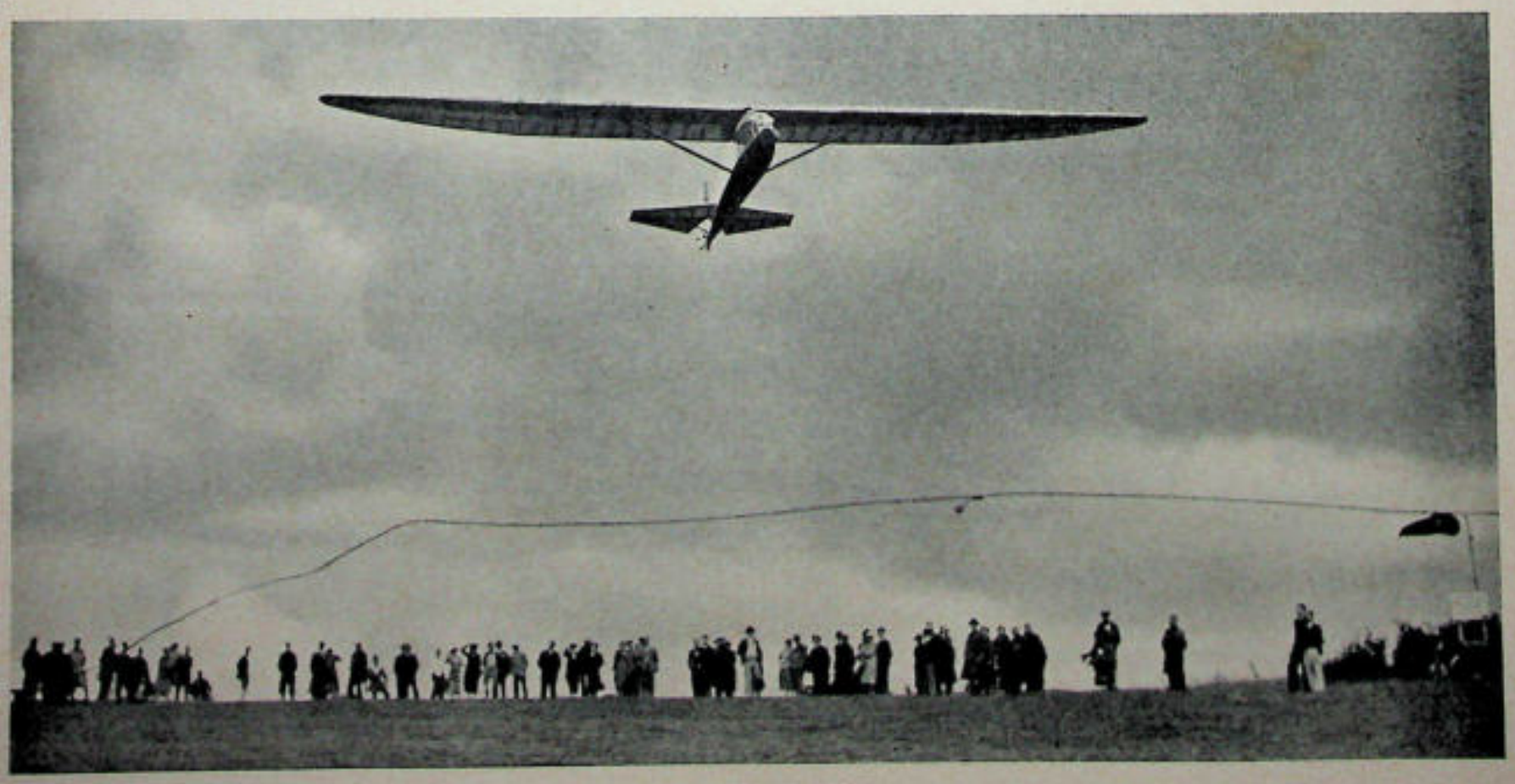
From time to time, adverse comparisons are made between continental and British gliding. The present British height record, for example, of 14,200ft. does not seem specially impressive by the side of the 30,180ft. reached by a German pilot. It must be remembered, however, that continental pilots are more favourably placed as regards securing good conditions. In the broad spaces of the Continent air formations of great assistance to altitude flights are frequently more constant than in the British Isles, where the requisite conditions are usually more localised.

If these facts are borne in mind, it seems clear that British sailplaning is steadily progressing, and it is to be hoped that more opportunities will arise for international competitions in which our pilots will be able to test their skill against the best of the continental exponents. In this connection it is of interest to note that motorless flying will be included among the sports at the next Olympic Games.

It was indicated earlier that the importance of motorless flying to-day is not lessened by its being that branch of aviation in which the purely amateur spirit remains almost untouched. The value of the movement, however, is less apparent and less easily defined than that of other aspects of flying. From time to time, of course, attempts have been made to put motorless flight to more practical use. An example that comes to mind is the experiments made in the U.S.S.R. some years ago with so-called "glider trains." Claims have been made, too, that gliding is a valuable preliminary to training on power-driven aircraft—though these claims have been disputed. There can be no doubt, however, that experienced power pilots can derive much benefit, and increase their knowledge of meteorological conditions, by taking a sailplaning course.

The chief practical advantage of motorless flying is, perhaps, more scientific than anything else, notably in the information it gives regarding meteorological phenomena, and of design by the production of highly efficient wing and fuselage forms. But even without these results, gliding and soaring deserve encouragement as obviously the least expensive of all forms of flying, and, consequently, as that which can give the greatest number first-hand practical knowledge of aviation.

In these days, when flying tends more and more to be thought of as a means of destruction on the one hand and of highly organised transport on the other, it is refreshing to find one branch in which the individual skill of the pilot is the paramount factor in success and in which the development of that skill is the primary aim. A wider appreciation of motorless flight in its real aspects is something that would further a deeper and fuller understanding of the problems and promise of the air.



LAUNCHING A GLIDER

"A wider appreciation of motorless flying in its real aspects is something that would further a deeper and fuller understanding of the problems and promise of the air"

BRIDGE

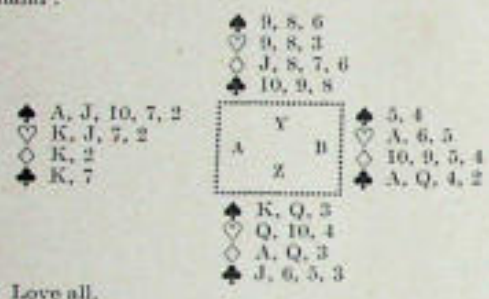
INITIAL NO TRUMP BIDS

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

MANY of my readers find difficulty in deciding the specific strength required for the initial No Trump bid. Since this vagueness is somewhat widespread, I propose to discuss, in this and the two following articles, No Trump bids and the responses thereto. It is usually recognised now that the weak No Trump bids vulnerable are far too dangerous. However, the weak One No Trump non-vulnerable has many adherents in this country, including followers of the Acol system and the various One and Two Club systems.

By considerably varying the strength of an initial One No Trump call according to one's vulnerability, one immediately introduces difficulties. Thus, assuming one has a strong No Trump call with no biddable suit, the non-vulnerable caller will immediately mislead his partner, whether he bids One No Trump or an unbiddable suit. If One No Trump is called, then the No Trump call non-vulnerable immediately becomes nebulous. If a suit is called the partner is also deceived.

Sometimes a weak One No Trump call non-vulnerable may upset the opponents' bidding if their strength is divided. More often than not, against good opponents the call is penalised badly. Thus, the weak One No Trump non-vulnerable has two inherent disadvantages. Firstly, it is a nebulous bid, and conveys little to partner; and, secondly, it is dangerous. Consider the following hand:



Love all.

Z	A	Y	B
One No Trump	Double	No bid	No bid
No bid			

A doubles informatively, and B makes a penalty pass. For all Z knows, 2 Clubs may be an even worse contract than One No Trump, and rather than risk a worse penalty he passes. On the opening lead of the Jack of Spades Z will almost certainly be 5 down—far too large a sacrifice for a non-vulnerable game.

The strong One No Trump vulnerable and non-vulnerable has one disadvantage—it does warn the opponents that the bidder has a good hand. But I personally believe that this is far outweighed by the advantages of precision and safety.

As to the strength and type of hand to which the One No Trump bid should be applied, the following outline of initial One and No Trump bids, and the responses thereto, will be based on the Culbertson system as described in the Gold book. While I do not wish to over-emphasise my own particular preference for the Culbertson system, I do feel that in this matter of No Trump bids the precise and definite requirements described by Culbertson are so valuable that they can be incorporated in any of the leading systems without necessitating any alteration in the normal calling of the system. Here are the requirements for the One No Trump as defined by Culbertson.

Hand Pattern.—The call should normally be limited to a hand of the 4–3–3–3 distribution, occasionally used for a 4–3–3–2 distribution and very exceptionally for other unbalanced distributions.

The reason for limiting the call to these two particular patterns lies firstly in the fact that the balanced distributions will not produce any more tricks at a trump contract. Secondly, the bidder's partner can usually rely on the One No Trump bidder having at least three cards in any suit.

No Trumps will occasionally be bid on unbalanced distributions with long solid, or nearly solid, minor suits, or for strategical reasons to keep the opponents guessing.

Honour Strength.—The hand should contain a minimum of four, and a maximum of five, defensive honour tricks.

♠ A, 8, 7. ♡ A, 6, 4, 2. ◇ K, Q, 7. ♣ K, Q, 8. Four Honour tricks.

♠ K, 6, 5, 2. ♡ A, K, 8. ◇ A, Q, 2. ♣ A, 3, 2. Five Honour tricks.

This requirement may be shaded to three-and-a-half Honour tricks if the hand contains at least eight Honour cards.

♠ K, 10, 7. ♡ K, Q, 6. ◇ A, 10, 3, 2. ♣ A, J, 7. Three-and-a-half Honour tricks—eight Honour cards.

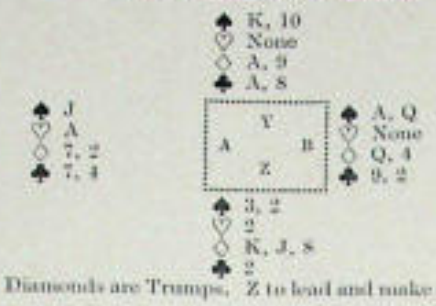
After looking at the above hands, the reader may think that they seem rather strong, and begin to wonder what he should call Two No Trumps on.

Hand Pattern.—For all opening No Trump bids the hand pattern should be the same as already described for the One No Trump.

Honour Strength.—For an opening Two No Trump call the hand should contain between five-and-a-half and six-and-a-half Honour tricks. This may be shaded down to five Honour tricks with nine or ten Honour cards. For an opening bid of Three No Trumps the hand should contain between seven-and-a-half and eight-and-a-half Honour tricks. Occasionally six-and-a-half Honour tricks when holding eight certain tricks.

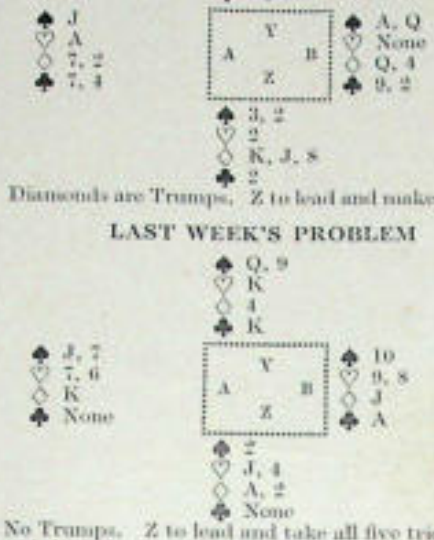
It is always difficult to be sure of what response to make to any unsystematic No Trump call. As we shall see, responses to a strong No Trump call are fairly straightforward, since the calls defined above are kept within such narrow limits. If, therefore, the player wishes to derive the maximum benefit from the above system of No Trump bidding, it is essential that he is very punctilious in keeping to these limits. Next week we shall discuss the responses to the initial No Trump bids.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Diamonds are Trumps. Z to lead and make six tricks.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



No Trumps. Z to lead and take all five tricks against any defence by A–B.

SOLUTION

Z leads the Ace and 2 of Diamonds. A has to throw the 6 of Hearts and Y throws the King of Hearts. B is now squeezed. If he throws the 10 of Spades Y–Z make two Spade tricks; if he throws the 8 of Hearts Z's two Hearts are good, and a discard of the Ace of Clubs establishes Y's King of Clubs.

CHESS

A RAPID COLLAPSE

A game from the Russian Championship Tournament. Quite early in the middle game—at move 19—White established an advanced passed pawn, and Black's game rapidly fell to pieces.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. Pogrebisky.	BLACK. Lowenfish.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3
5. Castles	B to K 2
6. R to K sq	P to Q 3
7. P to B 3	Castles
8. P to Q 3 (a)	P to Q Kt 4
9. B to Kt 2 (b)	Kt to Q R 4
10. B to B 2	P to B 4 (c)
11. Q Kt to Q 2	Kt to B 3
12. Kt to B sq	Kt to K R 4 (d)
13. P to Q 4 (e)	P to Kt 3
14. B to R 6	R to K sq
15. P takes B P	P takes P
16. Kt to K 3	P to K 4
17. B takes B	R takes B
18. Q to Q 5 (g)	Q takes Q
19. P takes Q	Kt to K 2
20. P to Q 6 (h)	Kt to Q B 3
21. B to K 4	B to Q 2
22. B takes Kt	B takes B
23. Kt takes P	Q R to B sq (i)
24. P to Q 7	R to B 2
25. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
26. Kt to Q 5	K to Kt 2 (j)
27. P to K Kt 4	R to Q 3 (k)
28. Q R to Q sq	R to Q sq
29. P takes Kt	Resigns.

(a) P to Q 4 is generally played here.
(b) If 9. B to B 2, then 9. . . . P to Q 4 followed, if 10. P takes P, by 10. . . . Q takes P; 11. B to Kt 3, Q to Q 3.
(c) A well-known position has been reached by a transposition of moves.
(d) Not a good move. He should, instead, prepare to play P to Q 4, e.g., 12. . . . Q to B 2 (the King's pawn will need protection); 13. Kt to K 3, B to K 3, threatening P to Q 4.
(e) Threatening to win a pawn by Kt takes P. If at once 13. Kt takes P, then 13. . . . Kt takes Kt followed, if 14. Q takes Kt, by 14. . . . B to Kt 5, winning the Queen.
(f) Black should not part with this valuable defensive piece. Q takes Q is better although after Q R takes Q White, who threatens Kt to Q 5, has a fine game.
(g) A very strong move. It is extraordinary how quickly Black's game now collapses.
(h) Much stronger than Kt takes P at once. The pawn cannot be saved and soon is captured with gain of time for an attack on Black's Bishop.
(i) If B to Kt 2, then Kt to Q 7.
(j) Black has no good move. If 26. . . . R to Q 3, then 27. Q R to Q sq, K to B sq (27. . . . K to Kt 2; 28. P to K Kt 4 give the position that actually was reached); 28. Kt to K 7, R takes R; 29. R takes R and wins.
(k) If 27. . . . Kt to B 3, then 28. Kt takes Kt, R takes Kt 29. Q R to Q sq, R to Q sq; 30. R to K 8 and wins.

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, from a tournament at Reykjavik last January, shows a strong attack by Black.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Gudmundsson.	BLACK. Stuervarr.	WHITE. Gudmundsson.	BLACK. Stuervarr.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	17. P to R 4	Q Kt to B 4
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	18. P takes P	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	19. Kt to K 2	P to B 4 (h)
4. Q to B 2	P to Q 4	20. P takes P	P to B 5 (i)
5. P takes P	P takes P (a)	21. Kt takes P	B takes Kt
6. Kt to B 3 (b)	Castles	22. K P takes B	B to R 6, ch
7. P to K 3	Kt to K 5 (c)	23. K takes B	Q takes Kt (j)
8. B to Q 3	P to K B 4	24. Q to K 2 (k)	K takes P, ch (l)
9. Castles (d)	P to B 3	25. K takes R	Q to Kt 7
10. P to Q B 3	B to Q 3	26. B takes Kt	Q to R 7, ch
11. P to Q Kt 4	P to Q R 3	27. K to Kt 5	Q to R 3, ch
12. R to Kt sq	Kt to Q 2	28. K to B 5	Q to Kt 3, ch
13. P to Q R 4	R to B 3 (e)	29. K to K 5	R to K sq, ch
14. P to Kt 5	R to B 3 (f)	30. K to Q 6 (m)	Kt takes B, ch
15. P to Kt 3 (g)	Q to K sq	31. K takes P	Kt to B 6, ch (n
16. K to Kt 2	Q to R 4	Resigns.	

(a) Q takes P is considered to be better.
(b) B to Kt 5 is usually played here.
(c) In our opinion this is premature (see note d).
(d) Not the best move. White should, instead, play 9. P to Q R 3, after which, since Black cannot play 9. . . . B to K 2 because of 10. Kt takes P, he has nothing better than 9. . . . B takes Kt, ch, which strengthens White's centre. The text-move gives Black time to guard his Queen's pawn.
(e) White has not shown any enterprise in the opening play, and Black has a very good game.
(f) Threatening B takes P, ch, to be followed, if Kt takes B, by Q to R 5.
(g) If P to R 3, then P to Kt 4, threatening P to Kt 5.
(h) A very good move, played to prevent White's Queen from getting to Q B 6.
(i) Another very good move. If now 21. P takes B, then 21. . . . B to R 6, ch; 22. K takes B, Q takes Kt (threatening R takes P, ch followed by Q to Kt 5, mate); 23. K to R 2, R takes P, ch; 24. P takes R, Kt to Kt 5, ch; 25. K to Kt sq, Q to R 6 and wins.
(j) Threatening R takes P, ch followed by Q to Kt 5, mate.
(k) A bad move. He should, instead, play 24. K to R 2, after which, since the continuation 24. . . . R takes P, ch; 25. P takes R, Kt to Kt 5, ch; 26. K to Kt sq, Q to R 6 is defeated by 27. P to B 3, Black has to play 24. . . . Kt takes P, ch, which leads after 25. B takes Kt, Kt to Kt 5, ch; 26. K to Kt sq, Kt takes R; 27. B takes P, ch, R takes B; 28. Q takes Kt, Q to Q 8, ch; 29. K to R 2. Q takes P to a position which is far from hopeless for White.
(l) This sacrifice forces a win.
(m) If 30. K to Q 4, then 30. . . . R takes B, ch; 31. Q takes R, Q takes Q, ch; 32. K to B 3, Q takes R and wins.
(n) This is good enough, but the best line is 31. . . . Q to K 3, ch; 32. K to Q 4, R to Q sq, ch; 33. K to K 3, Kt to Kt 4 or Q 7, mate.

PROBLEM No. 4027

By N. EASTER.*

WHITE (13 pieces): King at Q R 5. Queen at Q B 5. Rooks at K R 4 and K 8. Bishops at K sq and K B 3. Knights at K R 6 and Q Kt 6. Pawns at K 2, Q 4, Q B 4, K B 4 and K Kt 5.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at K 6. Queen at K 2. Rook at Q sq. Bishops at K R 2 and K B 3. Knight at K R 5. Pawn at Q R 3.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *De Schaakwereld*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4026

1. Kt to K 5 (threatening 2. either Kt to B 3, ch). If 1. . . . Q to B 5 or K 6, then 2. Q to Q 8, ch, &c. If 1. . . . K to Kt 4, then 2. Kt (K 5) to B 3, ch, &c. If 1. . . . B to B 5, then 2. K takes B, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 530

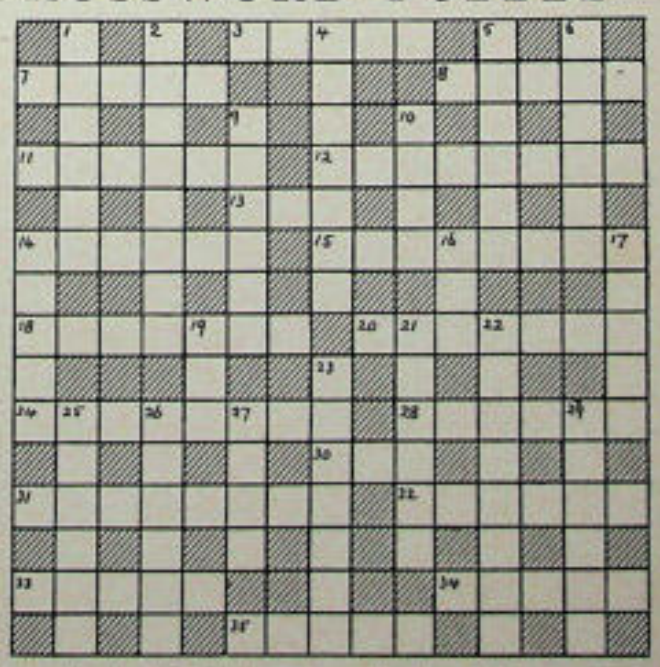
ACROSS.—3, 7 and 8. "But who hath seen the grocer —— housemaids to his teas, Or —— a battle of field-mice, Or —— a man a cheese?" (G. K. Chesterton) (5, 5, 5). 11. An educated fellow is loved by Venus (6). 12. This warrior had a fit of the sulks (8). 13. There's no company in Cairo (3). 14. Try to reach at a tin (6). 15. Deranges—in a very explosive manner (8). 18. Gustav, the composer, turns out to be the holder of the pistol. (7). 20. The weapons of Father Time (7). 24. Canoe, sir (anag.) (8). 28. "One flag, one land, one heart, one hand. One ——, evermore" (O. W. Holmes) (6). 30. Company (3). 31. Treading on the slope (8). 32. They go out (6). 33. The reverse of prolix (5). 34. An unimportant officer (5). 35. A Fleet Street gang (5).

DOWN.—1. Direct in an indirect way (6). 2. "Dead —— form good subjects for dissection" (Byron) (8). 4. When the general (7). 5. This name will remind you of Dean Swift (6). 6. X (6). 9. Time allowed for payment of foreign bills of exchange (6). 10. The home of the prolific old woman (4). 14. His father has become a nuisance in the garden (5). 16. The bride was in a yellow dress (hidden) (5). 17. The Salvation Army gets a place in the sun (5). 19. Dr. Johnson's favourite drink (3). 21. Made of sevenes, but hardly the best things for crossing them (6). 22. The Territorials start in rags (8). 23. "The —— homes of England!" By thousands on her plains" (Mrs. Hemans) (7). 25. A mongrel is followed by few (6). 26. The medicine is all gone (6). 27. Not to be struck in a bad temper (4). 29. A tenor has become elaborately adorned (5).

SOLUTION TO No. 529

Published August 12th

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



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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Country House

Scot's Pines Dying.—The six leaves and small sections of bark sent have been examined carefully. There are certainly small ruptures with resin exuding on the leaves and bark, but we could detect no actual disease. By this time there may have been a further development, and if you would kindly send more material, say twigs 12in. to 18in. long, from the affected trees, we should be pleased to make a further examination. There is always an amount of risk in planting immediately a wood has been felled, as some root fungus from decayed stumps may affect the young trees. But this usually is a local matter and rarely an epidemic.—*E. C. S., Cupar, Fife.*

Elm Dying.—The specimen twigs sent are those of some variety of *Ulmus montana*, or possibly a hybrid with the above for one of its parents. If none of the other 23 trees are affected, the cause of death may be a constitutional weakness; there is no apparent disease in the twigs sent. Again, it may be due to something outside, affecting that particular tree. Want of drainage, and consequent stagnation of soil, and decayed roots. Sussex soil is very variable, and the tree in question may have been planted in a bad patch. Caterpillars have been very injurious to specimen trees this season, and some have died because of defoliation. There is no indication of this in the leaves enclosed.—*F. R. R. R., Eastbourne.*

Rush for Examination.—Rushes of this type are fairly common in Western Ireland, where the rainfall and humidity favour their growth. You state the land has good natural drainage, but it would be advisable to make certain of this point, since a water-logged soil will produce conditions favouring rushes. Rushes cannot persist on land that is being regularly stocked. They cannot stand up to being trodden by the hoof and grazed regularly, and our recommendation is that this land should receive dressings of a well-balanced fertiliser at the rate of 4–5 cwt. per acre each year for the next two or three years, and the herbage should be grazed wherever possible rather than cut for hay. When grazing it would be an advantage to turn in a considerable number of stock to eat the grass down quickly and then rest the land again. In other words, graze heavily at intervals rather than keep a small number of stock on the ground for a long period.—*R. S. R., Co. Mayo.*

Garden

Rose for Identification.—Unfortunately when the specimen sent arrived, the petal had fallen from the stalk. The writer is in charge of a very complete collection of old roses and rose species, but regrets being unable to name the rose sent. Many of these semi-double roses in old gardens are self-sown seedlings and have never been named.—*K. W., Co. Down.*

When sending plants to be named, send as many parts as possible—basal leaves, stem, flowers and fruit. Pack in moss, moistened paper, or damp leaves, in a stiff cardboard, tin or wooden box.

Plum for Examination.—The plum is Rivers's Prolific, one of the best of the early varieties. The tree is affected by "brown rot" (*Sclerotinia fructigena*). It is injurious to apples, plums and cherries and other fruits. This spring and summer have been favourable to many such pests. Prune out all dead wood, and burn all infected fruits and prunings. Spray heavily in winter with Burgundy Mixture, and again just as the leaves are bursting, and twice at intervals of three weeks afterwards.—*L. R. H., Leominster.*

Destroying Weeds and Brambles in Ruins.—In your case there is no need to go to the trouble of mixing a solution for spraying. Sodium chlorate can be purchased reasonably from any sundriesman. It is sold in tins. The crystals need only sprinkling over the plants to be killed. An ordinary flour dredger or an old tin with large holes pierced in the lid will serve the purpose. June is perhaps the best season, when nettles and brambles are growing freely, but the writer, who has often cleared ground in this manner, would not hesitate to do it at once.—*H. M. G., Llanelly.*

Mushrooms in Open Fields.—There is no doubt that a field grazed by horses develops heavier crops of mushrooms. The next best thing is to dress with horse manure. This prepares the soil to receive the spawn. Order it in March or early in April. That sold in bricks is used for this purpose. Break in pieces about 2in. square and dibble it in the most favourable parts of the field about 2ft. apart in April. Another plan is to build up a hotbed of horse manure, when the heat is declining to 80deg. Fahr., spawn it 6in. below the surface. When the whole is permeated by white threads bury portions all over the meadow with a spade in May or June.—"*Bank*," *Oswestry.*

Diseased Michaelmas Daisies.—Your plants are suffering from the "Wilt Disease" due to a parasitic fungus. It is fully described in the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, vol. XLVIII, part I, p. 38. It occurs frequently in gardens and nurseries, in fact, it is often difficult to obtain stock entirely clear of it. The old stems sent were full of the mycelium; this does not spread at once to the young suckers. If their tips are rooted, healthy plants are then obtained, which should be planted on an entirely fresh site at some distance from the old bed. Go over the young plants occasionally and at once remove any showing any sign of the disease. In this way you may soon be able to work up a healthy stock. Cuttings of sufficient length are usually available in May. The selection of healthy rooted suckers, well away from the old stool, for planting in March or April, would be another method, though not so sure as the other.—*F. J. H., Warrington.*

Kennel

Syrup of Iodide.—The dose of the syrup of iodide of iron would be about the same for your small springer as for the working terrier, and the medicine might be continued for from ten to fifteen days according to how it affects the appetite.—*I. S. A. F., Teignmouth.*

Welsh Corgis.—Some of the nearest breeders of Welsh corgis to you are Mrs. P. Gray, Rozavel Kennels, Gadbrook House, Betchworth, Surrey; Mrs. B. E. Gale, Grants Paddock, Limpsfield, Surrey; Mr. C. Lister-Kaye, Lisaye Kennels, Walliswood, Ockley, Surrey. You would probably have to pay from 3 to 5 guineas, according to the merit of the puppy.—*M. E. F., Chatham.*

Jack Russell Terriers.—Many generations of terriers have passed away since Parson Jack Russell died. If all the claims to have kept his strain going were to be credited we should have to believe that he bred an inordinate number. We do not know of any kennel that has dogs descended from his without adulteration. What you want is a dog from working kennels that has been bred on Jack Russell lines. Probably an advertisement in these pages would be the means of bringing you news of some.—*C. F. G., Pall Mall.*

Naturalist

Slug Identified.—The Black Arion slug (*Arion ater*). A common species. The specimen received is more variegated than usual, but this species varies from deep black to pale buff.—*G. T. H., Wilts.*

Moth Identified.—The Garden Tiger moth (*Arctia caja*). A common and widely distributed species. The caterpillar feeds on all kinds of plants. The Red Underwing belongs to a distinct family of moths.—*M. C., Argyll.*

Shooting

Keeping Pheasants from Straying.—It is never easy to keep pheasants from straying on a rough shoot. Feeding at regular times in some central spot is always a good policy, so that the birds become accustomed to it, and tend to remain on the shoot. Vermin and pigeons should be kept down by trapping and shooting, but the central coverts should be kept as quiet as possible. A useful book on the subject is, *Pheasant Rearing and Preservation*, which is published by Messrs. Gilbertson & Page, of Hertford, and costs 4/- post paid.—*F. G. A., Altrincham.*

Gun for Duck Shooting in India.—A suitably bored long-chambered 12-bore is an excellent weapon for duck shooting, but it must be of sufficient weight to do full justice to its load and to overcome the extra recoil. A gun bored for the 2¾in. case, firing 1¼oz. of shot, should weigh about 7¼lb., and one bored for the 3in. case, firing 1¼oz., should weigh about 8lb. There is no need to have barrels longer than 30in. If you feel that it would help your alignment, you might have shorter barrels. Half chokes in the right barrel and full chokes in the left would probably suit your sport. A good load for the 3in. cartridge is 50 grains of Amberite and 1¼oz. of shot. In a gun of the weight mentioned you would not be bothered by recoil with such a charge. If your ordinary game gun weighs not less than 6¾lb. you would find the Mullerite "Ace" or I.C.I. "Maximum" wonderfully effective, as both these cartridges handle 1¼oz. of shot from the 2¾in. case without setting up any extra strain or pressure. Of course, if you decide on the heavier type of weapon, there is a wide range of loads that may be utilised to suit different conditions. For instance, as much as 2oz. of B.B. or 1¼oz. of No. 1 can be fired on the low velocity principle from a 3in. case. I.C.I. load such cartridges, using Neoflak powder. But big shot should be employed in this connection to make up for the lessened velocity.—*W. H. W., Lucknow.*

Travel

Where to Stay.—In Southern England are the Carnarvon Arms at Dulverton in Somerset, and the Arundell Arms at Lifton, Devon. The former offers five miles of trout and salmon fishing on reserved water, splendid riding country, tennis and billiards, and the latter fourteen miles of excellent trout fishing and 9,000 acres of snipe and mixed shooting free to guests. If, however, you wished to stay in Wales, there is the Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, via Oswestry. There is excellent fishing here—rainbow and brown trout averaging 1lb. and ¾lb. respectively, and shooting over 21,000 acres.—*L. N., London.*

A Sporting Holiday.—Firstly, there is the Bracken Bank Hotel, at Laxonby, near Penrith, Cumberland. They have six miles of salmon and trout fishing on the Eden, grouse driving over several moors and rough shooting. Over the Border there is the Cape-Wrath Hotel, at Kooldale, Durness, Sutherland, N.B. This is a very nice sporting and tourist hotel, situated amidst magnificent scenery overlooking the Kyle of Durness. They can offer salmon, sea and brown trout fishing, and shooting over 30,000 acres. Then the Ballachulish Hotel, Argyll, has grouse shooting over 7,000 acres, and can also offer its guests facilities for fishing. As regards the Castle Hotel, at Glendevon, Perthshire—the hotel has 15,000 acres of good rough shooting, which can be leased by arrangement. If you would consider Wales, there is the Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, via Oswestry. There you will obtain excellent fishing and some grouse (driving and walking) shooting. The country for really economical, yet good sport is, of course, Ireland. For example, at the Butler Arms Hotel, Waterville, Co. Kerry, you can obtain excellent free salmon and sea trout fishing on Lough Currane, and reserved fishing on the famous Waterville River. The hotel has over 20,000 acres of reserved shooting—grouse, woodcock, snipe, &c.—*A. C. M. G., Sharpthorne.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND & WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Brendon Two Gates—11.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Aug. 21st), Bowling Green, Holford; Th., Triscombe Stone—11.

ATHERSTONE WOODLAND.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), The Mare and Colt, Stonnerfield—6.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Monday (Aug. 21st), Nadrid Cross; Tu., Hawkcombe Head; Th., Raleigh's Cross; S., Winsford—11.

MENDIP.—Monday (Aug. 21st), Palace Farm, Wells; W., Castle Farm, Wookey; S., Westbury-sub-Mendip—6.30.

EAST SURREY.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Folkington—6.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Cadeleigh—7; M., Chipstable (Middle Hill)—7.30; W., Spearway Mill; Th., Well Farm, Coombevillis; S., Chain Bridge (for Stuckeridge)—7.

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Auldgirth Bridge (NRh); M., Canonbie Bridge (Esk); Th., Waters Meet (Annan)—9.30.

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Tynidd Bridge (Tryweryn); M., Caerwys Bridge (Severn); W., Montgomery Bridge (Severn); S., Rhydmeredith Bridge (Tanat)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Newstead Mill, Stamford (Down); Tu., Tinwell Mill, Stamford; Th., Little Alne Bridge, near Alvester; S., Bridgebury, Warwicks—10.30.

BUTE VALLEY.—Tuesday (Aug. 22nd), Stalkey Church—10.

CHERITON.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Newbridge, Newton St. Cyres; W., The Square, South Molton; S., Weare Giffard—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Ashurst Station; Tu., Bucksford Mill, Ashford; Th., Sevington Bridge, Ashford; S., Milton Bridge, Canterbury—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Trigon, Wareham (Piddle); M., Mottisford Abbey, near Romsey (Test); W., Old Mill, Farnham; S., Barford St. Martin—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Culmpton Station—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Aug. 19th), Slades Bridge, near Wade Bridge (Allen) (by invitation); Tu., Flete Mill (Erme); S., Dart Bridge, near Buckfast—10.30.

PEMBROKESHIRE AND CARMARTHENSHIRE.—Monday (Aug. 21st), Haverfordwest for Claddau; Th., Pontyfenny for Taf—10.30.

WYE VALLEY.—Tuesday (Aug. 22nd), Usk; S., Stone Bridge, near Berkeley—10.30.

TO HUNT SECRETARIES

We should be very grateful if all Hunt secretaries would let us have their fixture cards by the first post on Tuesday morning for inclusion in the issue of the following Saturday. This appeal is, at the moment, especially directed to secretaries of otterhounds, but we would also ask secretaries of staghounds to let us have their cards as they start hunting, and also we would appeal to secretaries of foxhounds to send their cubhunting fixtures in due course. Many people who find themselves out of their own country for a time and also hunting visitors from abroad look to the columns of the *Field* for information. This can be given only with the co-operation of the secretaries of the various Hunts.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage Home and Abroad.

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

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

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

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Bremner & Kaltzen, Ltd., Hatfield, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1939) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Aug. 19, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4522. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.



THE HON. PATRICK JAMES BOYLE WITH HIS SISTER, LADY HERSEY MARGARET BOYLE

The youngest son and daughter of the Earl of Glasgow at their father's shoot at Knockendon Moor, near Fairlie, Ayrshire



CVS-344

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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 499
THE EFFECT OF NERVES ON SHOOTING . . 499
A DAY WITH PURE-BRED OTTERHOUNDS . . 500
FORM FOR THIS YEAR'S ST. LEGER . . . 502
ANIMAL LIFE ROUND LONDON—I. . . . 503
GROUND GAME SPORTING RIGHTS . . . 504
FATAL SHOTS AT BIG GAME 504
THE OVAL TEST MATCH 505
ROUND THE WICKETS 506
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS . . . 507
A SHOW FOR HUNTER BREEDERS 508
SOME HIMALAYAN SHOOTS 509
POINTERS FROM THREE INSTRUCTIVE TROUT . 510
REPORTS FROM THE MOORS 511
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: THE ARMY AND NAVY . 512
THE SEAWANHAKA CUP DUELS 513
THE TOMAHAWK-VIM PROTEST 514
CHALK STREAMS OF HAMPSHIRE 515
BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS 516
GREYHOUND TRAINING 517
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 518
OLD SPORTING WORKS 518
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK 518
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: County Championship Scoring; Sniping in War; Chesapeake versus Labrador . 519
IN THE CITY 522
BUDDING GOLF CHAMPIONS 523
PHENOMENAL PUTTING 523
INDOOR FLORAL DECORATIONS 524
PROFITABLE WOODLANDS 524
HEDGES FOR EVERY PURPOSE 526
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE 526
SAFETY AND THE CHILDREN 528
BACK-SEAT CAR BLINDNESS 530
HOLLAND'S VARIED CHARM 531
POOLING THE LONDON-PARIS AIRWAY TRAFFIC 532
THE 16/65 H.P. WOLSELEY 532
CARDS, CHESS, CROSSWORD 533
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 534

KEEP TO THE RULES

WHEN we were very young we did what was forbidden us—not because of any particular desire to be rebellious, but because forbidden fruits are always sweetest. That the fruit almost always possessed a bitter core was unfortunate, but childhood has a brief memory and the punishment left more marks upon our epidermis than upon our conscience.

This sport of getting one better over authority, whether it be parental or scholastic, has always been a valued source of delight to the puerile mind. When we were children we reasoned as children, but now that we are men it might be supposed that we have put away childish things. Unfortunately, experience bears witness to nothing of the kind—the "one better than authority" attitude remains with us, and whereas in the child it is generally to be winked at and sometimes even encouraged, in the adult it is highly dangerous and highly unnecessary.

It is as noticeably on the roads as anywhere else. The highways of this country are anything but what they should be, and in this journal constant reference has been made by Sir Malcolm Campbell and others to the inadequacy both of the roads themselves, and of the steps being taken by responsible bodies to improve them, but that is only half the story. How many of the appalling accidents which come about daily are due to thoughtless neglect of the road laws we are not prepared to say, but probably they form a surprisingly high percentage of the whole.

Often enough we hear people say: "Oh, but it's a silly law anyway!" Maybe it is, but that is no reason for violating it. Laws are made to be kept, and if half the people keep them and the others ignore them accidents are bound to happen. A good example of this is supplied by the pedestrian crossings. When they were first introduced many of us said they were a foolish addition to the already multitudinous road laws and paid attention to them only under the eyes of the law.

What has resulted? No one knows what to do now. The motorist waits for the pedestrian, the pedestrian waits for the motorist, then they start to cross together and at the best all parties concerned become very irritated with one another, and at the worst there is an accident. The man who goes to the crossing, holds up a hand and stalks majestically across, regardless of the density of the traffic, has our undivided admiration. For that purpose the crossing came into being, but the man who uses it thus is, in our opinion, something of a hero—though we fear that one day he may be a martyr.

Another typical piece of rule-breaking is the growing habit of crossing the traffic lights when they have turned amber. The amber is put there as a warning, not as an excuse. Ninety-nine times it is perfectly safe to cross, and it comes off successfully. The hundredth time, a cyclist comes off instead.

Someone has defined a gentleman as being a person who, when by himself, behaves precisely as he would in company. We wish that some motorists would remember this. Just because there is no one there to see you, that is no excuse for driving badly. We heard of a motorist recently who imagined he was unobserved, and tried to retrace his tracks on an arterial road by cutting round the end of the dividing strip down the centre instead of going 50yds. further and negotiating a roundabout. As a matter of fact, another car nearly hit him, and apart from the damage which would have been incurred by the innocent party there was nothing he deserved more richly.

"Laws are made to be broken" it is often said. Well, possibly, in some things that attitude may be excusable, but not where lives are the price of illegality.

A LOSS TO ANGLING

WITH the tragic death of Mr. Anthony Crossley, M.P., last week in an aeroplane accident, angling has lost one of its most prominent exponents of sea-trout fishing, for Mr. Crossley was one of the men who "discovered" that once mysterious stream, the Em in Sweden, which astonished the fishing world a decade or so ago by producing sea trout of almost incredible size. Mr. Barrett caught one of 28lb. in 1930, which held the world's record for fly fishing until recently; and Mr. Crossley himself has had fish of only a few ounces less weight. His method of fishing was inspired by the greased-line system of the late A. H. E. Wood, whose friend he was, though he had developed it into a technique of his own, which he described in his recent book, *The Floating Line for Salmon and Sea Trout*. Mr. Crossley was actually on his way to Sweden for another holiday after these great fish when the accident occurred which resulted in his death. He leaves a wife and three young children, to whom the sympathy of the angling world, as well as that of his many personal friends, will be extended in their sad bereavement.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

Two outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease have been recently announced. The first was at a farm near Durley in Hampshire, and it is feared that cattle shows, which were to have taken place in that county towards the end of the month, may have to be abandoned. The second outbreak was at Thorganby in Lincolnshire. The usual restriction orders have been issued, and other precautions, such as the spraying of motor tyres with powerful disinfectants, have been taken. It is unfortunate that these outbreaks should have occurred at a time when many packs of foxhounds are beginning their cub-hunting season. The steady downpour of rain has resulted in late haymaking and corn cutting, which is likely to delay cubbing in some districts. It would be a thousand pities if these outbreaks were to continue throughout the hunting season, and this is only one of the reasons why the problem of this disease should be attacked with renewed vigour and its prevention made possible.

SPEED AT UTAH—

Records are becoming such normal features of everyday life that we have begun to grow positively *blasé* about them. In one way this is a good indication, for it demonstrates the public acceptance of their necessity. They are growing out of the stage of being mere spectacle into the realm of scientific research. None the less, it would be a great pity if those responsible for them were not accorded the praise they so richly deserve. A week ago Mr. John Cobb drove his Red Lion Railton over Bonneville Flats at an average speed of 352.94 m.p.h. during a test run before an attempt to beat Captain George Eyston's record of 357.5 m.p.h. set up last year. Admittedly this was only a trial run, and by the time these words appear in print he may have raised the record considerably, but, all the same, it is surprising to notice that one well-known daily newspaper gave this performance only twelve lines at the bottom of one of its pages. Surely an achievement such as this, both mechanical and human, deserves warmer acclamation even if crises are the mainspring of modern interest.

—AND ON CONISTON

Another magnificent speed record of last week has been that of the *Field's* Motoring Editor, Sir Malcolm Campbell, who broke his own water speed record of 130.91 m.p.h. put up last year, by achieving an average speed of 141.74 m.p.h. on Coniston Water. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Sir Malcolm, who has not only done a great deal to win and keep this record in Great Britain, but has also done so much to demonstrate the fine workmanship of British engineering and designing. The 1,750 h.p. Rolls-Royce engine used to break the record was built twelve years ago—surely there could be no better commentary both upon the engine's fine manufacture and the skilful improvement in the designing of the Bluebird's hull. In nine years the water record has risen almost exactly 43 m.p.h.—remarkably good going.

THOROUGHBRED FOALS

With grass for a couch and sky for roof,
Aristocrats from head to hoof,
In easy reach of their dams lie curled
The future kings of the equine world.

Bred with care from the swiftest lines,
Blue is their blood by the surest signs;
Slender of shoulder and sharp of ear,
Dainty-limbed as the fallow deer.

Deep in their eyes are the sleeping fires
That mark the courage of racing sires.
Note, as they leap to their dancing feet,
The charm of mares that their sons repeat!

See, as they circle and prance and fling,
How blood responds to the challenge of spring!—
Dreaming we see as we watch them there
The sun on the silks they will one day wear.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

will contain a long and fully illustrated account of Yachting Inland from New York to Florida; Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough describes the St. Leger of 1839; Captain J. B. Drought contributes another article in the series the Gun Month by Month, and Captain Paul Curtis discusses the question When is a Charge? There is a further Letter to Young Flyfishers, and the second of two articles on Animal Life Round London. The writer of the series on Social Clubs describes the Bath Club. Sir Malcolm Campbell writes on The Abolition of Level Crossings; Lord Sempill on Crisis in the Empire Air Routes. Messrs. K. Adlard Coles and Terence Stocken review the Ocean Racing, and Edward Grace writes about Highland Lochs and Glens.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

ONCE more the village Flower Show. It is virtually the only survivor of the communal village festivals that were older than the Feast of Flora. Though the old associations have been peeled off it like the skin from an onion, it still remains in the tradition of the Middle Ages, when the local life was an intense reality and a sign that the spirit of place is not dust, as it appears, but embers that still contain enough reserves of heat and light to be nursed into a fire fed by local fuel and throwing a generous warmth upon all who collect about it. In a sense, the village is reborn in its flower show, and in the act of rebirth becomes reunited with its past. The sundering years roll back and the broken continuity is restored. And with its newborn life that is the old life resurrected from the dead, the life sufficient unto itself and not one that revolves a helpless satellite about the distant and arbitrary town, the Gothic democracy reawakens with the Gothic independence. Rich and poor, natives and strangers, meet as equals under the great marquee that is in very truth the temple of earth.

Within that pavilion are assembled the offerings and benefactions of earth—her roots, her flowers and her fruits, and it is certain that no temple nor sanctuary of the past could have been the scene of a braver cornucopia. The flowers are the banners of the congregation, and yet the polychrome fruits vie in splendour with them. Within the festal space of the pavilion use and ornament are blended as they were in all the old crafts of that old England which for a moment and in a blaze of many colours, in pomp and circumstance, we see risen from the grave. The throng presses round the trestle tables, and, perhaps, the most eager among it are those who look for what, in their estimation, are the richest colours of all, the blues and the yellows of a triumphant cultivation. Yet these ribbons of rivalry are not, as is the competitive demon in the larger world, a cause of strife and the hot provocation of successful greed and cunning. Here in the small community where all have striven with the earth to induce her finest, plumpest, most mellow and most glowing bounties, here contest and hierarchy in the results upon the loaded tables are the very bond of fraternity. In competing all contribute and acknowledge the great primaries, the sweet and shared universals of earth and home. These are the realities that recreate the past of the village community within the tabernacle of earth's plenty, since our ancestors never forgot these twin essentials of the good life.

But our fathers forgot them in their grandiose dreams of wealth and power and expansion, and it has been left for us to discover that in grasping at these enormous shadows we lost the substance near and dear. This tent of abundance is a parable, a many-coloured picture story instructing the people, as the paintings on the walls of the old churches once did, that there is more of true wealth in making the most of the little that we have than in gaining the whole world. A wise man found the world in a grain of sand, and it only needs to look round upon the treasures of the tent to see that the grain is like the sun in its glory. The tent's flap is open for the people to enter like pilgrims to a shrine—and is it not to a shrine where God's footstool is embroidered with threads of such brightness?—for the people to enter and for the people to leave where the games are set in an arc round this Aladdin's cave. Here in this solar system of the tent and the games gravitationally encircling it are work and leisure, work and pleasure, work and recreation brought as they were of old together again.

The village flower show is a model in miniature of the ancient fairs of the country town in which the work and the play and the economics of the countryside were combined in one place and at one season. It is because we have separated work and play in the world outside the village that work has been mechanised and dulled, and play has been mechanised and made the professional job of a few experts. But the village flower show is a gravitational field of home-made work and home-made play. The villagers raised the flowers and baked the cakes and potted the jam and grew the vegetables and appointed the sports of their own selves. Out of the work came the play as out of the earth, and the village between them came the riches of the tent. In those simple interchanges lies a world of meaning, a truer one than the shadow-world that was the ambition of our fathers.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Sunday paper:

"Blubberhouses Moors, Yorkshire, were shot by a party of seven, which included the Earl of Harewood. . . . It was on these woods that the late Lord Walsingham set up a famous record by shooting 1,070 birds to his gun in one day."



When cool judgment is essential

EFFECT OF NERVES ON SHOOTING

IT has already been pointed out that the mental factor plays a most important part in all successful shooting. And in saying this something much more concrete and definite than the general fact that mind controls matter is meant. For by intensive mental application many of the more intricate problems of game shooting can be solved and their solution translated into deadly practice.

Apart, however, from the details of technique that are required for the execution of the various types of shots, some of which have recently been mentioned, there is the very real question of the nervous constitution of the individual. It is a matter of quite common knowledge that prominent athletes when put to the acid test of representing their side—it may be their country—in some great contest have failed simply because they did not possess the exhibition mentality. In other words, they suffered from "nerves" and accordingly went to pieces. As in games, so it is in shooting. Indeed, it may be all the more so in the latter, seeing that shooting is of all things a most individualistic sport. And the point to be stressed is that the best way to overcome this weakness—for such it is—is by means of the adoption of the proper mental attitude, not only towards the matters of the moment but towards all the wider issues concerned.

All will agree that the fact of a person possessing the inherent skill and yet not being able to turn that skill to full account is to be deplored. For it is a case of good material being wasted, when there is little enough of it at the best of times. Yet there is no need to delve into the higher realms of psychology, the very mention of which may suffice to frighten away many a practical-minded shooter. For the subject of mental complexes has been rather overdone, or perhaps it has been wrongfully presented. This is a pity, since so often the root of our evil lies in some comparatively trivial complex where it is left to thrive and prosper. Given a little mental effort it could so easily be pulled out and destroyed.

I have seen a man shoot well all the morning, and then fail miserably at the best stand of the day, simply because this happened to be immediately before lunch, when he found himself the cynosure of a gallery of ladies who had come out to be present at the meal. A disheartening business indeed, and quite enough to take the edge off a hearty appetite, and in fact to spoil the rest of the day. Yet it cannot be accepted that such a happening is unavoidable. It can be helped, and if a man has his heart in it it will be helped. I firmly believe that one of the leading reasons why Americans, for instance, do so well at sport is because they realise the immense part that the mental factor plays, and learn how fully to utilise it to their own advantage.

Another case of the handicap of "nerves" comes to mind. It is of a man who seldom shot well because he lacked nervous control. At a shoot, where he was under observation, he always seemed to have the "jitters." One day, when he was suffering from a mild attack of 'flu, he had to attend a shoot for social reasons. Feeling rotten, he for once ceased to care whether he hit or missed. And for once he hit as he had never hit before. This served as much as an eye-opener to him as it did to his friends. And the net result was that he seriously took himself to task, made the necessary mental effort and became a better shot, which he is to this day.

But just how should the nervous gunner start about overcoming "stage" fright? What are the initial steps? How is he to school himself? It is all essentially a case of self-help. Nobody else can take a gun and show him where he is going wrong, as may be done with certain types of shots. If he goes to pieces every time he is in company he had better go out more alone and practise by himself. Then as he improves he will gain more confidence. At the same time he can be schooling his mind. Shooting is a sport—it is not a matter of life and death! Everyone makes a fool of himself at times. And, anyway, if one always shot well, one would miss a lot of enjoyment. A great thing is to learn to concentrate. Herein lies half the battle. If one can really do this, one may become oblivious to everything except the business in hand. Then it matters not whether one is out alone on some lonely Galway bog or performing in front of a critical gallery at some fashionable East Anglian shoot on one of the big days of the season.

Talking of big days, here again the greatness of the occasion proves too much for some people. They begin thinking of the large expense involved, of the natural wish on the part of their host that justice should be done to the good show of birds, and possibly of the effect a poor performance may have on their chances of future invitations. Such thoughts set their nerves tingling, they become self-conscious, fail to concentrate, and perhaps even develop some sort of inferiority complex. In such unhappy fettle, if they should miss the first few shots there is little hope of their recovery.

Often have I seen a man put up a poor show at November covert shoots, and yet shoot well at back-end days at the end of the season. It might be argued that he was by then turning to advantage the skill he had acquired after the autumn shooting. There may be something in this, but I am inclined to think that quite 75 per cent. of his improved performance at the end of January was due to psychological reasons. Just as he was supersensitive to some tension at the November affair, so he responded to the easier and freer atmosphere of the back-end day when nothing mattered so much. Hence, his cares gone, he shot up to his standard.

The fact that few men become really good shots until they have passed the age of 30 is probably in some measure due to the development of nervous control. It would be interesting to know just how many of the contemporary first-class shots are under 30, or even 35, or at least were under these ages when they reached the peak of their skill. There are many people who do not shoot really well until they have passed 40 or 45, in spite of the fact that they have shot regularly since early youth. Even the late King George did not display all his brilliance until he was about 40. I knew a man who greatly improved in his shooting when over 65, and became a useful performer at driven game.

Nerve control plays a big part in shooting. But in the enjoyment of the social side of it it plays an even bigger part. For a man can be a bad shot and yet get a lot of fun and good fellowship out of his sport. The sufferer is he who is ever failing to rise to the occasion, and ever regretting the fact.

"SCOLOPAX."



WATCHING HOUNDS AT WORK FROM THE BANKS OF THE WENNING, A TRIBUTARY OF THE LUNE

A DAY WITH PURE-BRED OTTERHOUNDS

By ROBERT COLVILLE

THE great majority of packs of otterhounds contain a good proportion of foxhounds. The only two packs in this country which may be fairly regarded as consisting mainly of pure-bred otterhounds are the Dumfriesshire and the Kendal and District. Of these two the more purely bred is the Kendal and District.

Early this month I had the opportunity of a day's hunting with these hounds, and it was extremely interesting from more than one point of view.

The meet was at Gressingham Bridge on the River Lune, and when I arrived there soon after half-past nine the prospects of hunting the river did not appear to be very good. An icy wind was blowing down from the moors and the hills, the river was far too full and the water must have been exceedingly cold. Yet I could not but admire the beauty of the river here, although it is true that there are more lovely stretches.

In due course hounds arrived, together with Mr. J. F. Nanson, the assistant secretary, and soon afterwards came the Master, Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson, Bart. He decided that the Lune was unhuntable at this point, and so hounds were vanned to the River Wenning near Hornby Castle. The Wenning is a much smaller river, and although it was flowing fairly fast it was certainly in a huntable condition.

Hounds were put in just below the Castle, and hunted up for a mile or two with no drag whatever. But it was a most lovely scene all the way. The Castle is built on a high hill and dominates the countryside for many miles around. It had been raining for many days past, but there was some promise of a fine day, and an air of hope was with the followers.

In time, but still with no drag, we came to a tributary of the Wenning called the Hynburn, and just above Hynburn Foot, on the opposite side of the river, hounds hit it off. I saw the otter go into the water and formed the opinion that it was a big one. We were, unfortunately, never to know for certain. Hounds raced downstream with the authentic deep cry of the pure-bred otterhound. The water was shallow in parts and here and there stones and shingle came out into the river, causing strong currents to flow around them. It was most exhilarating to see hounds apparently galloping over the water, then sinking into the deeper parts and swimming with the amazing speed which their bone enables them to achieve.

But after about a hundred yards it was clear that something had gone amiss, and for some time hounds hunted in the wash. It is possible that some fern leaves or earth were carried downstream from the holt, for hounds returned to it again and again only to swim down and then back. Several times they appeared to be on excellent terms, and I think there can be no doubt that it was only the state of the river that prevented a kill. The water was icily cold and there can have been very little scent.

The Master, who hunts hounds, decided to try up the Hynburn, but hounds were quite convinced that the otter was in the Wenning, and they crossed the meadows farther up back to the first river. The otter had completely disappeared, and so the Master decided to try right down the Wenning, past Hornby Castle again and in the direction of Claughton.

Apart from the state of the water there are several explanations of the defeat of hounds. A bitch otter with cubs had been seen a few days before in this part of the river, and it is possible



SIR MAURICE BROMLEY-WILSON, BART.
Master of the Kendal and District Otterhounds

that this was the quarry which would, of course account for the comparative lack of scent. A more likely theory, in my own view, was that the otter had achieved an impregnable position under some rocks. Some thought that the otter had swum downstream in the middle of the river, but that—although I would willingly believe an otter capable of it—would have been a very difficult feat as it could scarcely fail to have been seen by someone.

So sure was the Master that the otter was among those rocks that after lunch he took hounds back there again, but with no result. Accordingly hounds tried downstream, past the point at which they had been put in earlier in the day and tried on to the point at which the Wenning joins the Lune not far from Claughton. It seemed to me that this disposed of the theory that the otter had swum downstream. There was never a touch all the way, and yet the banks had no roots or rushes—in fact, I doubt whether there is a tree on the banks after the bridge at Hornby.

We came up the Lune from the point where the Wenning joins it, and I could not help noticing, by the way, the very excellent grass here and the fine cattle which were grazing on it. I believe that where the Lune has not flooded—which it very frequently does—the grass is still more luxuriant.

And now, for me at any rate, the moment of the day arrived. On the side of the river on which I was walking the ground was flat and splendid cattle were grazing. On the other side trees and undergrowth extended down to the water's edge and behind them the ground rose steeply. The clouds, which had threatened the morning, had disappeared and the sun was shining down on the sparkling river. The scene needed only one addition to make it perfect, and before many minutes that addition was made.

Hounds, which were on the other side of the river, suddenly hit it off again, and we had the amazingly beautiful sight of ten couple of pure-bred otterhounds in the water. There was a fast current flowing and I was impressed by the strength with which these hounds swam against it. The Master must indeed have great confidence in their ability and power.

What made this part of the afternoon especially interesting was that no one could at first get across to hounds. On a normal day the river can be forded, but the rain had swelled it so much that short of swimming across it was impossible to help hounds. Yet I doubt if they could have hunted better with assistance. There was a good deal of wash and hounds hunted in it for some time.

It soon became quite obvious that the otter had taken refuge in a large root. Had the river been normal hounds must have killed. As it was, there was far too much water, and had there been less,

in all probability the otter would not have gone there.

Determined efforts were made to keep the otter out, but any otterhunter knows how extremely difficult this is. There were two chances of a kill. One was that the otter would swim up and try to get into a large drain about 200yds. up. This was unlikely, as in order to do so he would have had to encounter a fairly powerful stretch of rapids. He did actually, I was told, try to swim up, but refused to face the current and returned. The other chance was that he would swim down. But he chose to stay where he was, and as this seemed likely to go on for some time Mr. Widdowson suggested that we should go up-stream, cross the bridge and arrive more nearly at the scene of action.

This took about half an hour, but when we came to the root nothing fresh had happened, and in the end the otter was given best. It was a most unfortunate thing that hounds did not arrive there two hours earlier. The morning had been an exhausting one for them, and had it not been for that they must have worn the otter down in time—for he also must have been getting tired. They hunted all afternoon with a grand cry and repeatedly came back to the big root, which was just below Gressingham Beck. When hounds were on the bank it was clear that the scent was being blown to them from the water.

But if the day had ended without a kill, it had had the great compensation in the excellence of the hound work, and in the beauty of the scenery. While we were watching to see if the otter would come up to the drain a fine salmon—he must have been a ten-pounder—kept on leaping, and a little farther up a sea trout was doing the same. And so the day ended, with a black storm coming up over the hills and the otter, tired but triumphant, at rest in his root.

There was some discussion as to whether this was the same otter that we had hunted in the morning, but the general opinion was that it was a different one. It was known that there were three otters on this part of the Lune. What is almost certain is that the afternoon otter was a dog, although the improvement in scent may have been caused by the weather.

The kennels are at Dallam Tower, near Milnthorpe, which is the home of the Master. He very kindly invited me there on the morning after hunting, and I had the opportunity of seeing hounds at my leisure.

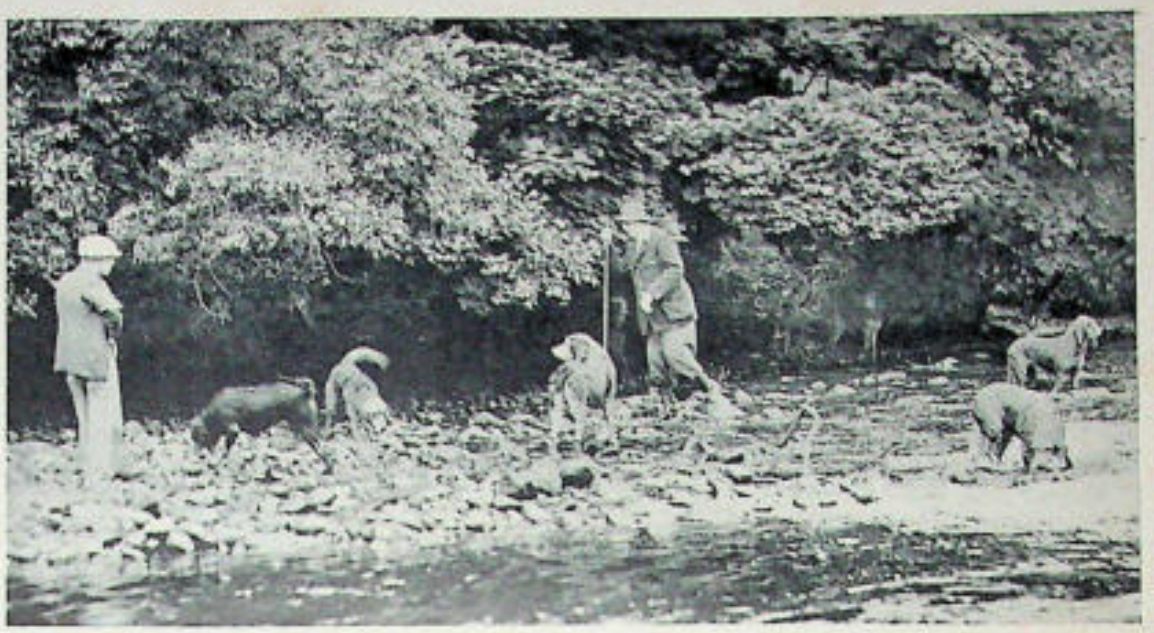
Two things must immediately strike anyone looking at a pack of pure-bred otterhounds—the double coat and the great strength. I saw then the reasons for the power which they had displayed the day before when swimming against really strong currents. The majority of the hounds are pure bred, and while a few of the Dumfries sires have been used, the greater proportion are home bred. Some of the blood goes back to the Newry Harriers, and a certain amount is traced back to Welsh blood.

A Dumfries-bred hound which I particularly liked, both to look at and when hunting, is Piper. A splendid dog, with the head and bone of the true otterhound, was Ruler, who is by Bowman out of Glory. Trueman, by Dreadnought, is another good hound, and among the bitches I must mention Trustful, by Carmelite out of Truthful. I had been very interested to notice her on the previous day. She has formed the habit of swimming about in the wash in order to catch the otter should he come down again, and she used this ability with great persistence during the hunt below Gressingham Beck.

The average height of hounds is, I should think, about 27in., and I was greatly impressed by their excellent fronts, the levelness of the pack and by their great friendliness. All the puppies were not back in kennels, but those which I saw appeared to me to be well up to the admirable standard of the present pack.

The history and sporting possibilities of the neighbourhood have been the subject of many talented pens, and it is not necessary to do more here than to recall that one can easily and cheaply hunt six days a week during the winter. There is the Cumberland Hunt and the Cumberland Farmers', the excellent sport shown on the fells by the Coniston, and also by the Eskdale and Ennerdale who hunt on foot. The Vale of Lune Harriers hunt almost the same country as a good deal of the Kendal and District, and the Lunesdale and Oxenholme have one of the few real stag-hunting countries left.

The Kendal and District hunt waters in Westmorland, some in the West Riding of Yorkshire and also in Lancashire. The pack was established nearly 40 years ago, with a Mr. Bradshaw as Master. In 1921 the pack was divided and some hounds went to Malton. This pack was afterwards disbanded, and hounds were reunited. In 1928 Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson, Bart., who had previously been deputy Master, assumed the Mastership and carries the horn.



HUNTING IN THE WASH ABOVE HYNBURN FOOT



HOUNDS AT HORNBY CASTLE AFTER THE MORNING'S HUNT IN THE WENNING



AT THE KENNELS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE MASTER, C. KITCHENER, THE KENNEL HUNTSMAN, AND MR. J. F. NANSON, THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY



W. A. Rouch

PORTMARNOCK, THE WINNER OF THE HYPERION STAKES AT HURST PARK FROM FAIRCHANCE AND FLYON



W. A. Rouch

LORD DERBY'S HELIOPOLIS, WHO WAS UNPLACED IN THE HYPERION STAKES, HAS, NEVERTHELESS, A VERY GOOD CHANCE IN THE ST. LEGER

FORM FOR THIS YEAR'S ST. LEGER

THE St. Leger will be run at Doncaster in rather more than a week's time. There can be no doubt that if he continues to keep sound, and there is no reason why he should not do so, Lord Rosebery's colt, Blue Peter, will start at very short odds. I had thought, and have stated the fact many times in these notes, that I considered that Lord Derby's Heliopolis had quite a fair chance of beating Blue Peter, and now Heliopolis has failed to get even a place in the Hyperion Stakes at Hurst Park, a race named after his sire. This race, was won by Portmarnock by a length and a half from Fairchance with Flyon third, half a length behind the second. Heliopolis was fourth. There was inquest after inquest after the race, and even an unofficial enquiry by the stewards. Heliopolis looked well in the paddock before the race, he even appeared to be lighter than he had done before this season. He was also sweating slightly. He was none too well behaved at the start and kicked out more than once. However, he got well away, and was third for a long time behind the pacemakers, Challenge and Nord Express. As the field was swinging into the straight, Perryman seemed to take a pull on Heliopolis as if to make sure of getting the rails in the straight.

Flyon and others then moved up on his near side, and it was obvious early in the straight that he was in danger of being shut in. And so surely enough he was. Challenge and Nord Express began to die away, and Portmarnock, Flyon and Fairchance had him hemmed in. D. Smith, on Challenge, quite rightly did not pull away from the rails and let Heliopolis through. Some visitors thought that he should have done so, but he was quite within his rights to do nothing of the sort. Rather more than a furlong from the finish there was just an opening, but Heliopolis could not, or would not, take it, and that was the end of his chance.

Those are the facts of the case. I am far from certain that Lord Derby's colt would have beaten Portmarnock in any case, and even if he had not done so, he would not have been disgraced, for, at his best, and when willing, Portmarnock is an exceptionally high-class horse. But I am not worried about the fact that Heliopolis was beaten, as I am of the fear that I have that for this race, at any rate, he returned to his old bad habits. He undoubtedly had, at one time, a temperament which was far from suited to a racehorse of his ability. His bad behaviour at Chester in the paddock, and, later, on the course, is not forgotten by all of us who saw it. Weston rode him then, and gave the colt a taste of the whip, showing that he was master. The colt won and he seemed to have learned his lesson.

I think that a large part of his defeat last week at Hurst Park was due to a return of this temperament. On the other hand, it may be that he has trained off. In this connection, mention must be made of his previous race at Goodwood, when he won by only a neck from a comparatively unknown horse, Silksworth. I thought, then, that he might have won with a lot more in hand than the verdict suggested, but it may be now that we have seen him run again that he has lost his form. I hope not, for fit and well and in the right mood, he still has a chance at Doncaster.

The more people that I meet who saw the Grand Prix at Longchamp this summer, the more of them disagree with me in my views about the winner of that race, Pharis II. I must admit to them all that the colt won in quite extraordinary style. He was brought almost to his knees not far from home and must have been half a dozen lengths behind Tricamcron half-way down the short straight. He then flew past his opponents, caught the leader, and swept past him to win with ease.

It was an astounding finish. Yet what chance would Tricameron have in the St. Leger against Blue Peter and others at level weights? His English form, and he has run twice in this country this season, suggests to me that he would have none at all. Yet Elliott, one of the greatest of modern race riders, considers that the French colt, which he will ride, has an excellent chance of success.

There have been, as I have written recently, many unexpected results to the St. Leger, and it is not a great race for short-priced favourites. Quick Ray, Lord Astor's fine-looking colt, is certainly expected to play a prominent part in the race. He has had but little racing, but he is bred to win such a race, being by Hyperion out of the Oaks winner, Pennycomequick. He is to be ridden by Gordon Richards, who, if he is still without a Derby winner in his record, has won the St. Leger more than once. His recent riding in the race, when he won on Chulmleigh, was masterly. He had a much easier ride on the same owner's Singapore, and yet the St. Leger has not been a really lucky race for Lord Astor, although he has won it. I give Quick Ray a good chance on the Town Moor.

There has been much more discussion on the racecourse as to the necessity of photographing finishes. I cannot think that such an innovation is in the least necessary, and I am supported in that view by some photographs of finishes which have been taken of dog races at Wembley Stadium at the instigation of Mr. Elvin, who manages that place with such success. The photographs are clear, and leave no doubt, except in one case, as to the results. The one exception leaves a doubt as to whether the result is a dead heat or whether one of the dogs has won by a nose.

All of which is very interesting, but the curious thing was that the judge at the Stadium agreed with the photographs, and gave his decision before they were developed, except in the case of the doubtful picture, and he gave a decision then in favour of the one dog when from the photograph it might have been a dead heat. There was one dead heat given by the judge, and the picture of that finish shows conclusively that he was right. That being so, it seems that the camera was not wanted. And that seems to me to be the end of the argument, and the end of the camera on the racecourse. Apart from the great expense entailed it seems that the human eye is just as good as the best of lenses, for I fail to see why the judges on the race course should not be as accurate and as good as the judges on the dog track.

Although Quick Ray may, as stated above, be expected to do well at Doncaster, such hopes did not receive any very great strengthening at Salisbury. In the Manton Stakes, which was run over a mile and a half last Monday, Quick Ray, ridden by Gordon Richards, could achieve only the third place. It is true that he had to jump over Kenilworth before starting, but the pace should have enabled him to win. The race was won by Cimon, by Lemnarchus out of Miss Mole, ridden by F. Herbert, and Inquisition, by Dastur out of Jury, ridden by E. Smith, was second. GNOSTIC.



W. A. Rouch

MR. W. BARNETT'S TRIGUERO WITH T. BURNS UP. TRIGUERO, TRAINED BY R. C. DAWSON, IS AN OUTSIDE CHANCE FOR THE ST. LEGER



THE MOST PICTURESQUE AND STRIKING OF LONDON'S ANIMALS
A herd of deer in South Weald Park, Essex

ANIMAL LIFE ROUND LONDON—I

By R. S. R. FITTER, F.Z.S.

THE neighbourhood of London might be thought to be most inhospitable to wild life, but even apart from the hosts of birds, gulls, ducks, pigeons, starlings, crows, sparrows, which live in and around the metropolis, there are still some 42 kinds of mammals, five reptiles and seven amphibians to be found within 20 miles of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is surprising how little is known about the distribution of mammals, reptiles and amphibians round London. The most conflicting statements are made by successive writers, largely because so many of these animals are retiring by day and thus rarely seen. The London Natural History Society is at present making an attempt to discover the facts about the distribution of these forms of wild life within 20 miles of St. Paul's, and all notes and records are welcomed by the Society's recorder.

Next to deer, the carnivorous animals have always been the most picturesque and striking, and it is because so many of them have gone that people imagine there are no "wild animals" near London. The true wild cat, anciently catamount or cat-a-mountain, and a beast of the chase, has so long ceased to be a denizen of the London basin that it is not even a legend. The wild cat of modern London is pussy on the spree, or gone back to nature, and only a beast of the chase for small boys and suburban terriers. The pine marten also has long since fled the woods of Southern England. One was seen in Redlands Wood, near Dorking, in 1879, and the last Epping Forest marten was seen in 1883. The polecat hung on a bit longer than the marten, for it was reported from Headley, Surrey, in 1886, from near Guildford about 1892, and from Epping Forest in the early 'nineties. As late as 1930 one was shot in northern Essex, but as many polecat-ferrets escape and go wild, reports of polecats in the South have to be treated with reserve.

It is pleasant to be able to pass from animals which have been exterminated to animals which still survive. Foxes are still hunted in the rural fringe of London by the Old Berkeley, Enfield Chase, Old Surrey and Burstow, Essex and other packs. Probably the post-War development of poultry farming in the zone about fifteen to twenty miles from London has had much to do with keeping up the fox population. In Richmond Park, where large numbers of waterfowl are kept, they do so much damage that the authorities have reluctantly been compelled to treat them as vermin. During the six years 1931-37 no fewer than 116 foxes were shot in the Park, and the shade of John Peel must surely have been turning in his grave. Even in the inner suburbs foxes appear from time to time, though some of these may have escaped from captivity. Foxes were seen, for example, at Peckham in 1926 and at Walthamstow in 1937. This year a pair is reported to have taken up residence in Ken Wood.

Though it was observed in Leicestershire and not near London, the following story illustrative of Master Reynard's sagacity may not be out of place here. This fox was seen by an old countryman, well versed in vulpine wiles, to be searching for something in a pasture where sheep were grazing. Having found what he wanted, which proved to be a pulling of wool about the size of a small apple, he trotted off with it in his mouth to a near-by pond. Here the countryman saw him walk delicately into the water and slowly submerge himself completely, leaving only the tip of his muzzle and the piece of wool above water. Finally, he went right under, leaving the wool floating on the surface, and swam ashore, where, after shaking himself, he trotted off. The watcher of this strange scene went to the pool and fished out the piece of wool. It was full of fleas, which had taken refuge in the only dry place available. The fox had found, indeed, a most ingenious way of cleaning himself.

Another beast of the chase still found, but not hunted, on the fringes of Greater London is the otter, which still occasionally frequents such rivers as the Thames, Mole, Wey, Darent and Roding. The most surprising habitat of the otter round London is an island in one of the Metropolitan Water Board's reservoirs in the Lea Valley, between Tottenham and Walthamstow. Here there has been a thriving family of otters for at least 20 years, feeding on the fish which abound in the reservoirs. Signs of their handiwork are to be seen in the large fish which are sometimes found lying on the banks with a portion bitten out of their shoulders.

It is interesting to remember that Venator, in the *Compleat Angler*, hunted otters in the River Lea. He told Piscator that he was going to the Thatched House at Hoddesdon, and then to meet "a pack of otter-dogs of noble Mr. Sadler's upon Amwell Hill, who will be there so early that they intend to prevent the sun-rising." Venator seemed to be in some doubt as to whether the otter was beast or fish, averring that "most agree that her tail is fish." The Carthusians, whose vows allowed them to eat no meat, took advantage of the fishy taste of otter flesh, and Pennant saw an otter in the kitchen of the Carthusian monastery near Dijon being prepared for dinner.

An animal that is much commoner round London than is usually suspected, on account of its nocturnal habits, is the badger. It probably no longer occurs in Ken Wood, but it may be found no farther from the centre of London than Epping Forest and Richmond Park, and in the rural parts of Essex and Surrey it is probably as common as anywhere in the country.

In Richmond Park, according to Mr. C. L. Collenette, there are probably at least four pairs with their setts in the various plantations. In Epping Forest there are at least three setts, one at High Beach and two over towards Theydon. Badgers also occur on Wimbledon Common and in Selsdon Bird Sanctuary. There are several records of badgers meeting untimely ends around London. Two were electrocuted on the railway at Worcester Park in 1925, and another at Norbiton in 1927. A female badger, weighing 22½lb., was found run over in Camp Road, Wimbledon, in October, 1936, and is now preserved in Wimbledon Golf Club House. Another badger fell into the Chingford aqueduct of the Lea Valley reservoirs in the great flood of January, 1918, and was taken out drowned at the weed-grate at Chingford Mill.

The two other carnivora resident in the country round London are the stoat and the weasel. Both are fairly common in the rural districts, though in some places the stoat is more often, and in some less often, seen than the weasel. Stoats approach as near the metropolis as Epping Forest, Abbey Wood, Richmond Park and Wimbledon Common. Weasels have been seen of recent years at Epping, Wimbledon, Titsey, Selsdon, Abbey Wood, Epsom, Northwood, and in Hertfordshire.

Hares still abound in many areas, notably the North Downs and the marshes of the Thames estuary. As late as the early years of the present century it still seems to have been paying occasional visits to Regent's Park. In 1937 Mr. C. L. Collenette estimated that there were seven to ten pairs inhabiting Richmond Park. There are several packs of beagles and harriers working the country round London.

The only truly wild deer in the neighbourhood of London to-day are the fallow deer of Epping Forest, but fallow deer are also to be found in Battersea, Greenwich and Richmond Parks, and red deer in Clissold and Richmond Parks. The 1,100 fallow deer in Richmond Park in 1892 had been reduced to only 200–250 in 1937, when there were also 50–60 red deer. Roe deer were introduced to Epping Forest from Dorset in 1883, but there do not seem to be any records of them there since 1917.

GROUND GAME SPORTING RIGHTS

By W. J. BROWN

THE rights over game are, as is well known, in the occupier of the land, unless otherwise arranged. If the land is not let, then the owner will have the sporting rights. If it is let, then in the absence of arrangement the rights pass to the tenant.

It may, of course, be that there is a shooting tenant, to whom the sporting rights have been let by the landlord who reserved them when he let the land, or by the tenant who has the sporting rights and has sub-let them.

I am not at the moment concerned with the rights of any of these gentlemen except the occupier of the land when he is not in possession of the sporting rights. This may be either because the landlord has reserved them and either holds them himself or has let them to a shooting tenant, or because the tenant occupier has sub-let the rights himself.

The preamble to the Ground Game Act, 1880, is as follows: "Whereas it is expedient in the interests of good husbandry and for the better security for the capital and labour invested by the occupiers of land in the cultivation of the soil, that further provision should be made to enable such occupiers to protect their crops from injury and loss by game." And the Act goes on to provide that "every occupier of land shall have, as incident to and inseparable from his occupation of the land, the right to kill and take ground game thereon, concurrently with any other person who may be entitled to kill and take ground game on the same land." The Act then sets out certain limitations which may wait for the moment.

This Act was passed for the benefit of occupiers, and it gives them the right to protect their crops from hares and rabbits (which are meant by ground game), in spite of the fact that the landlord has let the whole of the shooting rights elsewhere or has retained them himself.

It will be noticed that the Act uses the word "occupier." In many cases this will be the tenant, or even a sub-tenant, but it includes an owner-occupier as well; a man farming his own land has just the same protection under the Act as a tenant farmer, and can kill hares and rabbits although he has let the shooting. The Act *does not* protect anyone who has merely taken the grazing rights. He has only the right to keep cattle on the land, and is not the occupier.

The Act, as quoted above, says: "Every occupier *shall have* . . . the right to kill," and it later goes on to make this more clear by laying it down that any agreement or arrangement which purports to take away this right is void. A landlord cannot prevent his tenant from killing ground game by reserving the sporting rights or letting them apart from the holding. If the occupier does not choose to shoot rabbits and hares, that is his business, but it is the intention of the Act to see that he is not deprived of his right to do so.

Any agreement to take away the right is void. This may lead to some interesting results. Suppose, for example, a landlord has tried to reserve in the tenancy agreement all sporting rights over the holding. He is, of course, perfectly entitled to do this as far as game proper is concerned, that is to say, winged game, and to that extent the agreement is perfectly valid, and if the tenant shoots partridges he breaks his agreement. But the Act we have been quoting makes void any agreement to prevent the occupier killing ground game, so that as far as rabbits and hares are concerned the tenant can ignore the agreement altogether. He should, however, remember this. The Act gives him, as occupier, the right to kill his ground game. It does not give him the exclusive right to do so. So that, if the landlord has reserved the sporting rights he also, as well as the occupier, is entitled to shoot hares and rabbits.

An occupier should never agree to forgo his rights to kill ground game, even if he is to be paid to do so. He may choose not to shoot, but he cannot agree not to. In one case there was a clause in a tenancy agreement of a farm that if the tenant left the ground game unshot for the landlord's advantage the landlord would pay the tenant compensation for the damage done to crops. The tenant accordingly allowed rabbits and hares to multiply, and then claimed from the landlord compensation for the damage done to his crops. He could not recover it. Under the Act all agreements to deprive the occupier of his rights are void, and as the agreement was void he could not sue on it. If the tenant did not know the agreement was void so much the worse for him.

If the occupier is also in possession of the sporting rights he can, of course, allow whom he pleases to kill his ground game. But if he does not own the sporting rights, but is allowed by the Act to kill his ground game, although he can always kill it himself, he is restricted as to other people whom he may allow to do so.

As far as *shooting* is concerned he may only allow *one other person*, and he must be one of certain classes. These are (1) Members of the occupier's household resident on the land in his occupation, (for example, a son living on the farm); or (2) persons in the ordinary service of the occupier on the land in his occupation (for example, a farm labourer); or (3) any other person *bona fide* employed for reward in taking or destroying ground game (this includes anyone employed to kill rabbits on the terms of keeping what they kill, but without other payment.)

But the occupier may allow any number of people to kill ground game *otherwise than by shooting*, provided the people come within one of the three classes mentioned above. So that a day's hare shooting means that only the occupier and one other person can kill. But a day with the ferrets allows the occupier and one other to shoot, and any number more to help, provided they come within the three heads above, and do not shoot.

Two last warnings may be given. If the occupier gives his permission to others to shoot or kill, it must be in writing. And if an occupier is only allowed to kill rabbits because of this Act, and not because he is the owner of the land, he cannot shoot between the expiration of the first hour after sunset and the commencement of the last hour before sunrise.

The Ground Game Act also forbade an occupier to set spring traps for rabbits except in rabbit holes, but this prohibition now applies to everyone under the Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act, 1939.

FATAL SHOTS AT BIG GAME: WHERE TO PLACE A BULLET

TO kill his game "clean" is the aim of every sportsman. To do this he must first stalk or spoor his quarry, he must know exactly his target on its body, and he must hold straight. I am not concerned now with the first and the last of these three things, fascinating as they are, but only with the second.

When I was a medical student in Edinburgh more years ago than I care to think, I overheard two city urchins, "keelies" they were called in those days, discussing which was the coarsest (roughest) football team in the city. It was agreed it was the University, because "they were a' medicals, and kent the fatal pairts." That's it, the fatal parts, and I am inclined to think that is *the* bit of his business the average sportsman knows least about. He will talk like a professor on barrel flip, bullet weights, propellents, "drop," and so forth, but how often has he a precise knowledge of the geography of his chosen animal, and of the most lethal wound he can inflict on it?

How often has he even post-mortemed his kills? It is true that in modern books on big game hunting, such as the Lonsdale Library volume, photographs are published showing the spot to hit. Notwithstanding that, there is still controversy in the sporting press on such a subject as the reliability or otherwise of the tip of an elephant's ear as the guide to its heart. Surely that is a question on which there should be by now no room for dispute.

When a man shoots to kill, and that is the purpose of all of us, he wants to cause rapid, if possible, instantaneous death, or failing that, wounds so gross, as to immobilise the animal and enable him to "finish it off" without loss of time, or undue risk to himself. It should be clearly understood that to achieve instantaneous death only one or other of two injuries will suffice—intense hæmorrhage, or destruction of the vital portions of the brain. Perforation of the so-called "silent" areas of the brain will not necessarily cause instant or even early death—indeed recovery is possible—nor will severing of the spinal cord, except in the neck area, invariably do so.

Severe hæmorrhage causes almost immediate unconsciousness and death supervenes very rapidly unless by some means the hæmorrhage is stopped. Anyone wanting proof of this should arrange to see the slaughter of cattle by the Jewish method.

To cause death by either of these means is by no means easy, and emphasises the point that the beast is not the target, only small portions of its anatomy. The experienced hunter is well aware of this, and many for that reason make the shoulder the target of choice.

They count on smashing the shoulder, and so making movement difficult, if not impossible, or, failing that, to wound the ribs and lungs or heart, both of them grave, though not necessarily fatal, wounds.

Some men quite mistakenly bank on the heart or neck shot. A man may survive a heart wound. It was a well-known tale in France during the War that one of the generals in high command there had sustained a bullet wound in the heart at Omdurman, and survived to perform distinguished service.

Some years ago the *Field* published a photograph of a stag's heart preserved in spirits of wine. The wound inflicted by a big bore showed clearly. The story was that the animal had carried on apparently untouched into a wood 100yds. or so away. Its dead body was found on search being made. No doubt similar stories have been told many times, and it may be taken as certain that a bullet wound in the heart of a charging lion, in the absence of other material injuries, is no accident insurance policy.

The neck as a target is for quite other reasons still less reliable. It is true that a bullet breaking the neck bones and severing the cord has immediate and catastrophic consequences, but it by no means follows that every bullet traversing the neck does these things. A little reflection will show that a bullet might traverse the neck from many angles without inflicting very serious or material injury. An old gentleman of my acquaintance sustained a bullet wound through the neck, severing the windpipe, nearly 40 years ago in the South African campaign, and is none the worse.

To hit the neck bones in a moving animal and at anything other than the shortest of short ranges, can only be regarded as a complete fluke. It is a shot that should seldom be attempted.

To smash a leg is quite useless. There is an East African conundrum which runs: What goes faster than a kongoni on four legs? And the answer is: A kongoni on three!

Many a conscientious man has followed a kongoni on three legs for hours, and lost him in the end. Smaller buck, shot through both forelegs, will progress on the stumps, and seek sanctuary in long grass. If they are not found, and it is not always easy to do so, the torture of their last hours does not bear thinking of.

To return to the two wounds that fill the bill, it will be agreed by all experienced hunters that the head shot at elephant is ideal. But how small a target an elephant's brain is! And of how many other animals can it be said that the brain is a practicable target, even at very short range?

What, then, is a generally applicable and at the same time fatal shot? At the root of the neck, taking the slot at the top end of the breast bone as a centre, there is a fatal area of quite considerable dimensions. There is under each collar bone the great artery proceeding to the forelimbs; there are the great vessels springing from the main artery of the body and ascending each side of the neck; and there is the great main artery itself. Severance of any one of these vessels is sufficient to cause instant unconsciousness and death in a very few moments.

Death is impressively swift in these cases. Most animals shot "dead" fall on one side, but I have seen animals hit in this area subside on their bellies, all four legs a-sprawl. They were and they were not.

This shot, which I call the "collar stud" shot, can only be taken with the animal in the head-on position. It is a very comforting shot, for one knows that if one fails to cut one of these great vessels, a raking shot with the infinity of destruction it causes is a certain alternative.

There has been, and perchance there always will be, furious controversy between small and big bore exponents. One cannot avoid suspecting that the big bore man, with his desire for knocking down and smashing his game, had he had a fuller knowledge of anatomy, and of the varying effects of wounds dependent thereon, would agree that any bullet with the drive behind it necessary to reach this target would do his business; and that further, that weapon with which he can most surely place his shot, whatever its size or bore, is for him the ideal weapon.

"CHIRURGEON."



THE OVAL TEST MATCH

By NEVILLE CARDUS

SATURDAY at the Oval was blessed by hot sunshine and a blue sky. The West Indies revelled in a brilliant light, which must have seemed to them a light reflected from their own beautiful islands. Though Grant lost the toss and England on a perfect wicket at one time were 300 for five; in spite of this obstacle before them the West Indies kicked back and England's last four wickets fell for 19. The final total, 352, was, in the circumstances, a tribute to the keenness of the West Indies' out-cricket.

The turning point of the day occurred during a stand for the sixth wicket by Hardstaff and Nichols. Hardstaff was brilliant; and Nichols defended, reliable as an able-bodied seaman. England were now 333 for five, and surely this was the hour in a sweltering afternoon when the strongest and most enthusiastic bowling begins to seek the consolations of philosophical resignation. Suddenly Constantine transformed himself. This year he has assumed the disguise of a thoughtful professor of bowling, an inquirer into the subtleties of spin and variation of flight. He has usually put behind him the old impulsive energy; he has often reminded me of a student from the Orient in gold-rimmed spectacles talking Babu English.

On Saturday afternoon, just when the English innings was going smoothly along a tranquil and thoroughly civilised course, Constantine abruptly flung theory and deliberate reason aside. Original blood and genius took possession of him. He ran Nichols out from, or near, cover-point—fielding to his own bowling. Hardstaff called Nichols unnecessarily for a short run; Constantine leaped to the off side, picked up the ball and hit the stumps, the whole terrific action done in a flash of lovely suppleness, fierce as the jungle. Constantine then took three wickets in fifteen balls for 11 runs, and, at the end, his analysis on the Oval at its easiest was 17 overs 3 balls, 2 maidens, 75 runs, 5 wickets.

The English innings was curiously diverse. First of all, Keeton played a ball from Johnson into his stumps and departed for a duck, with only two runs scored. Hutton and Oldfield then played cricket of rare ease and charm of technique. They added 131 in less than two hours. Hutton was in his most assured vein; his style seemed the best that can be witnessed at the present time in this country, strong, sound, yet touched with art. Oldfield's first appearance in a Test match in this country was a complete success. He scored 80, and I doubt if a crowd at the Oval has for many a long year watched neater and more ingratiating play than Oldfield's. His cutting and his glancing to leg were clever and delicious; his general technique told of sense and organised foundations. He has already staked a claim in the English team for Australia next year.

After Hutton and Oldfield got out—Hutton deceived by pace off the ground into a return catch to Johnson; Oldfield caught at the wicket attempting a late glance to leg—after these mishaps Hammond apparently cast a shadow over the innings for a while. He was heavy-handed and a little solemn. His strokes could not penetrate the offside field, and the West Indies bowlers appreciated his weakness on the leg-side. Grant caught him brilliantly from a tepid push towards short square-leg.

Now came Hardstaff's two-hour innings of 94, containing some of the handsomest off-side strokes any cricketer could wish to see. But England 130 for one; then England 300 for five; and after that England 352 all out!—this was not good enough, even though in a three-day match a total of 300 *should* be good enough against all teams except Australia. None of England's wickets was given away, except, perhaps, Hardstaff's who, when the "tail" was palpably in the process of being devoured, struck out recklessly. The West Indies bowlers had to work for their successes; during more than one period of the day there were discouraging prospects before them. They declined to waver. They played cricket, and a gallant captain and tireless fielding lent them support and encouragement.

Monday was again hot and fine, with thunder in the air. The West Indies have written a notable page in their history of the game. On an easy wicket they scored 387 for five, and the virtue of this performance is that it was achieved after a disaster which might have unnerved the strongest team. Headley was run out foolishly when, with his score 65, he was thoroughly set and master of all he surveyed. He and J. B. Stollmeyer took Saturday's score of 27 for one to 128 for two, easefully yet with style and animation. The first-line of the English attack was conquered resolutely; moreover, it was not allowed to "come again" all day. When the West Indies were 110 for one we witnessed the spectacle of Hutton and Compton bowling for England. Hutton, indeed, captured the West Indies' second wicket at 128 by deceiving Stollmeyer into a precipitate stroke to the hands of forward short leg. Now occurred the mishap that threw the wicket of Headley wastefully away. V. Stollmeyer pushed a ball towards short mid-on; there was not a ghost of a run, but he dashed down the wicket calling Headley for one. Then he screamed "No!" when Headley was rushing along as though pursued by demons. Hardstaff threw in ruthlessly, Wood swept off the bails, and the second-greatest batsman was out, with apparently a double-century in his possession for the asking and the waiting.

Victor Stollmeyer might well have wished the earth to open and swallow him from view and from the wrath of his colleagues. He did no such weak thing. He realised his debt, and manfully he paid it—with interest! After lunch, Gomez was quickly bowled by Perks, fourth out at 164. Stollmeyer for a while batted like a depressed and doomed man. Fortunately, he could not time the offside pace of Nichols and Perks. At the wicket's other end, Weekes, a left-hander, punched hard from his back-foot. The English attack suddenly deteriorated again, as it had deteriorated before lunch, during the V. Stollmeyer and Headley partnership. Hammond scarcely employed his resources economically; he worked the fast bowlers hard—and how these West Indies batsmen revel in tired fast bowling on an easy turf! Weekes hit Nichols for six—an amazing back-footed straight drive. Stollmeyer now showed us a careful method. The stand actually added 163 in a hundred minutes, and Stollmeyer was not disposed of until he succumbed to a catch at the wicket, four short of his hundred. Weekes proceeded to hit like a mule; and on Tuesday Constantine followed suit. England batted again 146 behind. And they batted all day, Hutton and Hammond making centuries. The match was dead and buried, but the West Indies took all the honours.



THE START OF THE THIRD TEST MATCH

Hutton plays back to Martindale, with Keeton, shortly to leave him, backing up at the other end

ROUND THE WICKETS

By HUMPHREY DANIEL

THE last Test was nodding in the heat of the Saturday afternoon sun. It had just taken tea. It was now, like all good Test matches, waiting patiently for close of play to put it to bed. And, like all good Test matches, it was giving no trouble, making no stir. Runs were flowing gracefully; bowlers were running like clockwork. England ruled the game. Spectators dozed, hypnotised by the monotony of its rhythm. Suddenly a spark of life flashed through the game like a knife going through a Constable landscape. The batsmen were just taking a single from a shot short of cover-point. The bowler, quick as lightning, darted at the ball, pounced on it, picked it up, hurled it at the wicket, and shattered it with the batsman yards out, with the thrust of a warrior hurling a spear.

Single wicket matches are a thing of the past now. They are only resurrected to provide horse-play for the crowd when the players are too tired to play and want to go home. They died with the giants of long ago. But this inspired piece of cricket, this superb bit of fielding which was to alter the whole course of the game, this furious challenge to take on the whole of England single-handed was a challenge which might have been made by Alfred Mynn himself. Only Constantine to-day could have made it. Nineteen minutes later the English innings, young and still adolescent, was completely dead. Constantine had finished it off with the vigour of a lion at the kill. He had taken five wickets. They were all taken in various ways, by subterfuge typical of the man's originality.

A tricky leg-break caught Hammond unawares and made him tepidly push the ball into short-leg's hands. Oldfield, in his innocence, played what he thought was a leg-break for a single to fine leg, and was caught at the wicket because what he thought was a leg-break was really a googly. (A few runs earlier the wicket-keeper had missed a very difficult chance of stumping him off a similar ball; and Constantine had good-naturedly scowled at Sealey, the way Alexander looked at Mose—as if to say, "Decarbonise yoursel', bo'. Decarbonise yoursel'.") It was a rasping break-back which removed Wood's leg-stump, neatly, precisely, without loss of blood; a break-back which sent Wood back tracing a memory of its path with his forefinger in the air like a man who has been hit with a mallet; a break-back which Lockwood himself would have been pleased to own. Wright was stabbed in the pads by a top-spin of such unexpected ferocity, that it might have come from "Clarrie" Grimmett himself. A perfect yorker shattered the columned symmetry of Hardstaff's wicket as drastically as the Turkish powder shattered the pillared beauty of the Parthenon.

The applause which surrounded Constantine's return to the Pavilion was an acknowledgment to the greatest "all-round" bowler we have yet seen. Not even Barnes, nor Spofforth, nor O'Reilly can challenge his right to that title. Constantine, in his youth, has been one of the two fastest bowlers in the game of his day. He is now one of its most accurate and most effective leg-break bowlers. Constantine can bowl fast, he can bowl slow spin, he can bowl a swirling out-swinger with the best of them. And the next ball, in the same breath, with the same action, he can put down a "wrong-un" which would puzzle Hobbs himself. The bowling of Leary Constantine has all the variety, all the gaiety, all the wit in the repertoire of a coloured minstrel.

* * *

"The boy who bowled Bradman," they called him. It is some time ago now since a youngster of sixteen or so went up to the nets at Lord's to help the Australians try out their armour for the coming conquest — and showed them the holes in it by bowling most of them out. A sort of Mozart of cricket. In nine days, of course, everyone had forgotten him. Possibly one or two have thought there was something vaguely familiar about the face of the boy who sold them their score-card at Lord's. All through the summer he has sold them. Before his eyes have passed the cream of cricket. He has watched them all. Hammond, Headley, Hutton have all played before him. They have not passed unheeded. The other day he scored a century for the Young Professionals against a very determined and very worthy attack of Young Amateurs. It was a century composed of a great variety of strokes. A century of amazing culture and technique for one so young. Some of those strokes were curiously familiar. His batting seemed to compound, like a tiny prism, all the most dazzling and most peculiar shots of the great batsmen of to-day. There was another cricketer who did the same thing before him. He, too, sold score-cards. He, too, shook his lance at the very halls of fame themselves. He, too, scored a century, at an important boys' match at Lord's ground. To-day he plays for Middlesex—when he is not playing for England. To-day, he is acclaimed one of the two most promising batsmen of his day, of the noble lineage of Victor Trumper himself. His name is Denis Compton. Yet three years ago he was nothing, not even a "boy who bowled Bradman." One day, maybe, there will be headlines for the boy who bowls Brooks.

* * *

The M.C.C. do not spend so much of their time asleep in bath-chairs as some people seem to think. They have too much to do. They control an organisation which has come to be as much part of our national make-up as the monocle and the old school tie, the briar and the bowler, or even the umbrella itself. It is a great responsibility. It has never been an easy one.

Ever since the War their charge has given trouble. When Gregory and Macdonald swept over the land scattering bails before them like leaves before an autumn wind, they were told that the batting was bad. When Douglas Jardine divided Australia into three parts, harassed it on all sides, laid siege to it and took it by storm, it was the spirit of the game which was wrong. When Bradman came to challenge Jimmy Wilde's impersonation of the might of the atom, they were told there was no bowling. "What is wrong with English cricket?" implored its writers. "Too much pad-play; too many averages; too much up-and-down bowling; too many feather-bed batsmen," answered the chorus. "Not enough something-or-other," observed the knowing ones. "Cricket in the doldrums," observed a great one.

It was left to the M.C.C. to find the cause of all this rough-house, to find out exactly what was wrong with English cricket. It did not take them long. They saw that its batsmen were uninspired. They saw that its bowlers were unimaginative. They deduced that the batting was bad because the bowling was bad; that pad-thrusting batsmen were the offspring of short-of-a-length bowlers. That the bowling was the cause of the trouble.

They started by giving them more inches of stump to bowl at. They followed this with the new l.b.w. rule. Then came the edict that all wickets were to be natural wickets, wickets made of earth and grass. Now comes the eight-ball over. They still have not solved their problem. But they have not finished their calculations yet.



The bowler of the year—Copson, of Derbyshire



R. E. S. Wyatt playing the forward "dead-bat" shot

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS

X.—How to Fish a Chalk Stream

MY DEAR BOB,—Yes, I think the patterns you now have will all serve well enough for a chalk stream except the March brown, which will be of little service to you unless you use it on occasion to imitate a sedge. You will want a few more patterns though not really very many. I will write you about that presently, when I try to say something about the different hatches a chalk stream produces; but, first, as to the fishing itself. You will have to find out from your cousin whether he wades the water or not; probably he does not. Some chalk streams can be waded, but most of them are just a little too deep; also some owners object to wading. Privately, I think this is a mistake if the water is suitable, for wading keeps the bottom stirred up a little, and is rather like hoeing the ground in a garden. But he or his keeper will tell you what the custom is on his water.

If you fish from the bank choose the right bank for preference, other things being equal. The right bank is the one on your right-hand side if you were standing in the water facing down stream. This will save you a good deal of back-hand casting unless you have already acquired the knack of casting with either hand. Wait till the rise starts. If it were the spring or early summer, this would occur any time after about 10 a.m. according to the day, but in the autumn the rise is always uncertain. However, you will be able to find out when you get there about what time the rise has been starting recently, and unless you differ from most fishermen you will find yourself on the water some time before it begins.

The first indication given that the hatch is coming on will be the ring of a trout as it takes something invisible off the surface; but do not be in too much of a hurry to start. If you can possibly manage it, restrain your ardour and watch the stream. After a minute or two, the same fish will rise again, or another close by, then another, and in the course of ten minutes or so you will be able to see half-a-dozen fish busily feeding. Then is the time to start fishing. Your line, of course, will have been well greased some time earlier. Almost any of the preparations sold for the purpose will do. You can get a tin for sixpence or so.

Once the rise is sufficiently well "on," select the fish for which you intend to try. This will depend mainly on its position; pick the one you think you can cover most easily, though, naturally, you will try for the one you think the biggest if it is within range. But you have to bear in mind that if your line falls over one fish when you are trying for another beyond it, you will almost inevitably put the nearer fish down, and it may rush away and disturb the fish you are after; so it is generally better to try for the nearer one first unless you can cast so that your line does not fall across it in reaching the further fish. Remember your object is to make your artificial fly alight on the surface so that it looks like a natural fly which has just hatched out from its shuck and is standing on the water drying its wings before flying away.

If you put your head down and look along the surface of the water, you will see, in a good hatch, quite a number of flies poised on the surface. It is some of these that the trout are taking. So cast in such a way that your fly will fall about a yard above the feeding fish and in such a position that the current will carry the fly over its nose.

You may remember that in writing to you about wet-fly fishing, I advised you to have as little line on the water as possible, since the current would pull on it and make the flies move unnaturally. In dry-fly fishing, you always have a lot of line lying on the surface, so the danger from drag is greatly increased, although the current itself is less turbulent than in a mountain stream. But it is even more important not to let a fly drag.

To get over the difficulty, dry-fly fishermen try to cast so that their line does not lie out straight on the water but in waves, rather a snake-like effect. If the line falls perfectly straight some part of the current moving quicker than the rest will carry the line with it, and the fly at the end will immediately drag, but with a wavy cast there are a few seconds while the waves are straightening out in which the fly will float unimpeded. It is seldom possible to get more than a yard of clear floatage, so you must not drop your fly too far in front of a fish; on the other hand, if you drop it just over the fish's nose, it will see the fly fall, and its attention will be called to the gut to which it is attached.

As mentioned, it is no use hoping that a fish cannot see gut, however fine. It can always see it if its attention is called to it. Fine gut is a great help to the novice. It makes less mark on the water as it falls for one thing. But in dry-fly fishing, you can take it as an axiom that the finer the fisherman the coarser the gut he can afford to use. Some of our greatest experts use nothing finer than 2x drawn; but do not attempt to use it yourself. Use 4x or even 5x points until proficient.

This question of fish seeing the gut is, I think, second only in importance to the avoidance of drag; it may even be the more important. There are days, especially those "heavy" days with a leaden sky, when it seems well-nigh impossible to cast over any fish without making it bolt for safety. There must be something in the light which makes the gut more visible; at least, I can see no other possible explanation. There are times during an evening rise when the same thing happens. Above and below the point where one is fishing the river is aboil with rises; but directly a cast is made every fish in sight of it goes down at once, no matter how gently the line falls on the water. This question of the visibility of the gut cast introduces rather a nice question of chalk-stream tactics. If you cast well upstream drag is reduced to a minimum, but there is much more chance of the fish seeing the gut which, of course, comes down-stream ahead of the fly—the more directly behind the fish you are standing the more chance there is of the fish seeing the gut. If you cast across stream, provided you do not overcast your fish, there is little chance of the gut being noticed, as it is further away from the trout than your fly, but the danger from drag is greatly increased.

You can compromise—most people do—by taking up a stance which will allow you to cast slightly upstream and well across, trying to make an upstream belly in your line as it falls. It is always better to cast slightly on the near side of your fish, as it will move 6in. or more if the fly takes its fancy, and even if it should unfortunately drag the fish may not notice it if it is a few inches away to the side. A fish lying high in the water can only see what is on the top of the surface for a very limited distance, and at the edge of this "window," as it is called, flies must look rather blurred. At all events, I have found that I rise two fish when casting across to one when I am casting upstream.

When dry-fly fishing, I advise you, whenever possible, to use the shoulder cast. It is not so easy to cast accurately in this way as it is with an overhead cast, but it is much easier to make this wavy line on the water. Another advantage is that the line is not so high above the water when it extends and has not so far to fall. A year or two ago a writer in the *Field* called attention to what he aptly described as the "scar" cast; when the line in falling makes a scar on the surface like a crack in ice. This is very apt to frighten fish. It means that the line is falling too heavily on the water, and may be due either to a downward direction given to the line in casting, or to the extended line falling from too great a height. The force with which the line strikes the water varies as the square of the height from which it falls. Consequently a line falling from 8ft. above the water strikes with four times the force of a line falling from 4ft. Either the shoulder cast or an underhand cast is of great assistance in avoiding this fault.

Another fault you must try to avoid is what has been called "skate"; it is not quite the same thing as drag, though it is its first cousin, and has much the same effect on a fish. It is a quick movement of the fly on the top of the water when it first falls; a sort of skid along the surface before it settles down. It comes principally from one of two things—either from too much force in the cast, so that the line extends and then jerks back an inch or two; or from not dropping the rod point as the line falls. If the rod point is not dropped soon enough there is a loop of line between rod and water which "settles back" so to speak, and in doing so moves the fly. To avoid skate from too vigorous a cast, it is as well to "shoot" a yard or so of line. To achieve this, pull a yard or so of line from the reel, between reel and bottom ring, and hold it in the left hand while you are making false casts. When the final cast is being made, usually when it is about two-thirds out, let it go, and the weight of the line will pull it out through the rings. This results in an "easy" finish to the cast and the fly will flutter down, falling very lightly on the water. But only practice will teach you the best moment to shoot line; it depends on the rod and weight of line you are using.

I have said very little about flies. There is a moral behind this. It is how your fly behaves that matters and not what it looks like.

Your affectionate uncle,

HARVEY.



"IN THE COURSE OF A FEW MINUTES OR SO YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SEE HALF-A-DOZEN FISH BUSILY FEEDING"



HUNTERS PARADING AT THE UNITED COUNTIES HUNTERS' SHOW, NEAR CARMARTHEN

A SHOW FOR HUNTER BREEDERS

So far as I am aware the United Counties Show is the only one in this country which is devoted exclusively to hunters. And while there is something to be said for shows which include cattle and so forth, it is very pleasant to set out for a show of hunters—particularly Welsh hunters.

Every hunter shown must be by a thoroughbred sire, and the value of this rule to the show during its long history is incalculable. Soon after the show started there was a proposal that this rule should not apply to brood mares, but it was, fortunately, defeated.

No attempt is made to render the show attractive to what might be called the general public. The hunter trials with which the show concluded may well keep people there, but did not induce them to turn out. Generally, of course, there are more than sufficient people in South Wales who are genuinely interested in hunter breeding to fill the ground completely. This year the fact that a few fine days followed weeks of steady rain resulted in a number of farmers devoting their energies to hay-making and the cutting of corn, so that the attendance was slightly less than usual. A number of dealers were present, many of whom had come on from Dublin, but the general air of unrest seemed to be interfering with the sales.

Last week witnessed the 70th meeting of this society in the very attractive ground just outside Carmarthen Town. The whole arrangements were excellent, and were due to the unaided efforts of the hon. secretary, Major J. W. Bishop, who is to be congratulated on his knowledge of the subject and his ability to administrate a show. It is impossible not to remark on the excellence of the show ring. It has no deceptive dips and shallows, and it is possible to gallop a hunter straight and let him really extend himself. This, I think, is how a hunter should be shown, at all events, in a place like South Wales, where breeding is the corner stone of the show. And let it be said at once that the hunters at this year's meeting were well able to take advantage of the ring.

The judges of the Breeding classes were Mr. H. S. Brenchley and Mr. Cecil Argles, and the Riding classes were under the care of Viscount Knutsford and Mr. J. Castle. All four joined in the judging of the Champion Cup, the President's Prize and the Hunter Trial.

Perhaps the most important class of the day was that for the best brood mare likely to produce a weight-carrying hunter to be shown with foal at foot. The entries were good and well up to standard, and the class was won by Wild Woman, an aged bay mare, by Wild Fellow. She also won the gold medal offered by the H.I.S. (Scheme B), and the silver challenge cup presented by Mr. H. Dyke Dennis. Second in this class was Vera, a chestnut mare eight years old by Vicot.

The best hunter foal was Magician, a four-months bay colt, by Blue Charm out of Maitresse, by Maitre Corbeau and bred by Mrs. Vaughan.

The yearlings were, as a class, admirable, and it must have been difficult to make a decision. Yet the winner, a chestnut gelding, by Blue Charm—Wild Oats, deserved to win. He had the most lovely walk, and it would have been a pleasure to watch him moving for a long time.

The entries in the classes for the two- and three-year-olds were, I thought, the best of the day. The former class was won by Sing Song, a chestnut filly, by Border Minstrel out of Easter Morn, and Jewel, a brown filly, by Oudry out of Janet was second. Sing Song was also awarded the silver medal offered by the H.I.S. (Scheme C) for the best filly under four years old.

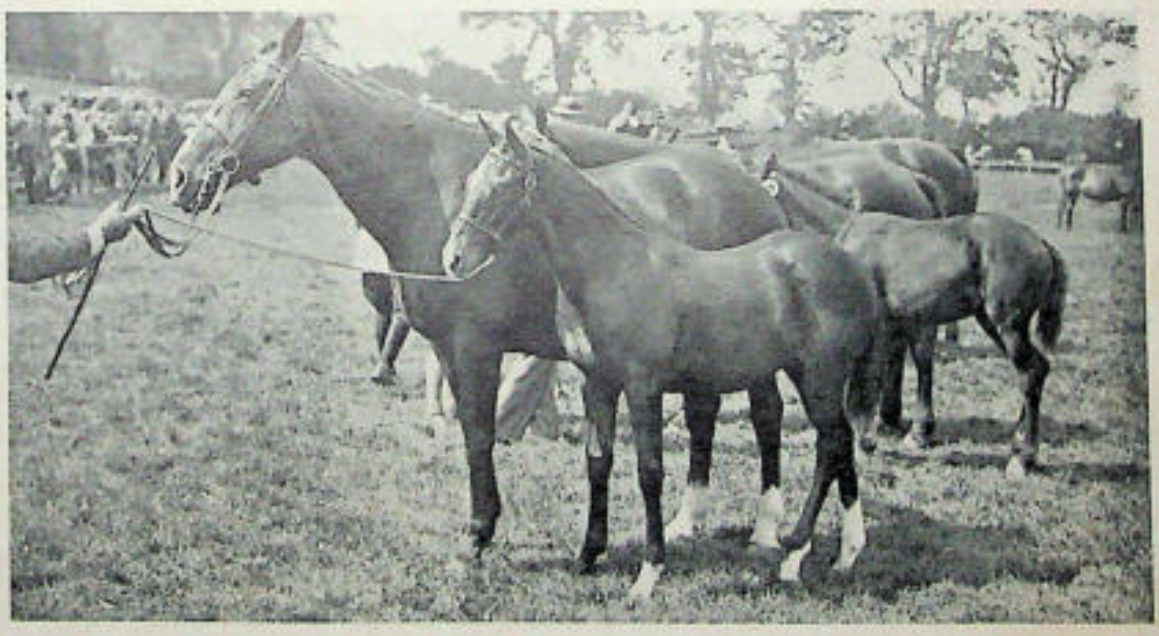
The best three-year-old was Star and Crescent, a bay gelding, by My Stars out of Black Sea, by Soulouque. Black Sea had a good career, winning six steeplechases over two and three miles. Second in this class was Marquis, a chestnut gelding, by Valparaiso out of Fly, and Star, a bay gelding, by King Harald out of a dam by John Gay was third.

The produce group class followed. Three premiums of £2 each were offered to owners of the best group of three hunters not more than three years old and by the same sire. Groups were exhibited by Blue Charm, Border Minstrel and King Harald.

Saul, a bay gelding, by Despote out of La Belle Tapine (who was bred "over the border" and a winner over the fences both in Ireland and England) was the best four-year-old, followed by Niger, a brown gelding, by My Stars.

This class was followed by a most interesting parade of mares for breeding lent by the H.I.S. and private persons to breeders in Carmarthenshire. As they paraded, it was impossible to avoid the reflection that so many of our horses have been sold to foreign powers. Should war break out we should have immediately to purchase (largely from America) no fewer than 15,000 horses for an even greater number of yeomen. The horses are not bought and the men are not trained, while the real horsemen are becoming ditched in tanks in places where horses could gallop through.

The five-year-olds were a good class, and the best was Mars, a bay gelding, by My Stars. In the same class was Brown Jack, a brown gelding, by the same sire, who won the prize presented by the president, Dame Margaret Pryse-Rice, D.B.E.



WILD WOMAN (BY WILD FELLOW) WITH HER FOAL

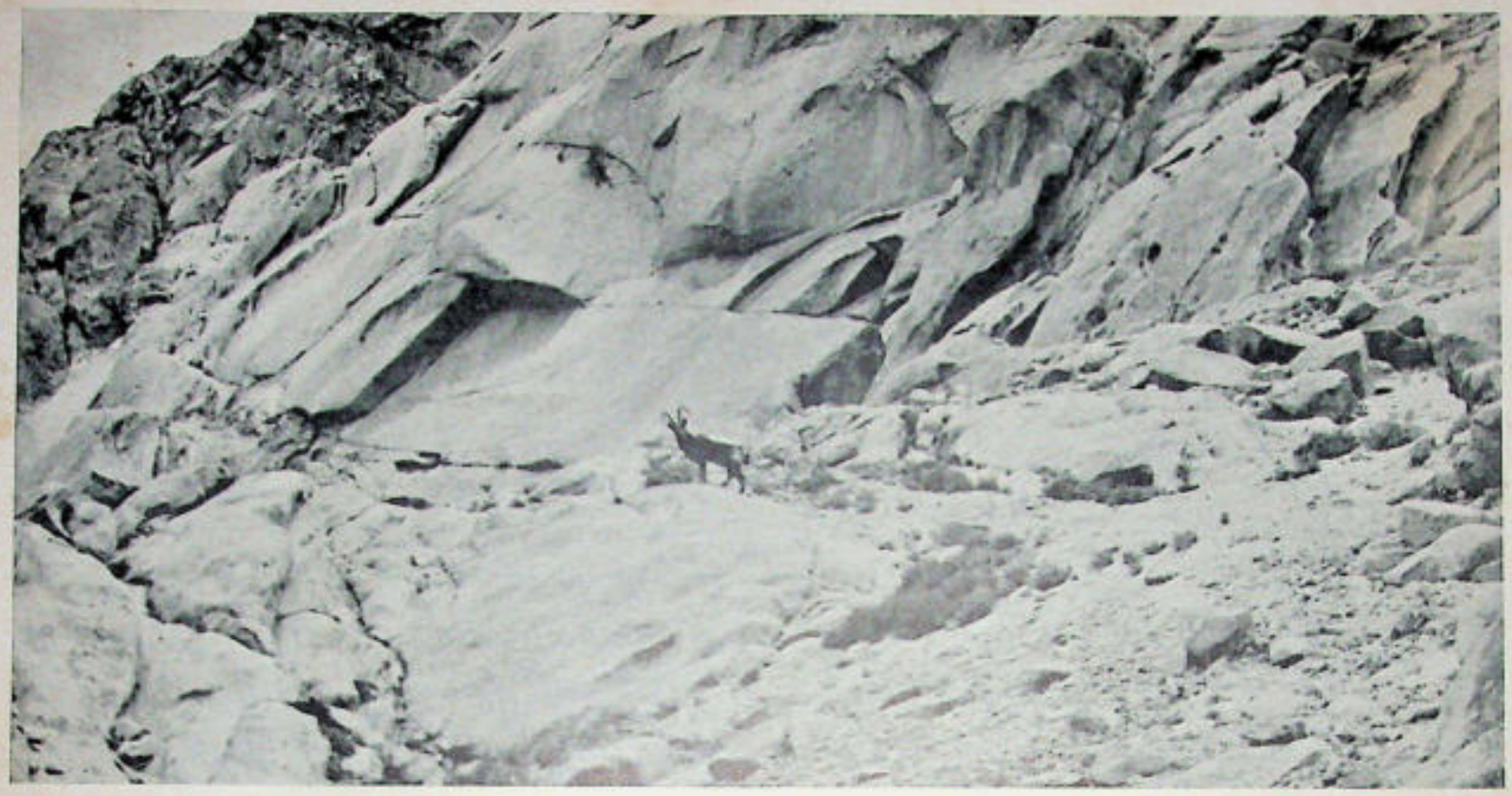
In addition to being the Champion Brood Mare for the second year in succession, Wild Woman won the Gold Medal offered by the H.I.S. and Silver Challenge Cup presented by Mr. H. Dyke Dennis

The best light-weight hunter was Pat-a-Cake, but I thought the heavy-weights were, as a class, considerably better.

The heavy-weight awards went to Gabardine, O.K. and Jupiter—the latter two being sired by My Stars. I had rather expected that Kirtin, a bay gelding, by Kindred, would have secured some recognition.

There was a useful class for the best mare or gelding likely to make a polo pony. A good many of the entries seemed to me rather heavy for polo, however excellent as hunters in South Wales. However, the judges went for the type, and the class went to Easter Girl, by Brest, followed by a bay gelding by My Stars, and Dandy, a two-year-old chestnut gelding, by Silverdale.

Altogether it was a very excellent show, and one which could take place only in a country where the farmers take hunter breeding seriously. R.C.



A SHOOTABLE IBEX (PERHAPS 39 INCHES) IN LADAKH

SOME HIMALAYAN SHOOTS

MOST people think only of tiger and other jungle game in connection with shooting in India, but there is excellent stalking for magnificent heads in the Himalayas for the diminishing number of sportsmen who are prepared to walk.

The three most prized trophies (I am writing of horned game) are the markhor, the ibex and the Great Tibetan sheep, generally, but inaccurately, known as the ovis ammon. They all provide fine sport in beautiful country and a healthy climate to the man who has not lost the use of his legs.

The best place for ovis ammon is Ladakh, where shootable heads (38in.) are common, though good ones (44in. or over) are always difficult to find. Ammon heads nearly always have their points broken, and girth is really a better criterion than length in judging a head.

It is possible to do a Ladakh shoot in two months. This includes a visit to the Changchenmo, the only place in British territory where the graceful Tibetan antelope is found. But it involves really hard marching, 30 miles a day, so long as you can use ponies. Do not try double-marching with yaks; if pressed too hard, particularly in snow, they just lie down and die. The cost will be about Rs.1,800 (£135) from Rawalpindi if you are prepared to live hard. It is cheapest to go in late summer, for in the spring transport charges are higher. If you must go in spring, you can save about Rs.150 by sending as much baggage and stores as possible to Leh in the previous autumn. You can sleep in rest houses as far as Leh. Early in the year it is worth taking skis over the Zogi La.

Most authorities say that ammon are easier to find in the spring, when the snow keeps them low down; my own shikari, a man of great experience, prefers July and August, when he says that ammon graze on the new grass which is more plentiful on the lower slopes. Personally, I found ammon pretty high in April and May.

The game list of Ladakh also includes Tibetan antelope and gazelle, burrhel, sharpu and ibex; red bear can be shot on the way to Leh, and there is always the chance of a snow leopard.

It is impossible to imagine a finer holiday than a shoot in Ladakh; but it can be bitterly cold at any time of year. Ammon are usually found over 15,000ft., which makes it necessary to work as much as possible on horse-back. The hills are not steep, and there is no stiff climbing to be faced. Some of the lamaseries, especially Hemis, are worth a visit, though the odour of sanctity is a little overpowering; and the great salt lakes, such as the Tso Morari and the Pangong Tso are extraordinarily beautiful.

The biggest ibex are to be found in Baltistan, where a 45in. head is nothing remarkable. There are also good markhor there, both of the Astor and Gilgit varieties; but you have a better chance of a really fine head, say, 50 in., in Astor or Haramoah. Two months and Rs.1,400 should be ample for any of these shoots. The best time of year, especially for markhor, is undoubtedly the spring, before the melting snow allows them to retreat to their summer grazing grounds.

The surroundings are not so pleasant as in Ladakh, for you feel rather shut in among the great mountains. The climbing is much stiffer, but the shooting grounds are not normally high enough to trouble your breathing. There are no hardships comparable to those of Ladakh, for the climate is warm and villages with fresh supplies are plentiful. Resist the temptation to gorge yourself with apricots and mulberries, or you may pay for your gluttony with dysentery. Take lots of matches, quinine, aspirin and castor oil, which will be much appreciated in the villages.

A disadvantage of any shooting in Kashmir is the necessity of taking Kashmiri servants. Some are honest, but none are cheap. Your agent will try to make you take a shikari, a cook and three coolies; one coolie is quite enough, and I believe, though I have not proved it, that only a beginner need take a Kashmir shikari to Astor or Baltistan; anyway, the latter relies on the local shikari for information.



GREAT TIBETAN SHEEP (45 INCHES, WITH BROKEN HORNS)



TIBETAN ANTELOPE (24 INCHES) IN THE CHANGCHENMO

In Ladakh, however, a good shikari who knows the country and the language is absolutely essential, and the Ladakhi is generally useless. Your block is so big that you need someone who can take you straight to the most likely places. The trouble is that you cannot expect a "Special List Shikari" to rough it. Why should he?

Baluchistan is a most attractive shooting ground, and one much neglected. It is essentially a country for the fairly experienced shot, as good shikaris are rare and the heads such as appeal to the specialist in hill-shooting rather than the big game general practitioner. The game includes gud, Sind ibex, straight-horned markhor, Persian gazelle, and a few black bear and panther. I once saw there the fresh skin of an animal that was remarkably like a snow leopard.

The Sind ibex is found in the Kirthar Range, north of Karachi, and in the barren hills of Mekran. It cannot be described as pleasant shooting owing to the total lack of water in many of the best ibex haunts.

Gud, *alias* urial or sharpu, are found all over Baluchistan, and there are many good heads. In the Indian Officers' Club of the Zhob Militia there is one of 39in., and a 30in. head should not be hard to obtain.

Straight-horned markhor are probably the most difficult to bag of all hill game, but there is a better chance in Baluchistan than anywhere else. There are plenty of decent heads left of 28in. or over, but the ground they favour is very precipitous, the rock often rotten and crumbling. Moreover, constant persecution by Pathan hunters who spare neither youth nor sex has made them very cunning and, I think, more nocturnal in their habits than other varieties of markhor.

The most accessible places for them are the Zarghun, Takatu and Khalifut ranges near Quetta; I hear the actual Khalifut Reserve has, however, recently been closed. There are supposed to be good markhor on Gadiba, in the Loralai Agency; but there are also bad outlaws and permission to shoot there is seldom given. The Takht-i-Suliman is a famous place for markhor, but I think it has been rather shot out; a large escort of levies is necessary in that area, who are rather a nuisance when stalking.

There are certainly markhor in many other places; and a man with sufficient leisure and a knowledge of Pushtu could wander round collecting information of varying reliability from local levies and poachers. By a happy arrangement, the two positions are usually held by the same individual.

Shooting in Baluchistan is not possible in the hot weather, and is best in November. It is very cheap, as a lorry will take you to within two marches of anywhere you are allowed to go. Moreover, you can travel light, as a European can live and eat with Pathans without damage to his prestige or digestion; this would be quite impossible with Kashmiris. Your only essential baggage is your bedding, flour, tea, sugar, salt and a kettle. If you are caught by a snowstorm you are unlucky, but you can probably find a cave for shelter.

.318.

POINTERS FROM THREE INSTRUCTIVE TROUT

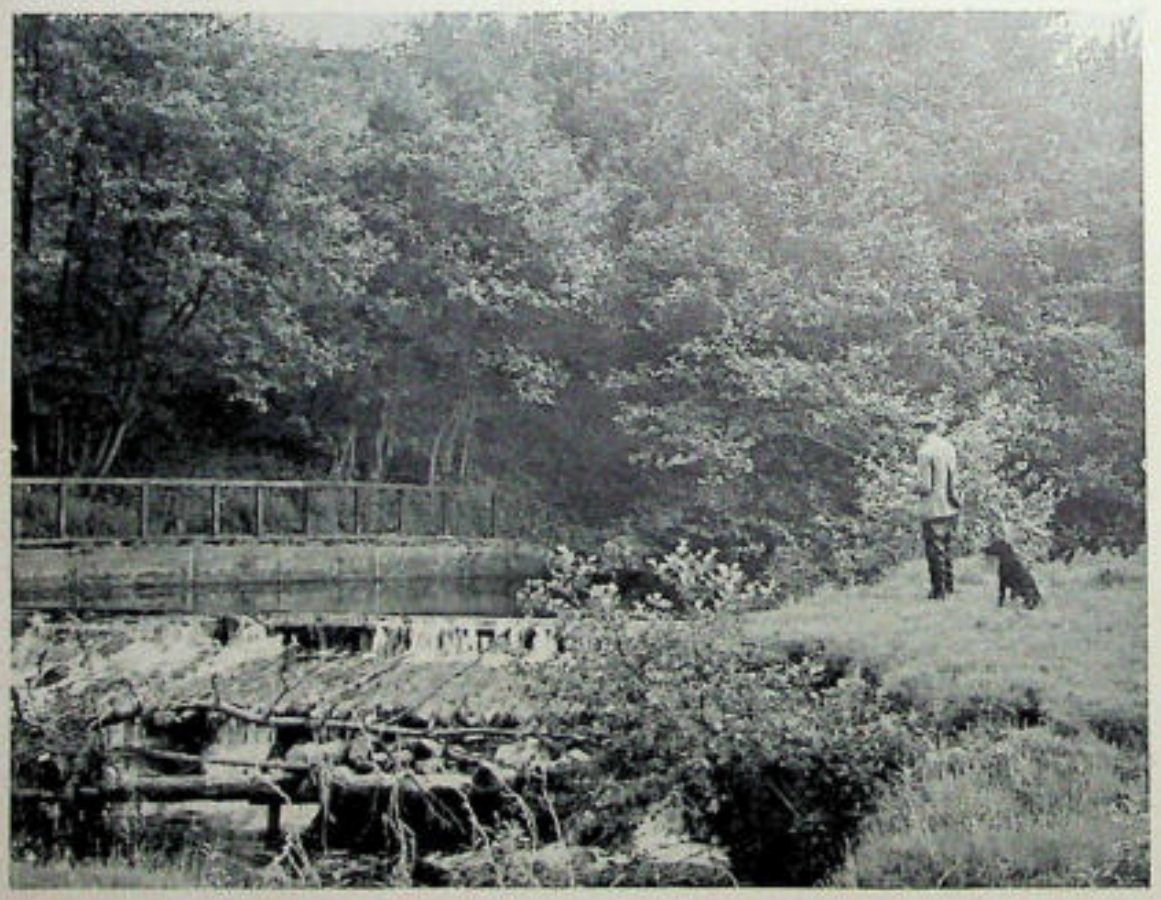
IN a former article I broke off an account of a September day on a certain chalk stream in order to discuss the first of three lessons received in the course of it. To deal with the other two I must go back to a run under my own bank that had survived the rank under-water growth of summer and the keeper's treatment of the weed above; and to the heartening moment when, having seen for nearly five hours nothing but nymphing fish, I found in it a file of three good trout confidently taking such duns as floated over them.

The three were well spaced out, so I began by attacking the lowest, though manifestly it was not the biggest of the file. This fish made little difficulty about accepting a blue upright. I hustled it downstream to some open water, but it was not to be wheedled into exhausting itself there. After a little straightforward fighting it sidestepped into a weed-patch, in which a few seconds later I felt it firmly stuck. In order to hold up water the weed last year had been very sparingly cut. This had two results—firstly, that it was almost impossible to prevent a hooked fish from going to weed; and secondly, that many of us by much practice gained confidence in the technique of dealing with it when weeded.

Probably most anglers are aware that a firmly-weeded fish has seized a mouthful of sturdy growth and is holding on to it desperately. To use violence now is to play its game. It has transferred the strain, and strong pressure will sooner or later either break the gut or pull away the hook. Let everything go slack. Retain only (to use the language of the riding school) a light feeling of the fish's mouth. Time is now on your side. The locking of its jaws interferes with its breathing. It is said that if you wait half an hour your trout will, of its own motion, emerge from its refuge and give itself up.

It may be so. Personally, after three or four minutes, I go in, unless the water is very deep—in which case I end, I suppose, by going in all the same. By that time the fish has not a kick left in it, and one can net it in the weed or, if one has to reach out, persuade it to the surface with the handle of the net.

I acted, successfully, on these lines. No. 3 of the file, 1lb. 9oz., was accounted for. Nos. 1 and 2 were still undisturbed.



A SHADY STRETCH ON CROGLIN WATER, A CUMBERLAND TRIBUTARY OF THE EDEN, WHICH IT JOINS JUST BELOW KIRKOSWALD

No. 2 proved a less accommodating fish in every way. It was wholly unimpressed by my blue upright. Nor, though I saw it eat at least two pale wateries, would it have anything to do with a Lock's fancy, even when presented on a 000 hook. Eventually it sucked down a badger quill—which I found a very popular fly last autumn—and, like No. 3, made a vigorous dash downstream; ending by forcing its way into the weed patch from which I had extracted No. 3 half an hour before.

At this point I went astray. No. 2 did not give the feeling of being firmly stuck. At the least pressure it continued to forge into the weed. I entered the water, which was too deep to be comfortable (I was fishing in shorts), and holding as hard as I dared, tried to prod it with the handle of my net. The holding and the prodding soon brought it to the top, but it came up far from exhausted. It splashed about vigorously. We were at too close quarters for give and take. The gut parted. This fish was an ounce or two over 2lb.

Here endeth the second lesson. It added a rider to what the experience of last year's droughty season established, to my satisfaction at least, as a sound rule of conduct. A weeded trout should be humoured and allowed to drown itself. *But wait until you feel that it has taken firm hold of the weed.* How you should act if it refuses to do this I am not prepared to say. Perhaps further experience will teach me. Perhaps another learner (for we are all learners) can tell me. Probably it is right to keep up modified pressure. Certainly the fish that harbours in weed without seizing it is no more likely to defeat itself than if it had hung you up in a snag—a much more serious danger than weed.

Anyhow, there is the rider. I imply, presumptuously perhaps, that the main problem has been solved. The rider draws attention to a supplementary point that calls for further consideration.

It now remained to attack trout No. 1. This fish was protected from the rear by a small bush which dipped over the sheathing into the water. It was necessary, therefore, to present the fly to it by the cast descriptively called the "Question Mark." There is a great fisherman of the Test who is said to be able to execute this cast 99 times in 100 attempts. I cannot even remotely approach this average. I just go on trying till it comes off. So it was some time before I had made a fair offer more than about half-a-dozen times. Then, in lifting the line off the water, I caught the bush. Some force was necessary to free the hook. The trout was certainly disturbed and ceased to rise. I waited a few minutes. It did not reappear. Irritated with myself for bungling first No. 2 and then No. 1, I passed on to look for another likely feeding place.

I wandered up for about a quarter-of-a-mile without finding employment. Time was getting on, and tea seemed an inviting prospect. My car was half-a-mile ahead. Home, by a short cut across the meadows, was half-a-mile behind. I decided, after hesitation, to walk home, intending to return presently to the further water on the chance of an evening rise. It chanced that the short cut passed close to the point of the bend where I had found my three rising fish. And there was No. 1, feeding industriously as when I first saw it. To cut a long story short, it was hooked, played and landed, and weighed 2lb. 5oz.

That was the third lesson of the day. Perhaps it would be better described as a refresher course; a reaffirmation of a rule that year after year we all break, though we should have known since infancy that it is absolute. The fish that gave the lesson was the best I killed during the back-end, and it was the victim of a combination of two accidents. I had definitely abandoned it; and it had later to meet a separate attack only because (1) I changed my plans and (2) the short cut by which I walked home happened to bring me again in sight of its feeding place. We cannot be told too often never to leave a worthy trout until it is quite certain that it has gone down permanently. I am constantly being told this, but never before have I been told so emphatically.

I will conclude this narrative, perhaps irrelevantly, by describing how the day was promoted to the red-letter class. The score at tea-time—one-and-a-half brace, 5lb. 3oz.—was nothing sensational. After tea I was delayed first by rain, then by a telephone call; and when I reached my water there was barely an hour of daylight left. Almost at once a few blue-winged olives began to come down, and for 20 minutes there was a strong rise. In that time, using a large orange quill, I added to the score another one-and-a-half brace—4lb. 9oz., the best trout weighing 1lb. 13oz. An easy success to crown a day of what was very like hard work. It is so often the other way about.

DISTOFFER.

A GROUSE SEASON OF EXTREMES

NOW that a good number of reports have been received it is possible to make some sort of a comparison between actual results and pre-season forecasts. In many districts the ravages of disease and other adverse factors have, as was expected, told their tale. However, there have been a few exceedingly good bags, and in Banffshire as many as 428 brace were killed in one day's driving on an estate where all the returns have been high since the Twelfth.

SCOTLAND

Aberdeen

BALLOGIE.—On the 14th, 111 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Sir George Abercrombie, General J. Hamilton, General H. P. Burn, Mr. H. M. Clowes, Mr. D. G. Cochran, Mr. P. E. H. Warner and Colonel R. J. Nicol. South wind and a good stock of birds.

BELSORNEY CASTLE (GRUEMOCK BEAT).—On the 14th, 95½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Sir Thomas Birkett, Captain H. L. Mathews, Captain E. Dangerfield, R.N., Commander Pinsent and Mr. J. A. Ingleby. Weather good, light southerly wind. Birds strong and healthy.

CASTLE FORBES.—On the 12th, 14th, 16th and 18th, 8½, 13, 25½ and 21½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. M. H. Tetley, Mr. F. E. Tetley, Mr. I. B. Tetley and Mr. L. West. Birds very wild on first two days. Young birds very well grown but rather scarce on Bennachie. Some tick in evidence.

CLOVA.—On the 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th, 109½, 126, 86, 157, 112½, 48 and 125 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. E. Hubert Litchfield and Mr. William N. Beach, of New York, with four other American sportsmen. Birds are plentiful. No tick. No grouse disease. Birds healthy. Also heather. (764 brace in seven days.)

CORNDAVON.—Between 12th and 18th, 436 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Sir Louis Pearson and party. Driving. No disease and birds well grown.

CORSE MOOR.—On the 12th, 25½ brace of grouse were shot by three guns: Colonel Pratt, Mr. Pratt and Major F. Savile. Sunny and very windy. Birds plentiful but wild. No disease. On August 14th the same guns shot 21 brace. Light rain.

CRAIG CASTLE.—On the 12th, 111½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. John Paton, Captain A. Davidson, Mr. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Captain Keith Caldwell, Miss Susan Vaughan Lee and Mrs. Vaughan Lee. Weather rough and showery. A good show of well-grown healthy birds. On the 14th, 108 brace were killed by Colonel M. G. Farquhar, Baron de Montclos, Mr. J. Paton, Captain Keith Caldwell, Miss Susan Vaughan Lee and Mrs. Vaughan Lee.

DESS.—On the 12th, 35½ brace of grouse, 2 woodcock, 1 snipe and 1 blue hare were killed by four guns: Mr. W. R. Davidson, Captain D. G. Davidson, Sir Malcolm Ramsay and Commander St. John. On the 14th, 18 brace were killed by the same party, with the exception of Sir Malcolm Ramsay, whose place was taken by Mr. Harvey Cochrane.

DESSET HOUSE.—On the 12th, 58 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. David Wagstaff, Mr. R. T. Wagstaff, Mr. Charles Fellowes-Gordon, Mr. Ian Fellowes-Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. White and Dr. McKenzie. On the 14th, 103 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. David Wagstaff, Mr. Charles Fellowes-Gordon, Mr. Ian Fellowes-Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. White, Mr. R. T. Wagstaff and Dr. Russell.

EDINGLASSIE.—On the 12th, 33 brace of grouse (short day walking); on the 14th, 134 brace (driving); on the 15th, 110 brace (driving); on the 16th, 103 brace (driving); on the 17th, 115½ brace (driving) were killed by seven guns: Colonel R. Abel Smith, Colonel Robin Buxton, Major L. Greenlees, the Hon. Robin Gordon, Captain D. Player, Mr. C. Pym and Mr. J. Fergusson. Captain A. Abel Smith also shot on the 14th. Weather perfect. Birds very forward and will probably be an average year.

FINDRACK.—On the 12th, on the Red Hill beat, 19½ brace of grouse; on the 14th, on the Stot Hill beat, 25 brace; on the 16th, on the Balnacraig Hill beat, 9 brace (half-day); and on the 18th, on the Benaghallie beat, 14 brace were killed by three guns: Major Wybrants and party, walking in line. Birds plentiful but wild.

FINDRACK.—On the 12th, 15th and 18th, 23½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. J. Harvey Cochrane and Major Laidlay, walking in line, on the Clash Hill beat.

KNOCKESPOCH.—On the 12th, 42 brace of grouse, 19 hares, 25 rabbits and 2 pigeons were killed by six to nine guns: Lieutenant-Colonel Sir C. W. Miles, Bart., Captain L. C. P. Tudway, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Major and Mrs. C. de Lisle Bush, Captain and Mrs. D. M. Wills, Mr. L. Temple-Richards, Mr. C. M. Wills, Miss E. Wills (latter three mornings only). Walking in line. Birds mainly well grown and coveys good, but probably less birds than last year. No disease, heather-beetle or tick.

LITTLEWOOD.—On the 15th, 177½ brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Sir Alan McLean (proprietor), Lord Marchwood, Hon. P. M. Thesiger, Major-General Sir James Burnett of Leys, Bart., Colonel R. J. B. Yates, Mr. E. S. Hervey, Mr. Colin McLean, Mr. David C. H. McLean and Mr. Alastair McLean. Birds healthy and well grown. No disease. The bag is a record for the beat. On the 17th, 157 brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Sir Alan McLean, Lord Marchwood, Colonel J. Barclay Milne, Mr. J. Paton, Mr. W. Bailey, Mr. Colin McLean, Mr. E. S. Hervey, Mr. D. C. H. McLean, Mr. Alastair McLean. No disease. Birds very plentiful and well grown. On the 19th, 106 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Sir Alan McLean, Mr. W. Bailey, Mr. E. S. Hervey, Mr. Colin McLean, Mr. David C. H. McLean and Mr. Alastair McLean.

WARDHOUSE.—On the 12th, 8 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Dr. E. S. Russell, Master Bruce Fellowes-Gordon. Walking up. A good show of birds, but extremely wild. On the 15th the same party killed 20 brace.

Angus

GLENAGIL.—On the 14th and 15th, 53 and 54½ brace of grouse respectively were killed by Lord Forres and party. Disease in spring did considerable damage. We only see about half the birds we would like to. Coveys are, however, large, and the young birds strong and very well grown. On the 14th, old young birds—45 per cent. old, 55 per cent. young. No bad birds, old or young, seen. In March April over 200 dead birds were picked up.

TULCHAN AND FORTAR.—On the 12th to 17th, 180 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Sharp and party, shooting over dogs. Birds wild and no disease.

Argyllshire (Isle of Islay)

KILDALTON CASTLE.—On the 12th and 14th, 12 and 23 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. Jack A. MacTaggart (tenant) Mr. Harry D. Boyd. Short day. Grouse plentiful, beyond average for same beat.

Ayrshire

ALTON ALBANY.—On the 12th, 12½ brace of grouse, 2 ducks and 3 hares were killed by two guns: Mr. W. R. Cuthbertson and Mr. A. L. Turner, walking up. Birds strong on wing and very wild.

SOUTHANNAN.—On the 12th, 40 brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Mr. D. M. Boyle and party. Birds are plentiful, strong and healthy.

Banffshire

CABRACH.—On the 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th, 220½, 207, 180½, 285, 428, 182½ and 302 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Major Cayzer, General Hon. R. Brand, Captain W. Rumbery, Colonel A. Campbell, Captain C. Darby, Mr. Nicolas Cayzer and Mr. Stanley Cayzer. Birds plentiful and strong on the wing.

GLENFIDDICH AND BLACKWATER.—On the 12th, 83½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Captain A. Franklyn and party. Grouse plentiful and healthy; will drive better later when better bags are expected. No disease. On the 14th, 158 brace; on the 15th, 165½ brace; and on the 16th, 117 brace were killed by seven guns.

GLENLIVET.—On the 12th, 65½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. S. F. Peshall and party (nine guns).

Caithness

STEATHROKE.—On the 12th, 32 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. A. Grant and Mr. W. N. Urwin. Shooting over dogs. Out for a few hours only owing to rain. On the 15th, 16th and 17th, the same guns had 40 brace, 33 brace and 35 brace respectively. Birds very strong and no sign of disease, though there was a prolonged drought from middle of April to end of June.

East Lothian

YESTER HOUSE.—On the 12th, 14th and 15th, 76, 65 and 115 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Mr. Herbert A. Pratt, Mr. Garrard Winston, Mr. Morris Kellogg, Mr. George de Forest Lord and Mr. George de Forest Lord, jun. of New York. Best shooting of last four years. August 12th very high wind, hard shooting.

Elgin

CASTLE GRANT.—On the 12th, 104 brace of grouse, 8 snipe and 3 duck were shot by nine guns: Mrs. Chichester du Pont, Mr. and Mrs. James Mills, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rathborne, Sir Edward Chichester, Bart., Captain Percy Wallace, Mr. A. Choate and Mr. E. C. Cole. On the 14th, the same party had 130 brace and 40 hares. Birds very healthy and well grown.

Inverness-shire

ABERNETHY FOREST.—On the 12th, 44½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Sir Richard Holt, Mr. T. H. Naylor (alternately), Lord Henley, the Hon. A. P. Methuen and D. T. Raikes. Indifferent day, a little drizzle in the morning. Stock of birds just about an average.

AVIEMORE.—On the 12th, 10 brace of grouse, 2 hares and 1 snipe were killed by three guns: Lieutenant-Colonel R. Lumsden, Miss Anne Lumsden and Master Ian Lumsden. Shooting over setters. Birds in good condition and well grown. No disease and heather promises well.

BALNESPICK.—On the 16th and 19th, 90 and 68½ brace of grouse were killed by nine and eight guns respectively: Mr. W. H. and Dr. G. B. Fleming and party. Birds strong. No disease.

BUNTAIT BEARNOCH.—On the 14th, 10½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Colonel H. MacMicking, Mr. R. Monteith and Mr. Donald Cape. Birds strong, wild. A wet day spent walking up. On the 15th, 13½ brace of grouse and 2 hares were killed by four guns, same party as above and Major Stewart-Cape.

CATLODGE.—On the 12th, 26 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Captain W. G. Tennant, R.N., Mr. C. H. Ashrolus, R.A., Mr. W. A. M. Miller, R.H.A. and Paymaster-Captain G. A. Miller, R.N. Coveys variable but well grown. No disease.

CLAVA.—On the 15th, 58½ brace of grouse and 22 hares were killed by seven guns on the low moor: Colonel H. Wilkinson, Captain C. Mackintosh-Walker, Major R. H. Allenby, Major G. P. Miller, Mr. R. Raybor, Mr. R. Dill and Mr. J. G. Murray. On the 16th, on the high moor, 53 brace of grouse, 37 hares and 1 golden plover were killed by seven guns: Colonel H. Wilkinson, Major R. H. Allenby, Captain Black, Captain C. Mackintosh-Walker, Mr. R. Taylor, R. Dill and Mr. J. G. Murray. Birds strong and wild. Weather fine with wind.

CORRYBROUGH.—On the 17th, 218½ brace of grouse were killed by ten guns: Sir William Malkin and party. This looks like another really good season. The above bag is a record for the moor.

CULACH.—On the 15th, 43 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Sir John T. Cargill, Mr. Ronald Greenlees, Mr. R. T. Neilson, Mr. George C. Todd, Mr. D. Cargill Todd. Shooting over dogs. Again a very disappointing show of birds. Long stretches without a bird. For some inexplainable reason the birds have evidently left the ground meantime. Any amount of signs of birds.

DALWHINNIE.—On the 12th, 25½ brace of grouse; on the 14th, 42 brace; and on the 16th, 32 brace were killed by three guns: Colonel T. C. Dunlop, Colonel E. B. Maxwell, Colonel W. Clutterbuck. Good coveys. Birds well grown and wild.

DUNMAGLASS.—On the 12th, 43 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Major Casey, Wing-Commander Fielden, Captain A. Black, Dr. J. Bellby, Miss N. Barber, Major Barber. Grouse scarce and many cheepers; expect season to be well below average. Heather excellent.

ESKADALE.—On the 12th, 18½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns over dogs: Colonel F. H. Hancock, Mr. A. M. B. Buxton and Mr. E. R. W. Robinson. Considerably fewer birds seen in this ground than last season. Coveys very variable both as to number and size of birds. On the 17th, 34½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Colonel F. H. Hancock and Mr. A. M. Buxton, shooting over dogs. Birds were scarce on the lower ground but much more plentiful on the higher ground. Coveys averaged about eight birds, and were quite well grown.

LEACHIN AND CUAICH.—On the 12th, 80½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Sir John T. Cargill, Dr. and Mrs. Greenlees, Mr. Ronald Greenlees, Mr. R. T. Neilson and Mr. I. I. Murray. Shooting over dogs. A final show of strong, healthy birds, but fairly wild, many coveys rising far out of shot. No rain and a fine fresh day for walking. On the 14th, 50 brace of grouse were killed by the same party. Shooting again over dogs. A very disappointing show of birds. They must have left the ground as they were there earlier in the season. Good strong, healthy birds as a whole, but a few "cheepers."

LEYS CASTLE MOORS.—On the 12th, 47 brace of grouse and 7 snipe were killed by five guns: Mr. Francis W. Walker of Leys, Mr. Donald Walker, Mr. K. W. Walker, Mr. A. Sutherland and Major D. Ross. After a good deal of rain overnight the day opened rather dull but brightened later. One or two showers occurred during the day, but the sport was good and birds numerous, although very wild. Four guns were out in the morning and a fifth joined the party after lunch. The bag was obtained walking in line.

NESS CASTLE MOOR.—On the 16th, 3½ brace of grouse were killed by one gun: Mr. Lewis Upton Way.

RALIA.—On the 14th, 66½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Colonel Walker, Colonel McMullen, Mr. C. A. Hingston, Mr. K. V. McCraith, Mr. C. Chadburn and Mr. H. D. Snook. Windy, birds healthy and better show than for several years.

STRATHMASHIE.—On the 12th, 12½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. Clouston, Dr. Clouston and Mrs. Eden. Birds very wild and scarce. Very wet day.

STEUV.—On the 12th, 39½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. R. Frank Spencer-Nairn, Captain R. Richards and Captain A. Dunlop. On the 15th, 42½ brace of grouse were killed, Mr. Sealey Newell taking the place of Captain Richards.

TOMATIN HOUSE.—On the 12th, 214½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: General Hamilton of Skene, Major Keith Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, Captain Roper-Caldbeck, Captain G. A. Barnett, Captain M. Melvill, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Rose and Colonel R. A. Balloch. Birds plentiful and well grown.

Kincardineshire

GLENSAUGH.—On the 12th, 39 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. H. G. Beazley and party.

Morayshire

REVACK.—On the 17th, 162½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, Mr. H. Pilkington, Mr. H. de Zoete, the Hon. G. Gibbs, Mr. S. R. Allsopp, Major J. H. Drake, Mr. J. Buxton and Mr. E. Hayne. On the 18th, 66 brace of grouse were killed by same party. On the 19th, 85½ brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, Mr. H. C. Pilkington, Mr. H. de Zoete, the Hon. G. Gibbs, Mr. S. R. Allsopp, Major J. H. Drake, Mr. J. Buxton, Colonel C. Norman and Mr. C. Barclay.

Peeblesshire

GLEN.—On the 12th, 140½ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: A. F. Pillot, Eugene Du Pont, Wm. W. Hoffman, George Meyer, Thos. Eastman, Gerald Livingston and Jules Noyes. Fair year, no disease, no ticks, large percentage of young birds killed. Keeper reports large number of late hatches.

NORTH SLIPPERFIELD.—On the 14th, 191 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. A. H. Bruce, Lieutenant-Colonel A. V. Holt, Major T. Banken, Mr. Arthur Young, Mr. David Sutherland and Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Sutherland. Fewer birds than last year. Damage by the heather beetle shows no sign of decreasing.

Perthshire

ARGATY AND THE KING'S LUNGIES.—On the 15th, 34 brace of grouse and 16 blue hares were killed by six guns: Mr. D. C. Bowser, Mr. H. C. H. Bowser, Mr. D. S. Bowser, Mr. H. F. Bowser, Mr. P. H. Dickson and Mr. W. McNain Smaldon. Birds very plentiful and sitting well. Large well-grown coveys.

AUCHESSAN.—On the 14th, 21 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. S. Poynte Wright and Captain R. V. Garton, shooting over dogs. Looks like a fair average season. Birds fairly plentiful, coveys good in numbers, but birds very forward and wild. No sign of disease. Heather very good. On the 18th, 28 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. S. Poynte-Wright, Major J. A. Garton and Captain R. V. Garton. Shooting over dogs.

AUCHLYNE.—On the 12th, 45 brace of grouse; on the 14th, 42 brace of grouse; on the 15th, 35 brace of grouse; and on the 16th, 59 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Colonel and Mrs. Crabbe, Mrs. Cunningham-Jardine, Colonel Roper-Vere, Colonel Stephenson and Major J. Johnstone. Walking. Average show of birds. No sign of disease.

BLAIRMOYLE.—On the 12th, 32½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. George Crabbe, Mr. Patrick Crabbe, Mr. Willie Crabbie and Mr. M. G. Frank. Lovely day for walking. Birds very wild, but plenty of them.

CLUNY.—On the 12th, 42½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. G. A. D. MacDonell, Mr. Angus MacDonald and Mr. Colin MacDonald. Fine day, rather high wind. Birds strong and wild.

CORRIEARKIE DALWHINNIE.—On the 12th, 14th and 15th, 41½ 42 and 33 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. John Mason and Mr. Guy Farquhar. Plenty of strong healthy coveys. No signs of disease. More could have been got, but birds were inclined to be wild owing to previous wet weather.

CROSSMOUNT, KINLOCH-RANNOCH.—On the 12th, 14th and 18th, 38, 29 and 20½ brace of grouse respectively were killed by three guns: Mr. Ivan Wright, Mr. E. L. Sackling and Mr. R. F. Wright. Birds strong and wild. No disease.

DOUSE LODGE MOOR.—On the 12th, 34 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Colonel Ian Bain-Murdoch, Mr. Iain Monerieffe and Sir A. K. Muir. The moor has suffered for the last three years from a bad attack of heather-beetle and is now recovering.

DUNALASTAIR.—On the 12th, 84½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns; on the 14th, 129½ brace (six guns); on the 15th, 79½ brace (five guns); on the 17th, 73 brace (three guns); on the 18th 60½ brace (three guns). These bags were obtained walking up, and the following guns were included: Captain J. de Sales La Terriere, the Hon. C. Douglas, Sir R. Graham, V.C., Captain J. Burns, Mr. G. Burns and Mr. Nunneley.

EAST GLENTURRET.—On the 15th, 139 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. H. S. Latilla and party. Shooting over low beat. Birds seen more plentiful on this beat than for some years past. Very well grown.

GLENSAMOND.—On the 12th, 45 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith-Bingham, Colonel Galbraith, Major P. Dollar, Captain Tennyne, Captain Stocks, Captain the Hon. Arthur Baillie and Mr. F. Stanley-Clarke. Birds healthy and strong; very high wind. Sitting very close. On the 14th, same guns killed 75 brace. Very hot and sultry. Birds not getting up.

GLENARTNEY.—On the 12th, 123 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. H. G. Latilla, Colonel R. Stewart-Menzies, Colonel F. Johnson, Captain W. M. Clarke, Captain R. Clarke, Major G. Neilson, E. Mayo and Miss G. Neilson. Birds plentiful and forward. Good proportion young birds. Stags very forward.—On the 14th, 104 brace: on the 16th, 112½ brace; on the 17th, 92 brace.

INVERTEDDSACHS.—On the 12th and 14th, 54 and 64½ brace of grouse respectively were killed by eight guns. Birds were uniformly strong and healthy; no cheepers. Coveys averaged seven birds at least. Heather in splendid condition, no sign of beetle, which was troublesome in 1935 and 1936. No disease.

KINLOCH.—On the 14th, 265½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Mr. Pulitzer, Miss Grace Amory, Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Scrope and Mr. Cobold.

LASSINTULLICH.—On the 12th and 14th, 54 and 34½ brace of grouse respectively were killed by two guns: Mr. J. B. Minshull and A. N. Forman. Birds healthy and strong. Very wild. Walking up. Weather, high gusty wind.

LAWERS.—On the 14th, Dunira home beat, 64 brace; on the 16th, Dunira, Ballindalloch, 105 brace; and on the 18th, Carriglen, 125 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. S. A. Courtauld, Major A. M. Tabor, Major Colvin Watson, Mr. R. S. Tuke, Mr. J. Tabor, Colonel W. H. Lewis, and Mr. W. P. Courtauld. Birds plentiful. Weather and heather good and strong.

LUDE.—From the 12th to 19th, 143 brace of grouse and 28 snipe were killed by four or five guns: Mr. W. G. Gordon's party. Four days, three half days. Walking up. Big coveys very wild. Ground very patchy.

ORCHIL.—On the 14th, 16½ brace of grouse, 2 snipe and 1 woodpigeon were killed by four guns: Colonel R. G. Dawson, Mr. Peter Dawson, Mr. J. M. A. J. Dawson and Captain A. T. Dawson. Fine weather. Birds very wild during morning. Sat well during afternoon.

RIEMORE.—On the 14th, 21½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: the Hon. Bernard Bruce, Mr. Ian Ogilvy, Mr. Roger Sandford and Mr. Michael Lyle. Walking up. It looks as if the bag were going to be below average for no obvious reason. Few coveys on certain parts of moor; other parts quite well stocked. No disease.

TULLYBELTON.—On the 12th, 19 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Colonel Yeoy Holt, Major H. F. K. Wedderburn, Mrs. Richard Mack, Captain J. FitzPatrick Lewis and Mr. G. Hay-Drummond. Walking up. Birds healthy but very wild, especially in the afternoon, when several large coveys were seen. Prospects good. Small moor.

Renfrewshire

MUIRSHIEL, LOCHWINNOCH.—On the 14th, 107 brace of grouse and 13 hares were killed by eight guns: Lord Howard of Glossop, the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Martin Fitzalan-Howard, the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Cornwallis, Major Gregory-Hood and Mr. G. Gwyer. A good stock of birds especially on the high ground, which are well grown and healthy.

Ross and Cromarty

GLEN CALVIE.—On the 12th, 7½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. N. E. McLean and Mr. Gillian McLean. Very wet. Shot for two hours in afternoon. On the 15th, 21½ brace were killed by two guns: Mr. Gillian McLean and Mr. Miklos de Kiss. Out in afternoon only. Coveys large and well grown.

KINCARDINE, ARDGAY.—Between the 12th and 17th, Colonel Sir Henry MacGeagh, Major Robert Allen, General Sir Alexander Wardrop and Mr. Graham Ling had 71½ brace of grouse over dogs in three-and-a-half days. An improvement over last year. No signs of heather-beetle or disease, but birds still patchy although strong and some good coveys.

LEDGOWAN.—On the 12th (afternoon only), eight brace of grouse, and on the 15th, 17 brace were killed by three guns: Lord Latymer, the Hon. Thomas Money-Coutts and the Hon. Alick Money-Coutts. A very bad season. The drought of May and June killed most of the young birds. Shooting over dogs.

TULLOCH.—On the 15th, 55½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Lord Forester, Sir John Dick-Lauder, Mr. Bankes, Mr. Reid, Mr. Gascoigne and Mr. A. Mackenzie. Birds plentiful but very wild. Shooting over dogs.

Sutherland

KILDONAN.—On the 12th, 41 brace of grouse were killed by three guns, shooting in the afternoon. On the 14th, 31 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Sir Richard Guy, Mr. R. M. Mortimer, Mr. F. E. Bull and Mr. H. E. B. Abbey. On the 15th the same party killed 40 brace, on the 16th 36½ brace, on the 17th 56½ brace, and on the 18th 54½ brace.

ENGLAND AND WALES

Cumberland

BRACKEN BANK.—On the 14th, 94½ brace of grouse were killed on Sally Grain and Wellhope, on the 15th 41 brace on Crossgill, on the 16th 101 brace on Barnhope, on the 19th 61 brace on Kilhope, and 50 brace on Priorsdale by eight guns: Mr. A. Mathias, Mr. A. C. Shepherd, Mr. G. Cathcart-Walker-Heneage, Mr. S. Robinson, and Mr. Dowe, the Hon. Cary Batling, Colonel Williams and Captain Roberts-George. Also Colonel Baxter, Mr. Baer, Mr. F. and Mr. A. Baxter and Colonel Whitefoord, walking-up, have killed from 11 to 16 brace a day. Birds plentiful forward and strong.

Denbighshire

LLANARMON.—On the 12th, 101½ brace of grouse, 1 snipe, 1 pigeon, and 1 various were killed by seven guns: General Sir Edmund Ironside, General Sir Henry Jackson, Major Douglas Jones, Captain D. M. Ritchie, Mr. W. E. Rootes, Mr. F. O. G. Lloyd and Sir Alfred McAlpine. Birds were strong and healthy.

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—VIII.

ARMY AND NAVY

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

THE Army and Navy Club, commonly known as the "Rag," was the third of the Service Clubs to be formed, with the exception of the Guards' Family Club, which was founded in 1813. Both its predecessors, the United Service and the Junior United Service, had been doing very well, and yet there was still obvious scope for a third club. Accordingly certain Army officers approached Lieutenant-General Sir Edmund Barnes, G.C.B., a former Commander-in-Chief in India, and, having secured his sympathy to their project, it was decided to found a club to be named the Army Club, and to restrict the membership to all officers on full or half pay of Her Majesty's Army.

The next step was to secure the approval of the great Duke of Wellington. He refused, however, to give it unless the club was open to officers of the Royal Navy and Marines. What the Duke said was law and the projectors fell into line with his views. By August, 1837 a sufficient number of original members having been selected, a meeting was held on the 28th of that month for the purpose of electing a committee of management and to settle on rules and regulations, Sir Edmund Barnes being in the chair. This date marks the foundation of the club. Quite early in 1838 the Club was able to find its first house. This was No. 1, King Street, situated at the north corner of King Street and St. James's Square. The house had just been vacated by the Oxford and Cambridge Club, who were about to move into their new building in Pall Mall. No. 1, King Street had originally been part of a much larger mansion owned by the Earls of Halifax.

The first general meeting of the Club was held in this house on April 2nd, 1838, and Admiral Sir Philip Durham was appointed chairman of the committee in place of their founder, Sir Edmund Barnes, who had died shortly after the Club had moved in. At this meeting it was decided that the membership should be limited to 1,000, and that the entrance fee should be 15 guineas. The following year this was raised to 20 guineas, with a subscription of 5 guineas. Six years later it was raised again to 25 guineas, and the subscription to 6 guineas. Strict rules against gambling in any form had been passed, and no smoking was to be allowed in the house. Seven years after its foundation, the membership had reached 1,358, the great majority of these being junior officers.

The story of how the Club acquired the name of the "Rag" has often been told, but it must be repeated here for the benefit of anyone who has not heard it. This name originated from the remark of a certain Captain Duff, a member of the Club. Duff was one of the wild spirits who frequented the haunts of those who led the night life of London of those days. He had been in a number of regiments, and at the time he joined the Club appears to have belonged to the 10th Light Dragoons.

The story goes that one night Duff, in the course of his nocturnal rounds, entered the Club very late and called for supper. When the bill of fare was shown him he declared that it was so meagre that it was a rag and famish affair. At that time one of the worst and most disreputable gaming-houses in London was called "The Rag and Famish." It was situated in a turning off Cranbourne Alley. The name seemed to appeal to the members, possibly for a very good reason, and it has stuck to the Club ever since. Duff himself was so pleased about suddenly becoming famous in this way that he designed a Club button—a picture of a starving man gnawing a bone—and this button was worn on the Club uniform coat for some years.

By 1846 the number of members had become too large for their King Street house, and the committee, who had been for some time looking for a house to build on, bought the freeholds of No. 20, St. James's Square, No. 3, George Street and Nos. 36, 37, 38 and 39 Pall Mall. This cost them, with expenses, £50,000 odd, the greater part of this money being raised by an issue of debentures. It is here where we must dispel with deep regret the long-standing illusion that the members of the "Rag" ever sit where once the beautiful Nell Gwynne sat. The author of the *Army and Navy Club*, 1837–1933, has furnished the most convincing documentary proof that Nell Gwynne never inhabited any one of the houses bought by the Club in 1846. There appears to be no doubt that this famous lady lived in the house on the south side of Pall Mall, which is nearly opposite the Pall Mall entrance to the Club. And that is the nearest we can get to her. For those, however, who set store by these things there is some small consolation. Another of Charles II ladies, Moll Davis, actress, singer and dancer, and a rival of Nell Gwynne, did live at No. 20, St. James's Square from 1676 to 1687. For this we must at least be thankful, as Moll Davis did mightily please Pepys, the great authority on the ladies of those days, both when dancing a jig in boy's clothes and also when clad as a shepherdess. Illusions die hard, and this one is fostered no doubt by the fact that the Club possesses two portraits of the beautiful Nell by, or attributed to, Lely.

To return to the project of the new building, after numerous designs had been submitted and rejected, the architects chosen to carry it out were Messrs. Parnell & Smith, and the foundation stone was laid on May 6th, 1848. For the ground and first floors the architects had selected as their model the Palazzo Cornaro, on the Grand Canal, Venice, which had been built by Sansovino in 1552; the upper story was modelled on the lines of the Library of St. Mark. At the end of 1850 the house was ready for occupation, and had cost altogether, with the purchase of the site, over £116,000. Fortunately, as regards paying for this, the Club was doing very well and had 1,000 members and a long waiting list. Now that the house was up, its architecture came in for the usual criticism. To those people who had grown accustomed to the earlier and more modest domestic architecture of the small St. James's Street clubs, it is not surprising that they were able to find things they could complain about. But they might as well have compared Blenheim or Castle Howard to a Cotswold manor house, and could they have lived to see what is put up and pulled down in these days, perhaps they would not have been so difficult to please.

However, all the critics were not hostile. One writer, after dilating on the magnificence of the palaces in Pall Mall and describing the new "Rag" house as the best of the lot, goes on to complain "that the fashionable clubs, the aristocratic clubs, do nothing for the general aspect of London, and have made no move in a direction where they ought to have been first. Can anything be more paltry than that bay window from which the members of White's contemplate the cabstand and the Wellington Tavern? And yet a better management might make that house worthy of its unparalleled situation, and if it were extended to Piccadilly, it would be the first thing of its kind in Europe." The writer, of course, misses the point; the Service Clubs having five times the number of members that the clubs he refers to have. Both classes of clubs have the houses that suit them, and we must devoutly hope that the small clubs in St. James's Street will remain as they are.

Very little alteration was made in the work of the original architects, as regards the interior of the club house, until the great rebuilding scheme of 1926, except that some time earlier, a smoking-room had been added to the ground floor. Before then, this space had been occupied by the visitors' dining-room, and beyond it was the house dining-room.

The original conception of the library had been to make it cover the whole length of the Pall Mall front, but the design was subsequently altered so as to provide for space out of it for a Members' dining-room. During the time when the Emperor Napoleon III was an exile in England and lived at 3, King Street in 1847 and 1848, he was made an honorary visitor and honorary member of the Club, and made considerable use of his privileges. After returning to France and becoming President of the French Republic, he presented the Club with a valuable piece of Gobelins tapestry—the Festival of Pales, after Suvée. By 1862, the "Rag" was in a very flourishing condition; the membership had reached two thousand, and they were in a position to impose an entrance fee of £40. It was about that period when the house dining-room and visitors' dining-room were converted into a smoking-room.

There would appear to have been ample justification for this, seeing that the receipts for cigars, which in 1841 had been £89 11s., had risen by 1862 to £1,573 7s. 11d. As the long peaceful years drew on the Club continued to consolidate its position, and when we reached the never-forgotten date of 1914, it was well provided with the necessary funds and membership to withstand most shocks. Naturally, in the early part of the Great War the Club experienced many anxieties as to its future well-being, but eventually it came through these four difficult years satisfactorily, and in December, 1918, the membership totalled 2,520.

Feeling safe now as regards the future, in 1919, they bought three more houses in Pall Mall for the purpose of building a ladies' restaurant, more bedrooms and generally extending the Club's premises. The price of these houses was £56,000. Nothing, however, was done with the houses until 1924, when, having bought yet another one in Pall Mall, the most extensive additions and alterations were decided on. These were to include, apart from the new bedrooms, squash court and ladies' restaurant on the Pall Mall sites, a new smoking-room in the old house and various alterations to the rooms on all these floors. The total cost of all this amounted to £167,471 1s. and the whole was not finished before March, 1927, having started in January, 1925. Certainly the members of the "Rag" cannot be accused of being frightened of spending money, as in major operations alone they have had to find nearly £350,000 since the Club's foundation. Many years ago now, when men had more time and inclination to talk about clubs, in these far-off peaceful days when

> "Nor war, nor battle's sound
> Was heard the world around"

any conversation on the comparison of the rival merits of the three great Service Clubs invariably ended with someone remarking, the great thing about the "Rag" is that the house is their own. Yes, long before the slogan started, "Buy your own home and be happy," the "Rag" had done it. Having finished their extensive new improvements, the members had only a short time to enjoy them before the great slump started—a far more devastating factor in club life to contend with than any war. Difficulties now began to be experienced, as in all other clubs, as regards keeping up the membership. A bold decision was finally come to. It was to suspend the entrance fee, and to reduce the subscription for country and overseas members. The result proved completely successful and the Club has gone on from strength to strength ever since.

The Club contains many good oil paintings of famous admirals and generals. The majority of these adorn the lofty walls of the fine coffee-room looking out on to St. James's Square.

In the smoking-room is the much discussed "Head of a Woman," attributed to Greuze, and "Nell Gwynne," by Sir Peter Lely. Under her picture on the chimneypiece rests her silver fruit knife of the date 1680. Probably the best portrait in the room is that of Mary of Modena, by Simeon Verelst. On the principle, one must imagine, that one cannot have enough of a good thing, the portrait was for long supposed to again represent Nell Gwynne.

The small Nelson Room contains much of interest and more of the Club's patron saint. Inset in the overmantel of a fine chimneypiece of Carrara marble is a mirror. On the marble underneath are sculptured the words, "Glass of Nell Gwynne." Beside it hangs an engraving of the lady after Peter Lely. Her rivals in this room are Nelson's Lady Hamilton (a fine miniature) and Madame Davis (engraving). In a case are to be seen some very old lists of the senior serving officers in the Navy and Army, and the Club's Roll of Honour book. Another exhibit of note in the room is an autograph letter of Nelson written from the Albemarle, New York, dated November 14th, 1782. His letter is in reply to a request from a friend asking him to exert his influence on behalf of someone. Nelson expresses his willingness to do so, adding, "My interest at Home, you know, is next to nothing, the name of Nelson being little known. It may be different one of these days; a good chance only is wanting to make it so."

Space does not permit of any further mention of the large collection of pictures, tapestry and statuary now in the possession of the Club.

The establishment of the Club is at present 2,400 members, excluding those on the foreign lists, and the club is in the happy position of being full up, with a waiting list for candidates.

[We greatly regret that we were not able to illustrate this article.—ED.]

HUNTING TROPHIES

During the coming season members of established Pony Clubs will be able to have their trophies mounted by Messrs. Rowland Ward at a reduced price representing a 15 per cent. reduction on the normal charges.

There is a special offer whereby the mask, accompanied by the best essay describing the kill, will be mounted free of charge. These essays will be judged at the end of the hunting season by the Hunting Editor of the *Field*, and, subject to sufficient merit, the best account will be published.

Any mask which is sent in for this competition will be charged for at the special rate, and must be vouched for as having been presented to a genuine member of the Pony Club in question. On completion of judging, the amount paid will be refunded to the winner. Each essay should be accompanied by a note guaranteeing that it is the member's own work.

Further particulars may be obtained from Rowland Ward, Ltd., 166, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.



THE RIVAL SIX-METRE HELMSMEN
Mr. Rolf Svimdal and Mr. J. H. Thom

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP DUELS

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

HELD this year on the Clyde, the Seawanhaka Cup races have provided some exciting moments, and—caused by an untimely succession of calms—some disappointments: the former, however, predominating.

The British defender, Circe, owned by Mr. J. H. Thom, was, of course, the winner of the previous series, held last year in the U.S., when the British challenger, as she then was, took the trophy away from Goose, the American champion.

It does not necessarily fall to the winner of the previous contest to defend the Cup the following year, although the races are always held in the home waters of the cupholder; and there was keen rivalry last month between the three leading Clyde Sixes—Circe, Erica (Mr. R. M. Teacher) and Johan (Messrs. W. B. and N. P. Donaldson), for the honour.

The preliminary trials left the decision still in doubt, each boat showing little superiority over the other when every point of sailing was taken into account, Erica, perhaps, having slightly the better of things in ghosting conditions. The selection was postponed until 48 hours before the Seawanhaka championships began, and Circe was then chosen to defend the Cup. She was fairly generally regarded as the right choice, in view of the constantly winning form she has shown during the season, but the closeness of the running and the difficulty of making a final decision shows the extremely high level of general merit which the Clyde Sixes have reached.

The challenger was the Norwegian Six, Noreg III, part-owned by the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, but entered in the name of Mr. Rolf Svimdal, challenging on behalf of the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club; Circe defending in the name of the Royal Northern Y.C. Noreg III was built and designed by Anker & Jensen, of Oslo, and is a new boat this year; the defender was built by Robertson & Sons of Sandbank, designed by David Boyd of the same firm, and dates from 1937. The Norwegian boat has swept all before her since she appeared in Scandinavian waters, amongst her successes being the coveted One-ton Cup, so that Circe was up against the very pick of the 6-metres from across the North Sea.

The first race (on Monday, August 14th) opened with an unpromising false start for Circe, which sent the challenger away with what looked like a commanding lead, but Mr. Thom rose to the occasion, and with superb helmsmanship to windward, pipped Noreg at the weather mark and went on to win.

The second race was a walkaway for Circe in the end, though, at first, it did not look like it; the wind was fickle, and halfway between Gemline and the Barnhilt mark Noreg fell into a calm patch, and on the homeward leg of the first round collected another, after which Circe never looked back, and won by 9min.

As the first boat to win three races out of five finished takes the trophy, only one more win was wanted by Circe, but the challenger got the better of the start in the third race, and Circe having trouble with her spinnaker on the leeward leg, Noreg opened out a bit of distance. Circe appeared faster than her rival on a run in this race (once her spinnaker was fixed), but the Norwegian boat was superior to windward, and won by 3min.

It was still anybody's contest, but the suspense was unduly strung out by an irritating succession of calms on the three following days. It is a rule for the contest that the course must be completed in four-and-a-half hours, otherwise no race.

It was not until last Monday that another race was staged, and this not only added to the excitement by Noreg levelling up the score of wins at two-all, but also in the manner in which she did it. Over the first round of the triangular course she led by 36sec., and had shown herself a trifle closer winded when she led by nearly a minute at the second mark. But Circe closed up on her and reduced the lead to 25sec. It was on the last beat that a great struggle took place. The Norwegian boat had to luff on a couple of occasions to prevent the defender passing her, and had she not put about smartly at the finishing line Circe would have won. As it was she lost by a second in a race of 2hrs. 20min. sailing over the fourteen miles course.





LEFT: CIRCE, DEFENDER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP, RACING ON THE CLYDE AGAINST THE NORWEGIAN CHALLENGER, NOREG III
RIGHT: NOREG III ROUNDING THE CUMBRAE MARK ON THE FIRST DAY

With such an interesting position the deciding race was eagerly awaited, but Tuesday brought conditions which made it impossible to sail and also to give the final result of a series of races which, but for those vexatious calms, provided some fine sailing and opportunity for the display of much skilful helmsmanship. Noreg appeared, on the whole, to be slightly better to windward, though not invariably so, as Circe demonstrated in the first race; but taking all in all, the merits of the two boats seemed remarkably well balanced. The amateur crews were as follow:

Circe: Helmsman, J. H. Thom; M. Macbehose, Wm. McAusland, John and Herbert Thom.

Noreg III: Helmsman, Rolf Svimdal; C. Bache, F. Ferner and Jens B. Lund.



MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH'S TOMAHAWK
The most successful of the House 12-metre Fleet, and Vim's closest rival

THE TOMAHAWK-VIM PROTEST

Different Interpretations of Rule 30

MANY yachtsmen have been a little puzzled by the circumstances of Tomahawk's protest against Vim at the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta on July 31st, for it seemed strange that such an experienced racing man as Mr. Vanderbilt would have committed such an elementary mistake as was reported in the newspapers.

To quote from a typical report of a well-known writer in the *Daily Telegraph*: "A few seconds before the starting gun . . . Mr. Vanderbilt put his helm hard up and bore away before the wind across the bows of Tomahawk, which was to leeward."

Well, even the most experienced yachtsman does silly things on occasion, but what puzzled most people was why Mr. Vanderbilt, if he had made such an obvious blunder, did not lower his racing flag and go home. If it was as simple as all that, why did Mr. Vanderbilt trouble to contest the protest before the Sailing Committee? Obviously Mr. Vanderbilt thought he was in the right, and, such being the case, it is of interest to consider what line of argument could be taken in favour of an incident which, to put it frankly, was much criticised at the time.

A diagram here reproduced shows a sketch made rather hurriedly by an eye-witness:

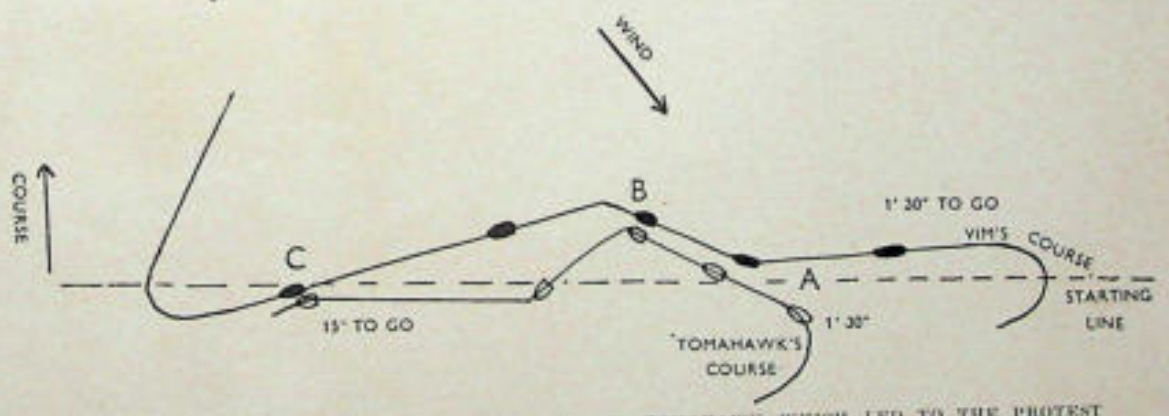
It will be seen that both yachts have come about and are reaching across along the line. In position A, with about 1min. 30sec. to go, before the start, Tomahawk is clear ahead of Vim but to leeward of her. As Vim comes up on her weather quarter Tomahawk luffs her, and Vim, being overtaking boat, responds. Vim is travelling faster and wins the luffing match, for at point B the position of the two boats is such that if Tomahawk luffed further she would strike Vim abaft her main shrouds, so Tomahawk loses, for under Rule 30 (B) she may luff no further.

Now comes the crux of the situation. Tomahawk bears hard away back to the line and crosses it. Vim also bears away, but not so much, and whilst also steering to cross the line she sets a course nearer to the wind which takes her well clear of Tomahawk. She holds this course and does not alter it. On these courses the yachts are actually drawing apart, but the American yacht contends that Tomahawk, after crossing the line, alters course as shown in the diagram, and on her new course she meets Vim (which has not altered course) at point "C." At this point there is almost a collision, which is averted by Tomahawk bearing away again. It is on this point that Vim gets disqualified in the protest.

Consider the position from the point of view of those ashore at the starting line witnessing the incident. The two yachts are converging, although on approximately the same course. Vim, the windward yacht, does not give way an inch to Tomahawk, the leeward yacht with the right of way. What has happened a few seconds before, if it has been seen from the shore, is forgotten, and Vim appears to be grossly violating one of the most elementary rules in yacht racing. Hence the disqualification. Hence the newspaper articles, and hence the somewhat unhappy impression of the whole incident.

But is the impression of those ashore the correct one? Is one really to believe that Mr. Vanderbilt, the most prominent American yachtsman, a man of great racing experience and the author of a very expert book dealing largely with the rules of yacht racing, is guilty of making a gross mistake and then carrying on the race instead of retiring. Mark you, the incident happened within hailing distance of the shore directly under the noses of the Sailing Committee. The answer must be that, whatever the subsequent verdict may have been, Mr. Vanderbilt thought at the time that he was in the right, and it is interesting to consider what grounds would justify Vim in refusing to give way to Tomahawk.

The difference of opinion, one believes, must lie in the meaning which is placed on the Right of Way Rule 30 (B). This rule, it will be remembered, after setting out the rights of an overtaken yacht to luff an overtaking yacht limits these rights in the following words, "until she is in such a position that her bowsprit end, or stern if she has no bowsprit, would strike the overtaking yacht abaft the main shrouds, after which she may maintain her course, *but may luff no further*." Note the last words.



AN IMPRESSION OF THE COURSES TAKEN BY VIM AND TOMAHAWK WHICH LED TO THE PROTEST

This position had arisen at point B in the diagram (it is believed that this is undisputed), and Tomahawk having no right to luff more, and with little time to elapse before the starting gun, bore away back to the line. Vim's contention appears to be that Tomahawk, having selected to bear away on a new course of her own free will, was entitled to hold it, but under Rule 30 (B) could luff no further. But, unless the diagram is at fault, it appears that Tomahawk after bearing away did in fact alter to a course closer to the wind, and it was due to this luffing that the incident arose, for all in the American yacht are agreed that Vim sailed a straight course after point B.

The question hinges on the interpretation of the word "*further*." Is it, further in time—or, further in distance?

Do those words mean that the overtaken yacht may not luff again at any subsequent time as long as the overtaking conditions remain—or do they mean that a boat, having luffed and failed, has nevertheless the full rights of the leeward boat over the windward one, as is usually interpreted?

That is to say, may she not (after bearing away) return to windward once more to the extent of her original course—but *no further*, and demand the usual right of way in doing so?

Both these interpretations can claim to be covered by the words "may luff no *further*," and it seems plain that one construction was placed upon the rules by Mr. Vanderbilt and the other by Mr. Sopwith.

It will now be seen that there are two opinions, and the rights and wrongs of the matter depend on the meaning read into the rule. It can reasonably be contended either that Tomahawk had no right to alter course a second time, in which case she was in the wrong, and not Vim, or (as the Sailing Committee decided) that Vim, being the windward boat, ought to have got clear of Tomahawk.

It is not our purpose to defend Vim as it is, of course, only the Sailing Committee or the Y.R.A. (on an appeal) that are in a position to judge, as they have statements from both sides and all relevant matter and witnesses. Moreover, quite apart from the point at issue, it must be remembered that Rule 30 goes on to provide that "in cases of doubt as to the right of the leeward yacht to luff, the windward yacht (in this case Vim) must respond to the luff and protest if she thinks fit."

But it seems only fair to an American visitor who has added so much to the sport at our regattas this season to point out that the incident was not due to a deliberate breach of the rules on the part of Vim, but was the result of a difference of opinion of two experts on the meaning of the rule. There is room for two opinions, and it is obvious that the case is one that cannot lightly be dismissed, and raises a point of interest quite irrespective of which yacht was in the right or the wrong.

Since the above was written comes the news that Mr. Vanderbilt has lodged an appeal with the Y.R.A., which will be heard in the autumn. Whether this appeal is based on the grounds suggested in this article, or on other grounds, remains to be seen, but the lodging of the appeal is to be welcomed because whatever the outcome it will throw further light on the meaning of Rule 30, and will clear the air.

K. A. C. and T. S.

PRE-WAR "RATERS"

A correspondent points out that in an article on racing at Cowes a comparison made between the pre-war classes and the one-designs of to-day is calculated to give a wrong impression of the conditions which then existed.

"In the early nineties," he writes, "there were 5 raters, 2½ raters, 1 raters and ½ raters. Their rating rule was succeeded in about '96 by another measurement rule under which the 36, 30, 24 and 18-footers were evolved. The 'footer' measurement rule was eventually succeeded by the first edition of the present international rule in about '06 or '07.

"Further, about '92 in addition to the original Red Wing class there were two One-design classes—the South Coast One-design class, boats of about 15 tons, of which there were either four or six boats, and also the Solent One-design class, of which there were over 20 boats which raced in two divisions. They continued to race after the South African War, and at least three still race."

In the account to which our correspondent refers there was a somewhat obvious inaccuracy in linking up Wye with the Clyde boats.

CHALK STREAMS OF HAMPSHIRE

Photographed by KATHARINE WINN



ABOVE IS THE ITCHEN, BELOVED OF IZAAK WALTON AND THE LATE LORD GREY OF FALLODON, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE PICTURESQUE VILLAGE OF MARTYN WORTHY. BELOW IS THE TEST, MOST FAMOUS OF TROUT STREAMS, AT WHERWELL, A VILLAGE WHOSE HISTORY GOES BACK TO EARLY SAXON TIMES



BEST DAYS WITH OTTERHOUNDS

The P.C.O.H. Hunt the Ginning

THE day following Carmarthen Hunter Show was brilliantly fine and warm—real "shirt-sleeves weather" at last—when the P.C.O.H. met at St. Clears to hunt the Ginning. This is a clear-flowing, pleasant little stream, which has its birth on the borders of Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire, coiling its way from there between wooded banks and green open meadows to the sea below Laugharne.

Captain Howell (at one time Master of the Pembrokeshire Foxhounds for a period of nearly 20 years) hunted hounds, drawing up from the bridge; and, after owning a faint touch or two soon after they put in, they became very keen as they reached Pen-y-Coed Mill. There they carried a line across to the lily-pond and a distinct line back over the meadows and the river again, but though both this and the leat were tried, the otter never materialised. The drag faded out, and they continued in silence to Castell Gorfod, which proved a very haven of refuge from the almost tropical heat. A hot and weary field arrived at this Arcady, but after the unlimited refreshment and rest provided for them by Captain and Mrs. Buckley everyone proceeded on their way like giants refreshed.

On moving off again hounds began to feather a little, but there was no continuous drag, and when, at 2.25, they came up with their otter it was without any warning. They marked strongly, with a sudden lovely crash of music, beneath an oak tree on the right bank at Corn-Gafr, and in five minutes he bolted and was viewed below. There was a scent on the water, and hounds came fast down-stream, but before he had gone very far their otter paused beneath some root or other, and though they could own the wash below they could not, for a while, get on terms with him again. Then he came away, floating gently on the surface of the water as he made his way slowly downstream, and presently hounds began to get him going well. He was viewed several times on the shallows, through a lovely rocky stretch, working further and further down, and when he took refuge in the various holts with which the river abounds the pack marked him well and drove him to take to water again. The lifting wooded slopes above Castell Gorfod echoed and re-echoed, to the sweet cry of hounds, and an old crippled farmer who came down to the river bank in order to get a glimpse of hounds—which is the very breath of life to a Welshman—was overjoyed at the "heavenly music," as he so described it.

Presently they came to a deep, sticky pool, where much holding was provided by the alder roots on either bank. Their otter was tiring now, scent seemed less good, and hounds had hard work to keep him on the move. It was nearing 4.30 when at last he crossed the bottom ford and entered a holt under the right bank a few yards further down. Here they marked him well, but he refused to leave, and after being cast right downstream and right up as far as the original holt, they proclaimed him to be there still on their return.

Roysterer, however, swam him away to a holt on the opposite side, some 20yds. below, and though it took some time to persuade him to move again his chain was viewed at length rippling across the still water before he came up to vent in some bushes on the other side. After dodging to and fro between these two holts he finally made up his mind to go over the bottom ford, where, below the long shallows, the river suddenly deepens. A gigantic tree-root at the left bank offered impregnable shelter, and just as it looked as though hounds were about to receive their well-earned reward he vanished into the rough water swirling around the roots. Behind him a ditch was connected, by means of a sub-aqueous entrance, and he slipped up this unseen to the field beyond, when he entered a bank honeycombed with rabbit-holes. And this spelt "finis" to the hunt. Whether or not he came back down the ditch to the river will never be known—if so, he had an everlasting refuge in that vast root, for the water was too strong there for hounds to get a mark at him. It was 6.20 when at length Captain Howell called them out, and reluctantly left the otter in possession.

DWRGI.

THE DARTMOOR CAMEL WEEK

THE annual Camel week, by invitation of the Tetcott Otter Hounds, commenced on Monday, August 14th, with lovely weather, which continued throughout the week. The meet was Egloshayle. Hounds hit off a screaming drag on the marshes, which seemed to point up the Allen, and by the time Polbrock was reached, it had given out. Drawing on up the Camel, they struck a fresh drag above the Ruthern stream, carrying it on till they found in the left bank just below Dunmere. The terrier soon bolted two otters, one of which went down-stream, while the other went up into the pool above. We hunted this one, with a very poor scent for two-and-a-half hours, before he dropped down and put into an impenetrable place, where he had to be left.

Wednesday from Dunmere Bridge, hounds had a line from Dunmere weir pool, and after taking a double up the Clerkenwater stream, they found about 300yds. above. It was soon evident that again we had a brace of otters on the move, and also not much scent. After a good upstream swim, hounds were only just able to keep touch with their quarry, and after a rather sticky hunt of three hours, they had to be left in strong holts very near where they were found.

The next day from Helland Bridge we had a very good hunt. Having taken a speaking drag from the meet to the find, at the lower end of Shell Wood, hounds hunted beautifully, pushing their otter steadily upstream, until within a few hundred yards of Tresarret, when the otter turned and made downwards. Soon afterwards he did the disappearing trick, and as hounds had been hunting for three hours they were called out and lunch was taken. It was decided to draw back towards the meet, and shortly below the original finding place and on the Helligan Wood bank, hounds marked and the otter was quickly away. The pack stuck to him well, never giving him much time to rest, in spite of the poor scent, swimming him down to about half a mile above Helland, where he was left in a difficult pool at 6.45 p.m.

Saturday, on the Allen from Slades Bridge, we had a red-letter day, which a very large field of local sportsmen thoroughly enjoyed. After a completely blank draw to Dinhams Bridge, we were just entering Tretawn Wood, when hounds suddenly marked, and away went a brace of otters. One put in again at once, while the other continued down; scent was quite good, and hounds were able to hunt with little help from their huntsman. Driving her on down, she put in several times, but bolted always without the use of the terriers.

After 50 minutes of the very best, with several excursions on land, she was killed on a stickle, three-quarters of a mile below the find, weight 17½lb.

We then drew up and Captain, a first-season hound, fresh found the second otter, a little above the original holt. He also dropped down, but quickly crossed over to a small leat, and when making back was killed after a sharp fifteen minutes, weight 16½lb.

On returning up the stream, hounds found a third otter 110yds. above where the others were found. This otter also dropped down, and by some thick reeds on the left bank, made across to the leat, and going down this, put into two large rabbit burrows, one after the other, from each of which she was evicted by the terrier. Finally, she made back to the river, and turning up at once, hounds hunted her with a grand chorus, on a much improved scent. A little above she slipped through a field of meadow-sweet, to the leat and into another small place. The terrier Tiger (only sixteen months old) did extremely well and managed to bolt the otter again, and hounds rolled over their third otter just before she made the river—a bitch 12lb. This ended an excellent week's sport in Cornwall, the greater part of the credit for which goes to Hunt's good Cornish friends in the Bodmin, the district whose organisation and keenness made it possible.

D. C.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT'S GOOD HUNT ON THE LUNE

AUGUST 14th. The meet was at Middleton Bridge for the Lune. The river was in grand order for hunting, and a very good hunt ensued. There was a good field, and we were pleased to see out with us again our visitors from the Courteney Tracy and the Bramham Moor, and several others, who had come long distances from Yorkshire. Kitchener was hunting hounds, and after giving a certain amount of law to the late-comers, put hounds in below the bridge. Hounds began to feather, and spoke to a drag just before arriving at the meeting of the waters, when they turned up Lune. They crossed over to the right bank, and just at the place where we usually cross, they picked up a burning-hot drag, and with every hound throwing his tongue, they set off at a gallop, and at such a pace that not even the "young uns" "on the double" could keep up with them, and without a check right up to Broadraine Mill.

This was evidently a young dog otter travelling the land. On arriving at the mill, he had evidently crossed the weir and had been swimming the pool and landing on both sides; they then took the drag (and still throwing their tongues) along the rocks now, right up to a big rabbit burrow amidst some good roots about half a mile below Lincoln's Inn Bridge. Pip and Killer, the new terrier, were put in, and after some good work by the new terrier especially, bolted the otter, which immediately went downstream with the hounds screaming away in his wake, he crossed over to the other bank, after swimming down some distance, and was viewed away, and then he turned upstream and was seen to land under a root and get into the rabbit burrow again, which was in a steep bankside with numerous holes, impossible to stop, and there, despite all our efforts, he remained.

When at about 1.30 p.m. we left him and hunted up to Lincoln's Inn Bridge, where we had lunch, the remainder of the proceedings were rather in the nature of an anti-climax after our exciting morning, as we continued to hunt up to Lowgill without touching anything, and there Kitchener blew off and ended a very good day.

REDFORDE.

GOOD COASTAL SPORT WITH EASTERN COUNTIES

MEETING at Easton Broad, on the coast above Southwold, on the 17th, hounds had a line up from Potter's Bridge, which took them into the reed bed by Jay's Farm and out at the top, where they went on for three-quarters of a mile and crossed to the reed bed on the opposite bank, hunting the drag out on to the open grass country above, whence they brought the line back to the reeds and checked.

Mr. Russell held them on forrard, and they hit the line again, running fast up to the main road and crossing it at the meet, whence they raced over to Easton Broad and put their otter away, hunting him into the Broad and swimming him along the verge of the reeds with a great cry, until he turned up a runner and into the reeds. They now took him on towards Porter's Bridge, and shortly after he had been viewed they checked, refinding him after 30 minutes.

This good otter now took them back to the Broad where they swam him over to the seashore, hunting him round for 20 minutes in the reeds nearby before he returned to the Broad, where they swam him up a runner and into the middle of the reed bed where they lost touch once more for a spell, and having got him moving again, they had a further half-hour of sticky work before they lost him. Master cast them for a time until they drew out on to the sea shore, defeated and dead-beat, after a fine hound hunt of 6 hours, chiefly in the most wicked lot of reeds that they have come across this summer.

Hounds met at Thorpeness on the 19th, and having hunted a stale line along by the coast towards Aldeburgh, hounds went back to the Meare and soon found an otter on the bottom island opposite the boat house. Having swum him through the channel they got him into the Meare, where, followed by a fleet of some thirty craft and swarms of wading kiddies, they swam him right over to Otter Isle, which they circled before coming down the Meare to the Magic Pavilion.

After a spell of hunting in the channels here they recrossed to Otter Isle, before swimming over to the foot, where their pilot drew out and got into the Hundred River, where he took them up towards the railway before getting into the Meare again. They now swam him with a magnificent cry right down the big water by Crusoe's Isle to Otter Isle, where he landed but was viewed as he got in again, to swim twice round the island. This was the finest bit of swimming I have seen for a long while, every hound of the fourteen couple throwing its tongue.

You could have covered the lot with the proverbial outsize blanket! A rare sight and a terrific cry, which, however, did not please their otter, who crossed over to the foot and got into the river again, where a long spell of hunting in the reeds followed; the otter and hounds had just about shot their bolt by now, and the last half an hour before the Master blew them out was very sticky business. This had been another fine hound hunt of 4½ hours' duration.

DRIFTER.

THE HAWKSTONE'S GOOD SPORT

ON Monday, the 14th, the meet was at Sommerford on the Peak. Mr. Wallace drew upstream and there was a faint drag which petered out before they reached the main road bridge. Hounds drew on to Penbridge, then up the Mytton Brook, where it soon became apparent that an otter was about. Mr. Wallace thought for some time that he was below the mill, but on drawing up above they definitely put down their otter and accounted for him in a very short time. While hounds were breaking him up there was a new holloa from some men working in the next field. So when hounds had eaten their quarry away they went and picked up the line of what proved to be a second otter. The line took them over several fields and then down the road, and they came up to him in the garden of a house where they killed him.

S. W.



GREYHOUNDS STARTING FROM THE TRAPS AT A G.R.A. RACECOURSE
This part of the dog's racing tuition is done gradually, as only by experience can it learn what is required of it

GREYHOUND TRAINING

By DALE BOURN

THE really serious business life of the greyhound begins when it is put into training. Having led a gloriously free and easy puppyhood, the greyhound does not take easily to the restraint that training must of necessity place upon its freedom.

At about the age of a year, the greyhound is taken in hand by its trainer and his staff of kennelmen. Up to date, the puppy has in all probability never known a collar and leash, and it is only by patience and kindly persuasion that the dog can be taught to become used to wearing this necessary apparel. Dogs, like humans, are temperamental and some take quickly to discipline whilst others are slow to obey. Many and various are the ruses that have been tried and experimented with in order to find the quickest and surest method of disciplining the puppies.

Each dog, having an individuality and personality of its own, requires personal attention in its schooling. Not only has the dog to learn to wear a collar and leash, but it has to be taught to walk quietly and properly with its kennelman. Then again it has to learn to wear its racing coat and muzzle, since the N.G.R.C. have laid down rules that necessitate the wearing of both of these when racing.

Having learned its elementary lessons, the puppy has then to be schooled to the racecourse. Here he has to be taught to get used to the starting trap and to chasing the mechanical hare. This part of the dog's racing tuition is done gradually, as only by experience can it learn what is required of it. Various methods have been tried to teach the dog to leave the trap. A dish of food has been shown to the dog before it was placed in the trap and then put in front of the trap in order to entice the dog out when it opened. Again, a piece of light ply-wood has been fixed to the trap so that when it opened, the dog got a sharp rap on its backside to help it on its way! Later on the puppy is placed in the trap between two other experienced dogs who act as "schoolmasters."

Whatever methods are used, however, it is really by the infinite patience and kindly treatment of the trainers that the dogs are eventually schooled and taught to do what is required of them, and it is only by gradual experience that they learn it.

It is the ultimate object of every trainer to get his charges into the very pink of condition of physical fitness. Diet, grooming, massage and exercise all go to bringing this about. The major part of the training, however, is done on the track. Short walks and occasional gallops are the best methods of getting the dog fit. Greyhounds intended for hurdling have to be taught to jump. This again is a gradual process. The dog is each day called to food over some obstacle which is gradually heightened until it has become natural and easy for it to jump.

The dog is then "finished off" on the track itself. When a puppy is considered fit to do so, it is given a series of trials on the racecourse. These at first are over a short distance such as 300yds. in order to accustom the dog to actual racing conditions. The distance is gradually increased until the actual racing distance required is reached. This distance varies with different racecourses, but the most general flat race distance is 525yds. If in the opinion of the racing manager the dog is ready, it then undergoes its first three "official" trials that are required of it by the rules of the N.G.R.C. before it can race in public.

These "official" trials must take place on the licensed racecourse on which the dog is to race and in which at least three greyhounds, which must be registered with the N.G.R.C., take part, and it must be in the presence of the racing manager or his deputy and at least one Steward. The results of these trials must be entered in the greyhound's identity book. Subject to the confirmation of the racing manager, the dog is now ready to race, provided it is over fifteen months old—the earliest date that any dog can race by a rule of the N.G.R.C.

On the purely racing side, the position of racing manager is the most important. It is he and his staff who are responsible for the arranging of all racing programmes and for the running of the dogs.

Unlike horseracing, greyhounds are not handicapped by carrying weight, but are what is called "graded." Each dog, having gone through a series of trials, has its time noted and it is graded according to the time it does. Thus in a race of six greyhounds all six are graded as close as possible to each other according to their recent times over the distance of that particular race.

It is the Utopian aim of all racing managers to grade the dogs to finish level. He has no easy job; he must know and understand the individual mentalities of his trainer as well as the individual habits and points of the dogs. He has to take many things into account. Some dogs improve rapidly and some slowly; some go back. Some "trap" quickly and finish slowly, and *vice versa*. Some are in the habit of running wide whilst others hug the rails. Again in some previous race or trial, a dog may have been badly bumped, baulked, or it may have checked badly in some bend.

All these points have to be taken into account when the racing manager is making up his programme for a meeting. He has always to be on the watch. It is his job to present races to the public that are open and fair. It is his knowledge and brains versus the public and the bookmakers, and he is liable to be slated by both! If a favourite wins, the bookmakers curse him; if an outsider wins, the public curse him! Owners and trainers slate him occasionally for, as they think, outclassing their dogs.

A good racing manager is worth his weight in gold to any first-class racing establishment, and it is greatly to the credit of all good racing managers that in a race of only six runners, in a graded race, it is an extremely rare occurrence for a dog to start odds-on. There is a certain racing manager to-day at one of the leading racecourses in London who is the proud owner of a gold cigarette case, a present from the directors for having graded over 2,000 races without one odds-on starter.

Over and above his grading duties, the racing manager has many other routine jobs to attend to. Besides keeping his own records of the performances of the dogs under his control and making up the racing programmes accordingly, he has to make periodic reports to the N.G.R.C. of any newly-appointed officials, also of all complaints to, and decisions of, the Stewards, of all fines inflicted and of all greyhounds sold or claimed. The results of his work are watched carefully during the racing by the Stewards of the meeting who make reports to the director of racing, so that he is liable to be called and to answer an inquiry at any time, should the Stewards consider that the running of a certain dog or dogs warrants such an inquiry. The racing manager is a busy man in any racing establishment and has to have his wits about him all the time.

Besides these graded races, which are the backbone of the racing programmes, there are many "open" races. These are races held on any licensed racecourse for which entries can be received from other racecourses and are not confined to the dogs of that particular racecourse.

As in horseracing, so in greyhound racing, there are several "classic" races throughout the country, varying in importance and in the size of purse. All these are "open" races and entries are received for these from kennels all over the country. There were over 900 of such races run in this country in 1938. These races are run off in heats and semi-finals and a final. The most important, naturally, is the Derby run at the White City over 525yds. each year under the auspices of the Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd. The final produces a crowd of over 90,000 people and the winner may be worth anything up to £2,000 in value, besides the prize money and its breeding value.

Other open classic races, to mention a few, are the "Laurels," run at Wimbledon over 500yds; the "Greyhound Cesarewitch," run at West Ham over 600yds.; the "Scurry" Gold Cup, run at Clapton over 400yds; the Greyhound St. Leger, run at Wembley over 700yds.; and the "Gold Collar," run at Catford over 440yds. There are many others both in London and the provinces which attract the best dogs all over the country. Handicap races are sometimes run both on the flat and over hurdles. In these the dogs are handicapped, like athletes in a race, by the distance they have to run—thus each dog's starting trap, which in this case is a single trap, is placed at various distances from scratch and are all opened simultaneously at the "Off." There are also "selling" and "selling and claiming" races, besides occasional "matches" and "inter-racecourse" races.

When one considers the great trouble and care that is taken to produce racing to the public that is open and fair and the supervision that is employed over its general integrity, besides the many variations in the distances, types and values of the races themselves, it is not in the least to be wondered at that greyhound racing has not only captured the imagination of millions of followers, but also commands their respect and complete confidence as a straight and fairly run sport as well as a magnificent spectacle.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

TWO MENUS FOR THOSE SUBJECT TO DIABETES

LUNCHEON

The Fare: Quatre raviers à la Grecque
Œufs brouillés à la Lyonnaise
Escalope de veau Florentine
Fromage et salade
Fruits

The Wine: Vin gris de Lorraine

DINNER

The Fare: Cotriade Nantaise
Sole au plat Charentaise
Poulet sauté aux Champignons
Aubergines frites
Glace à l'Ananas
Fruits

The Wine: Champagne nature non mousseux

THE four Luncheon Hors d'œuvre consist of artichoke bottoms, fennel hearts, the white of small leeks and "button" mushrooms, all cooked in water and olive oil and served with a vinegar and olive oil dressing.

The scrambled eggs *Lyonnaise* are a tasty and economical way of serving up a hash of left-over boiled beef. Scramble the eggs in the usual way, but keep very moist, and use half to cover the bottom of a baking dish; spread the beef hash over the scrambled eggs and then, as a third layer, the other half of the scrambled eggs. Then sprinkle a dusting of grated Gruyère or Parmesan cheese, add a few small pats of butter and brown under a very hot grill.

The *Escalope de veau* are thin pieces of veal cooked in butter and they are *Florentine* when served with spinach.

For dinner, the *Cotriade Nantaise* is the pot-au-feu of fish as served at Nantes; a kind of *Bouillabaisse*, but without garlic and saffron. The *Sole au plat* is a sole cooked in white wine, and it is *Charentaise* when the white wine is from the Charentes country. The *Poulet* is a stew of chicken with a large allowance of stewed mushrooms as garnishings, and the *Aubergines* are egg-plants, skinned, cut up in thin and long sticks, like the classic fried potatoes, and fried in deep fat. They can be served with the chicken or, preferably, as a separate course.

As regards wines, the more generous and richer sorts are, unfortunately, dangerous, but the sharp local Lorraine wine, called *gris*, although not grey but more of a raspberry vinegar pink, is so entirely free from all traces of sugar that it cannot do any harm. There are also some still Champagnes which comply with the diabetic standards, being low in alcoholic strength and free from sugar.

"Twelfth" Night



There's the morning drive to talk over; there are good cigars to be smoked; and there is Johnnie Walker in the glasses. Now *there's* a whisky! Blended from all the finest whiskies in Scotland, marvellously mellowed and matured. And blended with Johnnie Walker's consummate skill.

Gentlemen! your

Johnnie Walker

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of August 24th, 1889.

BAGS made on the Moors. "Taking the Scotch moors one with another, it may safely be said that they have so far supplied fewer grouse than was the case last year, and in ordinarily good seasons; from the Deeside district, which contains some excellent shootings, the yield being estimated at only one-fourth of last year's. This is, of course, exceptionally bad, and possibly within that locality the disease has proved almost more disastrous than heretofore. Another peculiarity in the season just opened, is that the smaller moors have, comparatively speaking, provided the best sport, and show least signs of disease in the birds; no doubt, on this fact, upholders of the belief that overstocking is injurious, will find some consolation.

"As to the reports from the Scotch moors, the best bags have not quite reached the records of former years. Still, the following exceptional ones may be placed alongside any previous year, without suffering by comparison. The best is, undoubtedly, that from Glentromie Lodge, Inverness-shire, where Mr. John Hargreaves and party, in five days, shot 1,094 brace of birds, viz., on the 12th, 260 brace; 13th, 219 brace; 15th, 250 brace; 16th, 178 brace; and on the 19th, 187 brace. In Perthshire, on the Moness shootings, during last week, Comte de Paris, Comtesse de Paris, Duc de Chartres, Duc de Orleans, Marquis d'Harcourt, and M. Auberif Vitit, bagged 538 grouse, 91 hares, 2 wildfowl and 5 rabbits. In 1888 the same moor, in two days during the first week, yielded 455 brace of grouse, and not nearly so many hares as was the case this year . . . On Glenmuic, near Ballater, the five days' bag, up to and including Friday week, was 704 brace of grouse. H.R.H. Prince Edward of Wales was shooting here with Mr. Mackenzie's party.



DEVICE AT THE END OF THE "BOKE OF HAWKYNGE, AND HUNTYNGE AND FYSSHYNGE"

OLD SPORTING WORKS

WHEN old sporting works come into the market their intrinsic value becomes very much a matter for the expert, and the collector with a discerning eye for the eighteenth century and early nineteenth century sporting print will find himself very much at sea in assessing them. Some quite interesting books on the chase, *La Chasse Royale*, dedicated by Charles IX to Louis XIII (1625), and *La Venerie* of J. Du Fouille (1561), with *Plusieurs Receptes et Remedes pour guerir les chiens de diverses maladies* recently fetched £25 and £20 apiece. But the bidding for Dame Juliana Berners' black letter *Boke of Hawkynge and Huntynge and Fysshynge* at Sotheby's sale of the Schwerdt collection went to £360. Printed by Wynkyn de Worde and described in the Huth catalogue as the only copy known of these parts of the *Book of St. Albans*, it was believed to be an edition earlier than 1496, although the device at the end is considered to point to a much later date. Dame Berners' black letter *Book of Hawkynge, Huntynge and Fyshyng with all the the Properties and Medecynes that are necessary to be kepte*, printed by Wyllyam Powell (*circa* 1550), went for £295, and the same author's *Hawking, Hunting, Fouling and Fishing, with all True Measures of Blowing, "a work right pleasant and profitable for all estates,"* printed by Adam Islip (for) Richard Olive (1596), brought £210.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

I DON'T know if you will agree with me, but I have always felt it to be unfortunate that all nations have not a similar sense of humour. It would, I think, prevent many wars. But, it is an unfortunate fact, many foreigners regard *Punch* as a sure indication not of English humour, but of English idiocy, while we for our part can see nothing funny whatsoever in the wisecracks produced in Continental newspapers. Eastern stories, however, are a different matter, for, though rather inclined to be long winded, one finds them exceedingly amusing.

* * *

That Turkish Aesop, that traditional wit, Nassredin Khodjah, has left many stories behind him to delight not only the Turks, but the British as well, though unfortunately they are not as well known as they should be. Even Tamerlane fell beneath the spell of this remarkable man and spared Neapolis as a result. The story runs as follows: Tamerlane encamped outside Neapolis, and the inhabitants were preparing to resist the invader when Nassredin offered to sally forth as ambassador. This generous suggestion was accepted, and Nassredin began to consider what present he should offer to the tyrant. Should it be figs or quinces? "Undoubtedly quinces," said his wife when, like a good husband, he consulted her; "they are much larger and heavier, and he will be very pleased." "No," said Nassredin, "women are always wrong," and so equipping himself with a basket of juicy figs he trotted off to the camp of Tamerlane.

* * *

Even that tyrant was anxious to see the Turkish wit and admitted him into his presence. But the sight of the Turk's bare, bald head was too much, and Tamerlane took the juicy figs and threw them one by one at the face and head of Nassredin, where they burst with a resounding squelch. As each fig hit him, Nassredin exclaimed, "Thank God," a pious ejaculation which excited the tyrant's surprise. "Why do you thank God," he asked, "each time I hit you?" With much composure the ambassador, who must by this time have presented a sorry sight, exclaimed: "I am thanking God because I did not follow the counsel of my wife: she told me to bring quinces." This remark so amused Tamerlane that he talked with Nassredin for three days, and then marched away. The ready wit of the Turk had saved the town.

* * *

Another Turkish tale always amuses me, and it is rather like an old English one. A priest went up into the pulpit to preach, and said to his congregation: "Now do any of you know what I am going to preach to you about?" They consulted among themselves for a minute, and then at last a spokesman got up and said: "Well, some of us do, and some of us don't." The priest, who had been asked out to lunch and was in a hurry, smiled triumphantly. "Then let those that do tell those that don't," he exclaimed and came down from the pulpit.

* * *

An Egyptian story also reveals quiet humour. A young man in a starving condition arrived at a marabout (the tomb of a saint), and the old keeper out of pity fed him and produced a small donkey to help him on his way. Some time later the animal died and the youth, having buried it, placed stones upon the grave and announced that a saint lay buried there. Soon the place became famous and the old keeper, finding his business was deteriorating rapidly, hurried to investigate the cause. His search led him to the youth, who was prospering so exceedingly that he cried out in amazement: "Tell me, oh, my son, how you performed this miracle?" "I cannot lie to you, oh, my father," replied the youth; "I have buried there the donkey you gave me. But," he continued, "I have always wondered who lies buried in the tomb you guard, oh, my father." "Treat my reply as a trade secret, and I will tell you; the tomb contains the mother of your donkey."

* * *

And, last of all, a story of Fez. One day a young man and his father, both of them looking as if they had come down a good deal in the world, were sitting outside a Moorish café. Young men kept passing by and every now and then the son, a rather dissipated-looking person, would sigh deeply and exclaim: "Eywallah, eywallah, look, oh my father, there goes Hassan, to whom I gave emeralds, Mustapha, to whom I gave rubies and Ali, to whom I gave diamonds." At last the father could stand it no longer. "Now look here, my son," he cried angrily, "it's all your fault; if only you had taken my advice and made Hassan, Mustapha and Ali give you emeralds and rubies and diamonds we should still have been able to hold our heads up as a respectable family of Fez."

F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP SCORING

SIR,—May I write in entire agreement with Mr. E. L. Roberts' letter in your issue of August 5th. The eccentricities of the present County Championship system of scoring have been manifest since the early weeks of the season. What is even more surprising than that such a system should ever have been introduced, is the attitude adopted towards it by established critics of the game. For one and all have condoned the system's greatest fault, that of awarding consolation points to a county leading on first innings and losing the match.

We have had many absurdities in the championship scoring system in the past, but this surely crowns all. Recently we had the case of Essex leading Sussex in the first stage by a bare 20 runs, and losing by a huge margin after a miserable batting display. Earlier in the season the same county declared leaving Notts 180 runs to make in two-and-a-half hours, because, although Notts are virtually the strongest batting side in the country, and it was a perfectly plumb wicket, Essex would get no points anyhow as a result of a 30 runs deficit on first innings.

There is no longer any virtue in saving the match, and the rearguard action loses all vital interest. Nor is this state of things without a remedy, as apologists will immediately state. I suggest a perfectly logical system which will eliminate the absurdities to which Mr. Roberts refers.

A win to count, say, five points, a win on first innings one point, a loss on first innings nothing, and an outright loss minus one. I have not decided on the exactly correct proportions, but I think this system could be applied at any time and shown to be satisfactory. The inducement to go all out for a win is there, there is the minimum differentiation between gain or loss on first innings, and there is equally an inducement not to throw away the match because there is nothing left to fight for. And a word to the framers of the present system. It is no excuse to say that a thing cannot be judged until it has actually taken place. If the M.C.C. had taken the trouble to pick out the championship table for any pre- or post-war year, and apply their system to it, they would not have remained for long in doubt as to its efficiency. That they have quite obviously failed to do so is a painful reflection on their sensibility.

Yours faithfully,
TERENCE A. PRITTIE.

Travellers Club,
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

SNIPING IN WAR

SIR,—Many will remember that after war broke out in 1914, we lost hundreds of good men who were shot by German snipers, and these severe losses became worse when trench warfare began.

In his delightful book, *Hesketh Prichard—a Memoir*, Mr. Eric Parker gives some accounts of how, through the pluck and energy of that fine sportsman, the sniping corps was inaugurated, with the consequence that the enemy found our snipers more than a match at the game of slaying without being slain.

Hesketh Prichard (Major, D.S.O., M.C.) wrote a book, *Sniping in France*, which gave the full history of the formation of the Sniping Corps, and which did such wonderful work in saving hundreds, if not thousands, of lives.

As preparations are being made for a possible war, it is pertinent to ask whether the authorities are doing anything to form such a corps, for it will certainly be needed if war comes again.

We are always slow at the start, with the natural consequence that we lose not only treasure but most valuable lives. The delay in forming a convoy system against the attacks of submarines on shipping, and the lack of a sniping corps early in the last war, are both grave instances of dilatoriness and red tape, which should never occur again if the Naval and Military powers use commonsense and promptitude.

Yours faithfully,
DENIS D. LYELL.

Belmont,
Moffat.

CHESAPEAKE VERSUS LABRADOR

SIR,—Being keenly interested in Chesapeakes, I should like to make some comment on Mr. Leckie-Ewing's letter. He writes of ". . . many years ago," and until recently the "big, bold and fearless" Chesapeake was "often hard in the mouth," and certainly difficult to control. But in the Eastern States, at any rate, there has recently been a great change. It is only in the last few years that serious efforts have been made to breed and train Chesapeakes for field trial work. When the standard of earlier trials is compared with that attained to-day, the progress made is absolutely amazing. In all breed retriever trials Chesapeakes are still very much in the minority. Nevertheless in 1937 (if I remember the date) a Chesapeake was awarded the title of best retriever of the year, and last winter I witnessed several very fine performances by Chesapeakes. The Labrador has been subjected to selective breeding for years. It follows that a good Labrador is easier to obtain than a good Chesapeake. They are also less headstrong and easier to train. On the other hand, a Labrador has not the stamina of a Chesapeake. When it comes to brains and noses I hold the Chesapeake second to none in the sporting world. It is possible that the dogs bred round Chesapeake Bay are superior in these respects to the Canadian and Western strains. The dog in the illustration would appear to be from a Canadian strain. But it has to be remembered that the Chesapeake is very independent. He is not necessarily stupid when he does not do what you want. With my dogs I am apt to find that the harder the thing I ask them to do the better they do it. Easy tasks bore them and they will not try. Chesapeakes have excellent noses, but they also are adepts at marking the fall of a bird. They are so clever at finding by sight that they sometimes have to be taught to use their noses. In the case of one of my dogs it was years before I discovered that he had a first-rate nose.

Although the breed is a hundred years old, scientific breeding of Chesapeakes is in its infancy. It is going to take some years to produce regularly the type of Chesapeake best adapted to this country. If it can be done without loss of stamina or coat a valuable addition will have been made to our retriever breeds.

Yours faithfully,
HELEN INGLEBY.

Loo-Water, Heacham,
King's Lynn.

WOODPECKERS NESTING

SIR,—Last spring I was fortunate enough to have a pair of lesser spotted woodpeckers nesting in my damson orchard in Shropshire. The nest was in an old damson tree, 12ft. from the ground and quite close to the house. From a "hide" 17yds. away I watched the birds for many hours during their nesting operations. The late T. A. Coward in his *Birds of the British Isles* states that it is not certain whether the male bird of this species takes part in the excavation of the nesting hole. In the present case the male began excavations and worked hard until the nesting hole was complete; in fact, he took rather longer "shifts" than the female. Apropos the "drumming" controversy, the male "drummed" constantly on a bough within a few feet of the "hide," and I watched him through a pair of 8×25 field glasses. I have no hesitation whatever in stating that the sound is entirely mechanical, and had any upholders of the "vocal" theory been present with me, I am sure they would have been completely converted! I tried to obtain evidence of any semi-rotary movement of the head, a theory that has been suggested in some quarters, but I could detect no such movement. All "drumming" ceased as soon as incubation had started and complete silence reigned until the young had hatched. Both birds took part in incubation, each remaining on the eggs about 25 minutes at a time. I only saw the male bird "drumming," the female remaining completely silent, as far as I could tell, throughout the nesting operations. When the male uttered the call note, which is so similar to that of the kestrel, he would draw himself up to his full height and throw his head well back. I never obtained even a glimpse of the youngsters before they left the nest, and I was therefore unable to ascertain their number. This seemed to me rather surprising as young green woodpeckers will cluster at the nesting hole for several days before they finally fly.

Yours faithfully,
R. L. VERNON.

The Elms,
Bembridge, Isle of Wight.

THE BAOBAB TREE

SIR,—A correspondent in your issue of June 17th quotes some misleading information in regard to the baobab or cream of tartar tree (*Adansonia digitata*).

This tree is common in the Kruger National Park north of latitude 24°, where it is found not only as a solitary grower, but often in groups of considerable extent.

It has nothing of the parasite in its nature, and it can only be supposed that the quoted author misunderstood his native informant regarding the name of the tree in question. Several species of *ficus* have the trait strongly developed, though the epiphyte seems usually to spring from a seed dropped by a bird at the base of the stem or among the branches of the host. Thence the creeper spreads up or down, eventually to strangle its foster parent.

I have successfully reared young baobabs both from seeds and from tiny saplings, and have at present two growing in my garden, which are about two years old and between 5ft. and 6ft. high. Another one, planted elsewhere from seed, about five years ago, is now about 10ft. in height. No doubt the rate of growth decreases rapidly with age, since the mature tree, though often of immense girth, is seldom of any outstanding height.

As regards age, it is, of course, impossible to offer an opinion of any value without data. A large tree grows in the park just north of the Olifants River, and during the last 30 years I have observed little appreciable difference in its size. It is probably under 30ft. in height, and some years ago I measured its girth at about 4ft. from the ground, as 52ft. 2in. I have been told that it was an outstanding tree 50 years ago.

The old saying that "no one has ever seen a young baobab" does not necessarily imply that there were no young baobabs to be seen; there is nothing mysterious or sinister about this remarkable looking tree.

Yours faithfully,
J. STEVENSON-HAMILTON.

Kruger National Park.

GUITING WOOD

SIR,—Dr. Livingstone talks lightly enough of my account of what has happened to Guiting Wood. I wish he could hear what the people in the neighbourhood say about it. He dismisses as "whirling words" my reference to the part responsibility of Oxford dons for the industrial development of Oxford. Has he read Mr. John Betjeman's book on Oxford published this year? He mentions the "reafforestation" of the acres above the Broadwater. But he fails to mention the physical conditions which make it impossible for timber, once felled, to grow on this, the richest and most beautiful portion of the wood. The slope here is acutely steep, the oolite limestone not far below the surface, while I gather from enquiry that this part of the wood was of very great antiquity. Now that there is no timber to retain the humus, it must, forced alike by rainfall, drought and the lie of the land, inevitably slide downhill. When the topsoil is thus removed, the land will be unable to support any growth but scrub. He talks airily of 385 acres of woodland without giving your readers any idea of the difference between the parts yet untouched which have nothing like the beauty and character of the areas so relentlessly felled. If any of your readers think with Dr. Livingstone that I wrote "whirling words" about Guiting Wood, I beg them to go and see it for themselves, walking above the banks of the Broadwater and looking up that now desert slope, where the lilies of the valley once grew in multitudes. I am the last to object to judicious felling and thinning, but this unique and exquisite piece of woodland has been completely wiped out. Its beauty has vanished for ever.

Perhaps you will allow me here to refer to another matter. I told the story of the wart-curer in my article of August 12th. It may interest some of your readers to know that neither I nor the dog went to see her. By deputy I asked her to undertake the cure of the dog; she consented and the warts are cured. She never takes any fee.

Yours faithfully,
H. J. MASSINGHAM.

Hacks.

LESSER WHITETHROATS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS

SIR,—It may be of interest to some of your readers interested in birds, that we have had nesting in the garden here for three years in succession a pair of lesser whitethroats. This dainty little warbler, well known for its craftsmanship in building, has chosen the same nesting site each year in an orange tree, curiously enough, on the same branch.

I have examined the neat little structure, and found quantities of coloured wool, bits of cotton and string cleverly woven in.

This year I was very surprised to find the nest "decorated" with a floral design of forget-me-not heads, all around the rim.

Is this not unusual?

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM MARSHALL.

"Sainte Colombe,"
Vence Hill, France.

A GREAT CONCOURSE OF BATS

SIR,—On Monday evening, August 7th, I was coming away from fishing the Test at 9.10 p.m. when it was too dark to see one's fly clearly. There was, however, plenty of light on the water looking downstream, and on it I saw the reflection of what looked at first like a big flock of small birds, but which as they swung silently past me I saw to be a great concourse of bats. They flew three times past me in a wide circle, turning together exactly as a flock of starlings will do, and I estimated their number as something over 200. This was a new experience for me, and may interest others.

Yours faithfully,
H. H. GORDON CLARK.

Moorhurst,
Holmwood, Surrey.





AN ARBOREAL MORTUARY
(See letter "The Royal Oaks of Richmond")

THE ROYAL OAKS OF RICHMOND

SIR,—After many years of strange indifference, we suburban dwellers to-day understand something of the splendid legacy that falls to every generation in the parks and open spaces of outer London. Those of us who live south of the river are forever contrasting our happy lot with that of our less fortunate brethren of the northern heights, and if any comparison be made, we look to Richmond Park in the beauty of its woodland and wild life to turn the scale of argument in our favour and to silence the northerner.

But to-day much of the Park woodland is decaying or dead, and more of it appears to be doomed to the same fate.

One evening in mid-July the writer entered the Park by Ladder Stile Gate, and, starting down the track through High Wood toward Ham Cross, circumvented the century old Isabella Plantation and returned again to Ladder Stile across the slope of Broomfield Hill. He seemed to be passing through a mortuary of oaks, with the hand of death laid upon tree after tree. A few fallen limbs lay at his feet, but for the most part the oaks had retained their dead wood, though among the veterans many had scarcely a handful of foliage to show that life was not extinct. Some way south of the plantation, on the margin of the gravel-pits near Thatched Lodge, he noticed a number of young oaks that could hardly have been planted more than 60 to 80 years ago, and these appeared in little better case.

The writer is no expert in forestry and would not presume to offer criticism or advice, but observation and inquiry seemed to confirm the fact that little had been attempted in the way of preserving the timber in this corner of the Park for many years. Is such preservation possible, or can nothing be done to save these ancient trees, many of which must date from King Charles's day or even earlier?

At the northern extremity of the plantation were some of the finest silver birches that the writer had ever seen. One of these must have been 10ft. or 15ft. taller than the slower growing trees in the vicinity. Here again decay had begun, and on almost every birch-tree that bordered the enclosure for some distance the deadly growth of fungus could be seen and its cancerous work detected. Surely something might be done here before it becomes too late. The horrible growth seemed to have spread from tree to tree, and quite a number appeared to have lost their branches or fallen entirely during the last few years. Many of the birches in the Pond Plantation are in a similar condition.

One of the foremen engaged in clearing the timber was telling me some time ago how he had found in an oak a maggot about 5in. in length. I remember he prophesied at the same time that not a single one of the old oaks would be left standing a few years hence.

Much good work has been accomplished of late at the northern end of the Park by those whose responsibility it is to care for the timber, but in face of the fact that almost every oak in the area, above a certain age, is attacked by disease, cannot a more ambitious method be adopted to deal hopefully with such a serious situation? Meanwhile every encouragement and all possible assistance should be given to those who are engaged in the salvage work. It must be a herculean task. Possibly an increase of staff might help in meeting the present crisis.

New trees may be planted by the score, but if during the present generation we should lose almost every ancient oak in the vicinity, and a considerable proportion of the younger trees also, Richmond Park will forfeit for the next hundred years all its peculiar character and charm.

Yours faithfully,
Putney. ABSOLOM.





CAUGHT WITH A ONE-PIECE BAMBOO ROD AND LARGE MINNOW
(See letter "A 65-pounder from Norway")

INCREASE OF NESTING CURLEW

SIR,—I have noticed a considerable increase in this part of South Pembrokeshire of curlew nesting this season. Before this spring, where an occasional nest has been found several more have appeared, generally to be found in small patches of rush or bracken. While visiting Monmouthshire in May one constantly heard the charming love-call of curlew, so I do not think their increase was confined to this county. I wonder if others have noticed the increase? Directly the young birds are strong enough the parent birds seem to move them to the Milford Haven estuary only a few miles away, where no doubt they find plenty of food for their growth.

South Hills, Yours faithfully,
Milton, Tenby, S. W. BOWEN-SUMMERS.
Pembrokeshire.

ROPE MAKING

SIR,—You were kind enough to publish last January a photograph and letter which I sent you concerning rope making in the Bloody Foreland District, Co. Donegal.

I was abroad at the time, but my attention was called later to a letter in the *Field* saying that I had been misinformed, as the ropes illustrated were only used for small stacks. The matter, of course, is not of much importance, but I like to be accurate, so may I say that the information as to the use of the ropes was given me on the spot by the girl in the photograph. Also, that a few days later, near Letterkenny, Co. Donegal, I took another photograph of three men roping a large stack, and using these very ropes of twisted hay. This photograph was, unfortunately, a failure, otherwise I had intended to send it you as a companion to the one you printed. May I add that, to the best of my recollection, the haystacks in the Bloody Foreland district are mostly small, so that in one way your correspondent is right.

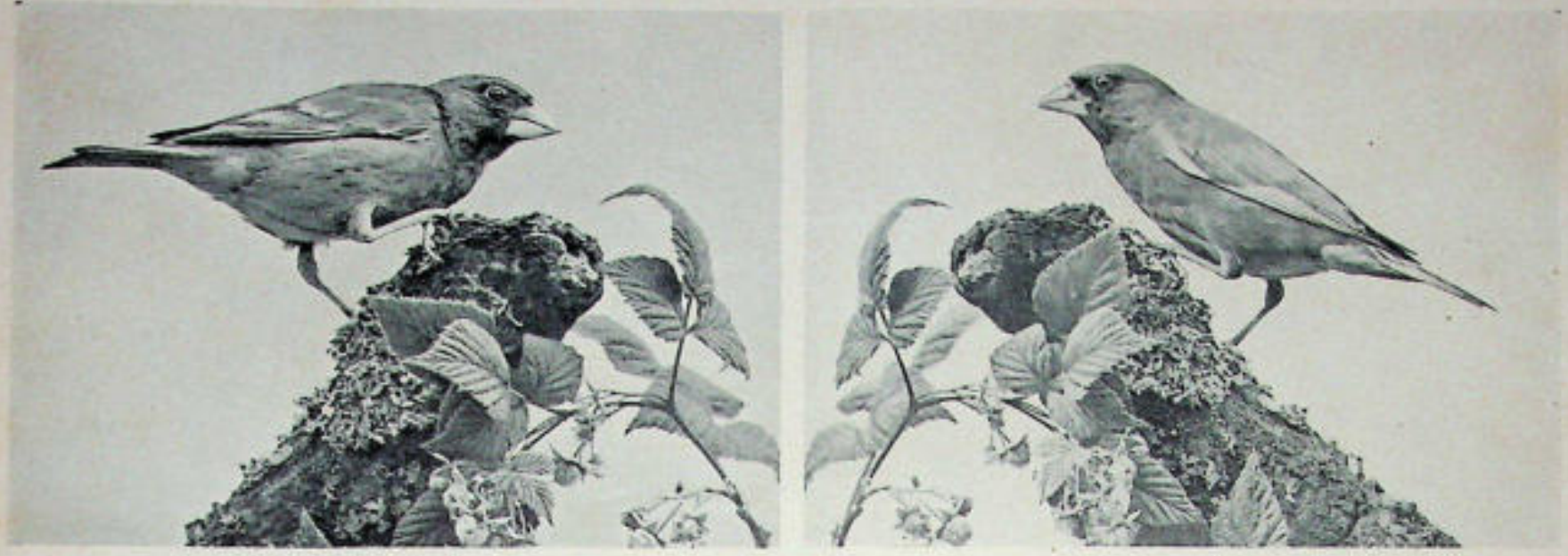
Yours faithfully,
Cheltenham. DORIS HANNA.

A 65-POUNDER FROM NORWAY

SIR,—The enclosed photograph which I took of an exceptionally large salmon may be of interest. The fish was caught at the mouth of the River Driva, near Sundalsoera, Norway, on May 29th, 1939, and weighed the next morning 65lb.

It was caught by one of the villagers using a one-piece bamboo rod and large minnow, and he told me that the line broke a split second before the fish was gaffed.

Loup House, Yours faithfully,
Clachan, Argyllshire. ANGUS MACKINNON.



THE HEN AND COCK GREENFINCH
(See letter "Problems of Bird Photography")

PROBLEMS OF BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY

SIR,—All too often, when taking bird photographs, I have been bitterly disappointed with the final results. There are innumerable causes of failure, but I think one of the chief reasons for dissatisfaction is due to the absence of colour. The blue of the sky, the varying tints of the surrounding foliage, the often bright colouring of the birds themselves, that add so greatly to the attractiveness of the scene when the exposure is made, all appear, in the finished enlargement, plain black and white. What wonder that one is disappointed! I have recently had a marked instance of photographs failing to come up to expectations for the above reason. Here the greenfinch usually nests in the dense shade of evergreens. Consequently, it is a difficult although common, subject. As greenfinches come regularly to my bird table, I thought I would try to get some studies of these birds in a good light from one of the windows of my house. It was surprisingly easy. I chose what I thought was a suitable perch with the sky as a background and then started feeding round about with mixed birdseed. A pair of greenfinches came almost at once and very boldly. It delighted me to see that the cock was a particularly handsome specimen. In his brilliant green livery offset with yellow he reminded me of a little parrot. In contrast, the plumage of his mate was very drab, so much so that when she alighted on the perch I often, for a moment, failed to distinguish her from a hen house sparrow.

Technically, the photographs I took of this pair were quite good, but there was astonishingly little difference between the sexes. Should you care to publish the two enclosed enlargements your readers will be able to judge how dissatisfied I felt with my efforts.

Yours faithfully,
M. S. WOOD.
Windermere.

AN ALBINO SWALLOW

SIR,—A completely white swallow has recently appeared within 400yds. of my lodge in Norfolk.

It was, presumably, hatched from a nest of swallows under a railway bridge on the Midland and Great Northern joint-committee's line from King's Lynn to Fakenham, and was quite mature when I saw it.

It would be interesting to know whether albino swallows or martins are very rare.

Yours faithfully,
CEDRIC CLIFTON BROWN.
Congham Lodge, Hillington.

CLEANING THE DRAINS

SIR,—This photograph, taken at Bigby, Lincolnshire, shows a common sight at this time of the year in these parts and also in the Fen country. The drains become overgrown with weeds which are removed with the long rakes seen in the picture and deposited on the bank-side. As each portion of the drain is finished the wooden screen is moved further down the drain to stop weed floating to the parts already cleaned. These drains frequently harbour numberless rats, and it is no bad sport standing by with a gun or dog, especially if, as in many of these parts, the local council pay 1½d. per rat tail produced.

Yours faithfully,
"Rosmont," E. H. JOHNSON.
Brig Road, Barton-on-Humber,
Lincs.



AN IMPORTANT TASK WITH FINANCIAL AND SPORTING COMPENSATIONS
(See letter "Cleaning the Drains")

PUPPY FEEDING

SIR,—May I be allowed to point out to your correspondent Mr. E. La Coste that the behaviour of his bitch is by no means extraordinary, since it is the natural way for a dog to feed its puppies. The fact that she hunts and catches rabbits arouses a natural instinct, or rather accentuates it, and she merely vomits the partly digested rabbit as wild dogs do, since the undigested rabbit would be too much for the puppy to tackle with its only partly developed digestive tract. This method is very much akin to the one adopted by pigeons when feeding the young birds, with which most people are familiar, the partly digested food being known as "pigeon's milk."

I can assure your correspondent that the bitch has not evolved this method herself, but is really observing a law or instinct of nature. I have a bitch at the moment which also does exactly the same thing.

Yours faithfully,
City and Counties Club, P. H. G. COOMBS.
Peterborough.

SIR,—Mr. de la Coste's letter on puppy feeding is interesting. I, too, have an old Border terrier bitch. She has had many litters of puppies and, after four weeks, gets dreadfully bored by her enforced absence from the drawing room or the house where much is going on in which she wishes to join. She therefore endeavours to teach the pups to eat solid food: and if they do not care about it, they can go hungry—anyhow, she is free for the afternoon. She, too, offers them predigested rabbit; but should her puppies arrive in the spring, she visits hen runs in the vicinity and, each morning, places a freshly killed chicken in the puppies' box, pushing their noses against it, and finally leaving it with them. If I remove any of these titbits from the box they are quickly replaced by freshly killed specimens. Later, she puts bones, dog biscuit, and even bits of cake begged from the cook into the pup box, and steadfastly refuses to feed them more than twice a day.

Her puppies are always strong, fat, and have never had distemper.

Yours faithfully,
Lentran, Inverness-shire. C. MITFORD.

WOODCOCK SITTING IN JULY

SIR,—With reference to the letter from "A. H.," Monmouth, appearing in your issue of July 29th, I imagine that woodcock hatching in July is quite common in Ireland. I find at least one nest every year in Co. Wicklow. The latest date I know for the eggs to hatch is July 27th.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID L. ROBINSON.
Stephen's Green Club,
Dublin.

WHAT AILED THE FISH?

SIR,—I think the unusual behaviour of this fish was caused by a blood suffusion of the gills due to the injury of the tongue. This would produce a feeling of suffocation, and would account for the flurry in mid-stream and the subsequent rush to the side and the leap on to the bank. This in a fish is the equivalent to the towering of a bird when shot through the lungs.

I do not think pain had anything to do with it, for, like Mr. W. M. Hoggan, I have come to the conclusion that fish have a very low recording of pain.

Some years ago when worming for perch I foul-hooked one behind the eye, and the removal of the hook brought away the optic. In my disgust at this, to me, painful happening, I threw both the fish and the line back into the water, the eye being still on the hook. Within five minutes I had another bite, and brought to bank the same perch which had taken its own eye for bait. A case of this kind gives one food for thought. In spite of this happening I have never again tried to remove a badly placed hook without first killing the fish.

Yours faithfully,
Parkend, M. LEIGHTON RIDGWAY.
Moreton Valence,
near Gloucester.

CONDOR NESTING MATERIALS

SIR,—I have lived many years in Southern Patagonia, and during that time I have pulled down the beginnings of many scores of carancho's nests from the heads of water-pumping windmills on this property.

I have always marvelled at the amazing variety of articles which go to make up these nests, but not until I came across a rather more remarkable one than usual, a short while ago, did it occur to me that it might be of general interest to record the extraordinary collection of miscellaneous bits and pieces which go to make up the foundations of these nests, and of this one in particular.

I made the following list in my notebook as I threw each article to the ground: Three goose feet, three hare feet, one wing of a seagull, one foot of a seagull, a lamb's foot and back quarters, calefate twigs, odd galvanised coach nails, one sheep's foot, oil caps off the windmill, a 2ft. length of ½in. rope, small piece of wire netting, the top of a sheep's skull, horse and cattle manure, wool, half the skeleton and piece of fur of a skunk, bits of sacking, dried grass, horsehair, at least 10yds. of five different sorts of wire, which, besides the two or three gauges used in the local fencing, included a short length of very find gauge steel hawser of a type I have never seen within many miles of this isolated spot.

I also enclose a photograph of a carancho's nest and eggs, which I found built in a calefate bush. The nest contained, as can clearly be seen in the photograph, one normal egg, coffee coloured with dark red-rust splashes; one a fairly even café-au-lait shade all over; and a third almost pure white.

The colouring in these birds' eggs often varies quite considerably, though I have never seen or heard of such complete lack of colour pigment as in this case.

It would be interesting to know to what extent pigmentation varies in the case of other birds.

Yours faithfully,
Estancia "Condor," E. M. DAVIES.
Rio Gallegos, Rep. Argentina.

CHAFFINCHES AND CONFETTI

SIR,—In the *Field* for August 5th your correspondent, Mr. G. Landon, mentions a chaffinch's nest "ornamented" with confetti. I have a record of at least one other case in which confetti was used, and have found other chaffinches' nests in which chips of light-coloured touchwood, fragments of white paper, bits of white lint, strips of green and red paper and green leaves, respectively, were used in a similar manner.



A VARIED PIGMENTATION
(*See letter "Condor Nesting Materials"*)

It is well known that pieces of lichen are often attached to the outer surface of the nests of this species, but their presence is protective only in so far as they help to assimilate the nest to its environment: when they do not they attract attention. Perhaps the use of confetti, and other bizarre substances, is an extension of the "lichen" trope.

Most nest building is instructive, not intelligent, (*i.e.* "primary" not "secondary" behaviour in the technical sense); it is on record that a young greenfinch builds a typical nest in its first year, and I have proved the same myself with a song-thrush. Chaffinches using unusual and conspicuous nesting materials will attract enemies and fail to bring off their broods, in fact the other confetti nest was destroyed. But to assume that some chaffinches have a decorative sense because some of their nests seem to us decorative is dangerous; we do not know what is in a bird's mind, but it is very certain that it differs greatly from ours.

Yours faithfully,
Holt Anstiss, E. W. HENDY.
Porlock, Somerset.

A KINGFISHER'S ROD PERCH

SIR,—The following incident may be worthy of record. I was fishing the Kennet recently, and while in the act of recovering my line after a cast, a kingfisher perched on my rod about 3in. from the top. He then flew off downstream and perched on a railing about 35yds. away on the opposite bank. He sat there for five minutes, looking at me, obviously wondering what it was all about, then crossed the river and flew off down a sidestream.

I know that there have been fairly frequent instances of this, but have always supposed that they were confined to cases where the fisherman was sitting in a boat, or on the bank of a river, watching his float and practically motionless.

My impression was that he was a young bird. He certainly did not appear to be in the least alarmed.

Yours faithfully,
Harbrook, H. UNDERDOWN.
Ramsbury,
Near Marlborough,
Wilts.

AN UNUSUAL LANDRAIL'S NEST

SIR,—Since my letter of July 22nd entitled "A Landrail's Nest" appeared, a dog when out with its master killed a landrail chick on Garburn Pass, Westmorland, late in July, at a height of 1,500ft. above sea level. It was about ten days old and the old bird was seen to have other chicks with her which escaped unhurt. I have not heard of a landrail nesting on such high uncultivated ground before. Surely this must be unusual.

Yours faithfully,
Fayrer Holme, CATHERINE M. CLARK.
Windermere.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask your help for a brave old widow of 85 who is suffering from heart disease. She lives in a tiny flat, but her sister is only next door, and Mrs. G. knows that if she feels ill and knocks on the wall there is always someone there who will answer her call. Mrs. G.'s medicine costs 3/- a week and her rent 11/6, so that the old age pension of 10/- weekly is quite insufficient for her needs. Her sister is unable to give her financial assistance as she has a family of her own, but people interested in her will guarantee 13/- weekly provided we give 5/-. Will you help towards the £13 needed so that Mrs. G. may end her days where she is well cared for?



IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

RETAIL trade statistics compiled by the Board of Trade indicate that much of the money now being spent by the Government on rearmament is percolating through to the shopkeepers. More people are earning good wages, and these are being spent more lavishly on the ordinary needs of life.

One section which should benefit considerably from this addition to the national spending power is that dealing with the needs of the male portion of the community, such as clothes, hosiery, boots, &c. In this section there are a number of companies whose records prove them to be worth the careful consideration of investors.

Take, for instance, Austin Reed, Ltd., men's outfitters, hosiers, hatters, &c. with shops in London, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton, Coventry, Hull, Plymouth, Nottingham and Edinburgh. Its issued capital is £752,509, of which £252,509 is in ordinary £1 shares, on which dividends of 10 per cent. have been paid for many years past.

The balance sheet is a good one, reserves having been accumulated totalling £150,000 and net liquid assets amounting to £288,803 being shown. At about 32/6 the ordinary shares offer a yield of £6 3s. per cent. There are also in issue 5 per cent. preference shares valued in the market at 21s. These may be regarded as a very sound investment, the dividend being covered more than six times over by profits.

Another company in the same line of business with branch shops spread just as widely throughout the country is Hope Brothers, Ltd. This company's capital is £700,000, of which £400,000 is in £1 ordinary shares. Profits suffered somewhat last year from the uncertain political conditions, and only 6 per cent. was paid as compared with 8 per cent. previously. As a result the shares reacted to 18/3. There are also in issue £300,000 of 5½ per cent. preference shares quoted at 19/6, the dividend on which was covered two-and-a-half times over by last year's profits.

On the manufacturing side of the hosiery business we have R. & H. S. Rogers, Ltd., shirt, collar and pyjama manufacturers with factories at Bermondsey and Coleraine. Dividends of 12½ per cent. have been paid on the £90,000 of ordinary capital. It was not quite earned last year owing to the special difficulties, but business is stated to have improved again in the current year. The £1 shares are valued at 28/3, while the 5 per cent. preference shares, covered three-and-a-quarter times over, are quoted at 18/9. The balance sheet shows reserves totalling £75,000 and liquid assets amounting to £207,369.

Boots are another requirement always in demand. One of the foremost companies covering both the manufacturing and the retail side of this industry is J. Sears & Co. (True Form Boot Co.), Ltd., which controls Freeman Hardy & Willis Ltd. Between them the two companies own 836 shops, depots and factories. The issued capital is £3,354,530, of which £531,250 is in 5/- ordinary shares quoted at 13/-. Last year they received 15 per cent. less tax as compared with 13½ per cent., free of tax, for the preceding four years. The capital is rather highly geared, there being £2,000,000 in 7 per cent. preference shares. These can be bought for 23/6 to yield £5 19s. per cent.

Then last but not least come the clothing companies of which Montague Burton, Ltd., is an outstanding example. It owns factories at Leeds and Walkden in Lancashire, and has about 620 retail branches throughout London, the provinces, and Scotland. Its issued capital is £5,229,163, of which £2,229,163 is in 10/- ordinary shares quoted at 12/3. At this price they yield £5 14s. per cent. on the dividend of 7 per cent. Here also there is an attractive 6 per cent. preference share obtainable at about 22/-.

LION CUBS AT EDINBURGH

The most recent attraction in the Scottish National Zoological Park, at Edinburgh, are two baby lions, which were born some days ago. Their mother is "April," one of three lionesses presented to the Park by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, and their father is "Simba," a young lion which came here last year from Zanzibar. Following the practice lately adopted in the Park, when lions are born the father has been left with his family, and the cubs are being allowed access to a rock den from the very beginning. When "Topsy's" last family was born she made a strong point of getting them into the rock den, and they spent most of their time in the open. "April," however, is apparently not quite so confirmed a believer in the value of fresh air and exercise, and prefers to keep her cubs in the cage. They are, however, on view most of the time, and are a source of great interest.

BUDDING GOLF CHAMPIONS

The Value of Tournament Play for the Young

By E. R. TIPPLE



J. BRUEN STARTED HIS CAREER AS A GOLFER BY WINNING THE BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1936

WHAT age should a boy or girl reach before being allowed to play golf? This is a controversial question, the answers to which vary according to individual opinion. Even to-day there are many people who regard golf as an "old man's game" and consequently would not permit their children to indulge in it, however logical might be their plea. Others do not mind youngsters playing during the holidays, providing they do not inveigle their parents into any matches! but would object to the game at school. A few encourage their sons and daughters to play and to practice as much as possible, hoping that the family may bring to light a budding champion.

Probably the chief objections to golf are that it is a selfish game and that it does not promote that team spirit which, so we are told, is so important for the young. Undoubtedly golf can be regarded as a selfish game, just as a man who sets up in business for himself is selfish in working on his own behalf. The game, as a general rule, may not promote team spirit but on occasions, as in the Halford-Hewitt tournament or inter-club matches, interest is shown in the games of one's fellow-members.

Team spirit may be an essential for a youth whilst at school, but when he leaves he needs something more than that. Golf can be a great builder of character; it can teach youngsters to rely on themselves and their own capabilities, and it can bring out the value of self-discipline. Golf demands a control over the emotions, and it teaches youngsters to fight against odds, and not to admit defeat until a game is actually finished.

For these reasons alone I think the young should be encouraged to play the game if they wish to do so, but no boy or girl should be forced to play when they prefer other games. The time to learn and acquire a really good swing is when your muscles are supple. If one waits until that unsympathetic period of one's life—middle-age—the prospects will not be cheerful. How often is the remark heard, "I wish I had started playing earlier; then I might have had a chance of doing something."

During the holidays golf "keeps youngsters out of mischief," as I heard one parent say, who does not approve of his son playing at school. Surely there can be no objections to golf if it does not interfere with organised games? Very few schools possess their own private courses, so during term time the opportunities the boys have of playing golf are limited. Some boys cycle several miles to the nearest course when they can, and surely this is better than their going for idle walks? Just because a boy shows promise at golf, it does not mean that he is no good at other games. Lucas was captain of football and cricket when at Stowe, yet he played golf as well. So did Langley, who also participated in Walker Cup golf; yet he, too, managed to excel at team games, notably cricket. Other examples could be given to prove that golf is not just a waste of time for schoolboys, tending to disturb their regular games.

Just being allowed to play golf is not enough—enthusiastic youngsters need to be encouraged to play in competitions which will provide the necessary incentive for them to improve their play. The Boys' Championship, which is being played this week at Carnoustie, has been the means of bringing to the fore many international golfers. It may not be generally known that Henry Cotton took part in the very first championship—at Ascot in 1921. And he was not successful either! Others who have played in this event include J. Bruen—winner in 1936—Hector Thomson, J. McLean, P. B. Lucas, J. D. A. Langley, and John de Forest. Without such early experience of tournament play would these youngsters have progressed as they did to Walker Cup honours and to win Open and Amateur Championships?

This Boys' Championship is one of the most important of all competitions, and is a valuable asset to British golf. It acts as a training school for promising young players. It is criticised on the grounds that many who take part in it become snobbish, that several of the competitors are likely to be ruined by the publicity they receive and likely to gain a false impression of their own importance. I have played in it myself on two occasions, and watched on many more, yet I have never witnessed any incident upon which adverse comment could be made.

Such a tournament, instead of making egoists, humbles any who show signs of being swollen-headed. It acts as a levelling process. The local hero, accustomed to admiration at his own course quickly discovers he is not so good as he imagined himself to be. Then, if he possesses any ambition at all he will set about improving his standard of play and be keen to do better next time. I write from personal experience, for when I first entered this event my opinion of my own prowess was not modest. After being quickly and decisively beaten I returned home with more humble ideas.

The emphasis that is put on long hitting by the boys is not wise. One reads in a report that a boy is considered to be a long driver. So next day he says to himself: "All right; they say I can hit the ball, I'll show them I can do better still." He becomes obsessed with the one idea of length at all costs. Another boy whose feats were not reported says to himself: "Blank is a long hitter is he, I'll show the crowd I can beat him." He, too, begins to worship the god of length and concentrates on long driving.

Terrific drives may be spectacular to watch, but they do not win competitions by themselves. Youngsters should be made to realise that there is more in the game than prodigious hitting. They would be wiser if they were not proud of "my drives at the tenth and fourteenth," but because they took only 30 putts during the round. Even the finest professional returns only mediocre scores, relatively speaking, when his putting is indifferent. So young boys and girls should be brought up with the idea that the short game and accuracy through the green are the essentials.

More competitions are needed for the youngsters, particularly during the holidays. To play golf properly requires not only physical fitness but also grounding in its fundamental principles. The earlier one starts getting this the better.

PHENOMENAL PUTTING

Padgham's Great Golf at Brighton

IN a season that has been conspicuous for the unusual number of ties and close finishes, A. H. Padgham's comfortable victory at Brighton last week was particularly noteworthy. With an aggregate of 279—one of the lowest totals ever recorded in an important tournament—he won by the wide margin of five strokes. This is his second big success of the year, for he won at Moor Park in the spring beating R. Burton in the replay.

Although accustomed to low scores, no one was prepared for such a remarkable return as Padgham's 64 in the second round. Nothing like it has ever been accomplished before in a major tournament over a course measuring 6,800yds.

In establishing this record, the former Open Champion was so accurate with his long shots that he was only twice off the fairway. However, his length—obtained with that apparently care-free, easy style—was not the deciding factor, but his phenomenal putting. He needed only 26 putts in the whole round—beginning with a single putt on each of the first five greens. Yet he took 4 at each of two short holes—to show he was human, and not a machine—but had eight "birdies" and two "eagles" elsewhere.

With King losing ground in the third round, the question was whether Padgham would suffer from having too big a lead. Despite the consistent golf of Alliss and W. J. Cox he was not to be trapped, and with complete confidence left them trailing far behind. In a tournament that was instructive from the Ryder Cup team point of view, it is interesting to note that only eight players managed to equal or better an average of 4's, whilst 27 equalled or beat the par score of the East Brighton course, 74 for the four rounds.

Burton, the Open Champion, finished far down the list with 298, but has obviously not recovered from his dental operation.



PADGHAM ON HIS WAY TO THE LAST GREEN AT BRIGHTON WHEN HE MADE HIS RECORD ROUND OF 64

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"

W. M. Thackeray, "THE VIRGINIANS"

WILLS'S THREE CASTLES CIGARETTES

10 for 8½d. 50 for 3/5½
20 for 1/5 100 for 6/9
Handmade 20 for 1/8

This Advertisement is set up in NICHOLAS COCHIN and CLEARCUT SHADED INITIALS. Cochin: based on the copper-engraved letters of Charles Nicholas Cochin about 1770. TT. 202E



AN UNUSUAL AND DECORATIVE ARRANGEMENT FOR CROCUSES GROWN IN A BOWL.

The Country House

INDOOR FLORAL DECORATIONS

Universal Popularity of Spring Bulbs

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW indoor plants are so universally popular as the spring bulbs which flower during the bleakest weeks of the year, for the vivid colours of the flowers are suggestive of blue skies and the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. Immense bowls of these bulbs in flower are fashionable now, but I think it is a mistake not to make more use of the smaller bulbs such as Campanelle Jonquils, Muscari and Crocuses, for charming miniature gardens can be made with them in wide shallow bowls with a judicious addition of moss-covered stones, &c.

The earliest bulbs to flower indoors are Roman Hyacinths and the specially prepared miniature Hyacinths. Roman Hyacinths are not so popular now as formerly, for white is the least desirable colour in early January, but in the specially prepared miniature kinds the colours range from white to yellow, blue and crimson.

So far as the very large Hyacinths are concerned I have come to the conclusion that the best way of growing these monsters is in tin-lined baskets, and the baskets we use are the thick plaited kinds like waste-paper baskets in shape and obtainable from any greengrocer for a few pence each. They are the sort in which new potatoes are sent from the Channel Islands, &c. Even in very large bowls Hyacinth roots do not stand a fair chance, for they have to curl round and round. Given a depth of 18in. the roots go straight down and the giant Hyacinths grow nearly 2ft. high. Standing on the ground these baskets look very effective. If there are drainage holes in the linings of the baskets the bulbs can be grown in soil, but if unlined they must be grown in the prepared fibre commonly used for bowl culture. Blue, pink and yellow Hyacinths are the kinds that make the best show. Red Hyacinths are always a little difficult and seldom make such large heads of flowers. Jan Bos and King of the Belgians are two of the richest reds.

Crocuses are amongst the earliest bulbs to plant for indoor decoration, for they always do best if put in in August. The gorgeously coloured and vividly striped kinds which attract every eye at shows are particularly effective. Last spring one well-known firm had some outstandingly fine hybrids.

Yellow Crocuses can never be grown indoors, for they do not tolerate the slightest forcing, even that of a cold greenhouse with no artificial heat whatever. The only way is to plant them in wide shallow pots (about 6in. deep) with good drainage and plunge them out of doors in peat fibre or weathered ashes. The bulbs should be planted as thickly as possible, *i.e.*, touching each other. When the buds show colour they can be brought indoors and, being safe from birds, &c., make a lovely display of golden colour. Indoors yellow Crocuses seem to catch and intensify every ray of sunlight. They look best not in coloured bowls but terra-cotta pots, preferably pots with straight sides.

Other coloured Crocuses can be grown in shallow bowls, and I think they look more effective in pebbles than in fibre. If pebbles are used it is essential to put a good layer of crushed charcoal at the bottom of each bowl.

In the case of all bulbs grown in fibre the fibre has to be prepared first by thorough moistening. It should be damp all through, but of such a consisteney that when a handful is squeezed no moisture drips out. Rain water is ideal or soft water failing rain water. The bowls should not be rammed with the moist fibre, but merely filled, as if too tightly packed the roots when they begin to grow will force the bulbs upwards. Plant with the tips below the surface. It is fatal to start bulbs in a cupboard, for they cannot get enough air. A cool cellar is the best place. Darkness is essential to encourage root growth. In a cellar with any form of artificial heating the bulbs cannot be expected to make good. For the first few weeks very little watering is needed, and none should be given unless the surface fibre is dry.

The easiest way of giving bulbs, or for that matter any plants grown indoors, a severe check is to give them water straight from the main. In winter especially this water is icy-cold and the results will be poor and late-flowering. The water, if from the main or rain water from an outside butt, should stand in the same temperature as the plants for twelve hours before being used.

Daffodils never seem to do so well in fibre as in soil. The best compost for them, as for the majority of bulbs, is two parts good loam and one part prepared peat or leaf mould, sharp sand and a little bonemeal, allowing a pound of bonemeal to every bushel of soil. The compost should be thoroughly well mixed but not sieved. Clean pots are essential, but if washed cannot be used till perfectly dry. New pots have to be soaked and not filled till quite dry. The best Narcissi for bowl culture are King Alfred, Alice Knights, Mrs. E. H. Krelage and the Jonquils.

PROFITABLE WOODLANDS

By REGINALD DAVEY

IN order to encourage the commercial management of private woodlands, very extensive tax concessions are made. So wide are they that not infrequently they achieve their object. This is to turn a loss into a profit and make the setting in order of the woodlands on a private estate a matter which the owner not only can afford to undertake, but will be money out of pocket if he ignores.

When woods are managed on a systematic plan a crop worth from £100 to £200 or more per acre can be taken each year, the replanting costing from £10 to £12 per acre. The earliest maturing conifers cannot be cut before the 60th year, so that in the case of woodlands previously neglected, it is the cost during the years of planting that must be met. If the woods are fairly well stocked with timber, from £50 to £70 per acre, then generally speaking the owner can undertake commercial forestry with the knowledge that he will make a definite, if small, profit each year.

In the case of neglected woods where the average crop is below these figures, then for the first few years a loss may be inevitable; but examination will often show that what was thought to be a loss is in reality a profit.

For every estate of any size, one, two or more men are employed in the woods, if only on ride-trimming for the keeper. If there are two men their wages will come to £250 per annum, if sundry expenses are included. For commercial forestry a third man will be needed, and trees and netting must be bought. The costs will increase to £400 per annum, and if this overtops the revenue, then both income tax and surtax can be recovered on the deficit, which will, in this case, reduce the annual outlay to less than £200 per annum, if the owner pays income tax and surtax at the combined rate of 10/– in the £.

The recovery of income tax and surtax is a matter of procedure. Woodlands suffer tax under Schedule A in respect of ownership, and relief for excess cost of repairs can be recovered in a maintenance claim as described in the article of August 5th. Tax also is paid under Schedule B in respect of occupation, at one-third the annual value, which is usually one-third of about 2/6 per acre.

If the woods operate at a profit tax, will normally be paid on this nominal assessment, but if they consistently show a loss and are managed on a commercial basis, the owner may elect to be assessed under Schedule D in respect of the loss or profit for the preceding year. This election lasts so long as the owner lives, but on his death the basis of Schedule B revives.

A father is thus able to secure the benefit of tax recovery under Schedule D, for the production of plantations, which, after his death, will become the property of his son and be cut, the son receiving the proceeds, but paying tax only on the nominal Schedule B figure each year.

As in the case of a farm loss claim, the loss on woodlands is set off against the owner's other income for the purpose of income tax and surtax recovery. But woods receive even more favourable treatment than farms, for each new plantation formed may be treated as woods on a separate estate, and assessed under Schedule D after the timber is felled but before replanting.

On estates with a valuable crop of standing timber, this allows the owner to fell trees, paying tax only on the nominal Schedule B figure, and to replant with recovery of income tax and surtax on the cost under Schedule D.

It is very extraordinary that all this persuasion should be necessary to prove to landowners that it is in their own interest to plant up their woods. It forms a first-class insurance against death duties, and one that is not aggregated, so does not increase the dutiable value of the estate as does insurance. With thinnings giving profitable returns after about the 25th year, and a mature crop of conifers at the 60th year, it is the finest possible endowment for a son.

Plantations of light-demanding trees form first-class coverts up to their 20th year, and are preferred by pheasants to the usual timber and underwood.

Recent research in coverts shows that woodlands properly laid out and planted with timber-producing species can hold twice as many pheasants as the same woods not laid out, and with overgrown underwood and little or no ground vegetation. An equally important point is that correct covert and flush point design means a higher proportion of birds driven over the guns. This would represent an increased shooting rent of 1/– or more per acre.

SKILLED ADVICE BY

Archie Compston



THE SECRET OF BUNKER PLAY

Keep the weight forward on the left foot, open the blade with an upright "take-back," delivering a descending blow at the ball.

This player has allowed the right leg to carry the weight with the result the shot becomes a scoop.

Notice the accompanying photos.

seventh of a golfing series by Archie Compston





For skilled advice on independent electric light and power and water systems, consult R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd., Head Offices and Works: Dursley, Glos. 'Phone: Dursley 177, and at London, Glasgow, Stamford, Belfast and Dublin

The World's Finest Sprinklers . . .

Slow moving and giving a fine, evenly distributed spray, these sprinklers have no equals for the effective watering of large lawns etc. Distribute a fine mist-like spray. No leaks or puddles. British made of best materials.

Pattisson pumps for high efficiency and low petrol consumption.

Pattisson Hoses will withstand very high pressures; do not kink or become unwrapped. The finest hose made.



PATTISSON

Write for Catalogue

H. PATTISSON & CO. LTD.
STANMORE, MIDDLESEX





"Hello, Collins! You look sorry for yourself."

"Yes, I've got stock-trouble again. I keep everything perfectly clean, yet I can't keep down disease."

"But I thought everyone knew . . . . "

"Knew what?"

"That soap and water cleanliness isn't enough. To keep down disease you need something more—a thing which we call *'Extra cleanliness'*. Disinfect thoroughly with 'BOOTS VETERINARY DISINFECTANT FLUID' and you'll find your sick list will diminish in no time. It's economical in use, mixes easily with water and approved by the Ministry of Agriculture when used at a strength of 1 in 100"

Boots

Veterinary Disinfectant Fluid

Carriage paid (goods train) within the railway company's free delivery area in Great Britain.

5 gallon drum .. .. .. each 21/-
2 x 5 gallon drums .. .. each 20/-

Obtainable from all branches of Boots

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM

ROBIN HOOD BOILERS

FOR CENTRAL HEATING
WITH
BEESTON RADIATORS



ROBIN HOOD ROYAL BOILERS are suitable for fixing in scullery or kitchen and will give warmth in every room when used in conjunction with BEESTON Radiators

Through all Heating Engineers
PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE BEESTON BOILER CO., LTD.
BEESTON, Notts.
MAKERS of BEESTON DOMESTIC BOILERS



Finish your drives and paths with Colas and end trouble.

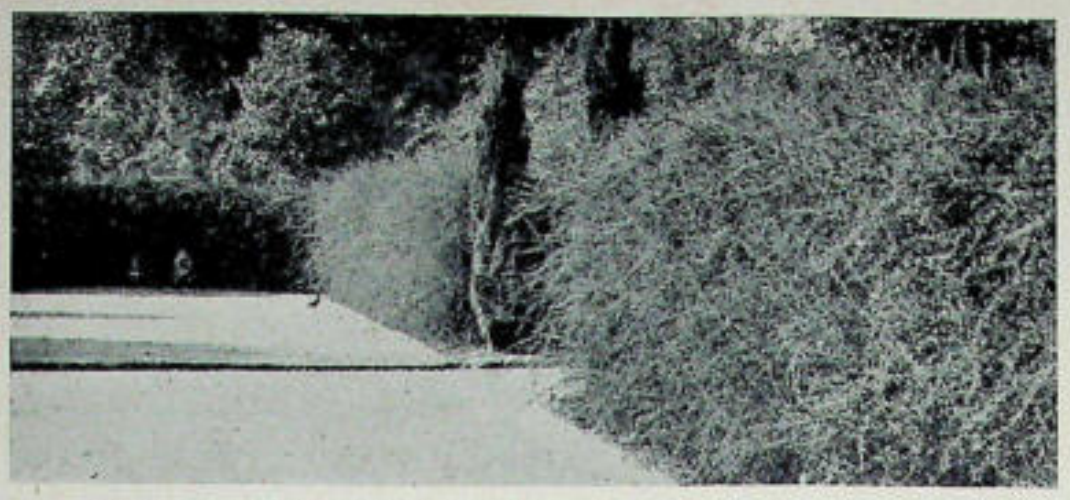
COLAS

COLAS

FOR DRIVES AND PATHS

ADVICE FREE—Write for pamphlet which tells you how to obtain an attractive and trouble-free surface for your drives and paths. COLAS experts throughout the country.

Colas Products Ltd., 12 Norman House, Strand, W.C.2. 'Phone: Tem. 0011. 'Grams: Colasfalt, Rand, London



BERBERIS STENOPHYLLA CAN BE CLIPPED AFTER FLOWERING, AND MAKES A FINE SEMI-FLORAL HEDGE

HEDGES FOR EVERY PURPOSE

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

WHAT is the *best* hedge? The answer is more involved than might be supposed. It depends on what is wanted from the hedge, where it is to be grown and on various other matters.

To take the various types of hedge: the first is the boundary hedge in a district where cattle pass along the roadside or graze in adjoining fields. A hedge of this kind must be strong, and preferably thorny, so that it will keep the animals at bay. Nothing has yet been found better than the common thorn hedge for this purpose. It lasts indefinitely, it keeps its uniform appearance from base to tip, even to a height of 10ft. or more, after fifteen or twenty years of growth—that is, of course, if it is properly cared for by the gardener.

Thorn hedges have the one disadvantage that they are not evergreen, and though this does not matter greatly where field boundaries are concerned, a deciduous hedge along the road frontage of an estate is often frowned upon by the owner. Holly can be mixed with thorn if desired, one plant to six of thorn.

A hedge, every bit as thorny and impenetrable as that of quickthorn, can be made by planting one of the evergreen Barberries—*B. stenophylla* or *B. Darwinii*—but this is rather costly where long boundaries are to be hedged. A mixed hedge of holly, thorn and beech is decorative and useful. The beech retains its winter russet foliage, and this contrasts well with the dark holly, while thorn grows quickly and helps to thicken the hedge and make it impenetrable.

In residential suburban areas, where hedges are really more ornamental than necessary, and if necessary are so only to ensure privacy, not because forraging animals must be kept out, a different type of plant can be used.

Flowering shrubs, or shrubs that colour well in autumn and carry berries in winter, are ideal for these hedges. For tall screening hedges heavy evergreens can be used—rhododendrons, laurustinus and Portugal Laurel are good. These should be given plenty of room and allowed to grow rather naturally. They are not suitable for formal clipping. *Berberis stenophylla*, on the other hand, can be clipped twice annually, and will still flower brilliantly in April, so that a semi-formal hedge can be made.

Smaller floral hedges can be fashioned from Cotoneasters of several kinds, from Forsythia, Osmanthus, Rosemary and Lavenders.

Flowering hedges of good appearance, but not necessarily evergreen, are sometimes acceptable for suburban garden boundaries, particularly when they are used in association with a low stone or brick wall. Penzance briers, for example, make a good hedge if well trained, and *Berberis Thunbergii atropurpurea*, which has purplish red summer foliage and glorious autumn tints, is another good subject.

Internal hedges in a garden are in a different category from the boundary hedges. They can be divided into three groups, according to their purpose.

First there are the hedges that are intended as screens, either against wind, when they should be thick belts of shrubs and trees, or just to secure privacy in certain areas, when they can be merely light trellis with roses or clematis over it, or a thin line of evergreens.

The wind-screen hedge is usually one of the first things to be planted in a garden, and in a seaside garden it may be practically impossible to get on with other parts of the design until some wind-screen is provided. The method of shutting out ocean breezes is this: first a belt of land on the exposed side of the garden is marked out. As much as 10ft. width is desirable, but naturally the area that can be spared depends on the size of the garden.

At a point about 6ft. from the boundary a wide and deep trench is excavated, the soil removed being piled up between the trench and the boundary line. A row of wattle hurdles fixed on the ridge serve as protection until the planting is established.

The trench itself is then filled in with good soil, and in this trench are planted young shrubs of good seaside temperament—Euonymus, for instance. Inside that might be a line of Tamarix, and if the garden is large a row of pines or other conifers, or perhaps evergreen oaks, and then more shrubs, so that the fully grown belt is like a rounded ridge in outline. This breaks the force of the winds, and each row of shrubs or trees shelters the next.

It is generally desirable to mix evergreens and deciduous shrubs in a wide shelter belt. Deciduous trees in particular are useful; they provide good backgrounds to the garden in summer, and in winter, though they break the force of the winds, they do not offer such resistance that the tops are broken, as is very often the case with evergreens.

The second use of internal hedges is to divide sections of the garden and so add to its interest. Here, too, the hedges may be tall or dwarf according to circumstances. It is sufficient division between a sunk garden and an open landscape if a hedge of lavender is set on the top of the retaining wall, but if the old sunk garden is turned into a modern bathing pool, a tall hedge of laurel or yew might be preferable. Generally it is wise to consider the use of floral or autumn tinted hedges first, as these hedges are essentially a part of the garden pictures. Common privet as an internal hedge would be intolerable. Out of the way subjects, such as fuchsias (*F. Riccartonii*), hydrangeas (*H. hortensis*, in sheltered gardens), double flowered Gorse (where dogs are to be kept out), or the showy Veronicas, blend gracefully with most sections of the flower garden, and form ideal backgrounds for narrow flower borders, or edgings to flagged paths. Double hedges, with a centre walk of stone or brick, or with just a wide grass path between, are good substitutes for the pergola when parts of the garden are to be divided, but not fully screened from each other.

Lastly, there is the use of hedge plants to tie up the garden design. Examples of this use of hedges can be seen in many old gardens, where Yew is extensively planted. Often the hedge of Yew is desirable not so much to screen parts of the landscape as to link each separate feature and give a grateful feeling of unity to the layout.

Yew, of course, is the hedge par excellence, and not nearly so slow growing as gardeners are inclined to think. Its particular virtue is its permanence. One can cut an old Yew hedge back into the old wood, and it will not die. Moreover, it needs rather less clipping than most formal hedge plants. *Lonicera nitida* and privet must be clipped far more frequently, because of their rapid growth. *Cupressus macrocarpa*, which gives fine imitations of old yew hedges after five years, generally looks decrepit and patchy after the next five, and the other Cypresses are not much better for formal hedges.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

How to Plant Daffodils

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

A RELATIVE of mine would not be without his daffodils for worlds. He calls them his "Jolly Companions." He says that they make just all the difference to him in the spring and he looks forward to them, perhaps, more than any other flower.

He has got them growing almost everywhere. He plants them in the north border underneath shrubs. He has them in the grass orchard by the thousand. He has them planted to flank the drive to the house. He even has them in the hedgerows. He has baby varieties in the rock garden, special types on a bank. In fact, you can say that his garden is a riot of gold at daffodil time.

I suppose I have caught the fever from him, for I think I have planted more daffodils this last few years than ever before. I conceived the scheme of planting a ring of daffodils round every tree in the orchard, and each tree is blessed with a different variety. In this way it is quite easy to label the different kinds and get to know about them. Visitors, too, are interested in studying them.

Another thing I have done is to plant a row all the way down the edge of the wire around the tennis court. Here again it is possible to plant 20 or 30 of one variety, 20 or 30 of another variety and so on, and to hang the labels up on the wire-netting.

The bulbs are not put in in serried lines, but they do follow the edge of the wire-netting (roughly), and no bulbs come out too far into the "runback" to prevent proper mowing being done when the early tennis season starts.

I always find that the early planted bulbs succeed best. All narcissus should be in by the end of September and also the Poeticus types, as far more harm is done to them by late planting than in any other way. Large bulbs can be planted at a greater depth than small bulbs, and it is generally accepted now that shallow planting produces earlier blooming.

Naturally, the depth of planting differs with the type and class of soil. On light land in the West, for instance, daffodils like Ornatus can be planted 3in. deep, while in Lincolnshire the best results are obtained from 4in. deep plantang. Emperors, especially if they are large, may be planted 5in. deep. These depths mean from the surface of the soil to the bottom of the bulb—this is important.

There are many firms willing to supply daffodils for early planting: Messrs. Dounard Nursery Company, of Newcastle, Co. Down, Eire; Messrs. Cross and Co., of Wisbech, Cambs; Messrs. Peeds, of West Norwood, S.E. 26; Messrs. Clibrans, Ltd., of Altrincham; and Messrs. Dobbies, of Edinburgh. I shall be glad to have catalogues sent to any readers who care to drop me a post card.

In order to get a natural effect when planting in grass it is best to just throw the bulbs on to the grass in a haphazard fashion—though not from a great height—and then to plant them exactly where they fall. When they are placed "naturally" they never look natural. Though this throwing method is decried by some gardeners for fear of bulb injury, it certainly does give the most natural effect and, further, there is no need to throw the bulbs higher than from knee height.

In grass there is no need to plant the bulbs as deeply as in cultivated land. Holes can be made with a trowel or with one of those special bulb-planting implements that remove a circular ring of turf and replace it just as easily.

In some gardens daffodils are grown as cut flowers in rows 9in. apart, the bulbs being 1in. or so apart in the rows. In the Scilly Isles the growers leave a path 18in. or 20in. wide for every eight rows and use the soil thus left unplanted for what they call "grooting"; that is, the covering of the beds with soil, in a similar manner as asparagus beds are treated. This grooting work is done early in August, the soil being left there until early in the autumn.

Weeds are always a nuisance with bulbs in cultivated land, but calcium cyanamide may be used at the rate of 1oz. per square yard just as the foliage appears. In this way the weeds are controlled without much damage to the foliage. To get the best blooms on cultivated land it is not advisable to dig in farmyard manure before planting, but to give a really heavy dressing of dung to the previous crop.

The ground, before planting, should receive the following mixture at 4oz. or 5oz. per square yard: Superphosphate, one part; fish guano, one part; basic slag, two parts; sulphate of potash, one-and-a-half parts. On light land potash is specially important, though it never gives good results alone. It is necessary to have the organic matter there, plus some available nitrogen.

Altitude record



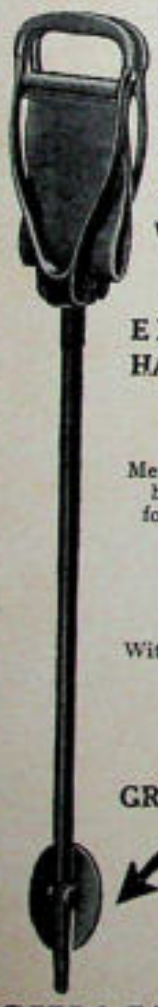
VANTELLA SHIRTS are the highest possible achievement in appearance and comfort. Collars and cuffs curve-woven by Van Heusen — unshrinkable neckbands — three sleeve-lengths to every size. The fabrics used are the best of their kind available anywhere, the designs are a perfect compromise between novelty and convention. It is impossible to look overdressed in a Vantella shirt. Zephyr 9/6, Poplin-de-luxe 10/9. Van Heusen collars to match 1/3 each.

'VANTELLA' SHIRTS MADE TO MATCH
reg'd.
'VAN HEUSEN' COLLARS
reg'd.

Van Heusen neckbands, semi-stiff collars & cuffs made exclusively by Harding, Tilton & Hartley Ltd., London

APPLY FOR PATTERN BOOK TO COTELLA LTD., 14 MOOR LANE, E.C.2

By Appointment to the late King George V.



The 'SHOTOVER SEAT STICK

EXTRA WIDE HAMMOCK SEAT

No. 1501
Metal stem, extra wide hammock seat and folding ground plate.
£2 : 7 : 6

No. 1500
With adjustable stem.
£3 : 0 : 0

FOLDING GROUND PLATE

SWAINE and ADENEY, Ltd.
185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) - - - 64/-
(Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

HEALTHIER MOTORING

Enjoy health-giving fresh air by motoring in Tickford Coachwork. The pleasure of touring is doubled. The Tickford Drop-Head Coupés and Four-Door Cabriolets are built up in electrically welded steel framework, giving lightness and great strength, and the ease with which these are opened and closed is not found in any other Coachwork of this type. The hoods are fully lined as in a Saloon, no framework being visible. Tickford Bodies are the result of over 20 years' specialisation in Open-Closed Coachwork in which are incorporated patents giving the maximum ease of opening and closing, with complete protection from wind and rain in rough weather. No other Coachwork of this type can give you the same advantages. Thousands are in daily use giving absolute satisfaction. Tickford Coachwork is included in the Models of the Armstrong-Siddeley, Daimler, Hillman, M.G., and Rover Cars. Descriptive specification with pleasure from the Patentees:

SALMONS & SONS (Coachbuilders) LTD.
NEWPORT PAGNELL
London Showrooms:
8, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2



F. & S. Photo

KEEP THEM HEALTHY

. . . by keeping them clean with 'Chloros', the safe but powerful disinfectant which is fatal to disease germs. It should be used regularly in all washing water as well as in the drinking troughs. Start taking precautions with 'Chloros' to-day.

For cleaning milk pails, coolers and other equipment, use the I.C.I. detergent "Lustros".

CHLOROS
TRADE MARK
THE IDEAL FARM DISINFECTANT

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD., DEPT. G.C.84, IMPERIAL CHEMICAL HOUSE, LONDON, S.W.1

C.N. 878



BLUEBIRD II, IN WHICH SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL RAISED THE WORLD'S WATER SPEED RECORD TO 141.74 M.P.H., DURING A TRIAL RUN ON CONISTON WATER. THIS REMARKABLE SPEED WAS ACHIEVED WITH A 12-YEAR-OLD ENGINE

SAFETY AND THE CHILDREN

America's Energetic and Imaginative Plans

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

IT has long been my firm conviction that one of the finest methods for ensuring safety upon the roads is by educating the coming generation in the principles underlying safe walking and safe driving. I know that sincere efforts are being made in our schools to inculcate an understanding of existing road conditions in the children, and there are various admirable schemes for teaching the young the fundamentals of good conduct upon the roads. While these efforts are praiseworthy, it seems that they are altogether too isolated and spasmodic. Undoubtedly they confer benefits upon the children fortunate enough to take advantage of them, but the pity is that there is not a regular safety lesson in the curriculum of every school in the country so that a knowledge of personal safety should be regarded as equally important as competency in the three Rs.

Safety organisations in this country do excellent work among the children, but there are obstacles in the way in the shape of stubborn officialdom and —with some schemes—parental disapproval. Because of opposition from such sources workable proposals similar to that encouraging school children to form road prefect systems or safety patrols, have not made the headway which they deserve. Such schemes have been tried and not found wanting in the United States, and judging by reports received from the other side of the Atlantic, the majority of American children are becoming increasingly traffic conscious.

Through the National Safety Council of America, whose membership includes State and municipal services, public service and civic organisations, schools and other community groups, as well as private individuals interested in the prevention of accidents, thousands of children benefit directly from the advanced methods evolved and developed by experts on road safety.

The aim of this council—like that of its British counterpart—is to instil safety consciousness not only into schoolchildren but into the public at large. Certain of the methods they employ are ingenious and compelling, and I feel certain that they will—over a period of time—prove successful.

In Garfield, in New Jersey, for instance, each of the ten schools in the city has been provided with a large, clear map to be hung in the corridor. These maps indicate the crossings within the vicinity of the school which it is safest for the pupils to use. Apart from ensuring that the children will leave and arrive in the neighbourhood of the school safely, the maps will probably prompt the pupils to select the safest route for the entire journey home.

When the schools are dismissed for the day, the children are filed out two abreast to the points considered to be the safest crossings. Here they are shepherded across by patrol boys, who use bamboo poles painted black and white as "traffic gates." Personally, I am of the opinion that instead of being marched across the highway in "crocodile" fashion, it would be better to adopt the "wave" system. This means that the students are formed up four abreast and marched along the pavement. The column is then halted, told to turn to the right or left and then marched across the road in a compact "wave."

The advantages of this method are that it is quicker, and it does not upset the regular flow of traffic as might be caused by "crocodile"—or two abreast—style of marching. A recent experiment in England with the "wave" system proved that 300 pupils could cross the road in 10 seconds, whereas by marching "crocodile" fashion the move would have taken two-and-a-half or three minutes.

However, to return to America, the patrol boys conducting the crossing are specially instructed in their duties, and are thoroughly drilled in what they are called upon to do. Each patrol has a chief, a captain, a judge, a court clerk, a quartermaster and a safety adviser. It is found that in order to keep the lads keen and alert, the scheme is best run on a competitive basis so that at the end of each term the smartest teams are given awards. These patrols have been equipped with white raincoats and helmets to assist visibility in bad weather, while under normal conditions they wear a form of wide, white Sam Browne belt and a peaked cap. To make the work of these schoolboy patrols easier, no parking is permitted near to the crossing points. This scheme is run under the auspices of the Automobile Association of America, and was inaugurated originally about 20 years ago.

Various ideas and innovations for safety which are to be incorporated into the everyday life of the schoolchild must—if they are to be consistently successful—be devised so that a steady, unrelaxing interest is maintained by the pupils. This has not proved overwhelmingly difficult for it is found that normally once a start is made the pupils become extraordinarily enthusiastic, and once given some small responsibility they take a pride in the work. The distribution of merit awards and badges of rank keeps the competitive spirit alive, while the formation of school safety councils has been a means of developing the interest of the pupils.

Some of the advanced methods through which it is calculated that the pupils will imbibe the essentials of road safety thus providing them with a knowledge of the best means of preventing accidents, are worth recording. Different schools have adopted different techniques, but here is a selection of the outstanding examples.

For the schools and homes in Green Bay, Wisconsin, there is a weekly broadcast by the "Safety School of the Air." The programme is introduced by a safety theme song, which is followed by an anecdote telling of some of the dangers which beset children. The story is written and broadcast so that it will not only intrigue the children, but simultaneously create a lasting impression.

Students are invited to write safety playlets for radio use, while the "elocutionists" in the schools are called upon to speak the parts. Apart from the radio lessons, this area has other means of appealing to the children, and these are decided by a committee of teachers who are responsible for the safety activities in their own particular schools. This committee meets fortnightly and studies methods for the attractive presentation of safety material. Common problems are discussed and courses of study arranged together with contests and special forthcoming projects.

In another school there is a Student Safety Council whose members volunteer for after-school activity in instruction. This work has included the maintenance of a traffic accident map of the town in which the school is situated, and for this purpose access is given to the Police Department accident reports. A reckless driving committee interviews students who are considered to be careless upon their bicycles, and in exceptional cases this committee even send letters to parents requesting assistance in coping with the "dangerous driver." This same council make and display safety posters for the school building and write articles on the topic for the school magazine. Regulation of bicycle traffic in and near the school is undertaken in order to reduce the accident hazard as well as distributing safety literature to the children in their homes. They have seen demonstrations of the various equipment used by the State Highway Department and hear lectures by experts.

"School Safety Courts" have been tried in some establishments and worked according to plans formulated by the Chicago Motor Club. The school courts—officered by pupils—are designed to meet at regular intervals to hear and try cases of violaters of a code of safety rules which are laid down and distributed to every student. They have a judge, prosecutor, defender, clerk of the court and a jury, while witnesses may be called when necessary. This, I think, is an excellent idea, for it must be instrumental in preventing accidents because once "sentence" is passed upon some erring child, I imagine he or she is not prone to repeat the same mistake.

Its Pine Forest by the sea makes

LE TOUQUET

ideal for week-ends and holidays in early autumn

The
MOST FASHIONABLE CASINO
IN FRANCE

During September
INTERNATIONAL GOLF
TOURNAMENT

HOTELS

HERMITAGE · WESTMINSTER

both in pine forest close to Casino

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY



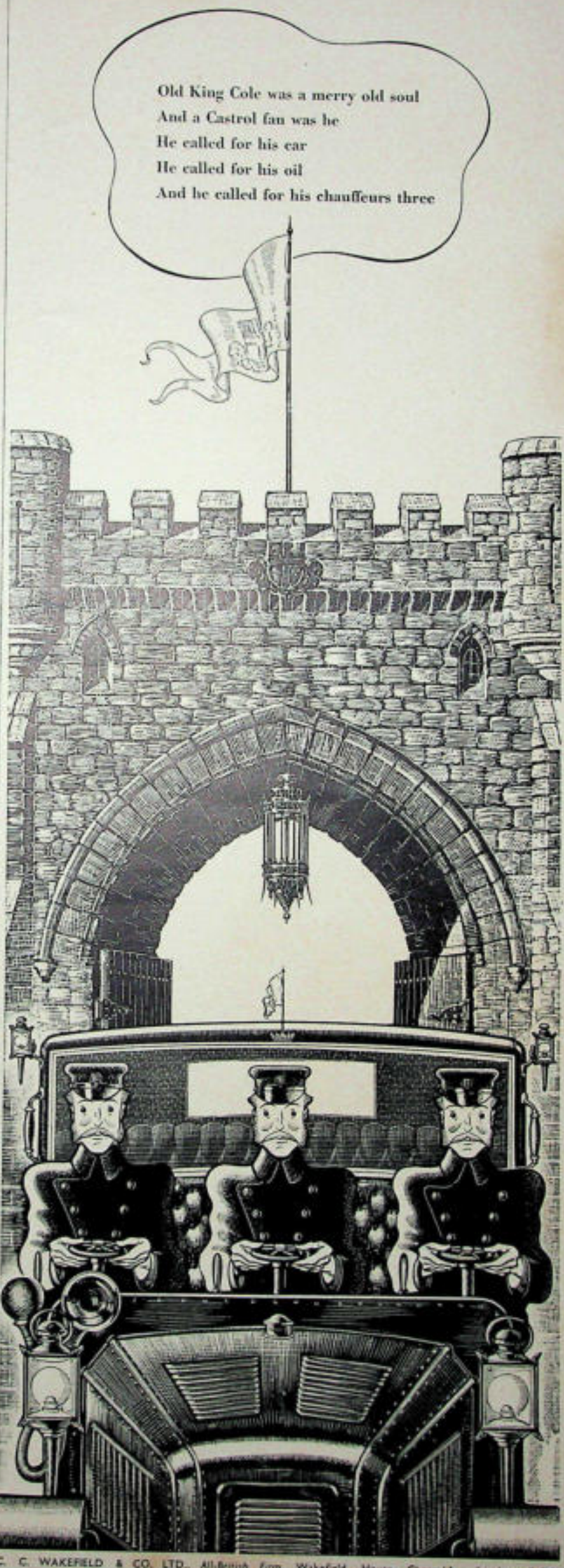
ZEISS



Write for list T.S and the name and address of your nearest retailer.

BINOCULARS
SWEEP THE FIELD

CARL ZEISS (LONDON) LTD.
Mortimer House, Mortimer Street, W.1



C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

BACK-SEAT BLINDNESS

Drastic Re-designing May Solve the Difficulty

HAVING spent several days traversing interesting country in the back seat of a car, I am appalled at the limited views it provided. If I looked ahead a high scuttle and lowish roof line effectively reduced the picture except in the case of long-range scenes. In the ordinary close-up or middle distance views the upper parts of trees, buildings, mountains, clouds, and so on, had to be left to the imagination.

There was also the snag of dodging the front passengers' and driver's heads. And it is surprising how irritating this can become. You have just settled down in a position which suits you when the driver takes up a new perch and you have got to re-arrange your own.

If the body happens to be of the four-light type your view sideways is about 50 per cent. of what it might be, and your blindness is probably completed by an undersized back window, necessitating uncomfortable neck-winding in order to see anything astern, such as traffic cops or overtaking cars.

These experiences suggested lowering the scuttle line, raising the top of the screen, making the front seat passengers sit lower than those at the back, and placing the latter, at any rate in a four-seater car, in such a way that they did not sit directly behind the people in front. The remedies for insufficient side and back views are obvious, and could be effected by larger windows.

But another line of thought produced more far-reaching results. It started with the idea of putting more people on the front seat, so that they could see better. I believe that in America front seats are already able to accommodate four people. Well, let us consider three abreast for the time being. Many cars of to-day could seat three in front if the body were built out to the full overall width of the car. In other words, the outside edge of the seat would line up with the outer edge of the wings. This instantly suggests some sort of streamline form in which the contours of the bonnet, radiator and front wings are gracefully blended. Already there are signs of this sort of thing coming to pass. Bonnets are becoming lower, and soon, perhaps, their lines will blend and level up with those of the wings. Headlamps will be flaired into this new shaping, and the full overall width body will flow smoothly from this front end formation into a tapering or semi-tapering tailpiece.

The most advanced streamline body that I have seen graces Major Gardner's 200 m.p.h. M.G. In this very highly-developed construction both front and rear wheels are enclosed. Though the width of the body is considerable, its form has a certain elegance and balance to which one would very quickly get accustomed. At a glance it should be wide enough to seat three abreast were it adapted for ordinary touring requirements. Another highly-developed streamline body figures on a new 12 h.p. Fiat. Again one notes how the wings are flaired into the bonnet and continued rearwards to give extra width to the body. Other notable points on the Fiat are the sloping front, streamlined headlamps, the absence of all projections such as handles, and a longish semi-tapering tail.

Quite apart from the improvement of view under discussion, this car, when recently tested by an expert, proved what new economies in running and advance in performance may be expected from the latest technique. Propelled by an engine of only 1,100c.c. giving some 42 b.h.p. with a 7 to 1 compression ratio, this car was said to give a fuel consumption of 40 m.p.g. at a speed of 60 m.p.h., and equally remarkable, some 48 m.p.g. at 30 m.p.h. It weighs 16½cwt., and could attain a maximum speed of 90 m.p.h.

How much of this combination of achievements was due actually to the streamlining of the body, and how much to the engine and reduced frontal area of the car, I do not know. But that streamlining played an important part, and that at an every-day and not an extra high speed, was proved when this car and another of comparable size were set to free-wheel to a full stop from a flying start at 50 m.p.h. This test showed that the streamline car could free-wheel 40 per cent. farther than the ordinary type. In this body the rear, but not the front, wheels were enclosed. Presumably, should the front wheels be enclosed the track would have to be reduced to give wing clearance at full lock. I see no disadvantage in this, as several cars already have a wider track at the back than in front.

Assuming now that the three-abreast front seat is accepted, it seems natural to arrange the remaining two seats in the back in such a way that their occupants could obtain a clear view between the middle and outside front passengers' heads. With such an arrangement some of the rear width of the body might be devoted to carrying luggage and the spare wheel. If the back panel were given a pronounced downward sweep which the streamline form suggests, it would require a clever planning to achieve any sort of a rear window view. Cars with bodies of this type that I have driven afford but the scantiest view, sideways, downwards or across, of anything astern. The height of the rear squab in relation to the driver's eye is too great, so that reversing is made a far more anxious process than it might be.

The streamline tail, even when carried out in a moderate manner, means a certain amount of overhang and some practice in getting used to while manœuvring. Probably it has a worth-while effect as far as economy and speed are concerned, but from the ordinary driver's point of view it may be considered a nuisance. On the other hand, it should eliminate mud and dirt-collecting eddies which deface so many back panels. It might also afford a sensible amount of luggage space, sufficient, in fact, to allow four normal people to take with them enough baggage for a fortnight's tour. For, even to-day, with a more practical appreciation of one's touring needs, it is a rare thing to come across a boot which can accommodate four full-size suitcases. I find that all too often the four suitcases described in the catalogue turn out to be attaché case size, just big enough to take odd belongings for a single night's rest.



"THE MOST ADVANCED STREAMLINE BODY THAT I HAVE EVER SEEN GRACES MAJOR GARDNER'S 250 M.P.H. M.G."

The type of body thus suggested would in plan view be full width from the front wings as far as the front seat. From that point it would taper astern, the whole effect being nearer a true streamline than many of the present types. It would, in effect, reverse the present seating plan of two in front and three behind. It might further be suggested that the driver should sit in the middle of the front seat, but I doubt whether this would be a popular plan. For one thing if the seat was full one or other passenger would be disturbed whenever the driver wished to dismount. And then when he was travelling alone he would experience that lost feeling which even the presence of a single armrest on the door does something to alleviate. On the other hand, the central steering and controls would afford a saving in those cars in which these features have to be adapted to the near or off side according to the country concerned.

There is one final point that can assist rear-seat visibility, and that is a transparent roof, assisted if need be by a sliding opaque cover or blind. When in America recently, I noted that the latest and smartest taxis in New York provided this sort of facility, and advertised it by proclaiming themselves "sky view" cars or words to that effect.

In these fast changing times there are aeroplanes everywhere, balloon barrages and taller and taller buildings to arouse interest. People are more conscious of the foliage of trees, the light and shade on the hills, the lovely effects of clouds, the intricacies and beauties of skyline mountain views, and so on. The transparent roof will help to bring these above-the-horizon features into the view of even those relegated to the back seat.

W. G. McMINNIES.



AN M.G. OF GRACEFUL, BUT MORE ORTHODOX LINES THAN MAJOR GARDNER'S—A 2.6 LITRE SALOON AT DENBIGH CASTLE

HOLLAND'S VARIED CHARM

By LILIAN F. GRAY



Netherland Tourist Office

THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS, THE HAGUE

HOLLAND is certainly a country for the individualistic type of visitor and for the holiday connoisseur—the zestful collector of holidays that are different — the Netherlands is definitely a rare find. With the exception of Scheveningen, the popular seaside resort just outside The Hague, few places provide much in the nature of large-scale entertainment, and the most that the average Continental traveller sees of Dutch life is from the train. Both the individualistic visitor and the connoisseur can therefore enjoy Holland's quiet charm and wealth of artistic treasure in leisurely comfort.

The former may not at first be obvious to eyes which have seen greater magnificences, but after a while this placid landscape, dotted with trees and windmills, model farms and spotless villages, grows very agreeably on one. The great number of canals, waterways and lakes provide, too, that luminosity in the atmosphere so tantalisingly elusive to the artist, yet which was so masterfully caught by their own renowned landscape painters.

Seekers of old buildings (as distinct from old ruins, of which the Dutch have very few) can wander in any direction from The Hook, Vlissingen and the airports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam in the sure certainty of finding in most towns or villages something to interest them. The Town Hall, the Weigh-House, the Old Church—or even the so-called New Church—with their pointed steeples and roofs will still be standing much as they were when built several centuries ago. In this connection certain names immediately come to mind: The Hague and Middelburg for their historical and distinctive buildings dating from the thirteenth century, and Utrecht, Dordrecht, Amsterdam and Rotterdam for their colourful sixteenth and seventeenth century quarters. In a niche of its own Leiden, the University town, can best be described as a Dutch replica of our own Cambridge.

There are other places of historical interest, though not so well known—Gouda, for the lovely stained glass windows of St. John's Church; Kampen, with a fine sixteenth century town hall; Amersfoort, with its unique watergate, the Koppelpoort; 's Hertogenbosch, with its huge late Gothic cathedral; and the wooded province of Guelders for castles and chateaux. Zierikzee (Zeeland), Deventer (Overyssel), Hoorn (North Holland), Leewarden (Friesland), Maastricht (Limburg), and Nymegen on the Waal, all retain a peaceful old-world air of several centuries ago.

Of the Dutch waterways—as indeed of most things connected with Holland—whole books have enthusiastically been written. It is all the more surprising, therefore, that so few English yachtsmen sail on some of the main canals and rivers, or realise how very delightful a yachting holiday can be spent round about the islands of South Holland, or in exploring the IJssel Meer (more familiarly known as the Zuyder Zee), or even in gently cruising on some of the Dutch inland lakes. The Brassemer Meer, the Kaager Meer, and the Sneeker Meer, are perhaps The Netherlands' own favourite racing grounds, though several other lakes run them a close second in popularity.

To take a small boat along the *grachten* of the towns or through picturesque water villages such as Giethoorn (Overyssel) and many others, leave memories of characteristic Dutch life not easily forgotten. If only the charm of these backwaters were more generally known, many a vacation would be spent in lazily paddling a portable canoe or locally hired punt. Cruising charts can be obtained from The Cruising Office of Amsterdam, 590, Keizersgracht, while excellent maps are issued by the Topografische Dienst, 's-Gravenhage, 15, Prinsessegracht.

For anyone primarily interested in peasant costumes a fair number can still be seen. Those of the Isle of Walcheren and of Marken in the IJssel Meer are kept alive through tourism, artists and photographers, but those of Edam, Volendam, Buurtschoten and Sparkenburg (all on the IJssel Meer) are more unselfconsciously worn. In most "off-the-track" villages one gets occasional glimpses of quaint, puritanical dresses, accompanied by the clatter of *sabots* on hard brick roads.

To those of a practical or engineering turn of mind the dykes, dams and sluices of the Dutch waterways are a never-ending source of admiration. Not only is the sea kept at bay, but land is gradually being recovered in several areas. Most notable of all the Dutch achievements is the reclaiming of large tracts of land where once swept the waters of the Zuyder Zee. Not only is land being reclaimed here, but already farms, villages and fine motor roads are firmly established.

Alkmaar for cheeses, Delft for pottery, Friesland for farming, Haarlem and Boskoop for bulbs and flowers; The Hague, Rotterdam and Amsterdam for the finest of Old Masters' collections; Breda, Leiden and many others for lovely carillons. These complete what is but a slight indication of Holland's highly individualistic and varied attractions.



Netherland Tourist Office

THE OLD HARBOUR, VLISSINGEN, ISLE OF WALCHEREN

POOLING THE LONDON-PARIS AIRWAY TRAFFIC

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of "The Field")

ONE of the most important references to our commercial aviation policy was made recently by Sir Kingsley Wood, when, at the Bleriot anniversary banquet, he referred to the close collaboration between this country and France in the field of civil aviation. Later, the scheme for pooling the receipts of Imperial Airways and Air France on the London–Paris airway and for co-ordinating the traffic on this route for the elimination of wasteful overlapping and competition, was announced.

This plan, which is to come into force when the winter schedules start in the autumn, is designed to provide better travelling facilities for the public between the British and French capitals. At present, the combined services of Imperial Airways and British Airways between London and Paris—which this year have been flying in conjunction—operate every two hours, while Air France dispatches machines every hour. There is no night flying, and the practical result is that there is an excess of services at some times of the day and barely sufficient at others.

Under the new scheme, the combined British and French services will be spread over the 24 hours. There will be 20 services daily during the summer and fourteen during the winter, though provision will be made for augmenting these schedules during rush hours, and the possibility of half-hourly departures during these periods is visualised. One of the most important aspects of the scheme is that the provision of such extra services will be simplified, since neither company will infringe on the rights of the other, and the problem of providing flying stock will be eased.

From the public's point of view, there can be no doubt that these plans carry with them the promise of considerable benefits. The need for night flying on this route has been expressed for many years and a co-ordinated time-table means simplification of booking and absolute regularity of service throughout the day.

It is expected, too, that the companies themselves will benefit as well, for the traffic will be spread in the most advantageous manner, and it can be handled in a more scientific and economical way.

This scheme, which has been described by the traffic manager of Imperial Airways as opening up "a vast new field of air transport," is, it is understood, a preliminary to further agreements in the same sense between the British and French commercial aviation authorities. In particular, the extension of the pooling arrangement to include the Marseilles route is suggested as more than likely. Undoubtedly, this would confer great benefits on the travelling public, for under existing arrangements Imperial Airways cannot book passengers in either direction between Croydon or Southampton and Marseilles. The elimination of restrictions such as these cannot but further the progress of commercial aviation in general.

From these aspects, therefore, the new agreement does appear to have undoubted advantages for both public and operators, and the general welcome its announcement has received is seen to be justified. Yet there are other principles involved, of a more fundamental nature, and it is well that these should be briefly reviewed.

The scheme is an extension in the international field of that co-ordination and centralisation which is typified in the formation of the new British Overseas Airways Corporation. Its effect, broadly stated, is to eliminate competition on the London–Paris route. Now this is something of a revolution. The London–Paris route was the first commercial air line to be operated by British aircraft, and for 20 years it has been the scene of keen competition, not only between British and foreign companies, but between British companies themselves. To this fact may undoubtedly be ascribed the remarkable improvement that has occurred, evidenced by the reduction of the flying time from two-and-a-half to one-and-a-quarter hours.

Moreover, it cannot be denied that much of this improvement has been due to the enterprise of the French and unsubsidised British companies rather than to the efforts of the officially sponsored British organisation.

Obviously, this new agreement does remove, to some extent at least, the stimulus of that foreign competition. True, it will operate to the extent that uniform timings will have to be maintained by the fleets of the two organisations concerned; but there is no obvious guarantee that those timings cannot be reduced to the lowest common denominator of the combined equipment. Within a few months, then, both internal and external competition have been removed.

The suggested extentions if they should be pushed to include all routes on which British and French aircraft operate might well eliminate competition where it has been specially useful; and if such international pooling agreements are to be a first point of policy of the new corporation the time might come when competition on the world's airways might cease to exist.

Whether the new corporation will be vital enough to resist the obvious dangers of the position only time and experience can show. It may be—and indeed it is to be sincerely hoped—that the danger will never materialise. But it is clear that the position should be faced at the outset, and that, in the welcome to the obvious advantages of the scheme, possible weaknesses should not be altogether ignored. What is emphatically needed, as has been pointed out before, is continuous vigilance to make sure that the new corporation does not fall into a policy of *laisser-faire* and that enthusiasm at home makes up for whatever is lost by eliminating international competition by insisting on vigorous and uninterrupted progress.



THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING BOAT CORINNA

"The London-Paris route was the first commercial air line to be operated by British aircraft, and for twenty years it has been the scene of keen competition . . ."



"A GREAT DEAL OF FORETHOUGHT HAS BEEN EXPENDED ON THIS CAR"

THE 16/65 H.P. WOLSELEY

THOSE who require what might be described as a "family car" would do well to turn their attention to the Wolseley 16 h.p. saloon. It has been built with an eye to producing a high-grade, medium-powered vehicle, with ample seating accommodation, and on the whole, the designers have been very successful.

Priced at £320, really good material has gone into the making both of coachwork and engine, with the result that the particular car I drove recently left me very satisfied with its performance. The engine is a six-cylinder unit with a bore and stroke of 65.5mm. by 102 mm., and rated at 15.95 h.p., the annual tax works out at £12.

There is no sluggishness on the part of the engine or any feebleness of top-speed performance—as a matter of fact it has a top speed of 75 m.p.h.—and it has the appearance of reliability and excellent finish. Here is none of your imitation leather upholstery, painted tin "woodwork," &c., while in motion there is excellent riding comfort and very little engine noise.

The pleasant smoothness over rough surfaces, a smoothness in advance of most cars of a similar price, is due largely to the method of springing employed. Known as phased suspension, it is achieved by using semi-elliptic springs with periodicities at a predetermined variance. Thus the springs cannot swing in unison, and the sick-making sway found in some cars is destroyed.

The Lockheed brakes are smooth and effective in operation, while the steering is surprisingly light for a comparatively heavy car. The steering column, incidentally, is adjustable both for height and for rake, and this feature is indicative of the whole design of the car, which has been to give as much ease as possible both to driver and passengers alike.

Acceleration is excellent, and I found that at traffic lights I could be away before most other road-users, while on the open road quite high speeds could be maintained in comfort. The only engine criticism I might make concerns the petrol consumption; 22 m.p.g. does not seem over much for a 16 h.p. engine.

The lines of the coachwork are in keeping with the performance—clean and dignified. There has been no attempt to achieve anything freakish at the expense of comfort or visibility, and the results have justified, to my mind, the maker's plans. At the back there is a fair-sized boot, beneath which lies the spare wheel in its own locker.

In its fitments, the car is particularly fortunate. It is impossible to mention them all in this column, but there are such things as a jackall hydraulic four-wheel jacking system, and a sensible lighting arrangement whereby the dipper switch extinguishes both head-lights and switches on the near-side fog-lamp at the same time, the other fog-lamp being an auxiliary. There are large glove trays, ample door pockets, and a roof net, while there is even a simple but effective method of raising the rear curtain in one movement.

A great deal of forethought has been expended on this car, and it has justified the trouble. W. R. J.

BRIDGE

INITIAL NO-TRUMP BIDS—II

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

SO long as the strength of the initial No Trump call is that recommended in my last article the honour strength is clearly defined between a definite minimum holding and a definite maximum holding. The responding player can immediately tell the combined honour strength of the two hands within one to one-and-a-half honour tricks, and can base his response accordingly.

When considering a response to an initial No Trump bid the player should always remember that the No Trump call is probably a 4-3-3-3 distribution. This knowledge will enable the responder to determine whether the bid is more likely to produce a game in No Trump than in a suit.

Without a five-card suit and only one plus honour trick or less, the responding hand should pass. He should also pass with only half an honour trick and a five-card suit headed by less than a King or Queen.

After the pass the weakest response to the One No Trump call is a bid of two in a suit. This shows between half and one honour trick and a five-card suit (if the hand only contains the minimum half an honour trick then the five-card suit should be headed by a King or Queen). With a six, or longer, suit, and half, or less, honour tricks, the suit should be rebid as a sign off, thus:

Y	Z
One No Trump	Two Spades
Two No Trump	Three Spades

Z has something like ♠ J, 9, 8, 7, 6, 4; ♡ 9, 2; ♢ 7, 4; ♣ 8, 3, 2. If the Spades are headed by half an honour trick there should be a game, and the rebid over Two No Trumps would be Four Spades. However, and here we begin to notice the influence of the strong No Trump on the response, when the hand contains a six-card suit headed by a Queen, or better, and one honour in at least two suits, a single raise should be given, thus, with

♠ J, 6; ♡ Q, 8, 7, 5, 4, 2; ♢ Q, 3; ♣ J, 9, 7.

the response should be Two No Trumps, since the hand is too strong for a call of only Two Hearts.

Since the One No Trump call should have three cards with the six-card suit, it follows that a bid of Two No Trumps should be made with a six-card suit headed by an Ace and as little as a Jack outside.

A single raise in No Trumps will be given on hands ranging in strength from one plus honour tricks, and an unbalanced distribution to two honour tricks, with a balanced distribution, thus:

(a) One plus honour tricks in two suits and a five-card suit headed by a Queen, or better.

♠ 8, 3; ♡ Q, J, 8, 7, 3; ♢ K, 3, 2; ♣ J, 7, 4.

(b) One plus honour tricks in three suits and four or more honour cards.

♠ 10, 3; ♡ J, 9, 8, 7; ♢ K, Q, 9; ♣ Q, 4, 3, 2.

(c) One-and-a-half honour tricks in at least two suits, or two honour tricks in two suits and no five-card suit.

♠ Q, J, 3	♡ A, 9, 4, 2	♢ 10, 3, 2	♣ 8, 7, 4
♠ K, 3, 2	♡ K, 3, 2	♢ Q, J, 2	♣ 8, 3, 2
♠ A, 4, 3	♡ 9, 3, 2	♢ K, Q, 4	♣ 7, 4, 2

The raise from One to Three No Trumps is given on hands ranging from one-and-a-half honour tricks with a six-card suit to two-and-a-half honour tricks and a balanced distribution. With any hands stronger than these, a slam is possible or a suit contract will be better, and therefore it will be necessary to make a jump take-out.

Three No-Trump bids should be based on hands fulfilling the following requirements:

(a) One-and-a-half honour tricks including a six-card suit headed by Queen, or better, and half-an-honour trick outside the six-card suit.

♠ Q, 10, 3; ♡ K, Q, 8, 7, 6, 4; ♢ Q, 10; ♣ 9, 8.

(b) Two honour tricks, including a five-card suit headed by Queen or better.

♠ K, Q, 8, 5, 2; ♡ 9, 3, 2; ♢ 8, 3, 2; ♣ A, 3.

(c) Two-and-a-half honour tricks with a 4-4-4-1, a 4-4-3-2 or a 4-3-3-3 distribution, or with a suit distribution in which there is no biddable five-card suit.

♠ K, 10, 2	♡ A, Q, 4, 2	♢ Q, J, 2	♣ 9, 3, 2
♠ K, Q, 2	♡ 10, 3, 2	♢ A, 3, 2	♣ K, 4, 3, 2
♠ K, 2	♡ A, Q, 2	♢ K, 3, 2	♣ 9, 8, 7, 6, 2

A suit bid of three is forcing to game and can be made, after the strong One No Trump bid, on hands much weaker than those on which a forcing bid is usually given. The requirements are as follows:

(a) Two honour tricks, any five-card biddable suit and an unbalanced distribution, one-and-a-half honour tricks and a 5-5-2-1 distribution or one-and-a-half plus honour tricks and a six-card major suit.

♠ K, 9, 7, 6, 2	♡ A, 4, 3, 2	♢ K, 3, 2	♣ 2
♠ K, 5, 4, 3, 2	♡ K, 3	♢ K, 9, 8, 7, 6	♣ 2
♠ A, 9, 8, 7, 6, 4	♡ K, 3, 2	♢ Q, 3	♣ 10, 2

(b) Three honour tricks or two-and-a-half honour tricks, any five-card biddable suit and a balanced distribution.

♠ 9, 3, 2	♡ K, Q, 2	♢ A, 4, 2	♣ K, Q, 9, 8
♠ K, 8, 5, 4, 2	♡ A, 3, 2	♢ K, Q, 2	♣ 10, 2

Next week I shall deal with the re-bid by the opening No Trump bidder and the responses to an initial bid of Two No Trumps.

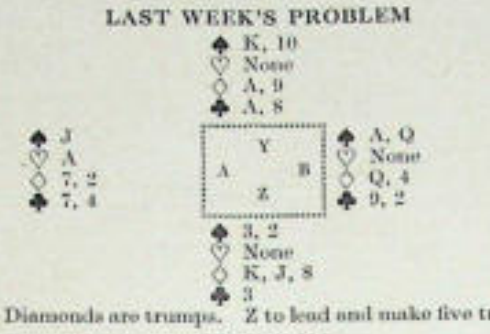
(To be concluded.)

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Hearts are trumps. Z to lead and take all seven tricks against any defence by A-B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Diamonds are trumps. Z to lead and make five tricks.

SOLUTION

Z takes three rounds of Diamonds, discarding a Spade from dummy on the third Diamond. If B discards a Club, Y.'s two Clubs are good, if B discards a Spade, he is thrown in with the Ace and has to give Y two Club tricks.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

At this congress nine tournaments, among them a Premier Tournament and the British Ladies' Championship, are being played, and have attracted over 100 competitors.

In the Premier Tournament six well-known foreign masters—Dr. Euwe, Flohr, Messrs. Dr. Landau, König and Klein—are taking part, together with six home players. In the absence at Buenos Aires of our representatives in the International Team Tournament, the possibility of a British success at Bournemouth is very remote. At the end of the first week's play the scores were as follows: Dr. Euwe and S. Flohr each 5 points out of 6, E. Klein 4½, L. König and J. Mieses each 3½, J. M. Aitken and A. G. Conde each 3, Dr. Landau 2½, F. N. Wallis 2, F. E. A. Kitto and A. R. B. Thomas each 1½, and G. Abrahams 1.

In the British Ladies' Championship Tournament Mrs. R. P. Michell was leading with 5½ points out of 6.

A game from the first round of the Premier Tournament.

(Caro-Kann Defence.)

WHITE. J. M. Aitken.	BLACK. S. Flohr.	WHITE. J. M. Aitken.	BLACK. S. Flohr.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 3	16. P to K Kt 4	P to Q Kt 4
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	17. Kt to K 5	Q to Kt 2 (c)
3. P takes P	P takes P	18. Kt to Kt 3	Kt takes Kt
4. B to Q 3 (a)	Kt to Q B 3	19. Q takes Kt	P to R 4
5. P to Q B 3	Kt to B 3	20. P to R 3 (j)	P to R 5
6. B to K B 4 (b)	B to Kt 5	21. Q to B 2	P to Kt 5 (k)
7. Q to Kt 3 (c)	Q to Q 2 (d)	22. R P takes P	B takes P
8. P to K R 3	B to R 4	23. Q takes R P	B takes P
9. Kt to Q 2	B to Kt 3	24. R to K 2	Kt to K 5 (l)
10. B takes B (e)	R P takes B	25. Q to Q 7	R to B 2
11. Castles (f)	R to B sq (g)	26. Q takes R	Q takes Q
12. K Kt to B 3	P to K 3	27. Kt tks Kt P	Q to B 5
13. K to Kt sq	Kt to Q R 4	28. Kt to K 7, ch	K to R 2
14. Q to B 2	R to K 2	29. R takes Kt	P takes R
15. K R to K sq (h)	Castles	Resigns.	

(a) Rather tame. P to Q R 4 gives more chances.

(b) If, instead, 6. P to K R 3 (to prevent 6. . . . B to Kt 5) then 6. . . . P to K 4; 7. P takes P, Kt takes P, after which Black has an isolated Queen's pawn but good play for his pieces.

(c) It is considered better to postpone this move until Black has played P to K 3 and so deprived himself of the possibility of playing B to Q 2 (see variation in next note). Either 7. Kt to K 2 or 7. Kt to B 3 is probably better.

(d) An alternative here is 7. . . . Kt to Q R 4, *e.g.* 8. Q to R 4, ch (if Q to B 2, then P to K 3), B to Q 2; 9. Q to R 2 (if B to Q Kt 5, then Kt to B 5), Q to Kt 3; 10. Kt to B 3, P to K 3; 11. Castles, B to Kt 4; 12. Q Kt to Q 2, B takes B; 13. Q takes B, R to B sq with an even game (Marôczy v. Capablanca, Lake Hepatcong tournament, 1926).

(e) Q to B 2 is, we think, to be preferred.

(f) This is very risky. K Kt to B 3 is preferable.

(g) The continuation 11. . . . Kt takes P; 12. P takes Kt, R to B sq, ch; 13. K to Kt sq, Q to B 4, ch; 14. K to R sq, Q takes B; 15. Q takes Kt P, Q to Kt sq is also good for Black.

(h) Kt to K 5, either here or at the next move, is perhaps slightly better. Black's best reply is Q to Kt 4.

(i) Black has a good game with prospects of a strong attack.

(j) P to Q R 4 is slightly better.

(k) This move leads to the breakdown of White's King's position.

(l) Threatening 25. . . . B takes Kt P; 26. R takes B, Kt to B 6, ch; 27. K to R sq, Q takes R, ch; 28. K takes Q, Kt takes Q, ch. White has no good move.

The following game was well played by Klein.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE. E. Klein.	BLACK. P. N. Wallis.	WHITE. E. Klein.	BLACK. P. N. Wallis.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	16. B to Q B 4	P to Q Kt 4
2. P to Q B 4	P takes P (a)	17. B to R 2	B to Kt 2
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	18. B to B sq (*f*)	Q to B 2
4. P to K 3	P to K 3	19. R to K sq	K R to Q sq
5. B takes P	P to B 4	20. B to Kt sq	Q R to B sq
6. Castles	Kt to B 3	21. P to K R 4 (g)	B to R sq (h)
7. Kt to B 3	P takes P (b)	22. Q to Kt 4	Kt to K 2
8. P takes P (c)	B to K 2	23. B to B 4	Q to K 4
9. P to Q B 3 (d)	Castles	24. R (Q3) to Q sq	R takes P (i)
10. B to K 3	Kt to Q 4 (e)	25. P to Kt 4	Q to Q sq
11. R to B sq	Kt takes Kt	26. Kt takes P	K takes Kt (*j*)
12. R takes Kt	B to B 3	27. Q tks K P, ch	K to B sq
13. B to Q Kt 5	Kt to K 2	28. K takes R	Q takes R
14. Kt to K 5	Kt to Q 4	29. B to Q 6 (*k*)	R to K sq
15. R to Q 3	P to Q B 3	30. B to R 2	Resigns.

(a) In our opinion it is better to decline the gambit.

(b) We do not like this move which opens a file for White's King's Rook and a diagonal for his Queen's Bishop.

(c) White has an isolated Queen's pawn—but "he who fears to have an isolated Queen's pawn should give up chess" (Dr. Tarrasch).

(d) This move prevents Black from playing his Queen's Knight via Q Kt 5 to Q 4.

(e) This move has the disadvantage of depriving the King's side of the defence afforded by the King's Knight.

(*f*) Making way for the Rook at Q 3 to go to the King's side, if required.

(g) White has completed his preparations and now starts a King's side attack.

(h) To capture the pawn would be fatal since White could continue with either Q to R 5 or R to R 3. The text-move is played in the hope of obtaining some counter-attack by Q to Kt 2.

(i) Whatever Black plays, he has the inferior game.

(j) If 26. . . . R takes R, then 27. Kt to R 6, ch, K to B sq; 28. R takes R with a winning game for White.

(*k*) Threatening Q takes R, ch.

A PRETTY FINISH

In a game played in a simultaneous performance by Dr. Alekhine in Trinidad the following position was reached:—White (Dr. Alekhine): King at K R 2, Queen at Q R 3, Rook at Q B 5, Pawns at Q R 2, K B 2, K 3, K Kt 3, K R 3 and Q 7; Black (Nestor): King at K R sq, Queen at K 3, Rook at Q sq, Pawns at K B 2, K Kt 2, K R 2, Q R 3, Q Kt 4 and Q B 5. White to play.

The World's Champion now finished off the game very prettily, as follows: 1. R to B 8 (threatening either R takes R, ch or Q to B 8, ch), R takes R; 2. Q to K 7, Resigns (if Q to Q B 3, then P to Q 8 — Q or R, ch).

PROBLEM No. 4028

By O. WÜRZBURG.*

WHITE (5 pieces): King at Q Kt 8, Queen at Q Kt 3, Rook at K B 6, Bishop at K R 2, Knight at K 3.

BLACK (4 pieces): King at K 5, Pawns at K 2, K 3 and Q 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Chess Review*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4027

1. P to B 5. Any move; 2. Q, R or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 531

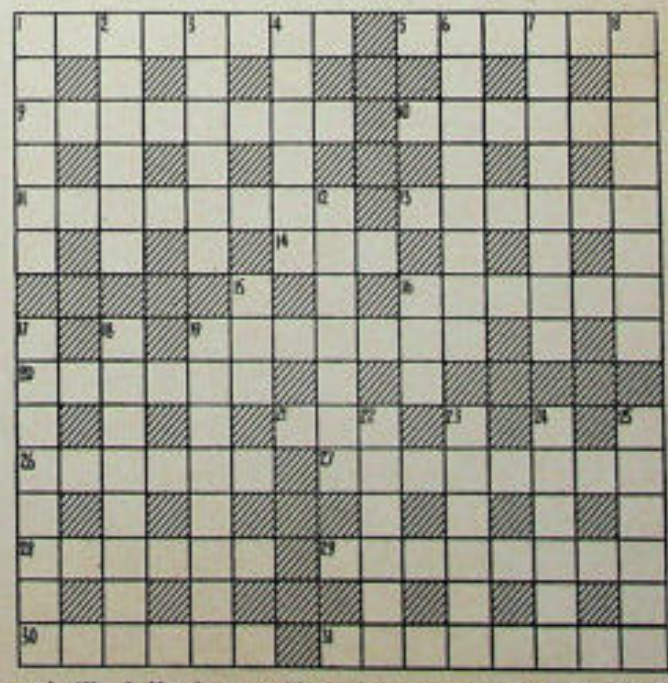
ACROSS.—1, May leapt to find a kindred soul (8). 5, Wigeon and pochard are little less than the same (6). 9, It is not necessary to have an auctioneer to put these up and have them knocked down (8). 10, This kind is something more than a disgrace (10). 11, A Lancashire delicacy takes an important place in the assembly (6). 13, This tongue may be found in many a fernery (6). 14, With my little eye (3). 16, You cannot very well unless you depart (6). 19, The tale can be got from this competitor (7). 20, It is foolishness to allow an attack of this kind (6). 21, This bullion is noisy (3). 26, Flower, not necessarily carnivorous, but seeks a prey (6). 27, One of Alice's companions at the tea-party (8). 28, A relationship that is generally local (6). 29, A game that might keep your hair in curl (8). 30, I dress to show we are adherents to the cause (6). 31, Not quite old enough yet to go to work (8).

DOWN.—1, This boatman will lay you the odds (6). 2, In a car if upset this may be useful (6). 3, One might get trees from a sample (6). 4, In this court many a decision is made (6). 6, May be an exciting and dangerous game for him (8). 7, Impeccable, and rarely decisive (6). 8, A bloodhound sometimes does this, but more often they take charge of the hounds (8). 12, Praise is ended by an Archbishop (7). 15, A pen you cannot write with (3). 16, Masticated, but might easily have been drunk (3). 17, One has known a cat to fall on these; perhaps it was a game (8). 18, Despite the name it is a warm-blooded little creature (8). 19, Imagine a sparrow singing the leading parts? (8). 22, So Rome has very sour manners (6). 23, A bangle round a mule? (6). 24, "We ——, and God works" (Kingsley) (8). 25, The master of these has an appointment with the Courts (6).

SOLUTION TO No. 530

Published August 19th





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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Farming

Laying Hedges.—There are several methods of laying hedges, and they vary in each district. The system which is practised most, however, is the one used in Leicestershire and the adjoining counties. The fencer faces his hedge and works from left to right. The cut is made in the upward direction as low as possible and about halfway through the stem. The upward cut is superior to the more common downward cut, as it helps to exclude moisture and hinders decay. The stakes themselves are not laid in the line of the hedgeroots, but a foot or so outside it, on the field side. The hedge stems when partly cut are then laid along the line of the hedge inside the stakes, and the top 2ft. or 4ft. is placed between two stakes and the top thus protrudes into the field, forming a dense thicket, which can later be trimmed back if desired, but is usually left. The hedge is finally crowned with a binding of hazel rods. It has several advantages over the other methods. The young stems are completely protected from grazing stock. The hedge, when laid, is almost impenetrable. In weak places, stool shoots from stocks growing up to 10ft. or 12ft. from the line of the hedge may be incorporated for the purpose of strengthening. The actual line of the hedge may be advanced, either to be on the crest of a bank, or to avoid a low place or for any other reason, for a distance of up to 10ft. or a little more.—*D. P., Driffield.*

Cow-stall Floors.—There is a short summary on this very complex question given in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, and, with the short space at our disposal, we feel we can do no better than quote it for you: "Attempts have been made by many firms interested in the construction of cowsheds to discover a type of material for stall floors which would be superior to concrete. A. B. Fowler has continued his investigations on this subject and has issued a report dealing with rubber and rubber plastics. (The Construction and Equipment of Cattle Byres—III. The use of rubber and rubber plastics for byre flooring. *The Scottish Jour. Agric.*, April, 1938.) He enumerates six features as being essential to a good stall floor—durability, resilience, warmth, impermeability, continuity and roughness—and lays special stress on resilience in the prevention of laminitis or 'hot feet' which is often followed by loss of condition and of milk yield in heifers that are undergoing their first winter in a cowshed. Rubber blocks or rubber casings filled with concrete were found to be unsatisfactory, because the pressure of the cow's hoods led to a formation between the blocks of gaps, into which urine soaked. A floor where this occurs is unsatisfactory, especially where an infectious disease such as contagious abortion or mastitis is present, because effective disinfection is impossible. Rubber mats of a size large enough to cover the standing for one cow were next tested, and these, though durable, resilient and impermeable in the structure of the mat itself, were found to have two serious disadvantages. These were excessive smoothness, in spite of surface studs, and the likelihood of detachment at the edges, allowing urine and dirt to find their way between the mats and the concrete bed. Rubber plastics, consisting of various substances—powdered rubber, powdered cork, marble and granite chips and cement, mixed with rubber latex—were next used. These were mixed on the spot, and, when the mixing and laying were properly done, good floors were obtained which were warm, impermeable, resilient, continuous and non-slippery. As for durability, Fowler remarks that, after nearly three years' use, the materials show some wear where heavy treading has taken place, but that these small areas, and also any places where small blisters appear, can easily be cut out and replaced by fresh plastic. He considers a strong heel kerb to be essential, and states that any desired degree of roughness can be obtained. As to cost, he states that, while somewhat expensive to lay, these materials are found in practice to repay the extra cost, which, at present prices, amounts to approximately 20/- per standing; he suggests that if the cost is too high to permit of all the stalls being done, those required for first-calf heifers could be laid, since their use for heifers materially reduces the loss from 'hot feet,' big knees and swollen hocks. It should be added that the degree of benefit to be derived from a good plastic rubber floor will depend on the extent to which heifers suffer from the above-mentioned troubles. Experience elsewhere has shown that heifers during their first winter in a cowshed do not always suffer to the extent indicated, and it is questionable if, under these conditions, the additional expense of a rubber plastic floor is warranted."—*B. R., Minehead.*

Garden

Specimen for Identification.—A twig of willow carrying but three leaves is a very small specimen for the purpose of identification. We can only suggest that it is a form of the white willow, *Salix alba*. This often has beautiful silvery foliage, and no doubt would flourish in Finland.—*V. H., Sheffield.*

When sending plants to be named, send as many parts as possible—basal leaves, stem, flowers and fruit. Pack in moss, moistened paper, or damp leaves, in a stiff cardboard, tin or wooden box.

Nettles and Coarse Weeds in Woodland.—Flowering shrubs to take their place. Cutting nettles in early June and again in late July will much reduce their vigour and eventually cause them to die out; it is rather a slow process. Sodium chlorate at the rate of 2½lb. to 25 gallons of water sprayed on the weeds will not only kill the tops but travel down the stems to the roots and eradicate them. But some care is necessary to prevent its reaching the roots of trees, &c. The soil is useless for planting until six months have elapsed. If the ground is suitable you might try some of the hardier evergreens, such as vinca major and vinca minor, rhododendrons, kalmias, *Mahonia* (*Berberis*) *aquifolium* and *Eurya japonica* for the more open places, also hypericums, such as *H. calycinum* and *P. patulum*. There are many beautiful berried plants, especially if you contract for both sexes to obtain fertilisation, green-leaved aucubas, skimmias, *Gaultheria hispida* and *G. Shallon*. Deciduous plants will be less well suited, but *Viburnum tomentosum plicatum* and *V. t. var. Mariesii* often flower well in partial shade. If the wood is a sheltered one, *Hydrangea hortensis* will do well, but it is somewhat tender in exposed places.—*D. D. S., Mersham.*

Kennel

Cracked Nose.—Try rubbing the spaniel's nose with borate of glycerine. That will probably bring about an improvement. A dose of sulphate of magnesia (about 10 grs.) would also do good. If put in a little milk that had been well sweetened, the dog would probably drink it.—*B. A. F., Longford.*

Miscellaneous

Goat Herd.—With regard to your first enquiry about starting a milking goat herd, we should advise you to write to the secretary of the British Goat Society. His name is H. E. Jeffery, and he lives at The Cottage, Roydon, Diss, Norfolk. He will be able to tell you where you may buy stock in Worcestershire, and you could then go over and see the owners and discover on what lines they have been running their own herds. You will find a great deal of information in the Goat Society's Year Book as to the running of a herd, and I have no doubt that Mr. Jeffery will be very willing to assist you. As regards the treatment of bracken, we think the best method of getting rid of it is to use the Holt Bracken Breaker. This machine has had the approval of the Department of Agriculture for Scotland, and also has been approved by Professor Millard of Leeds University. As to the destruction of blanket weeds in a small lake containing trout, we advise one of the two following courses. You can either spray the surface with one part of copper sulphate in a very large proportion of water, and if you do this, you should choose a windless day as otherwise the spray may get blown on to you. Another method is to put ½lb. of copper sulphate in a bag or sack and tow it about the lake at the end of a cord.—*C., Worcestershire.*

Naturalist

Track of an Otter.—The track of an otter in the mud is correctly known as the "seal," though it is also sometimes known as the "mark" or the "spar." In some packs you may find local terms, but the foregoing are strictly correct. The "seal" is easy to recognise as there are just five toe marks and no heel.—*N. R., Kent.*

Shooting

Eley Waxed Waterproof Cartridge.—The new Eley Waxed Waterproof Cartridge is absolutely safe in any ordinary gun with 2½in. chambers, and, as you say, it gives excellent shooting. Pressures are normal.—*T. D. S., Pulfield.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis of Pheasant Chicks.—On so many rearing fields the main trouble among chicks in or past their third week of age is the contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis. The disease is usually manifested by drooping wings, wateriness of the eyes, diarrhœa and lameness. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds. A common source of the infection is a "carrier" brood, *i.e.*, the hen is excreting the germs, though showing no signs of ill-health. Thus if the disease starts in one or two coops the foster-hen is probably the culprit, and she should be destroyed. Sickly chicks should at once be removed from the coops. As a preventive feed all the chicks on a balanced mash of which 20 per cent. is composed of dried skim milk; failing a milk powder use 2 per cent. of molasses. Move the coops each day on to a clean patch of ground. Rain, by keeping the chicks closely congregated in or about the coops, tends to help the spread of the disease. Where practicable, disinfect the used patches of ground each day by burning straw over them. When poults are moved to covert dress the rearing field with 2 tons of quicklime and 56lb. of copper sulphate per acre, and do not use this infected field for rearing during the two succeeding seasons. The reason for this measure is that the germs of coccidiosis are capable of remaining alive on the ground for some 12 to 24 months. Avoid so-called "cures" of coccidiosis; there is no known curative in the form of a medicine for the obviously ailing chick.—*G. E. V., Wilts; G. N., Kent; J., Berks; G. W., Midlothian; G. H., Devon; W. J. B., Cornwall; C. W., Hants; J. S., Ayrshire; R. L. B., Monmouth.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 2nd.

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND & WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Winsford; Tu., Heathpoult; Th., Cuzzicombe Post; S., Dunster—11.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Aug. 28th), Wraxcombe; Tu., Triscombe Stone—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), The Mare and Colt, Sommerfield; W., The Park Gate, Hurcott; S., Island Pool—6.

BICESTER.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Grove Wood, Wotton—6.

MENDIP.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Westbury-sub-Mendip—6.30.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Newchurch—6.15.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Whydown Cross Roads—5.30; M., Peppermeye Farm; W., Moor Hall; S., The Kennels, Catsfield—6.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Chain Bridge (for Stockeridge); M., Culmstock; W., Heron Bridge; Th., Fordlands Cross (for Allen's Down); S., Beauchamp House, Washfield—6.30

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Rhydmeredith Bridge on Tanat; M., Newtridge Melford (Vyrnwy); Th., Llanerllyd Bridge Dolgelley; S., Dyssynni Bridge, Towyn—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Aug. 26th).—Bledlingbury, Warwicks; Tu., Dudgrove Bridge, near Lockslade; Th., Upton Mill, near Northampton; S., Cablecote Mill, near Newport Pagnell.—10.30.

CARLISLE.—Monday (Aug. 28th), Lowther Castle Gates, Lowther; Tu., Patterdale; Th., Askham Bridge, Lowther; F., Pooley Bridge, Eamont—9.30.

CHERITON.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Weare Gifford; W., Braunton Ponds; S., Lynmouth—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Owing to an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, all meets arranged this week are cancelled. For alternative fixtures phone Gratcley 206.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Milton Bridge, Canterbury; W., Slaughter Bridge, Horsham; S., Shoreham Village, Kent—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Tiverton for River Lowman; Tu., Chard Junction; (R. Axe); S., Bolham, near Tiverton (R. Exe)—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Dart Bridge, near Buckfast; Tu., Dartmeet (R. Dart); Th., Lifton (Lyd and Lew) (by invitation); S., Pudlinch Bridge (Yealm)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Monday (Aug. 28th), Corporation Farm, Kirton; Th., Passingford Bridge; S., Broomfield Mill—10.30.

HAWKSTONE.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Lampeter—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Mytton; M., Dorford Bridge; W., Paythorne—9.30.

WYE VALLEY.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Stone Bridge, near Berkeley; Tu., Kenchurch—10.30; S., Perry Bridge, Wrington, near Bristol (by invitation)—11.

OTTERHOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (Aug. 26th), Jedfoot Station (Teviot); M., Romcliffe (Tweed); Tu., Where leave off 24th; W. Where leave off 29th; Th., Where leave off 30th; F., Where leave off 31st; S., Where leave off 1st—10.

TO HUNT SECRETARIES

We should be very grateful if all Hunt secretaries would let us have their fixture cards by the first post on Tuesday morning for inclusion in the issue of the following Saturday. This appeal is, at the moment, especially directed to secretaries of otterhounds, but we would also ask secretaries of staghounds to let us have their cards as they start hunting, and also we would appeal to secretaries of foxhounds to send their cubhunting fixtures in due course. Many people who find themselves out of their own country for a time and also hunting visitors from abroad look to the columns of the *Field* for information. This can be given only with the co-operation of the secretaries of the various Hunts.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage Home and Abroad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfield, Stanhope Street, N.W. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Aug. 26, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4523. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH

A photograph taken at the Bath Club earlier this summer when Her Royal Highness greatly distinguished herself in the Club swimming bath



EVS—345

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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 551
POLICY AND GAME RESERVES 551
CRUISING INLAND FROM NEW YORK TO FLORIDA 552
A ST. LEGER DEAD-HEAT OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO 554
ANIMAL LIFE ROUND LONDON—II 555
WHEN IS A CHARGE? 556
BIG GAME IN KENYA 557
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: THE BATH 558
GREYHOUND COURSE MANAGEMENT 560
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLYFISHERS 561
THE SPORT OF OUR GRANDSIRES 562
FAREWELL TO THE WEST INDIANS 563
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 564
FIFTY YEARS AGO 564
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK 564
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: "Pre-War Raters"; The Cuckoo's Egg; Red Deer Nurseries; High Velocity and Killing Power; Boomps-a-Daisy; The Third Test Match 565
IN THE CITY 568
WEST COUNTRY YACHTING 569
BRITAIN'S RYDER CUP SELECTIONS 571
BULBS TO PLANT NOW FOR SPRING 572
FARM LOSS CLAIMS 572
A BENEFICENT LANDLORD 573
FASHION AND STYLE IN LIGHT 574
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE 574
ABOLISH THE LEVEL CROSSING 576
SIMPLER CONTROL FOR CARS? 578
WHEN THE HEART TURNS TO THE HIGHLANDS 579
CRISIS ON THE EMPIRE AIR ROUTES 580
THE S.S. JAGUAR "100" 580
CARDS, CHESS AND CROSSWORD 581
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 582

COUNTRY AMENITIES

"ONE little thing," they say, "leads to another," and hence this article. In our issue of August 19th we were at pains to explain the importance of electricity to the rural dweller whether he be landlord or labourer. We have been taken to task by certain persons, who maintain that the problem of the countryside is by no means electricity, and that there are problems of a similar type of far greater concern.

This we willingly admit, indeed, in the article under discussion it was carefully pointed out that the problems are many, and must be treated as separate entities. Electrical supply is but one member of a large family.

Two other interrelated matters have been suggested as a worthy theme to be dealt with in this column. One is the question of getting water, and the other of getting rid of it when it has served its purpose.

Wishing wells are great fun when located in fairy stories, but the only wishing most countryfolk do with wells is to wish them less deep and less exhausting in use. To expect a woman to walk a good distance, maybe in rain, to lower and raise a heavy bucket, and then to have to carry it back to the house is absurd. When her sisters in the town twiddle a tap and produce water *ad lib.*, while she, poor woman, has to work thoroughly hard for every drop, there is little wonder that the country-dweller rebels.

It is no argument to say that it has always been thus, and no one complained in the old days, so why should complaint be made now. That is an excuse, not a reason for the present state. Obviously in some isolated farmhouses, it would be almost impossible to provide a pipeline for water—the expense would be prohibitive. But we are by no means convinced that all is being done that could be done in more closely populated districts. Cost might be heavy it is agreed, but the townee is given almost everything his heart desires; surely those whose life is of necessity extremely vigorous, deserve something better than platitudes about their pretty cottages.

Sanitation is another difficulty. As it is, in the majority of country districts, sanitary arrangements are positively primeval. The townsman goes for a holiday on a farm, and the odds are ten to one that upon his return he will say that he had a good time except that the sanitation was so frightful. He complains bitterly, after a mere two or three weeks, but the countryman accepts them for two or three decades and says nothing. Possibly that is a pity, for when there is sufficient outcry over anything that is at all reasonable, something is nearly always done about it.

As things are at the moment, authority runs round with a tape measure condemning cottages wholesale because they have not the official window space, while these so pressing problems are passed over without a word.

What is needed is a little commonsense, and, as in most problems, a little give and take. There are certain good and necessary laws concerning what you can do and what you cannot do with waste material, but if they are brainlessly applied to each and every case regardless of individual needs and difficulties, they become as much a hindrance as a help.

We would plead with rural district councils to awake out of the somnolence into which some of them appear to have fallen, and to use the intelligence which Nature has accorded them. The countryman neither needs nor expects the ease of a town, but he does deserve amenities far in advance of those he has obtained.

NATIONAL FITNESS

THE National Fitness Council has come in for a good deal of criticism recently. Their report, just issued, will do something to allay further criticism. In this country—unlike some—we cannot compel people to undergo physical training, and the Council can, therefore, do no more than encourage those bodies who do do something for those people who are not averse to physical education. They can attempt to hold up the increasing encroachment of building on ground that has been used and should be used for recreational purposes, and they can, in this way, at least, show that they are doing something with the money at their command. They have some £4,000,000, to spend up to March, 1940, and, though that seems a small sum in these days when we think in billions, it comes out of the taxpayer's pocket and the tax-payer likes to know where it is going? In this case he has quite a good notion of what is being done. In some he has none at all, and in others, as often as not, an erroneous idea. Physical education is obviously being looked after as well as conditions allow. We have always regarded Mental Education in this country as being practically beyond reproach. If there is any truth in the report that the Army authorities have found that a number of militiamen can neither read nor write, the tax-payer has every right to demand from the Board of Education a full explanation of what is being done with his money.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

is a special Autumn Number, and will include a coloured cover especially painted for the "Field" by Mr. Richard Harrison, and articles by "Scolopax" on Estimating Killing Range, Frank Wallace on Deer Stalking, Lord Dorchester on Autumn Shooting, W. N. Winnall on Mixed Sport in September, J. C. M. Nichols on Early Duck Shooting, and Captain J. B. Drought on Tactics in Large-Scale Partridge Driving. Martin Stephens writes about Stag, Salmon and Grouse, and R. Ansell Wells sums up the Show Season. Guy B. Farrar contributes two pages of his now famous photographs of birds by the seashore, which were first published in the "Field." The last of the social club series describes the New Club, Edinburgh. Sir Malcolm Campbell writes about his Coniston record. Miss Eleanour Sinclair Rohde writes about September Kitchen Gardens, and Dale Bourn on Greyhound Racing. In addition, there will be articles on Farming, Aviation, Golf, Yachting, Travel and Turf. The price remains one shilling.

THE DONCASTER SALES

The usual yearling sales will be held at Doncaster this year from September 5th to 8th, and Messrs. Tattersall's have an extremely attractive and interesting programme. Some of the most interesting yearlings come from Lady Robinson, of Kirklington Hall, who is offering a bay filly by Young Lover out of Dazzling Light, and also a bay or brown filly by Bold Archer out of Lady Arbelle, by Golden Myth out of Bess of Hardwick, by Hurry On. Later, yearlings will be offered from Mr. H. S. Gill's Yeomanstown Stud. Among these are a brown colt by Apron out of Spiora, a bay filly by Museum out of Ladytown (by Apron out of White Witch) and a brown filly by Sir Cosmo out of Happy Climax. Other yearlings came from Mr. F. W. Pitt, the Sezincote Stud, Major K. G. Williams, the Brentwood Stud, and the Waltham Lodge Stud. A glance through the catalogue shows that this year's sales will be as interesting and as important as ever.

SEPTEMBER ON THE THAMES

Few loafing places are more restful at times of stress and strain than rivers, and to the many who must wish to get away from the incessant talk of war the upper reaches of the Thames offer all that is beautiful. On a warm September afternoon you can laze in your punt and watch a fisherman cast again and again with what Ruskin called the "transcendent patience of genius by which alone the Thames trout is captured." Or moor just below a weir, twisting a willow bough round your wrist as anchor line, and watch the current roaring under your punt, fresh from the waterfall. A thousand, thousand bubbles whiten the stream, while your horizon may be whitened by the sails of a handsome sailing-craft which comes spanking down the breeze on its way to the lock. Yet perhaps the great charm of the Thames is to journey from place to place, listening to river lore as you go.

A COUNTRY STATION

A row of lupins, and a little house
So tucked in ivy, strangers scarce would guess
(But for the high wires strung across the cress,
And unless
It chanced to be one of the hours the infrequent train
From Hertford trudges through our country fields)
That, for backyard, its wall of firebrick shields
A platform.
Dress
Hebe in lupin-blue—and you've the master's wife,
With whitred hair. She loves the world about:
Her flowers, the Shirley poppies coming out.
No doubt
The youngest rabbits know her, and the bees,
The ticking snipe, alert along the meres.
And so, of course, do all the engineers
With smile and shout,
With swinging hose, clanged shovel, flourished cap,
Saluting her—gods throned in iron and steam—
While she does garden-work. Have dreams their dream,
Or, as she looks,
Is she Placidity? A swallow's death
On a train's funnel, or her roses' ills,
The chief of grief life's cornucopia spills?
She hears the rooks,
The redstart, and the wind, and then the roar
Of wheels—that passes; and bends down again
To soil grown sulky with the weight of rain.

S. M. TUSTING.

THE *FIELD* IN WAR

These are times of crisis. In the event of war the *Field* will continue to publish, and we shall do our utmost to maintain the paper at its present standard. We would, however, crave the indulgence of our subscribers for any changes there may be; such changes will be unavoidable in an emergency.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

BEYOND Brill, that, with one exception (Chetwode), is the only village in Bucks with a Celtic place-name, rises a horseshoe-shaped sheepwalk, and just at the bend of the crescent stands a rectangular Roman camp. The pastures are bare and fall away to the immense plain north, east and west of it in massive swoops of land that should make any artist worth his salt bend a knee to the earth, God's footstool and queen-mother of all the arts. The slopes are bare, but in the neighbourhood of the camp wide-armed sycamores and star-pointing ashes temper the blaze of summer-light to the space within the fosse and ramp. It looks a sanctuary, if the last use of it known was as a strategic outpost. And what an outpost—no eagle in his aeropolis of Titan rock could outview those leagues of level land, the Midland plain ahead, the Upper Thames basin to the south-west, the Vale of Aylesbury to the east. In the summer heats this vast two-dimensional expanse is veiled with a peculiar blue haze, softer than the most gossamer of stuffs, mysterious as our life in the world, as though the very soul of the earth was visible spreading its blue wings above the prostrate body. Wilson Steer, alone of modern artists, has dared the supreme adventure of luring this spirit into a cage of canvas.

The Celtic village, clung to the opposite mount; south-westward I could guess at the fields of Sutton Courtenay, where Saxon villagers beat their swords into ploughshares; while to the south-east, behind the secreting folds of the mist, the great white sign of the cross, once perhaps the symbol of generation to those strange voyagers who peopled the uplands 1,500 years before the Celts, looked down across the Icknield Way into that same curtain of blue that hid from me the chequer of fields reaching to the horizon. So time hides from us all the true lineaments, the sure interpretation, the inward meaning of those two thousand years and half a thousand more that passed between the villagers of Whiteleaf and those of Sutton Courtenay.

One thing was certain that, taken separately or in relation to one another, not the utmost jugglery or sleight-of-mind by professors could fit these four cultures into the modern theory of automatic progress. The building and engineering of the Romans were shoddy and makeshift in the fourth century compared to what they had been in the first. At Sutton Courtenay the heathen Saxons lived in such squalor—burying their dead under the floors of the living rooms in their wattle-and-daub and turf-thatched huts—that the Bronze Age hut-circles on Dartmoor 2,000 years before were genteel residences beside them. The monkish chronicler, Gildas, drew such caustic portraits of the Romano-British princes who resisted the Saxon invasion that they might be said to rival even the Italian despots of the Renaissance in vileness. Yet in the values that are the life-force of civilisation—the arts, the imaginative faculty, the grace of living—the Celts were the cultural superiors of both their conquerors, not only of the Saxon barbarians but of the acquisitive, coarse-fibred Romans. It is quite possible to make an excellent brief for the Early Bronze Age builders of Stonehenge having a higher civilisation than those of all the peoples succeeding them up to the conversion of the brutish Saxons in the seventh century. Then, in four centuries, the Anglo-Saxons made such cultural strides that Duke William overcame a people who knew more about the art of living than did any of his band of greedy adventurers. The cardinal fallacy of the theory of automatic progress is that, fixing one eye on the gains, it closes the other to the losses.

But if the broad and simple test of craftsmanship be applied to the records of the past, then we are coming closer to reality. The bronze work-boxes of the heathen Anglian women and the famous riddle of these savages about the plough, these tell us more of how the Anglo-Saxons redeemed themselves from their own brutishness than does a library of books. "When gold and gems adorn the plough"—their agriculture and the crafts attached to it made them receptive to conversion and so to civilisation. The fluctuations of craftsmanship, not power, wealth and conquest, are what register the ups and downs of civilisation, and the wider its diffusion, the higher its standards in a community, the greater its capacity to overcome the barbarism latent or active in every human society.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an article on vermin:

"Before closing this article I must relate one very amusing incident that happened to me when out on an ant hunt. I managed to allow several to crawl on to me and visit places on my body that was definitely out of bounds, and apparently I didn't catch all of them; the result was that when I got into bed that night the survivors got on the move much to the consternation of my wife. I was at once ordered to remove myself to other quarters.

"[We regret the photos were not clear enough to be reproduced with satisfaction.—ED.]"



POLICY AND GAME RESERVES

By MARTIN STEPHENS

THE expression "National Park" is so widely used to-day, and in so many directions, that the man in the street is probably rather fogged about one's meaning. The National Park I am writing of is the variety that is a reserve of wild life. With a view to protecting the vast animal population in our Colonial Empire the British Government is committed to establishing such parks in all our African Colonies, while interested bodies, notably the Society for the Protection of the Fauna of the Empire, have always made the National Park question a main plank on their platforms. We are in every possible way committed to such a policy, and personally I think it is a good one.

Like other counsels of perfection, however, this policy has certain inherent dangers which need to be stressed as they are looming rather large just at present. The first danger is that where and when National Parks are created there will be a tendency to sit back and let the game elsewhere be killed off. "After all, you asked for a National Park and now you've got it, and you can't expect to have animals running about all over the country for ever." Now, if that is going to be the National Park policy it were better that a millstone were hung about its neck and that it were cast into the midst of the sea.

Those who advocate these parks do so on the understanding that at the same time a parallel policy is kept in being of trying to preserve wild life as far as possible wherever the needs of husbandry are not overriding to a paramount extent. Game has been disappearing at an alarming rate, largely owing to native hunting and a lax administration of the Arms Acts, in all our African colonies except Kenya. And unfortunately there appears to have been a depressing, and let us hope only temporary, change for the worse in Kenya in the last year or two. The object of the National Park policy is not to accelerate this diminution outside the parks, which is a dissipation of natural assets, but to slow it down and if possible prevent it. There are many parts of Africa which will hold game for hundreds of years to come, and which can never be closely settled either by natives or Europeans. For reasons of climate, health and accessibility they can never be turned into parks, yet every effort must be made to preserve game in them.

There is no doubt at all that persons exist at the present time, and persons in high places, who welcome National Parks as a means for wiping out game elsewhere. That they do this in defiance of the declared policy of the Colonial Office—in so far as that body, well intentioned if at times a little lacking in precision, has ever declared its policy—does not appear to matter to them. Fortunately they are few and far between. But these diseases are extremely contagious. It was, therefore, a most timely announcement that Lord Onslow made at the last meeting of the Fauna Society to the effect that the policy of the society in no way recognised the fact that the establishment of National Parks meant the disappearance of game elsewhere. "Control," I find, is the more generally accepted euphemism. Personally, I advocate a wisely-planned measure of control, but the use of the term is being abused.

The truth of the matter is that there exists somewhere a just ratio between the interests of game and the interests of husbandry. In the majority of cases husbandry will be the predominant partner, and game must give way. But there comes a time where game is so obviously the predominant interest, so much more clearly the greater economic asset, that it should be placed first. If a native pushes out into uninhabited country and establishes his shamba on the edge of a recognised elephant country, he can hardly expect to be closely followed by the Game Wardens' Department wishing to "control" every elephant in a 50-mile radius of his patch of mealies. Whether game should become the predominant partner at a 60 : 40, or a 70 : 30, or an 80 : 20 ratio, must always be a matter for argument, adjustment and compromise between the interests concerned.

But there are other drawbacks to this policy which must be taken into consideration. The first and most important is the question of policing. It is perfectly useless declaring a National Park unless it is placed under adequate European supervision and unless it be properly policed. And by "properly policed" I mean the enforcement of the law. The Game Warden's staff must be sure that native (and, of course, European) poachers will be adequately dealt with. It is no secret at all that native poaching is fairly common in the Serengeti National Park in Tanganyika. This is a grave reflection on the ability of the Government to enforce its own laws. To declare a National Park and then not to police it is to declare a public pleasure ground for poachers. If one wants to point this moral nearer home take a walk through the woods near Ashridge on a Saturday evening in winter, and view the poaching public in pursuit of the only pheasant that has not fled to the embracing safety of a once-a-week syndicate's preserves.

Mention of the Serengeti Park brings us back to the question raised again and again in the columns of the *Field* of the deed of covenant under which that Park is created. It is of peculiar importance as it is the first National Park brought into being under the Colonial Office administration, except the King George V National Park in Malaya. It has, therefore, a wider significance than its local reactions and may possibly become the sealed pattern for such institutions. Frankly, this would be a calamity. National Parks are being pushed ahead in the Sudan (which comes in rather vague fashion under the Foreign Office) and in Kenya at the present time. The situation in Uganda and Northern Rhodesia is obscure. We hope they will not follow the Tanganyika model, but that of South Africa and the Belgian Congo, whose National Parks are indeed a model to the world. Those great areas are handed over to trustees in perpetuity, and this is as it should be. In Tanganyika the status of the National Park differs in practically no material particular from the present Kenya Game Reserves. What can be done in Brussels or Cape Town can presumably be done in London. It could even be accomplished in Dar-es-Salaam.

There is still a great deal of game left in Africa to delight the eye and kindle the enthusiasm of our children's children, and at some far-distant date to be so regarded by the aboriginal population whose present feelings for the average ungulate are in terms of next Sunday's joint. I hope I am not a last ditcher trying to prevent the legitimate expansion of interests other than my own. But I would rather be a ditcher than a hedger, and on this particular question there are a good many hedgers about.



A CYPRESS SWAMP IN NORTH CAROLINA PENETRATED BY MEANS OF THE CHANNEL WHICH RUNS IN THE BACKGROUND

CRUISING INLAND FROM NEW YORK TO FLORIDA

By J. A. EMMETT

THE thickly populated eastern coast of the United States is characterised in winter by the difference in temperature between its northern and southern extremities. From New York north ice and snow prevail, while to the southward the weather becomes gradually warmer until the sub-tropical climate of Florida is reached.

For years residents of the north have taken advantage of this, going south for the winter by motor car, train, and even by the air, to spend the colder winter months where heavy clothing is unnecessary and fuel bills unknown. And now, with the completion of a 1,400-mile inland waterway along the Atlantic coast between New York and Florida, yachts, both large and small, are making this annual southern trek, too, and returning in the spring, both going and coming in comfort and security because of its sheltered reaches.

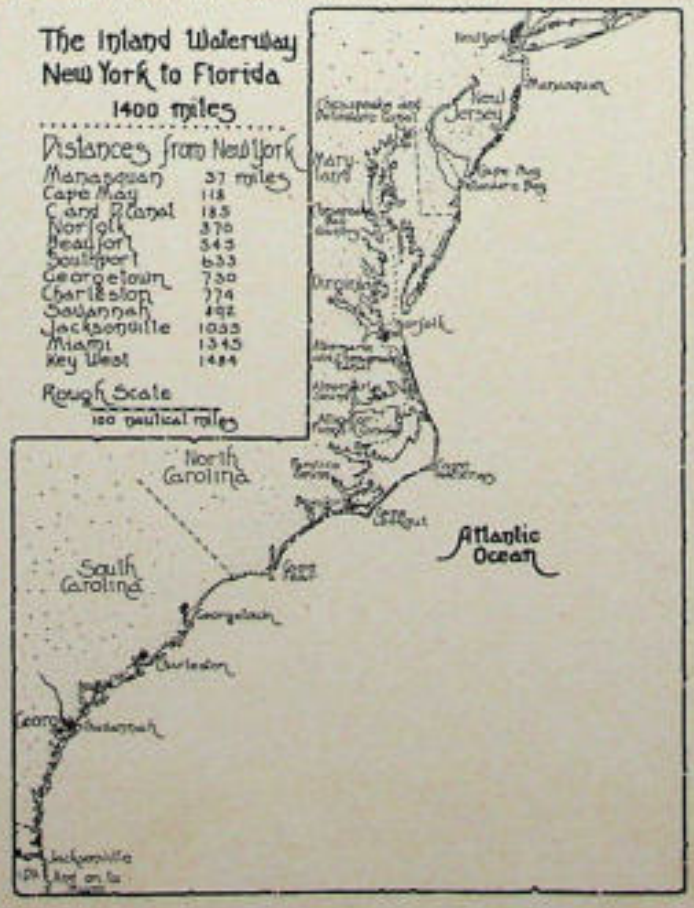
To make this inside route possible the Government has utilised the bays and large rivers, deepened the maze of salt-water creeks and marshes, and dredged connecting canals to permit boats of up to 7ft. draft making the entire run. The few locks, less than half a dozen, are free of charge, the entire route is well marked by a distinctive system of buoyage, and many towns and cities along the way have established municipal docks, most of them free, at which the boat-owner can tie up and secure every reasonable service.

In the past those few yachts which did go south in the autumn, to be joined there by their fortunate owners, had to be large and able to make the necessary outside ocean passage with its difficult capes to be weathered and the rough Gulf Stream to be crossed. Now, because of the inland waterway, all that is necessary is a serviceable boat of the power-cruiser type, or an auxiliary with an engine reliable enough to stand up to the 1,400 miles of running. Seaworthiness is no longer essential as the entire course is completely landlocked with distances such that every night can be spent in harbour.

The average yachtsman in that thickly settled section around New York City, where so many boats are owned, has always had to lay his boat up in late October and wait until April before he could fit out again. Winter had to be spent ashore, a hibernation which, while it may not have been shortened, was made more pleasant by dreaming of the coming annual vacation.

Now many boat-owners take this vacation in the winter instead of during the summer, going then as far south along the waterway as time permits, and either returning on their boat or leaving it in the care of one of the many shipyards being established along the way to rejoin it for another couple of weeks later and bring it north again. Others, more fortunate, pull out of cold New York in November or December and cruise leisurely to Florida, visiting many points of interest along the way to return in March or April. In this class are an increasing number of retired business and professional men and pensioned Government employees and their wives, whose children have grown up with homes of their own.

Not so many years back, these same people went south by motor car to live the winter in rented quarters. But the increased traffic on the main highways makes such travel less pleasant if not really dangerous, and leases in the south have gone up with the increased winter migration there. So to-day they prefer to buy a small cruiser aboard which, if they wish, they can live comfortably the year round going and coming on the waterway, north in hot weather and south in winter. While all sizes and types of yachts are using the new waterway, boats seen most frequently along it are of the power cruiser type, between 30ft. and 40ft. in length, and costing from £300 to £500. The interior layout will be identical to that of British cruisers, although the power plant may be slightly more powerful because of the cheapness of petrol in America. On such a boat an 80 horse-power motor, for instance, may use around 5 gallons of petrol an hour to maintain a cruising speed of ten knots, or 700 gallons for the trip.



While the American gallon is slightly smaller than the Imperial, petrol costs the American car owner only around 18 cents or 9d. per gallon, in which figure is included a state road tax of approximately 2d. The boat-owner, who is, of course, not using the highways, is entitled to a rebate of this tax, making the cost 7d. or around £20 altogether.

As for food, which one must eat ashore as well as afloat, the advantage going south by boat is that one is passing through a section where market gardening is a year round proposition and where the different citrus and other fruits are in full bearing. Meats are comparatively high, but if one does not mind a diet composed chiefly of seafoods, vegetables and fruits, food costs can be kept very low.

The only other item worth considering is by those owners who prefer to lay for the winter in some private or municipal basin in one of the larger southern cities. There is seldom any charge in the smaller towns, but in places such as Miami and Jacksonville there is a fee averaging 1d. per foot of

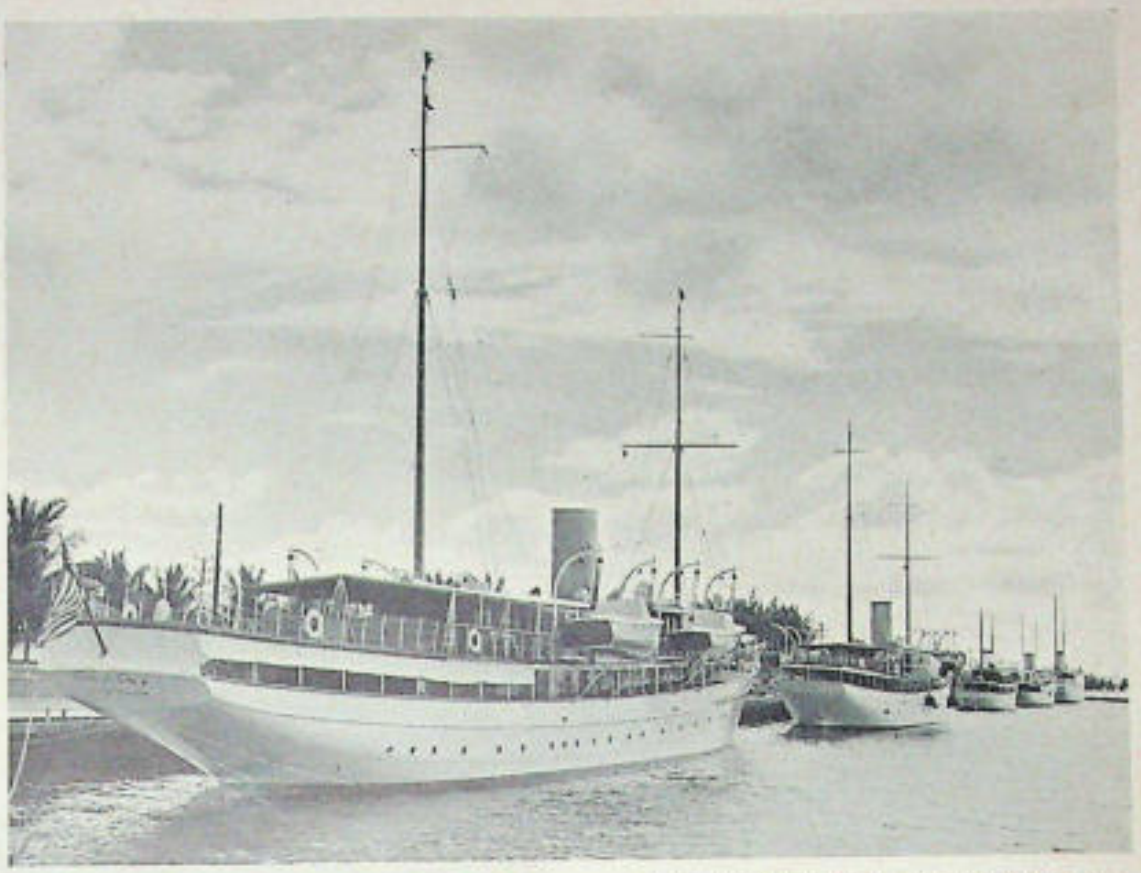
overall length per day with a monthly rate averaging considerably less.

This Inland Waterway, as the accompanying chart shows, cuts in 23 miles below New York to follow the bays and rivers of New Jersey 100 miles to Cape May. Going up Delaware Bay, the route cuts through by a sea-level canal into 200-mile-long Chesapeake Bay with its wealth of names familiar to every Englishman; rivers such as the Wye and the Tred Avon, and places such as Oxford, Cambridge and York.

At Norfolk one commences to traverse the lovely sound country of North Carolina; a sportsman's paradise, where deer and bear are a common sight, and where a few straggly palmettos or seeing the first alligator reminds one he is getting further south. Then through the winding creeks of South Carolina and into the sea island country of Georgia. Here winter homes of northern sportsmen dot the islands, and fish are plentiful, wildfowl abound, and in the woods and swamps which stretch for miles back from the coast is good shooting.

Next is Florida. There one has a wide choice of destinations likely, making for whatever place is most favourable to one's particular sport or amusement. Some prefer to dock in the different cities and spend an idle but restful winter. Others keep going to explore the maze of rivers and winding sounds, or to make the day's run to the Bahamas or other nearby colourful islands off the coast.

Those who are angling enthusiasts harbour near one of the many inlets which connect the inland waterways and the ocean. There and in the surf outside, fish of all kinds are plentiful, and offshore runs easily made after the big game fish for which Florida waters are famous.





CRAFT WHICH USE THE INLAND WATERWAY

Berths such as that shown above, on account of but little rise and fall of tide, are popular with the larger yachts. All sizes and types of boats are using the new waterway, those seen most frequently being of the power cruiser order, between 30 and 40 feet in length, and costing from £300 to £500. On the left is a typical boat

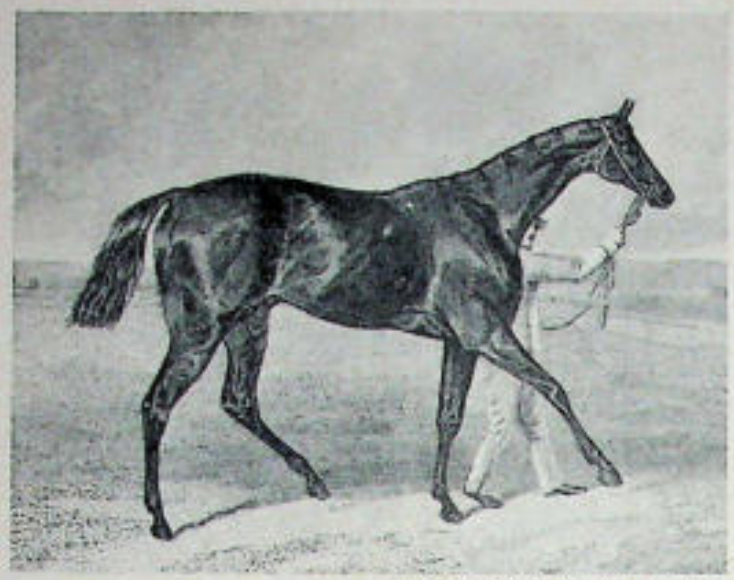
Coupled with the national tendency towards a more leisurely way of living, and Government legislation of working hours and even retirement age, this new waterway is certain to have a great influence on American boating habits. Each year, as is evidenced by the fact that boat-builders are busy and marine engine manufacturers are behind on orders, more people are deserting the crowded highways to find rest and recreation on the water. There is no doubt but that many of these are purchasing boats because a safe and comfortable way to use them the year round has been opened up.



A MIXED FLEET. IN THE FOREGROUND IS A FAST EXPRESS CRUISER, AND BEHIND IT ARE TWO AUXILIARY CRUISERS

A ST. LEGER DEAD-HEAT OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH



From the painting by Charles Hancock

THE ST. LEGER RIVALS OF 1839

Charles XII, winner of the deciding heat for the St. Leger, and Euclid (right), whose owner disputed the dead-heat



From the painting by J. F. Herring

APART from the fact that the St. Leger of just a century ago provided the first dead-heat in the history of the race, the whole of the story surrounding the great Yorkshire Turf event of that year is of deep interest, especially to northerners.

The ultimate winner, Charles XII, was bred and owned by Major Yarburgh, of Heslington Hall, York. Charles XII was by Voltaire out of a Prime Minister mare, also bred by the Major. He was a hot-tempered horse, difficult to handle, and was originally trained by Tom Dawson at Middleham, but had been transferred to John Scott's place at Whitewall, Malton, for his St. Leger preparation. In *The Life of Mathew Dawson*, we read that Herring, the animal painter, whose pictures are now so much sought after, was a great friend of Tom Dawson's and often stayed with him at Middleham. "He would wander about paintbrush in hand, painting any horse that took his fancy, and he generally gave these pictures to his host so that Mr. Dawson had many examples of Herring's work. The finest he had was that of Charles XII."

Why the horse was transferred to John Scott is not recorded, but so it was, and so it fell out that, ridden by Wm. Scott he secured for his owner an honour for which he had long hoped and competed. The *Rural Almanack* (1839), referred thus to the curiously progressive way in which Major Yarburgh eventually won the St. Leger:

> "It is a singular circumstance and worthy of notice that Maj Yarburgh in essaying to gain the great Doncaster St. Leger has obtained that desired object, as it would appear, step by step, by steady perseverance. In 1827 he was placed third for the race with Laurel; in 1828 he ran second for the race with his filly Belinda, and in 1839, when his turn arrived to have the proud distinction of recording his name 'first in the throng,' the fates did not permit such to take place until his horse Charles XII had first run a dead heat with Mr. Thornhill's Euclid. The Maj's horse won cleverly by a head in the deciding heat, and on Thursday of the same meeting came in first for the Cup, thereby proving Charles XII to be one of the stoutest three-year-olds that has been out for many years."

Charles XII was favourite for the 1839 St. Leger, the betting being 7 to 4 on him. Second favourite, at 6 to 1 against, was another York horse, Bloomsbury, owned by Mr. W. Ridsdale ("The Man of York"), winner of that year's Derby, and made famous in view of objections lodged regarding Bloomsbury's pedigree as declared by his nominator. This culminated in an assize trial for the recovery of the Derby and Ascot Stakes. In this Mr. Ridsdale was successful, having proved the accuracy of the pedigree given at the time of entry and the inaccuracy of the entry given by John Orton in the *General Stud Book*. In the St. Leger, however, Bloomsbury could finish only seventh.

According to Orton, in his *Turf Annals*, "Euclid went off with the lead, but after going a few hundred yards Charles took it from him and made strong running." The course was very heavy along the flat, where Charles XII remained five or six lengths in front. Again to quote Orton:

> "On approaching the distance Euclid began to draw upon Charles and looked very like the winner. The race now became very interesting between Charles and Euclid. On approaching the stand the general cry was that the latter was the winner, and he certainly there appeared to have the best of the race, but after a severe contest the judge declared it to be a dead heat. . . . Previous to the contest to decide the race the betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Charles but closed at 6 to 5 on Euclid. At starting they both walked from the post for a short distance, when Euclid went away at a slow pace until near the foot of the hill, where the pace began to improve, Euclid still keeping his ground. In going along the flat Euclid had several lengths, but after passing the Red House Charles gradually advanced upon him, challenged him at the distance, and after a splendid struggle won by a neck."

Mr. Thornhill, owner of Euclid, did not agree with the verdict, and Mr. Arthur Portman, his grandson, has recorded: "My grandfather always used to tell me that from his view of the race Euclid certainly won the first time, and that this was the opinion of most of the onlookers, but the judge ruled otherwise. So there the matter ended."

"Alfred Highflyer," in his review of the race in the *Sporting Magazine*, referred to "the great stride of Charles XII, which told with such painful effect upon the game little Euclid at the run in," and added, "Both the horses were admirably jock'd." He then goes on to speak of Bloomsbury in the betting market, fluctuating "in an enigmatical character" between Sunday and Monday from 4 to 1 to double those odds. "The finishing stroke was done, however, on the morning of the race, when a noble lord offered 10 to 1 in hundreds against him. From his appearance it was evident to the most careless observer of the running horse that he was not up to the mark. The fact is the horse was "nursed up" too much." Bloomsbury, by the way, had been sent to Hambleton for his St. Leger preparation.

Reverting to the stride of Charles XII, another contemporary writer said: "It is worthy of being placed on record that the stride of Charles XII in the dead heat, immediately after he had been passed by Euclid by a head opposite the grand stand, was exactly 24ft. 6½in., measured by his footprints, left plainly visible on the turf. The stride of Euclid was much shorter but much quicker, and more clean and elastic than his opponent." Charles, by the way, stood 16 hands, Euclid only 15.2.

Mr. Andrew Johnstone, of Halleaths, Dumfriesshire, was at this time getting together the nucleus of a thoroughbred stud which was later located at the now built-over Sheffield Lane Paddocks. He was in China on the family tea plantations when he instructed Thos. Dawson to buy him the best stallion he could obtain for 3,000 guineas. In the *Life of Mathew Dawson* we are told that Tom Dawson offered Mr. Thos. Thornhill, of Riddlesworth, Norfolk, 2,000 guineas for Euclid prior to the St. Leger. Mr. Thornhill's reply was that he would rather shoot than sell him. The following year Mr. Johnstone made another attempt to buy Euclid, and in some correspondence the late Mr. John Johnstone gave me regarding the Sheffield Lane Stud is a letter dated February 3rd, 1840, from Squire Thornhill, which reads:

> "SIR,—When such persons as Mr. Weatherby and Mr. Tattersall apply for the price of horses in training it is repeatedly for the purpose of trying to find out the opinion of the owner. This is my reason for the answer they received from me.
>
> "Euclid is in a match with Corsair of 300 each with bets; a sweepstake of 300 each with Cesar and Bosphorus, and in the Claret. If he is well I do not see how he can lose any. I am informed that £3,000 is considered a cheap price for Charles XII. He has no engagements of this sort, and from his performance cannot be matched to advantage. Had Euclid only three legs I would not take 2,000 for him as a stallion. Under all these circumstances, you will see the impossibility of our coming to anything near the mark.
>
> "I remain your obt. servt.,
>
> "THOS. THORNHILL."

Euclid was successful in all the engagements named by his owner. Eventually Mr. Andrew Johnstone bought Charles XII from Major Yarburgh and "The Druid" tells us that Mr. Johnstone later had £1,000 profit bid but declined the offer.

Before Charles's racing career ended Mr. Johnstone had recouped himself well, yet at stud his fee for the first season (1844) was only 12gs., and as a sire he did not prove a success. To quote again "The Druid":

> "At first his stock sold pretty well at Doncaster, but at last he himself could only command a £20 bid. He was then sold privately for £50, but the vendor forfeited £20 rather than take him. His tail was so short and his back so down that even Tom Dawson stood at the ring-side and asked what he was."

Charles XII was destroyed in 1859, being buried at the Sheffield Lane Paddocks. Although "Alfred Highflyer" (in an article written earlier than that from which I have quoted) said of the 1839 dead-heat that the Leger of that year "has in the annals of the Turf no parallel, and which perhaps will never again be equalled," there was another dead-heat in the St. Leger in 1850. This was between two more notable horses—Voltigeur and Russborough, the former of which won when the race was run off. Again there was dissatisfaction as to the verdict. In looking up details regarding this second dead-heat I have come across a letter written to me years ago by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edmund Russborough Turton, of Upsall Castle, Thirsk. The letter is dated from Russborough in Ireland, and the following is an extract:

> "Russborough was named after my grandfather's (the 4th Earl of Milltown's) place and everyone concerned with his stable were fully convinced that Russborough beat Voltigeur for the Leger by a head. My father, who had backed Voltigeur on the advice of Mr. Billy Williamson, was convinced he had lost his money. It was the general opinion that the judge never expected Voltigeur to be beaten and was so flumaxed at Russborough coming up that he gave it a dead-heat."

AN EXPLANATION

In his article in our issue August 12th our contributor "Gnostic" dealt with the naming of horses and made adverse comments upon the naming of Boomps-a Daisy, which belongs to Mr. Farquhar Deuchar, of Shortridge Hall, Warkworth, Northumberland.

We much regret having published the paragraph, the more so because we know Mr. Farquhar Deuchar is a keen lover of horses. We desire to withdraw the remarks we made and apologise to Mr. Deuchar for any annoyance they may have caused him.



BROWN RAT APPROACHING ITS HOLE

"The real rat, both black and brown varieties, which does many millions of pounds worth of damage every year, is nowhere commoner than in the docks and warehouses of London"

ANIMAL LIFE ROUND LONDON—II

By R. S. R. FITTER, F.Z.S.

IN a previous article the position of the surviving native carnivora within 20 miles of London was considered, together with a few other species of interest to the sportsman. Now it is the turn of some of the pests among London's fauna.

One of the most spectacular changes in the fauna of the British Isles since 1900 has been the rise of the alien grey squirrel simultaneously with the decline of the native red. The London district is at present one of the most thickly populated grey squirrel areas in the country, and this is because at least half-a-dozen separate introductions were made there early in the century.

Somewhere about 1890 a veritable mania began among British landowners for releasing grey squirrels from North America on their estates. The Duke of Bedford began it, with ten squirrels at Woburn, the centre from which most of England was colonised, either directly or by gift. In the same year Mr. G. S. Page, of New Jersey, released five grey squirrels in Bushy Park, but these appear to have died out. The continuous history of the grey squirrel in the London area begins with the release of 100 of them by another American at Kingston Hill, next to Richmond Park, about 1902. From this centre south-west London and the valleys of the Thames and Mole were eventually colonised.

The next introduction was right in London. Between 1905 and 1907 some 90 grey squirrels were brought from Woburn to the London Zoo, and some were allowed to escape into Regent's Park, where they speedily became one of the attractions of the Sunday promenade. From Regent's Park, Hampstead was soon colonised, and by 1913 grey squirrels were as common as red in and around the Heath. Grey squirrels soon appeared in the other central parks, and in many squares in Bloomsbury and elsewhere. In 1935 there was a drey in Russell Square.

A fourth introduction took place at Kew Gardens with Woburn squirrels in 1908, and a fifth at Farnham Royal, Bucks, in the same year with squirrels direct from America. At least one introduction in the Kentish part of the London area is on record, near Sevenoaks, about 1911, and there was probably one in the Chislehurst—Bickley district also.

By 1934, when the Bureau of Animal Population made the first of its national grey squirrel surveys, grey squirrels had spread from these six or seven centres over practically the whole of the London area, except for Essex, parts of the south and south-east suburbs, the Thames estuary in Kent, and a strip of Middlesex between Hounslow and Staines. The Lea Valley still formed a barrier against the pest, for pest it was found to be as soon as it became at all common in any area. By the end of 1935, however, the vanguard of the invading army had forded the Lea, and by 1938, despite vigorous measures by the Forest authorities, grey squirrels are probably as common in Epping Forest as anywhere else in the London area.

Grey squirrels are almost omnivorous. Their staple diet is vegetable matter, such as fruit, nuts, bark and green shoots, but they have been recorded as eating such diverse food as birds' eggs, unripe walnuts and the leaden plant-labels in Kew Gardens. Hardly, therefore, had people begun to rejoice at the graceful new addition to our fauna than there was an outcry at its destructiveness, in which gardeners, farmers, game-preservers all joined. As a result over 2,000 grey squirrels were shot in Richmond Park alone in the five years before 1937, and 4,000 were shot in Kew Gardens between 1917 and 1937. In Richmond Park there are still estimated to be five to ten pairs, but at Kew they have now been nearly driven out.

The spread of the grey squirrel coincided with the disappearance of the red, which, in 1900, was a common sight in the woodlands round London. After the turn of the century a mysterious disease seems to have smitten the red squirrel, and it completely disappeared from many of its familiar haunts, some time before the grey squirrel had got into its stride. What the grey did was to occupy the niche left vacant by the red, not to drive it out. The red squirrel is a native of coniferous woods, rather than of deciduous, whereas the grey has the reverse preference. What does seem to be happening is that the grey is resisting the reoccupation by the red of its old territory. Nevertheless, the red squirrel seems to be slowly regaining ground, especially in parts of Surrey. In Epping Forest the red squirrel has always been common, even in the worst days of the plague. This appears to be due to an introduction of a continental strain about 1910, which must have been immune from the scourge which was sweeping the indigenous stock.

Most of the greatest mammal pests in England are rodents. The grey squirrel is often called the tree-rat. The real rat, both black and brown varieties, which does many millions of pounds worth of damage every year, is nowhere commoner than in the docks and warehouses of London. Both black and brown rats are invaders from Asia, and such exotics as the Alexandrine rat and the tree or roof rat are also found in the London docks.



STOAT AT THE NESTING HOLE OF A HOOPOE

This photograph was taken in France



"THE LONDON DISTRICT IS AT PRESENT ONE OF THE MOST THICKLY POPULATED GREY SQUIRREL AREAS IN THE COUNTRY . . ."

Of the house mouse, all that need be said is that it is commoner than most London householders would wish. Field mice, both long and short-tailed, are also too frequent for the peace of mind of gardeners. The bank-vole appears to be commoner than is usually thought, owing it its close resemblance to the field-vole, or short-tailed field-mouse, for which it is commonly mistaken. The water-vole is found on most suitable streams, but the dormouse is getting scarce and the harvest mouse extremely so.

The rabbit is another universal pest. Its holes are to be found in almost every field, and the killing-off of many of its natural enemies, such as stoats, weasels and birds of prey, together with the relative absence of men with shotguns, has made the neighbourhood of London something in the nature of a rabbit's paradise.

The five British insectivora are still to be found near London. Moles are very common; few fields are without their lines of hillocks, which can be seen near the centre of London, as Ken Wood. Hedgehogs are also frequently met with, even in suburbs like Lewisham and Wimbledon. Of the three shrews, the common is often to be seen lying by the roadside after its strange autumn mortality, the pigmy is found less frequently, and the water-shrew is decidedly scarce. In Richmond Park there is still an ancient shrew ash, where as late as 1852 ailing children were being brought for cure.

Much, however, remains to be learnt about the present distribution of mammals in the London area, and the recording scheme of the London Natural History Society, mentioned in the first of these articles, is deserving of the support of all who are interested in the animal life of the London area.



A CHARGING (?) RHINOCEROS

WHEN IS A CHARGE? *By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS*

THE article by "M. T. S." in the issue of May 27th, under the title "Risks with Dangerous Game," prompts these observations on the subject. I quite agree with the writer that "practically no beast is dangerous until one has made it so." And I will go even further than that and declare that far too often big game is considered dangerous in a mistaken belief that it is charging when actually that is the furthest thing from its intention.

I once drew a storm of protest about my head by making the statement in an American sporting magazine that all of the so-called dangerous game in the country could be driven from the Rockies into the Pacific Ocean with a carriage whip—but I have modified my opinion since. The point is that the wish is father to the thought that big game is dangerous. Just as when we were children we liked to believe in Santa Claus, so we persist in fostering the idea. What hunter of big game in his inner self does not fancy the opinion that he is a man of prowess?

However, one can be quite honestly mistaken in believing that a panicky rush to escape is a deliberate charge. For as the late Colonel Roosevelt once pointed out to me, there are four general directions in which a wounded or missed beast may go when a shot is fired—directly away, or directly towards the shooter, or to the left or right, which means that there is a 1 to 3 chance that the beast may run in the general direction of the shooter.

One may believe that the chances of it running towards the shooter when only trying to escape are very remote, until the excuse for it is known. For instance, let us say that an unsuspecting animal is quietly feeding and is first apprised of the proximity of the stalker by the roar of his rifle. Quite often the animal does not know from what direction the noise came, and may easily run slap at it. It is all the more likely if the animal is struck, and shock is added to the element of surprise, and it is particularly true of mountain stalking, where the noise of the rifle is re-echoed and hurled back and forth from mountain to mountain until it sounds more like a bombardment than a single shot.

Another contributory factor is that most mountain game is seen and stalked above the timber line, and generally the stalker approaches it from below. Naturally, when frightened, the game makes for the timber, and that brings it downhill towards the stalker. It is for this reason that old hunters always say one should never approach a grizzly from below, as it is more apt to charge, and is coming so fast that it is difficult to stop. Personally, I believe that in these instances the charge so called is nothing but an effort to reach cover in the shortest possible time, though, of course, if you are right in the bear's way you may get into trouble. I recall such an instance many years ago in Wyoming when we were hunting a grizzly, and it came down a hill and almost ran over my guide; in fact, it was so close that it slapped at him with a roar as it passed, ripping a boot off the guide's leg and bowling him over, but the bear did not stop to continue the fight. Nine times out of ten the victim of such an affair would go home and say he was charged, but we know better.

A perfect example of a mistaken charge was given to me several years ago. While some 200 miles north of the Transcontinental Railway, in Canada, I ran into another hunting party. I had, at the time, secured my quota of game, but the other sportsman had been less fortunate, and was afraid that he was going home without his bear. However, I had seen three of them on a slide where they were feeding a day's ride back, and offered to return and show his guide the place, as I had nothing better to do.

Sure enough, when we arrived at the place the bears were still there, and we began the stalk. We crept up to within about 200 yds., or less, of them, behind some stunted mountain junipers which were little more than waist-high.

There were three bears, apparently an old female and two yearlings. The old bear was busily engaged in digging out a marmot for her supper, and had made such an excavation that only her stern was visible, as she made the earth and rocks fly. After waiting vainly for her to back out and turn the guide told the sportsman to shoot at her, and apparently he only grazed her flank, for she came out of the hole with a roar of rage and struck the nearest yearling a tremendous blow that sent it reeling down the slope. No doubt the old lady thought it had bitten her—at any rate, she started for the timber and came straight at the spot where we were sitting. The sportsman continued to fire as fast as he could operate the bolt of his Mauser, and missed four times. By then the bear was getting too close for comfort, and I raised my rifle to finish it off as he frantically began reloading; but the guide coolly told me to hold my fire, and standing up he hurled his sombrero with a piercing yell at the approaching bear. The beast stopped as if it had four-wheel brakes, and turning aside disappeared in the cover.

We were all certainly justified in believing that we were being charged, and the guide took a chance in letting it get so close; but the result warranted his suspicion that the bear had not seen us, and I always admired his sportsmanship in refusing to kill it for the patron who had been given such an excellent chance and made a mess of it.

However, one must not make the mistake of thinking that because one animal refuses to charge they are all alike; their personality differs just as ours does. I, personally, know two men who were mauled by grizzly, and also knew two others who were killed outright. In every instance it was due to getting too close to the bear unawares. One is an Indian, who has lost the use of both of his arms, which he thrust in a grizzly's jaws to save his life. The poor fellow had a very old rifle of low power, and he crept up to about 20yds. of his bear before opening fire. That was his mistake. The other is a forest ranger, who was at death's door for months as a result of an unprovoked attack. He came upon a grizzly unexpectedly while it was feeding on the carcass of a moose, and it rose and rushed him before he had time to fire. Another case of being too close, which so often prompts a charge. If there had not been a light fall of snow on the ground the bear would have heard his footsteps and most likely have made off before he was in sight.

Of the two who were less fortunate, one was killed on Kodeak Island, Alaska, and found dead in thick scrub with the bear dead beside him; the other was an unarmed forester, killed near Jasper, Alberta. So I cannot quite agree with "M. T. S." that the grizzly owes a certain amount of its reputation to its name. I used to think, as he does, but four such cases within the limited scope of one man's acquaintances are too many to warrant it. I have also learned that a great deal depends upon environment. In some sections of the continent, the grizzly are largely vegetarian until the salmon run, when they subsist on fish.

These bear seldom charge. But on the eastern slope of the Rockies where there are no salmon, where it is colder and berries are scarcer, the bear are almost entirely meat-eaters, and they are much more dangerous. There was one section of south-western Alberta where, shortly after the War, the grizzly had, as a mass, become man-eaters, and would actually stalk the hunter—but there was a reason for it.

The country spoken of was the hunting ground of the Stoney Indians, a tribe of which about 70 per cent. were wiped out by the great influenza epidemic of 1918-19. The Stoneys lived in dugouts—a great hole dug in the ground, logged over and covered with sod. In the centre of the roof was an opening which served as entrance and chimney, and the sole source of light and ventilation. These abodes afforded a perfect situation for the influenza to do its worst work. When some of a community died the others got frightened, and, deserting the sick with the dead, they rode away to the next village—so it spread like a prairie fire.

Bears like their meat high, and their noses soon led them to these charnel-houses. It was then but a step from feeding on the dead to killing such of the living who were too weak to defend themselves. They lost their fear of man and acquired a supreme contempt for the puny things. So much so that when a man I knew disregarded advice and went into the country a year or two later to hunt bear he had to get out in a hurry. He found to his surprise and embarrassment, that the bear he was hunting were stalking him. There was no chance to rest for they were after him all night, so he saddled up and got out as soon as he could. For some years in that locality practically every shot fired at a bear that did not drop it in its tracks provoked a charge.

However, this is an unusual case. I realise that the big game of Africa and Asia presents many species more apt to charge than the grizzly, particularly amongst the cat tribe. Nevertheless, I feel sure that, even there, many an attempt to escape in the wrong direction is mistaken for a charge, and were it not for the fact that jungle shooting makes it necessary to get to close quarters, there would be fewer determined charges.

With rare exceptions harassed game will not come on intent on mischief for over 100yds., usually it is not over 25yds. It is when they feel that they are too close either to run or slink that they put up a fight.

To cite an instance: I always scoffed at the suggestion that a moose would fight; but one day when we were following a trail in New Brunswick we suddenly ran into a moose in a small clearing. It was a splendid bull, and not over 15yds. from us; but as it was in bright sunlight and we were in the deep shadows of the forest, it made no attempt to run off, but came slowly towards us grunting a challenge, probably thinking that we were another bull.

The guide, who was unarmed, went up a tree like a monkey, as I motioned to my companion, who had never killed a moose, to take it. Fortunately, I noticed that his rifle barrel was wobbling owing to excitement as he raised it, and I prepared to back him up. At the report of the Mannlicher, the bull dropped its head and came right at us, and a quick shot from my Springfield, which tore a vertebra completely out of its neck, pulled up the beast at our feet. The guide said we were charged, my companion said so, and I suppose we were; but did the beast see us, did it know what we were, or was that blind rush just the reflex action to the first shot? I will never know. At any rate, it is one of a very few rare cases when a moose has come on.

BIG GAME IN KENYA: *Photographed by LIEUT.-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY*



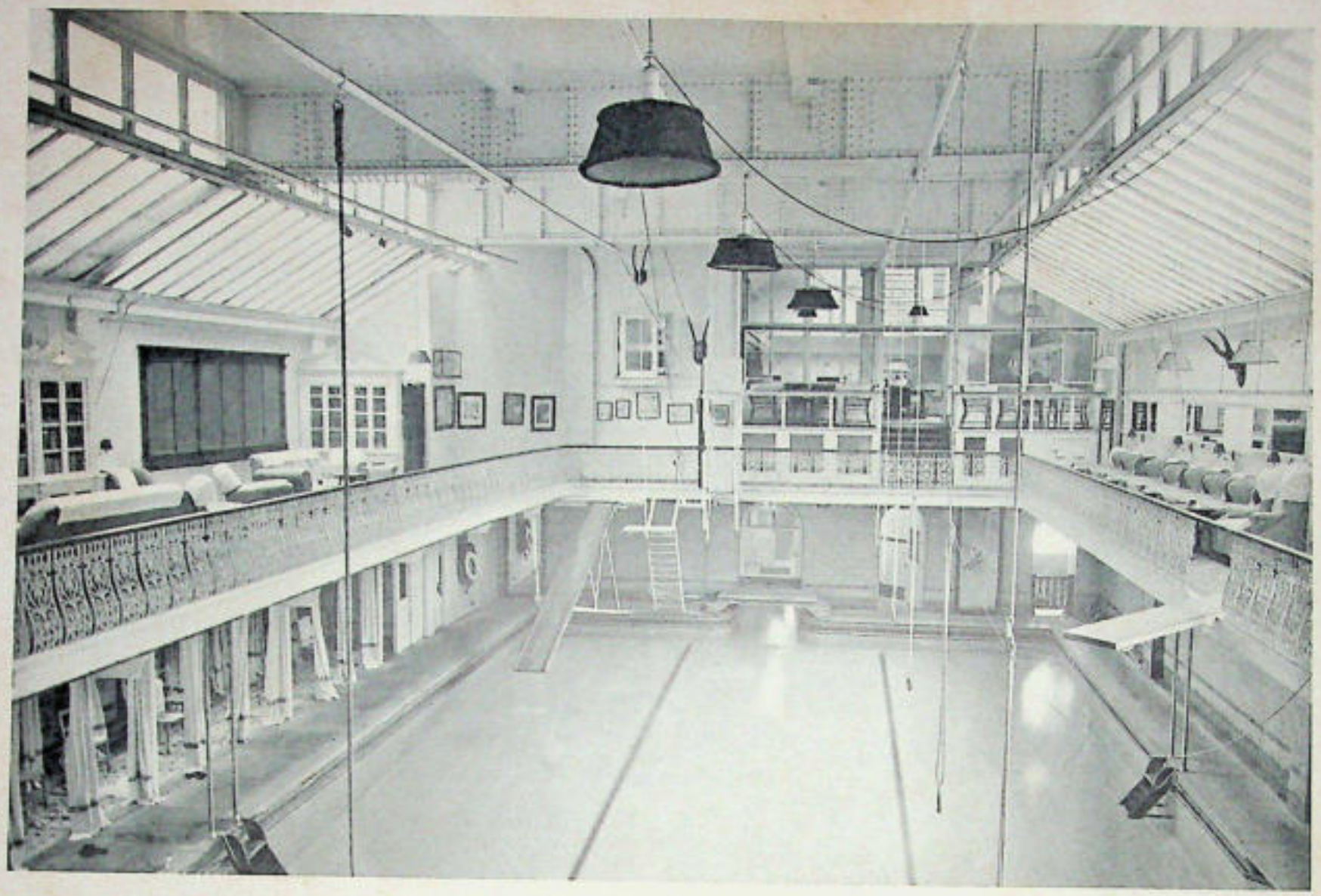
SOMALILAND NETTED GIRAFFES

There are many races of Giraffes (which are found in suitable localities all over Africa south of the Sahara, with the exception of the Congo Forest areas), and of them the Somaliland or Reticulated Giraffe, with its large dark brown spots separated by a network of whitish lines, is the most handsome



GREVY'S ZEBRA

Zebra is the popular name for fully striped members of the horse tribe. It does not indicate any kinship for the animals that bear it. There are, indeed, three very distinct species, called commonly Zebras, and they are linked together by the stripes only. Stripes are, of course, a characteristic inherited from that common ancestor from which horses and asses (who have lost the stripes) are also descended. Grevy's Zebra is the largest, if not the handsomest, and stands about thirteen hands at the withers. It is found only in open country in Northern Kenya, Southern Abyssinia and Somaliland



THE FAMOUS SWIMMING BATH

"The original idea had been to have a central bathing place available for members of all the West End clubs, but this scheme was afterwards superseded by one that eventually gave the Bath Club all the amenities of a West End club, and, in addition, a large swimming bath . . ."

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS—IX. BATH CLUB

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

WE must now leave the ancients behind, and all the bucks, beaux, bloods, wits and gamesters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, who have so largely helped us to fill up the lines of the histories of the clubs we have dealt with so far. If the members of the Bath Club do anything peculiar, or have any strange habits, it must be left to some future club historian to tell the world about them. Not on me shall fall the anger or derision of 2,000 young men, mostly athletes, stalkers, big game hunters, foxhunters and polo players—in short, not good men in any way to upset, if it can be avoided. Stern facts only shall be dealt with—no drinking, gambling or blackball stories here, no anecdotes about ladies. The Bath Club was founded in 1894. The idea was that of the late Mr. C. Williamson Milne, who died in 1930. Lord Desborough has been president and chairman of the Club ever since its foundation—that alone would be good enough to ensure the success of any club. The original idea had been to have a central bathing place available for members of all the West End clubs, but this scheme was afterwards superseded by one that eventually gave the Bath Club all the amenities of a West End club and, in addition, a large swimming bath, and also Turkish, electric and steam baths. The building now acquired for these various purposes was Lord Abergavenny's house in Dover Street.

This house had been built about 1780 on a site which ran through to Berkeley Street. When the Club acquired the freehold, the house was in three sections, with the front in Dover Street.

In the central section, which had originally been a garden, was a fine ballroom; behind it were the stables with access on to Berkeley Street, at that time paved with cobble stones and consisting chiefly of mews. The committee had now to consider how best to adapt all this material to meet the requirements of a Club which was to be a pioneer in providing these extra amenities hitherto never installed in any existing London social club.

On the site of the ballroom they built the now famous swimming bath; in the Dover Street section, room was found for the Turkish baths; the Berkeley Street section was converted into a gymnasium with bedrooms above it. But this was not all, for when the centre block was near completion, and the builders were about to lay down a lead roof, Lord Desborough inspected the work



THE COCKTAIL BAR IN THE GRILL ROOM

and exclaimed: "This is the ideal place for squash racket courts." So the two courts, known to all who play or follow this game throughout the world, were built here owing to Lord Desborough's inspiration in 1903. This was the first London social club ever to build squash courts. Its example has now been followed by many others.

Many additions to the house have been made since then, and now the whole site of Lord Abergavenny's house has been built over and there are 70 bedrooms and flats available for members in the Club. It can be safely said that all this work has been very well carried out, and wherever possible the original features of the house have been retained. Several of the Adam ceilings in the main Club rooms are still there, and the scheme of decoration throughout the Club wisely conforms with this period.

The Amateur Squash Rackets Championship, established in 1922, is held every year at the Club and has been won five times by members of the Bath Club, four times by Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P., and once by Captain J. E. Tomkinson. In 1927 Captain Cazalet also won the Canadian Amateur Squash Championship and, in 1924, Captain Gerald Roberts was the winner of both the American and Canadian Amateur Championships when he visited Canada and the United States with the British team.

In 1922 the Club founded the Bath Club Cup Squash Rackets Invitation Tournament for competition among the West End clubs. After 25 years' service, Charles Arnold, the famous squash rackets professional, retired from the Club in 1938. Among his most distinguished pupils were the King, the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Kent and the Bishop of London. It is gratifying to all his old friends—for whom he did so much—to know that Arnold is still taking an active part in squash. He has been succeeded as professional at the Bath Club by Leslie Harner, who received his training at Marlborough College, where his uncle was coach.

King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra were the first patrons of the Club, and in 1903 paid it a visit to witness a life-saving entertainment under the auspices of the Royal Life Saving Society, of which Lord Desborough has been president since it was founded by the late Mr. William Henry, a member of the Club. The children of King George V—Prince Edward (Duke of Windsor), Prince Albert (the King), Prince Henry (Duke of

Gloucester) and Princess Mary (the Princess Royal) —were all taught swimming at the Bath Club. The King and Queen are now patron and patroness, and both Her Majesty and Queen Mary have attended to see Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret swim.

There have only been two bath masters in the 42 years of the Club's existence. The first, John Daniels, who taught the King and his three brothers to swim, retired on a pension after 27 years' service and was succeeded by the present instructor, Fred A. Unwin. Unwin is ex-backstroke champion of the world for 100yds., 150yds. and 400 metres and has held the world's record for the first two distances; ex-English backstroke champion for four years; British Olympic Games representative for 100 metres backstroke and 400 metres free style, and was British Olympic coach at Antwerp and Paris.

Among the prominent swimmers at the Club is General B. C. Freyberg, V.C., famous for his gallantry at Gallipoli. General Freyberg attempted in 1926 to swim the Channel, having had his preliminary training at the Club under Unwin. He started from Cap Gris Nez and reached within 400yds. of St. Margaret's Bay, after being in the water for nearly 17 hours. Mr. Osman Halliday is the chairman of the swimming committee. He is famous for his high diving from the trapeze.

There have also been only two lady instructresses: Miss Ada Lewin, famous for her diving, who retired on her marriage in 1901, when she was succeeded by Miss Amy Daly. Miss Daly is an honorary life governor and member of the Central Executive Committee of the Royal Life Saving Society.

Princess Mary, who had commenced swimming lessons with Miss Lewin, continued her tuition under Miss Daly, who is now teaching Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. Princess Elizabeth has passed the elementary and intermediate examinations, and Princess Margaret has passed the elementary examination of the Royal Life Saving Society.

Miss Daly numbers among her pupils the late Lady Constance Mackenzie, the late Lady Alington, who was the first lady swimmer to win the gold medal diploma, with honours, for life saving, and the late Mrs. Edgar Syers (winner of the Olympic Games skating), who won the national graceful high diving competition. Miss Daly has long been distinguished for her wonderful methods in teaching children.

Members of the Club are allowed the privilege of having their children, girls as well as boys, taught swimming there. This is the origin of the limited number of ladies who are permitted to join the Club, as they are recruited from the daughters of members who have been junior members.

The shooting trophies in the house are very numerous, and a number of the heads from the collection of Mr. H. F. Varian (a member) are exceptionally good specimens. In the Front Hall there is a splendid wapiti, also the record tarpon, weighing 182lb., caught off Florida in 1899, by Lord Desborough. Elsewhere is the curious skull of a lion from the collection of a member, bearing the inscription: "Lost his life, May 18th, 1902, as a result of a meal off a member of the Bath Club." The member in question had his arm badly mauled before killing the lion.



THE SMOKING ROOM

"Stern facts only shall be dealt with—no drinking, gambling, or blackball stories here, no anecdotes about ladies"

It would be interesting to have a record of the number of individual championship and team championship cups which members of this Club have won or helped to win. It must surely be a very long list when one finds amongst the roll of past and present members the names of Lord Desborough, Lord Hawke, Lord Kimberley, Lord Clydesdale, Mr. Harcourt Gold, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, Mr. Roger Wethered and Captain Humphrey Guinness.

There seems, indeed, to be no sport or game in existence which has not one of its champions represented among the members of the Bath Club. Few clubs, Service or otherwise, can show such a great Roll of Honour as the Bath Club does. Engraved on the panels of the memorial in the Bath Gallery are the names of 255 members and seven staff who fell in the Great War. Included in these are no fewer than eight V.C.'s. The present head waiter, Captain A. E. Howard, survived his wounds and was awarded the Military Cross. In the Front Hall is a very fine silver shield, designed by the late Lord Alwyne Compton, at that time chairman of the House Committee, as a memorial to those who fell in the Boer War.

The Card Room of the Bath Club can claim no exciting stories of the past like those of many of the older clubs. But it was here that the first rules of Auction Bridge were drawn up.

There is an excellent collection of Pelligrini's cartoons dated 1872–3 in this room of celebrated Club men.

The membership of the Club was originally fixed at 2,000 members. The entrance fee is 30 guineas and the annual subscription 12 guineas. There is a long waiting list for candidates.

Sir John Wilson Taylor is the secretary, and he has held that post ever since the early days of the Club.



PART OF THE COFFEE ROOM

The high ceiling of this magnificent room gives it an air of spaciousness and elegance



FLAT OUT OVER THE HURDLES AT HARRINGAY

GREYHOUND COURSE MANAGEMENT

By DALE BOURN

HOW many people whenever they travel by train ever give a thought to all the planning, brains, organising and experience that have been utilised in order that they may travel in comfort and safety? How many ever think of the engine driver, the guard, the station-master, the signalmen, the pointsmen, and all the many others who work and plan so that they may travel on schedule on any day of the week? Not many. So in Greyhound Racing, it is a very small minority who ever think of what goes on "behind the scenes." Even in this new industry, not months, but years have been taken in experimenting in perfecting the organised management of the modern greyhound racecourse.

Great care and foresight is the keynote of the policy of greyhound racecourse administration in order that the very best possible presentation of the sport may be made to the public. No detail is overlooked.

Depending on the size of the stadium, hundreds of employees are allocated to various jobs at every meeting. The catering department alone use a small army, besides the staff of commissionaires, ticket sellers, police, tote operators, track men, electricians, &c. However, it is the racing side of the staff with which the public come into little contact and whom they rarely see during a meeting. It is they who work and organise behind the scenes.

At a big stadium there is a general manager, who is in charge of the small army that runs the stadium. It is he who is responsible for all matters appertaining to the stadium, but who is not concerned with the racing department except in so far as where the two interests might be mutual.

The National Greyhound Racing Club book of rules lays down that "The following officials shall be appointed for every racecourse subject to the approval of the stewards of the N.G.R.C., viz. at least three stewards, a veterinary surgeon, judge, racing manager, starter, timekeeper and driver or hare controller, each of whom (stewards excepted) must obtain an annual licence from the N.G.R.C.". The cost of this licence on issue and renewal is 5/- annually. This band of officials are in full charge of the racing at all meetings, and each has his own individual job.

The veterinary surgeon is the first man on the scene, as it is his duty to examine each dog that is racing at the time of "kennelling," that is one hour at least before racing begins. With him is a member of the racing manager's staff, who assists him in identifying all the dogs from their respective identity books, which must be produced before a dog can be accepted for a race. He makes a report to the stewards of all dogs that are in his opinion not fit to race. Again, he examines each dog before it leaves its kennel for the race and again afterwards. He is present all through the meeting and attends any injured dog, again making a report to the stewards on the nature of the injury.

The racing manager and his staff, as has been previously shown, are responsible for the making up of the programme and for the grading of the races. He is also responsible for making returns and reports to the N.G.R.C. registry, and is governed by various N.G.R.C. rules. He and his staff are situated in such a position as to be able to see quite clearly in order that they can note every incident in, and result of, every race.

The judge is likewise situated, and it is his sole job to note the placings and to announce his decision immediately, and his decision is final unless an objection to the winner or any placed greyhound is made and sustained. He is, however, not prevented from correcting a mistake, such correction being subject to the confirmation of the stewards. The judge must immediately communicate the numbers of the placed greyhounds in order of placing, and when satisfied they are shown as indicated he must notify the same to the stewards.

Nowadays, experiments are taking place at the biggest courses in photographed finishes. If these are successful, they will greatly assist the judge in close finishes. The public sometimes do not realise that the judge, who is situated dead in the finishing line, is really the sole person who is in a position to judge a race. In a close finish it is quite impossible to judge a race from any other angle except dead in line with the finishing line. His is not an easy job as sometimes there might not be more than a "head" or "neck" between three or four dogs.

The timekeeper takes note of all "times" in a race which he communicates to the number board for display, and in this he has recently been assisted by the installation at many racecourses of a ray-timing apparatus. It is generally reckoned that a "length" in distance is .06 of a second in time, so that on the receipt of the "distances" from the judge's box the racing manager is able to calculate the time taken over the course of every dog in the race.

The starter is responsible for seeing that the dogs are properly placed in the starting box and for giving all the necessary orders and signals for securing a fair start upon receiving the signal to start from the stewards.

The starting box itself is one approved by the N.G.R.C., and consists of six divisions. The front of it is made all in one piece with strong iron bars, so that the dogs can see through and at the bottom of which is a roller so that a dog "pawing" the bottom of the bars does not hurt its paws. At the starting signal the entire front flies upwards, giving a free and unimpeded exit for the dogs. The most modern starting boxes are electrically operated, and on top of it is a light, which flashes as the trap opens, thus giving a visual signal to the timekeeper.

The hare driver has to be an expert at his particular job. He is placed in a control box from which he, too, can plainly see the whole course, and in which are situated his controls. There are five or six different types of hare equipment in general use to-day, but the principle of driving in each is the same. The hare has to be driven in such a way as to give each dog in the race a chance of seeing it on the bends, and yet not allow the hare to get so close to the leading dog as to check its speed. On courses with sharp bends this is extremely difficult, and of necessity a dog who is a long way behind is sometimes unsighted. The hare controller is responsible only to the stewards and takes all his orders from them and is not allowed to leave his control box without their permission. His judgment must be first class, as his driving of the hare can make or mar a race.

Of the 132 rules in the N.G.R.C. book, no fewer than 23 concern the stewards of a meeting. These racecourse stewards are appointed by the operating company, and must be approved by the N.G.R.C. as opposed to the stipendiary stewards of the N.G.R.C., who really act as inspectors for the club.

The duties of racecourse stewards can be aptly summed up in the N.G.R.C. rule which reads: "It is the duty of each steward to supervise all events on his racecourse in connection with the racing and to maintain as far as possible the general integrity of the racing." By another rule, there must be at least three stewards present at every meeting. These stewards have wide powers, but are governed by the N.G.R.C. rules.

It is they who decide what action should be taken if anything untoward should happen, such as a dog escaping from his kennelman, a breakdown in the hare control, the trap failing to open, and many other unexpected incidents. By far their most important business is to see that a race is "well and truly run." To this end they are guided by the N.G.R.C. rules, which lay down what should be done in certain circumstances. The most important rule is No. 13, which lays down the circumstances under which a "No Race" should be declared or a "disqualification" made.

It is a "No Race" if the leading greyhound gets so close to the hare that it checks its speed. If through fighting, *or any other cause*, in the opinion of the stewards, the result of the race is definitely affected, then they may (*a*) declare a "No Race," or (*b*) disqualify a greyhound or greyhounds. They have to be extremely quick in their actions as the public have been brought up to expect a prompt decision. It is the stewards who give the order to start a race, and who "O.K." the result of a race by means of putting up the green light on the number board. Should they be dissatisfied at any time with the running of any dog, they can call upon the racing manager, the trainer and the veterinary surgeon for an explanation. If still dissatisfied, they can institute an enquiry to be made, a report of these proceedings, and their findings must be made to the N.G.R.C. They also have power to fine any person under their control up to £10, and to suspend any such person from acting at that meeting if necessary. An appeal can be made to the N.G.R.C., to whom all the facts must be reported. A steward must be in attendance at all trials.

The Greyhound Racing Association go further, in some cases, than the N.G.R.C. in order to safeguard their racing. One example is that they have a steward present at "Kennelling." This is especially important when an open race is on the card, as dogs from other courses are present and may not be known to that particular racecourse staff and extra care has to be taken as to identification and fitness to run.

The stewards officiating at a meeting make records of all races run, noting their times, starting prices, Tote dividends and distances, so that they have a complete record of every race run on their racecourse under every kind of condition. From this they make a report to the racing director as to the quality of the racing.

All these various departments are in inter-telephonic communication with each other, so that in the event of any "incident" they can immediately communicate with the stewards to ascertain their instructions.

Each individual in any of the above-mentioned posts is properly trained for his particular job. They are not casual appointments. Months of work and experience have to be gone through before they are properly trained and approved to act in their particular capacity, and their integrity and judgment must have been proved to be above reproach.

Thus it is that nowadays the organisation and machinery of these greyhound racecourses runs with clockwork precision. Each man is trained for his job and each job has its own particular function. They are the cogs in the wheel that runs smoothly round.

Over and above that there is a duplicate for each piece of equipment, and an understudy for each job. If a trap goes wrong, or a dynamo breaks down, there is another trap and another dynamo to take its place. If the judge or the hare driver is ill or unavailable, there is another trained judge or hare driver to take his place. The system is as near perfect as human ingenuity can make it. Doubtless as time goes on, more and more improvements will be thought of and made, but every innovation, every new improvement will be for the advantage of greyhound racing, and for the benefit of its millions of patrons.

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS

XI.—How, and How Not, to Fish the Nymph

MY DEAR BOB,—I am sorry your cousin will not be there when you arrive for your visit. A couple of hours on the water with him would probably teach you more about dry-fly fishing than I can hope to do on paper. But it has one advantage; by the time he joins you, you will have encountered the difficulties in person, and will be able to ask him to show you where you have gone wrong, as you are sure to do at first. I quite expected he would have something to say to you about nymph fishing; but do not worry. The kind of "nymph fishing" he means is simply wet-fly fishing, and as I have already suggested, wet-fly fishing spoils a dry-fly water, or may do so, and many owners very properly object to it.

Genuine nymph fishing, however, is a very different thing, and you will find he will not object to the use of a nymph if it is fished properly like a dry fly. Nymph fishing is, in reality, a perfectly legitimate part of dry-fly fishing, and has enormously increased the interest of fishing some chalk streams where trout, for some unknown reason, very seldom seem to take the hatching dun from the surface. In a former letter I told you very briefly how dry fly came to be adopted by trout fishers. They found that the hatching dun was taken very readily by trout and started to imitate its behaviour. Further study of fly life on a stream showed that fish also took the spinner, on occasion, while dipping on the surface to lay its eggs, and took the "spent" fly even more readily after it had fallen dead on the water with outspread wings. Both these stages in the fly's life were consequently added to the dry-fly fisherman's repertoire.

But there is another stage in insect life which interests the fly fisherman—the time when it has just finished its pupal existence and is coming, or has come, up to the surface to hatch. This is known as the "nymph" stage, and you may remember I suggested you could imitate it in Devonshire by using a gold-ribbed hare's ear. Unfortunately, this stage has become confused with the earlier stage in a fly's existence, before it has assumed its pupal dress, when it is more properly called a larva or grub.

Anglers have got into the habit of referring to these grubs as "nymphs," which has introduced what are really abuses of the dry-fly system. Men have even been known to cast a fly downstream, and bring it back in jerks on the spurious excuse that they are imitating a nymph swimming up-stream in its larval stage.

No method should be used in which the fly is moved by the angler or the water "raked" by "prospecting" or "fishing the stream." It not only disturbs the water for other fishermen, but calls attention to the gut which fish see very easily if it is drawn through the water. Never fish in such a way as to spoil other men's sport, whether they are on the water or not; but as long as you are casting to a rising fish, using a single fly and letting it float down unimpeded you are dry-fly fishing, whether the fly itself is dry or wet.

As to the legitimate use of an artificial nymph on chalk streams and the best way to fish it, we are still very largely in the dark. It is possible to tie a very fair imitation of a natural insect in this stage of its existence, but it will not necessarily catch fish for you.

Much the same difficulty occurs when imitating duns or spinners. The late F. M. Halford, who by his investigations into the natural history of flies did more for the science of dry-fly fishing than any other man, devised a number of very beautiful patterns of flies for chalk streams which are probably, on the average, as good imitations of the natural insects as we are likely to get; yet they do not catch more fish than patterns which seem to have far less resemblance to the fly on the water. History is repeating itself with good imitations of nymphs. I suggested in my last letter that a good imitation of a dun's behaviour was of more value than a good imitation of its appearance; and I suspect the same to be true of the nymph.

But just here is the difficulty: we do not know how the nymph behaves. Odd scraps of knowledge and observation are available, but at present we cannot fit them together. When the nymph is in its pupal stage, it is on the weed or may be on the bottom. It then rises to the surface. Some men hold that it swims to the surface with a wriggling motion, and claim that it is this motion which attracts the trout; others that it floats up inert, and it has been suggested that the insect secretes an air or gas bubble which helps it to rise. A few years ago the late Colonel E. W. Harding wrote a book in which he described experiments he had made in a tank and suggested that the trout saw the nymph rising by means of the mirror which is formed by the underside of the water surface; that it aimed at the point where the nymph and its image in the mirror met, which accounted for the rather peculiar form of rise a nymphing fish makes ("bulging," it is commonly termed), and also for the fact that nymphs are generally taken just under the surface; it seemed at the time a likely explanation.

But recently our foremost entomologist, Mr. Martin E. Mosely, has published some observations he has made of olive nymphs hatching in an aquarium, and says they spend as much as 20 minutes at the surface before they get clear of their shuck. He argues, in consequence, that hatching nymphs float down for some hundreds of yards at the surface before hatching, and that it is these floating nymphs which the trout take. As against this, Mr. C. E. Pain, who has been conducting an investigation into fly life in the Test valley, tells us that when gauze nets were set for catching these floating nymphs they had to be sunk some little way below the surface before they intercepted them in any number, and that many of the nymphs so caught hatched and flew away from the net directly it was taken out of the water, showing they were ready to hatch. At the moment it seems that confusion is worse confounded.

A possible logical conclusion from these conflicting observations is that nymphs in streams leave their holt to hatch and are swept along by the current, but do not necessarily need to be actually at the surface during the period they are freeing themselves from the shuck. This fits in pretty well with observations of trout when they are nymphing. If one day you are by the river when the hatch is first starting (trout generally take nymphs for a while before coming on to the surface fly), get into some position where you can watch the trout feeding. You will see that they take up a position either over or just behind a weedbed, and move quickly from side to side over a strip of river a couple of yards or more in width. It is described sometimes as rushing about over a weedbed, but the action is more like a wicket keeper fielding an erratic bowler. Sometimes they break the surface in catching whatever it is they are taking; more often they do not. But they have the general appearance of intercepting something that is coming down in the top one-foot layer of water.

When they are doing this they are uncommonly hard to catch. It may be that this is due to our ignorance of what the nymphs look like when they are coming down, or simply that the trout is covering so much ground that by the time one's fly has fallen near the last rise the trout is somewhere else.

The old advice "wait till the trout have finished nymphing and take to the surface fly" is sound enough on many waters; but on streams where they bulge for three hours and take duns for ten minutes, it is not very profitable: so if the fish do not start taking surface fly after half-an-hour or so, you had better see what you can do with a nymph, which you fish exactly like a dry fly, with the same precision and the same care to avoid drag.



WEEDBEDS: YOU WILL SEE THAT TROUT TAKE UP A POSITION EITHER OVER OR JUST BEHIND A WEEDBED

There is one kind of nymph fishing, and a very fascinating kind, too, where the angler deliberately makes his fly drag, but that is a speciality which I do not advise you to attempt yet awhile.

As to the pattern of fly, I do not think it matters much in the present state of our knowledge. The best fly you can use is a gold-ribbed hare's ear, for nymph hatching at the surface; but you can make a serviceable nymph by trimming off most of the hackle from a blue dun, or some other fur-bodied fly of the right size, the right size depending on the fly the trout are taking. Or you can try a small silver-bodied fly to represent the shiny appearance of the air-filled shuck just as the fly is hatching out.

Silver-bodied flies, or flies with flat silver or gold ribbing, are occasionally successful when allowed to sink as well as on the surface. The tinsel probably reflects the weed and gives the body a translucent appearance. To make such flies sink a few inches trim the hackle short; to fish them in the surface film leave the hackle intact. Do not oil your fly for nymph fishing, and do not make false casts in the air if you can avoid it. In a swift current flies do not sink very readily and there is nothing less likely to attract a trout than a nymph which sinks after floating a yard or so, when it ought to be doing just the opposite.

Your affectionate uncle,

HARVEY.



"PERAMBULATION OF GRASS FIELDS INTERSPERSED WITH PLOUGH"

The Gun Month by Month

THE SPORT OF OUR GRANDSIRES

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

LAST month I was fishing on a Galway lough with a one-time keeper, associated with many of my youthful recollections. And as we trolled we talked of bygone incidents, which always seem to gain in happy retrospect with the passing years. "God be with them times," said he, "they'll come no more. Why would they? There's not a score of grouse this day where ye would be getting a hundred brace aforetime, nor did any man see a partridge hereabouts these 30 years. Don't the gentry get great lots of them in England, and why would they be coming all this way for just the duck and snipe that does be in it. Will ye tell me that?"

To which I had no answer, but it set me thinking. Are we reducing shooting to the level of a mathematical calculus? Is research, in laying bare what used to be delightfully mysterious, accentuating artificiality in sport? Not that I would belittle the value of all that scientific discovery has wrought in recent years. More particularly to those who are financially unequal to experimenting on their own, those encyclopædic pamphlets which, with commendable public spirit Imperial Chemical Industries issue free gratis to anyone caring to apply for them, are invaluable. No one need, in fact, go begging of the last word in research. For what are day-in-day-out subjects of analysis on the Knebworth Game Estate are of as much benefit to those whose birds are reckoned by the score as by the thousand. But no one can go on learning and cherishing illusions too.

The glamour still embracing marsh and moor attaches less and less to field and covert. Still a certain mystery surrounds our wilder birds. The inconsistencies of snipe and 'cock and geese are still as ever food for controversial speculation. Whereas the domestic affairs of partridges and pheasants are focussed in the scientific microscope. We have made giant strides since less than half a century ago when nature was their only nursery. From the Newmarket to the French and Euston systems was a biggish step; to the Knebworth rearing pens has been a bigger one. For to-day our game birds' every need from vegetables to vitamins is weighed quite literally in the balance, and even synthetic substitutes for insect life are made available.

Now I am not inferring that this is anything but to the good. No one can afford to lag behind, even though less and less is left to his imagination. Besides, two factors tend to render modern sport less natural and therefore more scientific than aforetime. First with the breaking up of large estates, and the ever-spreading tentacles of cities and arterial roads, more and more game-holding ground is every year absorbed into commercial enterprise; which means a denser concentration of game in more circumscribed areas, or in other words increasingly intensive methods of production. And, secondly, quite beside the fact that a revolutionised system of agriculture has in its turn revolutionised the methods of approaching game, men have no patience for leisurely pursuits. In these hard times hard-headed syndicates demand their money's worth. Pot-hunting is a lost art. Why waste the precious week-end pottering round with 20 cartridges on the off-chance of something getting up, when with 200 one can get the surety of the set piece? Why, indeed? If one loses what to my mind chiefly constitutes the charm of shooting—the subtlety of woodcraft which pot-hunters must employ—well! one cannot have it both ways, and not all men think alike. Which, since the big bag merchants are the mainstay of preservation, is a very good thing too.

Much used to be, and still is, written about the "Festival of St. Partridge." A horrible expression, but let that pass. In truth I fancy nobody thinks highly of the "Festival" in these days. For nobody drives partridges before September's latter end, and although the humble shooter, walking up in much the same way as his grandsire did, must needs scupper his birds while they are young and fairly innocent if he would scupper them at all, few pastimes are less inspiring than the solemn perambulation of grass fields, interspersed with plough from which even the attenuated stubble has been shaved. For the simple reason that the partridge, well aware of the opening of hostilities, takes care to beat it while the going is good.

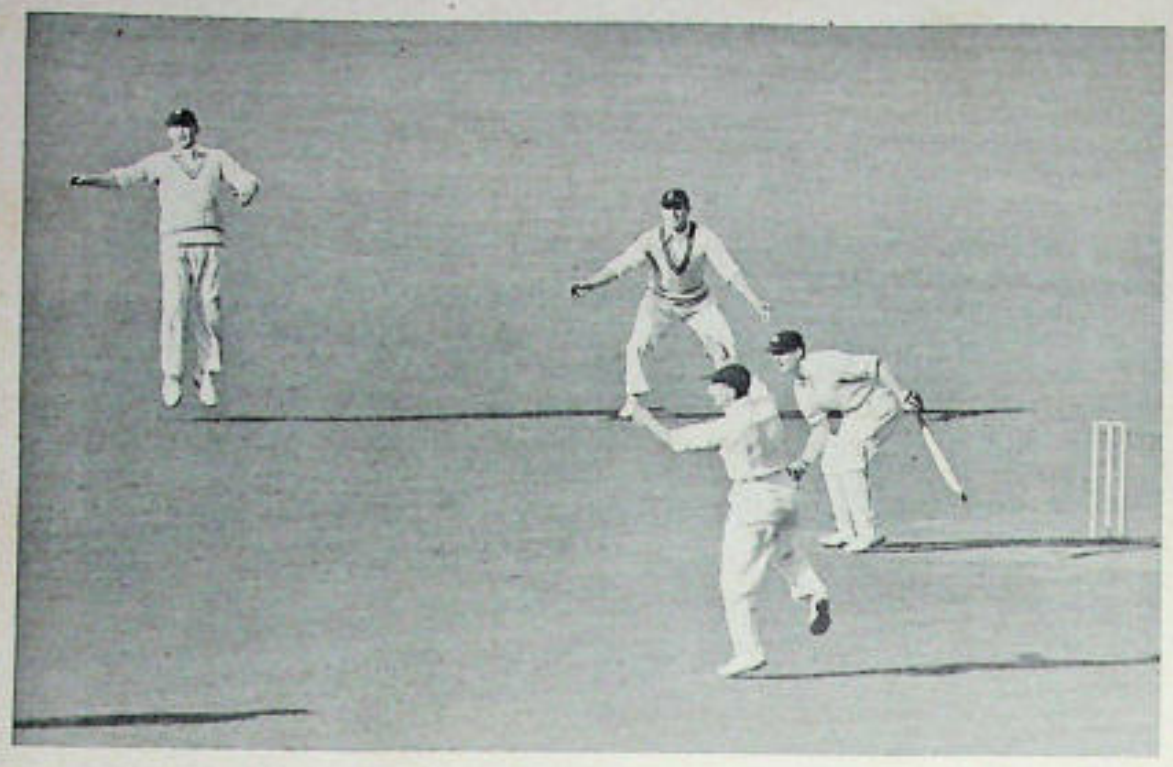
And yet there still are spots where you may shoot partridges, even, though I tempt the sceptics, in the Alken tradition, over dogs. But these are birds born and bred on the fringes of the Scottish and Irish mountains, and of another feather to their relatives of English roots. And principally because they live for the most part at high altitudes on ground where food supplies are sketchy at the best of times, they eke out rather precarious existences. You may find big coveys, but they will usually be few and far between, which is one reason why canine assistance so often proves invaluable.

May I borrow a sentence from one who knows these gamesters a good deal better, I fancy, than most people. "The hill bird is more cunning than its lowland relative, and is capable of perverse habits. Coveys often rise a hundred yards away out of thick grass or heather and fly as far as grouse. At other times they squat in the barest places and allow themselves to be trodden on before rising. I have seen partridges, after one flight, burrow into tussocks and permit themselves to be caught by dogs rather than rise a second time. They cannot be "driven" on the hill, for they have no particular object in view. Their powers of running through rough ground are remarkable, and it would be difficult to believe that birds could move such distances were it not for the evidence of dogs."

So if I were to say that in pursuit of these elusive specimens a couple of energetic guns may anticipate sheer fun that would be true. And were I to say also that they can put their shirts on several hours of real hard labour that would be true also. For once, when I was younger and more innocent, I went chasing hill partridges in a suiting of winter weight and good stout bobnailed boots. I might have made better practice in running shorts and shoes and carrying a bow and arrow. For the average Frenchman has nothing on these pedestrians for speed. When, if ever, you catch up with them, you usually find either that they have legged it into the only standing crops in half-a-dozen parishes, or that they rise from quite a different spot to that in which you have marked them down five minutes previously. And sometimes even when a dog has seemed to be drawing on to birds no birds are there. You give up the unequal contest, retrace your steps, and then quite probably a quarter of a mile beyond, from under your feet a covey bursts and scatters like a shrapnel, scattering also what is left of your wits. Equally probably you miss them handsomely.

But that is the fun of this game of hide and seek with a quarry whose only consistent attribute is inconsistency. It has been suggested that the reason why hill birds, eluding the keenest canine noses, are never where they ought to be is that, by alternate squats and sprints they not only withhold scent but also distribute it haphazard, so to speak. I don't know if this is so, but I do know that a dog I have which seldom if ever faults on grouse, is seldom if ever right on partridges. On one occasion last year a large covey settled within almost a stone's throw of where we were lunching. We immediately followed to find them gone, but the setter took a strong line, acknowledging birds all the time for something like a quarter of a mile. Then he stood stiff to a complete blank, and as frustrated we walked back, the brutes were clustered not 50yds. away, but on the off-side of a stone wall we were negotiating, and they rose to empty guns.

Such incidents one could multiply almost by the score, but they are, as I have said, what makes this upland game so fascinating. You will never get big bags—at least, of my own experience I do not think so—but you will get plenty of healthy exercise, and a satisfaction sometimes of out-manœuvring a plucky opponent by the sweat of your brow. More often possibly the birds will trump your tricks, heading with maddening frequency over one mering and then another, the while you tag on in a bath of perspiration and muttering evil words. Even so, you will still have something to look forward to—an outsize ice-cold quencher of a thirst you would not part with for a fiver.



ALMOST LIKE A BALLET
Hart (Middlesex) gets a life off a ball from Gover (Surrey)

FAREWELL TO THE WEST INDIANS

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THE tour of the West Indies was terminated before the team could go to Hove and Canterbury and enjoy themselves free of Test match worries and become inspired to gaiety by holiday crowds and also by the knowledge that they had given England a great game at the Oval. With pleasure I seize this opportunity to review the West Indies' season here, and to express gratitude for the pleasure I obtained from their spontaneous play whenever I saw them.

On paper the West Indies record day by day is not impressive: 25 matches, 8 victories, 6 defeats, and 11 draws. It would be hard to prove by statistics that as an all-round side they were the superiors of an average English county as, say, Essex or Worcestershire. Yet the fact is that in the second and third Test matches England could seldom, if ever, relax severe efforts; at Manchester, indeed, England batted on the closing afternoon very much as though feeling the chill of imminent defeat.

For too long the English summer petrified the West Indies cricketers physically if not mentally; the moist wickets and moist air aggravated the swerve of the new ball—and in their own beautiful islands there is little chance to learn how to cope with late swerve: the ball quickly looses seam and "shine" on the hard grounds; moreover, the clear air makes for a more or less direct flight. As soon as warm weather blessed them, the West Indies improved technically and spiritually; at Old Trafford and at the Oval England quickly realised that Grant was in command of a *team*, not of a collection of spare parts.

Grant deserves high praise both as leader and cricketer. His personality was charming; he made friends at once. He looked the part in the field—tall, supple, graceful. His cavalier treatment of Goddard in the Manchester Test match will remain a happy memory. As a fieldsman close in on the leg-side he thrilled us constantly by his daring and accuracy and speed. He was inclined to underrate his own skill as a slow off-break bowler; I shall always think that he took himself off too soon in England's first innings at Old Trafford; England were collapsing, and Grant's spin was nipping dangerously back from the sensitive turf. Then, for no apparent reason, Grant retired in favour of Cameron. A captain is often a doubtful judge of his own usefulness as a bowler.

The West Indies attack, taken by and large, was steady, and occasionally, more intelligent than England's. Constantine amazingly transformed himself from a fast to a "variation" bowler. He thus cheated age and, so to say, "began again." At first glance, I thought that Constantine's changes of pace were obvious and calculated to deceive nobody except himself. And he certainly set his captain a task with the setting of the field for an over which might contain eight different and apparently unrelated balls. But Constantine after a while subtilized his contrasts and made them less apparent to the careless eye. He bowled determinedly as well as thoughtfully; he seemed to will himself to capture a wicket at every attempt. His fielding lacked only a little of his old and original swift opportunism: he still deserved to have the first refusal of all chances, whether sent in front or behind or above the wicket. He was equal to running a man out off his own bowling from cover-point. And once, I swear, he fielded and prevented overthrows from a quick return of his own. Natural genius came out of his cricket in flashes.

Headley was, of course, the great batsman of the side; on *all* wickets he proved himself as reliable a batsman as any taking part in the game at the present time. He was almost exclusively a back-foot player, and it is only because of some doubt as to whether he can jump from the back to the front foot with Bradman's rapidity that I rank him second to Bradman as a punishing stroke player on good pitches. Headley would take his place automatically in the best company of any period of cricket's history.

For several weeks of the season the West Indies seemed terribly dependent on Headley for runs and defence against anything like formidable bowling. Here, again, we had to modify first impressions considerably. In the first Test match, at Lords, J. B. Stollmeyer showed signs of a fluent forward method; he strengthened his play match by match, and scored in the season 916 runs with an average of 30.83, an excellent performance for any young cricketer. At Lord's I was at a loss to understand the form of K. H. Weekes; he seemed hopelessly short of aim and eyesight; indeed, I think I wrote at the time that he shaped like a left-hander batting the wrong way round. A few days later, Constantine told me I had made a mistake about Weekes. "Some day," he said, "you'll see him on a good wicket, when the sun is shining—then just you look out!" Well, Weekes gave us good cause to look out in the Oval Test match; his innings of 146 was as violent as one by Bartlett at his most vehement. Constantine failed as a batsman until the Oval Test match, and J. E. D. Sealy unhappily did not live up to the aggressive cock of his cap. None the less, the West Indies found a reasonable amount of batting to revolve around the great axis of Headley.

If the rubber were beginning again in a warm summer with the players, of course, fresh, I doubt if England would win it convincingly in three-day engagements. The tour as a whole revealed a gradual toughening of mental outlook in a big match; to the original West Indian impulse a touch of "English professional" realism has been added. I only hope that realism will never get the upper hand of impulse. The West Indies cricketers have a contribution of their own to make to the game; they, and they alone, can make a Test match young again and perpetually engrossing.

One word more about the bowling. Clarke was a clever leg-spinner, and Hylton would improve the chances of most English teams in the championship. It was a mistake to leave him out of the Oval Test match. Not the least valuable of the West Indies' assets was Mr. Kidney, the manager. He had a quiet way of making a friend—and he made a lot.

WEST INDIES—AVERAGES

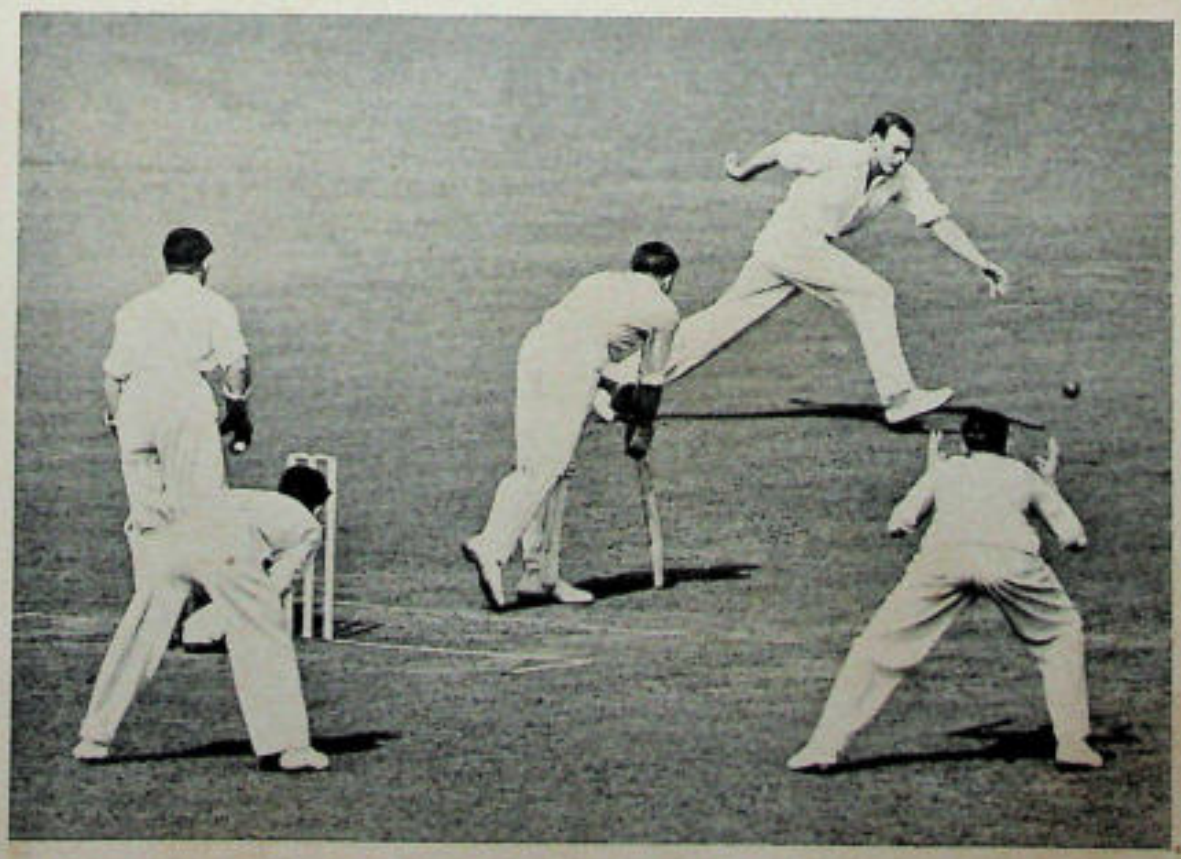
BATTING
Played 25; Won 8, Drawn 11, Lost 6.
Test Matches: Played 5; Lost 1, Drawn 2.

	Innings	Times not out	Runs	Highest score	Average
G. Headley	39	6	1745	238*	72.70
E. A. V. Williams	15	3	370	120*	30.83
J. B. Stollmeyer	31	1	916	117	30.53
V. H. Stollmeyer	22	4	542	96	30.11
K. H. Weekes	28	1	803	146	29.74
R. S. Grant	32	4	785	95	28.03
J. E. D. Sealy	35	1	948	181	27.88
G. Gomez	30	2	719	90	25.67
L. N. Constantine	32	3	614	79	21.17
J. H. Cameron	23	2	438	106	20.85
H. P. Bayley	15	2	286	104	20.46
L. G. Hylton	19	4	215	55	14.33
I. Barrow	25	2	304	41	13.21
E. A. Martindale	30	7	286	39	12.43
C. B. Clarke	25	10	162	45	10.80
T. Johnson	9	4	30	12	6.00

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
L. N. Constantine	488.4	67	1831	103	17.77
J. H. Cameron	222.6	40	664	31	21.41
C. B. Clarke	458.3	46	1898	87	21.81
R. S. Grant	211.5	33	676	25	27.04
L. G. Hylton	301	32	1081	39	27.71
G. Headley	10	1	30	1	30.00
T. Johnson	154.1	26	529	16	32.50
E. A. V. Williams	119.4	14	461	14	32.92
V. H. Stollmeyer	6	1	33	1	33.00
E. A. Martindale	397.7	41	1587	46	34.50
J. E. D. Sealy	47	4	174	5	34.80
J. B. Stollmeyer	34	2	182	3	60.66



MOVING ACROSS TO IT
Whitaker (Surrey) in danger from a ball from Sims (Middlesex)

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

SMOKING AND THE PALATE

THERE are many people who do not smoke. Some because they do not like it; others because they think that tobacco is bad for them; others because they prefer to spend in some other way or to save the money that they might spend on tobacco. But there are many men and women who smoke either because they like it, or because they think that it is good for them. Non-smokers, like non-drinkers, often imagine themselves to be better than their brethren, and there is no reason why they should be deprived of the measure of consolation which they find in their conceit. They deserve neither blame nor praise from those of us who find in smoking a harmless enough relaxation.

But smoking can be, and often is, more than that. It may easily become a mere nervous habit, a craving for continuously lighting one cigarette after another, puffing out smoke unceasingly without any regard for the comfort and feelings of others. It may also be the most reasonable gratification of our sense of smell and one that is conducive to greater peace of mind as well as to a pleasurable stimulation of our higher faculties. Such is the manner of smoking indulged in by the believer in the Art of Good Living.

I cannot speak of cigarettes, not being an addict to this form of smoking, but I can vouch for the fact that a good cigar is one of the real joys of life, a joy to look at, to hold, to smell and to smoke; it exhilarates, stimulates, charms, soothes, without any fear of any unpleasant reaction.

There are people who deprive themselves of the joy that is to be had from a good cigar because of the fallacious argument that it would interfere with their enjoyment of fine wine; it must, they say, be bad for their palate.

I do not believe it. I am even ready to go further and to maintain that to smoke good cigars, in moderation, of course, since excess must be had always, helps the palate. Our sense of taste, like all our senses, improves with training. You cannot enjoy wine nor cigars by reading all about them in books, however wonderfully accurate the author may write about the bouquet of the wine and the aroma of the cigar. You must drink good wine and smoke good cigars to know what it all means; and the more good wine you will drink with appreciation, and the more good cigars you will smoke with even more leisurely appreciation, the keener your senses of smell and taste will become.

The fact that the bouquet of the wine is so entirely different from the smell of the cigar is all the better; both are good, and that is what alone matters. The best all-round connoisseur of wine I ever knew was the late Lord Rendlesham—he knew more about claret than most of the Bordeaux merchants, and more about port than any of the Oporto shippers—and yet he smoked good cigars not in moderation but—to my own way of thinking—in excess; and he also smoked a pipe, when fishing or in the open.

A HOLIDAY IN REVERSE

INSTEAD of taking your holiday in summer and toiling through the winter, reverse the process this year.

Leave the English winter behind. Go out and enjoy the glories of a South African summer. Between October and March the climate is delightful: there is an abundance of interests and you are assured of a welcome as warm as the sunshine.

The return passage (England—South Africa) with twelve months' duration ranges from £47 Tourist class: £65 Cabin class: £72 First class. Consult the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or obtain detailed information from any of the principal Travel Agencies.

SOUTH AFRICA

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of August 31st, 1889.

THE Wheat Production of the World. "The International Congress of Grain and Flour, held in Paris last week, was very well attended, and one of the most interesting features in connection with it was the paper read by M. Grandeau, the well-known inspector of agricultural schools and stations, upon the wheat production of the world. His main object, as he explained at the outset of his lecture, was to show to what a degree the cultivation of wheat had increased of late years out of Europe; and how imperative and at the same time easy it would be to increase the production in France so as to be independent of imports from abroad. The figures which M. Grandeau quoted are, I imagine, only approximate.

EUROPE.

Name of country.	Total production in bushels.		Yield per acre.
France	294,000,000	..	16½
Russia	258,500,000	..	9
Spain	167,750,000	..	15½
Italy	140,000,000	..	12
Austro-Hungary	129,250,000	..	16
Germany	101,200,000	..	19
Great Britain	91,000,000	..	31
Roumania	32,800,000	..	—
Bulgaria	26,000,000	..	—
Turkey	23,250,000	..	—
Belgium	14,000,000	..	—
Portugal	9,250,000	..	—
Sweden and Norway	6,050,000	..	—
Greece	6,050,000	..	—
Holland	5,500,000	..	—
Denmark	4,670,000	..	—
Servia	3,850,000	..	—
Switzerland	1,925,000	..	—
Total	1,319,645,000 bushels or 164,955,625 quarters.		

OTHER COUNTRIES

United States	512,000,000	..	12
British India	204,825,000	..	11
Australia	45,375,000	..	12½
Canada	36,380,000	..	13½
Algeria	28,580,000	..	12½
Japan	41,250,000	..	—
Argentine Republic	27,500,000	..	—
Chili	16,500,000	..	—
Egypt	6,600,000	..	—
Total	989,450,000 bushels or 123,681,250 quarters.		

In other words, Mr. Grandeau puts the total wheat production of the world at:

	Qrs.
Europe	164,955,625
Other countries	123,681,250
	288,636,875

"And he then goes on to demonstrate that it would not require a great effort for French wheat growers to render themselves independent of foreign imports, the increase needed being only about 11 bushels per acre; and this increase, he thinks could easily be obtained by improving the quality of the seed and increasing the quantity of artificial and farmyard manure put into the land. He also met, and very fairly met, the objection that an increased production of wheat would mean a further drop in prices, by pointing out that the rapid increase in the population of the globe would more than neutralise that tendency, and he concluded a very interesting lecture by some figures relating to the rapid increase of wheat growing in the Argentine Republic, the United States and Australia.

"Twenty years ago, he said, the Argentine Republic had to import wheat; from 1870 to 1878 it was self-supporting, and no more; and in 1878 it had a population of 2,800,000 and a foreign trade of £16,000,000. Now it has 4,000,000 inhabitants and a foreign trade of £48,000,000, exporting wheat in large quantities. The figures for Australia are still more striking, for that country now contains 8,464,000 head of cattle, 89,266,000 sheep, 2,822,000 inhabitants, of whom 847,000 are employed on the land, and exports 192,925,000 bushels of wheat—and all this within 50 years!"

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

THE Spanish Civil War is over, but from the reports one hears it is very doubtful how long there will be peace in poor distracted Spain. This is a tragedy. Even in the old days of the monarchy the patient, gallant young men of Northern Castile were despatched to serve in the inhospitable Riff hills, and many of them never returned. During the present century the Spaniards have endured the agony of protracted death. And yet in the old days one would hardly have suspected it, the people were so kind, so hospitable, and so ready to enjoy themselves on the rare occasions opportunity offered.

* * *

Before the Civil War I used to visit a large village called Ezcaray in the Alta Rioja country of Northern Castile between Haro and Logroño. The branch line train did not hustle much, as the engine driver seemed to have friends at every station to whom he had much to tell, but it was all so very friendly nobody minded. Food and cigarettes were exchanged among the passengers with true Castilian courtesy, and any foreigner became almost overwhelmed by kind attention. At Ezcaray the whole village always turned out on a Sunday to meet the train, and if you had friends a sort of triumphal procession was formed to escort you from the station to the square.

* * *

The last time I went to Ezcaray I was met by Feliciano—the son of the town clerk and a man as pleasant as his name. As it was Sunday there was dancing in the square, for the Conde, whose gloomy, fortress-like mansion overlooked the main street, maintained a very good brass band to keep the population amused. We joined the revels. We danced on the cobble stones, round the fountain, along the pavement; there was an air of spontaneous enjoyment about it all, which was extremely pleasant. Gloom and dignity—two of their most marked characteristics—the Castilians alike forgot and revelled in the strains of La Paloma and the Jota. Delightful to watch was the Jota, as when the music quickens the partners break apart and dance facing each other, their fingers serving as castanets.

* * *

One night I engaged the band for a quite ridiculously small sum and gave a dance in front of the hotel. It was very pleasant, and all went well until a drunken peasant from a neighbouring village took my partner away from me and was promptly knocked down by Feliciano. Then we retired to a neighbouring tavern and sang and drank claret till midnight. But the star turn of the evening was still to come. I escorted my friend home, and on the way back felt thirsty again and, hammering on the locked and bolted tavern door, made so much noise that the police came running up drawing their swords. Things looked rather alarming for the moment, but when the policemen realised it was only the amiable, though slightly mad Englishman, they assisted in the assault so that we could all have a drink.

* * *

Life was good in Ezcaray. In the morning one could learn Spanish from the priest, or walk in the hills—a quiet and extremely cheap existence. But in the evening it was more exhausting; one's friends finished their work and felt it their bounden duty to entertain the visitor. There were only two kinds of amusement—walking up and down and pelota. The former, which entailed strolling for hours over the cobble stones at slow stately pace, was wearing to a degree, and the latter I tried once and only once, for my hands—they hit a hard ball with bare hands—got cut to pieces.

* * *

To begin with ceremony was the order of the day. All my friends used formal address or Señor Capitan. But after a glass of wine, it was "tu," and "Francisco amigo mio," a change that made things very much more pleasant. As a rule in Spain one is very rarely invited into any of the houses, partly perhaps because many of the people are very poor and live lives of most Spartan simplicity. The money they do have almost all goes on clothes, and I have known families who have almost starved themselves in order to cut something of a dash in public.

* * *

Castilian pride is a remarkable thing. I know one Spanish landowner whose family has been settled in Andalusia since the Conquest, who yet proudly announces, "I am a Castilian," just in the same way as some of the Moors, whose ancestors left Spain in 1492, will say "We are Andalusians." Perhaps it is owing to this intense pride the Spaniards are so kind to foreigners, though sometimes you are inclined to wish they would not behave as if you were an escaped lunatic who must not be lost sight of for a single instant.

P. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"PRE-WAR RATERS"

SIR,—Your correspondent's notes in your issue of August 26th require a slight correction. As an owner I remember about some of these boats.

In the early 'nineties I was part owner with the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe of a 2½ rater, Ferida, with which we won 38 flags.

Next we went in for the 5 raters, Flavia and Valeria, which carried three paid hands; and my last 5 rater was Allegra, afterwards renamed Radiant, which later reached the top of the handicap class; owner, Major F. Hughes.

After the South African War I became the originator of the South Coast One-design class, and these were designed by Mylne. They carried five paid hands, and were 24 tons and cost £1,200. This class only lasted until the introduction of the International Metre Rule. It is interesting to note that they were several tons smaller than the twelve-metres of to-day, and to compare the cost in 1939 and the size of the crews required for racing.

There were eight of these One-designers, and not four or six as stated. Harmony, owned by the late Earl Brassey and myself; L'Amoureuse, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Charteris; Eilun, Hon. A. Greville; Jean, Colonel Gretton; Herouine; and the rest I forget, but Mr. Coates had one.

Yours faithfully,

Quidenham, Norwich. ALBEMARLE.

THE CUCKOO'S EGG

SIR,—Since sending you the note of a cuckoo's egg in an otherwise empty wren's nest, considerable and some extraordinary correspondence has followed. Many years ago there was at intervals similar exchanging of views on the laying of the cuckoo, but after the passing of that era, I understood that it had now long since been established and accepted that the cuckoo, after laying, placed the egg in a nest by means of its bill; and I was astonished to see from the recent correspondence that there are so many still holding what I always thought was an obsolete view. To lay direct in a wren's nest surely is something of a physical impossibility; even if it were possible the chances are that, habitually done the egg would often drop down on the other eggs and either break those or itself, and such a risky proceeding is quite against the laws of nature, which are not so freakish as all that. I may add that the position in this instance was a somewhat unusual one for a wren's nest, being in a bramble and dead and dry bracken thicket, being built of and lightly held amongst the latter, and the cuckoo handicapped still more by being an ungainly and clumsy bird would crash the whole by trying any direct laying feat, as the correspondents have tried to point out with reed warblers' nests.

In the last letter Mr. Pike says: "If there are no nests in a suitable condition for her to lay in—that is, nest with fresh eggs—she or her mate will destroy the eggs and the nest, so forcing the owners to lay again." Really that seems to be the "grand finale"! It does not quite agree with the lone egg in the otherwise empty wren's nest, deserted, never tenanted, and which I mentioned, showed a lack of intelligence on the cuckoo's part.

He also says the bird is a most confirmed egg thief, and usually carries one away in her beak "and this is almost invariably eaten." However, Coward in *The Birds of the British Isles* says: "In the stomach of one cuckoo out of fifteen examined Professor Newstead found fragments of the shell of a pipit's egg."

Yours faithfully,

Oaklands, Brockenhurst. ERNEST E. JOHNSON.

RED DEER NURSERIES

SIR,—Motoring up the glen as far as the road is possible, a friend and I obtained many attractive glimpses of the red deer hinds and their calves in the middle of July. At the white gate the territory of the stags ceases. Beyond that one sees only hinds, while conversely not a hind is to be found in the range of the stags, so strictly do they stick to their own observed boundaries at this season. At one point the heather rose steeply on our right, while on the left the hillside was timbered with silver birches beyond the burn. On a green patch among these graceful trees a number of hinds and their calves were resting. The calves, only a month or so old, were very small beside their mothers. One could see only their heads with pointed ears and bright eyes above the grass as they lay beside the hinds, though now and then one or two of them would rise and go scampering off, light as thistle seed in the wind, presently to return to their appointed places. It was a scene for the brush of some great artist, so typical were the whole surroundings of these dainty creatures.

Meantime our attention was diverted by a great herd of hinds, most of them accompanied by their calves, in the open heather on the other side. They were timid of the car and at our approach began to move up the hill. There were over a hundred hinds, and as the herd became mixed we could hear them calling to their calves and the calves answering. As a rule they are silent creatures, but the air was filled with their harsh bleating and the short, shrill cries of the calves, which amounts almost to being a squeal. I noticed that when a calf went to the wrong mother she did not butt at it as a sheep would do; instead she turned and got out of the way, as though afraid of it. I remember some years ago seeing a number of calves playing outside a planting in which their mothers had sought shelter from the first morning sun. Then, for the first time, I heard their shrill, sharp cries, and for a time wondered what it was.

Most of the calves are born in June. The mother leaves it in a trampled hollow in the bracken or heather along the chosen slope, and she does not go back to feed her calf during the first twelve hours of its life, simply watching over the place at which it is hidden. During that period the calf lies flat out, and can be approached and handled, but, once the mother has been back to feed it, it will rise and scamper off as one draws too near. When only a day or two old the little creatures are nearly as swift as their mothers, and it would take a swift sheepdog to catch one. A shepherd I know sent his dog to chase a herd of hinds and their calves off his pasture, and the dog tried to shepherd in a young calf which had broken away from the herd. The desperate mother intercepted the chase, meeting the dog with a blow of her fore-hoof, which unfortunately struck his forehead, killing him instantly. I have seen a number of hinds united to drive a fox out of the bracken along their nursery slope, and it would have gone hard with the fox had they got him cornered!

Yours faithfully,

Peebleshire. H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

HIGH VELOCITY AND KILLING POWER

SIR,—With reference to Captain Curtis's articles on high-velocity bullets for heavy game, the following conclusions result from using a .318 (with light bullets), a .375 magnum and a .400 and .470 medium velocity rifles. Most of the shooting was done in Northern Rhodesia in 1935, 1936 and 1938, and in Scotland in 1937.

The effect of the light high-velocity bullet seems to depend largely on whether it strikes a bone or not.

If any bone closely connected with the spinal column is hit, the animal collapses immediately, but if the wound is in the soft tissues (even if lungs or heart are blown almost in pieces), the animal seems able to run up to a hundred yards before it drops. This did not apply to Scottish stags shot with the .270-grain bullet from the .375, but to the African game.

The best compromise between velocity and bullet-weight seems to be the 300-grain bullet of the .375, more effective than the .318 on the one hand and the .400 on the other. For results with the 300-grain bullet, thirteen head collapsed to the shot, while 26 ran for distances varying from 10yds. up to 800yds. before falling.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to include two elephants, one rhino and six buffalo among those which did not fall to the shot (although one buffalo dropped to a shot in the throat, reaching the neck vertebrae), because the real question is whether lion or tiger will drop at once.

A tiger shot with the .470 did not succeed in regaining his feet, but a lion "knocked down" with the .400 was able to get up and "demonstrate."

A cheetah shot last year with the .375 never moved, although the bullet (300-grain soft-nose) went right through and raised a puff of dust far beyond.

Yours faithfully,

42, Leinster Gardens, W. 2. C. R. P. HENDERSON.

SIR,—I write in response to your invitation for reader's views on the subject of high velocity rifles and killing power.

I think that the nature of the bullets is a most important factor. I wrote to you on this subject, and you published my letter in the *Field* of August 20th, 1925. It was commented upon by "Mannlicher" in your number dated September 3rd of that year.

I used a .470 double-barrelled high velocity rifle in India, with soft-nosed split-sided bullets for thin-skinned game and with solid nickel bullets for bison.

During my tour in India I heard the greatest praise for such a rifle with these bullets.

I am of opinion that the hunter after big game can have no better weapon; but he must carry on his belt two pouches, one containing soft-nose bullets and the other solid nickel ones. He should then have nothing to fear if he is proficient with his rifle.

Apart from the incident reported in my letter of 1925, where I described the damage done by one soft-nosed bullet to a bear, I have shot panther, tiger and bison fatally with this rifle; and although I have no great experience I have accounted for all my animals hit with the .470 without having to "follow up."

Yours faithfully,

The Old Rectory, Farnborough, Hants. B. G. MASON

SIR,—I see that the hardy annual of big versus small bore rifles is once more in bloom, and that you invite comments.

I do not write books, and but seldom contribute to the Press, but there is, alas! I imagine, more innocent blood on my hands than on those of any living man and, having used both, I unhesitatingly pronounce in favour of the heaviest weapon that the individual can handle promptly.

As goes without saying, the projectile must, of course, have in the neighbourhood of, say, 2,000 f.s. velocity.

Both big and small rifles will kill, and that instantaneously, *if* the exact right spot be hit, but the heavy bullet admits of a greater error.

I have killed elephants and buffalo without the slightest trouble using a .303 cavalry carbine, but this was because I had no other weapon handy. My initial battery consisted of an 8-bore firing 9 drams of C. and H. black powder behind a ball of over 2 oz., and a Martini-Henry.

In spite of inexperience I lost fewer wounded beasts with these than with the latter-day h.v. (even up to .450) small bores. In fact, I do not remember having lost one single animal that had had the benefit of the 8-bore.

It is a *reductio ad absurdum*, but let me put it this way. A greater margin of error would permit of a .450 paralysing *the* spot than would a .280, a pom-pom could be several inches out and yet produce the same results, whereas a 15-in. naval gun could be a yard wide.

Yours faithfully,

Elgin. JOHN MCNAB.

BOOMPS-A-DAISY

SIR,—I have long been an enthusiastic reader of your excellent newspaper.

The other day, however, I was reading an article by one "Gnostic" in your issue of August 12th, and was surprised and disgusted to note that this boorish specimen of the modern journalist had written in his sixth paragraph an admonishment to the gentleman who had named his horse Boomps-a-Daisy. I will not enter into the discussion as to whether this is a good name for a horse, as it is merely a matter of opinion.

However, had this ignoramus taken the trouble to inquire into the ownership of the horse before stating that the bestowers of such names have no love for the horse, he would have seen that the owner of Boomps-a-Daisy is one of the greatest sportsmen in the North of England, and that his interest in racing and hunting was second to none. As I have no doubt that he takes the *Field*, I feel that the least you can do is to request this writer to apologise to this owner, whose address I have no doubt he can get from *Who's Who in Racing*. I trust that you will continue to keep up the high standard of journalism for which you are famous in the sporting world, and will not allow such trash to appear again.

Yours faithfully,

London. FIELDSMAN.

[An apology appears on page 554.—ED.]

THE THIRD TEST MATCH

SIR,—In an issue of the *Field* of a week or two ago, I noted that your cricket correspondent, Mr. Humphrey Daniel, expressed the expectation and hope that the West Indies team would win the third Test match, and he thought they would because he had "a lurking suspicion" that the English batsmen would not be able to deal with the fast bowling of Martindale, Constantine and Hylton if the wicket proved fast and fiery, as was likely.

Apparently, therefore, Mr. Daniel hoped that our batsmen would be beaten all ends up by the fast bowling aforesaid so that his wish that our team would lose might be gratified—or if he did not mean that what *did* he mean?

I am an Englishman, and although I yield to none in my admiration for the West Indies team for their sportsmanship, and the grand cricket they have shown us this season, I am afraid I must confess that I was unsportsmanlike enough to hope that Hammond and his merry men would win the third Test match, and win in no uncertain fashion.

Yours faithfully,

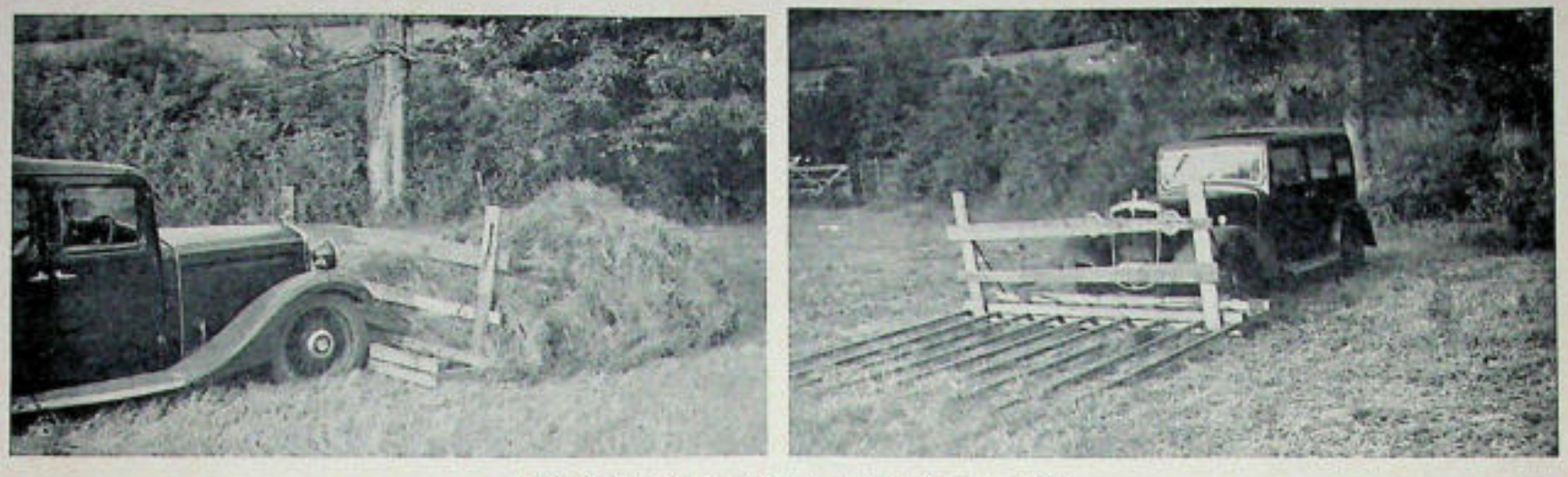
Singlestack, Catisfield, Fareham, Hants. C. L. STEVENSON.

A QUEER SEAT

SIR,—Returning to the letter from Mr. King, in your issue of August 12th, I might mention that one of these seats (made from antlers) is in this hotel. If only three were made it would be interesting to find where the remaining one is.

Yours faithfully,

Royal Castle Hotel, Lynton, Devon. EDGAR W. WOOD.



A HOME-MADE CONTRAPTION FOR COLLECTING THE GRASS
(See letter "Haymaking")

HAYMAKING

SIR,—I enclose herewith two photographs I took one evening whilst passing through Cudham, in Kent.

I noticed an ordinary saloon car running about the field. In front of the bumpers there was attached a "grass catcher." The farmer told me he made the contraption himself, in which the mown grass was all very quickly collected, and was then made into a stack.

My two photographs clearly show his ingenious invention.

Yours faithfully,

104, Woodland Way, W. E. BALL.
West Wickham, Kent.

HARBOURING A VIPER ?

SIR,—It seems to me, in providing a safe place for a nest of swallows, that as a beekeeper, Mr. K. Ridgway Crawshaw has not been harbouring such a viper in his bosom as he supposes.

Some few birds may have a peculiarity in their structure that renders them indifferent to the poisonous stings of insects, but with their delicate mouth and crop I cannot believe swallows to be indifferent to the stings of bees. I think it probable that the swallows which caught the fifteen bees in five minutes to feed their young were picking out drone bees which, of course, have no stings.

In spite of the twists and turns of the pursued bees, on account of their wonderful command of wing, the swallows would easily be able to distinguish between drone and worker bees.

For various reasons sticks of bees sometimes contain a large surplus of drones amounting to many hundreds. As they simply live in the stick without doing any work, or collecting any nectar for honey, they are best reduced in numbers, and swallows which take to eating them are consequently doing the beekeeper a service.

Yours faithfully,

Copse Hill House, Wimbledon. C. C. T. GILES.

ELEPHANTS' HEARTS

SIR,—In his letter in your issue of 12th August, "J.H.W.," writing from Upper Burma, states that "all Indian elephants have two-pointed hearts." This is interesting, and as he says he has held "innumerable post-mortems," perhaps he could send you a photograph to show exactly what they are like, and whether they resemble the abnormal photograph I sent you, and which you published in the *Field* of June 17th ?

I never had the opportunity of seeing the heart of an Indian elephant, but have seen a number of them cut from the African species, and invariably they had the normal shape. Therefore, when Captain Forbes sent me the photograph of the double heart cut from an elephant shot by Mr. E. G. Coryton it certainly appeared to be a malformation. No one could possibly imagine that Indian elephants systematically grow such abnormal hearts, and if anyone who reads this with knowledge of the shape of Indian elephants hearts can corroborate "J.H.W.'s" statement, it would be of interest to naturalists and hunters. Possibly some authority at the Zoo can supply such information ?

Yours faithfully,

Belmont, Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

ALONG THE ANTRIM COAST

SIR,—In the issue of your journal dated July 29th, there appeared a most interesting article dealing with the Antrim coast, and having recently visited the scene, I can fully endorse the high tribute paid to that part which lies in the region of Ballycastle and Ballintoy. One of your illustrations of the latter place showed Sheep Island in the foreground with Rathlin in the far distance. Too far away, in fact, to do justice to the rugged grandeur of its precipitous cliffs, with the Western Lighthouse perched like a sentinel upon a pinnacle of rock.

The west end of this island seems to escape the notice of visitors owing to the lack of regular transport service, but the sturdy islanders of Rathlin (the fishermen, lighthouse and postal service contractors, &c.) frequently call at Ballycastle, and I feel sure would be pleased to cater for visitors. Moreover, their motor boats are as staunch as their owners are capable. I enclose a photograph of the Western Cliffs, which I think you will agree amply supports my opinion of the district.

Yours faithfully,

M. W. NICHOLAS.

67, Davenport Avenue,
Hessle, East Yorks.

A DRINKING HARE

SIR,—I was fishing last month on the Derbyshire Wye one night at about 8.45 p.m. I saw a hare coming down the hillside straight for the river, so I stood perfectly still and he came right to the edge and actually put his feet into the water and drank steadily for about a minute, then he turned round and quietly ran up the hill.

I have always been told that a hare does not drink, and, although I have mentioned it to one or two of my shooting friends since I returned, they state they have never heard of such a thing, so I am taking the liberty of writing to ask if you have had anything similar reported to you.

Yours faithfully,

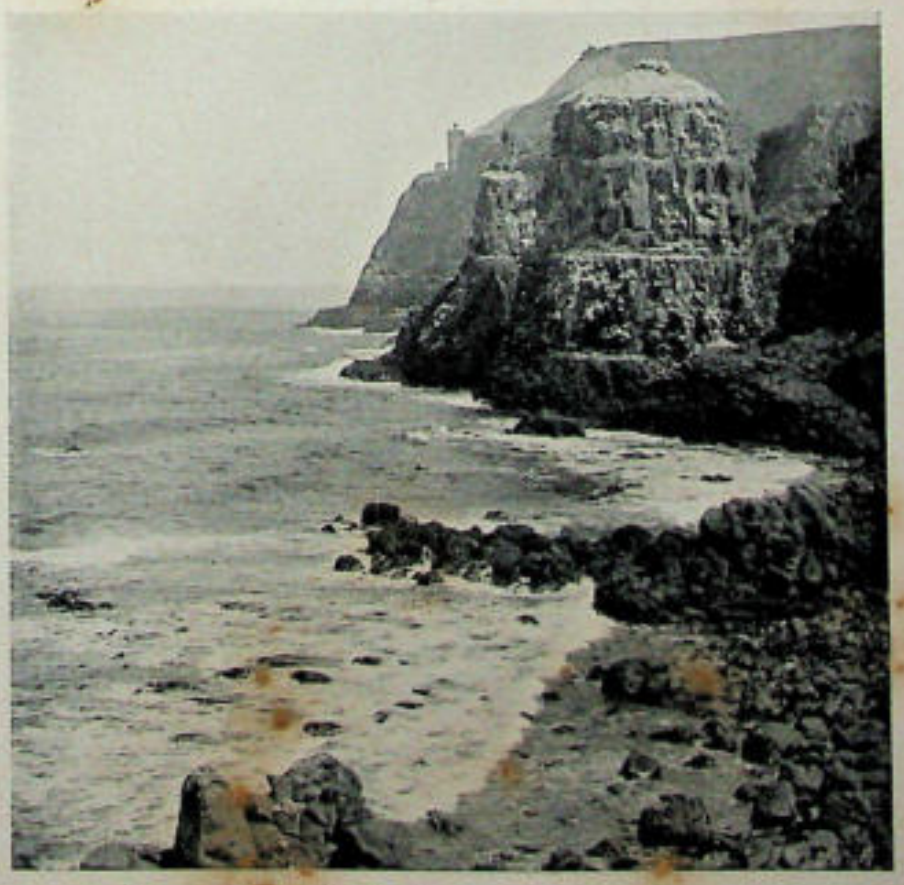
Stewton House, E. SUTCLIFFE.
Louth, Lines.

THE CUCKOO'S NOTE

SIR,—Like your correspondent W. R. Thompson (*Field*, July 22nd), I have not heard the well-known double note of the cuckoo this summer (I have not been able to go very far afield, however), so it would appear that Dorset cuckoos are not the only "offenders." I last heard the bird on July 22nd—admittedly, a rather *throaty* call, but certainly not a "double" note.

Yours faithfully,

Davena, PETER MICHAEL.
56, Cranmore Lane,
Aldershot, Hants.



ITS PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS, WITH THE WESTERN LIGHTHOUSE PERCHED LIKE A SENTINEL UPON A PINNACLE OF ROCK"
(See letter "Along the Antrim Coast")



A party where men are men and the whisky is Johnnie Walker. This whisky has all the finest whiskies of Scotland in its blend. Over a century's skill combines these whiskies in the smoothest and most satisfying drink a man could ask for. The blending does it !

Gentlemen ! your

Johnnie Walker

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

HARVEST BUGS

SIR,—Our family first met these pests in the West Highlands, actually on a small island grazed by goats eight or nine years ago, even though we have frequented other parts of the same country much longer.

We were acquainted with sheep ticks, which experience showed could be pulled out and forgotten.

Similar treatment was applied to the harvesters, but the area still itched, and we came to the conclusion that the head was left in. We then sought for a lethal agent and having some paint remover handy which contained petrol, alcohol, benzol, &c., we applied this—just a dab on the insect—with immediate success. On another occasion, having no paint remover, I tried paraffin oil—actually it was vapourising oil as used in marine paraffin engines—with almost as rapid a cure.

The technique is to apply a dab of either of these agents and forget about the insect. If unable to forget about it owing to a continuation of the irritation, apply another dab. I do not know what to do if this is unsuccessful, as I have not yet been in such a predicament.

On no account should the creature be forcibly pulled out, either alive or dead. They have, so far, always dropped out.

Several insects which my brother pulled out caused severe irritation which lasted for months. This was before we discovered the paint remover cure.

As far as I recollect, the sheep ticks caused no irritation, but the harvest bugs caused severe irritation. On one occasion I tried to leave one undisturbed to see what it would grow into, but had to have recourse to the paraffin before the insect had time to develop at all.

Our remedy may be common knowledge, but I have not seen any previous correspondence on the subject.

Yours faithfully,

Barmufflock, R. MORRISON.
Bridge of Weir,
Renfrewshire.

BIBLICAL REAPING

SIR,—Until I came upon the scene shown in the photograph, I had believed that the mechanical reaper and binder was in universal use, at any rate, over grain land as extensive as this.

This almost Biblical picture proves that I have been wrong; it might enlighten others whose opinions were the same as mine.

It was taken near the banks of the upper Wye at Llangurig, Radnorshire, and illustrates the large acreage of grain which the farmer and his "chap" have sheaved and bound entirely by hand. An arduous task, but I gathered that mechanised farming was not too well thought of there.

The speed and efficiency of this hand work was surprising and the skill of their craft can be judged by the neatness and alignment of the sheaves.

Yours faithfully,

Saddle Gate, RONALD BARRAUD.
Wollaton, Nottingham.

"MOROCCO ALE"

SIR,—Old drinks are always of interest, and among those which has been forgotten is the famous Morocco Ale, a dark, mysterious brew which was formerly served at Levens Hall, that



WHERE MECHANISED FARMING IS NOT TOO WELL CONSIDERED
(See letter "Biblical Reaping")

this ale, and the brewer was "sworn in" never to divulge his secret.

Although the original recipe is still preserved, the brewhouse and the brewer are no more. The last brewing was in 1890, and the last barrel from the gloomy old cellars was drained many years ago.

Up to 1880 the Mayor and Corporation of Kendal were always entertained by the owners of Levens Hall on their way home from Milnthorpe Fair. According to one authority they used to "eat raddishes and drink Morocco until the sun went to bed," toasting the Lord of Levens and wishing:

"Luck to Levens
So long as Kent flows,"

The toast had to be drunk standing on one leg.

Yours faithfully,

Huddersfield. S. MOORHOUSE.

CUCKOO TRAGEDY

SIR,—When in South Uist in June, I was interested in a cuckoo which came each morning and sang his song, perched on a direction pole at the lodge gate. He would not allow me to get within camera range till I built a hide. One morning, after waiting half an hour, I heard him in the distance, and calling him, he came and settled on the perch, but hearing the camera click he made off and would not return.

Some days later, climbing the hill, I heard him cuckooing on the far side of a loch. I called him, and in a few minutes he flew across and perched on a boulder within 20yds. of me. Suddenly there was a flash and a scuffle, and from behind him came a black object, and in a moment cuckoo and attacker were gone. I rushed forward, and from behind the rock a hoodie crow flew off, leaving the cuckoo on the ground. The feathers on the cuckoo's shoulders were torn, and there was a punctured wound in its abdomen from which blood flowed. I put an end to the poor bird's misery. My first impression was that the attacker was a hawk, but as he flew off there was no doubt as to his being a hoodie. The incident is so unusual as to be worth recording.

Yours faithfully,

Edinburgh. A. B. FLETT.



THE HOME OF A "DARK, MYSTERIOUS BREW"
(See letter "Morocco Ale")

historic mansion which stands beside the Lancaster to Kendal road.

If local legend can be relied on, this strong drink had no effect on the head, but a distinct potency against the feet. Only the lord of the manor, his heir and the lawyer knew the secret for brewing



THE successful modelling and mounting of RED DEER HEADS and all sporting trophies is the achievement of the skilled artist, and over 100 years experience in THE ART OF TAXIDERMY has enabled us to produce a standard of efficiency always in evidence in a "SPICER."

GOOD SPECIMENS ARTISTICALLY MOUNTED are naturally a proud possession, considerably enhanced by the knowledge that it is now possible to keep them intact from moth and insect damage indefinitely.

Years of research have produced an INFALLIBLE TREATMENT which entirely eliminates the ravages of moth to which mounted heads, etc., were particularly susceptible. This treatment which is known as "KILDEW" is indestructible and all specimens to which it has been applied are GUARANTEED PERMANENTLY PROOFED against moth and other insects for ALL TIME.

As SOLE CONCESSIONAIRES FOR THE BRITISH ISLES this process can only be applied to specimens mounted by PETER SPICER & SONS, and from the commencement of the STALKING SEASON 1939 onwards RED DEER TROPHIES entrusted to us for mounting will be so treated and carry a GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT IMMUNITY from moth and other pests.

Our charge for modelling and mounting a Red Deer Head on oak shield is £5 10s. 0d., and the "KILDEW PROCESS" will in future be incorporated WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL CHARGE.

Peter Spicer & Sons

Fine Art Taxidermists

(ONLY ADDRESS)

LEAMINGTON SPA, ENGLAND

A 53-POUNDER FROM NORWAY

SIR,—I have just returned from my usual salmon-fishing holiday on the Stjordal, north of Trondheim, Norway. Up to July 15th we (two rods) had caught 22 salmon, a few grilse and sea trout (one 9lb.), totalling 450lb.

Among these I got a fish of 53lb. — length 50in., girth 29in. — which was in such splendid condition that it couldn't fight like the smaller ones often do, and I got it out in half an hour. My younger grandson tied the small double-hooked fly, John's Fancy — not unlike a black doctor.

It was a marvel that nothing gave way, for the top of my favourite old rod had been roughly tied up with string. The line was like the writer, dreadfully old, and the cast only a medium one.

Yours faithfully,
Braeside, M. C. SMELT.
Rosslyn Hill, N.W.

BIRTHMARKS ON LEVERETS

SIR,—There is an old saying in country places where hares are not uncommon that it is possible to tell when you find a leveret whether it is a singleton, a twin, or one of triplets. A singleton they say has no mark, twins have a white star in the centre of the forehead, and triplets have a larger one. I have known this saying for over 50 years, but am still not certain if it is only a legend, or founded upon fact, if the latter, can any reader give the biological explanation?

Yours faithfully,
Parkend, M. LEIGHTON RIDGWAY.
Moreton Valence,
near Gloucester.

COCK GROUSE AS A FATHER

SIR,—One morning, during the second week in July, while I was on my way from Inverness to Lochinver on the West Coast, having taken a friend in to catch the early train, I had the good fortune to witness a wild drama which must be rather unusual.

It was about 4 a.m., and dawn was just breaking over the Sutherland Hills. Travelling slowly over an extremely rough section of road now being made near Altnaceallgach, I came upon two birds fighting by the roadside. I moved as near as I dared. I found that a kestrel and a cock grouse were battling ferociously, and it appeared that the hawk was having a very thin time of it.

Suddenly they both became aware that I was watching them, and the kestrel flew off. I then saw the hen grouse and three very small cheepers in the ditch behind the tussock where the father had fought for the family.

Presumably the kestrel had stooped on one of the young birds, and the cock had challenged him. Most keepers who have a true knowledge of birds consider it very rare for a kestrel to kill birds at all, and it must be most unusual indeed for it to stoop on anything so large as a half-grown grouse.

Yours faithfully,
6, Deauville Mansions, D. M. BAKER.
S.W. 4.



"A MARVEL THAT NOTHING GAVE WAY"
(See letter "A 53-pounder from Norway")

BEARING REINS

SIR,—I am very curious to know how far bearing reins are used in the training of harness horses. I cannot but feel that those exquisite creatures one sees in the show ring, whose necks are arched—it seems—almost to breaking point, and whose fore-feet barely touch the ground, have achieved this perfection of action by some such artificial means. According to the late Mr. E. F. Flower, it was a common sight in the '80's to see horses with their heads reined back to the farthest limit by exceedingly tight bearing reins, which, coupled with a severe curbed bit, caused the horse to toss his head incessantly, and foam copiously at the mouth, attracting admiration from the casual passer-by for the spirited effect achieved.

I should be interested to know how far this was true, and also hear from your readers points for and against the use of bearing reins.

Yours faithfully,
17, Joubert's Mansions, D. ALLEN.
Jubilee Place, S.W. 3.

REMEDY FOR MANGE

SIR,—Will you give me a little space to answer "V. A. D." in August 12th issue of the *Field*? Under the heading "Remedy for Mange," it states, follicular mange is most difficult to cure. May I, as a judge and breeder of over 25 years, modify this statement, as it is likely to depress novices in the dog world. Follicular mange is extremely easy to cure, now that a remedy has been known for over twelve years — a preparation known as Odyline. Any veterinary surgeon will supply it; at least, I have never found any difficulty, and, used according to directions, follicular mange can be cured in a few weeks. It is easier to cure than sarcoptic, as follicular only attacks the face and the hind legs usually, and resorting to this oil at once, I have cured dozens of dogs and never had any bother, and the coat grows better than before the infection.

Yours faithfully,
The Bridge House, NORAH BRADBURY (Mrs.)
Luckington,
near Chippenham.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask for 2/6 weekly for gentlewoman, aged 56, living in Cornwall. She was a science mistress, but is now nearly blind and entirely without income. This brave lady has had several operations on her eyes, but although she can hardly see at all is not yet "blind within the meaning of the Act" and is therefore not eligible for a pension from a society for the blind. She lives with a married sister who can barely afford to keep her, and there is no money for clothes or anything else she may need. Will you send us £6 10s. to help this poor lady as her health is failing and she cannot support herself?

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

IT is difficult in these days of acute tension to make any forecast regarding the course of events in the investment world. We literally live from day to day, and before this article is read every phase of City life may have undergone a drastic change. For the time being, at least, every owner of capital whether it be large or small, in volume is endeavouring to keep his position as liquid as possible.

At the same time there is always hope that though the worst is feared it may not happen. Herein lies the reason for the widespread disinclination on the part of investors to part with their securities at the low levels to which so many of them have fallen. For over two years Stock Exchange business has been subject to a series of crises causing heavy fluctuations in prices. There have been good recoveries from the fits of depression, but throughout the continued state of tension has acted as a severe handicap on any real advance.

One effect of this general uncertainty has been the elimination of speculation and the concentration of attention on safety. This is evidenced in the substantial expansion that has taken place in the yields offered by leading equities, which, at one time, were regarded as equal in safety to the highest form of investment stocks. The ordinary risks of business are given exaggerated importance, and wherever they exist investment values have fallen.

In this search for safety many thousands of investors have turned to the shares of our great banks. The British banking system has been tested by every kind of difficulty and stress which it is possible to imagine, and has throughout remained impregnable.

Take, for instance, its experience throughout the Great War. Apart from a few days at the beginning while the nation was adjusting itself to the new conditions which burst upon it so suddenly, the leading banks carried on imperturbably. They stood solidly behind the Government and the people providing a financial bulwark against panic, which was of inestimable value.

As investments they were equally successful in demonstrating their strength. Share values fluctuated it is true, but only to a limited extent. In every case dividends were steady and almost unchanged. When one considers the immense financial stress and strain of those four years the achievements of these great British banks stand out with almost imposing splendour.

Since the War, they have continued to serve the nation with the same steady, nerveless solidity. Depressions have come and gone. Monetary systems have been swept away and new currencies have come into existence. Gold has lost its place as the world arbiter of value, and all kinds of methods have been tried in its place, none of which has yet proved effective.

Throughout it all the British banking system has maintained its serenity. Relying on its immense financial strength and its thoroughly tested organisation, it has surmounted every crisis in world affairs with success. The fact that sterling still stands supreme among world currencies is largely due to the consistent support the banking system of this country has invariably given to the national needs.

In these circumstances, it is obvious that few forms of investment can be more comforting in these days than the holding of the shares in our leading banks. The eleven London clearing banks have a total issued capital of £78,197,000, and this position is strengthened by accumulated reserves totalling £60,596,000. Between them they handle deposit and current accounts totalling over £2,239,000,000.

The shares of the half-dozen leading concerns can be bought to give yields of about 4 per cent., and if past experience can be relied upon the income thus available may be expected to continue.

BABOON BUFFOONERY

A young drill, one of the colony of baboons and associated monkeys living on the "Baboon Rock" in the Scottish Zoological Park, Edinburgh, discovered that he could jump from the central rock, across the ditch which borders it, on to the surrounding parapet wall, and as his wanderings were doing no harm, no effort was made to restrict him. Gradually, however, he increased the distance he would venture from the home boundary, and then he discovered a kiosk with a tempting display of biscuits and sweets, and he promptly helped himself to a packet. The next time, he saw a small boy with a packet of biscuits in his hand and immediately annexed them. His first robbery of this kind caused only amusement, but he began repeating it rather frequently, and some of the people who have been robbed have not enjoyed the experience. He is now in a cage in the Acclimatisation House, where he has to play the mendicant instead of the robber.

The Bridle Pair



They're riding for a fall. He is falling for her and she has fallen for his cigarettes. That's because they are Gold Flake. Ever since women became aware of the flavour of Gold Flake—that distinctive flavour of the really fine Virginia tobaccos of which they are made—nothing but Wills's Gold Flake will satisfy them.

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

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake CORK-TIPPED as well as Plain.



A PEACEFUL HOLIDAY SCENE AT BABBACOMBE REGATTA

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE TORBAY AND DARTMOUTH FORTNIGHT

A Diary of West-Country Racing

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

COWES having held the centre of the stage during the early part of August, the burgees and bunting travel westwards for the last half of the month, first to Weymouth and then to Torbay and Dartmouth for the "Fortnight" the the annual West-country yachting festival.

The fortnight opened at Babbacombe, in the north-west corner of Lyme Bay, below Teignmouth and "round the corner" from Torquay; the first day's racing being on August 14th.

The Twelves were unfortunate on this opening day, as the weather mark boat had sunk, and although both rounds of the race were sailed in very light airs (an entirely unofficial mark boat having been adopted by the yachts, since they had to go round something) there were naturally some protests, and the Sailing Committee agreed to re-sail the race at a later date.

In the Y.R.A. handicap events, Morva (P. M. Holman) won the under 75 tons, and Violetta (Captain H. Mitchell) the under 25 tons. There were also three divisions of the Torbay handicap class, and 14 and 12-foot dinghy events, as well as a race for the new Teign One-designs.

The next day (15th) was at Paignton, but by long custom the first day's events were confined to the local classes. Torbay Handicap, Class I, was not sailing, but Asphodel (Major Ball) won in Class IIA. In the International 14ft. dinghies, Nimrod (W. R. Dann) followed up her win of the previous day with a sail-over, while in the 12-footers, Squadron-Leader MacDonald won again in Farandole. There was also a race for the Dart dinghies, won by Imp (the Earl of Cathcart), and the Teign O.D.'s.

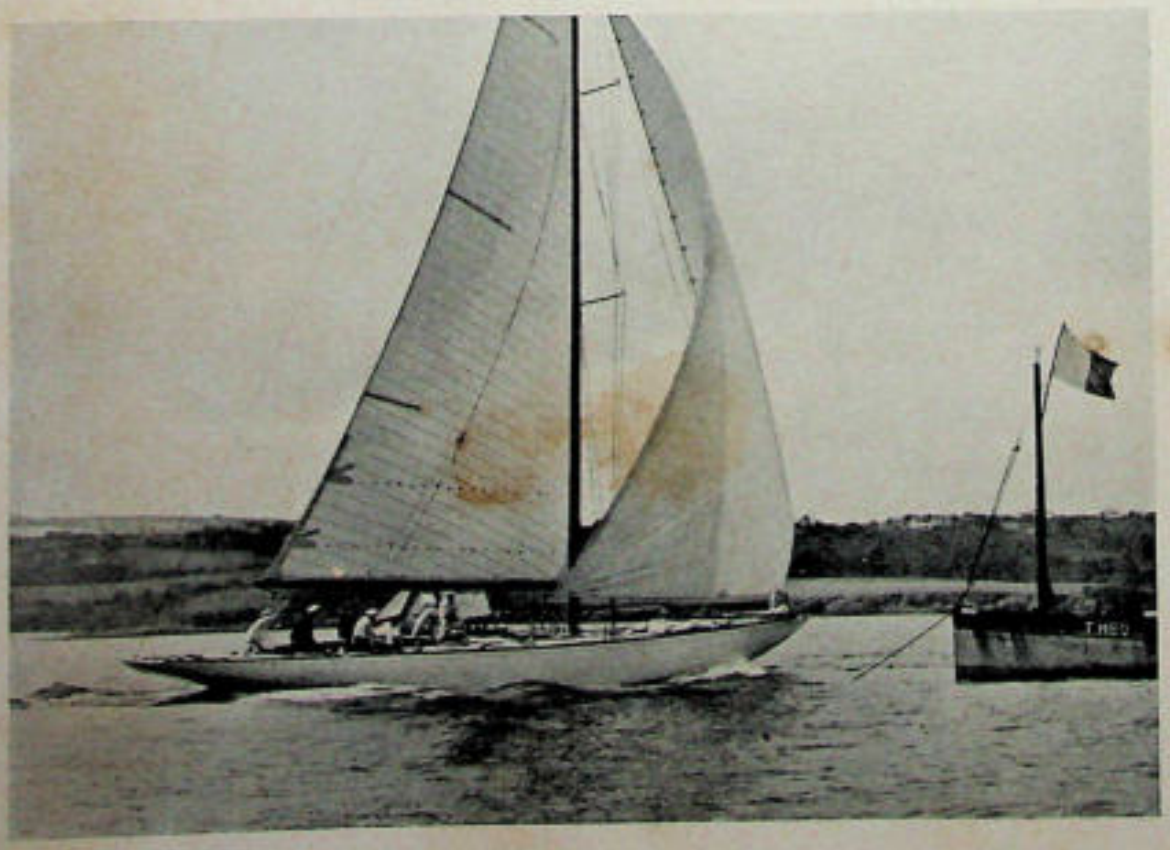
On the 16th, the Paignton second day, the Twelves were out; and this time the mark boat, instead of sinking, varied the programme by running away as the boats approached. This again puzzled the fleet, and the first boat to realise what was happening naturally got the advantage. This was Blue Marlin, which eventually won the race, with Evaine second and Flica II third. Evaine protested, but the protest was overruled. Morva and Violetta were again the winners in the two handicap classes; one or two of the Fastnet yachts, notably Golden Dragon and Griffin, came round from Plymouth and took part in the smaller (under 25 tons) event. The Torbay division of the West Solent O.D. class were out on this day, Sir R. Leeds' Linette being the winner.

On the 17th there was no regatta, but the race which had been voided by the sinking of the Babbacombe mark boat on the Monday, was re-sailed. There were the lightest easterly variables prevailing all day, and the finish provided the slowest of slow-motion drifting matches, Trivia taking 20min. to travel the 70ft. or so separating her from the finishing line, what time Blue Marlin stole up and edged across, getting her gun 10min. before Trivia. Tomahawk was a close third.

On the 18th was the Royal Thames Day at Brixham, and appropriately enough Flica II, the Brixham Twelve, took her first winning flag of the season, by a few seconds from Trivia, with Jenetta third.

The wind was again very light, and fell away almost entirely towards the end, leaving several classes all on the line together, a huddle composed of the various cruisers, the West Solent class yachts, the three entries in the Brixham trawler race and the Twelves.

The trawlers were racing for the King George V. Perpetual Cup, which was won by Valerian (W. D. Beaumont), the other two competitors (Alas! the fleets of yesteryear) being Rulewater (A. Masser) second, and Silver Lining (P. Upham). In the



A MARK BOAT WHICH "STAYED PUT"
Blue Marlin off Brixham in the Twelve Metre racing



how time flies

It is nearly twelve years ago since George that incomparable barman introduced Lillet into the Guards' Club adding just a dash of orange bitters to two-thirds Lillet—one-third Gin.

★ ★ ★

Since that time the glad news has gone round Piccadilly . . . through Mayfair and out into the wide open spaces where men hunt foxes and hostesses hunt lions. 'Try a Gin and Lillet' has become 'the usual, please' and Lillet now wears laurels round its neck BECAUSE it carries all before it in cocktail competitions.



LILLET

5/6 a bottle

Agents:
Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.,
16 Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3



A FINE SIGHT. THE START OF THE BRIXHAM TRAWLERS RACE
Entries for the race only numbered three and it is sad to think that this event may disappear from the programme

ex-metre race, Violetta was given winning gun, but Lady Anne (Sir V. Gabriel) protested that the shorten-course signal had not been correctly displayed, and the protest is to be referred to the Royal Thames Committee in London. In the big handicap class, Flame, steered by her owner, and designer, Mr. C. E. Nicholson, won from The Blue Peter, with Morva third.

The following day (19th) was Brixham Royal Regatta, with a fresh wind (N.E.'ly) to begin with, but easing off later. Tomahawk won in the Twelves, with Jenetta and Evaine second and third. In the big handicap class Flame was again the winner, but Morva's second place was protested against by Diadem (G. Flynn Terrell), one of the grounds being that by fixing her spinnaker boom on the fore-stay, Norva was enabled to haul it right forward like a bowsprit when reaching, and thus gain unlooked-for advantage. This protest was upheld by the sailing committee.

There were also cross-protests in the West Solent restricted class, between Persephone (N. Field) and Estelle (W. B. Vanderhoof); the former claiming that she had not been given "water" at the finishing mark, which she fouled and also struck Estelle's quarter. The latter claimed an overlap and also that the gun had gone before Persephone cried for water, and her protest was upheld, so that Benita (C. S. Wollen) and Linette (Sir R. Leeds) were given second and third places. There are two Estelles, by the way, and the one referred to above is not the Estelle (B. T. Rumble) which took first flag in the under 25 tons handicap.

The second week began on the 21st, with the first of the three Torquay days. Bafflingly light airs again slowed things up, but in a close finish Blue Marlin, steered by Mr. Colin Newman, won from Trivia, with Flica II third. On the 22nd, after a postponed start, the breeze came out of the south-east, and the Twelves had a good race on three rounds of a triangle. In the big handicap class, The Blue Peter swept everything before her with an outsize in spinnakers tacked to the stemhead and sheeted home like a genoa, reducing Lady Anne's considerable initial lead as though the ex-metre boat were standing still, to win by nearly a quarter of an hour on corrected time.

The third day of the Torquay racing was one of the best of the whole fortnight as regards weather, ideally fine conditions combining themselves with a S.S.E. sailing breeze, which for once in a way held for most of the day, easing off towards the end, but never relapsing into those irritating periods of calms and uncertainties which most other days had had to contend with.

Flica II and Tomahawk had a great duel for most of the day, but as the breeze eased, Tomahawk drew away and won by a bit over a minute, Blue Marlin being third. Trivia, who earlier looked as though she had the race in hand, retired after a luffing match with Blue Marlin in the second round. There was no race in the big handicap class, as The Blue Peter was the only yacht to start. Violetta won the under 25 tons, with Etain (H. C. Christopherson) second and Golden Dragon (H. S. Rouse) third.

The Port of Dartmouth Royal Centenary Regatta also began on the 23rd, but on the first day, of course, most of the important classes were absent at Torquay. On the 24th, Class II of the Torbay Handicap class turned out, the event being won by E.S.O.F.A. (O. F. Ahlmann), a boat which has been doing a lot of winning in her class; and the West Solents also raced, Benita being the winner.

On the 25th, under the flag of the Royal Dart Y.C., the Twelves appeared, and—with that strange malaise which has afflicted mark boats in this part of the world of late—there were considerable differences of opinion as to whether (*a*) the mark boat was there at all or (*b*) if so, how far it was out of position. There were no protests, however, and the mark boat was there after all; the leaders of the fleet on the first leg—Tomahawk, Trivia and Flica II—having miscalculated their course to the Skerries, had a foul beat to recover ground, enabling Blue Marlin and Jenetta to get away with things to the line (only one round was sailed), Trivia taking third place.

Last Saturday heavy rain and a southerly sailing breeze appeared to make many competitors fear to risk their gear. The rain ceased at the start, however, and after a brisk race of two rounds Tomahawk added another to her winning flags this season, with Blue Marlin second and Jenetta third.

No one turned out in the big handicap class except Lady Anne, so this race was off. In the 8 to 20 tons class Mystico (D. H. McCowen) was the winner, with Loyalty (Captain Hughes) second and Estelle (B. T. Rumble) third. The Dart dinghies were, of course, present in their home waters, Louana (Miss M. Leslie) winning her race.

So the western season draws to its close; at the time of writing there is the Royal Thames Regatta to be sailed at Dartmouth on Monday, the 28th; after which the fleet travels eastwards again for the last south coast regatta of the season: Bournemouth Town, to be held on August 30th.

There will be no more racing for the Twelves after this, and we must turn our attention to the East Coast, where Burnham Week will be in full swing from September 2nd to September 9th.

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP VICTORY

AFTER many postponements owing to calms, Circe, the British defender, retained the Seawanhaka Cup. Noreg III, ably handled by Mr. Rolf Svindal and her crew, had made a bold challenge for it, and after they had won the fourth race of the series and made the score two-all, no one could have predicted the issue.

In the deciding fifth race the Norwegian six-metre got away well in two rounds of a windward and leeward course and Noreg, doing better in the windward work, had a lead of 28sec. at the mark. Circe on the run back soon wiped this out and under spinnaker gained 3min. 6sec. Then came a repetition of the start, with Noreg working up and leading by over half a minute.

Circe again having the best of the duel on the return, crossed the line just under four minutes in front of the challenger and beat the time allowance for the race. It was a well-deserved success for Mr. J. H. Thom, who had such a skilful opponent to contend with and one to whom all thanks is due for the very fine racing provided.

LAWN TENNIS IN AMERICA

ONCE again we have lost the Wightman Cup after our chances had been estimated as promising, and now the critics will be able to say how they would have selected the team.

Our players lost both doubles and only won two of the five singles. Miss Marble beat Miss Hardwick (6/3, 6/4) and Miss Stammers (3/6, 6/3, 6/4) and, paired up with Mrs. Fabyan, defeated Miss Stammers and Mrs. Hammersley by 7/5, 6/2. Miss Jacobs lost one of her singles to Miss Stammers (2/6, 6/1, 3/6), but in the other beat Miss Hardwick (6/2, 6/2). In the remaining single Mrs. Fabyan lost to Miss Scott (3/6, 4/6). Miss Bundy and Miss Arnold only allowed Miss Nuthall and Miss Brown four games in the other double, winning by 6/3, 6/1.

In the Davis Cup at Brookline, Australia have had a fairly easy passage to the Challenge Round against the United States, having beaten the Jugo-slavians in the Inter-Zone final by four matches to one. In the singles A. K. Quist (Australia) beat D. Mitic 6/0, 6/4, 6/3 and F. Kukuljevic 6/2, 6/3, 6/4. J. Bromwich (Australia) lost to F. Puncec 2/6, 6/8, 6/0, 2/6 and beat Mitic 6/1, 6/3, 6/2. Bromwich and Quist in the doubles beat Puncec and Kukuljevic 6/2, 6/3, 6/3. The Challenge Round takes place this week-end.

BRITAIN'S RYDER CUP SELECTIONS

Seven Places Allotted on Sheer Merit

By E. R. TIPPLE





Left: R. A. Whitcombe, who carries on the family tradition of providing a member for the side. Right: A. H. Padgham, who showed such great form at Brighton

SEVEN of the ten players who will represent Great Britain in the bi-annual Ryder Cup match, which will take place on the Ponte Vedra Club's course, Jacksonville, Florida, on November 18th and 19th, have been chosen. They are: Henry Cotton (captain), J. Adams, R. Burton, S. C. King, A. H. Padgham, D. J. Rees, and R. A. Whitcombe.

Charles Whitcombe, who has taken part in every match since the series was inaugurated in 1927, was invited but declined to make the trip. Having captained the last four British teams Whitcombe let it be understood that he did not wish to play in America again. He probably feels that at the age of forty-three he should make room for a younger golfer more able to stand the strain of international rivalry. Whitcombe is to be admired for his decision, and his past services to British golf and our Ryder Cup teams will not be forgotten.

The selections contain no surprises. Indeed, the majority were automatic choices. Although many held the opinion that sweeping changes should be made in the side that was so decisively beaten two years ago, it is difficult to suggest any alternatives. Five of the seven played in the 1937 match. R. A. Whitcombe was a member of the 1935 team, whilst J. Adams is new to Ryder Cup honours. If they have a record of successes spreading over the past few years they have shown this season that they are able to withstand the challenges of the younger school. They have earned their places on sheer merit.

Cotton, with his great knowledge of the game and its leading exponents, should make an excellent captain. By his own performances he may well inspire the members of his side to produce their very best—and their best will be needed if we are to reverse the last result. Although Cotton was below form at St. Andrews, his recent victory—the third in successive years—in the German Open Championship over the difficult Bad Ems course indicates that he has lost none of his old skill.

The inclusion of Adams has not been made before it was due. He was distinctly unlucky not to be chosen two years ago. Although he has not won any big tournament this season he has shown consistently good form. Twice runner-up in the last four Open Championships is a record that speaks for itself. With an easy flowing swing, characteristic of a true Scot, Adams has not a weak shot in his bag. But apart from actual playing skill his greatest asset is his calm, unruffled temperament. No occasion, however important, is likely to disturb him. Indeed, the greater the occasion, the more critical the period of a match, the better he seems to play. Cheery optimism and an equable temperament are vital assets for Ryder Cup play.

Richard Burton, as the present Open Champion, was certain of his place in any representative team. Ill-health has upset his play in recent weeks, but he has plenty of time in which to become fit. Occasionally rather erratic with his long shots, Burton has the happy knack of producing an unexpectedly brilliant recovery stroke which can be thoroughly disturbing in a match. He is a great trier, never giving up hope until the game is over. At Southport in 1937, in partnership with Percy Alliss, he won the solitary point for Britain in the foursomes. This was gained despite many wayward strokes and was a typical example of his fighting qualities.

As the winner of the Vardon Trophy, awarded each year to the professional obtaining the best results in the major tournaments, R. A. Whitcombe maintains the family tradition of providing at least one member of the side. Like Adams, he has been extremely consistent this year, his only lapse being when he played Bobby Locke and suffered a crushing defeat. Supposed to be a better stroke than a match player, Whitcombe has shown time and again that that opinion is hardly correct. He is a great golfer and would be better still if he would make up his mind to be more bold with his putting. All too frequently he has the bad habit of not giving the hole a chance, particularly with those 5yd. putts.



THE CAPTAIN

T. H. Cotton, playing-captain and an inspiration to the team

The two heroes of the last match—King and Rees—were obvious choices. I shall never forget watching them struggle against the odds at Southport, and after being in apparently hopeless positions the former halved his single with the redoubtable Shute, whilst Rees defeated Byron Nelson, the present American Open title-holder. Both are admirable fighters and particularly deadly on the greens. The way Rees bangs the ball into the hole—never expecting it to go anywhere else—is a joy to watch. Despite his lack of physique the young Welshman hits the ball as far as anyone needs to and is not perturbed by the most majestic opponent. Indeed, two more confident golfers than these would be hard to find anywhere.





Left: R. Burton, the present Open Champion and a determined fighter. Right: J. Adams, a newcomer to Ryder Cup play, with no weak shot in his bag





Left: S. L. King, who halved with Densmore Shute in the last Ryder Cup Match at Southport. Right: D. J. Rees, who beat Byron Nelson, present U.S. Open Champion

Padgham's return to the form which enabled him to be the outstanding player of 1936 is well timed. His success at Brighton will make him more sure of himself than ever and left no doubt as to the merits of his inclusion. But before he found his old touch he had to endure two long years in which he could do little right, a bad spell that would have ruined many golfers. Although his consistency on the greens deserted him, and his accuracy in the long game was lost, Padgham refused to be dismayed. Any golfer who has passed through such an experience—and most of us have at one time or another—will appreciate just how much credit he deserves for his unruffled perseverance.

The team, in all probability, will not be completed until after the match-play championship to be held later this month. Those in the running for the three final places include Alliss, Perry and Cox—members of the 1937 team. Of those who have never played in Ryder Cup games, Cadd, Fallon, Lees or Curtis may be favoured. If for the sake of the experience alone one or two young players of promise should be included.

Before the team sails, on October 24th, a match will be played at Walton Heath against a team of amateurs on October 12th and 13th. This should provide an opportunity of testing out foursome partnerships—a vital necessity. The British record in the foursomes is deplorable. Only in 1933 did we collect two points, in each of the other matches just one victory has been recorded. With the above exception America has started the singles with a lead—if small, at least encouraging. From the psychological point of view the importance of a good display on the first day cannot be stressed too highly.

The selectors have chosen the majority of the team without unreasonable delay and have performed their task satisfactorily so far. They are now faced with the problem of not so much who to choose as to who to omit. Events this month may solve their difficulties. But they should plan a series of practice games to discover the ideal partnerships for the foursomes, on the result of which victory will largely depend.

No British team has ever been successful in America. In the past the weather, the larger ball and lack of time in which to become acclimatised have proved too big a handicap. This year no such excuses, except regarding the ball, can be made. The weather in Florida during November is not likely to be extreme, and the British side will have about three weeks for serious practice beforehand. The Ponte Vedra course is, I understand, very similar to many of our own seaside lay-outs. It has holes of over 500yds. in length, and many of the fairways are bordered by lagoons—those are hazards rarely encountered in this country. Water hazards permit of no recovery shots, the player has to suffer a penalty stroke at least, so accuracy will be more important than usual. In short, a fine test of golf awaits what promises to be a fine British team.



DAFFODILS ARE AMONGST THE SPRING FLOWERING BULBS THAT SHOULD BE PLANTED IN LARGE DRIFTS

The Country House

BULBS TO PLANT NOW FOR SPRING

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE majority of spring and early summer-flowering bulbs have to be planted this month, and the earlier the spring-flowering bulbs are put in the better. Snowdrops, Crocuses, winter Aconites, early-flowering Iris species, Scillas, Daffodils, Crown Imperials, Muscari, Chionodoxas, should all be planted as early this month as possible.

In large gardens where drifts of spring-flowering bulbs can be arranged, it is fairly easy to plan; but in smaller gardens this matter is usually rather a problem. The Crocus species, &c., do best in the rock garden, but winter Aconites, and the later-flowering Crocuses, for instance, need to be planted in drifts if they are to look picturesque in spring. Grass is the ideal setting, but there is always the difficulty that the grass cannot be mown until the leaves of these early-flowering bulbs have died down completely. Used as edging plants they look charming along a path in a cottage garden, but not so attractive round formal beds. In many small gardens, especially those of the suburban long-strip variety, fruit trees are used instead of flowering shrubs to form a screen at the end of the garden, and if these are grown in a square plot of grass (the grass not allowed to grow within 3ft. of each tree) bulbs can be planted in the grass for charming decorative effect in spring. I also like to see stray clumps of Primroses in the grass, and later a few of the common Columbine. The effect is rather suggestive of the "flowery meads" depicted in tapestries. The point to bear in mind is that whereas the bulbs can be planted fairly thickly in informal clumps, the Primroses and Columbines should be sparsely planted, otherwise the effect is spoilt.

The best Snowdrops to plant in turf (provided the turf is not too coarse) are *Galanthus nivalis* and *G. byzantinus*. But for the rock garden *G. Elwesii* is best, for unlike the majority of Snowdrops, which enjoy a rich and rather moist soil and the protection afforded by deciduous trees, *G. Elwesii* does best in poor soil, full sun, and a very well-drained position. Planted in moist soil, this handsome species is apt to die out, but in a hot spot in a rockery frequently seeds itself.

Winter Aconites can be very contrary, and they succeed only in very fine turf, for in coarse grass the tubers are apt to rot. Like Snowdrops, the tubers should not be out of the ground a day longer than is necessary, and where they have proved a failure it is a good plan to buy the plants locally immediately they have finished flowering. I have moved Aconites even in flower quite successfully. Aconites are invaluable in a bee garden on account of their early flowering. I have them grouped with Crocuses near the hives in my bee garden amongst clumps of *Nepeta mussini*.

Crocus species should be planted as early this month as possible, and they do best in sunny sheltered nooks in the rock garden. I notice at the spring shows that the modern hybrids of the Dutch Crocus are rivalling Tulips in size and splendour, and these magnificent kinds in which some firms are specialising, are undoubtedly amongst the finest early-flowering bulbs. I shall be sorry, however, if the old Dutch forms disappear altogether. Theoretically, Crocus clumps should be lifted every few years and divided up, but Crocuses always seem to me companionable flowers. Planted out singly they have a forlorn appearance, whereas allowed to make big clumps they look delightful. Further (and again in spite of theory) I notice that the flowers in these big "neglected" clumps are just as large and decidedly longer-stemmed than those grown singly. I once counted the number in one of the large clumps in our garden, and there were over a hundred fully out, and lots more coming on. The clumps looked like ruffled pools of gold from a little distance, and the bees revelled in them far more joyously it seemed to me than in the smaller clumps.

Chionodoxas and the large-flowered Crocus hybrids flower simultaneously and associate to perfection. The white markings on the Chionodoxa give a touch of lightness to the picture. It is a pity not to give low growing bulbs the background of small shrubs, such as *Daphne mezereum*. Personally, I prefer the white-flowered form for the flowers have a pearl-like appearance rare in white flowers. No blue is so rich as that of Scillas, all the more appreciated, perhaps, because blue is a rare colour in early spring. Scillas as a rule do badly in turf, but they are ideal for edgings. Of *Scilla sibirica* one can never have enough, but the May-flowering *S. hispanica* is a terribly rampant spreader, and can never be planted near any choice plants, for the bulbs work themselves down quite 2ft., and spread so vigorously that they are difficult to eradicate. For waste ground, however, these handsome "blue bells" on stems quite 15in. high, are invaluable, and they are amongst the very few plants that succeed admirably under firs and pines. *Ornithogalum nutans* is another rapid spreader, with its bluebell-like flowers silvery white without and green within, these bulbs look particularly well under birches.

English Irises always do best planted in early autumn. These Irises are decidedly handsomer than the rather weedy Spanish Irises, and whereas the latter are apt to die out after two years, the former increase well and go on for years. They are amongst the richest blue-flowered plants, and invaluable for picking.

FARM LOSS CLAIMS

By REGINALD DAVEY

IT is very pleasant to have a home farm, but it is apt to be expensive. Very few home farms are run at a profit, and the reason is not always mismanagement. To farm as a tenant purely for profit is a very different matter to being an owner-occupier, who will farm with his weather-eye on amenity and would never for one moment be satisfied to see his farm run on the apparently slipshod lines of the working farmer.

Much can be done to reduce the cost by careful management, but what is essentially uneconomic cannot be made to show a normal profit. That the ultimate loss can be substantially reduced by a reclaim of income tax and surtax is not widely known.

Farmers pay tax under Schedule B of income tax in respect of their supposed profits, so that the owner-occupier will have two taxes to meet, Schedule A in respect of his ownership and Schedule B in respect of his occupation. Last week it was explained how an owner could obtain relief from excessive taxation under Schedule A. Under Schedule B, which is based on a hypothetical estimate of the profit equal roughly to the rental value of the farm, a farmer who makes a loss or a profit less than the rent has two courses open to him. He may elect to be assessed under Schedule D on the actual profits for the preceding year, but this election applies also to future years.

The more usual and better remedy is to claim relief under Schedule B. It is necessary to give notice to the inspector of taxes within twelve months of the end of the year in question. The effect is to claim adjustment of the assessment by reference to the amount of the loss and the aggregate of the farmer's other income. Not only, in the case of a loss, can all tax under Schedule B be remitted, but income tax and surtax on the amount of the loss can be reclaimed, if paid in respect of other income.

This election applies only to the year for which it was made, and if subsequently a profit is made which exceeds the Schedule B assessment, the farmer has merely to pay tax on the basis of the assessment, and not of his higher profit.

It is not surprising that a nationally important but economically precarious occupation like farming should be so leniently treated by the Revenue. They do insist upon proper evidence of farming results, a matter that does not trouble a landowner with his agent and farm bailiff, to the extent that it does the unlearned working farmer.

If proper books of account are kept, they will be accepted. If not, Form 79d, or something very like it, should be completed. The submission of a claim generally brings a multitude of questions, all more or less difficult to answer; and the completion of Form 79d in the first place obviates much of this.

In the accounts produce supplied to the mansion must be credited, as also must the value of the grazing of the owner's hunters, and the proportion of wages of farm workers when employed in the gardens or woods.

With the wages can be included the value of the board of men housed in the bothy, but not the value of any rent-free cottages, which are covered by the item for rent. For an owner-occupier the rent is replaced by the net assessment under Schedule A of the farm and cottages, but excluding the farm-house, plus tithe, land tax, drainage, rates, and the cost of repairs. If the owner submits an annual maintenance claim, then in lieu of net Schedule A and repairs, he may charge the gross Schedule A assessment plus tithe.

There is often a doubt as to whether items like fence repairs are farming operations, or should more properly be included in the maintenance claim. It is to the owner's advantage, in cases of doubt, to include the item in the farm loss claim, where he will obtain reclaim of tax at once and not on the basis of a five years' average.

The stocktaking valuation and preparation of the claim is the matter for an expert, but it is useful to consider the extent of the information that has to be supplied. The basis is the profit and loss account, and the fuller the information supplied the less the subsequent questions to be answered. To prove the accuracy of the account a balance sheet reconciling the capital at the beginning and end of the year must be accompanied by a reconciliation of live-stock numbers. Sometimes an account is asked for to show the amount of corn grown and how it has been disposed of. Births and deaths have to be disclosed in the live-stock statement.

Frankness and impartiality are the ideal methods of approach, and if the inspector comes to associate these traits with an agent, future claims will be paid with a minimum of burdensome questioning.

A BENEFICENT LANDLORD

The Fourth Duke of Portland and His Work for Agriculture

IN Professor Turberville's preface to his second volume of the *History of Welbeck Abbey and Its Owners** there is the surprising statement to the effect that the fourth Duke of Portland is not included in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. His many activities on the land, in estate management, in naval architecture and the wide breadth of vision he displayed, certainly entitle him to the recognition which has not been denied to ancestors who took a more prominent part in the political affairs of the nation.

From the time of Hans William Bentinck Earl of Portland, loyal friend and counsellor of William of Orange, who was beset with disappointment and rivalry in this country, Professor Turberville reviews the lives of the first to the fifth Dukes of Portland, and from letters and historical documents placed at his disposal he has succeeded in giving a realistic picture of their characters, and the manner in which they faced their responsibilities. Naturally enough the greater part of the work is devoted to the career of the third Duke of Portland, who, through his marriage with Lady Dorothy Cavendish, made an alliance which was satisfactory in more ways than one. Eminent statesman, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, twice Prime Minister, and holder of many high offices both with the Whigs and when, at the time of the French Revolution, he allied himself with Pitt, the third Duke played a prominent rôle in the history of his country. Despite the political interest of this career it is the fortunes of his successor that provide the more human note.

In William Henry, fourth Duke of Portland, one feels were found the sound business instincts and foresight which would have made him a leader of thought in the 20th century. His predecessor had left him troubles enough financially. There is a note to the effect that the Steward's accounts at Welbeck show that the third Duke's household and miscellaneous expenditure in 1784 was £4,000; in 1786 it had risen to £10,000; in 1797, stood at £12,000; in 1798, £18,000; in 1801, at £21,000. It fell to £12,000 in 1803, rose to £20,000 in 1804, and to £38,000 in 1805, sank to £17,000 in 1806 and to £18,000 in 1807, only to rise again in 1808 to £37,000, and in 1809 to £45,000.

And so when the fourth Duke succeeded to the estates he found them loaded with debts (exclusive of annuities) to the amount of £512,000, while there were minor liabilities of his father and Lord Edward Bentinck of several thousands more. In the space of four years he succeeded in clearing off more than £350,000, partly by the sale of the old family seat of Bulstrode to the Duke of Somerset, sales of properties at Ogle and in Cumberland, and from sales of timber and revenues from properties in Marylebone. He was able to show, in 1844, that the value of his estates was increasing every year. He calculated that the income from Marylebone was about £50,000 a year; from Nottinghamshire, £20,000; from Northumberland, £7,000; from Scotland, £14,000; and from money invested in Government stocks, £13,000, making a total income of £104,000.

When, during his father's lifetime, on his marriage to Henrietta, eldest daughter and co-heir of General John Scott, of Balcomie, Fife, he took up his residence at Welbeck, he devoted himself to its management. There exist letters to his steward containing lucid and precise instructions, very careful in detail, relative to every kind of activity on the estate: the rearing and sale of stock, the cultivation of crops, the means of preventing or curing disease in plant and animal. Sometimes he sent recommendations allowing a large measure of discretion to those on the spot. He asked for views of farmers and shepherds, and from time to time called for detailed reports from the former as to the state of their pastures, the numbers of their cattle, their ewes and their lambs, and the productivity of their turnip seeds. He sent instructions on the planting of trees, and expected full information of the game and kennels at Welbeck. But he was also concerned about the exploitation of coal mines and railway development. His Kilmarnock-Troon railway was the first to be made in Scotland.

When the price of corn (reckoned at a standard of 100/- a quarter) sank to as little as 70/- (and once to 52/6), the Duke, in 1815, made a reduction of rents on his estates on a sliding scale. They worked out in the following fashion on £10 of rent. When wheat was selling at 4/- per bushel the proportionate rent would be £6 12s., when selling at 5/- it would be £7, and when selling at 12/-, £9 16s. Whenever the price of wheat reached 12/6 the rent would be at par.

A further arrangement regarding the payment of rent was made soon after the abolition of the corn laws which the Duke regarded as a calamity for his tenants as well as for himself. He divided his tenants into three classes; those who paid a high rent, those who paid a moderate one, and those who paid an almost nominal one. Half the rents due were commuted into a corn rent, to fall with the price, however low it might become, to rise with an increase in price, but never beyond 64/- a quarter. The third class of tenant was unaffected by this, but the others gained considerably.

Reference is made to correspondence, in which the Duke relates with enthusiasm the results he had had after he had converted a rabbit warren in Clipstone Park into arable land by the use of bone manure one year and of lime a second year. He gives details of how he broke up old grass lands for cultivation; of how he had sowed a whole field with turnips (afterwards folded by sheep) except for one acre, but hoed and fallowed that acre with the rest. He then sowed the whole field with barley, and the part that had borne turnips produced seven quarters of barley per acre, whereas the acre in which no turnips had been planted produced but four quarters.

He experimented without cease, believing that if you wish to make the best use of your land it is no use following traditional methods or trying to work by rule of thumb. Once when he applied 40 loads of manure to one acre, 35 to a second and 30 to a third, and planted the whole with cabbages, he found the crops produced were in inverse ratio to the quantity of manure used. He conceived the idea of converting waste lands to useful purposes by the creation of water meadows. He was always prepared to undertake expensive works on a large scale, such as tile drainage, which he carried through systematically at his own cost, charging those who benefited a small percentage on his large capital outlay. In forestry, in developing his coalfields, in exploring mineral possibilities, the Duke's active brain was as busily employed as in facing up to agricultural problems. What would he think of the latter to-day?

But even there his interests did not cease. He spent energy and money endeavouring to make Troon the principal port on the Firth of Clyde. He was agitated over the design of ships in the Navy, and, in practical fashion, backed up the ideas of Captain William Symonds (afterwards Rear-Admiral Sir William Symonds), on naval construction. "If I had the misfortune to be a king," said he, "I would have no ship in my fleet that could not sail well; but certainly none that was dangerous, as all the present race of 10-gun brigs is." So he built the Pantaloon, after experiments on models, vowing that if she was dangerous he would burn her. She cost £5,783, was pitted against the fleet, arousing "admiration and astonishment," and the last generation of Great Britain's sailing-ship navy became, in face of much opposition, Symonds's creation as Surveyor of the Navy.

The revolutionary designer, however, had not the foresight of his patron when it came to ships of steam, and when the Duke was agitated concerning the progress being made in steamships in the French Navy, Symonds considered a vessel built of iron totally unfit for purposes of war, and a steam-driven ship dangerous because the fire from her funnels might ignite loose powder on her decks, while if a shot hit her "steam-chest" the whole crew would be scalded to death.

From winning the Derby (in 1719 with Tiresias) to arranging for experiments to stop wood from the ravages of dry rot, nothing seems to have been beneath the notice of this very remarkable man, and Professor Turberville is to be congratulated on doing him justice in the record of Welbeck and its owners.

Welbeck came into possession of the Bentinck family through the marriage of the second Duke with Margaret Cavendish-Holles-Harley in 1734, and improvements to the exterior and grounds took place during the life of the third Duke, who employed Humphry Repton to execute them.

But the most amazing work was that put in hand by the fifth Duke of Portland, a recluse around whose name Professor Turberville warns his readers a mass of foolish legend has grown. He constructed an immense riding house, only exceeded in size by one at Moscow, excavated the vast Welbeck tunnels and underground chambers, one of them 160ft. long and 63ft. wide intended as a chapel, and now used as a picture gallery and occasionally as a ballroom. At the time of his death the Duke was engaged on vaster excavations for a series of rooms in the space now utilised as a sunk garden. Both above ground and below the work seems to have gone on for years, employing an army of labourers and with the expenditure of prodigious sums of money. The Duke's dug-outs were in advance of his time! R. N. R.

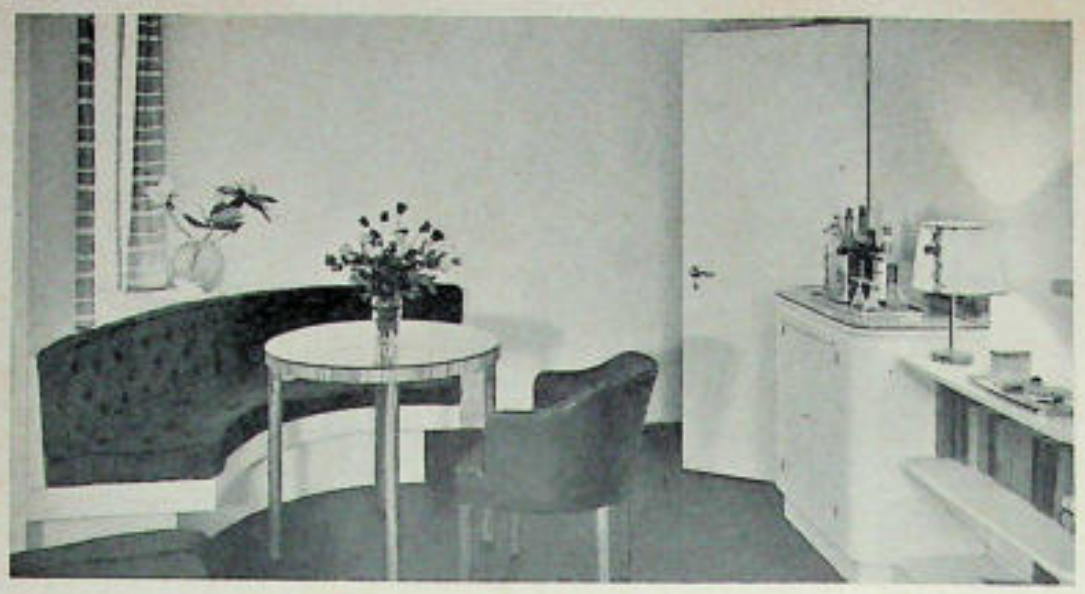


WILLIAM HENRY, 4TH DUKE OF PORTLAND, 1768–1854
From a portrait by Sir Francis Grant, presented to the Duke on his 84th birthday on behalf of nearly 800 tenants



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S BRIG, PANTALOON, BEATING TO WINDWARD WITH H.M. BRIG CHARYBDIS AND THE FRIGATES OF SIR E. CODRINGTON'S SQUADRON, OFF THE DODMAN, 21st JULY, 1831
From a painting by J. C. Schetky, 1832

* *A History of Welbeck and Its Owners*—II, 1755-1879. By A. S. Turberville, Professor of Modern History in the University of Leeds. Faber & Faber, price 25/-.



A CORNER OF A SITTING ROOM THAT HAS A SIMPLE ELEGANCE AND WILL RETAIN ITS CHARM IN SPITE OF ANY CHANGES IN FASHION OR STYLE

FASHION AND STYLE IN LIGHT

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.A.

IT seems impossible to determine whether fashion changes because there is any demand for change, or whether interest in everything that is new has been exploited to keep the wheels of commerce turning. In women's clothes fashion changes from week to week, almost from day to day, and in some cases from hour to hour. While on the one hand there seems to be this urge to use and wear and surround ourselves with things that are new, there remains on the other the solid comfort and enjoyment that is given by well-designed buildings and well-designed pieces of furniture and equipment that were made hundreds of years ago, and are still as satisfactory in appearance and use as they were when they were first made. As far as one can judge there has always been respect for age and an admiration for youth, and it may be that however good a style, a tradition, or an art may be, there is a continual urge for development or change that keeps us looking forward rather than back.

It is interesting to think about this evolution in every piece of design whether it be clothes, household equipment or furniture, or even the things that we use in the way of mechanical equipment like the telephone or the motor car. However fine design may be at any one stage of its development it looks odd and queer and quite often funny as the years pass, and it, therefore, seems impossible to fix a standard of design or to come to any finality in the design of anything.

Logically one would expect that having built a house exactly as we wanted it, complete with its furnishings and equipment, we could settle down and feel that here was perfection. Almost invariably, however, we continue to be interested in new ideas, fascinated by new facilities that scientific research and experiment provide and brought to our notice by powerful and persistent advertising. To the old house in the country is offered the benefits that the telephone or electricity or the motor car would seem to provide, and with life as we are almost forced to live it to-day it is impossible to be separated from the benefits or consequences of invention or from the trends of design whether they be logical or merely frivolous.

Because of this interest, whether it be natural or forced on us by circumstances outside our control, industry is continually placing in the hands of the designer and the manufacturer opportunities that have been withheld until the present time. Not only is electricity itself of comparatively modern invention and development, but the methods by which it is introduced for the lighting of our homes is not only changing now but will continue to change in ways that it is impossible to foresee. We have come to regard the ordinary tungsten bulb lamps as being normal and permanent since they have been in constant use for many years, but even now lighting from gaseous discharge tubes with lower current consumption and more efficient light output are being used in large stores for general lighting and the lighting of showcases. Within a short time lighting on these lines with its economies and its truer colour values will undoubtedly be used in some modified form for home lighting.

Indirect lighting has made it possible to bathe wall and ceiling surfaces of rooms with light, but it is possible that in years to come light will in fact be provided from luminous surfaces rather than from concentrated sources of light like the lamps we use to-day.

These, however, are fundamental changes, while perhaps more important and more obvious are the changes in the actual style of interior furnishings. There was, and still is to some extent, an off-white vogue. As a reaction against over-decoration and Victorian embellishment and fussiness, the off-white fashion was a relief and a success. It provided simple, clean, airy and well-lighted rooms that seemed gay and sparkling after the heaviness of fake period or left-over Victorian interiors. As a background for lighting it was ideal, and under its influence lighting fittings and lamps gained new interest, utilising to the full the possibilities for reflection that white or off-white walls and ceilings provide. Pottery lost its patterns and glazes were ivory or plain brilliant colours. Chairs and settees lost all their constructive lines and became architectural, very heavily upholstered with square, heavy, straight sides and low backs. If mirrors were used they covered whole walls or sections of walls, and had plain polished edges and simple fixings. Fabrics for curtains and furniture became plain or extremely simple in design, either to match or to contrast with their simple setting.

This simplification was justified on the grounds of functionism, but undoubtedly in the desire to give every piece of fabric, furniture and every piece of table-ware a simple form and an absence of other interest, the real beauty of construction and gaiety of decoration was lost and now there is a return to refinement and a certain elegance. Chairs begin to show curves that are no less functional and are more graceful and are upholstered with fabrics that, while not being traditional, have nevertheless a romantic appeal. Porcelain and pottery have regained a little of their daintiness and have become less crude.

The only conclusion that one can arrive at is that in a changing world and with conditions of life that are far from settled, we should benefit as much as we can from the thrill and interest that modern invention and production provide. After all, in Victorian times the choice of a dress was discussed for weeks, and when it was made was treasured and worn perhaps for years, while to-day clothes are bought for a season or perhaps for a single occasion, and in the same way too, it is rare that anyone can settle down with the idea of living in one house for a lifetime. Under these conditions it would be folly to buy furniture and furnishings that were made to outlast their usefulness, and it is wiser to furnish and light our homes in ways that will not make a change within a few years a matter of too great importance owing to drastic rearrangement, redecoration and its accompanying expense. Lighting can be varied in many easy ways, and new shades on old lamps, even new lighting fittings, are a small item of expense every few years.

It is sometimes difficult to choose wisely and equip our houses or flats with lighting that is interesting and up to date, without being just modernistic and fashionable. Whatever may be the contemporary vogue it should always be possible to choose materials, furniture or lighting ideas that we can live with happily for a number of years without feeling that they are out of date.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Fuchsias Are Again Popular

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

IT is curious the way plants have their ups and downs; how they suddenly increase in popularity and then seem to fade into oblivion. It is fashionable to grow this plant or that plant: I often wonder who sets the fashion in the first place. I could not help thinking this when at the Chelsea Show this year, for it seemed to me that there were nearly three times the number of orchids shown than ever before. Orchids are coming back into fashion, I was told.

People are certainly taking a greater interest in fuchsias than they have for years, not only those to grow out of doors, but the types that look most attractive in rock gardens and those which are so decorative when grown in pots under glass.

Under glass the keen fuchsia grower has the opportunity of growing his plants in all kinds of forms; the commonest perhaps is what is known as the pyramid, though in a small glasshouse the bush form will perhaps be the most useful. There are some varieties that are very suitable for planting in hanging baskets, while it is possible to train them so as to clothe a back wall or so as to cover a pillar and provide colour along the rafters of the glasshouse. Two good varieties for pillars and rafters are the Shah and Mrs. Todman.

A nurseryman who has specialised in fuchsias is Mr. H. A. Brown, of 20, Chingford Mount Road, South Chingford, London, E. 4. He was one of the founders of the Fuchsia Society. I understand he has since become a missionary and his business is being ably carried on by his father. (The Hon. Secretary of the National Fuchsia Society is Mr. W. W. Whiteman, Abbots Lodge, Sandhurst, Gloucester.)

Other nurserymen who offer fuchsias for sale are Messrs. Cole & Co., of Peterborough; Mr. F. H. Hughes, of Westfield Nurseries, Hollywood, Birmingham; Mr. J. H. Dalrymple, The Nurseries, Bartley, Southampton; Messrs. Oliver & Hunter, of Monavie, Dumfriesshire; Mr. James Slaney, The Nurseries, Lynn, Lichfield; and Mr. L. A. Jones, of The Nurseries, Shirley Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.

It is always difficult to draw out a select list from the wealth of variety, and this is particularly true of fuchsias. The following, however, have all received an Award of Merit or a Highly Commended from the Royal Horticultural Society: Mrs. Marshall, which has a rosy-cerise corolla and creamy-waxy tube; Masterpiece, large magenta corolla and sepals of scarlet-cerise, turned right back; Marinka, with a rosy-scarlet corolla and crimson-scarlet sepals—it is a very free flowerer; Fascination, with a rosy-pink corolla, bright red tube and sepals; Display, a rosy-carmine corolla, tube and sepals rosy-cerise—free flowering; Ballet Girl, white corolla veined with cerise, tube and petals cerise; and Rose of Castille Improved (which must not be confused with the old Rose of Castille), a violet-purple corolla, flesh-coloured sepals and really large flowers.

Those who intend to work up a stock should root cuttings either in September or the spring. The advantage of rooting cuttings in September is that much larger plants are produced by the late spring of the following year. September cuttings always make better plants in the long run than those rooted in the spring. Those who suggest that September cuttings are not easy to strike should try using "Hortomone A;" when cutting striking becomes almost child's play.

It is usual to insert the young shoots singly into small pots of sandy soil at a temperature of about 70° Fahr. As soon as the cuttings are rooted they may be potted on into clean 3in. pots, using the following compost: Ten parts by bulk of medium loam, five parts by bulk of good moss-peat, and three parts by bulk of coarse sand, adding to each bushel of this mixture 1½oz. of hoof and horn meal, 1½oz. of superphosphate of lime, ½oz. sulphate of potash, and 1oz. of ground limestone or chalk.

There is no need for fuchsias to be grown in heat, and, in fact, they will do best in the cool dry part of the greenhouse from October to March, when at this time they may be put into a shadier position. There is no need to water heavily, and, in fact, fuchsias never need soaking except perhaps during the hot summer months, and they may be outside.

Those who want to grow bushy plants should pinch out the points of the growing shoots in the spring while, in the case of pyramid plants, the main shoot is taken on, while the side growths are pinched back to the second pair of leaves. Training should always begin directly the plants have had their first potting, and, in fact, it is at this time that the decision will have to be made whether the plant is to be a bush, standard, climber and so on!









As grey dusk darkens into night, see that a CRAWFORD'S is within an elbow's distance. Such painful recollections as that point-blank miss will then become but trivial thoughts, unworthy of brooding. Yours have not escaped the charm of this rare mellowness . . . . . this warmth aglow with friendliness . . . . .





"SPECIAL RESERVE" and "FIVE STAR" VERY OLD LIQUEUR ...a whisky for special occasions.



. . . . such kindly age . . . .

A & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.



A Natural Drive Made Durable

Gravel and stone surfaces can retain their natural charm whilst preserving a clean, well-kept appearance, without attention, year in and year out. COLDCOAT waterproofs and binds such surfaces so securely that they resist not only the effects of sun, rain, snow and frost, but the severe wear of traffic also.

"THE MODERN METHOD OF DRIVE & PATH MAINTENANCE"

is the title of an interesting booklet on the subject. May we send you a free copy? Ask for publication K 154.

COLDCOAT

BERRY WIGGINS & CO. LTD., Water Lane, Stratford, London, E.15.

If desired, a free estimate will be submitted for doing the work by contract

C 6.



Mr Can't: 'How I envy you your hearty appetite!'

Mr Can: 'What you should envy is my morning **Eno's***!'*

Do you enjoy eating? If not, it is a sure sign that you are unwell. Healthy people have hearty appetites. They *look forward* to their meals. So should you! Take Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning—and you'll ensure a good digestion and a healthful system. Eno's is good for you—the daily preventive of constipation that is pure, safe and invigorating. Do not neglect so simple and yet important a rule of life — take Eno's, and be hearty, healthy Mr Can. Get a bottle today.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

- The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks
- Eno's costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists

For WIDER HORIZONS



This BISTEL Telescope gives powerful magnification and perfect definition, yet is extremely light and compact. You will find the BISTEL invaluable when shooting, yachting, cruising or mountaineering; carry it with you on all open-air or holiday occasions.

THE BISTEL TELESCOPE **PRICE £5**

is easily carried and focused with simple precision. Length closed, 10 in.; extended, 16 in. On firing points shows .22 shot holes at 100 yds. Sliding dew shade. Finished black waterproof material.

Write for fully descriptive brochure.

W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.
313 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

HEALTHIER MOTORING

Enjoy health-giving fresh air by motoring in Tickford Coachwork. The pleasure of touring is doubled. The Tickford Drop-Head Coupes and Four-Door Cabriolets are built up in electrically welded steel framework, giving lightness and great strength, and the ease with which these are opened and closed is not found in any other Coachwork of this type. The hoods are fully lined as in a Saloon, no framework being visible. Tickford Bodies are the result of over 20 years' specialisation in Open-Closed Coachwork in which are incorporated patents giving the maximum ease of opening and closing, with complete protection from wind and rain in rough weather. No other Coachwork of this type can give you these same advantages. Thousands are in daily use giving absolute satisfaction. Tickford Coachwork is included in the Models of the Armstrong-Siddeley, Daimler, Hillman, M.G., and Rover Cars. Descriptive specification with pleasure from the Patentees:

SALMONS & SONS (Coachbuilders) LTD.
NEWPORT PAGNELL

London Showrooms:
8, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2



"IT CANNOT BE GAINSAID THAT THE CROSSING GATE IS AN ANTIQUATED CONTRAPTION AND, IN THIS AGE, IS DANGEROUS"

ABOLISH THE LEVEL CROSSING

An Archaic Arrangement Which Should Not Be Tolerated

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor to the "Field")

WE motorists are occasionally lifted from our despondency over the sad state of British roads when—with a blare of publicity which would sometimes do credit to the inauguration of a new trunk road system—some stretch of new highway is declared open by the local dignitary, with the assistance of a Ministry of Transport official. Despite the fact that these grand openings are all too infrequent, they do hold out a little hope and prove that here and there in England some half-hearted effort is being made to keep in step with the march of transport progress. Even the most soured critic must confess that now and again we witness an improvement in traffic control, or perhaps, a corner that has long been a death trap has been neatly "ironed-out." There is no denying that we do see advances, but one of the old bugbears of the driver stands aloof from all this.

I am referring now to the hundreds of level crossings which are dotted all over the countryside, upsetting the traffic in the towns and complicating life in the cities. Why they should remain unaltered when other things change for the better has always mystified me. It cannot be gainsaid that the crossing gate is an antiquated contraption and, in this age, is dangerous. It is inadequately illuminated at night and badly controlled by day. Not only does it waste time, but it creates traffic congestion, and congested traffic often breeds danger.

There are crossings which have not been improved for years, and although Captain Hudson as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, told the House of Commons that he hoped the abolition of crossings could be expedited, he admitted at the same time that there had been no abolitions at all for five years.

The Select Committee of the House of Lords, when reporting on the prevention of road accidents, saw the need for alteration when they recommended that "all level crossings on main roads should be bridged or tunnelled." Although we have these two expressions of hope, I doubt whether we shall see any drastic move directed at the crossings yet, because, apparently, the local authorities are not anxious to approve the removal of these obstacles to road traffic, and, unfortunately, the matter rests largely with them.

The lethargy of local administrations is difficult to understand in this instance, since the Government are prepared to meet no less than 75 per cent. of the total cost.

It is not only the rural councils which are to blame either, for in the Metropolitan area there are more than 100 crossings. The unconscionable delay caused to both pedestrians and vehicular traffic is surely appreciated by the authorities in the London district, yet, apart from a recent decision to abolish six crossings on the L.N.E.R. line because of the extension of the Central London electric line and promises to remove one or two others in the future, the number of level crossings in the area will still exceed the century!

I have before me some figures showing the length of time some of these crossings are closed during the normal day, and they prove conclusively that time wastage is colossal. Quite often level crossings put the bar up to road traffic for more than half the time they are open, while, in one case, it is reported that the gates are closed across the road longer than they are open. Where there is a frequent train service, therefore, there is nearly always a 50–50 chance that the motorist will find the road blocked and he is forced to wait many minutes before the gates are opened. Even then he is obliged, because of narrow roads and delayed traffic from the opposite direction, to keep behind a slow moving line of traffic which is hampered by straying pedestrians also anxious to get across, so that the time of the actual delay is considerably more than the wait at the crossing.

Some level crossings are worse offenders than others, because of the density of traffic upon the line and sometimes because of the manner in which they are opened and closed. In some districts it is nothing to wait from ten to fifteen minutes before getting across. There is, for instance, one near my home in Surrey, where I have quite often been forced to spend something like a quarter of an hour.

I know of another in Essex, which is the bane of holiday-makers and trippers at the week-ends. On Saturdays and Sundays much traffic has to cross the main Southend–London line at this point. The net result is that there is a lengthy line of cars queueing up on the twisting road leading to the crossing, and if a motorist happens to be near the end of that line, the chances are that there will be two openings of the gates before he is able to get across. On one side of the crossing there is a sharp bend, so that quite often only single-line traffic is possible. Indeed, such a sorry state of affairs exist that it becomes a matter for congratulation if anyone is fortunate enough to traverse the lines without having to wait.

I know that in the open country few of us object to being held up for a few minutes to allow trains to pass, but in the cities and in busy areas it becomes a different question, especially when—as in Acton—there are two level crossings with not much more than 100yds. separating them and both tracks carrying frequent and regular main-line services.

It is a pity that the Ministry of Transport cannot bring more coercive action to bear upon the local authorities, who complacently watch matters grow from bad to worse as the numbers of cars upon our roads increase. Bridging and tunnelling does not entail great difficulty, and although it is expensive, the Government, after all, are prepared to meet three-quarters of the cost. It is difficult to understand why local authorities do not register more enthusiasm in getting the matter adjusted, because many motorists adopt alternative routes if they know the location of a crossing, while local resident drivers have their own "patent" ways, so that the by-roads not originally designed to carry heavy traffic have far more than their fair share. Because of the nature of these secondary roads accidents are more liable to occur and because the surfacing is obviously never so good as that of the main road, I imagine repair bills over a lengthy period would go a fair way to meeting the one-quarter of the initial cost which the local councils are called upon to pay.

In America the problem of crossings is of a greater magnitude than our own, but there intelligent steps are being taken to eliminate as many as possible and to improve the remainder. For instance, in the state of Illinois there are more than 18,000 grade crossings, as they are called, and with this huge total goes a record of crossing accidents higher than that of any other state. But Illinois is overcoming her obstacles with commendable foresight.

Approximately $30,000,000 have been expended in bridging and tunnelling some 400 crossings, while $1,000,000 has been spent upon improving conditions at 350 others on more lightly travelled roads. In view of the unusual number of crossings in the state and the number of accidents which accompanies them, Illinois have a "Bureau of Grade Separation," which was created in 1936, and which handles all problems connected with railway–highway intersections. This Bureau works in close co-operation with local authorities and with the state Commerce Commission, and can claim excellent results over the three years of its establishment.

I believe that a similar bureau might be formed within the Ministry of Transport, and should specialise and concentrate solely upon the improvement of British crossing conditions. Such a body could maintain constant touch with the authorities in whose districts level crossings exist and with the railway companies. I feel that properly managed, such a bureau would succeed in convincing the local administrations that railway crossings are a liability to all road users, but more particularly a liability and a source of inconvenience and annoyance to the inhabitants of their own particular area.

BENTLEY

The Silent Sports Car



The Links, Walton Heath, Surrey.

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD, 16 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W.1 *Telephone:* MAYFAIR 4412

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

SWAINE & ADENEY, LTD.

By Appointment to the late King George V

ESTABLISHED 1750



"Sam Browne" Belt

Super quality hand-sewn .. £3 3 0
Second quality £2 2 0

Military Map Case

Waterproof khaki cloth .. 18s. 6d.

Send for Illustrated Lists.

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

ALL THEY ASK IS A CHANCE IN LIFE . . .

to make themselves useful citizens. The Society maintains and trains a family of 1,165 poor boys and girls—will you help us in this great effort? Financial help is urgently required to carry on this most worthy cause, and will be gratefully acknowledged.



THE
SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(FOUNDED 1843)

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

PRESIDENT:—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

The SPIRIT of 1790





In 1790 the game of Ecarté demanded skill, subtlety and appreciation; the same qualities, in fact, which were employed then as they are now in the distilling of so fine a spirit as Sandeman's Scotch Whisky.

SANDEMAN

SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

SIMPLER CONTROL: IS IT NEEDED?

Human Touch at Brooklands

SUPPOSE, just suppose, that you could control your car from a standstill up to full speed by the operation of a single pedal or lever; and that this full range single control included braking effects of every variety and worked with a smoothness, response and slickness that you had never encountered before. What would your reaction be?

Most drivers, I think, would answer that a car fitted with this imaginary single control would be dull in action. They would point out that the manipulation of the gear lever, clutch and brake pedals gives them a certain satisfaction, especially when they perform these operations with due *finesse*. On the other hand there are probably quite a lot of drivers who never instinctively think about the details of driving and prefer to devote their minds to conversation with their passengers or enjoyment of the scenery. What would their view be of a car with simplified control?

Slowly, although we may not recognise the steps that lead us in this direction, we are coming to simpler control. At one time no carburettor would function properly without the aid of levers to control the mixture when starting and when warm. But to-day the technicians have overcome all that, and the latest carburettors provide suitable mixture from the moment you press the starter switch up through the full range of speed without any tinkering with taps on your part.

The same simplification has come about in ignition control, for how often to-day do we find a car with a hand control for the advance and control of the spark? This operation is done automatically, and well done too.

Take even the question of gear changing. When Armstrong Siddeley pioneered the self-changing gear, Vauxhall's the synchromesh, and Daimler the fluid flywheel, the art of gear changing as it was then was obviously doomed. True, for a few years the knowing ones who could snick-a-snack a gear in and out in a difficult box tried to pooh pooh the new simplification with the narrow angle argument that it took all the fun out of driving. They forgot, perhaps, that what was fun to them, i.e., being able to change speed well, was hell to others who never could rely on making a decent change.

To-day any fool can change speed decently. But the expert will change speed better still. And the progress of the car when driven by an expert will be entirely devoid of sound or shock. You will feel perhaps a surge of acceleration or the effects of retardation, but there will be no jumpiness in the sensation. And if that sort of travelling is once accepted as the ideal, what argument is left against a single unit control which produces the same effects, but without the need for an expert driver's deftness?

Personally, as a motorist who uses a car a great deal as a means of getting from A to B, which are often hundreds of miles apart, as quickly, safely and comfortably as possible, I should welcome any simplification in driving. I do not like bending forward to change gear with my left hand. I would much rather have the lever just under the steering wheel where I could flick it about with a finger and thumb. I dislike all this dip and switch business at night. The whole thing to my mind is a risky proceeding, and the solution of this dazzle problem is the most urgent of all. It may seem absurd, but even the rigmarole of stopping and re-starting, as for instance when shopping, is irksome. There is so much to do. First you put the gear into neutral, then you switch off, and then apply the hand brake. On re-entering you reverse the routine with the addition of pressing the starter and jiggling the accelerator. Some cars I know eliminate an item or two from this drill, but most conform to it.

In the phantom car of the future perhaps the operation of a single lever will stop it and lock it. Who knows?

And now to turn to a new subject, to wit, Brooklands. Some weeks ago I wrote on the subject of making motor sport more human. And at Brooklands the other day there was a first-class example of what I had in mind. A race for veteran cars was staged as a novelty. Some of them only had three wheels, and some so little power that they had to be assisted up the hill by pedalling or by being pushed by their passengers. Result: the crowd hooted with delight, for the very first time as my friend, Percy Bradley, clerk to the course, who was standing beside me, had to confess.

Another very human touch, it seemed to me, was to see a demure slip of a girl Miss D. Stanley-Turner, drive her supercharged 750 c.c. M.G. round that track with the fire, determination and skill of the hardest boiled speed ace. But how many of the crowd on the hillside, sucking their ices or draining their ginger pop, realised or even saw for more than a few seconds this feminine David struggling with the Goliaths of the track?

A network of loud-speakers attempted to tell us something about the racing, but waged a ding-dong battle with the staccatto exhausts of the racing cars and the constant screaming of the vendors of ice-creams and evening papers. But even the loud speakers could have told us more. For instance a little human information about the drivers themselves if this could not be included in the programme itself, would have been acceptable and interesting. Comments on the cars and on their behaviour in the race. For instance what was the trouble with Chris Staniland's Multi-Union, or a bit of inside information about Maclure's astonishing win at 122 m.p.h. on a 1½ litre Riley. The two great green Lagonda single-seaters, fresh from Le Mans, running round in formation at 120 to 130 m.p.h., aroused the interest of the crowd, who probably would have liked to hear more about them.

And standing among these people looking down towards the new cut in the hillside I noted that all that most of them could see was the tops of the drivers' helmets. The cars themselves were invisible. Yet here was a natural grandstand, formed by the slope of the hill, which with a little scheming, I should have thought, would have provided a full view of the cars along this most exciting stretch.

Another point, the course of each race is described at the heading of each list of entries. But as at each meeting there must be many new-comers ignorant of the geography and terms used to denote Brooklands features, it might be well to include in the programme a plan of the track or maps of the various circuits used with references showing the best vantage points to take up for the different events. One semi-aeroplane photograph was the only thing of this sort I saw at the back of the members' hill.

It was a grand idea to let us all see Major Gardner's 200 m.p.h. M.G. As it circled the track it looked for all the world like a dark green shadow, so flat was it to the ground. But I could not help thinking, that although we had been told that it would only perform a modest 80, many of the spectators would put down the slipping of its control to some sort of misbehaviour. But perhaps the loud-speakers explained all that and I did not hear them.

For Chris Staniland's track record attempt I took up a position on the inner road which leads from the paddock to the Flying Club. For here just before the car reaches the Vickers' sheds you get a magnificent idea of speed at close quarters. Though missing on one of its cylinders, this lovely-looking racing car lapped at 140 m.p.h.

On the general topic of making motor sport more attractive to the public I am not at all sure that the future may not lie in making a meeting a mechanical combination of a horse show and a speed event. Of one thing I am certain, and that is that variety is the secret of a good afternoon's sport. Purists for speed may look askance at the introduction of circus turns, but I warrant that if a team of Chrysler death drivers were given a couple of events in which to show off their tricks and the stunts were well advertised, the attendance figures would show a welcome uplift.

W. G. McMINNIES.



A DAIMLER RITZ SALOON IN THE ISLE OF SKYE. IN THE BACKGROUND, COVERED IN MIST, ARE THE 3309 FEET CUILLIN

THE VAUXHALL PROGRAMME.—During the last few years Vauxhall Motors have spent several million pounds upon extending their factory, and installing the latest machinery and equipment. They have strengthened their "brain power" by recruiting engineers of international reputation—and given them a £175,000 research building in which to work. The results of this long-term policy are apparent in the latest announcement that, for 1940, the Vauxhall range has been improved in appearance and quality—while at the same time all prices have been considerably reduced.



A SCENE WITHOUT PARALLEL
White sails on the waters of the Clyde, with its lovely background of hills

WHEN THE HEART TURNS TO THE HIGHLANDS

By EDWARD GRACE

As the months are slowly passing in a pageant of striking contrasts, the summer in the Highlands of Scotland is now reaching its climax. August and the beginning of September sees the fulfilment of all the long days of brilliant sunshine.

The scenery is painted in ever-changing colours by the bright sunbeams and swiftly passing shadows which drift over mountain and valley beneath the fleecy clouds. The time has once more come when the early morning mists spread lightly over the lochs and hills like the first messengers of autumn; the migration of sportsmen from the south has taken place; and most important of all, the heather is in bloom, covering the mountains and hills in exquisite tints of purple.

Travellers can see this Highland pageant at its best by sailing on the Clyde, or by steaming up the lochs which stretch from the sea far into the mountains of Argyll. Every day the steamers pass down the wide river up Loch Long to Arrochar; through the Kyles of Bute to Inveraray by Loch Fyne; or across the open sea to Arran, that wild island where the great rugged peaks of Goatfell and Ben Tarsoinn cast deep shadows on the valleys below. All day the seagulls follow the ships, crying harshly, and wheeling down for food into the white foam in the wake.

But what a contrast to these open shores are the inland mountains and moors. Go to the Black Mount and Rannoch Moor, for instance, and you will find a stretch of the most desolate and forsaken country in Europe. For miles in all directions there is nothing to be seen but endless bog, bright green moss and stagnant water that is black as pitch. There is no movement over this dreary landscape even when the wind is blowing, for trees are non-existent. Not even the birds fly over the dark pools, or break the utter silence with their cries. It would seem that the four seasons also have left the lonely wastes unvisited, for the only change seems to be the white covering of snow in winter, which lasts until the rain once more sweeps over the oozing bog.

It was on such a stormy day as this that I drove with three passengers over the only road to cross the moor. In driving rain we climbed up the long hill to the top of Black Mount, and shuddered as we approached the entrance to Glencoe. Looking downwards into the dark valley we seemed to be entering some awful chasm, bounded by the great walls of black rock which lost themselves in the heavy clouds sweeping inland from the sea. Slowly we descended into the midst of these great mountains whose summits we could only imagine.

Occasionally a gap would appear in the clouds, revealing huge boulders high above, which seemed to be drifting with the wind silently across the angry sky. One might already imagine drifts of snow swirling madly in between the rugged glens, and covering the overhanging crags with a mantle of white.

In the heart of the glen, hardly noticeable beneath the surrounding mountains, there stands a lonely white farm cottage on the site of the great massacre of 1692. It was here that we were to stay for the coming week, while the car was to be garaged in an adjacent cattleshed, to the bewilderment of the resident cows. There was barely room for the little white farm and the cowsheds between the rocky sides of Bidean nam Bian and the river Coe which dashed its way over the stones and waterfalls into Loch Leven several miles below.

Each day we spent motoring through Highland roads before returning to the ever-changing but always terrifying grandeur of the Glen of Weeping. The only road or pass to the north winds down to the beautiful shores of Ballahulish and then turns inland again to follow the steep banks of Loch Leven. We followed this road for a hundred miles as it led through Fort William, nestling beneath the clouds which surrounded Ben Nevis, up the Caledonian Canal to Loch Ness and Inverness.

After the grey rain clouds of Glencoe, the country round Loch Ness seemed once more to be enjoying the warmth of summer. The hills were gentle and tinted with silver as the sun shone on the moisture from passing showers. The waters of the loch itself were a glorious deep blue against which the fresh green woods stirred in the breeze.

The next day we brought the car down the narrow track leading for miles through Glen Etive to the beautiful loch of that name. The best speed that one can travel on such a road as this is anything between five and ten miles per hour. One has to steer between endless potholes and round innumerable blind corners as the road winds between the rocks and mountains. There is just room for the four wheels of one car to be on the road at a time. Occasionally a wider space has been made on one side which will just allow two cars to pass. But the glen is so deserted and utterly lonely that in a whole day we only met one other car which was loaded with fishing rods, and whose driver cheerfully backed a hundred yards to let us pass.

The scenery for countless miles was unbelievably magnificent. A drenching rain and heavy clouds obscured the mountains for part of the day, but one does not have to see their summits to realise the wild beauty and strength of the Highlands. The secret of this rugged country is not the height of the hills above sea level, but the awful grandeur of the rocks, crags and glens that make homes for no one but stags and eagles; the winding burns that find their way between the rocks and heather; the countless waterfalls and cascades that come dashing down the clefts in the mountains' scarred sides.

When the rains are swept away by the wind, new colours appear as the sun paints the dripping heather in delicate hues, and the sombre rocks are spanned by rainbows adding reds and blues to their dark unchanging brown. Soon white billowy clouds come drifting in from the distant sea to play round the tops of the mountains and dazzle the sky with their brightness. When the day draws at length towards evening, deep shadows of fantastic shapes change the valleys to a dark purple which contrasts strangely with the shafts of ruddy light as the setting sun throws a halo round the western hills.

When it was dark the headlights of the car threw a long white beam on to the narrow road. But all round the darkness, which even the stars failed to penetrate, covered the valley and hid the mountains, silent in the passing clouds.



URQUHART CASTLE, LOCH NESS
"The waters of the loch, a glorious deep blue, against which the fresh green woods stirred in the breeze"

CRISIS ON THE EMPIRE AIR ROUTES

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

NO recent development in British commercial aviation has been more grave than the decision of Imperial Airways to restrict, for an unspecified period, the booking of passengers on the Empire air routes. The announcement of this step came as a profound shock to many who had seen in contemporary trends welcome evidence of continued forward policy in our civil flying, and who had found room for congratulation in the signs of continued airline expansion, despite the heavy drain on the aircraft industry's resources and the national funds caused by rearmament.

It may at once be admitted that in the peculiar circumstances that have arisen, and in the absence of special Government assistance, no other course appeared open to the Company. The official reasons are the immense increase in mail traffic; a serious shortage of flying stock, aggravated by late deliveries of new machines owing to preoccupation with military production, and by the loss of existing craft through what is termed a "singularly unfortunate" series of accidents; and a lack of trained personnel. These circumstances have combined to produce a state of affairs in which the capacity of the fleet is insufficient to carry both mails and passengers; and since mails have, by agreement with the Government, priority, the inevitable result has been the serious restriction of future passenger bookings for an indefinite period that is expected to last at least until after Christmas.

As to the lateness of deliveries of new types and the difficulty of obtaining trained or semi-trained personnel for the operation of the aircraft, little need be said. The seriousness of the position in regard to the former had become obvious for some time past. The Ensign class of air liner was more than a year late in going into service and was then withdrawn temporarily; it is only just beginning to be used again in the fleet. A sidelight on the position is the fact that other airlines have had to purchase machines from American sources.

The question of personnel has arisen partly through the non-availability of Air Force pilots finishing their term of service, who have formed the chief source of recruitment, and who are now required either in the Service itself or for training.

On the face of it, then, the reasons seem sound for a step that is generally regretted. Given these postulates, no other course of action seems possible. But it is a larger and more important question whether these conditions ought ever to have been allowed to arise.

In the explanation issued regarding the announced restrictions it is stated that it has been the policy of the company to look exclusively to the British industry for its equipment. This does not mean that the industry is to blame for the shortage of machines. There are many indications of enterprise on the part of British aircraft manufacturers, which, had it received more official encouragement and been backed by a more forward policy of construction on the part of the airline operators, would not have left us dependent in such an emergency on foreign equipment. Now it has been urged in these articles before that while it is very desirable that subsidised British lines should employ British machines, the first aim must be the maintenance of the service in the most efficient way with the most efficient equipment, and that the existence of abnormal conditions at home makes the purchase of equipment elsewhere at least excusable. In the case of the concern on which British prestige primarily depends, this need for efficient operation would seem particularly insistent. That mail traffic was growing at a rate that threatened the carrying capacity of the fleet must surely have been foreseen; and in view of the important issues involved, steps might well have been taken earlier to reinforce the flying stock, instead of waiting until a state of crisis was reached. There is no doubt, however, that a Government determined to meet this emergency and preserve British flying prestige could do so by utilising its own resources. The flight to Australia recently by Vickers Wellesley bombers has shown how Empire communications can be maintained by military aircraft, and with little modification this type of aeroplane would serve as a reliable and fast mail-carrying machine until new and efficient civil aircraft now under construction are ready. For it is clear that something much more than a mere inconvenience to intending passengers is concerned in this affair. British airlines have undoubtedly lost considerably in prestige in the past few years, and it was admitted by Captain Balfour, the Under Secretary of State for Air, when speaking in the debate on the British Overseas Airways Corporation Bill, that it would take two or three years yet to remedy the present situation. The whole trend of recent official pronouncements and actions has been to suggest that vigorous efforts were afoot to make up an admitted leeway. This latest development will inevitably go far to cast doubts on the genuineness of the attempt.

Some 1,100 passengers have been carried every month on the Empire air routes, but restrictions on passenger bookings must drive intending passengers to foreign lines; and it is a difficult matter to woo back regular travellers who have grown accustomed to other services.

In a short article, this important question cannot be dealt with in all its many and far-reaching aspects; but one thing is clear: The new Corporation, when it takes over the airways later in the year, will be faced with a very grave problem, for the solution of which the greatest energy and determination will have to be shown if British prestige on the world's airways is to recover from this blow.



THE LONG-DISTANCE RECORD HOLDERS IN FLIGHT

"The flight to Australia recently by Vickers Wellesley bombers has shown how Empire communications can be maintained by military aircraft, and with little modification this type of aeroplane would serve as a reliable and fast mail-carrying machine until new and efficient civil aircraft now under construction are ready"



A FIRST-CLASS MECHANICAL PRODUCTION

THE S.S. JAGUAR "100"

WHEN I took over one of the S.S. Jaguar "100's," the mechanic who brought it to me, and who had not driven one before remarked: "Well, sir, I thought my motor-bike took some beating for thrills, but this is wonderful. She's not like an ordinary car."

As space is limited, I will say little of the appearance of the Jaguar "100." I noticed it was the subject of admiring glances everywhere I took it, and I am not surprised, for to my mind it is the most graceful sports car on the market.

The car has a Le Mans type of two-seater body with quite a respectable space for luggage behind, while the hood, so often a conjuring feat to erect or put away, is well made and well designed. It is possible to put it up before the rain has soaked the occupants so thoroughly as to make a hood more or less superfluous! The seats, I felt, were not above criticism. They were comfortable enough at first, but seemed to give inadequate support to the back.

The arrangement of the dials on the facia board was effective, and both the revolution counter and speedometer were clearly visible, though the fuel gauge on the car I drove was incorrect—a small matter, admittedly, but one which might be extremely irritating. Here my criticism ends. In every other way I felt that I was driving a first-class production.

From the driving position the view, despite a long, sleek bonnet, is really good. The width of the car—5ft. 2in.—seemed rather remarkable, but did not make visibility at all difficult, while it certainly added to the attractive appearance of the car.

The "100" model may be bought on a 3½ litre or a 2½ litre chassis, priced at £445 and £395 respectively. The type I drove was the 3½ litre, which has a six-cylinder unit with bore and stroke of 82 mm. by 110 mm. It has a Treasury rating of 25.01 h.p., making the tax £18 15s. The standard compression ratio is 7.2 to 1, though the car lent to me actually had a slightly higher one, since so many owners have this alteration made.

The four-speed gearbox has synchromesh on second, third and top, and is perfectly simple to operate, though it still leaves plenty of scope for skilful usage. The ratios are first, 12.04; second, 7.06; third, 4.58; top, 3.8.

To drive, the car is superb. It holds the road, as one would expect, like a leech, while the steering is light, but not too light to be positive and thoroughly steady; while the Girling brakes with their 13in. by 1¼in. effective surface give even and rapid braking.

The roads I travelled over were not of the fastest, and I was unable to clock more than 90 m.p.h., though the car was certainly capable of a good deal more than that if given a chance. The times one is able to travel at over 90 m.p.h. on British roads are not many, and probably the rapidity with which that speed is reached is of more value than the speed itself.

When getting away from traffic lights not once did I find even a motor-cycle which could touch me, and that acceleration stands throughout its whole range. I have no space to write more. I can only join with the mechanic in saying: "She's not like an ordinary car."

W. R. J.

BRIDGE

INITIAL NO TRUMP BIDS—III

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

IN the last two articles we have discussed the requirements for initial One, Two and Three No Trumps and the responses to the One No Trump bid. This week we shall consider the rebid by the One No Trump bidder.

If the initial bid is One No Trump and the response is Two No Trumps, the first bidder will only pass if he has the absolute minimum—in other words, a very bare four honour tricks.

If the initial No Trump bidder has a biddable major suit, here is the time to show it. Thus, with ♠ K, Q, 3; ♡ A, Q, 8, 2; ◇ K, J, 2; ♣ K, Q, 6, after partner has raised One No Trump to Two No Trumps, the bid is Three Hearts. If partner has four trumps the hand will probably play better in Four Hearts. If he has not, then he can still bid Three No Trumps with every prospect of success—*e.g.*,

(*a*) ♠ 6, 4, 2; ♡ K, 7, 6, 3; ◇ 9, 3; ♣ A, 9, 8, 7.
(*b*) ♠ 6, 4, 2; ♡ K, 7, 6; ◇ Q, 4, 3; ♡ A, 9, 8, 7.

With hand (*a*) Four Hearts is probably a safer contract than Three No Trumps. With hand (*b*) Three No Trumps has a sporting chance.

If the response to One Trump is Three No Trumps even if the No Trump bidder has a maximum of five honour tricks, he *must* pass because the Three No Trumps bid shows at the most two-and-a-half honour tricks and a poor distribution, or, alternatively a six-card suit headed by Queen or better and one-and-a-half honours.

Of course, hands can be produced which will give slams and will not be bid, but on careful examination it will be seen that most of these slams depend upon lucky leads or incorrect defence.

If the response to the One Trump bid is two in a suit, the initial bidder immediately knows that his partner is bidding on minimum values with a maximum of about one honour trick, and he should accordingly be careful as to his next bid. Game is only likely if the No Trump bidder has a maximum of about five honour tricks and strong support for the responder's suit. The rebid will be two No Trumps with

(*a*) Four-and-a-half honour tricks or more and all unbid suits stopped

♠ K, Q, 2; ♡ A, Q, 3; ◇ Q, 9, 8, 7; ♣ A, K, 3.
Partner having bid Two Diamonds.

(*b*) Four honour tricks and at least eight honour cards with all unbid suits stopped

♠ K, 8, 2; ♡ A, K, 10; ◇ Q, J, 7; ♣ A, 10, 8, 7.
Partner having bid Two Spades.

(*c*) Strong support for partner's suit

♠ A, J, 3; ♡ K, J, 7; ◇ K, 4, 3, 2; ♣ A, Q, 10
Partner having bid two hearts or two spades.

If holding a biddable suit which can be shown at the two level this may be bid if the opening bidder has any additional values. Thus with

♠ A, Q, 3, 2; ♡ K, 8, 7; ◇ K, Q, 3; ♣ A, Q, 9.

Two Spades can be bid over any call of two in a suit.

With any hands weaker than the above the No Trump bidder should pass.

The raise of partner's suit should be given holding A, K, x or A, Q, x of the suit and all suits stopped; or, alternatively, at least four-and-a-half honour tricks if any suit is weak—*e.g.*, raise two hearts with

♠ K, J, 3; ♡ A, K, 2; ◇ K, 10, 2; ♣ Q, J, 3,

but not with

♠ K, Q, 3; ♡ A, Q, 2; ◇ 8, 6, 2; ♣ A, Q, 3,

since three diamonds will probably be lost straight away.

Alternatively, with four-and-a-half or more honour tricks the opener may raise a major suit with four cards in the suit. In this case his trump support is sufficient to bid four in the major suit if the responder should have a six-card suit and try for Three No Trumps.

If the responder has forced with a suit bid of three, the rebid should be Four No Trumps, holding the maximum or nearly the maximum of five honour tricks.

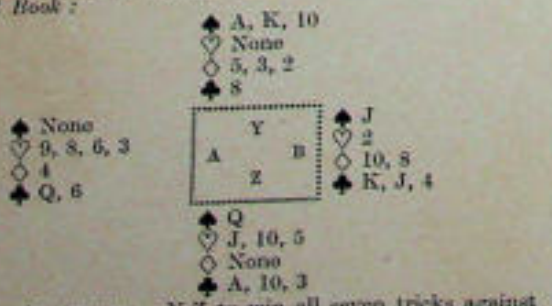
If the responder forces in a minor suit a raise should be given if two of the three top honours are held. If a biddable major suit is held this should be shown first.

If the force is in hearts a biddable spade suit should be shown. The trump suit may be raised holding four trumps or three, including the two top honours.

In all other cases the rebid will be Three No Trumps.

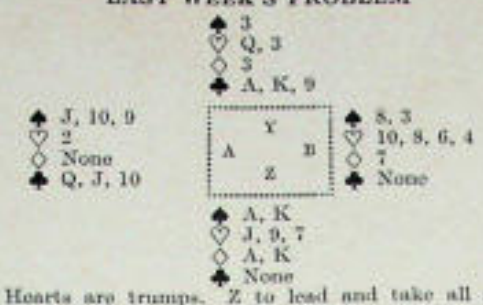
THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

The following problem is taken from Culbertson's *Red Book*:



Spades trumps. Y-Z to win all seven tricks against any defence by A-B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Hearts are trumps. Z to lead and take all seven tricks against any defence by A-B.

SOLUTION

Z leads the Ace and King of Spades, discards the 3 of Diamonds from dummy and ruffs the Ace of Diamonds with the 3 of Hearts. A Club is then ruffed by Z and the King of Diamonds ruffed with the Queen of Hearts, and Z must take the last two tricks.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

THIS congress came to its conclusion on Friday, August 25th. The Premier Tournament resulted in the victory of Dr. M. Euwe, the Dutch champion, who went through the contest without defeat and scored nine points out of eleven. The second and third prizes were shared by E. Klein (Austria), who also was undefeated, and S. Flohr (Czecho-Slovakia). If Flohr had won his game in the last round—against König—he would have tied with Dr. Euwe. The fourth prize was shared by I. König (Jugoslavia) and Dr. Landau (Holland).

The British Ladies' Championship Tournament was won by Miss Elaine Saunders, who did not lose a game and made the fine score of ten points out of eleven. The wide margin of two points separated her from her nearest rival. This is a really remarkable performance, for Miss Saunders is only thirteen years of age. We offer her our hearty congratulations.

The following table shows the results of all the games in the Premier Tournament. The game between Dr. Euwe and Dr. Landau in the last round was not played, as they decided to return home in view of the dangerous international situation.

	Euwe	Flohr	Klein	König	Landau	Conde	Aitken	Wallis	Thomas	Mieses	Kitto	Abrahams	Total
Dr. Euwe	—	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
S. Flohr	0	—	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
E. Klein	0	0	—	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
I. König	0	0	0	—	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	9
Dr. Landau	0	0	0	0	—	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	9
A. G. Conde	0	0	0	0	0	—	½	0	1	1	1	1	5½
J. M. Aitken	0	0	0	0	½	½	—	1	0	1	1	1	5½
P. N. Wallis	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—	1	0	1	1	5
A. R. B. Thomas	0	0	0	½	1	0	1	0	—	0	1	1	5½
J. Mieses	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	—	0	1	5½
F. E. A. Kitto	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	—	1	4
G. Abrahams	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—	1

BRITISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.—The final scores were as follows: Miss E. Saunders 10 points out of 11, Mrs. R. P. Mitchell 8, Miss M. Heaniker-Heaton 7, Miss M. E. Lander and Miss A. B. Pouyard each 5½, Miss A. M. Crum and Miss Rowena Dew each 5, Mrs. D. E. Budge and Miss M. Musgrave each 4½, Miss K. Austin and Mrs. Winser each 4, Miss M. L. Harrison 3. There were four prizes.

MAJOR OPEN TOURNAMENT.—The scores of the prize winners were as follows: (Section A) D. Podhorzer 9½ points out of 11, E. A. Znosko-Borovsky 7, Dr. Fazekas, F. Sämisch and A. Speyer each 6½. Speyer lost two games by default. (Section B) P. C. Head 7 points out of 10, Alfred Eva, D. M. Horne and A. Aird Thomson each 8½.

Five other tournaments were played.

The following game shows a very neat finish by the veteran J. Mieses.

(*Sicilian Defence.*)

WHITE. J. Mieses.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.	WHITE. J. Mieses.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	15. P to Q R 3	P takes P (g)
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	16. P takes P	Q to K 2
3. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 3	17. Q R to Kt sq	P to Kt 3
4. B to Kt 2	B to Kt 2	18. K R to K sq	P to Q R 4 (h)
5. K Kt to K 2	P to K 3	19. P to Q 4	B to K B 3
6. P to Q 3	K Kt to K 2	20. P to Q 5	P to K 4 (i)
7. B to B 4 (a)	Kt to Q 5	21. P to Q 6	Q to K 3
8. Q to Q 2 (b)	Q to R 4	22. Kt to B 4	Q to B 4
9. P to K 5 (c)	KKt to B 3	23. Kt to Q 5	R to K 3 (j)
10. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	24. P to Q 7, ch (k)	B takes P
11. Kt to K 2	Q to B 4 (d)	25. Kt to B 7, ch	K to K 2
12. B takes kt	Q P takes B	26. Q R to Q sq	Q R to Q B sq
13. Castles (KR)	B takes P (e)	27. Kt to Q 5, ch	K to K 3 (l)
14. B to B 6	B to Q 2 (f)	28. Kt to K 3 (m)	Resigns.

(*a*) B to K 3 is usually played. The text-move is of doubtful value.
(*b*) If B to Q 6, then Q to Kt 3.
(*c*) This is not a good move.
(*d*) 11. . . . Q takes Q, ch; 12. K takes Q, P to Q 3 (threatening P takes P) would give Black the advantage. To save his Queen's Bishop White would have to play 13. P to K Kt 4.
(*e*) If Castles, then P to Q B 3 followed, if P takes P, by P takes P, or, if B takes P, by B takes B and Kt takes P.
(*f*) P to B 4 is better. White intended to reply with P to Q B 3, K R to K sq and perhaps Q to Kt 5.
(*g*) Mieses is of opinion that, although Castles would be risky, it was probably Black's best move.
(*h*) P to K B 4, to be followed by B to Kt 2, is better.
(*i*) Black has nothing better than Castles.
(*j*) If 23. . . . Castles, then 24. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 25. R to Kt 5. If, instead, 23. . . . R to Q B sq, then 24. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 25. B to Kt 5, Q to K 3; 26. R takes K P.
(*k*) Much better than Kt to B 7, ch.
(*l*) If 27. . . . K to K sq, then 28. Kt takes B, ch, K to K 2; 29. Q to Q 6, ch, K to Q sq; 30. Q takes B, ch, Q takes Q; 31. R takes Q, mate.
(*m*) Threatening either Q to Q 6, mate or Q takes B, mate. If, now, B to K 2, then Q takes B, ch followed by Kt to Q 5, mate.

A curiosity from the seventh round of the Premier Tournament.

(*Polish Defence.*)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. G. Abrahams.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. G. Abrahams.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q Kt 4 (a)	7. Q to Kt 3	Kt to Q B 3 (c)
2. P to K 4	B to Kt 2	8. P takes P (d)	Kt takes P
3. P to K B 3	P to Q B 3	9. Q takes B	R to Kt sq (e)
4. P to Q B 4	P takes P	10. Q tks R P	R to R sq
5. B takes P	P to K 3	11. B to Kt 5, ch	K to K 2 (f)
6. Kt to B 3	P to Q 4 (b)	12. P to Q 6, ch	Resigns (g)

(*a*) The Polish defence. It is of doubtful value and is very rarely seen.
(*b*) Premature. Kt to K B 3 should be played.
(*c*) This turns out very badly, but Black has the inferior game in any case. If 7. . . . P takes B, then 8. Q takes B, Kt to Q 2; 9. Q to B 6.
(*d*) Not 8. Q takes B because then 8. . . . Kt to R 4 wins the Queen. (If 9. B to Kt 5, ch, then 9. . . . K to K 2).
(*e*) If 9. . . . Kt to B 7, ch; 10. K to B sq, Kt takes R, then 11. P takes P, P takes P; 12. Q to B 6, ch and wins.
(*f*) If 11. . . . Kt takes B, then 12. Q takes Kt, ch, Q to Q 2 13. P takes P.
(*g*) If 12. . . . P takes P, then 13. B to Kt 5, ch, Kt or P to B 3; 14. Q to Kt 7, ch and mate next move. If, instead, 12. . . . K to B 3, then 13. P takes P with a winning game for White.

PROBLEM No. 4029

By A. NAGLER.*

WHITE (6 pieces): King at K R 3, Queen at Q B sq, Rooks at Q B 4 and Q Kt 8, Bishops at Q B 3 and K Kt 8.
BLACK (2 pieces): King at Q 3, Knight at Q 2.
White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Schweizer Illustrierte Zeitung*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4028

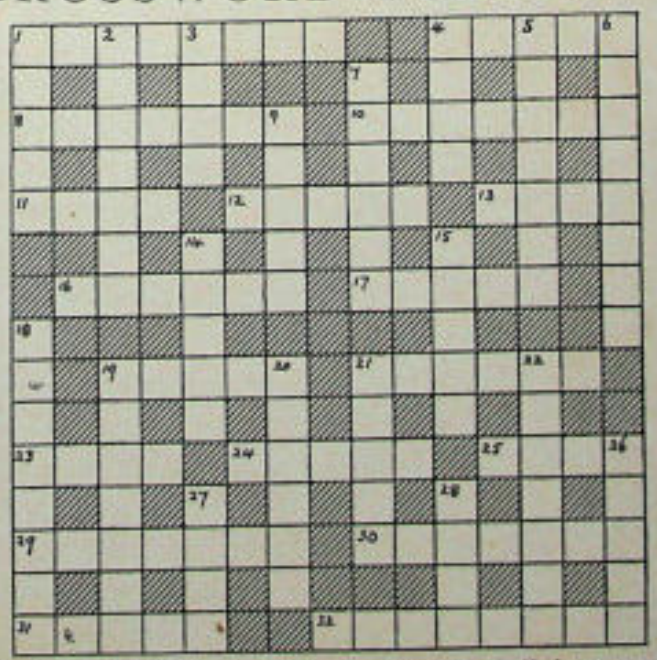
1. Kt to B 5, Any move; 2. Q, R or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 532

ACROSS.—1 and 4. "Our lordly style you shall not quench with base —— (The word is French): Distinction chis before a herd of vulgar —— (a Latin word)" (*Falstaff*) (8, 5). 8. "When the coster's finished jumping on his mother. He loves to lie a- —— in the sun" (*The Pirates of Penzance*) (7). 10. A prize for wasting away (7). 11. This will remind you of Fluellen (4). 12. Apparently a slender animal (5). 13. "And all went merry as a marriage —— " (*Byron*) (4). 16. Climb up, maybe, into a position for a stroke. 17. An unmarried female is out of order (5). 19. "There lives more faith in honest ——, Believe me, than in half the creeds" (*Tennyson*) (5). 21. A poor score for Bradman (6). 23. I hurried in the East (4). 24. What a funny clue! (5) 25. Stop in the bowels of the ship (4). 29. There is a loophole in this clue (7). 30. Bookmaker's assistant? (7) 31. This as well as adversity, has sweet uses. (5). 32. "Most potent, grave and —— signiors" (*Othello*) (8).

DOWN.—1. A ministry which started in a cab (5). 2. Ten cans (anag.) (7). 3. Yes, Yes! cried the backward



River Goddess (4). 4. Give her scope to see over the parapet (4). 5. No longer on a paper? (7). 6. A mirror for the Secret Service? (5). 7. Obviously this animal is an acrobat (6). 9. She was a perfect darling (5). 14. A whip means nothing to a Yorkshireman (5). 15. Salutes are —— and the office boy (5). 18. Art is not to a barrocat (8). 19. Aligned 15. Salutes are —— and the office boy (5). 18. Art is not to a barrocat (8). 19. Aligned (anag.) (8). 20. A delightful country (6). 21. Dumas wrote about the black one (5). 22. "Kindness in another's ——, Courage in one's own" (A. L. Gordon) (7). 26. A dull advertisement (5). 27. An entertainer without any nonsense (4). 28. Gore is most acceptable to him (4).

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

SOLUTION TO No. 531

Published August 26th

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Trout for Examination.—The trout sent in was very far gone and did not give us the best chance of getting all the clues we would have liked. From examination of this fish, and the reading of the enclosed letter, and, knowing the history of the river, we are of the opinion the disease "furunculous" has broken out, and is attacking both salmon and sea trout. It seems likely that we shall hear of more deaths from the same cause in that river and others of the same watershed.—*—E. A. T., Glan Llyn.*

Garden

Identification of Specimen.—The specimen sent is evidently a peculiar variety of *Asplenium Filix-fœmina*, perhaps better known as *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*. Some 40 to 50 varieties have been named, yours approximating closely to the description of *A. F. f. Fieldiæ* (Field's variety.)—*E. M. D., Workington.*

When sending plants to be named, send as many parts as possible—basal leaves, stem, flowers and fruit. Pack in moss, moistened paper, or damp leaves, in a stiff cardboard, tin or wooden box.

Twig for Identification.—In reply to your enquiry, a twig of willow carrying but three leaves is a very small specimen for the purpose of identification. We can only suggest that it is a form of the White Willow—*Salix alba*. This often has beautiful, silvery foliage and, no doubt, would flourish in Finland.—*N. H., Sheffield.*

Training the Japanese Cherry.—These cherries resent pruning, nor is there any necessity for it except to keep them within bounds or to form a certain shape. In your case, the two large boughs may be trained horizontally; they will form a beautiful screen and flower all the better for their position. Now is a good time to begin the operation.—*E. P., Brentwood.*

Kennel

Sickness in Labrador.—Try giving 12 grains carbonate of bismuth three times a day. Just shake a powder dry into the mouth. If this is not effective, as we think it will be, write to us again.—*E. A. S., Yorks.*

Old English Sheepdogs.—The breeders nearest to you of whom we know are Mrs. Brierley, Cellum End, Leckhampton, Cheltenham, and Mr. A. G. Hartland, Eva House, Newton Road, Hereford. Other big breeders are Mr. H. A. Tilley, East Compton House, Shepton Mallet, Somerset, and Miss A. Tiverman, Pastorale Kennels, Chigwell Row, Essex.—*Miss H., Shropshire.*

Miscellaneous

Getting Rid of Rabbits.—In view of the recent Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act, your best course would be to apply to your local county council. Generally speaking, there are three ways of getting rid of rabbits: by using gin traps, ferrets, or cyanide fumigation; and you will find further information on the subject in two pamphlets published by Ubaws. The first is a monograph No. 4E, written by Mr. C. W. Hume and entitled "Instructions for dealing with rabbits." The second is written by Mr. H. B. Kirkman, and is entitled "Man v. Rabbit." We do not know whether you are familiar with the work done by Captain Buckley on his farm in Carmarthenshire. Some account of it appeared in the *Field* on July 29th of this year. He used an I.C.I. product called "Cyanag." This is blown by means of a hand rotary blower into the individual rabbit hole. When the powder mixes with moist soil, it liberates hydrocyanic gas. Immediately after this operation the rabbit holes were sealed up. After that it was only necessary to allow the farm labourers to enjoy themselves with ferrets. We have seen this farm on more than one occasion, and there was not a sign of a rabbit on it. It took two men a fortnight to clear about 200 acres, and the total cost of materials and labour amounted to not more than £15. We would suggest that you try this latter method, as it has proved very successful on this estate.—*C. G., Edinburgh.*

Naturalist

Bees Killed by Birds.—The bee was killed by a titmouse, probably the great tit. It is not unusual to find numbers of dead bees under lime trees, with their bodies pecked away by these birds to extract the honey.—*L. T., Berks.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Starvation of a Manx Shearwater.—A correspondent picked up an adult female Manx Shearwater (*Puffinus puffinus*) in Berkshire, and kept it for four days until its death in an enclosure with a collection of fancy waterfowl. The Shearwater died of starvation; no evidence of any infectious disease was found. Probably the bird had been driven inland by a gale and was too exhausted for further flight when picked up. Since the Shearwater feeds out at sea probably the only chance of saving it would have been to force feed it with fresh fish for a day or two before transporting it back to the coast.—*C. H. C., Berks.*

Fowl Paralysis.—Five examples of fowl paralysis have been received for examination; two cockerels and three pullets of the utility breeds. The signs of the disease may appear in young chicks about two months of age, but as a rule they develop as the birds attain sexual maturity. The affected bird breaks down soon after commencing to lay, or becomes paralysed in one or both legs or wings, some develop a twisted or wry-neck, in others the iris of the eyes becomes clouded, thickened and pale, eventually leaving a reduced aperture for vision, which is defective in the advanced case. There is no known curative. The disease is inherited from the parents, consequently the paralysed stock should be destroyed for table purposes. Blood related stock should not be used for breeding purposes.—*W. J. R., Wilts; G. T. M., Sussex; H. N. P. S., Hants; J. T. L., Worcester.*

Further Losses Among Grouse.—We have received grouse from nine additional moors which had been picked up, and were found to have been suffering from trichostrongylosis. This is the contagious thread-worm infection of the bowels which is causing the reduced bags in so many parts of the north. In addition we received two examples of coccidiosis, a germ infection of the bowels; one was an old cock, the other was a half-grown chick. A tenth bird was suffering from a severe tapeworm infection of the bowels. Where stock has been depleted by these bowel diseases, all of which are transmitted via the droppings, the infected moors should be close shot this season so as to leave the minimum of birds for the winter.—*E. H. M., Yorks; M. N., Perth; R. D., Cheshire; F. G., Perth; J. C. M., Perth; R. U., Cheshire; W. R. M., Dumbartonshire; G. R., Forfarshire; A. C., Mc., Kirkcudbrightshire; E. B., Lanes; C. G., Inverness; T. E. R., Inverness.*

Shooting

Record Pheasant Bag.—The bag to which you refer was made at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, on December 18th, 1913. There were seven guns, including the King and the Prince of Wales, and the total amounted to 3,937 pheasants, 3 partridges, 4 rabbits, and 1 various, making 3,945 head.—*W. F. L., Cockham Dean.*

Shooting from Left Shoulder.—There is no reason why, if you are naturally left-handed, you should not shoot perfectly well from the left shoulder. It is certainly sound policy to be fitted by a gunmaker, and though you are only eighteen, it should be possible to allow for any broadening of your shoulders by having the stock slightly cast on. The triggers, of course, would be adjusted accordingly.—*J. H. E., Brock.*

Rating of Sporting Rights.—The position regarding severance and rating seems to be correctly stated in Koosman's *Rating Relief Acts* as follows: "Sporting rights are in certain circumstances separately rated, and separately entered in the valuation list: first, where the land is let at a rent and the sporting rights are severed . . . and are 'let' . . . secondly, where the land . . . is not let (e.g., where it is in the owner's hands) and the sporting rights are severed . . . and are 'let' . . . The word 'let' does not apply when rights are enjoyed under a mere licence. Rights against the licensor of an exclusive licensee who himself shot or fished or granted permission would be given by the licensee if properly drawn."—*H. G. P., Norfolk.*

Furnishing a Gunroom.—The most important point about a gunroom is that it should be free from damp. For, however, well made cabinets, &c., may be, if the room itself is not dry the atmosphere will always constitute a danger. Where the atmosphere is kept dry weapons need not be inspected nearly so often, an occasional rub over being sufficient. As you are taking necessary steps to ensure this, you have only to consider what furniture and fittings are required. The usual size of cabinet takes six guns vertically, and displayed in this way behind glass they are shown off to the best advantage. It may be made of oak, will be dustproof lined with baize and fitted with drawers for cleaning utensils, &c. There is usually a place for cleaning rods in the corner behind the guns. Any gunmaker would give you a quotation. A strong cupboard fitted with shelves for storing cartridges, and a medium-size table would complete the necessary furniture. Some pegs on the walls for hanging cartridge and game bags would always be useful. It may be added that the ideal conditions for the storage of cartridges are an atmosphere with a relative humidity of 60-65% and a temperature of 60-65° Fahrenheit.—*J. B. W., Covent Garden.*

Loads and "Blown" Patterns.—The term "blown shot" is sometimes used to express a scattered pattern. Other terms for it are "blow out" and "cartwheel." It simply means that open spaces are left in the centre of the pattern at the fuller ranges. A frequent cause of this is the use of too heavy a powder charge for the shot load. However, in the case you mention, it is difficult to see why the combination of 36 grains of Schultze and 1oz. of shot should be expected to give such a result, as this is a smaller powder charge than the standard, being actually the normal amount for ⅞oz. of shot. The alternative suggested of 32 grains of Modified Diamond and 1oz. should prove a well-balanced load. The former charge should give rather low velocity, and it would seem that a slight increase in the powder load might be an advantage, especially where No. 7 shot is concerned.—*T. G. S., Corsfa.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 9th

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND & WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Dunster; Tu., Mountsey Hill Gate; Th., Brendon Two Gates; S., Sandyway—11.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Sept. 4th), Park End, Cothelstone; Th., Bowling Green, Holford—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Island Pool; M., Heckman's Gate; W., Wyrley—6; S., Harrington—7.

ATHERSTONE.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Merrill's Oaks—6.30.

BICESTER.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Arncott Big Wood—6.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), The Kennels; M., Gervase Wood; Tu., Gazebone Farm; Th., Greenstreet Gorse; S., Flat Deserts—6.

MENDIP.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Litwood—6.30.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Byrkley—6.15.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), The Kennels, Castle Hill—6.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Beerhamp House, Washfield—6.30. M., Stawley; W., Hornhill; Th., Withleigh; S., Broadmead Cob—7.30.

OTTERHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Dyserth Bridge, Towyn; M., Dinas Mawddwy; W., Llansantffraid for Cain; S., Llanestmadwy Village—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Caldicote Mill, nr. Newport Pagnell; Tu., Worsham Mill, nr. Retford; Th., Ravenstone Mill, nr. Newport Pagnell; S., Thornton, nr. Buckingham (cap for hunt servants)—10.30.

CARLISLE.—Monday (Sept. 4th), Temple Sowerby, for Lyvennet; Tu., Temple Sowerby, Eden (up); Th., Appleby, Eden (up)—9.30.

CHERITON.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Lymouth—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Sutton Maskeville Bridge, nr. Tisbury—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Shoreham Village, Kent; W., Isfield Mill; S., Cuddingstone Village—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Bolham, nr. Tiverton (R. Exe)—10.30. Wye Valley visit Culmstock Otter Hunt country.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Perry Bridge, nr. Bristol (W.V.O.H.); M., Lovington Mill (W.V.O.H.); Tu., Tonedale (C.O.H.); W., Holt Mill (W.V.O.H.); Th., Hambridge Mill (C.O.H.); F., Parrot Works, nr. Martock (W.V.O.H.); S., Barton Bradstock (C.O.H.)—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Puslinch Bridge (Yealm); Tu., Harkworthy Bridge (Walkham); Th., Wooden Bridge (Inny) (by invitation of Tetcott); S., Laddiswell Stn. (Avon)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Broomfield Mill—10.30.

HAWKSTONE.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), The Castle, Brecon—10.30.

PEMBROKESHIRE AND CARMARTHENSHIRE.—Monday (Sept. 4th), Solva—11; Th., Llwyngwair Lodge—10.30.

WYE VALLEY.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Perry Bridge, Wrington, near Bristol (by invitation)—11.

OTTERHOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (Sept. 2nd), Where leave of 1st—10.

TO HUNT SECRETARIES

We should be very grateful if all Hunt secretaries would let us have their fixture cards by the first post on Tuesday morning for inclusion in the issue of the following Saturday. This appeal is, at the moment, especially directed to secretaries of otterhounds, but we would also ask secretaries of staghounds to let us have their cards as they start hunting, and also we would appeal to secretaries of foxhounds to send their cubhunting fixtures in due course. Many people who find themselves out of their own country for a time and also hunting visitors from abroad look to the columns of the *Field* for information. This can be given only with the co-operation of the secretaries of the various Hunts.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage Home and Abroad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

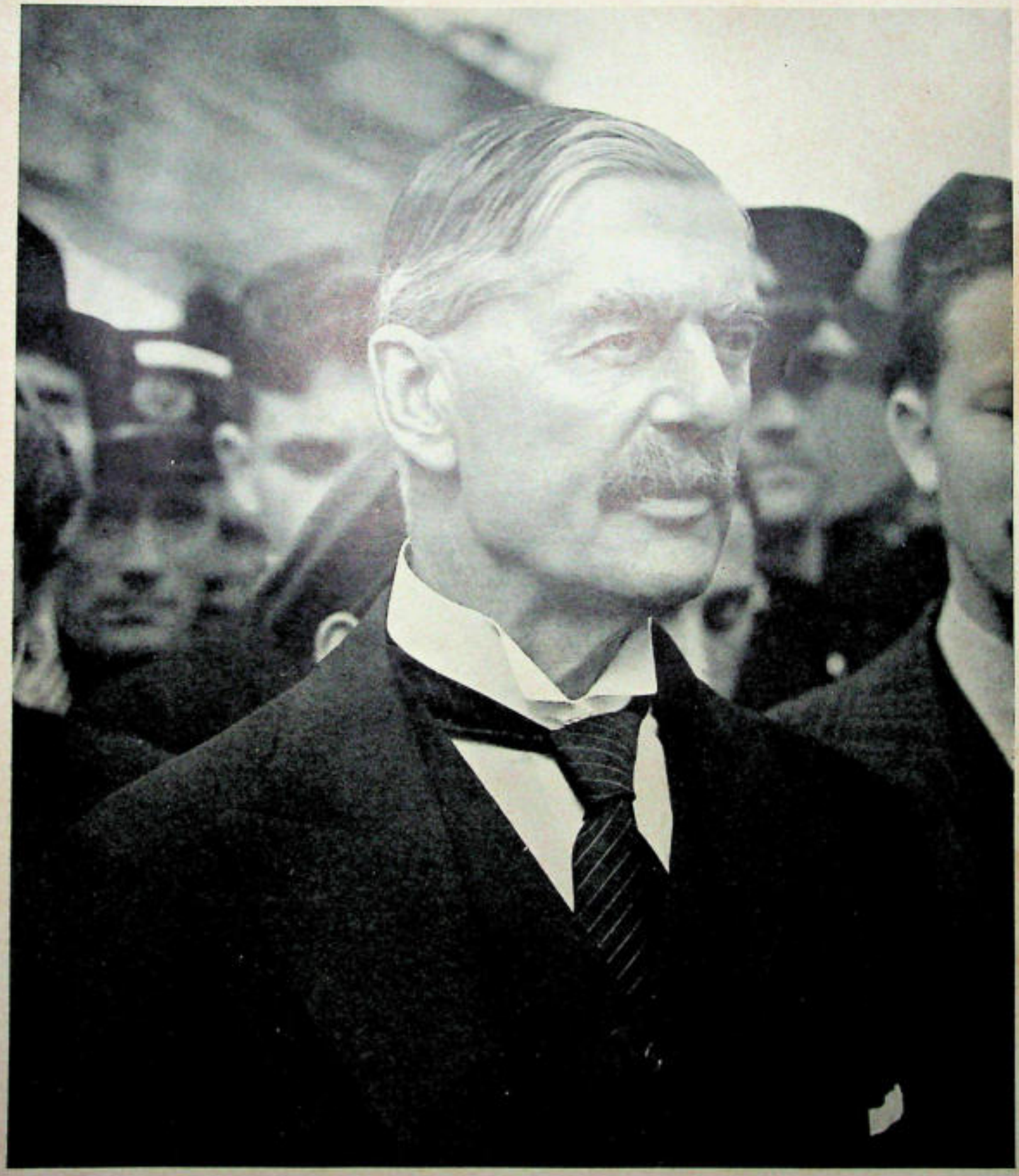
Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Printed in Great Britain by HUNTER & KEARNS, LTD., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by THE FIELD PRESS (1939) LTD., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Sept. 2, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4524. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.



THE MAN WHO FOUGHT FOR PEACE



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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 597
ESTIMATING KILLING RANGE 597
MIXED SPORT IN SEPTEMBER 598
PARTRIDGE DRIVING TACTICS 600
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS 601
STAG, SALMON AND GROUSE 602
EARLY DUCK SHOOTING 604
REPORTS FROM MOORS 605
NEW SYSTEM OF FARM MANAGEMENT 606
TWO STALKING CONVERSATIONS—WITH A DIFFERENCE 608
BIRDS BY THE SEASHORE 610
THOUGHTS ON AUTUMN SHOOTING 613
CHUKOR IN NEW ZEALAND 614
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 614
A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK 614
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Retriever Trials; Why Trout Refuse to Take Surface Fly; Scots Pines Dying . 615
IN THE CITY 618
SCIENTIFIC BRACKEN CRUSHING 620
KITCHEN GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER 624
MAINTENANCE CLAIMS 624
A NEW INTEREST IN FRUIT 626
HORTICULTURAL ADVICE 626
BOAT DESIGN FOR THE WATER SPEED RECORD . 628
WELCOME THE STYLIST 630
INDIA FOR A HOLIDAY 632
THE AIR O.T.C. IN CAMP 634
THE SINGER ROADSTER 634
CARDS, CHESS AND CROSSWORD 636
PENNY FARTHING DAYS 638

"IF THIS CUP . . ."

THIS was to have been our Autumn Number. It was to have been full of good things. There are still a a number of good things in it, but by no means so many as there would have been had the International situation permitted.

We are writing this on September 1st. It is now three o'clock in the afternoon, and the office radio has just notified us that the King has signed the General Mobilisation Order. Last night Adolf Hitler made one of the most astonishing statements ever broadcast to a nation as an excuse for war. From its beginning unto its end, without exception, it was untrue. And this morning German troops invaded Poland, and German aeroplanes bombed Warsaw, and seven other Polish towns. Even as we write this the horrors of war spread over the Polish countryside. It is the act of a madman: the act, it must surely be so, of a man crazed with blood lust.

Twenty-five years ago Germany forced the world to war. And now she does so again. For though we have not had, at the time of writing, any official pronouncement from the British Government, we cannot but be certain that we shall fight in the defence of Poland, and we cannot but be certain that there is no country in the world that will escape the horrors of the holocaust that Hitler has let loose. Some countries will remain neutral so far as they are able, but to everyone will come in varying degree sorrow and privation. There could be no more damning indictment of dictatorship.

By the time this is published—and we have no doubt that it will be published—Great Britain will surely be at war. By that time perhaps British lives will have been lost; by that time the whole life of this country, and of every single person in it, will have been upset, and reorientated. But we can be quite sure that there will be no panic, for that is not the English way. If we take long to make up our minds we are, as the Prime Minister said, slow to let go. It is not the English way to shout, as it is not the English way to boast. If we have to fight we fight. And that is a fact which Herr Hitler has yet to discover.

No man has fought harder for peace than Neville Chamberlain. There are many, and their voices are loud, who blame him for not taking a firmer stand in the past. But Neville Chamberlain had much ground to make up when he took over office from Lord Baldwin, and he has made up the ground in the most remarkable manner. There are those, and their voices are loud, who point to the deficiencies of British Diplomacy during the past year. That there have been deficiencies no one could deny. But we have a proverb about spilt milk, and it is as well for us to remember that proverb now. What is past is past; what mistakes we have made, we have made. It is the future that matters, and the future of each one of us rests upon the concerted and determined efforts of the country as a whole.

No one can say what that future might hold; so long as is possible each one of us will do the job allotted to him to the best of his ability, whether that job is civil or military. And, for such is the English way, we shall do that job without grumbling, and without faltering.

No one can tell what the future may hold. We have, though we write before any actual declaration of war, embarked upon a World War. We do not know under what conditions that may be fought, we do not know under what conditions we may have to live, we do not know which of us is to die, which of us to lose loved ones. But we do know that we fight for Liberty. And we do know that we shall win.

Liberty. During the course of the world's history some millions of men and women have died for the belief that is held in that word. As generation has succeeded generation the idea of liberty has grown stronger and stronger, and in some districts of the world—and of recent years in the British Empire in particular—Liberty, or at least our twentieth-century conception of it, has flourished unimpeded. And throughout the history of the world men have arisen who have endeavoured to set back the clock of civilisation and to reduce their peoples, and neighbouring peoples, to servitude. There is no need to recount their names. But it might be as well to draw attention to the number that have originated in Germany. Adolf Hitler is the latest and the most ruthless.

We write in London on an afternoon when life seems to have departed from the city. The office which generally hums throughout the day is empty and silent. There is little commotion in the streets outside beyond the voice of a newsvendor declaiming news already dead. Already dead; yet it was news only half an hour ago. The pace with which events move in these days is staggering and quite beyond our comprehension. News is news in these last few days for no more than half an hour at a time. And so often in these last days we have accepted as news what was only opinion or rumour. Our minds have become fogged so that it is difficult for us to keep up with the ever-changing situation, with the increasing ferocious attempts to alter the map of Europe. As we write we know the latest news. By the time that this is read by all our readers that news will be as dead and as forgotten as the Pharaohs who waged war thousands of years before the Saviour of the World was born. Obviously it is no good attempting to write any more.

We are engaged upon the second World War in the space of a quarter of a century, and against the same people. The moral to be drawn from that is quite obvious, and we can do no more than set about putting that moral into force with all our hearts and with all our souls and with all our minds.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THIS is the story of two things that I saw on the same day. I was up in that part of the Chilterns, which still keep a clear skin against the rash of suburbanism, a kind of dermatitis, that has crawled all over the eastern and middle part of the range. Below the furry downs the Icknield Way wound snakily over the ankles of the spurs that give an indented line to the south-western scarp, feeling its path towards the fords of the Thames. The network of valleys and combes in the interior, amazingly intricate in their convolutions, have broad arms or causeways of land thrown across them, diverting the valleys to their ends and bearing some heaths, some woodlands, by no means always beech because of what Cobbett called "the red tenacious loam with flints, grey on the outside and dark blue within," above the chalk, encouraging to a mixed growth. Others are cornlands, for this land, with its cloak of tertiary deposits, is very favourable to arable, more so than other chalk downs, whose calcareous soil is purer. On one of these high wide cols above Fawley Bottom is an enormous cornfield carrying in succession wheat, oats and barley, all in good heart. It does the human heart good to see it in its rich, exhilarating, varied setting, and in a country that still preserves its identity, its individual character, its soul against the flood of pseudo-urban culture at its doors, intact and uncorrupted, and as it was two, three and four centuries ago.

But there is a serpent in this Eden of green and gold and russet fallow like the tiling of the old cottages. Among the barley, with the bearded ail brushing its posts, stood a gargantuan notice-board with "Building Lots for Sale" written in capitals across it. There is not much to be said about a thing like that, not much more than Belshazzar said when he saw the writing on the wall. For if a country so blasphemes the ancient prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread" as to allow the staple of its existence to be bought and sold for villa and bungalow sites, then it is clear that money is its god, that it will do anything for money, and that the soul of that country is in bitter peril. I say nothing about national issues; there is still another issue, and that is the worst danger that can befall any nation at any period, the danger of substituting god for God, a detestable little money-god for the Being that gave us this lovely, this bountiful land to be our home, to cultivate for our need, to make things of use and beauty from its resources, and to fill us with joy and thankfulness because there is no other land to compare with it in excellence. It is a good thing for that great Englishman, William Cobbett, that he is dead, since, had he seen a thing like that, his heart would have burst.

Away from that stink to a cottage of stone, brick and timber in the vale, possibly of the sixteenth century. This cottage stood derelict, and was taken by an artist who understood that art is not a matter just of hanging pictures in galleries for the appraisal of a few connoisseurs, but that it is a necessity of existence for all. He knew that because he had studied the works of the pre-industrial ages, when every man who did a job of work, any work, was an artist, because he was free to put his best into it, whether it was turning a chair or ploughing a field or building a cathedral. There is just as much art in making a good hoe as in painting a picture called "Anita," or "Patagonia in Spring Time" that looks like a drainpipe with a toad poking out at one end. Well, this man enlarged the cottage: he put a new coat of thatch on it with a geometric pattern under the ridge-board in the style of Norfolk reed-thatching; he put a bathroom and a wide staircase of elm and other conveniences, and he had electric light installed. He placed pots and other furniture made by the family in it, and he made new rooms with new doors to them of three-ply wood, but in such a way that the grain of the wood (even three-ply has *expression*, that is to say, the grain). I went over this cottage soon after it was finished, and the marvel was that it was actually a better house—I do not mean merely in its comfort, but also in its character and structure and appearance—than it had been when it was built. It was the same house, except that the love and skill (that is to say, the art) of the children had been lavished upon the loving and skilful work of the fathers, and in that sense "progress" is a reality. In the scene upon the hills, the tradition had been brutishly violated; in the house down in the vale the tradition had been extended and enriched by a new act of creation, that with reverence, but without slavishness, was linked to the old.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Transvaal paper: "Great speed at which some snakes can travel was shown here to-day. J. van Rensburg, a farmer of Doorndraai, states that he saw a 12ft. python give chase to and catch an impala rooibok. Van Rensburg said the python was hard on the heels of the rooibok for 300yds., finally bringing it down after clearing a bush 4ft. in height, behind the buck."



The average driven pheasant is within easy range

ESTIMATING KILLING RANGE

IT is remarkable how many faulty ideas are given expression on the subject of shotgun ranges. It is true to say that there are persons who shoot regularly and yet have only a vague notion of what a full 40yds. looks like. On the whole I think that the indifferent shot is the less knowledgeable in the matter, though it is hard to make a classification. The poor performer who seldom brings off a kill at full range may become inclined to lose interest in the 40yds. measure and rather to think in terms of 25yds., at which so much game is bagged. Concentrating thus on the nearer ranges, he fails to develop his powers of judgment, and 35yds., 45yds. or even 55yds. may appear much the same.

One effect of this is that all kinds of erroneous ideas about the killing capacities of guns and loads are made public. It is natural to suspect exaggeration when tales of long shots are heard, but in reality lack of judgment may as often as not be responsible. The trouble is that inexperienced persons may get a wrong conception of what to expect from their guns, and this can lead to misfortune; for if birds are continually fired at when out of range they will at least be rendered wild and unapproachable, and they may be pricked and become unfit for breeding. At the same time distance may be overjudged. This may mean that birds when in deadly range are allowed to go, which to a host keen on making a good bag can be a disappointment. Whether things are overdone or underdone, the nett result is unsatisfactory.

The greatest errors made are usually in relation to the height of birds. Here the tendency is to overjudge. When it is realised that a bird 30yds. up is considered a "good bird," it will be appreciated that the one at 35yds. or 40 yds. is often thought to be out of range. Such may be left alone or if fired at and missed may be written off as out of range, or if killed may be looked upon as a phenomenal shot. Yet if it were crossing at this distance it might not be thought to be any further than was the case.

Of course if, say, a pheasant is 40yds. up (120ft.) it will be out of range of any ordinary gun except when right overhead. But if a going-away bird can be killed at this range when its less vulnerable parts are largely covered, there should be no question as to the effect of a properly placed charge of shot when the vital organs are at its mercy. But it is in pheasant shooting especially that the most fantastic ideas as to range are expressed, when actually it is seldom that a bird crosses the line out of range.

One of the best ways to learn to judge vertical ranges is to get to know the height of some church tower, building or high tree. Then various birds passing over such marks may be watched and their appearance carefully noted. So when partridges appear the size of quail and pheasants the size of partridges, one can have a fair idea of the height they are above *terra firma*. A really keen man can always be keeping his eye in without going out of his way. When, for instance, he walks along Piccadilly, he can be studying the appearance of the pigeons as they fly and wheel over the buildings. And he can easily judge the approximate altitude of the latter by finding out the height of a single storey. Certainly when one can plainly see the ring on a woodpigeon's neck, that pigeon is within deadly range of an ordinary gun. Those who do much wildfowling become, as a rule, better at range judging than orthodox game shooters. They learn to judge by sound as well as by sight, and may tell by the noise of wing beats how far up birds are. For under certain conditions the fact that wing beats are distinctly heard means that fowl are out of range.

By continually pacing it out one can learn what a full 40yds. looks like. This, after all, is the main thing to get to know, for in a general way it is the limit of the killing range of an ordinarily-bored game gun.

Once the appearance of this is firmly imprinted upon the mind, the rest is easy. When one goes into a grouse butt, it is a good plan to make a mental note of the lie of the land around the 40yds. mark. Then one knows roughly where to take the first bird. Indeed, when shooting from one and the same spot, there is no excuse for not knowing when birds are within range. It is in walking-up, when the immediate vista is always changing, that the matter presents difficulty. Big open fields may create optical delusions which would not be experienced in a more enclosed country. Distances do not look the same over water, and in misty weather birds are usually nearer than they appear to be. Again, in the half-light of a dark November day, both the range and flight of game may be deceptive.

These are all cases in which only long practical experience can lead a man to make an accurate decision, though conditions may be such that even the expert is baffled. Herein lies some of that uncertainty which is ever an attraction of shooting.

Of course, if range-judging is important in game shooting, it is doubly so in rough shooting and wildfowling. There are so often occasions upon which a pigeon, duck or goose, for example, passes just within range for a matter of a second or so. Unless one can judge exactly the point at which this will happen, the chances of a kill are eliminated. One has to time matters so that the shot is made precisely when the quarry reaches this one and only spot. Conditions of the kind are often created when one is waiting for fowl at some vantage point. And not only is great experience needed to make this necessary calculation, but also in the correct alignment of the gun. For all the swing that is always required, unless a shooter knows the immense allowance that has to be given when birds are crossing at 50yds. or more, and at a great pace, he will place his charge literally yards behind. Nothing brings this more forcibly home than the case of a shot at a bird flying low over water when the position of the pellets in relation to the object is marked by the splash in the water.

One of the best ways of learning how to estimate range is to be frequently out and about alone with a gun. Shots can be carefully paced, trees and ground can be studied. In this way one can get to know what 40yds. looks like under all sorts of conditions; and while too long and so unsporting chances will be avoided, opportunities that are just within range will not be allowed to pass. Nothing is more reprehensible than wounding by firing at absurd ranges; at the same time it is as well to be able to deal with all game that is within deadly range. If a man learns to judge range in a split second and can use his gun, he will be a most valuable contributor to the bag.

"SCOLOPAX."



"AND AT NO GREAT DISTANCE THERE IS PERHAPS A LOCH"

MIXED SPORT IN SEPTEMBER

Varied Days to be Enjoyed on the Fringe of the Moors

By R. N. WINNALL

THE advent of September heralds in a new phase of activity to those who shoot on the moorlands. Days which have hitherto been passed mainly in the pursuit of grouse, whether walked up or driven, become less frequent and instead a greater amount of time is spent on the fringes or outlying portions of the moor and the cultivated land beyond. In such places grouse, although they certainly figure in the bag, are considerably less numerous; but despite this fact the shooting that is obtained is very pleasantly productive and affords great variety. From the edge of the moor one can hope for anything from a roe or a blackcock to a rabbit or a pigeon, and while no doubt toll of all these will have been taken in August, during September there is more opportunity of concentrating on them, and the fact that partridges are then in season provides an additional incentive to alter your plan of action in the manner that I have described.

The type of country that you find on the fringe of a grouse moor varies considerably. In places the heather gives way to pine woods or large areas composed of grass and whin bushes; in others the land is immediately of an arable nature, or on the lower slopes "between the desert and the sown" there may be swampy places such as are to be found in the middle of the moor itself, and at no great distance there is perhaps a loch which will provide you with a certain amount of duck shooting, though I hesitate to state that you will necessarily make a very large bag of them!

As the country on the edge of a moor varies so does the sport. There is no doubt, however, that at the beginning of September partridges will be the chief objects of pursuit in all places where they



AT SOME PLACES THE LAND ON THE FRINGE OF THE MOOR IS IMMEDIATELY OF AN ARABLE NATURE

occur. They do not as a rule inhabit the heathery portions of the moor where there is little to their liking in the way of food, and still less chance of dusting themselves, so they must be looked for elsewhere; in grass fields, amongst whins where these do not cluster too thickly, in roots and, of course, in the corn. In many parts of Scotland you can never be sure that by September all or, indeed, any of the corn will have been cut, and in that case it becomes needful to seek the partridges elsewhere. Generally, however, there will be a few coveys in grassy places on the edge of the moor and in areas of mixed heather and grass. They are not often very numerous, and it is a good plan, if possible, to discover beforehand the locality frequented by any particular covey so that when the time comes for shooting you have a fairly accurate idea of where it is likely to be, and that will make the task of walking the birds up considerably easier.

But there is far more to this September shooting than partridges. You may, for instance, after having sought out and taken toll of a covey whose whereabouts you already knew, find yourselves near a wood which is almost certain to contain a few woodcock, some blackgame and perhaps, if you are in the right district, one or two capercailzie, the male of which was once described by a friend of mine, who was nearly overwhelmed by one, as a "flying battleship"! It will behove you naturally to go through this wood, and if there are four or five in the party you can arrange a little driving of an impromptu nature, for two of you can move along to the far end and stand outside while the remainder go into it with the dogs and advance towards the stationary guns. If the wood is too large for a single drive of this type it may be possible to do it in two or more parts, particularly if it is intersected by rides; alternatively, all of you can walk through it in line. It was in an impromptu drive such as I have described that I brought off the best shot at a grey hen that I am ever likely to achieve. She came tearing down wind with a gale behind her, and my pride when she crumpled up was inordinate!

It might happen that after doing this, your way would lead across an area of poor heather interspersed with patches of swamp and a few trees. Here again is an ideal place for blackgame, which on the whole prefer this sort of country to the moor proper, and you may also come upon a woodcock or an odd grouse, besides rabbits and hares.



RISING FROM THE REED BEDS



GROUSE WITH OTHER SPORT NEAR TO HAND

Blackgame have a liking for moister places than grouse, and even on the moor are generally to be found in the damper portions of it.

Another favourite haunt is the side of a burn whose slopes are clothed in bracken and stunted trees. The cocks are far more wary than their wives, and do not often give you the pleasure of rising within a few yards of you!

In wet or boggy parts it is always likely that there will be some snipe, though their presence in any quantity can by no means be relied upon, for September snipe always seem to be more than usually erratic in their habits, and it is never possible to be quite sure where or when they will turn up. There is a further chance that in such a place as this, particularly if there happens to be a burn in the vicinity, you may also surprise a mallard or possibly a few teal. Duck sometimes remain alongside burns during the day, but not generally in any great numbers; a single bird or a pair is the most you are likely to find, though on a larger area of water such as a river or loch there will be more of them.

At flight time they will visit a loch if there is one in the vicinity, and there is a chance that at that time they will feed in the cornfields near the edge of the moor. This is most likely to be the case if you are near an estuary or if there are any really large sheets of water in the vicinity. I have in mind an estate overlooking the Solway, where I have had very good fun in this respect. Here there was also a loch of no great size, and it was possible with the aid of a dog to obtain several mallard from the reed beds along its shores during the daytime. On one occasion in fact the dog "retrieved" one before it even had time to rise and brought it to me unharmed!

And since we have been talking of flighting you must not forget that grouse and blackgame at this time of year will also flight down from the moors to feed in the cornfields, and that excellent shooting can be obtained if you take up a position behind a dyke or other place of concealment in their line of flight and intercept them. Mention must also be made of the shooting of pigeons as they come to the woods to roost or as they fly down to the corn to feed, of rabbits that lie out amongst the whins and in the grass, and of the occasional roe deer that may be encountered in the more wooded places. All these things combine to give endless variety to September sport, and to make it one of the most pleasant of all forms of shooting.

PARTRIDGE DRIVING TACTICS

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT



COVER GOVERNED BY THE HEIGHT OF THE HEDGE

In cases as above it is essential to stand close up to the hedge otherwise guns would be in view

MOST people can drive partridges—on paper. It is so easy to visualise the ideal beat, so shaped and sized that birds never pass over to your neighbour's vineyard, and so richly furnished with roots and clover, kale and rough stuff that they never dream of taking any direction but the right one. But it is quite another thing to translate theory into practice. For to put it bluntly, save on shoots of super-quality, with which to my regret I am imperfectly acquainted, one does not very often find at one and the same time coveys so abundant and cover so luxuriant as to make for the shooters' bliss on all occasions.

It might in fact be true to say that to kill partridges artistically is a good deal easier than to drive them successfully. For good driving involves the co-ordination of many factors which are largely indeterminate beforehand. In the sense of regularity of habit, partridges are calculable birds. At certain times of day every keeper knows, or should know, where to find them. But neither he nor anyone can make them go where they do not want to go. And so it follows that the major influences determining their flights are the situation of such holding cover as they normally frequent and the strength and direction of the wind.

With varying types of ground plans must obviously differ in degree. Yet the underlying principles are everywhere the same. The object of driving is not simply to put a maximum number of coveys over a given stand. It is even more essential to drive them in such directions as will ensure that throughout the day birds will constantly be settling 'twixt the drivers and the guns. And that is why I stress the strategical importance of holding cover. For whether birds are blanked into or driven out of it, each area must form, for want of a better term, a kind of temporary concentration camp. Which explains why beats must hinge on one another in order to ensure successive "feeding," and why for this accomplishment wide detours may be necessary.

Some people argue that to-and-fro driving is the most profitable, especially on shootings so extensive that there is no danger of birds flitting the boundaries. It is a matter of opinion, but I would urge in certain circumstances one definite objection to it. The distances young partridges can fly early in the season is governed by their stamina. For this reason driving prior to October may be unwise anyway, and, even then, to keep possibly backward birds constantly on the move against head-winds, with scarcely any rest between-whiles is the negation of sport. In any case, they will not stand for it for long.

One cannot emphasise too strongly the wisdom of alternate plans. Most days of unhappy memory are due to keepers coming out with one cast-iron idea which a sudden veering of the weather-glass renders totally unsuitable. Then either drives take place in changing winds against all principles of common sense, or else beats are reversed at the last moment so that not one is complementary to another. Either way failure is inevitable, not only because beaters are at sixes and sevens, and guns *en l'air*, but also because birds will scutter to all points of the compass.

Nothing is better calculated to throw a whole day out of gear than lack of cohesion. At one time or another most of us have probably suffered politely but ungladly the host who usurps his keeper's functions; the keeper who cannot control his men; the beater who will not do as he is told; the gun who contravenes all principles of field-craft. So, perhaps, I may suggest very briefly and without embroidery, what, in my humble view, are golden rules.

Down-wind drives are preferable at the beginning of a day because nothing short of a gale will stop partridges returning to their feeding grounds in late afternoon. And even in calm weather beaters should be more or less half-mooned to stop birds running to the flanking hedges. In a strong cross-wind it may be advisable for the outer flankers, towards whom it is blowing, to be almost as far advanced as the line of guns. Beaters tend to bunch together especially when going through thick roots, leaving wide spaces through which birds run back, and for this reason it is advisable to halt the line and reform when necessary, and invariably to do so when a large number of birds is concentrated close up to the guns, so that they can be flushed successively and not *en masse*.

The head keeper should always be in sole charge of operations. But two sets of beaters may be desirable on shoots where, in order to preserve the continuity of beats, wide detours are essential, or where too broad a frontage would otherwise have to be taken in one sweep. Moreover, this saves valuable time and obviates the temptation to prolong shooting until too late an hour. This, incidentally, is unsporting for two reasons. First, partridges make their chief meal in late afternoon; secondly, to shoot in a failing light birds that are never easy at the best of times, is to increase the chances of just wounding or pricking by 50 per cent.

That raucous noises are just as futile as haphazard flag-wagging may be impressed on beaters. Nothing on earth will stop partridges in full flight save straight shooting, and men who have the intelligence to squat when birds are coming down to settle, and then show themselves at the psychological moment are the men to pick as flankers. For on their manœuvring depends more than anything the line the coveys take. It will always be the line of least resistance, and if the first birds up find one unguarded flank, the remainder are more than likely to follow suit.

It is impossible to lay down the law on gun positions. Their distance from screening cover will obviously depend upon the lie of ground, though, if possible, ploughed fields which, wet and sticky, severely cramp the shooters' style should be avoided. But guns may remember that birds can see as well as hear, and that avoidable movement even when the beaters are still afar off, is as fatal, as avoidable imprecations when birds are breaking back. Nothing is more calculated to make them repeat the performance at the next attempt.

And now my space is out. I do not pretend that this brief survey covers more than the fringe of partridge driving. For when all is said, it is an art of which even those who have served lifetime apprenticeships would hesitate to claim the mastery.

BIG GAME AND STALKING TROPHIES

THE East African Professional Hunters' Association proposes to issue a book of African Big Game Records.

With this end in view, the Association has prepared schedules and measurements. Their policy, it is gathered, is that only measurements which are average and above average will be included, and these will in the first place be placed before the committee which administers the association and which reserves the right of inclusion and exclusion.

Forms of schedules and full information may be obtained from the secretary of the association, P.O. Box 825, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, who hopes that all those who are interested will apply.

If this idea results in bringing to light some outstanding trophies that are at present unknown to the public, it will mean that very interesting information will be available for sportsmen visiting Africa, and, indeed, for all others who follow big game. The "magnum opus" on the subject is, of course, the book published by Rowland Ward, Ltd., of Piccadilly, which is the most complete and most reliable work of its kind in the world. And while on this question, it is worthy of note that during the forthcoming Scottish stalking season the latter are offering to mount free the red deer head which, in their opinion, is the most outstanding of those that are sent in to their studios. In addition they will do the same in the case of the best head secured by a stalker under 20 years of age. Naturally, in the latter connection suitable *bona fides* must be submitted.

This should provide an extra stimulus to all who are intending to visit the forests. Even to those in good training, a long day on the hill can prove very arduous, though the young stalker especially forgets "the heat and burden" when the chance of a fine trophy lies ahead.

The great desideratum in the compilation of records of game trophies is that the system of measurement should be simple and the final judgment in the hands of a responsible body which understands its business and is competent to make a proper decision. In this way all that is implied by the word "authority" is brought into being and sportsmen are given a sure "peg" upon which to hang their standards. They then know where they stand and the degree of importance that their trophies represent in the eyes of the hunting world.

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS

XII.—Fly Hatches on a Chalk Stream

MY DEAR BOB,—In my last letter, your inquiry about nymph fishing distracted me from a consideration of chalk-stream hatches and I had almost forgotten my promise to tell you something about them; but when you ask me to give you a complete list of flies to carry with you for chalk-stream fishing you have asked for a letter which would certainly be overweight for the ordinary three-halfpenny post; that is to say, if you want to be equipped for every emergency. There are, I suppose, a dozen different species of fly which put in an appearance at one time or another during the season, and several hundred patterns which have been dressed to imitate them.

You are kind enough to refer to yourself as my pupil, and I am averse to you carrying a great number of different patterns, for if you do you will be for ever thinking that you have got "the wrong fly," and will waste your time in changing it, whereas the fault in most cases lies in your use of it. Either you are not keeping out of sight, or you have roused the trout's suspicion by some fault in your casting. Even in cases where several changes of fly result finally in rising the fish, and you are tempted in consequence to think that you have found the right fly at last, it is at least as likely that you have found a fly which floats properly and that many other patterns would have had the same effect if they had been cast and had floated as did the one which brought success.

All the same, for chalk-stream fishing you should carry a rather more extensive selection than the half-dozen patterns you used in Devonshire, so I will try to suggest a very few patterns which have shown themselves capable of deceiving trout which are selecting one particular species of fly coming up on the water.

On most south-country chalk streams fishing seldom begins till May, though April 1st is usually the official opening day. But whether you are there in April or the beginning of May, the hatch will consist of a large and rather dark type of Olive, with a smattering of iron blues; and if you get cold, blustering weather there may be a big hatch of iron blues and a smattering of olives. Since the keeper has shown you an olive you know what it looks like and will be able to recognise it on the water.

One of the most successful of imitations is Greenwell's Glory, but do not forget the tip about gold-ribbed hare's ear. If there are olives hatching out and the fish will not take a Greenwell try the hare's ear as they are probably rising to the nymph. If that fails also, try a very small pattern of blue dun. This is a deduction from experience. There may be a sparse hatch of iron blues which the fish are taking coming up along with the olives. I think you will easily recognise the iron blue on the water. It is like an olive in shape with wings held upright on the back, but is much smaller and looks almost black on the water.

It is useful to remember, especially early in the day, or late in the evening that fish may have been feeding recently on spent spinners. You can get attractively-tied imitations of the red spinner with hackle-point wings spread out like those of a spent fly, but I think you will find that an orange or red-quill hackle fly is just as effective if you cut off the upper and lower part of the hackle, leaving the side strands standing out which look very much like the spread wings of a spent fly. Do not oil spent patterns. The natural fly comes down waterlogged just under the surface.

Some chalk streams have a hatch of grannom which occurs usually in April. If you pull up a piece of weed and see that it is covered with a mass of small caddis cases in early April they will be grannom. A good hatch is generally rather dramatic. Flies come off in myriads, looking as if a mass of artificial march browns had suddenly come to life. The female fly has a green egg sac at the end of its abdomen, and you can get artificials tied to imitate them, with the same name.

Directly the weather warms up there should be pale wateries about. Unless your eyesight is a great deal better than mine, even with the assistance of glasses, you will not see them on the water; but if you find them clinging to your coat you will know there is a hatch coming up. They are a frail-looking fly, greyish white in colour, though I have never found an artificial tied to represent them to be any good. Perhaps they look different to a fish; but either a very small blue quill or, curiously enough, a small orange quill is sometimes effective.

I need not bother you with the mayfly, which comes up any time between about May 20th and June 7th according to the river, because I think you know about it already. Imitations are legion and fished like any other dry-fly dun pattern; but by the time the mayfly arrives blue-winged olives may be hatching out. If I say that the fly is about the same size as an olive with rather more conspicuous wings which have a slightly blue tinge, I think you will recognise it when you see it.

It is, in the main, an evening fly, and often it is too late to see the colour of the wings, but if you see what appears to be a rather large-winged olive hatching out in summer in the late evening you can diagnose B.W.O. and in nine cases out of ten you will be right. Neither I nor, alas, anyone else, can tell you what will catch trout during a mad rise to the B.W.O., but put up a good-sized pheasant tail and do not change it. I do not think anyone gets many fish in a blue-winged olive rise, but sometimes the fish seem to like a pheasant tail even after much casting and you may suddenly run into a bit of luck.



E. A. Barton

SEPTEMBER ON THE TEST

"There are also a number of sedges which you will find on grass stems and riverside plants"

Caperers are likely to be about in June and later. They are one of the very few sedges which fly much in the daytime. You will recognise them almost at once by their name, for their flight is well described as capering over the water. The Houghton Club have a good imitation—Lunn's caperer (hackle or winged)—which takes fish on the Test and would no doubt take them elsewhere. There are also several other dressings usually sold under the name of the Welshman's button, which also kill well at times. When fishing with this fly a very slight pull on the line just as it is passing a fish will often bring it up.

There are also a number of sedges which you will find on grass stems and riverside plants which rarely fly in the daytime, though you will see them fluttering over the water late in the evening; among them the great red sedge, a substantial insect as large as a mayfly. It is quite common to find them in trouts' stomachs, though how they get them is a mystery, unless it is when they crawl down a reed to lay their eggs under water. There is one dressing a friend gave me recently which has a body of claret-coloured mohair (or what looks like it) and wings from a pheasant's tail feather; and it is certainly effective. It is tied with the wings penthouse-wise over the back like an alder and is not at all the buzzy-looking object with much hackle and upright wings usually sold as sedges, cinnamon or red, in the shops. Ask your cousin to tie one for you on these lines and try it this month while you are down there on a chance riser under the bank; such a fish as you will often come across when there is no regular rise going on.

One or two other patterns may be useful at times; black gnat, for example. The natural will often be found swarming over the water in a tree-covered stretch on a hot day in late spring or summer; Halford's female black gnat is a good pattern. Then there are smuts. It is quite impossible to imitate these tiny insects for which trout have a great liking, especially on still hot days in summer when there is "nothing doing."

The small 00 black spider you took to Devonshire will probably prove as successful as anything; not that that is saying much. I advise you to carry a few Wickham's Fancies. This is a definitely fancy fly, but it floats very well, since it has a hackle ribbed down the body, and if you are fishing on one of those rather deadly days when only an occasional fish moves, generally under the bank, it is no bad plan to put up a Wickham and cast it to such fish as you see. But do not be led astray into prospecting with it.

Later, of course, you will add to your collection of patterns; if you are like most of us, you will add to it greatly; but you will find even then that you actually use very few of them; about half-a-dozen in all, I expect. They will not always be the same half-dozen, for one's ideas wax and wane on the usefulness of a fly; but the ones I have named will be ample for your requirements at the moment.

Yours affectionate Uncle,

HARVEY.

STAG, SALMON AND GROUSE

By MARTIN STEPHENS



THE Stag, Salmon and Red Grouse Trick in one day is a very old one, and, given time, opportunity and a fairly long purse, not a very difficult one to pull off. At least, so say they who have not accomplished it. In any case, in these days of motor cars it is a good deal easier than it was when one had to walk. But still, if it is not a very difficult achievement to perform given the right set of circumstances, it is, nevertheless something that not everybody has done. And one October our old friend, Louis Muttlebury Miltown, was stopping in just the right spot to perform it. Pitcall, in Sutherlandshire, is not exactly on the ground which St. John made historic, but it is not very far from it, and the upper reaches of the Helmsdale, the great forest of Pitcall itself and the low ground round the lodge, offered a very good chance of bringing off the triple event.

Charles Ramsay, his host, had had so many opportunities of carrying the event to its final stages that he had never bothered to do it, but he advised Louis to begin on the salmon. Doing anything against time is the devil, but fishing against time is the devil incarnate. Once you have caught your salmon you can off to the hill with six hours to spare. After all, you can always pot a grouse sitting on a rock. Louis deprecated such a possibility. "Well, you haven't stipulated for a 40-lb. salmon, a royal, and four birds with four cartridges from one pack of grouse."



"It was a salmon. They had completed the first leg of the course in record time"

So it was arranged. Louis was to fish up till midday, up to which time the stalker and gillie would wait for him. But if he had not caught his fish by then, then it would be no good going to the hill. Of course, as is so usual in the arrangements of anglers, the weather played him false. There were two days of blinding sunshine and low water during which the catching of salmon, or rather the catching of a salmon, was obviously impossible.

Next there followed two days of thunderous rain, broken by swirling mists all over the high tops, and then the weather broke fair again to what seemed an ideal fishing morning. Louis decided that this was the day for his first attempt. He, therefore, asked if he might try, knowing that the process could not be indefinitely prolonged, for his host had other guests; and a rod on the river and a rifle on the hill could not be kept indefinitely at the disposal of one stout, middle-aged southerner who wanted to put up another "record." Why not be the first man to paddle across the Bristol Channel backwards in a bath-tub?

However, the day started well. Louis had made up his mind that the salmon was the difficulty, and once it was on the bank there would be no further trouble. And it was by 9.30 a.m., to the vast delight of his attendant, and Louis's own smug satisfaction. It was a lean red fish, as ill-conditioned and likely to be as unpalatable as any fish taken in these islands that autumn. Nevertheless, it was a salmon. It might have taken the very indifferent cast of a very indifferent fisherman in a very indifferent way. In point of fact, it had. It might have been killed in seven minutes of the most indifferent fight which an expert could have reduced even more. In point of fact, it was. But it was a salmon. They had completed the first leg of the course in record time.

Three hours later, Archie, the second-stalker, was adjusting his glass with rock-like firmness against his stick, while that of Louis waved as vigorously as a semaphore arm. They were on the high ridge which was their march, running round in a half-circle for perhaps six or seven miles. Below them was a lower ridge, which gave a cup-like twist to the high tops of the forest, and in the middle of this lower ridge, and about half a mile to the right of them, was a pass surmounted on either side by high granite cliffs like the supporters of a coat-of-arms. It was on this point that Archie's glass held fast, for a long file of deer, perhaps some twenty or thirty, were passing through it.

Suddenly Archie put down his glass. "Yon's the Big Royal," he said. The Big Royal of Ben Na Cruachan had been much talked about that season, and twice stalked. On the second occasion, as a bullet had crashed 2ft. below his "tum," he had made off to more hospitable domains beyond the march and had been no more seen. Now he had evidently returned. He was the prize of the whole forest. And there he was, standing on a bump not more than 1,200yds. away, as authentic as the Bank of England, and much more certain of himself.

Now Archie and Louis were out that day to kill a stag, and here they were about to commit the cardinal error of killing *the* stag, which is quite a different thing. But all thoughts of doing the hat trick needs must disappear before those majestic tines. Not to attempt the stalk would have been the sin against the light. After all, it would be far better to lay those superb antlers against the larder wall than to place a switch, a raw, red salmon, and an old grouse together in lowly union.

Not that any of these thoughts entered their minds. They were far too busy with the subject in hand, and the subject in hand had moved off his bump and was following slowly up towards the heights. And therein it was shortly seen that he was offering them a very pretty problem. For the place these deer had chosen for their siesta was immediately below a great bluff. They could not be approached from above the bluff, as, apart from it demanding a long detour through the neighbouring forest, they were probably completely covered from view. If, however, they chose to approach from below they would become unpleasantly apparent both to the eye and the nose. And they had an adequate line of retreat to the other side of the divide along the base of the bluff to where the ground more or less flattened out about half a mile beyond.

"I think we'll just bide a wee." And "bide a wee" they did, from two till three, and from three till four.

At four Louis could stand it no more. His thoughts were all back now with that red and solitary salmon, the first part of that uncompleted triangle: a triangle by no means after the example of Isosceles, having equal legs. The leg he was now regarding was, so it seemed to him, ill-favoured, hairy about the heel, and of illimitable length. He determined that the situation should be eased. 'Tis better to have moved and lost than never to have moved at all.

The problem was a difficult one; indeed, it was desperate. The only possible advance was from below, and there they were almost certain to be seen. The only way that the deer could be moved was by separating, and for Louis to take up as good a position as he could on the slope below and for Archie to make a long detour on to the top of the cliffs, and then by either a sudden and unwelcome personal appearance, or by the hurling of boulders to frighten their stag off. Unfortunately, he was still surrounded by at least twenty other deer, and the chances were that if there was any sudden movement the whole lot would make off, and all chance of getting a shot would disappear.

As the decision only offered two alternatives, there did not look like being much more brain racking about it than is included in the spin of a coin. Finally they decided that Louis was to go round to a little knoll below the stag, and when he had reached it Archie was to move slowly forward. It was hoped that thereby the deer

would make off between Louis's knoll and the main precipice.

Louis had only gone a few yards before his confidence had almost vanished. He felt most horribly alone—that every step he took must be a wrong step. Quite why, he could not say. He moved slowly down the slope till he was hidden away from the top of the ridge and the precipice beyond it by an intervening shoulder. He was as isolated as Crusoe on his island. He turned to the left, parallel to the main cliff, whose summits, bathed pink in the afternoon sun, were just visible over the top of the hillside. He moved on, weighted with a sense of guilt, till he came to a spot which he reckoned was below his knoll. He had been on the move for about three-quarters of an hour, and he was beginning to stumble. His rifle seemed far too heavy. He was in what they term in Yorkshire a "muck sweat." Then, as he neared the top of the rise, he doubled up and, finally, crawled to the ridge.

He found himself a little to the right of his objective, but there, to the left of him all right, were the deer, about 400yds. off. He pressed himself closer to the earth and laboriously unshipped his telescope. As he did so he looked back, took out his large yellow bandana handkerchief and waved it at the hill behind him. It was the signal to Archie to start moving. And as he waved there was a sudden glint like a helio at half cock as the sun caught the lens of Archie's glass, fixed on him with critical precision. The helio suddenly went out. Louis could almost hear the telescope being clapped to.

A pause, and there was a resounding crash from the precipice behind and a great boulder came hurtling down the hillside. It sounded to our hero the sort of fusillade that might well have flattened



"He had been on the move for about three-quarters of an hour and was beginning to stumble"

was a spurt of dust below—3ft. below—the stag's hindquarters, and, with a toss of his head he, too, joined the throng and made off. Louis unloaded his empty case and began wondering what was to be said to Archie.

Suddenly there was the noise of a lesser avalanche from the precipice opposite. Louis looked up and saw Archie descending the hill as fast as his legs could take him. He arrived a little out of breath. "Come away," he panted. Louis came. They ran up to the bottom of the precipice, followed it, walking and running, for 400yds., the walks gradually becoming far more frequent than the runs, till they came to the drop in the ridge where the precipice ended. There was a hollow here about 200yds. across and a burn head. And here the deer had paused. It was a still day, and the converging scent of Louis and Archie had not yet reached them. (We are much too apt to regard scent as pin point, a directional affair; it is more dimensional, moving as it does by the square yard.)

They stopped just short of the hollow and Archie signalled to Louis to regain his breath and himself crawled slowly forward. Then he turned half over on his side and, with an imperative swing of the



"He was the prize of the whole forest"

the walls of Wellington's San Sebastian, even of Franco's. The deer, mildly interested, moved a few yards and continued to feed. Archie then proceeded to follow it with loose rocks and small boulders.

The effect of this on Louis's taut nerves was of an Alpine avalanche. It was accompanied by penetrating, loud reports, as the rock jumped from point to point. And then it dawned upon the nearest hinds that this was the work of no natural agency, and that that avalanche was a Gadarene avalanche. And off they went past Louis, a file at a canter and 200yds. away. But as they went other and unexpected deer rose as from the dead and joined in the flight. And then suddenly Louis saw the master stag, a little slower, perhaps, or a little more sedate, but not one whit less determined to get away with the best of them, and a stag so magnificent as to make all the rest of them look like common switches. He suddenly realised that those others, which seemed a moment ago such "harts of grease," were as nothing.

The stag came right across Louis's front, last of the procession save two youngsters, and paused outlined upon a rock as he stopped for a moment to look back. He was a good 300yds. away, and probably more, and very clearly out of shot. But he seemed in the clear light of the late afternoon, and in that definite silhouette, to offer a shot that was permissible. Of course, Louis knew it was not, but even as he lingered on it the thought crystallised into consciousness that it would be the triumph of triumphs to kill the big stag without benefit of stalker. He drew a bead and then a trigger. There

half-bent arm, signalled Louis to join him. Louis crawled forward and as Archie thrust the rifle into his hands he saw that the Lord had delivered him into their hands, more completely than he had to Cromwell at Dunbar.

Standing in front of the whole mass of deer with two lesser stags to right and left, like a leading tenor in front of the chorus with attendant singers to flank him, was the big stag. He was, perhaps, 70yds. away. It was a chance so easy that it seemed shameful to take, a chance such as would never occur again in a lifetime, ought, indeed, never to have occurred. Louis dropped him dead. What else could he do? And then, the avalanche having come again, the deer made off over the divide and over the march. What mattered it to Louis or Archie if 30 or 300 deer left their ground when the one deer that mattered was on it, and that deer dead.

An hour later the pony was up and the stag upon it, and Archie, Sandy and Louis passing in the last half light of day down the road to the lodge. The grouse were calling in the heather and they flushed two brace of them, right off the path. But so busy were they savouring their triumph and discussing it with Sandy that the third leg of the bet, so easy of attainment, was quite forgotten till they got back to the lodge, and had to admit that they had never bothered about it after all.

(This is an extract from "Sporting Progress," to be published later by Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

"Signalled Louis to join him"



SOUND HORSEMANSHIP

Riding for All. By R. S. Summerhays. (Bell; 3/6.)

Any pleasure which we feel at the widespread increase in riding on the part of the general public—and it is an important and valuable movement—must be slightly offset by the reflection that a great many beginners are handicapped at the outset of their riding career by a lack of proper and efficient instruction. Not even every riding school deserves the name. Mr. Summerhays' book, therefore, should be of the utmost value to a great many novices, for he starts right at the beginning, and his remarks are intended to produce efficient riders rather than star performers. There is, of course, no reason why the first should not become the latter, but that is not the purpose of this book.

Mr. Summerhays starts right at the beginning with a chapter on the horse's point of view, and then proceeds to show how the rider may best take advantage of it. There are remarks on the seat, the gait, jumping, gymkhanas and the stables. Everything necessary to produce a sound horseman is contained in this book.

EARLY DUCK SHOOTING

By J. C. M. NICHOLS

(With illustrations by the author)



MALLARD IN FLIGHT

IF asked to define "early duck shooting" I would say the first two months of the shooting season, after which (in October) there seems to be a definite falling off in the numbers of ducks to be found both inland and on the coast. Our home-bred ducks have now changed their quarters for "pastures new," many perhaps have taken their departure to France or Spain, and their places will not be filled by foreign fowl until the frosts of November herald a general migration from the North-east.

To many perchance my title will suggest the pursuit of immature fowl in the early days of August, somewhat as depicted in our old sporting prints—stalwart gentlemen with inordinately long guns, pressing along a dyke-side to flush protesting ducks on the very noses of their water-spaniels—in brief, a proceeding rightly termed flapper-shooting.

A duck-shoot on the opening day of the season was, in several places that I know, quite a time-honoured custom, almost indeed a local festival.

Long before daybreak all the guns in the neighbourhood would be astir to work the marshes—some by leave of the farmers and landholders, many (I fear) by "French leave."

The keeper hands would sleep out in barns, &c., so as to be out on their ground as soon as ever there was light enough to shoot by, and as dawn broke the sound of firing would resemble a regular battle.

When one is young and keen, a foray of this sort was not without a certain charm of its own. The long tramp across the marshes with an eagerly questing dog as the morning mist rolled away from the land, and little bunches of duck and plovers wheeling to and fro; while the intermittent moan of a fog-horn away at sea reminds us that it is still "thick" in the Channel, and every now and again a regular burst of firing would urge us to take what cover one could find and await our luck.

On such occasions the bag was (individually, at all events) a modest one, though in the aggregate a good number of ducks were shot, including (I fear) many backward birds that should have been left for a later day. "If I don't get him t'other chap will" being the prevailing sentiment.

With the recent passing into law of the Ducks and Geese Protection Bill, and the consequent postponement of the "opening day" to August 12th, all but exceptionally backward birds will have reached maturity or at least a fair sporting chance against the gun, and there is no doubt that the alteration of date will be generally beneficial; although I cannot help thinking that in a "forward" season it will work out hardly on some owners, &c., of marsh-land shooting.

Our home-bred ducks (mallard, teal and shoveller), once they are strong on the wing, are not long in shifting their ground, and if they are not dealt with opportunely may be lost for the season.

There is no doubt that flighting in its various forms is the most sporting way of dealing with "early" ducks, if only because really backward birds will hardly be met with on flight; while generally you have the advantage of dealing with your duck in some detail, vastly to the improvement of the bag. A morning flight in August will mean early rising, indeed, as the flight may well be over by 5.30 a.m.; while the evening flight in marsh country can be almost a martyrdom (I speak personally) from the attentions of marsh-gnats and mosquitoes. Still, I can recall many an enjoyable evening in August spent on cornfield or marsh (as the case might be) with ducks like black champagne-bottles silhouetted against the gradually darkening sky, or teal flickering in like bats over the reed-beds.

One of the most successful and (considering its modest area of some 400 acres of marsh and broad) the most prolific duck-shoot that I am acquainted with is the Salthouse shoot, owned and managed by Mr. Roy Pope, of Blakeney.

Here upwards of 1,300 wildfowl (all genuine wild birds, mallard, teal, wigeon, &c.) have been shot in a single season. The Salthouse marshes, as I can well remember them about forty years ago, consisted merely of grazing land with no more water than the usual drainage-dykes and a line of small brackish pools along the seaward boundary dignified by the rather pretentious name of "broads."

Liable to occasional inroads by the sea, both the Cley and Salthouse marshes were intentionally flooded during the War (with the object of hampering a possible hostile landing), and in 1921 they were completely "drowned" when the tide washed right up to Cley Village and the coast road. The breaches in the sea-walls were soon closed again by natural causes, the sea piling up an enormous accretion of shingle which now forms an effective bar to further encroachment; but the flooded area had reverted to its primitive condition of salting and mud-flat intersected by several large sheets of salt or brackish water.

Lying in the direct path of migration from North-Eastern Europe, the Salthouse marshes now formed a most attractive landing place for every kind of waterfowl, and by the enterprise of their present owner have been still further improved in this respect.



SHELDDUCK AND SHOVELLER

Mr. Pope's first care was to restrict the brackish area by altering the level of the banks and then to "sweeten" the various broads and pools by bringing a stream of water on to the central marshes from a fresh-running dyke. Belts of reeds (which have since flourished amazingly) were then planted to provide shelter for the mallard and teal, while by judicious feeding the water was made still more attractive to them. Barley is fed for the mallard and millet for the teal, besides which there is now an ample supply of natural food, both sea-aster (the seeds and shoots of which are a favourite food for the teal) and "eel grass" for the wigeon.

The Salthouse shooting records from 1928 to 1932 show a steady improvement in the totals obtained. Thus for the season 1928-29 the bag was 311 wildfowl, with 214 various, total 525 head. In 1929-30 only 270 wildfowl, but 60 coot, 36 snipe and 49 plover bring the total to 415 head. In 1930-31 we find 628 wildfowl and 51 various, with 102 snipe, 2 woodcock and 69 plover, making 852 head. In 1931-32 comes a slight drop in the bag of ducks, &c., viz., 513, but snipe, plover and various bring the total to 895 head. Next we come to 1932-33, which, as far as I know, is the record season for Salthouse and is worth examining in some detail.

In six days' shooting during August and September of 1932 a total of 541 ducks were bagged, consisting of 211 mallard, 230 teal, 40 shovellers, 3 wigeon, 1 gadwall, 12 garganey, 1 pochard and 43 shelduck; while the whole season produced 409 mallard, 517 teal, 298 wigeon and 120 various other ducks—total wildfowl, 1,344; which with 333 snipe, plover, &c., made a grand total of 1,677 head. On August 15th, 22nd and 29th bags of respectively 63, 67 and 58 teal were obtained.

During the first two months the marshes were shot on an average once in ten days. It says much (I think) for their attraction for wildfowl that the average of the bags was well maintained. I know few duck-shoots which would bear shooting at such short intervals without serious detriment to the bag.

The season of 1933-1934, though not quite so good in point of numbers, produced an even greater variety of wildfowl. In all 241 mallard, 450 teal, 185 wigeon, 41 shoveller, 15 pintail, 9 garganey, 1 gadwall, 3 pochard, 7 golden-eye and 29 shelduck—ducks, 981—were shot. To these we must add 10 geese (4 brent and 3 greylags, and one each of bean, whitefront and pink-footed), also 3 wild swans (2 bewicks and 1 whooper), which, with 310 coot, 71 snipe and 93 plover and various, bring the total up to 1,468 head. Of the geese the greylags were shot on October 21st, the rest towards the end of the season. The inclusion of shelducks in the bag may well be queried by some, as these handsome ducks are generally considered quite uneatable; but I am assured that a "good home" can always be found for them at Salthouse. I myself have been asked by little nippers in the village to "shoot them a shelduck." For why? "For father's dinner," was the dutiful reply.

Mr. Pope has found by experience that early morning flighting (however successful on other shoots and under different conditions) is not a good way of working the ducks at Salthouse.

The reason is that these marshes being, as I have stated, a natural feeding-ground, are full of ducks at night-time, and to start shooting before daybreak gives them a scare from which they do not soon recover.

On various occasions I have been privileged to take a gun at Mr. Pope's duck-shoots. The guns (usually six in number) would meet at the marsh-side about 9.30 a.m., and proceed to walk quietly down to their positions round the central broads—some to regular butts constructed of canvas and reeds, others to convenient places in the reed beds. Of course no shot must be fired until all the guns are properly posted. During the "walk down" some hundreds of duck may be flushed, to fly out to sea or perhaps to wheel round and pitch again on the adjacent marshes; but they have not been unduly alarmed and with luck some numbers of them will return in small parties during the next hour or so.

In fact it may quite well be a positive advantage to have "put away" a certain proportion of the ducks in this manner, rather than to have roused the entire stock of birds at the first volley of shots.

All being ready the shooting starts, teal rising like swarms of bees from the different pools and reed-beds, wigeon with their white underparts catching the light as they wheel up towards the sea-bank, and shelducks flying high and steadily like geese. After the first lull in the shooting the keepers start to walk round the outside marshes to rouse any stray birds towards the guns.

A "pick up" at midday (rather strenuous work for man and dog in the mud and reeds) is followed by lunch and a well-earned rest, and the day may be finished off with an evening's flighting.

A rough windy day (with rain or no) is usually the best for sport, as the fowl notice the shooting less, and will not stay long on the sea.

On a still, sunny "butterfly" day conditions are reversed and are found a handicap to making a really good bag.



REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

AMONG further bags which have been reported may be mentioned those of 194½ brace on August 19th, at Beldorney Castle; 190½ brace at Clova, on the 21st; 263½ brace at Meallmora (Dalinagary beat), on the 17th; and 225½ brace at Lochan, on the 19th. These all represent excellent sport and would compare very favourably with results in any generally good season. Two of the above were made in Aberdeen, which county has proved to be well up to and even above expectation. Cumberland, too, has turned out to be a fairly bright spot in a season that has been mostly disappointing in England.

SCOTLAND

Aberdeen

BELDORNEY CASTLE (CRAIGWATER BEAT).—On the 19th, 194½ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Sir Thomas Birkett, Captain E. Dangerfield, Captain H. Mathews, Commander C. Pinsent, Mr. Lionel Heald, Mr. John A. Ingleby and Mr. J. Libbell. Wind northerly, slight mist. Birds strong and healthy.

CLOVA.—On August 21st and 22nd, 190½ and 148 brace of grouse respectively were killed by six guns: Mr. W. N. Beath and Major E. Hulbert Litchfield, of New York; Mr. H. C. Brown, Mr. A. H. G. Post, Mr. Howard Baetjar and Mr. Edwin G. Baetjar, of Boston, U.S.A., shooting on Cushindarroch.

EDINGLASSIE.—On the 21st, 86 brace of grouse (two drives given up owing to mist); on the 22nd, 99½ brace of grouse; on the 24th, 110 brace of grouse; and on the 25th, 107 brace of grouse were killed by Colonel B. Abel Smith, Sir Gavin Simonds, Colonel Macbeth, Brigadier-General J. Hamilton and Mr. P. K. Stephenson. The following also shot during the week: Mr. J. Palmer Tomkinson, Captain Henry, Colonel Medlicot, Captain D. Abel Smith, Colonel Scott Duff and Major Chance.

KNOCKESPOCK.—On the 14th, 15th and 17th, 119½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns walking: Captain D. M. Wills and party. On the 19th, driving, 75 brace.

Ayrshire

ALTON ALBANY.—On the 23rd, 67 brace of grouse and 13 hares were killed by seven guns: Mr. W. B. Cuthbertson (shooting tenant) and party (seven guns), driving grouse. Birds strong and healthy.

SKELMORLIE AND BARR.—On August 18th and 19th, 84½ brace of grouse each day were killed by eight guns: The Earl of Eglinton, Mr. L. H. Wilson and party. Birds healthy but coveys small.

Inverness-shire

DALRASHNEY MOORS, CARRBRIDGE.—Mr. Alastair Currie and party have been having excellent sport during the past ten days. The bag to date is 627½ brace of grouse, the best day being on the 25th, when 127½ brace were got by eight guns shooting with one gun only. Among the guns have been: Admiral T. N. James, Colonel F. C. Dundas, Colonel G. P. Grant, Colonel D. Macleay, Mr. William Thomson, Mr. J. D. Jenkins, Mr. T. F. Rawle, Mr. S. Macleay, Mr. J. M. Munro Kerr, Mr. H. L. Usher, Mr. J. D. Waddell and Mr. Currie.

KINVEACHY FOREST.—On the 22nd, 108 brace of grouse, 1 golden plover; on the 23rd, 143 brace of grouse, 1 teal, 3 snipe; on the 25th, 120½ brace of grouse; and on the 26th, 115 brace of grouse were killed by Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, Bart., and a party of seven guns. The bags would have been larger, except for bad scenting conditions due to the heat and dry heather, which were great handicaps to the dogs.

MEALLMORE.—On the 15th, 181 brace of grouse (Home beat); on the 17th, 263½ brace (Dalinagary beat) and on the 19th, 192 brace (Westerhanger beat) were killed by eight guns each day; on the 15th, Sir Theodore Brinckman, Mr. C. W. Ogden, Major Barnard, Mr. J. Harrison, Miss Ogden, Mr. F. Rosegarten, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow, Mr. C. H. Gibson (181 brace). On the 17th, Sir Theodore Brinckman, Mr. C. W. Ogden, Major Barnard, Miss Ogden, Sir R. Spencer Nairn, Captain J. Godman, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow, Mr. C. H. Gibson (263½ brace). On the 19th, Sir Theodore Brinckman, Lord Clough, Lord Lovat, C. W. Ogden, Major Barnard, Captain J. Godman, Mr. C. H. Gibson, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow. Birds nothing like so plentiful as last year. This can undoubtedly be accounted for by a certain amount of disease, evidence of which can still be seen.

NAIRNSIDE.—On the 21st, 115½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Captain Sir Theodore Brinckman, Baroness Burton, Lord Somerleyton, Sir K. Lister-Kaye, Major J. Mellis, Mr. G. Harrison, Captain E. W. Jolicey, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow. Birds very healthy and in fine condition, no sign of disease, but birds not quite so plentiful as last year. On the 19th, Captain Sir Theodore Brinckman, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow and Mr. C. H. Gibson, walking in line a small bit of Low Moor, killed 49 brace of grouse, which constitutes a big bag for such a small piece of ground. Birds very healthy and in fine condition.

Kincardineshire

GLENTANNER AND DELAVAIRS.—On the 24th, 60 brace of grouse and 11 blue hares were killed by eight guns: Sir James Caird, Bart., Viscount Arbuthnott, Viscount Colville, Captain Forsyth-Grant, Colonel Remy-Tailyour, Brigadier-General A. G. Pritchard and Masters James and Edward Scrimgeour.

Midlothian

DEWAR AND GARVALD.—In ten days' shooting, walking up, Mr. A. C. B. Lloyd, Colonel J. W. Balfour-Paul, Mr. J. B. Lockhart Clunt and Dirculich.—On the 21st, 60 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns, driving. Misty in the morning, fine later. Good show of birds.

COCKHILL (CALLANDER).—On the 19th, 31½ brace of grouse, 2 blue hares and 3 snipe were killed by five guns: Mr. Robert Neill, Mr. Thomas Neill, Mr. Greer, Mr. A. Greer and Mr. Meikle (driving). Weather very warm. Birds strong and healthy, with coveys large with a few lots of chicpeys. Best stock for at least four seasons. Heather in good condition.

CRAIGNOUK.—On August 12th, 14th, 15th and 18th, 21½, 17, 7 and 11 brace of grouse were killed by three guns over dogs: Colonel Cecil Parker, Major O. E. Chapman and Captain F. L. Trotter. Birds wild and scarce. No disease.

DALNACARDOCH.—On August 26th, 54½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Major H. F. Ruddon's party: Captain J. W. D. Evans, Captain E. A. Knight, Captain S. Howard, Mr. A. Thorneycroft, Mr. J. McCormack and Major H. F. Ruddon. A good show of healthy birds. A strong wind prevented many birds from coming forward.

STRATHALLAN MOOR.—On the 19th, 54 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Sir James Derby Roberts, Lady Roberts, Captain G. B. Metcalfe, Mr. Norman M. Lee, Mr. C. W. Aykroyd, Mr. John Holdsworth and Mr. Michael Holdsworth.

SUIE.—On the 14th, 16th and 18th, 32 brace of grouse, 5 hares, 3 rabbits and 1 snipe were killed by three guns: Hon. Francis Curzon, Mr. Jeremy Clutterbuck and Mr. Francis Curzon, jun. Walking over pointers. This cannot but be considered a most disappointing result, as there has been no heather-beetle and no disease traceable on this moor. Coveys were few and none contained more than six birds. The keeper could not account for the scarcity, except on the theory that the grouse had shifted their ground temporarily, which can only be proved when driving commences.

SUIE LODGE, LUIB.—In August, on various dates, 75 brace of grouse were killed by two guns over dogs: Hon. Francis Curzon, Mr. Francis Curzon, Jun., Mr. Jeremy Clutterbuck and Mr. Timothy Clutterbuck. Birds are not so numerous as usual, and coveys seldom consist of more than six birds. In spite of fine and warm weather they have been wild on some beats. Heather first-rate, with no sign of beetle and no disease. Best day 20 brace.

TARVIE.—On the 19th, 68 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. A. E. Berry, Mr. Derbe C. Berry, Mr. G. Cross, Captain John Courage, Mr. B. M. Courage, Mr. E. V. Ford, and Miss H. Enland. Driving. Birds strong on wing and no sign of disease.

THE BARRACKS (RANNOCH).—On the 25th, 51 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Major Mann-Thomson, Colonel the Hon. David Bruce, Mr. W. J. H. Forbes and Mr. Mann-Thomson.

TULLYBELTON.—On August 22nd, 37½ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Prince Piss, Lord Portsvid, Lord Chaplin, Colonel R. E. Middleton, Mr. A. Murray, Mr. P. McCall, Captain J. Fitzpatrick Lewis. Misty, still day, visibility and light bad.

Renfrewshire

MUIRSHIEL (LOCHWINNOCH).—On August 21st, 132 brace of grouse and 2 hares were killed by nine guns: Lord Howard of Glossop, Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard, Hon. Martin Fitzalan-Howard, Lord Elibank, Lord R. Crichton Stuart, Colonel W. Cunningham, Mr. A. H. Bruce, Mr. W. Logan and Mr. D. Johnston. As already reported, there appear to be plenty of birds, especially on the high ground.

Ross and Cromarty

CRANNICH.—On August 22nd, 28 brace of grouse and 2 hares were killed by six guns: Duke of Somerset, Earl Temple, Colonel Spencer, Major Atkinson, Mr. Baskes and Mr. Caillard. Weather fine and clear. Fair show of birds, not as good as last year. No disease.

LOCHLUICHART.—On August 24th, 77½ brace of grouse and 1 hare were killed by six guns: Duke of Somerset, Earl Temple, Colonel Spencer, Major Atkinson, Mr. R. Caillard and General Pollok McCall. Weather fine and warm. Very good show of birds, no disease.

GLENCALVIE.—On August 23rd, 12½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. P. B. G. McLean and Mr. G. Webster. Shot in afternoon only.



WALKING THROUGH THE HEATHER ON THE GLENBUCHET MOORS, PERTHSHIRE. COLONEL J. BARCLAY MILNE AND PARTY

Captain Henry, Colonel Medlicot, Captain D. Abel Smith, Colonel Scott Duff and Major Chance.

KNOCKESPOCK.—On the 14th, 15th and 17th, 119½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns walking: Captain D. M. Wills and party. On the 19th, driving, 75 brace.

Ayrshire

ALTON ALBANY.—On the 23rd, 67 brace of grouse and 13 hares were killed by seven guns: Mr. W. B. Cuthbertson (shooting tenant) and party (seven guns), driving grouse. Birds strong and healthy.

SKELMORLIE AND BARR.—On August 18th and 19th, 84½ brace of grouse each day were killed by eight guns: The Earl of Eglinton, Mr. L. H. Wilson and party. Birds healthy but coveys small.

Inverness-shire

DALRASHNEY MOORS, CARRBRIDGE.—Mr. Alastair Currie and party have been having excellent sport during the past ten days. The bag to date is 627½ brace of grouse, the best day being on the 25th, when 127½ brace were got by eight guns shooting with one gun only. Among the guns have been: Admiral T. N. James, Colonel F. C. Dundas, Colonel G. P. Grant, Colonel D. Macleay, Mr. William Thomson, Mr. J. D. Jenkins, Mr. T. F. Rawle, Mr. S. Macleay, Mr. J. M. Munro Kerr, Mr. H. L. Usher, Mr. J. D. Waddell and Mr. Currie.

KINVEACHY FOREST.—On the 22nd, 108 brace of grouse, 1 golden plover; on the 23rd, 143 brace of grouse, 1 teal, 3 snipe; on the 25th, 120½ brace of grouse; and on the 26th, 115 brace of grouse were killed by Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, Bart., and a party of seven guns. The bags would have been larger, except for bad scenting conditions due to the heat and dry heather, which were great handicaps to the dogs.

MEALLMORE.—On the 15th, 181 brace of grouse (Home beat); on the 17th, 263½ brace (Dalinagary beat) and on the 19th, 192 brace (Westerhanger beat) were killed by eight guns each day; on the 15th, Sir Theodore Brinckman, Mr. C. W. Ogden, Major Barnard, Mr. J. Harrison, Miss Ogden, Mr. F. Rosegarten, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow, Mr. C. H. Gibson (181 brace). On the 17th, Sir Theodore Brinckman, Mr. C. W. Ogden, Major Barnard, Miss Ogden, Sir R. Spencer Nairn, Captain J. Godman, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow, Mr. C. H. Gibson (263½ brace). On the 19th, Sir Theodore Brinckman, Lord Clough, Lord Lovat, C. W. Ogden, Major Barnard, Captain J. Godman, Mr. C. H. Gibson, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow. Birds nothing like so plentiful as last year. This can undoubtedly be accounted for by a certain amount of disease, evidence of which can still be seen.

NAIRNSIDE.—On the 21st, 115½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Captain Sir Theodore Brinckman, Baroness Burton, Lord Somerleyton, Sir K. Lister-Kaye, Major J. Mellis, Mr. G. Harrison, Captain E. W. Jolicey, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow. Birds very healthy and in fine condition, no sign of disease, but birds not quite so plentiful as last year. On the 19th, Captain Sir Theodore Brinckman, Captain H. C. E. Bolckow and Mr. C. H. Gibson, walking in line a small bit of Low Moor, killed 49 brace of grouse, which constitutes a big bag for such a small piece of ground. Birds very healthy and in fine condition.

Kincardineshire

GLENTANNER AND DELAVAIRS.—On the 24th, 60 brace of grouse and 11 blue hares were killed by eight guns: Sir James Caird, Bart., Viscount Arbuthnott, Viscount Colville, Captain Forsyth-Grant, Colonel Remy-Tailyour, Brigadier-General A. G. Pritchard and Masters James and Edward Scrimgeour.

Midlothian

DEWAR AND GARVALD.—In ten days' shooting, walking up, Mr. A. C. B. Lloyd, Colonel J. W. Balfour-Paul, Mr. J. B. Lockhart and party killed 245 brace of grouse, 67 various. Birds very strong and wild. No disease. Weather excellent.

Morayshire

REVACK.—On August 23rd, 151 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, the Duke of Grafton, the Hon. G. Gibbs, Mr. H. Pilkington, Mr. H. de Zoete, Mr. J. Buxton and Mr. S. R. Allsopp. On the 24th, 57 brace were killed by same party. On the 25th, 61 brace were killed by same party (less S. R. Allsopp) (morning only).

Peeblesshire

DAWYCK.—On August 19th, 95 brace of grouse, 1 snipe and 9 hares were killed by seven guns: Mr. F. R. S. Balfour, Mr. Alastair N. Balfour, Mr. John Balfour, Sir Walter Maxwell Scott, Bart., Mr. E. Elliott, Colonel W. Thorburn and Mr. Mark R. Norman, driving.

Perthshire

ARGATY AND THE KING'S LENDERS.—On the 21st, 25½ brace of grouse, 15 hares and 2 snipe were killed by six guns: Mr. D. C. Bowser, Mr. H. C. H. Bowser, Mr. D. S. Bowser, Mr. W. McNair Snaddon, M.P., Mr. A. Bryce Duncan, and Major C. Falconer Stewart. Walking up. Plenty of birds, somewhat wild as a result of night's rain and wind.

BALNAKEILLY AND TARVIE.—461 brace of grouse, 2½ couple of snipe and 1 couple of wild duck have been killed by Mr. A. E. Berry and party of six guns, walking in line for few days, afterwards driving on August 18th, 19th, 21st and 24th. Birds were strong on wing and no signs of disease. A thousand brace could be shot by the end of the season.

ENGLAND AND WALES

Cumberland

BRACKEN BANK MOORS.—On the 21st, on Burnhope (Redan beat), 43 brace of grouse were killed: on the 23rd, on Crossgill, 65½ brace, on Priestdale, on 25th, 58 brace; and on Tynehead, on the 26th, 47 brace, by the following guns: Mr. F. Scully, Mr. S. Robinson, Mr. H. K. Pierson, the Hon. Caryl Baring, Colonel Williams, M. de Smit, M. Cock and M. Durand. Birds continue to show up well, but driving was interfered with badly on the 21st and 25th by mist, and on the 26th by thunderstorms and rain. Bags of 10 brace and 12½ brace were killed on the 22nd and 24th by three guns walking.

Northumberland

LINHOPE.—On the 28th, 109½ brace of grouse were killed by Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Chenevix-Trench's party of eight guns: Captain Marcus Heywood, Captain Simon Browne, Sir Christopher Magnay, Major E. C. Robbenese-Roddam, Lord Carew, Mr. Charles Chenevix-Trench, Sir Leonard Milburn. Birds strong and healthy with a large percentage of young birds. On the 29th, 26 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns on Blakehope: Major Evelyn Shirley, Mrs. Shirley, Mr. D. Robbenese-Roddam, Sir Christopher Magnay, Mr. Nicol Gray and Lord Carew.

Yorkshire

GAYLES MOOR.—On the 15th and 16th, 41 and 32 brace of grouse respectively were killed by three guns; Major G. H. Cradock and party (driving on the 15th and walking-up on the 16th). Very hot. Birds in excellent condition and no disease. Small moor of 570 acres.



A FORDSON TRACTOR IN OPERATION

NEW SYSTEMS *of* FARM MANAGEMENT

TRADITION in farming makes a first-rate servant and a thoroughly bad master. At this time of year when a fresh annual cycle is about to commence it is worth while examining how far one's system of management is dictated by custom and to what extent by logical reasons. Probably every custom had a perfectly logical origin, but that origin may be so many hundreds of years away that no justification for the practice may exist to-day.

In no direction has the influence of past ages affected our systems of management so much as in the determination of the uses to which we put our land. Location, rather than soil or climate has been the determining factor in this connection, as exerting the principal effect of the disposal of produce.

Writing in the year 1570, William Lambarde in his *Perambulation of Kent* has the following comments in this connection: "The Gentlemen be not heere (throughout) of so auncient stocks as else where. . . . Yet bee their revenues greater then any where else: which thing groweth not so much by the quantitie of their possession, or by the fertilitie of their soile, as by the benefit of the scituation of the countrie it self, which hath all that good neighbourhood, that Marc. Cato, and other old authors in husbandry require to a well placed graunge, that is to say, the Sea, the River, a populaous Citie, and a well traded Highway, by the commodities whereof, the superfluous fruits of the grounde bee deerely sold, and consequently the land may yield a greater rent.

In that black letter passage, just as in "Marc. Cato and other old authors," lies a sound business proposition. It has determined cropping systems for thousands of years, and is responsible for the continued intensity of specialised production in such places as Kent even to-day. Yet the logic on which it was based no longer holds good. To adhere to the ideas implanted by the original reasoning is to ignore the opportunities in marketing which are offered to every farmer as a result of modern invention and progress.

Developments in the transport vehicles using the roads have been much more striking, especially in the last few years than extensions of the "well traded Highway." The result is that without any spectacular increase in the extent of such highways in farming districts, there is hardly any district in the country that is not brought within easy reach of good markets by means of the fast-moving modern light-weight truck. Marketing no longer requires such close contact between buyer and seller as was once entailed by the need for word of mouth conversations. The telephone still maintains that intimate touch over a distance of maybe fifty miles; and the overnight talk between merchant and farmer will send the farm lorry speeding on its journey next morning with just as much assurance of prompt delivery as if the two parties were in the same parish.

In making the fullest use of the new opportunities the farmer has hardly been able to keep pace with the rapidity with which the automobile engineer has been progressing. There still lies before us a tremendous field for reorganisation, based on our new facilities. Unless every chance for improving output is seized, farms must in many cases tend to slip backwards as regards condition and financial returns. This is particularly true where the staple products of former times are of a kind which is meeting a falling demand, and the attitude of mind which leads a man to say that his farm has always grown such and such crops and will grow no other is simply courting disaster. In contrast, it may be said that some of the most outstanding examples of successful farming to-day are the result of a complete changeover in policy undertaken to meet an alteration in the times.

Matters which call for examination in the most critical light extend far beyond the system of utilisation of the land. In all considerations of manuring, for instance, one ought to have some guiding information on particular soils when making decisions on practice. The advisory service officially maintained throughout the country might be much more fully utilised in this connection than it is, for the time and trouble involved in getting soil samples analysed is but small as compared with the advantage of being able to spend one's allocation for manures to the best advantage.

In the use of feeding-stuffs, both home grown and purchased, the exercise of far more critical judgment than is often given to rationing would be well repaid. It often takes a season of scarcity of hay, for instance, to reveal that normal consumption has been unduly extravagant. In the very cultivation of the land, it can be demonstrated that many of the usages laid down by custom and followed without question for generations, are in themselves no longer sound and merely represent unprofitable expenditure.

In urging critical examination of traditional systems of management, I would repeat that I have not a word against customs of antiquity as such. They were probably originated by the most progressive men of their day. The only trouble is that many have long outlived their usefulness, as a result of changing times. They are retained chiefly because adherence to their dicta entails much less mental effort than thinking out a new line of action.

FRAM.



THE FORDSON VAN

SAFETY MG FAST!

THE M.G. PROGRAMME

Yearly changes of programme is not the M.G. policy and the present range of successful models will continue with the incorporation of detail improvements only. Prices remain unchanged.

The production of these high performance luxury cars is backed by the greatest motor car manufacturing resources in Great Britain and an unparalleled history of international record breaking and racing achievement is reflected unmistakably in the performance and character of every model.

Please write for fully descriptive literature.

M.G. MIDGET

Open two seater	£225
Drophead coupé	£270

M.G. 1½ LITRE

Open four seater	£295
Four door saloon	£335
Folding head foursome	£360

M.G. 2 LITRE

Four door saloon	£398
Folding head foursome	£425

M.G. 2·6 LITRE

Four door saloon	£450
Folding head foursome	£475

Ex works • Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall

EARLS COURT MOTOR EXHIBITION

M.G. STAND No. 125

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES, BERKSHIRE · SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LIMITED · COWLEY · OXFORD · ENGLAND



The old Order. Captain Horatio Ross and his Stalker

TWO STALKING CONVERSATIONS—WITH A DIFFERENCE

By FRANK WALLACE

"I HAVE had the happiness of being a deer-stalker for more than half a century." These were the words used by the late Horatio Ross when examined by the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Game Laws, 1872–73. With these words the late Lochiel opened his introduction to *The Red Deer* in the Fur and Feather series, a volume seldom out of my hands when I first began to stalk in 1896. Little did I think then that the glories of deerstalking would ever suffer eclipse. Only a week or so ago a writer in these pages was deploring its decline, and that there is some reason for his jeremiad is, unfortunately, true. Into the causes of this it is unnecessary to inquire too closely. One of the alleged reasons is that young men to-day are bored with stalking. That it entails too much physical exertion, and that they prefer a less strenuous form of exercise. This may be, and is in some cases, true. It is also said that to be led by a professional stalker spoils their enthusiasm, and that could they stalk alone they would be more ready to pursue the red deer. This, again, may be true, but one must learn to walk before one can run, and it seems to me that many of the young men of to-day are rather indulged. Stalking, when I was a boy, was looked on as a highly-prized treat, only rarely granted and anything but a matter of course.

I have lately been privileged to hear the views of two young gentlemen on the subject, and differing widely they proved, as the labels on the old "Spellikin" boxes of my childhood used to read, "Not only instructive but amusing." At least so they seemed to me.

The first of these was brought to lunch by some friends, and, as he was said to be an experienced stalker, I was told off to entertain him. A pimply youth of about eighteen (I learned, as will be seen, that he was known to his intimates as "Stinker"), obviously on the best of terms with himself, I found it somewhat difficult at first to adapt myself to his mentality. The entertainment of those much younger than oneself is not always easy, and I could tell at once that he was going to be difficult. It is quite permissible to be bored by stalking. Tastes differ, thank goodness, but I had not previously met anyone who professed to be a stalker and yet was bored by stalking. Possibly it was I who bored him. However, I started bravely.

"You're keen on stalking," said I, with bright interest.

"Oh, yeah! It's all right," he languidly replied, without looking at me.

"Have you killed many stags?" was my next effort.

"Oh, yeah! About fifty. I don't keep count." To one brought up religiously to enter every victim, however insignificant, in a carefully kept game-book this was a bit staggering. At his age stags had seemed to me the equivalent of ovis poli, markhor or 90lb. tusks to more experienced sportsmen.

"Any good heads?" said I, heavily wallowing.

"Oh, yeah!" (I winced.) "Sure thing. Three royals and some good ten-pointers." My suspicions were becoming a certainty. He *had* been to the "movies."

He stopped in front of a picture of deer. It showed a bunch of stags, most of them bad heads and switches with one good young eleven-pointer. In desperation, just to find out what his answer would be, I asked which one he would shoot.

"That," he answered, indicating the eleven-pointer.

"It's meant to be a young stag," I ventured.

"Oh, yeah! What's that matter? It's the best head."

No longer able to contain myself, I answered him in his own language. I, too, had been to the "movies."

"Boy," said I, "you've sure spilled a mouthful!"

That did rouse him. Behind that pimply façade I saw the words "You kan't do this to me" trembling. The spark faded.

"Oh, yeah!" said he indifferently. "I'll be going." And he went. I hope I did not look as much of a fool as I felt.

The other boy was of a very different type. Younger by a year or two he came into the room as if he stepped the hill. Looking straight at me with wide, alert, very blue eyes his smile was like the sun breaking through the mist. Absolutely natural, he treated me as an equal, but with a charming deference that one does not always find. There was no need for me to make conversation. He darted about like a dragon fly with a running accompaniment of remarks.

"I say, that's a nice head, but I like that one better. What a ripping picture. Lionel Edwards. He can paint stags. I like them just as much as his horses. I love stalking. Of course I haven't done very much, but I count the days till I get back to Scotland." Curiously enough, a very distinguished and well-known American made exactly the same remark two days later. He was old enough to be the boy's grandfather.

"How many stags have you killed?" I asked, stemming the torrent.

"Well, I killed my first one two years ago, and I killed two last year. They all had rotten heads. You see, father's frightfully particular. I mean about going out and what I kill. I always go with him, though, when he stalks, so I've really done quite a lot for my age. Of course, he's quite right really (this very confidentially). It's pretty sickening when you've got up to a lot of stags and some have really good heads like that one"—he pointed at the picture of the 11-pointer. I interrupted.

"Which of those would you shoot?"

He examined the picture with great care. "Oh, one of those twerps. That switch, I think."

"Go on," said I, satisfied.

"What? Oh, yes. Well, it's not much fun, really, shooting a stag you know might improve, though I would like to get a good head. Father says I can shoot a really good one when I'm twenty-one, if he's got enough money then to have a forest. If I did now, there's not so much to look forward to, and I think of that stag a lot. If I shot one now, and it might improve, I should be pretty sick afterwards. You know, I should always be thinking of what it might have been."

"Might-have-beens are very important," I agreed.

He looked at me quickly, but I looked away.

"Yes, they are, aren't they?" he said. He darted off again. "What nice books you've got! I've read a lot of them. I like Millais best. Who's Bonar?"

I showed him *Forest Creatures*, and he rapidly turned the pages.

"I say, this is jolly good. 'You never may say with certainty where a head of game may not be, I've found that. When you're alone you can't relax. I like being with a stalker because you can look about at the hills and everything, and not be watching all the time. This book's a lot about driving and other game, isn't it?" I told him it was. "There's such an awful lot to learn." He sighed. "I suppose stalking in Scotland is pretty tame after big game?"

I assured him it wasn't, and that a day on high ground in Scotland was about as good sport as one could get anywhere.

"What's the most important thing to learn about stalking?"

This was a bit of a poser, but after a good deal of conversation, we agreed that to learn to shoot from any position, especially off the shoulder, was, so to speak, the ground-work. Then very careful spying, and, if you were stalking alone, the location and memorisation of landmarks which appear so different when viewed from a closer or different angle. Sudden movements he considered very bad, and I gathered that on one occasion he had had to take his father to task for this sin, which had resulted in his losing the chance of a shot.

"Don't you think stalkers are awfully apt to pinch the best place when they get near a stag?" he asked gravely.

I told him I thought it was the commonest fault.

"I thought it might just be my own idea," he remarked naïvely. "I'm glad you think so too."

"Don't ever get in a cramped position to shoot," I ventured, as he seemed to ask for advice.

"No; I'll remember that," he said. "One's a bit inclined to if one's excited. Another thing our stalker's awfully apt to do," he went on, "is to go too fast. I mean he comes on deer suddenly, and they see him. I always try to go very slow when I'm after roe."

"It's even more important after roe," said I. "They see much quicker than red deer and they're more suspicious."

"It's much harder to get a good head, too, isn't it?" he asked. "Millais says so."

I told him I had been trying to get a first-class roe for nearly 40 years, and had not succeeded yet.

"Anyway, it's grand sport trying, and you never know what may turn up."

"That's the whole fun of stalking."

"By the way," I asked, as he was going, "Isn't—I named my previous visitor—at your school?"

He laughed. "Oh, yes. His father's got ——" mentioning a big forest. "Stinker's not a bad chap, but he's a bit blasé. I think his father's got too much money." I was relieved that I was unlikely to come under his condemnation on that score.

"He's shot an awful lot of stags, but I don't think he really enjoys it. It's a bit too easy for him. Why," he went on in a burst of criticism, "he'll have done everything before he's grown up. He hunts and fishes and shoots and stalks, and I believe he goes to night clubs, and, well—everything," he ended comprehensively.

I felt a bit sorry for Stinker, and I felt, too, a bit sorry for his father, though I am quite sure my sympathy would have been wasted. I could not, however, help reflecting that possibly stalking is made too easy for some young men, and that this may, in part, account for its decline. Most of the young men who are kind enough to include me among the number of their friends, are enthusiastic stalkers. Many others would be if they had the chance. Unfortunately, in these days, many of those who are in a position to buy or rent forests, prefer other forms of relaxation. That it is out of fashion at the moment is true; that it will sink for ever I cannot believe. The real stalker, such as my young friend, will always be there, and the sport itself will always remain what it is, one of the grandest in which anyone can indulge.

"Good-bye, and thanks awfully," said my visitor as he left. "Would you mind awfully if I came again? I've loved being here."

"No," said I; "come again whenever you like, I've loved it, too."

So he went, and I was sorry to see him go, with his smile and his enthusiasm and his keenness, for it made me think of the time when I was his age, before I had met any might-have-beens, when the meadows were still trackless, the hills not so high, and memories, too, were not there to keep the shadows from stretching too far.

Stag Party







It is a party where men are men and the whisky is Johnnie Walker. This is a whisky which has all the virtues, just as it has *all* the finest whiskies of Scotland in its blend. Over a century's accumulated skill goes to combine these whiskies in perfect harmony. The result is the smoothest and most satisfying drink a man could ask for. The blending does it!



Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

F





BIRDS BY TH

Photograp

GUY B.

On the left-hand page at the top a the silver-grey plumage of adol photograph was taken in Novem knots, the mightiest of all bird-tr cloud, above the winter tide; ana of common terns rising from the wa in flight action. On the right-han catchers at the beginning of thei season. This photograph was tak dunlins, in full breeding plumag bottom picture shows mallard feedi photograph—in our opinion one o from a specially prepared hide-a When the shutter was released the yards of the lens—a remarkab mallard on





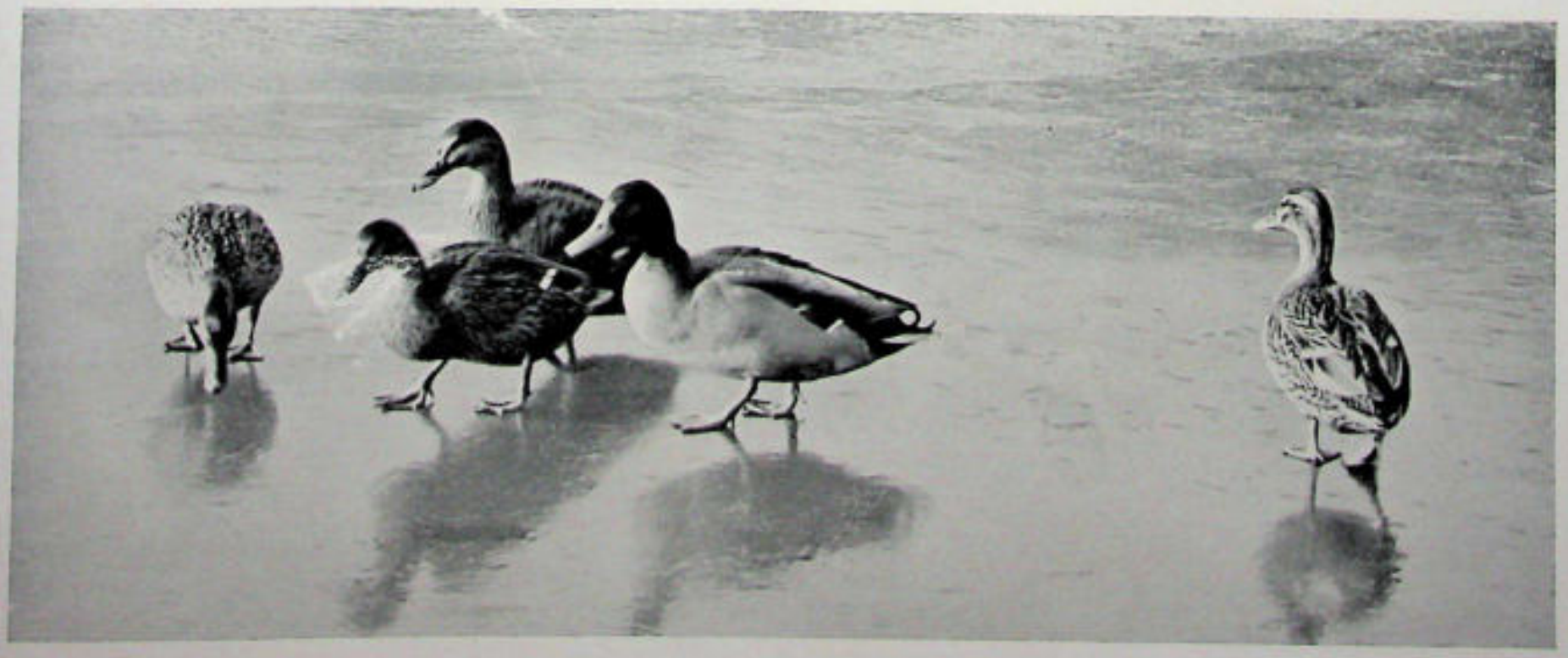
SEASHORE

d by

ARRAR

curlews, bar-tailed godwits in
e, and oyster-catchers. This
. In the centre is a flock of
ellers, sweeping, a grey smoke-
e bottom picture shows a flock
's edge—an interesting study
age at the top are four oyster-
urney south after the nesting
in July. In the centre are
moving northwards; and the
on the edge of the tide. This
Mr. Farrar's best—was taken
-on the edge of the saltings.
duck were actually within ten
close-up of birds as shy as
shore.







"What's yours?"

It's a WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE



GOING OUT ON AN AUTUMN MORNING—WHEN THERE IS A REJUVENATING SNAP IN THE AIR

THOUGHTS ON AUTUMN SHOOTING

By LORD DORCHESTER

THOUGHTS on autumn shooting cover a wide range of sport during the pleasantest months of the year, and conjure up memories of some of my happiest days with dog and gun. Weather conditions, for one thing, are usually ideal (always touching wood, notwithstanding), for during autumn latest summer blends with earliest winter in a happy combination of warmth with freshness. Gone are the breathless days of August, while the real chill of winter is still far distant, albeit autumn gives us the aftermath of the one with a foretaste of the other. There is such a rejuvenating snap in the morning air, and so heartening a glow from the mid-day sun, that a man cannot fail to enjoy himself to the hilt, whether he is merely pottering up and down hedgerows with his spaniel, or getting his two in front and one behind each time a covey tops the belt.

It was on just such a day when, at the age of eleven, I fleshed my maiden blade, or, in other words, shot my first running rabbit. I have slain thousands since then, of which I can remember nothing, but every detail of that first kill is engraved indelibly on memory's tablets.

My stepfather walked beside me to enforce the safety codes, as we flanked a hedgerow some hundred yards ahead of a keeper and his two dogs. Hunting men will know, or know of, those thick Blackmoor Vale doubles with their great overgrown banks and bramble-covered ditches, such as we were beating that day. I heard one of the spaniels yelp to a find, followed by a shout from the keeper, "Look out forward, do 'ee mind out, her be a'comin' down ditch right to 'ee," and on the heels of the burred West Country warning the rabbit burst from the ditch at my feet and went racing down the hedgerow, as though the devil had kicked him. Somehow the unwieldy 20-bore found its way to my shoulder, went off with a bang and a violent kick, and there was the rabbit turning a somersault, dead as a doornail.

My first running shot, and a clean kill—my goodness! what a lot I have missed since then. But even the memory of that first shot still lingers, and so even to-day when I take the field on a bright autumn morning how often does my mind go back to leafy Somerset, its rich green meadows and towering hedgerows! I see again a tall bewhiskered figure stalking beside a small boy who is clasping anxiously a badly-balanced gun, while a velvet-clad keeper seeks to restrain the enthusiasm of two badly-broken spaniels. Autumn shooting, as I have said, covers a wide range of sport, and may mean anything from a hedgerow hunt after rabbits, to a 500-brace day on one of the big partridge shoots; or, alternatively, a rough walk in Scotland, where starting in the low ground after partridges, we work our way uphill to take on the rabbits in the bracken as best we can, then emerging from the bracken on to the moor we pick up a few brace of grouse before reversing our proceedings on a long downhill slant to the lodge. Bog trotting, too, in Ireland, after snipe and duck, and even deer stalking, fall within the category of autumn shooting, but what I have in mind is one of those jolly mixed days in England when, with partridges and wild pheasants as our objectives, we spend the day alternatively walking and driving.

Four guns and a couple of keepers, and at the most half-a-dozen beaters, we start by walking some of the stubbles and plough into roots or clover ley. This having been accomplished, there arises the question as to whether we shall walk up the partridges which we have driven in, or drive them over a convenient hedge. The young are all for walking up, the mature in age, myself among the number, favour a drive, but the keeper has the casting vote. That worthy points out that four guns cannot possibly cover the intended front, and also that a drive over this particular hedge may put the birds off our ground, and so in this the first serious attack youth has its way, and we walk up. Later on we come to a field of roots, which is known to harbour a number of wild pheasants, and this time age comes into its own, because the keeper wants to hustle these birds towards home, and so a very pretty drive ensues, pheasants and partridges coming together or alternately, or anyhow.

One gun only is the order of the day, and great is the fumbling to reload when a noble cock pheasant comes sailing along just after we have saluted a covey of partridges. It is a still day, and the partridges do no more than just skim the hedges, but the pheasants, with no near cover in view, soar straight aloft the moment they are flushed, and, flying high, make for the home wood half a mile away.

Thus walking and driving, with intervals of beating converging hedgerows to their points of junction, the day passes all too quickly, but what a delightful day it has been! Forty-brace odd of partridges, some 30 pheasants, a dozen rabbits and two or three hares, just enough for soup, although we might have had 20.

Small beer, my masters, you with your two guns, and your loaders, your spare magazines, and 200 brace before lunch, but there is a lot of good drinking in small beer, and some of us prefer it to champagne.





PARTRIDGE SHOOTING OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Though shooting over dogs, as shown in Stubbs's painting, is still carried on in a few places, the more general method is that of walking, as shown in the photograph. The Gun in the latter is Mr. Patrick Chalmers

CHUKOR IN NEW ZEALAND

By JOHN MACONIE

ALTHOUGH two years have elapsed since an article on Chukor as a sporting bird appeared in these columns, when its introduction into the Homeland was then mooted, so far as I have seen no great interest was evinced. Nor did any inquiries or discussion appear in the correspondence. Perhaps a few remarks on their introduction into New Zealand and the success attendant thereon, might not be out of place now. Possibly it may be even a guidance. While the various varieties of this bird are to be found throughout part of Europe and a great part of Asia, there are but few places where it has been successfully acclimatised. It has been established in St. Helena, I have read, but the most outstanding instance of success in its introduction has been in New Zealand, where almost every acclimatised animal seems to have thriven even better than in its native habitat. In this particular instance it has thriven certainly as well.

Though chukor were first introduced into the North Island possibly earlier than 1926, they never were a success there, and are not now to be found in that half of the Dominion. Speaking with surety of the South Island, importations from India were first secured by the Otago Acclimatisation Society in 1926, when 25 birds were liberated in the Hunter River Valley. In 1928 a shipment of 42 out of 50 ordered, were landed in Dunedin, and of these 24 were again liberated in the same locality. A further shipment of 38 out of 46 shipped at Calcutta in 1929 came to Dunedin. Of these, 28 were liberated near Cromwell. A batch between the first and second mentioned were not successful, all but one having died en route. From these meagre liberations in Otago have sprung the thousands which are now to be found over hundreds of square miles of this countryside.

Farm rearing of the birds has been tried by the North Canterbury Society for several years, but no great success attended this venture, and within the past few years the stock birds have been liberated, more attention being paid now to pheasants and Californian quail. The chukor has found the foothills of the Southern Alps suitable, and Otago seems to be the favoured province, although they are to be found in the back country of the Ashburton Society in North Canterbury

The birds are extremely hardy, and range throughout the year from the relatively low-lying flats of 600ft. to 800ft. above sea level, to an altitude of 7,000ft. to 8,000ft. Extremes of heat and cold are alike to them. The clutches of young birds usually number from ten to fourteen, and in the shooting season, usually May to July, great coveys are to be seen. Often they are distinctly heard, though not visible among the rocks with which their colouring effectively blends. A dry climate is essential for their welfare, and rocky barren hillsides are their favourite haunts.

They have increased and spread enormously in Otago, but they are evidently too wary for the sportsmen, who make little impression on their numbers. A dozen birds for the season to one gun would be reckoned good here, and such birds are usually shot during quail hunting. Possibly more organised beating and driving as is employed in the Himalayan heights would produce better results. They are seldom seen in flight and then only when flushed or disturbed. They always prefer running or walking to flying, even though their flight is so swift and strong. In feeding they are prone here to take strychnined carrots, laid for rabbits, to their undoing.

Regarding any proposed introduction of these birds into Great Britain a few notes on their feeding would not be out of place. So far as being destructive of anything of economic value in New Zealand, there is no evidence. Possibly they are insectivorous as well as gamnivorous. Their chief food appears, from investigation, to be the seeds of blackberry, Wild Irishman (*Discaria*), Yorkshire Fog, some trefoils, probably sorrel and clover, catsear and chickweed. No instance of damage to crops has ever been mentioned by agriculturalists or pastoralists. It would be a pity if their introduction into Britain should militate against such sport as is afforded by the red grouse or what is more likely in the Highlands of Scotland, our picturesque white game.

Whether the original stock of chukor in New Zealand came from domesticated birds in India, or from a purely wild strain of the N. W. Provinces, I cannot say, but an interesting account of how the natives of Iran shoot and trap chukor appeared in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal of July, 1936, from the pen of J. V. Harrison. The article is entitled "Kuhgala S. W. Iran."



THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

Cigars in Condition

NOTHING that is really best in the world ever just happens; it always requires a certain amount of trouble, care, expense or imagination and cigars are no exception to this rule.

The most important of all is the moment in the life of a cigar when it is lighted, and unless it is "in condition" at that all-important moment, everything is lost.

The tobacco leaf is extraordinarily sensitive, and the finer the leaf, the more sensitive it is to atmospheric conditions; it feels the damp much more acutely than the most rheumatic person: it not only feels it, but it cannot keep it out of its sensitive fibre and damp air is fatal to any good cigar: it makes it sick and unfit to smoke. If it only meant keeping cigars in a hot cupboard to keep them in health, or in condition, all would be well.

Unfortunately, a "baked" cigar, such as one usually gets at luxury hotels, is only a little less bad than a damp cigar; it is not so rank; there is between the two the difference between dry and wet straw; the dry is better than the wet to sleep on, but a spring mattress is quite another thing. So is a cigar in condition.

I remember going to Rio de Janeiro in 1907 with a provision of good cigars—Santa Damiana No. 77—carefully packed to keep the sea air out; they did not last me very long. From Rio I went to Sao Paulo overland and then to Santos to continue my voyage southwards to Buenos Ayres. I joined the boat in the evening and dinner was served soon after we sailed. After dinner, a fellow passenger, whose name was Noel—he was outwards bound to his new post as British Consul at Rosario—took out of his pocket a little parcel and unwrapped one after another alternate sheets of tissue and silver papers; at last he uncovered and lighted a cigar that was in condition and so good that I was ever so keen to ask for one.

There was no band on the cigar but the shape and size were familiar to me and, affecting perfect indifference although in a tense state of excitement, I said to Mr. Noel, "Would it surprise you if I told you the name of the man who sold you this cigar, and what you paid for it?"

"It would," agreed Mr. Noel.

"Well, I believe that his name is Klingenstein, his shop in St. Mary Axe, and that you are smoking a Santa Damiana No. 77."

All correct. And from Santos to B.A., Mr. Noel most generously pressed upon me his carefully packed cigars that were "in condition."

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

AT times, I think, life seems rather like a comic opera, for some people behave exactly as if they were playing a part before a large and enthusiastic audience. I will give you an example of this. Years ago, when I was area intelligence officer in Turkey, fate decreed I should be allotted a Circassian secret agent named Suleiman who lived up to the very best stage traditions.

* * *

He was short and by nature very rotund, and various protuberances under his coat—occasioned as I afterwards discovered, by a small arsenal—made him present an even more curious appearance than he otherwise would have done. He boasted a cavalry moustache, which he used to twist, and displayed such pomposity of manner that he was obviously meant to be nicknamed "The Magnificent." Communication between us was a matter of some difficulty, for I spoke no Turkish, and he could only produce exceedingly bad French interlarded at intervals with a language which may, for all I know, have been Circassian.

* * *

As regards secrecy, his ideas were highly original. One might have thought that daily visits to my office tent would have afforded ample opportunity for communication between us. But no; this was not his idea at all; he like the dramatic touch, and every now and then in the middle of the night, when I was sound asleep, Suleiman would arrive and impart in a stage whisper such gems as: "The brigand Mustapha was seen in Yarimja three weeks ago." It was, I suppose, his way of impressing me he was earning his pay, and I do not suppose he ever realised in what danger he stood of suffering assault and battery. With all this song and dance about secrecy, one might have expected he would take great pains not to be seen with me in public. But no, not at all; rather the contrary in fact. Whenever I went to Constantinople, Suleiman would rush up to me on the crowded platform, salute smartly, and engage in bright conversation, so that half Anatolia must have been fully aware of the occupation in which he was engaged.

* * *

All the same Suleiman had his good points. He looked upon it as being part of his job to bring me presents of lobsters, Tafahnjil grapes and tobacco, which had, I am quite certain, been smuggled across the gulf. What is more he was a brave man, and on one of the few occasions when his information was accurate enough to bring us in contact with the enemy, he displayed great courage and advanced with a rapidity that seemed almost miraculous in one of his build. How he got on when we left Turkey, I do not know, but the future seemed uncertain, for he begged from me two Mills bombs which had been found during a raid on a Greek house. He said he was going to keep them on his mantelpiece lest any enemy should come upon him by stealth and started playing with the pin of one of them in such an alarming way that I made my farewell in a hurry.

* * *

Another strange character was an Arab prince, with whom I shared a carriage in the Orient express. Though quite funny, he was also an exhausting companion, for he either poured out to me a long story concerning his adventures in England or else played a violin from which he produced most curious noises partly due, no doubt, to the jolting of the train. He had with him a dog, which was supposed to have a pedigree, and certainly had a temper. It proved a very expensive luxury, as at every frontier after he had declared in ringing tones, "I am a prince," hard-hearted Customs officials charged him a sum large enough to be in keeping with his rank.

* * *

He became very put out by this and the scrupulous attentions to which his luggage was subjected, but announced pontifically: "They do not know me here. Wait till we come to the Turkish frontier, and then you will see them salaam; they will acknowledge my position." Alas! when we did arrive at the Turkish frontier history repeated itself, and there was a most distressing scene. The poor man almost burst into tears when the Turkish Customs official advanced in menacing fashion upon his luggage, and it was only after lengthy explanations and a large tip that a reluctant salaam was forthcoming. But my companion—a man, I imagine, easily pleased—displayed great delight. "He knows I am a prince," he exclaimed, and after painting a glowing picture of how brothers, servants and eunuchs would be waiting for him at the railway station, offered to take me across the Bosphorus in his yacht. But at the terminus not a brother, not a slave, not even a eunuch appeared, and the pedigree dog promptly bit a porter, who did not seem in the least comforted on being assured the wretched animal belonged to a prince.

F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RETRIEVER TRIALS

SIR,—Much has been written in your columns and elsewhere on the subject of retriever trials, and possibly any further allusion to them may appear superfluous, but having been a member of the late Mr. W. Arkwright's committee, which originated retriever trials in the year 1900, and having watched their evolution since that year, I may perhaps be permitted to give my impression of these trials as I see them to-day, and especially now that increasing old age prevents me from taking an active part in them.

The conclusions I have arrived at are as follows: Unquestionably field trials, though they may have their defects, have been of very great value and have done much to improve the working qualification of retrievers, and there are far more good working dogs in the country to-day than ever previously. The handling of dogs, too, has greatly improved, and there are many more people—men and women—now capable of training their dogs than the past ever knew.

Field trial meetings, too, are conducted on very good lines, and it is doubtful if much more real improvement can be made in this direction, but I venture to mention a few minor details which I think might have the attention and consideration of the authorities.

Field trials have become very popular, and every year there seems to be more demand by retriever owners for nominations at the various meetings. This has resulted in many of the Stakes being thrown open to too many competitors.

Sometimes it happens that judges are asked to give an adequate trial to 24 dogs in two short winter days, and I maintain that this cannot possibly be done, especially as it sometimes happens that game is not too plentiful; and I consider that when only two days are allotted to the decision of a stake not more than 20 dogs at the most should compete and preferably eighteen, and in a one-day stake not more than twelve dogs should compete. Sometimes it has happened that the donor of the ground has kindly offered it for a third day, but one cannot always expect this concession, and, moreover, it is not always convenient for a handler to stay on with his dog for more than two days. When time has been too short a judge has sometimes said to a handler: "We liked your dog very much and are sorry we had not time to see more of his work."

This is small consolation to the handler, and he goes home disgruntled and dissatisfied. This is wrong.

Pace without Production.—No-one wants a pottering retriever, but I am certain that many very fast dogs miss finding birds through their excessive pace—dogs too that have quite good noses but which do not give their noses a chance. I have seen this happen at trials, and had a good example of it last season on my own shooting. A friend brought with him a dog which I know had quite a good nose; at one of the drives a bird was down in a small patch of sugar-beet. The dog was sent out and began a fast gallop. He must have galloped over the bird a dozen times. After about ten minutes his owner called up the dog and walked himself into the sugar beet and picked up the bird stone dead.

I think that this sort of thing should be more severely penalised at field trials than it is.

Water-work.—A great deal has been written on this subject. Personally, I always feel averse to giving a prize or certificate to a dog that I have not seen in water, especially as in some shootings a dog which declined water would be absolutely useless. In the early days of trials a water test was considered a *sine qua non*, but nowadays at some meetings a water test is ignored, and I know of more than one stake that has been won by a dog that does not face water.

A natural test is the one that appeals to most people, but I always think that there are two objections to it. The loss of time involved, and the very great difficulty of giving all the dogs an equal chance. Many dogs will enter water at command, and if not, a bird thrown into the nearest pond will tell a judge probably all he wants to know. Such a test is, of course, artificial, but much better than none at all.

Training before Game Finding.—I think that of late there has been a tendency on the part of some judges to attach more importance to strict training than of game finding. At one meeting a judge told a handler to cast his dog in a direction where there was no bird down. The bird which was to be gathered lay much more to the right hand. After wasting about ten minutes watching the dog working where there was nothing to be found, the judge said: "Try your dog to the right." The dog found the bird at once, and the handler said: "I thought the bird lay more to the right, sir." The judge replied: "I knew where the bird was all the time, but I wanted to see what control you had over your dog." This is absurd—a mere waste of time and nothing gained. We take our dogs to trials to find dead and wounded game and not to give exhibitions of intensive training.

Pace.—Whilst on the subject of pace I should like to mention an episode which I am told took place later. A shooting party had out with them a retriever bitch (breed not stated). A very strong running pheasant was down which got a long start. The bitch was put on the line of the bird, and took the line very slowly at first, gradually increasing her pace. She hunted the bird a long way and finally into a big field of roots through which she took the line most carefully, eventually getting the bird at the top end of the field. A young and enthusiastic field trial man who was present is reported to have exclaimed: "A wonderful bit of work. What a pity the bitch is too slow for field trials!" I wonder how far a galloping dog would have taken the line of that bird. Not fifty yards, I'll wager!

The Collie System of Handling.—Of late a new system of working a dog seems to have arisen. By this I mean the system by which a dog is stopped and turned by a series of whistles. I take off my hat to the handler who by this means gets such wonderful control over his dog, but I do not consider it is true retriever work. I understand that a catapult is part of the equipment of such a handler.

At all field trials a handler generally knows, or is told, where approximately the bird he is seeking lies, and by clever handling can guide his dog to the spot. But I contend that this is wrong, for it means that the handler is finding the bird for his dog instead of the dog finding the bird for him.

What is prettier in retriever work than to see a dog seeking his bird and making his own casts without the help of his handler, provided, of course, that he does not get out of hand and only looks to his handler for a wave of his arm?

In conclusion, I should like to pay the best possible tribute in my power to all the ladies and men who act as judges at field trials. Throughout the years in which I have enjoyed all the pleasures of field trials, I have invariably found that all judges have set out with the fixed intention of doing their best to discover the relative merits of the dogs awaiting their judgment, and to award the prizes without fear or favour. Mistakes may have been made, it is true, but this has generally been the result of inexperience which time and practice is sure to improve.

Dalliett Hall, H. REGINALD COOKE.
Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

WHY TROUT REFUSE TO TAKE SURFACE FLY

SIR,—Your contributor "Distoffer" presents under this heading in your issue of August 12th what appears at first sight an attractive theory to account for the increasing disposition of trout to prefer the nymph to the floating dun.

I am with your contributor in doubting whether this disposition of the trout is due in any way to the frequency with which artificial flies are floated over them. My own observations over a stretch of years on a length of the Itchen, where the weeds rarely reach the surface and there is practically no confined current, is that it is a question of what is most profitable for the trout for the moment. I have found trout nymphing exclusively under the bank where the current is strongest, unless a cross stream wind served to carry the subimagines hatched in the entire width of the river under the bank where the trout lay. I have observed trout nymphing hard under a bank on one stretch, and on the next bend where the wind was drifting every hatched fly under the same bank the trout have been taking the surface fly as the more profitable line. I think it stands to reason that in any run of water the number of nymphs carried down by the current must exceed, and probably greatly exceed, the number of hatched duns which emerge from the same area of surface, and that it needs a wind carrying the duns emerging from a much larger area of surface into the run where the trout are nymphing to divert the trout from the easier and frequent nymph to the floating dun.

Of course, there are occasions (as at the beginning or end of a hatch) when the number of nymphs brought to the trout is too small to satisfy his appetite, and in such conditions a trout may find it necessary to take both nymph and floater—but I found such conditions rare.

When a trout is, as your contributor says, dashing hither and thither and humping the water within a radius of yards, he is bulging over weeds. But on the length of the Itchen I referred to the nymphing fish were seldom bulging, but lay under one bank or the other where the stream ran strongest, taking with a minimum of exertion the nymphs brought to them by the current.

Yours faithfully,
34, Essex Street, G. E. M. SKUES.
Strand, London, W.C. 2.

GUN FOR DUCK SHOOTING IN INDIA

SIR,—With apologies to your experts, I wish to draw your attention to what I venture to think mistaken advice given in your "Answers to Correspondents," in your issue of August 19th, to "W. H. W.," Lucknow.

I have shot in India for over 30 years, and have seen, in the hands of others, all manner of guns. I have yet to find the owner of a heavy duck gun who was uniformly pleased with it. A standard gun, firing standard 2¼in. cartridges, is much more satisfactory as a rule. Duck are scarcer all over than they used to be, and one seldom confines oneself to them for a whole day; one perhaps begins with them, goes on to snipe, and finishes with partridge, jungle fowl, or the like; all of this may be some miles from a car, and a change of guns may not be easy or convenient. The standard gun brings in as many birds as the heavy gun, and is far easier to handle when standing in water on a muddy bottom or from a light boat, and it is not so liable to smash birds only seen at close ranges through an opening in reeds. This applies particularly to the Lucknow area, which I know very well, for at least 100 miles round that place.

On the big lake jhil at Kuladil Khan, near Quetta, and possibly, but less so, at Zangi Nawar, also in Baluchistan, and at the Manchar Lake in Sind, a duck gun is less of a drawback, as one gets many possibilities at 70–80yds. which otherwise have to be passed up, but even here people who have tried both the standard and the duck guns seem really to prefer the former, and do just as well or better with it. I do not know of similar conditions elsewhere, in Northern India, at any rate. I cannot speak for Kashmir.

Finally, unless one carries a large stock of one's own, the special loads for a duck gun are not easily come by in reliable makes and on a really hot day every extra pound in gun and cartridges makes a great difference to one's enjoyment; such days at the beginning and end of the season are common in the Lucknow area.

Please excuse me writing to recommend an amendment of your advice to "W. H. W." I am quite certain he will be sorry if he follows it. With apologies,

Yours faithfully,
Hotel de Chantaco, C. L. FARLEY (Colonel).
St. Jean de Luz,
Basses Pyrenées, France.

[The reply given was in answer to a correspondent who asked for definite information about long-chambered 12-bores for shooting duck at extended ranges, and was not meant as general advice. As was pointed out, an ordinary 12-bore used with "Ace" or "Maximum" cartridges can be very effective for such sport.—ED.]

SCOTS PINES DYING

SIR,—From the reply sent to E. C. S., Cupar, Fife, published in a recent issue, it would appear that the young Scots pines have been attacked by the pine weevil (*Hylobius abietes*), signs of whose presence on five- or six-year-old trees are beads of resin on the bark, and minute exposed areas of cambium. The damage to the leaves is probably the work of the pine sawfly (*Lophyrus pini*), whose larvæ devour the needles, and may strip a plantation. Apart from the laborious business of collecting and crushing the larvæ, nothing effective can be done, spraying being out of the question in forest work. The weevils can be trapped with 2ft. of 2in. pine poles, fresh and sappy, and laid in a trench in the ground, from May to September, and removed and burnt each fortnight. The weevils will breed in these traps, hence the damage which occurs when young pines are planted on an area which previously carried pine. The stumps and odd pieces of timber left forming breeding grounds for beetles and weevils, an attack must be expected.

Seldom is it serious provided the plants are grown on a suitable soil, planted in an efficient manner, and protected from damage by weeds during the first two or three years. When this is the case, the initial check period will be short, and the trees will soon begin active growth. Trees growing on land ill-suited to their needs, never seem to make a start, and fall easy prey to all the ills of the species. When an ailment becomes epidemic, it is usually found that a more fundamental cause is responsible for the weak and sickly growth, and premature death. Strongly growing trees are seldom, if ever, killed by forest pests.

Yours faithfully,
East Grinstead, REGINALD DAVEY.
Sussex.

HARVEST BUG

SIR,—An infallible remedy always at hand is a mixture of common salt and vinegar rubbed well in till the flesh at point of contact is laid bare.

Being antiseptic, the irritation immediately disappears, and the minute sore speedily heals without further treatment.

Yours faithfully,
19, Dyke Road, EDMUND TREVELYAN.
Hove 4, Sussex.



UNNECESSARY AND UNSIGHTLY ADVERTISEMENT
(See letter "Countryside Hoardings")

COUNTRYSIDE HOARDINGS

SIR,—Now that we are used to advertisements for petrol, oil and land for ribbon building in the country, up-to-date publicity is making a start in the countryside itself. This photograph shows a large and apparently permanent advertisement board fixed in a field well away from dwellings, advertising the manure used. It was taken from the road between Bawtry and Goole, Yorkshire. Surely the next development will be hoardings proclaiming the virtues of the plough, harrow, binder and other machines with which the fields were tilled and harvested? These things undoubtedly spoil the country. Do they really sell more seed and manure?'

Yours faithfully,
Villiers House, EDWARD RICHARDSON.
Villiers Road,
West Bridgford, Nottingham.

A LUCKY CATCH

SIR,—Last year on returning from my annual holiday in Scotland, a Worcestershire relative suggested our taking a rod and visiting the old "Brick Pits," now a fair-sized bit of water full of perch, roach and an occasional pike. Not having fixed up my trout rod for worm, I suggested having a flick or two with a cast I had used the day before on a Scotch loch. As far as I remember, the tail fly was a green and teal. To my utter surprise, hardly had I cast when I hooked a fair-sized pike, apparently in the gills, for after playing him for some moments I got him towards the bank, only to realise we had neither of us brought out a landing-net! Too big to get up the steep bank, and in deep water, it was impossible to land him, and one snap of his jaws on the fine though strong gut, and he was gone.

Yours faithfully,
Tarvie Lodge. MARY HUNGERFORD (Miss).
Enochdhu, Blairgowrie, Perth.

TWO GROUSE AT ONE SHOT

SIR,—The following experience while shooting last week at Strichen with Mr. A. B. Trail, I believe, will prove of interest. In the morning I had a covey of grouse pass me, and killed two birds in front with my first barrel, and two in rear with my second, using one gun. My next shot in the afternoon was at two coveys which joined and passed me in the end butt. I again killed two in front with my first barrel and two behind with my left and two more birds fell behind within 100yds., and were collected dead.

This made a total of ten grouse down with four consecutive shots, which very considerably helped my average.

I believe that this is the more remarkable, Mr. Editor, as you personally know that the guns used are full choke and modified rather than of conventional boring.

Yours faithfully,
Strichen, PAUL A. CURTIS.
Aberdeenshire.

[This correspondent has explained that he carefully picked his bird each time and made no attempt to "brown" the coveys.—ED.]

COCK PHEASANT CROSSING

SIR,—Are there any authenticated cases on record of a cock pheasant having crossed with the common poultry hen, or with the guinea fowl hen, and were the eggs fertile?

Yours faithfully,
South Africa. "ENGLISH PHEASANT."

A CENTURY OF DRIVEN GROUSE

SIR,—In Mr. Martin Stephens' appreciation of the above in the *Field* of August 5th, the most ancient, most royal and most British bird in these islands is dubbed a parvenu. The "Eun fraoch"—heather bird, not moor-fowl—of the Celts, named and famed a thousand years B.C., centuries before Angle, Saxon, or Roman set foot in our islands, to be dubbed parvenu is a little hard.

I have no idea as to what a "Strathhaggis party" may be, but I am quite sure that nothing it may say or do will turn that ancient British gentleman, the red grouse, into a snob.

Yours faithfully,
Overdale, A. W. DUNCAN.
Crieff, Perthshire.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE DARK
(See letter "Luminous Wood")

LUMINOUS WOOD

SIR,—While on manœuvres recently, we spent a night in a wood in which many of the trees had been felled for some considerable time, so that the bark was rotten.

On chipping some of the bark off, it was noticed that the underside of the bark was brightly luminous. The tree trunks were wet at the time, and I brought some chippings away. These kept their luminous quality for seven days, becoming slightly more luminous when moistened.

The enclosed photograph was taken of three chippings entirely by the light emitted by them.

It would be interesting to know the explanation.

Yours faithfully,
Plymouth. "PLAFFCH."

RAIN STORAGE TANKS

SIR,—The enclosed photograph was taken in Lingah, a coastal town on the Persian Gulf, now the Gulf of Iran. It shows a rain-water storage tank or reservoir, being constructed.

These reservoirs are known as Birkehs, and are built of a local cement called Gateh, rather like plaster of paris and sand-stone.

They are built inside and outside the town in almost every available watercourse leading from the hills to the sea, and hold, when full, anything from 40,000 to 80,000 gallons.

There are two main openings—the inlet and outlet.

The peculiar dome-shaped covering or roof is to prevent excessive evaporation during the summer months, when the temperature is usually about 98 deg. Fahr., and has been known to reach 118 deg., or thereabouts.

The builders are local Iranian Arabs. Note the human chain formed to transport cement and other building materials to the skilled workers at the apex.

Guinea-worm is very prevalent in the town, and this is believed to be largely due to the insanitary condition of the water supply. In its passage from the hills to these Birkehs, it gathers up the filth of years, and it is not uncommon for cats, dogs, birds, old tin cans, shoes, &c., to be deposited in this delectable *aqua pura*!

Yours faithfully,
Little Steddings, G. A. MUNGAVIN.
Forest Row,
Sussex.

HIND EATS GROUSE

SIR,—Having read of many discussions on the above subject, I thought the following might be of interest.

One of my guests, Mr. W. Forbes, was out stalking on Rannoch Barracks recently; while he and the stalker were watching a herd of stags and hinds about 150yds. away, they noticed a hind which appeared to be eating a grouse. On further scrutiny through glasses, it turned out to be a cock grouse. By the amount of blood on the feathers, it seemed the grouse must have just been killed.

No shooting has taken place on this part of the ground, so it could not have been a wounded bird. After watching for some minutes the hinds caught our wind and moved off. The hind did not relinquish the grouse, but trotted off out of sight with the remains of the bird still in its mouth.

Yours faithfully,
The Barracks, J. MANN-THOMSON.
Rannoch Station.

SCARCITY OF LANDRAIL

SIR,—Having read a letter on "Scarcity of Landrail," by Mr. C. E. Radclyffe in the *Field* of August 12th, I should like to point out that in Westmorland and some adjoining counties the landrail is now extremely scarce where formerly it was abundant, and no little owls have yet appeared in this part of the country. An odd specimen may have been reported as shot, but that is all. I know nothing about the habits of the little owl, but should think it most unfair to accuse it of responsibility in the instance cited in Dorset, when the same obtains in other parts of the country where it is not known.

Yours faithfully,
Fayrer Holme, CATHERINE M. CLARK.
Windermere.

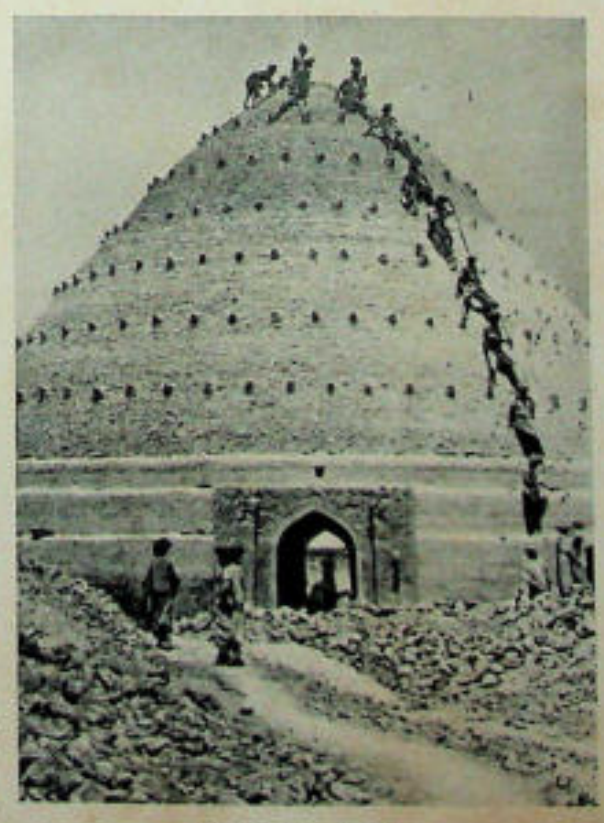
DARING OF AN OTTER

SIR,—I should think the otter which attacked Mr. Parker's hooked salmon, and held on to the fish until it was almost ashore, has about made a record for boldness. I knew of an otter which came at a newly-hooked salmon, and alarmed the fish so much that it made a long run down the river, and so broke the angler's tackle.

On the Earn, near Comrie, in the past summer, an otter came at a brown trout which an angler had hooked. That was during the darker hours, however, and the otter deserted at near sight of the angler.

Otters do queer things at times, as a Mull lady who returned to her picnic basket (which was left near a seaside cairn) found. What she thought was a little brown dog was busy among the eatables, and it was only when the supposed dog plunged into the sea and disappeared that the lady knew it for an otter.

Yours faithfully,
Perthshire. D. M.



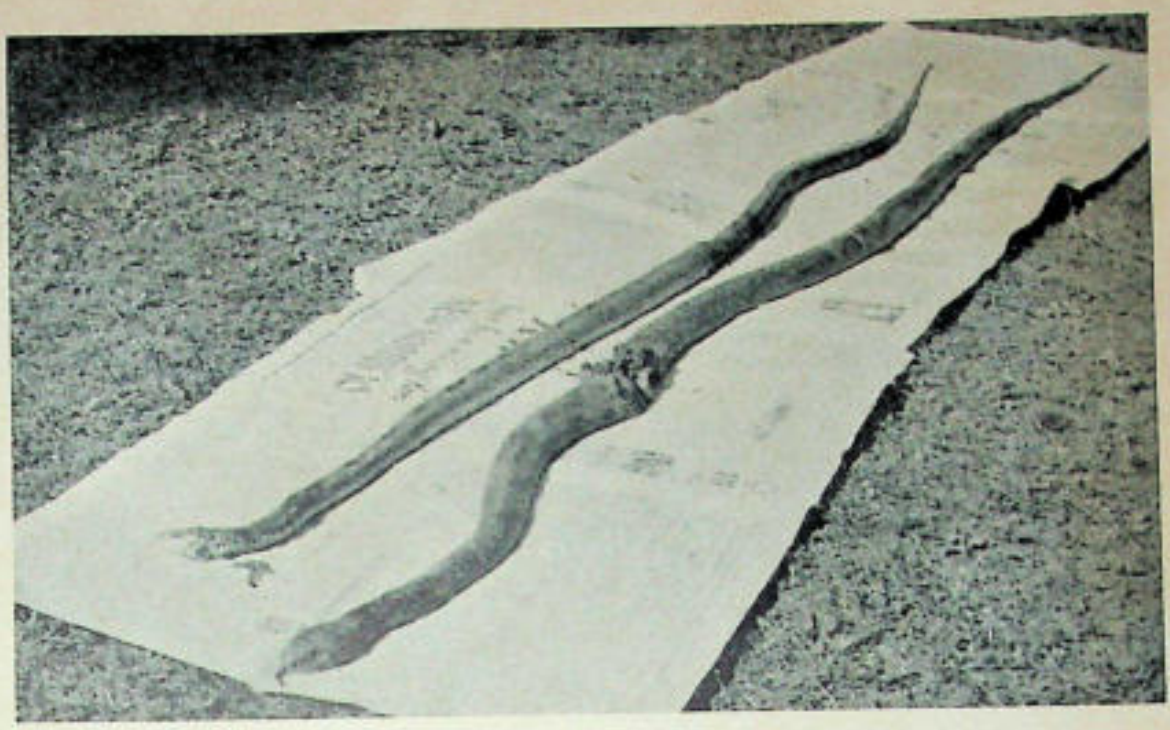
BUILDING A BIRKEHS
(See letter "Rain Storage Tanks")

SNAKE CANNIBALISM

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of two snakes, a king cobra (*Naia hannah*) and an Indian python (*python molorus*). When shooting at the bottom of the garden last November, the beaters reported that there was a pheasant sitting on a bamboo. My wife went into the jungle, fired at what she thought was a pheasant—to her surprise, down dropped a snake. When it was picked up there was a second one bulging out of the wound; unfortunately, the beaters pulled it out before the photograph was taken. The king cobra, 7ft. 6in., could only have swallowed the python, 7ft., that day, as it was in perfect condition—the cobra was asleep.

Yours faithfully,
D. G. SMYTH OSBOURNE.

Soom Tea Estate, Darjeeling.



SEVEN FEET OF PYTHON FROM INSIDE SEVEN-AND-A-HALF FEET OF COBRA
(See letter "Snake Cannibalism")

THE CUCKOO AND ITS EGGS

SIR,—Mr. Oliver G. Pike's letter in your paper of August 12th prompts me to send you the following account of a cuckoo and a wagtail's nest. For the last three seasons a pair of wagtails have built their nest in the ivy-covered walls of the lane running past this house. The distance from the windows of the house to the wall is only about 30ft.

A cuckoo has laid in this nest each year, and the last two years the wagtails have hatched and reared a young cuckoo. This year the wagtails built their nest as usual, and laid four eggs in it. One morning early my wife called me to the window and we watched a cuckoo flutter along the wall to the nest, put his head in and bring an egg out in his mouth. This egg he then ate. He then took another egg and ate that also. Taking yet a third egg, he flew away with it in his mouth. I went out to the nest, saw there was one egg only left, and picked up the shells from the ground where he had dropped them.

Two days later in the evening my wife again saw the cuckoo and called me, and we watched him take out the remaining egg and fly away with it. The wagtails did not lay again in this nest.

What can have been the cuckoo's object in entirely robbing this nest?

Yours faithfully,
RUBY.

Dunster.

FARM WAGES

SIR,—I was very glad to see Mr. Pitt's letter re the above, as so much has been written lately on the hardships and low wages of the farm worker that it is well to contradict these misleading statements. On the estates I manage the farm hands' wages average 37/- per week with a good cottage and garden rent free, as much firewood as they care to burn and one quart of milk per day, and 11d. per hour overtime for hay and harvest. The cottages are all in good repair; as Mr. Pitt points out, the sanitary inspector sees to that most efficiently. In one instance, electric light is on the estate and has been installed in all the cottages and is also free. Can this compare with the town worker?

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR F. BRACHER.

Crowsley Park Estate Office,
Crowsley, Henley-on-Thames.

WOODCOCK SITTING IN JULY

SIR,—Your correspondent "A. H.," whose letter appeared in your issue of July 29th, will be interested to learn that a woodcock was sitting on four eggs on the Newton House estate near Whitby, Yorkshire, on July 31st, 1912, and recorded in the *Field* on September 7th, 1912.

Yours faithfully,
F. SNOWDON.

Whitby,
Yorkshire.

WHERE "GIRLS" ARE BOYS

SIR,—On the Island of Marken, near Amsterdam, Holland, the youthful population appears to consist entirely of little girls. The only way you can discover the sex of the children, as all children under the age of five are dressed alike, is to have a look at the child's cap. You may be sure the wearer is a boy if you find a rosette embroidered on it. When the boy reaches the age of five he leaves his skirts and takes to trousers, and upon reaching seven years of age his curls are cut off. A girl's back hair is allowed to grow long until she is seventeen, and at this age it is cut short, leaving it long at each side. She is now considered grown up and wears a white cap in the place of the flowered one she has worn since a baby.



THREE BOYS FROM THE ISLAND OF MARKEN
(See letter "Where Girls are Boys")

Yours faithfully,
J. DENTON ROBINSON.

The Cottage,
Langholm Crescent,
Darlington.



A UTILITARIAN GARDEN SEAT
(See letter "You Can Take it With You")

YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU

SIR,—The illustration of a long curved garden seat which appeared in a recent number of the *Field* prompts me to send you the enclosed picture of another unusual type of seat which I photographed in a Yorkshire country garden (Newburgh Priory, Coxwold).

As can be seen from the picture, it is of utilitarian construction, being sensibly fitted with a wheel and handles like a garden barrow.

The wheel does not touch the ground when the weight is borne by the legs.

No doubt the ease with which it can be moved is a certain advantage, though it seems to lack that "oneness" with its surroundings which makes a seat look as if it really belongs to its own particular garden.

Yours faithfully,
BERTRAM UNNE.

30, Swan Road,
Harrogate.

HOOPOE IN LINCOLN

SIR,—I thought you might be interested to know that on a recent Friday evening I saw a hoopoe fly out of a small plantation of ours. Also, that for the past six years I have been very keen on birds and during that time there has not been a house-martin's nest on this house. This year, however, there have been two. I thought that these two minor discoveries of mine might be of interest to your readers.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT W. ALEXANDER.

Brant Broughton, Lincoln.





THE RESULT OF COMBAT?
(See letter "The Horns of a Dilemma")

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which I expect will be of interest to your readers. There is a herd of buffalo that lives on my estate out here, and the other day I came across a bull in the extraordinary condition shown, with its off foreleg through the loop of its horn. The animal was in an upright position when first seen, but ran off and fell down on my approach.

I was then able to take this photograph before despatching the unfortunate beast. It proved quite impossible to extricate the foreleg from this position.

It would be interesting to know how the animal got into this state. I suppose possibly in combat. Also whether there are any other records of a similar occurrence.

Yours faithfully,
Lolldaiga Hills, H. D. HINDE.
Nanyuki,
Kenya Colony.

SEALYHAM FISH RETRIEVING

SIR,—I think you would be interested to hear of an incident which occurred here the other day. While fishing the River Lyon, I hooked a 1lb. trout, but had no landing net with me. Having played it for some time, and failed to land it, my Sealyham dog—who, incidentally, is seventeen years old—jumped into the water which was about 1ft. deep. He made several attempts to get the fish, and, at about the sixth caught it. He brought it on to the bank and gave it to me. The hook was still in the fish's mouth, and there was no mark on it. The previous day he had caught a snipe and brought it to hand while out fishing. He has never been trained, but will retrieve from water, though not on dry land. I think you will agree that it was a stout effort considering his age and the natural inclinations of his breed.

Yours faithfully,
Cashlie, C. D. EARLE.
Glen Lyon, Perthshire.

A GOLDFISH FROM THE BLUE

SIR,—Recently a resident of Hythe was walking, leisurely reading, in one of the by-roads of the town, when a goldfish fell on his paper. He looked up but could see nothing to account for it, his view being partially obstructed by the surrounding houses. He took the fish home and put it into a glass bowl of water, and it seemed none the worse for its fall.

What probably happened was this: A heron, feeding in one of the private goldfish pounds in the neighbourhood, was disturbed when it had insecurely picked up the fish and dropped it when flying over the town.

The goldfish was fortunate in falling upon such a soft surface as an open paper.

Yours faithfully,
P. VERNON DODD.
Hythe, Kent.

WILD BIRDS (DUCK AND GEESE) PROTECTION ACT, 1939

SIR,—I am much obliged to Mr. Tabrum for elucidating a point which I had failed to make clear. The effect of the Act is to prohibit any order curtailing the close season earlier than August 11th, but it does not prevent an order which extends the close season after that date if the local authority see fit to make one.

Yours faithfully,
20, Leicester Road, W. J. BROWN.
New Barnet.

A GIANT PUFF-BALL

SIR,—I enclose a picture of a "puff-ball" or "puffer," found here which is of extraordinary size and weight. It weighed 10lb., was 45½in. round and 18in. high, growing on a stalk about the size of my little finger. I found it on a manure heap mainly of stable manure and occasional small lots of rabbit paunches.



A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN
(See letter "A Giant Puff Ball")

It was on view in the *Hants Chronicle* Office, Winchester, and now has been placed in the Winchester College Museum.

Yours faithfully,
Headbourne Worthy, PATRICK V. LAWFORD.
Winchester.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—A delicate elderly couple who have known better days are in great need of help. The husband, now aged 67, worked in a small silk firm which gradually lost ground until, at the age of 60, he was the only member left. To re-start at that age was hard, but he managed to keep going by doing odd commission work until last summer, when times became more difficult and his health broke down. At present his only income is 19/3 weekly, a charitable pension, and after paying the rent of 10/- weekly there is very little over to keep him and his wife, especially as they are in poor health and need proper nourishment. Their names are high on the waiting-list of an almshouse, but unless we can help them in the meantime they will be too ill to settle in when a vacancy occurs. We want to allow them 10/- weekly, and also help them with the moving expenses. £26 needed.



IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

LAST week I drew attention to the stability of the country's great banks over the last quarter of a century despite the Great War and its aftermath, the sweeping economic changes seen throughout the world, depressions, booms and prolonged political uncertainty in Europe and elsewhere.

It is in investments in institutions of this kind that the investor can place the utmost confidence even in the present state of world affairs.

Banks are not the only great organisations to be able to show such inspiring records. The great British insurance companies are able to look back on an equal measure of success in withstanding economic and political storms and strife.

Insurance is a necessity of modern economic life. In its many different forms it offers provision for the future and for dependents, and protection of life and property against sickness, accident, fire, theft and the many other hazards of existence.

Under all conditions people will make some effort to save, some effort to protect life and property, and it is this need which is the foundation of insurance business. But from the investor's point of view there is another very important aspect of insurance.

An insurance company if it is to be sound and successful must itself provide for the future. Its assets must be so organised as to provide ready funds to meet all claims as they fall due, with a substantial margin for emergencies. In other words, the insurance company must be an expert investor.

In buying shares of the great British companies the investor can rest assured that he is placing his funds in the hands of those who have probably forgotten more about investment than he ever knew. His dividends come from investment income, and year by year the investments are swelled by insurance profits.

The record of insurance companies in the Great War was remarkable. The Right Hon. C. A. McCurdy, K.C., in a special study for the Trust of insurance shares, shows that £1,000 invested in a group of 24 leading insurance shares in 1913 would have given a return of £4 18s. 8d. per cent.

The lowest level to which the shares fell was in 1916 when they would have been worth £840, but income in that year had risen to £5 2s. per cent. By 1918 the value had risen to £1,234 and income to £6 0s. 9d. per cent., and in 1919 the value was £1,772 and the income £7 6s. 11d. per cent. The same shares in 1937 had reached a value of £4,620 and the income on the original £1,000 was no less than 15¾ per cent.

It seems evident from such figures that in war conditions any increased difficulty of insurance business is offset by the rise in interest rates and increased volume of investment necessitated by Government borrowing and inflationary measures.

Let us take the case of one typical insurance share, say the first on the list on which the above figures were calculated, the Alliance Insurance Company. In 1913 the highest price of its £1 fully-paid shares was £14¾ and the lowest £12¾. The dividend that year was 12/- per share.

In this particular instance the lowest price touched during the War was £9½ in 1917, but in the same year they touched £11 ⅛. The dividend was maintained steadily at 12/- per share throughout the War.

In 1919 the shares reached £16, though the dividend was unchanged, but in the next year the payment was raised to 14/- per share. This was maintained until 1923, when there was also a special bonus of 6/- per share.

In the two following years 16/- was paid and then 17/-, while each year since 1926 the payment has been 18/- per share. Over the past ten years the price of the shares has varied between extremes of £16 and £33. This may appear a very wide variation, but it must be remembered that the period has been an eventful one and covers the world depression and the 1931 financial crisis.

The important fact is that throughout the quarter of a century the investor has never suffered any reduction in his income nor had the slightest cause for any anxiety regarding the fundamental soundness of his holding.

"W. G." BEAGLER.—The following appeared in a daily paper: "The keenest follower of this pastime he ever met used to come down from Eltham for every meet. He was the life and soul of the hunts organised by Sir James Russell at Halstead Place. What was the name of this constant pilgrim from a London suburb? None other than Dr. W. G. Grace. Yes, it was the great man himself. He was as unerring in all the arts and the science of this river sport as on the tented field of our national summer game."

THE NEW

CASE

OUTSTANDING POWER AND FUEL ECONOMY

MANY NEW IMPROVEMENTS



New styling with grid and radiator shutter for accurate temperature control from driver's seat. 4 speeds : 2½, 3½, 4½ and 9 m.p.h. Spiral long-life bevels with new long teeth gears for efficiency and silence. New full pressure lubrication with oil pipes reduced to a minimum. Easy wheel changing. The result of over forty years' experience in the building of really high grade tractors.

The famous Case model "C" tractor has been redesigned with traditional Case thoroughness and is now the model "D". It embodies all the time-proved features together with many new improvements which increase both power and efficiency. Here is a tractor that will do the job in less time, at less cost—a better 'CASE' in every respect, but note the price is unchanged!

Write for particulars of the last word in tractors

ASSOCIATED MANUFACTURERS CO., (LONDON) LTD., PALACE OF INDUSTRY, WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX. 'Phone: Wembley 3163-6 (4 lines). 'Grams: "Amanco, Phono, London."

THE NATION BENEFITS BY THE SOWING OF GRAIN OF THE BEST TYPE

Gartons

New Regenerated

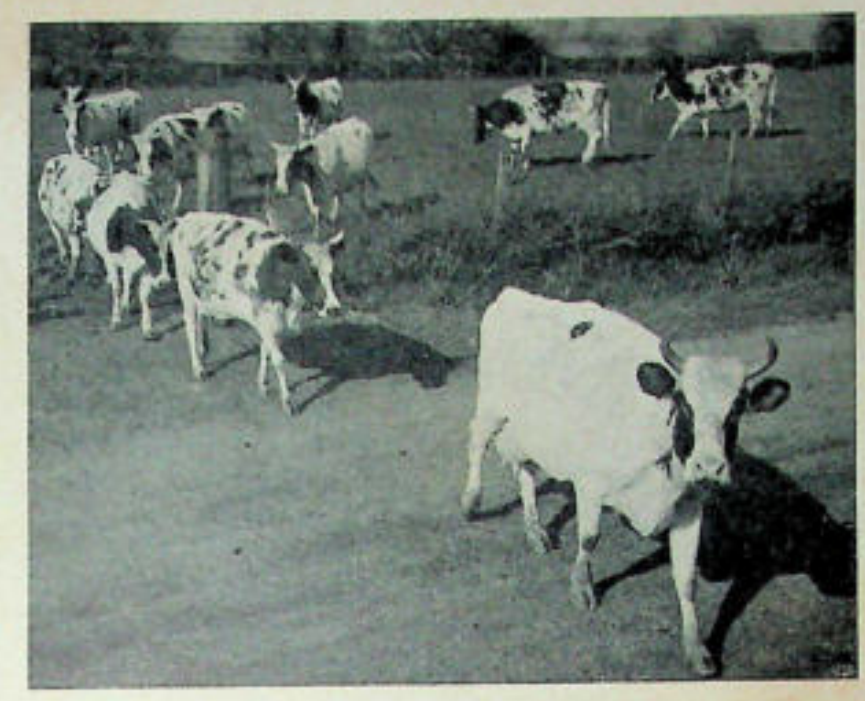
SEED WHEATS

are

100% BRITISH BRED AND BRITISH GROWN

▽

Head Office, WARRINGTON



SAFEGUARD YOUR HERD

'Chloros' is the ideal farm disinfectant because it is harmless to man and animals at strengths that rapidly destroy disease germs; because it will not taint milk; because it removes bad smells by removing their cause; because it is cheap and simple to use. Use 'Chloros' regularly

For cleaning milk pails, coolers and other equipment, use the I.C.I. detergent "Lustros".

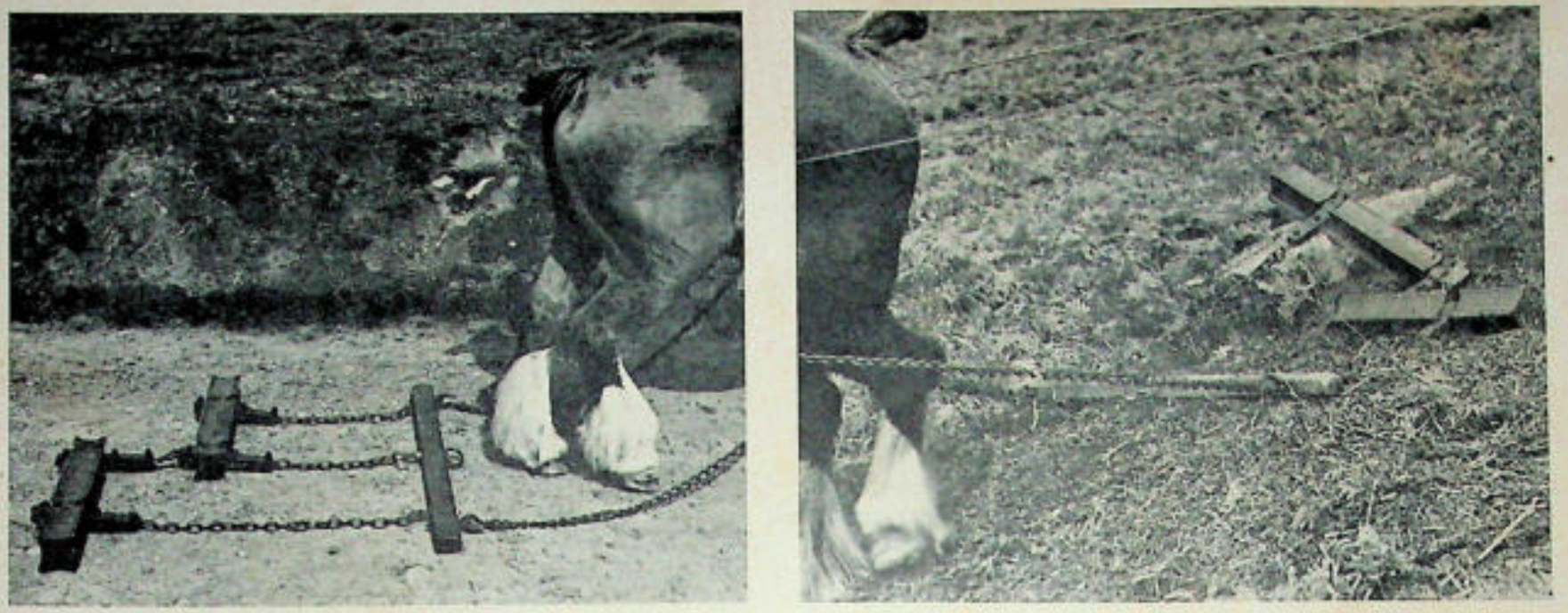
CHLOROS

TRADE MARK

THE IDEAL FARM DISINFECTANT

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD., DEPT. G.C.84, IMPERIAL CHEMICAL HOUSE, LONDON, S.W.1

C.N.855



LEFT: NO. 2 DOUBLE BRACKEN BREAKER WITH NEW BEARINGS TO PREVENT OVERRUN AND TANGLING ON STEEP HILLSIDES. NO DRAG CHAINS OR WEIGHTS REQUIRED. RIGHT: BREAKER PASSING OVER A LARGE ROCK ON STEEP SLOPE WITHOUT OVERRUN OR TANGLING

SCIENTIFIC BRACKEN CRUSHING

Practical Results from Experiments

THE curtailment of pastures and other useful feeding ground by the insidious spread of bracken is a subject to which much attention has been directed in recent years, for not only are the remoter parts of the country affected, but the weed is even increasing in such places as Richmond Park and other commons close to London.

Great interest in bracken eradication was caused by the discovery of Captain V. H. Holt. He has found that the crushing and bruising of bracken was a more effective method than either scything or other forms of cutting for its elimination. The special merit of bruising and crushing as against cutting bracken lies in the fact that the bleeding of the underground rhizome is continued over a much longer period, with the result that the impoverishment of the underground root system is much more complete.

A further and very important advantage to be gained by this bruising and crushing, as distinct from cutting, is associated with bracken disease. It is a well-known fact that fungi gain an easy entrance into plants through wounds and that many parasitic forms are unable to obtain access by any other channel. The ragged wounds, sticky with the sap of crushed cells made by the Holt Breaker at intervals of 4½in. up the bracken stem, thus provide an unlimited number of potential disease centres. It is not surprising, therefore, that within two or three weeks after crushing, each of these wounds shows clear evidence of fungal invasion. These growths have been examined by Professor W. A. Millard, D.Sc., of the Agricultural Department of Leeds University, who reports that "they are of a nature which greatly accelerates the decay of moribund tissues."



BRACKEN CRUSHING WITH HITCH ENABLING HORSE TO WALK ON TREATED GROWTH

The results of fungoid activity are still more apparent in the year following treatment, for then it is frequently seen that the bracken shows unmistakable signs of disease. Bare patches appear and in one case on Westerdale Moor, where a hillside rolled three years ago has since received no further treatment, the bracken is rapidly on the decline. Plants from this area have been examined by Professor Millard, who reports that he found them to be "infected with the same organism which is associated with other authenticated cases of bracken disease in Yorkshire." When it is recalled that before rolling with the Holt Breaker no signs of this disease had appeared, and that, even now, on the same moorland, those areas which have not been rolled are still free from disease, the evidence in favour of the Holt Breaker as an inciter of bracken disease is very convincing.

The Holt Bracken Breaker was approved immediately upon its introduction by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland for grants in aid of destroying bracken. It has the advantage of being extremely simple, is practically indestructible, and can be used by an ordinary unskilled workman.

The Breaker can go wherever a horse can travel, and if the implement is to be used on rocky ground where the boulders are of a very hard nature, such as granite or whinstone, the drag bars can be supplied in a special nickel alloy iron extremely resistant to wear and fracture. On rocky ground having sandstone boulders special dragbars are quite unnecessary.

A great improvement in design has now been made to the machine, Captain Holt having devised a new type of bearing, which is the subject of additional British, Foreign and Dominion patents (British Patent No. 496,806); it consists of a forward extension, 6in. long, of the half clip bearings, with an additional bolt at the end of the extension to which the coupling chains are fastened. When there is a tendency to overrun, the extension pieces of the bearings drop upon the ground and acting as skids, or sprags, hold the sections and completely eliminate overrunning and tangling.

The new bearings also effect a further major improvement in that drag chains and weights, which were previously necessary to steady the implement, can now be dispensed with. This not only reduces the draught of the machine, but also avoids the tangling of the sections with the drag chains, which previously caused the operator a good deal of trouble with consequent loss of time.

As regards the cost of crushing down the bracken,



BRACKEN TREATED WITH TWO CRUSHINGS. NOTE DISEASED PATCHES IN FOREGROUND

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING THIS WEEK?

MONDAY



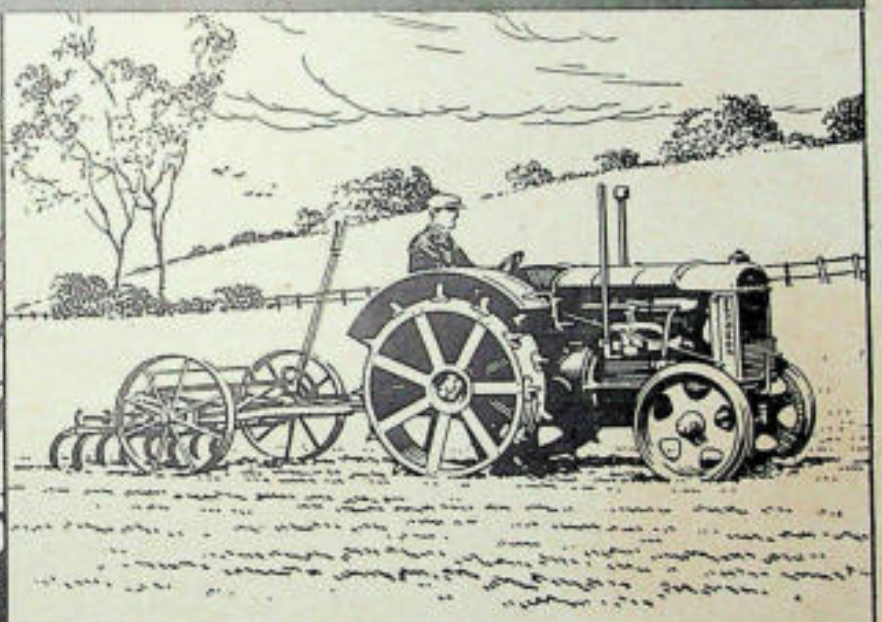
TUESDAY



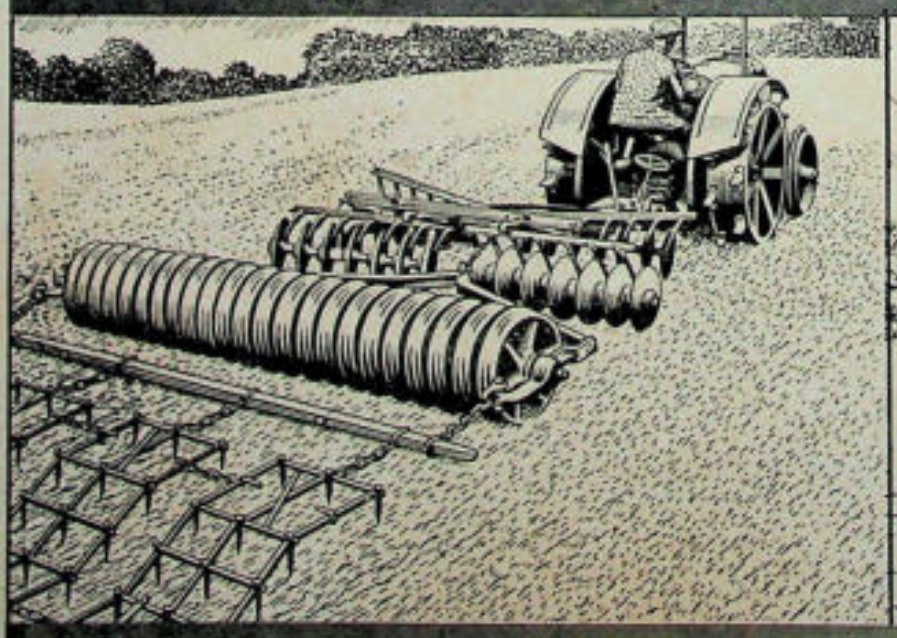
WEDNESDAY



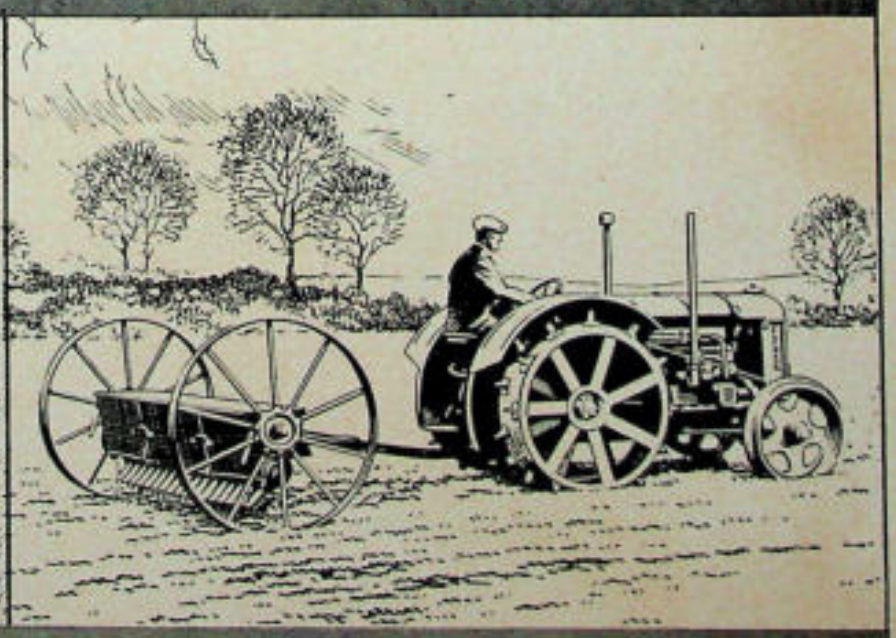
THURSDAY



FRIDAY



SATURDAY



Whatever it is, Britain's most popular tractor will save you time and money. A Fordson fits in with the better times ahead.

THE BRITISH
FORDSON

AGRICULTURAL TRACTOR, from £150 at works
Choice of Models · Choice of Gear Ratios
Completely built at Dagenham, England

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX; AND 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

it is necessary to pass the Breaker over the ground once only, the smallest size of Breaker giving a cut of 4ft. 2in., and suitable for a small draught horse, will cover eight to ten acres per day at a cost of 9d. or 1/– per acre, the factor being the ability of the operator to keep walking behind the implement, the work being extremely easy.

The convenience, however, with which the bar sections of the Breaker are ganged together so as to give a wider cut and form a suitable load for a large draught horse, or pair of horses, or a tractor, make it a machine specially adapted for large-scale work, and in the multiple bar sizes the cost of treating an acre is appreciably lowered. A five-gang Breaker for tractor draught, with sections 2ft. 9in. long, has a cutting width of 12ft. 6in., and can be used alternatively to form a double Breaker for one large draught horse and a three-gang Breaker for a pair of horses, hooks being fitted to the drawbar or swingle tree and to the chains connecting the sections where required to make the conversion easy.

The implement can be used on many other weed plants, including nettles, and has been found most useful and economical in clearing young plantations of bracken and rubbish which can only otherwise be done by careful scything; it is quite easy to work the Breaker between the rows of young trees in all plantations where the rows are moderately straight.

On open ground a hitching arrangement which enables the horse to travel on the treated growth just outside the growing bracken makes the work for the horse much lighter if the bracken is treated at the best stage of its growth, *i.e.*, when the fronds are just reaching their maximum growth, having drained the rhizome and before they have begun to store up food for the root system. A draught ring is provided for this purpose in the centre of the stretch stick, to which the horse can be hitched by means of a single chain about 3ft. long between a whipple tree and the centre ring in the stretch stick.

It is well worth while to make every effort to tackle the bracken at this stage, because one crushing in a season will be found all that is required, whereas two or three treatments are necessary if the Breaker is used when the bracken is in its early stages of growth, the cost, of course, being proportionately higher.

The ideal stage of growth may be recognised in the tips of the fronds being almost, but not quite, fully uncurled. This will be found to occur in the South of England in a normal season at the end of June, and in Yorkshire, *e.g.*, on Westerdale Moor at 700ft. to 900ft. above sea level, in the middle of July. Haymaking and other farming operations



LEFT: UNTREATED BRACKEN
RIGHT: BRACKEN TREATED IN 1936 AND 1937

will often interfere with the work of destroying the bracken, and for this reason it may be necessary to begin the work rather earlier, the time of commencing depending also on the area of bracken ground which it is desired to treat in the season. The crushing, of course, must not be deferred until after the fronds are fully uncurled, because they have then commenced to build up the reserves of food required by the root system.

The real merit of a bracken machine lies in its capacity to reduce or eliminate subsequent growth, and in this connection the Holt Breaker continued to have very noteworthy successes last season. The illustrations show some of the control patches on Westerdale Moor indicating the progress made, and it has now been proved possible in three years to destroy strong growing bracken and to produce in its place the useful grasses or heath plants indigenous to the locality.

OLD HARRY'S BIRTHDAY

By JULIAN TENNYSON

I HAVE written of him before in the *Field*. I told how, some 45 years ago, as a young man, handsome and upstanding, he was smashed nearly to fragments in one of the worst railway accidents East Anglia has ever known; how he came out of hospital six months later, shrivelled, stunted, a crippled dwarf of a man, to find awaiting him in Willingfield the brief but riotous tenancy of the Frog and Tadpole; how, when the brewery turned him out, he took over the job of village sexton, toiling with a spade almost as big as himself at graves "three foot wide an' six foot deep at sixpence a foot." The deaths averaged two a month, and the sixpences hardly covered the bottom of his money-box.

So Harry Catlin looked round for something to supplement his income. He chose "beating," one of the toughest and most exacting jobs in the countryside, even for a strong young man. Everyone said he was mad, that he would collapse on the first rough day. He had the laugh of us, for not only did he walk his younger colleagues to a standstill, but he also learned the wiles of the work so thoroughly that he became a necessity to every shooting party in the neighbourhood. How he did it was one of the miracles of East Anglia—which is also a true description of Harry himself. And as time went on this indomitable old man took on still more work: pumping the water at the rectory and cleaning out the village school. But beating remained his life and his love, and at beating his skill and fame are fabulous.

He had a birthday the other day, his 70th, and he and Mrs. Catlin chortled over their breakfast as they remembered how, 45 years ago, the doctors had given him a few painful weeks to live. Gnarled and hard and tough as a dwarf oak, he felt good for another fifteen years. He went about the day's work with an added twinkle in his dim eyes, and he licked his cracked old lips when he thought of the treat in store for him. For that evening was to be a festive one; Harry's 70th birthday couldn't pass unnoticed. The landlord of the Frog and Tadpole had promised him two free drinks, and the tinker, the saddler, the blacksmith and all the rest of the tap-room community had volunteered goodness knows how many more. The tap-room was likely to have its most jovial night since the outrageous orgies of his own tenancy, and Harry himself looked forward to drinking more free beer than at any time since the evening when he was released after doing three weeks in jail for refusing to pay for a coat which, he declared, had fallen to bits on his back the first day he wore it.

After an early supper he said to his wife: "Don't yew wait up fer me, m'dear, an' don't let them owd stairs get too crooked while I'm gorn!" He winked, poked her playfully in the ribs and thrust up his rough cheek for a kiss. He then stumped off to pump the water for the vicar.

He left the rectory about half-past seven and set off down the steep hill for the Frog and Tadpole, rubbing his hands on his breeches in excitement. He whistled a tuneless little ditty, but so softly that George Haynes, the young ploughman from Hatchett's, whizzing round the sharp bend on his bike—he was afraid of being late for the party—heard not a sound; he failed, too, to distinguish the squat little figure in the dim light. A second later poor Harry sprawled senseless in the hedge.

Haynes did not lose his head; when he had recovered from his shaking he came straight down to the Frog and Tadpole, and in ten minutes the whole of the tap-room, supplemented by the vicar and the constable, had formed a silent and anxious gathering at the top of the hill. Harry was pulled out of the hedge; his eyes were tightly closed, his face drawn and ashy-grey. From a horrible gash on his forehead oozed a trickle of thick blood; the bridge of his nose was a pulpy mess; one wrist dangled limply, waggling like a puppet's. Hatchett's shepherd, who had been apprenticed to a vet in his youth, knelt over him.

"He ain't dead," said he, "but he soon will be." Sadly we picked the little man up and carried him down the hill, passing the graveyard where he had so often leaned on his spade to watch just such a procession as this. When we came to the neat thatched cottage, the vicar went in first to break the news to Mrs. Catlin.

She bore it without a tremor, like the brave woman she is; poor soul, she has suffered so much for her husband ever since he set out on that fateful train journey. She helped us to undress him, staunched the flow of blood, and talked to us calmly while she waited for the doctor. All this while Harry had not opened his eyes; but the shepherd, bathing his wounds with some secret preparation of his own, assured us that he was still alive.

Three hours later the doctor, his face very grave, came out of the cottage and faced the crowd that blocked the roadway; three-quarters of the village had turned up by that time, for the news was known to everyone long before we had got Harry into bed. "Harry's still unconscious, and I don't think he's got a chance," was all the doctor said. There was nothing more to be done, and we trooped off home with hardly a word.

It was just the same next day, and the day after, and the day after that. The doctor came down to the tap-room every morning and evening, and always he brought the same bulletin: "I doubt whether poor Harry will ever regain consciousness, and it'll be a miracle if he lasts to the end of next week." He used to stop a while and talk to us about Harry in his quiet, deep voice, nodding his head sympathetically as he listened to our tributes to the old man's fortitude and his past prowess in field and covert.

There wasn't much chat in the tap-room, because every day we expected to hear that Harry was gone. The doctor came in on the Friday and said that he was getting weaker and would probably die during the week-end. But he did not; on the Monday morning he opened his eyes and, after staring at the ceiling for some while with the fixed solemnity of a baby, demanded in a loud voice why the devil his wife hadn't called him earlier. He then relapsed into a long coma, from which he awoke at intervals to gibber deliriously about graves and partridges.

By the end of the week the amazing old man was more or less in his right senses and so far recovered that there was no longer any need for the doctor to bring us bulletins. And ten days later he was sitting in his armchair, his head, his left arm and half his face invisible beneath a thick shroud of bandages, looking out upon the world with a twisted but philosophical smile. The doctor said he didn't pretend to know how it had happened: it was one of the most astonishing processes he had ever watched.

For a fortnight Harry hardly moved out of his chair; and then one Sunday morning when the tap-room was full, the doctor suddenly appeared in the doorway, supporting the withered little fellow on one of his stout arms.

The doctor has a sense of humour. "No more beer for six months, not a drop!" he said. The publican groaned.

"No more digging graves, not even your own," announced the doctor. One of the sidesmen sighed and shook his head.

"No more cleaning out the school." The schoolmaster mumbled his dismay.

"No more pumping the water," the doctor went on, ticking off the items on his fingers. "Poor owd rector!" said someone with a laugh.

"And," said the doctor, with awful emphasis, "*no more beating*. Harry, you old sinner," he concluded, "you're damn lucky to be alive!" And with that he went out, while Harry, to the cheers of the company, hobbled over to his favourite corner.

You can see him there every day now, sipping ginger beer for as long as D.O.R.A. permits. He doesn't seem to have changed at all, for he was such an odd shape before that a few more twists and scars are hardly noticeable. We tease him about most things, but not about beating, because at the mention of the word his eyes begin to water and his face grows suspiciously puckered.

His mind is quite made up. The doctor can threaten and curse, but old Harry has announced his firm determination to take the field again before very long. And knowing his rich abundance of East Anglian obstinacy, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he does. It isn't that he wants the money; he needn't worry about that, anyhow, because we've made secret plans among ourselves to add a little bit to his old age pension.

Those six months are nearly up now; and, my word, what a party there is going to be in the Frog and Tadpole on the night when old Harry Catlin goes back to beer!

PINTAIL SHERRY



THE PERFECT APERITIF

SAMPLE BOTTLE 6/- POST FREE

Matured at JEREZ SPAIN



MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, LTD.
PERTH — SCOTLAND
Established 1800

The **COLLINGTON** PATENT **RABBIT NET DEVICE**
Recommended by the R.S.P.C.A.



In raised position, erected between feeding ground and burrows.

The release line drops the net, thus intercepting and entangling the rabbits as they are driven back to burrows.

A Pair of Rabbits can produce
250 Young in a Year . . .

—so start protecting your crops now with the Collington Rabbit Net device—recognised as the most satisfactory and convenient method of catching large numbers of rabbits. May be set at any time—effective under all weather conditions — requires little time to erect—simple to operate—**rabbit carcases unspoilt.** PRICES: Supports and rods for 100 yards complete with release line and ground pegs, £3.0.0. Tanned and lined Net, 4ft. × 4 ply, 165 yards to set 100 yards, £3.3.0. Carriage paid.

Write for full particulars to:

ACCLES & SHELVOKE Ltd.
ASTON BIRMINGHAM 6

ONE CROWDED HOUR
5/-
Postage 6d.
FROM BOOKSELLERS, OR "THE FIELD," BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4

INTERNATIONAL *Estate Wagons*



International chassis offer the estate wagon purchaser outstanding advantages. They are fitted with powerful, economical engines and effective hydraulic brakes. There is ample length to accommodate roomy, comfortable bodies suitable for country estates, golf clubs, colleges, schools, seaside hotels, etc. Bodies can be provided to meet every need.

The International Harvester distributor or representative will gladly discuss your individual requirements.

Insulated Game Carrying VANS

International chassis, fitted with insulated bodies of the type shown at the right, make a very useful addition to the shooting and hunting equipment. The long chassis provide space for roomy bodies which can be used to carry supplies, game, trophies, etc. Various types of material can be used to insulate the bodies against heat or cold. We suggest that you discuss your requirements with the nearest International Truck distributor or representative.



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER EXPORT COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
HARVESTER BUILDING CHICAGO, U. S. A.
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND
Distributor for England and Ireland



"But my dear chap—haven't you heard what everybody's talking about, these days?"
"And what is everybody talking about, these days?"
"Why Boots Teat Ointment and Udder Salve of course."
"Ah—now you've got something! I've heard of that alright. It prevents chafing, removes soreness, and leaves the udder like velvet. . . ."
"Yes, and application to the hands keeps 'em soft and supple for milking. Which reminds me I must call in at Boots and get a fresh supply."

Teat Ointment and Udder Salve

1/6 per tin .. .. 2 lb. tin, 5/6
4 lb. tin, 10/6 .. .. 14 lb. tin, 28/-

Carriage paid (goods train) within the Railway Company's free delivery area in Great Britain.

Obtainable from all branches of Boots

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

The WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

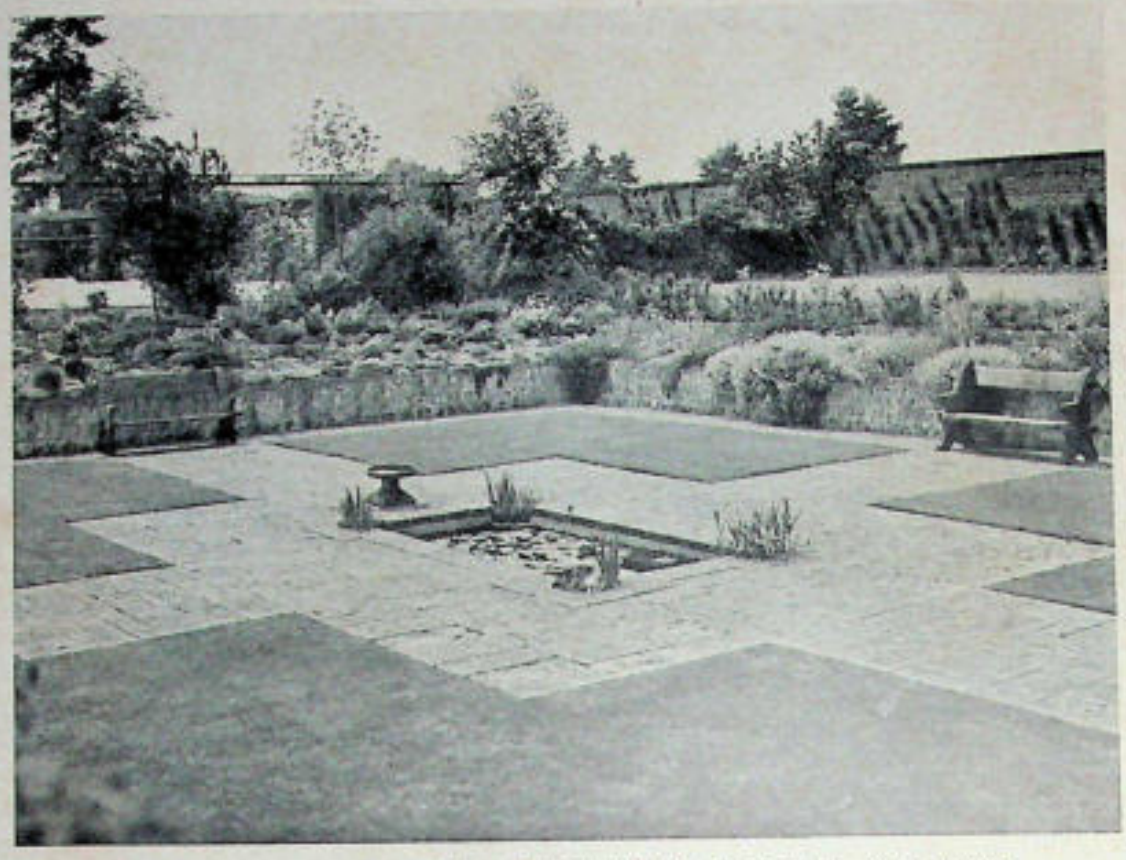
Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 58/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (3 coats) - - - 64/-
(Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.



A SMALL LILY POOL WITH ROCK GARDEN SURROUND AT KESTRELS, NEAR DEVIZES

The Country House

KITCHEN GARDENS IN SEPTEMBER

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THIS month autumn work begins in earnest—routine jobs consisting chiefly of clearing weeds before they run to seed, digging and trenching all ground as it falls vacant, and harvesting crops as Onions and Potatoes.

The plants in full bearing that need most attention are Cauliflowers, late Peas, Celery, French Beans and Scarlet Runners. Cauliflower heads suffer badly in the spells of very hot weather we frequently get this month. They deteriorate rapidly, and even in a day get drawn with the sun. Each head that is showing a heart should have a leaf bent over it, but this must be done carefully, and not so as to break the leaf. Further, whereas most vegetables are best picked just before they are required in the kitchen, Cauliflowers should be gathered in the early morning before the dew has dried off them. The flavour is better, and even a few hours of hot sun is sufficient to draw a Cauliflower head in perfect condition. Most cooks are very conservative in the ways of cooking Cauliflowers, but when there is a glut of them a little variety is pleasant. Cauliflower and Tomato pie is excellent. To make this, cut a Cauliflower that is nearly but not quite cooked in slices and fill a well-buttered baking dish with alternate slices of layers of Cauliflowers, a really good white sauce thickened with cheese, and slices of skinned Tomatoes. Sprinkle with finely-grated brown breadcrumbs and cheese, and a few little pats of butter. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Late sown Peas should have their tops pinched off as soon as they reach the tops of the pea-sticks. This encourages early setting of the pods. Every pod should be gathered before it begins to harden, otherwise the oncoming Peas are retarded. Similarly with French Beans and Scarlet Runners. If pods are allowed to mature the plants soon cease to be productive. In the case of Scarlet Runners, the weak tips should always be nipped off, as they are never productive, and merely take the strength from the lower part of the vines. Earthing up Celery is an art. The ideal is to do the early earthing up in such a way that the soil does not press closely enough to prevent the heart expanding. The outside of the ridges should be banged firm with a spade at the second earthing up, but inside should still not be too firm. Celery blanched with sea sand has an excellent flavour, but river sand can never be used as it may contain oxide of iron.

The last sowing of Lettuces is made this month also Corn Saladand American Cress to stand the winter. In mild parts hardy Lettuces such as the old Bath Cos, Stansted Park and All the Year Round can be sown on a warm border in the open the first week of the month. But even in mild parts it is always advisable to make sowings in cold frames. Thin sowing and thinning as soon as possible to about 2in. apart are essential, for first-rate results cannot be expected from plants that have been left huddled in the seed rows. It is important all through the winter to keep the soil aerated between the rows and until the turn of the year, or until severe frosts begin the frames should be kept open during the day. Over coddling merely makes for sickly plants.

Corn Salad and American Cress are little grown during summer, but in winter, when variety for the salad bowl is not easily found, they are useful. Both are of the easiest culture, merely sowing the seed in drills 6in. apart and thinning to 3in. apart. The thinnings can be used. In winter we also add a teaspoonful of chopped evergreen herbs, such as Lavender, Rosemary, Sage Garden Thyme and Winter Savory, and this is a great improvement, for Lettuce by itself is dull.

Small fruits need attention this month. Late Strawberry beds, if not attended to in August, need immediate attention. Many growers believe in burning the straw as it lies, and though this may seem harmful they assert that it is not, and that it destroys insect pests. Any plants that show "small leaf" should be taken up and burnt. Plants layered into pots and by now well rooted should be put in their permanent positions as soon as possible. Young plants that have been ordered by post to be planted this month should be put in water for at least three hours. The job of planting should be done with a trowel and never a dibber, as by using the former it is possible to spread the roots out properly and make them very firm. The usual distances to allow are 18in. between the plants and 2ft. between the rows. Never bury the crown of the plants.

All Raspberry canes that have fruited should be cut out as soon as possible, so that the new growths will have all the light and air. New growths should be tied up, but not too tightly. Autumn fruiting canes are not pruned till spring, and in mild parts quite heavy crops of these autumn fruiting kinds may be gathered right up to Christmas. Lloyd George is still a favourite variety. It is essential to support autumn fruiting kinds, for unlike summer fruiting varieties they bear towards the tops of the canes instead of the whole length. Consequently when improperly supported the fruits are apt to get splashed with mud in late autumn.

Blackberries should be pruned as soon as they have finished fruiting. These fruits vary so greatly that a particularly prolific first-rate kind should be propagated, and this should be done now. On sandy soils it is only necessary to layer the tips by arching over the young canes and covering their tips with 2in. of soil. On heavy soils the tips should be layered into pots filled with a compost of loam and leaf-mould in equal quantities. In either case the rooted tops should not be separated from the parent plants till spring.

MAINTENANCE CLAIM

By REGINALD DAVEY

A FEW years ago readers of *The Times* were amused at the problems of a certain Mr. Doe, who, having made a fortune in the City, retired into the country to live on his recently-acquired estate. Of his abortive attempts to apply business methods to the countryside, of the various calamities that befell him, and finally when he had "come to himself," of the precautions which he took to avoid inroads into his finances. Not only was he able to reduce his liability in respect of the various calls by the State, but he actually counter-attacked by means of a mysterious weapon called a "Maintenance Claim."

An owner pays tax under schedule A of income tax in respect of all real property that he owns. This is the landlord's property tax, and the amount is based on the rental value of the land or buildings. To arrive at this figure certain deductions may be made, including an allowance for the cost of carrying out the periodic repairs necessary to maintain the property. This repairs allowance is calculated on a sliding scale according to the amount of the assessment, but 20 per cent. is an average figure for houses, and for land it is one-eighth.

Invariably the expenditure on repairs exceeds this figure, and to meet the hardship it is possible to reclaim income tax and surtax on the excess cost of repairs, insurance and management so far as it exceeds the statutory allowance. If the property is under-assessed by reference to the rent paid, the amount of the under-assessment must be deducted from the claim.

In order to avoid large variations, the claim is computed on the basis of the cost of repairs on the average of the preceding five years. In the case of a first claim where previous figures are not available, the Inspector of Taxes will admit a separate claim for each of the first five years, after which the average will be the basis.

Relief is usually given by way of repayment, but if the claim is submitted in good time the relief can be set off against tax due. This is convenient and quite possible in most cases, for the claim for the five years ended April 5th, 1939, will affect the tax year 1940/1, the first instalment of which will not be due till April 5th, 1940.

When a claim is first considered, it is possible to submit at the one time claims for the preceding five years, which will usually involve a substantial initial repayment. The revenue do not inquire the source of money spent on repairs, so that a purchaser can secure benefit from a predecessor's expenditure. A tenant for life can likewise include in the claim sums advanced by the trustees out of capital monies. Even a loan for improving the cottage of a farm worker can be shown in the maintenance claim.

To prepare a claim, form 99 must be secured from the inspector. Headings are provided for maintenance, repairs, insurance and management. The last item covers the agent's salary and expenses. Insurance means fire insurance. The meaning of "repairs" is quite clear. It is "maintenance" that causes most of the difficulty.

It would cover the replacement of a worn-out building, provided it is necessary in order to maintain the existing rent. If any additional rent or interest is payable the replacement becomes an improvement and may not be included in the claim. It may even pay to forgo interest on an improvement required by a tenant rather than lose the reclaim of income tax and surtax.

Improvements and additions to buildings are allowable, if no increased rent is payable, and provided they are made in order to comply with a statutory requirement. An example would be modernising a cowhouse in order to comply with an order from the sanitary inspector. There must be a statutory requirement coupled with no payment of interest, for the claim to be admissible.

Ordinary farming or garden expenditure may not be included, but certain unusual items sometimes arise. For example, the wages of a caretaker looking after an empty house during a period of vacancy, or the wages of a gardener looking after the garden of an empty house which it is desired to let, in order to keep the place looking presentable and maintain the rental value.

All the land and houses on an estate must be included together, and individual buildings may not be treated alone. The maximum limit for the claim in any year is the total tax paid under Schedule A. There is accordingly a maximum as well as a minimum figure to bear in mind. In spite of this it will usually be wise to prove all expenditure, even beyond the maximum, so that the benefit may be received in future years.

SKILLED ADVICE BY

Archie Compston



COMMENCEMENT OF THE TAKE-BACK



The most noticeable difference between the "dub" and "class" golfer is to be seen in the commencement of the "take-back."

The "rabbit" will start the club head first, working from the shoulders downwards, whereas the "tiger" starts the movement from the feet upwards. This gives greater freedom and width in the "throw-back" on the back swing. Compare the two movements.

first of a golfing series by Archie Compston

For skilled advice on independent electric light and power and water systems, consult R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd., Head Offices and Works: Dursley, Glos. 'Phone: Dursley 177 and at London, Glasgow, Stamford, Belfast and Dublin



THE TIME IT SAVES *Makes it a Gilt-edged Investment on any estate*

● One man cuts a hedge at six times normal speed, does spray painting or creosoting four times the speed of a brush. Brilliant electric light speeds work in outhouses and after dark. These are but examples of the increased work output per man introduced by this self-contained *portable* source of electric power.

Use it for Hedge Trimming, Lighting, Pumping, Grass Edging, Paint or Creosote Spraying, Milking, Sawing, etc., etc. Use Tarpen all the year round.

Models 400 watt to 3 k.w. Write for particulars and free demonstration.



Electric Hedge-trimming with the Tarpen

A.R.P. *Ideal for emergency lighting and pumping.*

TARPEN ENGINEERING CO. LTD., 4 Isworth Place, London, S.W.3. Tel.: Kensington 3495-7.

TARPEN *Portable Generator*

COLAS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

FOR DRIVES AND PATHS

"COLAS" your paths and drives with Colas and not any substitute.

Write for free advice and pamphlet which tells you how to obtain an attractive and trouble-free surface for your drives and paths. COLAS experts throughout the country.

Colas Products Ltd., 12 Norman Ho., Strand, W.C.2.

'Phone: TEMple Bar 0011. 'Grams: Colsfalt, Rand, London.



Fine Craftsmanship never ages

The firm of Boulton & Paul has been planning and erecting conservatories and greenhouses for over one hundred years. This unique experience forms the hidden quality behind the sound materials and superior workmanship of every Boulton & Paul building. It is at your service.



POTTING SHED

Garden Hut No. B 295 is strong and properly made, but inexpensive. Size 7 ft. X 5 ft. X 5 ft. to eaves; 6 ft. 6 ins. to ridge. Prices from £4 15 0, and sent in sections for easy assembly.

Write to Head Office, Norwich, for Catalogue 385, "Buildings of All Kinds," which gives full details and illustrations.

Purpose planned
BOULTON & PAUL LTD NORWICH
Faithfully made

LONDON SHOWROOMS

Boulton & Paul, Ltd., Horseferry House, Westminster, S.W. 1



MEDLARS, WITH THEIR BROWN, ALMOST SPIDERY, FRUITS, ARE GATHERED SOME TIME IN NOVEMBER

A NEW INTEREST IN FRUITS

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

IT has been said, with some justification, that there is a real wave of Victorianism sweeping over our gardens. Carpet bedding is being seen again. The Horticultural Department of Reading University gave a very fine demonstration of this at the Centenary Royal Agricultural Show this year.

Pelargoniums are again in favour. Such an interest is being taken in fuchsias that a National Fuchsia Society has been formed, and held its first show in the R.H.S. New Hall in July.

With flowers, so it is with fruits. More inquiries are being received now about mulberries, quinces, bullaces and the like, than for many a year. This modern studied interest is a reasonable one, for there is something monotonous in the continual cult of the apple, pear and plum. A quince in an apple pie makes all the difference! Properly preserved, mulberries form a conserve above all others. The medlar, served as an alternative to nuts with port, is the connoisseur's delight.

Apart from the fact that the epicure may crave for these almost unprocurable delicacies, the garden delights in them for the trees themselves, as trees are so decorative. The mulberry is just the setting for an old-world garden. The medlar looks equally well, and not only is it pretty when flowering, the flowers being large, white and solitary; but it looks just as attractive and weird when the brown, almost spidery, fruits are gathered some time in November.

The medlar will grow on practically all soils, though a deep, rather moist loam is said to be preferable. It is believed that when planting medlars on a dry soil, the trees should be purchased grafted on to the whitethorn stock.

There are three stocks usually used by nurserymen—the wild pear for standard trees, the quince for dwarf trees, and the whitethorn for situations as described above. Standards grow well in grass, or even in hedgerows, and prove popular specimen trees for any sunny spot in the garden. A medlar, though, does just as well as a bush or a pyramid.

The young trees should be pruned in the same way as an apple, and once established in six or seven years' time, little pruning is necessary other than the cutting out of dead and diseased wood, the removal of crossing branches, and perhaps the cutting out of one or two misplaced growths, so as to let in light and air.

It is usual for the fruit to be gathered in November and to be stored, calyx downwards, on sheets of clean paper in a cool, dry room. In about three weeks time the fruit should have turned brown and should begin to decay. This is known as "bletting." It is when decayed that the fruits are fit for use.

There are three good varieties—the Dutch, which bears large fruit of good flavour and is perhaps most suited as a standard; Nottingham, which bears medium-sized fruit an inch in diameter, pear-shaped and of excellent flavour. It is best grown as a bush; while Royal, a prolific cropper, even when young, bears fruits of a nice acid flavour. It is known to do well both as a bush and as a pyramid.

Only one variety of mulberry is normally grown in this country for fruiting, and that is the black. It was originally a native of Persia, but is now fully acclimatised. It crops heavily, and is of excellent flavour.

It dislikes a shallow soil, and the best fruit is always obtained from trees growing in cultivated land. In gardens north of Birmingham it should be grown against a wall. It can be planted as a standard, as a bush, pyramid or wall tree. Its roots are thick and fleshy, and great care has to be taken when digging them up out of the nursery, and when planting them, not to break them. The best time for putting in mulberries is March and early April.

The fruit usually ripens late in August and early in September, and should be picked when it is blackish-purple. It is quite a good plan to lay cloths on the ground and then to shake the branches. Only the properly ripened fruits fall off, and these are in the right condition for dessert purposes. The cook will prefer to receive hers when they are bright red.

The quince is certainly an ornamental tree, and bears quite large and beautiful flowers in June. The fruits are also attractive, for they are golden in colour and will hang on like large lemons, long after the leaves have fallen.

Quinces do well on rich loamy soil, and flourish near a pond or on swampy ground. As a matter of fact, they look well close to a stream or pool because of their pendulous growth.

Quinces may be planted as bushes, pyramids or standards. The standards should be three or four years old when purchased, and the bushes two or three years of age. Planting should be carried out before Christmas. Little pruning is necessary, and all that is to be done is to cut out overcrowding branches to let in light and air, and produce an evenly-shaped tree.

It is never advisable to store quinces in an ordinary storeroom for their flavour will taint the other fruits. It is quite easy, though, to keep them for a couple of months in boxes filled with bran or chopped straw somewhere on their own!

Bereczki is the best flavoured quince there is. It crops heavily, has very large fruits and, what is more important, often crops when the tree is only two years of age. Portugal bears a large pear-shaped fruit, mild in flavour. Its flesh turns red when cooked. It is a strong, vigorous grower, but not such a heavy cropper as other varieties. Meech's prolific is a good growing, good bearing, variety which throws large fruits. Its great advantage is that it may be used late.

The bullace is a pleasant alternative to the eternal plum. In the Midlands it is known as the Winter Crack or just Crack. This may be derived from the German namé Krieche. The Black Bullace is, perhaps, the oldest English variety. It bears oval, dark red-purple small fruits, forming a slender, twiggy, round-headed tree. It is best not to pick bullaces until they have been frozen, but once gathered they are excellent for bottling, jam-making, and in East Anglia, many a housewife produces from them a delicious wine.

The White Bullace is another old variety which can be distinguished from the white damson because of its roundness. The fruits are of a pale milky-yellow colour and are covered with a thick white bloom. Either of these varieties will flourish wherever plums are grown.

Other fruits that might come under the "old-fashioned" category are the crabs, the cranberries and bilberries. All have a claim to being decorative as well as profitable.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Care and Attention of Lawns

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THERE is nothing nicer than a perfect lawn, but, unfortunately, there are still some people who believe that turf can just look after itself. A lawn needs as much care and attention as any other part of the garden, and it has been estimated that if a grass tennis court received the same care and attention as some of our best putting greens, they would cost in upkeep £50 per year each.

Many lawns form a dense mat below, because they are not properly aerated. Correct aeration helps a great deal during drought periods, and does much to discourage the growths of moss. Regular spiking has now become a routine operation on our best lawns, and it is fortunate that there are several mechanical automatic spiking machines on the market for the purpose. One is made by Pattisons & Co., Ltd., of Stanmore, Middlesex; another, the E. Smith Renovator, by Messrs. Dickson & Robinson, of Cathedral St., Manchester; while a special hollow tine piercing fork is made by William Paul's, of 182, West George Street, Glasgow, C.2.

It is a mistake to cease mowing a lawn too early. It is essential to go on mowing as long as the grass is growing. The more the mower is used, the less is the withdrawal of soil nutrients. Experiments have shown that mowing three times a week, for instance, gives better results than mowing once a week.

Rolling may usefully be done in the autumn, providing care is taken not to consolidate the soil, and so cause poor aeration. The roller used should be no heavier than 2 cwt., and the rolling should not be done (as is commonly practised) on a wet day. If bumps appear in the turf, and need flattening down, the turf should be removed at this point in the normal way, the necessary subsoil dug out, and the turf replaced, watered and rolled down.

Moss can be removed if raking is methodically done with one of the modern wire fine-tined rakes. There are two on the market at the moment, one known as the Springbok and the other as The Flexo. These rakes scratch out the mossy material satisfactorily without disturbing the grass roots unduly. The moss, once removed, should be swept up and may be put along rows of crops to act as a mulch.

Those who have lawns that are still infested with weeds or clovers should do everything they can now to make them weedless. A mixture that has proved very successful consists of three parts of sulphate of ammonia and one part of sulphate of iron. This should be applied at the rate of 2oz. to the sq. yd. It is necessary to keep the chemicals perfectly dry before applying them, and to see that the composition is perfectly fine and contains no lumps. This dressing must be applied evenly or else it will scorch.

Those who fear scorching may use one of the proprietary lawn sands, such as are offered by Messrs. Sutton's of Reading, Messrs. Carter's of Raynes Park, Messrs. Ryder's of St. Albans, and Messrs. Ozone Chemical Co. of Wheelock, Sandbach, Cheshire. Those who like to buy the fertilisers mixed to their own recipes should approach such firms as E. G. Jepson & Co., 5, Crown Point Road, Leeds, or Messrs. Couper, Friend & Co., of 33, Eastcheap, E.C. 3.

A good lawn sand may be made up of three parts sulphate of ammonia, one part calcined sulphate of iron, and one part sand. This should be applied at 4oz. to the sq. yd. The sand does prevent any undue scorching.

New lawns may be laid down at this time of the year, either by turfing, seed sowing or by planting out stolons of a stoloniferous variety of grass. Seed sowing is the most inexpensive method, and has proved a very satisfactory way of establishing perfect turf. Seed mixtures are offered by Messrs. Carter's and Messrs. Sutton's, and, in addition, such firms as Messrs. Geo. Woodhead & Son, of 83, Kirkgate, Leeds, Messrs. Clucas & Co., Ormskirk, Lanes, the Fine Turf Culture Co., 18, Putney Bridge Road, S.W. 18, and Messrs. W. W. Johnson, of Boston, Lincs, offer the finest quality grass seed for all purposes.

An excellent formula consists of five parts Chewings Fescue, two parts Creeping Red Fescue, and three parts New Zealand Bent.

Those who prefer to turf should approach such firms as John R. Stutt, of Potter Hill, Paisley, Maxwell Hart, Ltd., 39, Victoria Street, S.W. 1, and Messrs. Clark & Co., 13, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

If the stolon method is to be attempted these should be removed, cut into short lengths and distributed evenly all over the prepared ground. A slight top dressing of soil is necessary afterwards. The grasses soon grow.



GIVE COLOUR TO YOUR ROOFS

Ruberoid Slates in warm, mellow colours always look neat and give permanent service at moderate cost on all types of estate and farm buildings, bungalows, garages, summer-houses and garden shelters. No experience is required for fixing. Ruberoid Slates are supplied in Twin Butt form or in neat Octagonal strips, complete with all accessories for fixing. Three colours: Venetian Red, Westmorland Slate Green, and Steel Blue. Stocked by leading Builders' Merchants and Ironmongers.

Specimen Slates and explanatory booklet sent on request.

RUBEROID SLATES

THE RUBEROID CO., LTD., 145, LINCOLN HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.



- BULBS FOR GROWING in BOWLS in FIBRE
- BULBS FOR BEDDING
- BULBS FOR NATURALISATION

We will gladly send you a copy of our new Catalogue "SUTTON'S BULBS for 1939" free on request

SUTTON'S READING

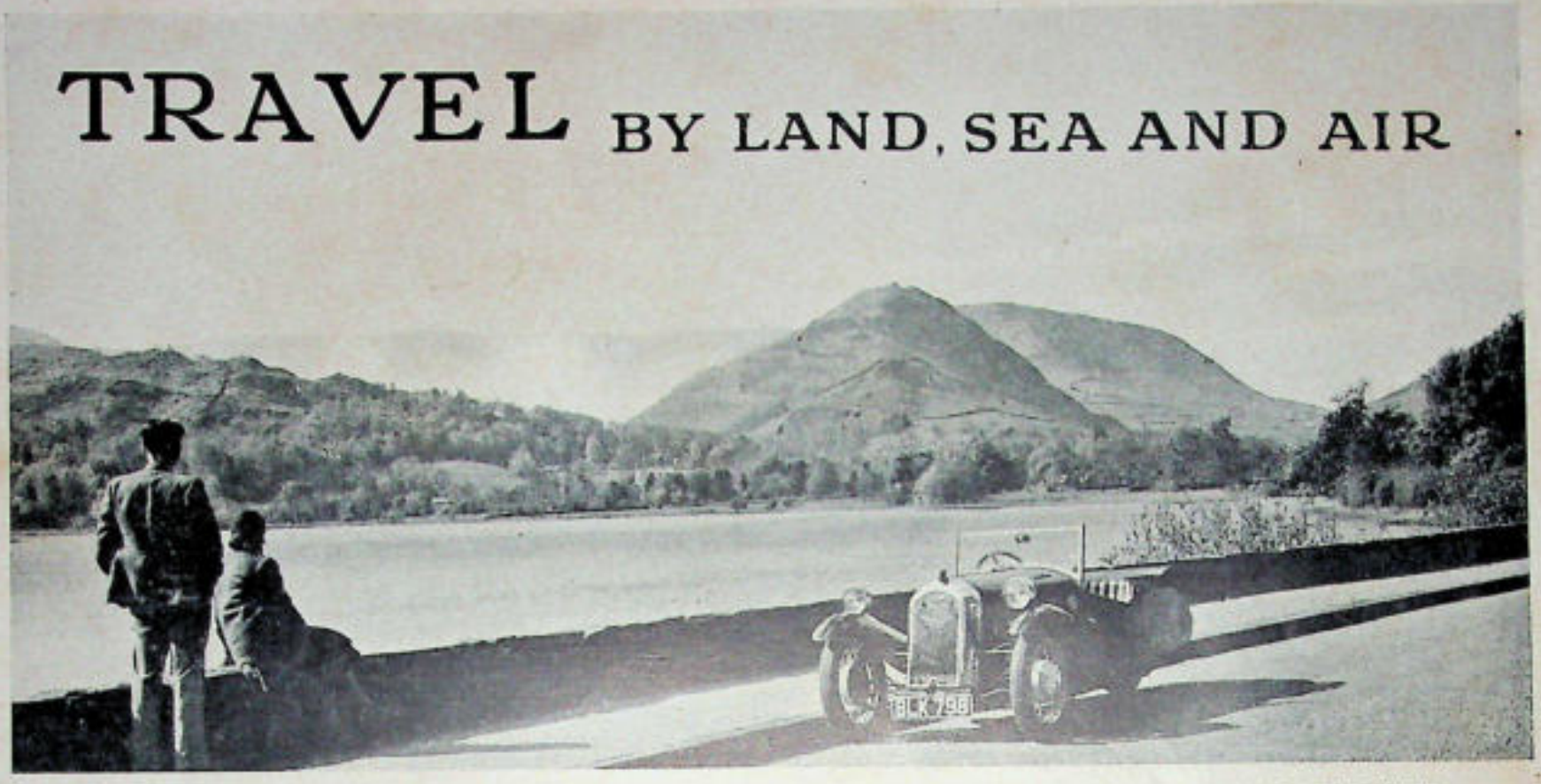
NOW is the TIME to SPRAY



Write for the latest "Martsmith" literature. Free on request

Jas. Southerton & Son, Martineau & Smith,
MARTSMITH WORKS, SUTTON COLDFIELD
Telephones: SUTTON COLDFIELD 2343.4 Telegrams: MARTSMITH, SUTTON COLDFIELD

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



THE TWO OCCUPANTS OF AN 8 H.P. THREE-WHEELER MORGAN STOP TO ADMIRE HELM CRAG ACROSS THE CALM WATERS OF RYDAL WATER

BOAT DESIGN FOR THE WATER-SPEED RECORD

"I Feel Confident that a Speed of 200 m.p.h. Can be Achieved"

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

EVER since I made my first attempt on the world's water-speed record in 1937 I have felt convinced that speeds undreamt of in the past would be reached on the water in the not too far-distant future, and now after our recent success on Lake Coniston with a boat of entirely new design I feel confident that a speed of 200 m.p.h. on the water can and will be definitely achieved in a very few years' time.

Progress in this sphere has been comparatively slow when it is borne in mind the enormous strides that have recently been made with the automobile and aeroplane and the high speeds that have been recorded by both.

Since there is so much in common between the racing aeroplane, car and boat it is obvious that certain lessons learnt in the realms of the one should assist in the others, provided those lessons are properly applied, which in the past they certainly have not been so far as high-speed boats are concerned.

Let us for one moment look back over a period of ten years and see how slowly the speed has been mounting up: in March, 1929, Gar Wood, the American, set up a new world's water record with a speed of 93.12 m.p.h. The following year the late Sir Henry Seagrave raised the figure to 98.76 m.p.h. In 1931 there was a ding-dong struggle between Gar Wood and Kay Don, first Wood holding the record with 102.25 m.p.h., then Don with 103.49, and finally Kay Don with a new boat raised the figure to 110.22 m.p.h. In 1932 Gar Wood broke the record with 111.7, and a few months later Don raised the figure to 119.81 m.p.h. Wood made another attempt in September of that year with a much more powerful boat and put the record up to 124.86.

That figure remained unbeaten until the Blue Bird came into the picture in September, 1937, when the speed was raised to 129.5 m.p.h. A further attempt with the same boat twelve months later only succeeded in adding a very small margin to the record, bringing it up to 130.93 m.p.h.; so that over a period of ten years only 37 miles per hour was added to the world's water speed record. Surely, therefore, something must have been wrong somewhere, especially when both the motor car and the aeroplane speeds have been soaring up and up.

To give some comparison over the same period, ten years ago the land speed record stood at 231.3 m.p.h.; to-day it has been raised to 368 m.p.h. and the aeroplane from 347.7 to 469.225. It is quite obvious that the aeroplane will always be ahead of the car so far as purely speed is concerned and both will be a long way in front of the boat, but there is no reason why there should be the huge margin between their respective performances which now exists: of that I am certain.

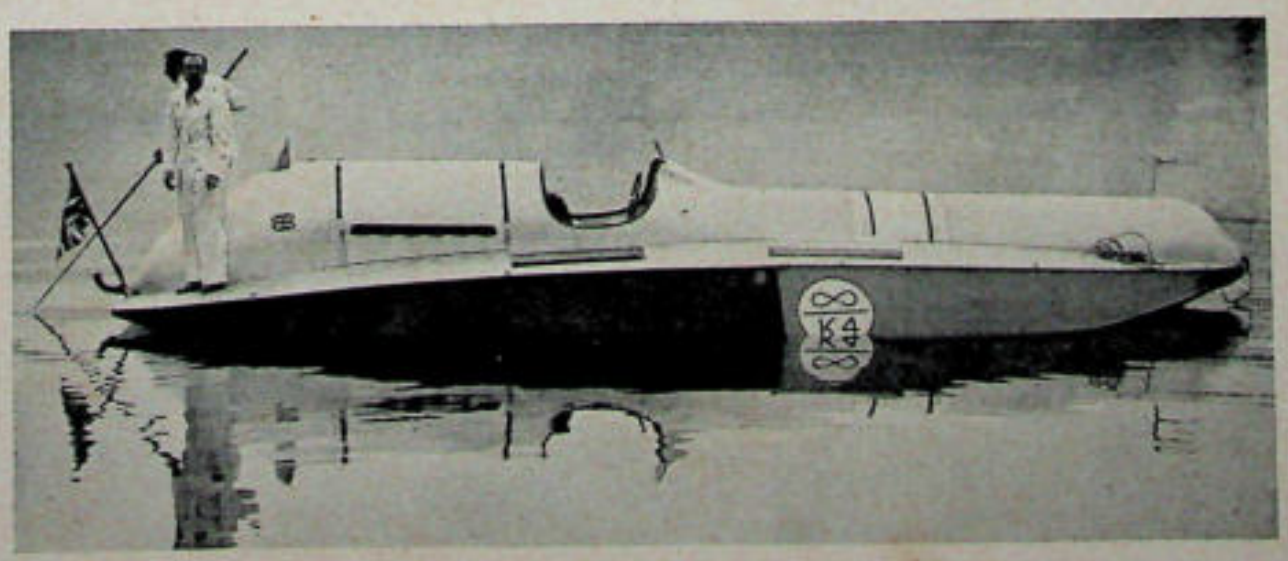
Regarding our recent successful efforts on Lake Coniston, although the record was raised from 130 m.p.h. to 141 m.p.h. in the first attempt, *i.e.*, an increase of 11 m.p.h., the performance was much more significant than most people could realise, inasmuch as only an old test engine was being used at the time, the boat was not in racing trim, and moreover, we were purposely using all the same underwater gear that had been employed in the old boat, so that we could tell exactly that any improvement gained was due entirely to the hull design and not contributed to by any other factor.

It is my belief that had we carried out prolonged tests and effected one or two minor modifications to the old boat, we should have reached a speed well in excess of 150 m.p.h., and with still further alterations which would have taken several months to complete, I think 165 m.p.h. or more would have been possible. When we commenced building the first Blue Bird speed boat in 1935 we did incorporate in its construction the lessons we had learnt on the road and race track, and the point which received the most meticulous attention was the ever-important problem of power to weight.

Gar Wood's American boat, which was holding the record at that time, was equipped with four supercharged Packard engines each of 1,800 h.p., making a total of 7,200 h.p. Our boat had a single Rolls Royce motor of 2,000 h.p., weighing approximately 1,850lb., and the total weight of the complete craft topped the scale at slightly over 2 tons, so that we had a power to weight ratio of 1 b.h.p. for every 2¼lb. of weight, which was a remarkable engineering triumph.

Our new boat is practically the same weight even though it is somewhat larger, but its outstanding success is due to the fact that underwater friction has been reduced to the absolute minimum—in fact, it shows an improvement of 45 per cent. less in this respect than our first boat. The new craft has taken nearly two years to build, over one year of which was spent in carrying out exhaustive tests with models in the tank and wind tunnel, but all that spade work has been well worth while, and we are delighted at the results achieved, as it proves the faith we had in this particular design was justified, and that there are enormous possibilities for the future.

A LICK AND A PROMISE.—The problem of keeping the 50,000 R.A.C. signs clean is a big one, and an official of the Club was struck by the fact that one particular "village" sign in Hampshire never seemed to need attention. By a lucky coincidence the reason was discovered. The sign has been erected on the grass verge adjoining a gate into a farm. Each time that the cows are driven in and out of the farmyard one of them bestows three or four hearty licks on the sign.



BLUEBIRD II BEING PREPARED ON CONISTON WATER JUST BEFORE THE RECORD-BREAKING RUN

LAGONDA

By Barker

Distinguished people have patronised Barker Coachwork for 229 YEARS... testimony to the fine tradition expressed in the phrase "By Barker"

The car illustrated is an outstanding example of Barker LAGONDA *Craftsmanship*

BARKER COACHWORK



Barker Two-Door Saloon V.12 Lagonda

BARKER & CO. (Coachbuilders) LTD., 66, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W. 1 Telephone: Grosvenor 2421

GEO. PARKER & SONS

for

Winter Clothing

G. P. Estab. 1851



EXTRA SUPER FAWN RUGS, London colour, bound Super Livery Cloth ..	each	£2 9 6
BEST DITTO, bound Braid	each	£1 12 6
SPECIAL BLUE OR GREEN DITTO, bound Braid	each	£1 12 6
EXTRA SUPER LONDON COLOUR, striped full size Blankets, all wool, 8 lbs.	each	£1 15 0
Ditto, 7 lbs.	each	£1 12 0
Ditto, 6 lbs.	each	£1 9 0
And a limited quantity of extra super striped Blankets, 8 lbs.	each	£1 12 6

SPECIAL LINE: Canvas Night Rugs, lined throughout grey, with buckle and strap at chest and surcingle, each **18/6.** Night Rugs, part lined, each **12/6.**

NEW ZEALAND WATERPROOF HORSE RUG, suitable for horses and cattle turned out at grass; made from best green rotproof, waterproof canvas, lined heavy woollen lining, fitted with special leg straps with patent attachments to hold in position to prevent slipping and chafing .. each **45/-**

The splendid winter lines quoted alongside are taken from our Current Season Price Lists of highest quality Clothing, Saddlery, &c., &c. Let us quote you for all your stable requirements

GEO. PARKER & SONS

ONLY ADDRESS (SADDLERS) LIMITED

12, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 1164. *Telegrams:* "Caveason, Lesquare, London"

ROBIN HOOD BOILERS



FOR CENTRAL HEATING WITH

BEESTON RADIATORS

ROBIN HOOD ROYAL BOILERS are suitable for fixing in scullery or kitchen and will give warmth in every room when used in conjunction with BEESTON Radiators

Through all Heating Engineers

PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE BEESTON BOILER Co., Ltd.

BEESTON, Notts.

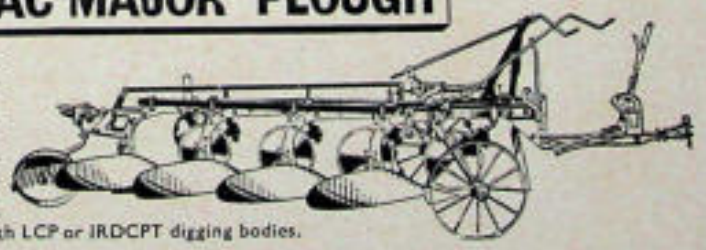
MAKERS of BEESTON DOMESTIC BOILERS

Ransomes

TRACTOR PLOUGHS AND CULTIVATORS

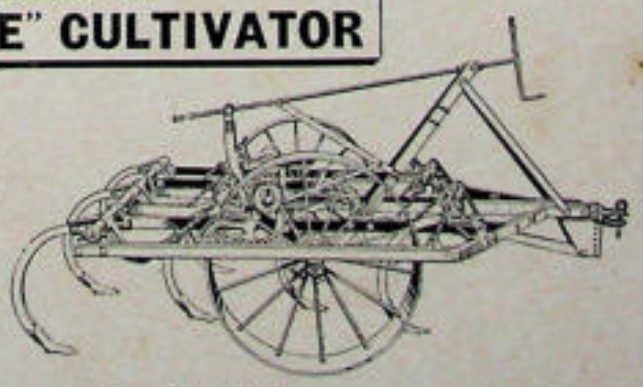
Ransomes "MOTRAC MAJOR" PLOUGH

The "MOTRAC MAJOR" is particularly suitable for use with light-powered tractors under easy working conditions. It can be fitted with YL general purpose bodies or with LCP or IRDCPT digging bodies.



Ransomes "EQUITINE" CULTIVATOR

The "EQUITINE" Cultivator has compensating tines, which automatically clear themselves by swinging backwards. Clogging is thus obviated, and draught lightened.



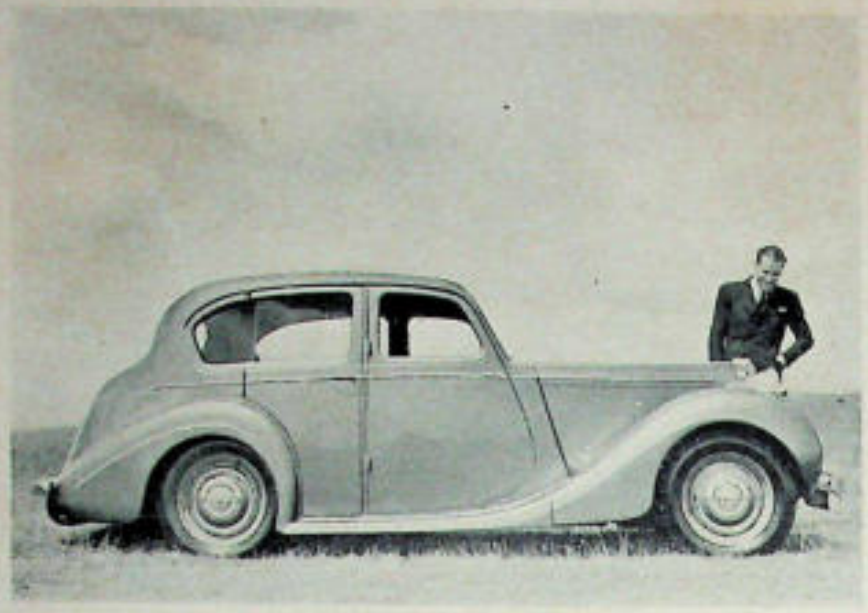
Lists Post Free

RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, Ltd.

ORWELL WORKS, IPSWICH

WELCOME THE STYLIST

His Work is to Beautify the Body



THE NEW 2-LITRE SUNBEAM-TALBOT SALOON, WHICH, WITH A 13.9 H.P. RATING AND A WEIGHT OF UNDER ONE TON, OFFERS AN EXCELLENT POWER-TO-WEIGHT RATIO

THE first time I saw styling mentioned as a process in the manufacture of motor cars was a few years ago in a Studebaker catalogue. The writer, I remember, emphasised the new beauty of the car's interior and especially of the layout and decoration of its instruments. This was all the work of a famous woman stylist, one of the first experts in this line of business to be called in to add beauty culture to a car body.

But when you come to think of it, it is a sensible idea. You would not expect an architect or builder to plan the décor of your home. You would go to an expert in colour, comfort and culture. And the same thing is happening in motor cars. The designing and production people are responsible for the works and the stylist, the latest addition to the staff, makes their efforts satisfying to the senses. He dresses the chassis, as it were.

A few years ago what is now called the styling of a car was carried out in spasms by periodic inspections of the chief body builder's efforts on the drawing board and in the full-size "mock-up" by the directors, sales manager and perhaps by a highly-favoured distributor or outside car critic. Now in their various spheres of activity all these people were experts and successful. But not one of them could know as much about styling as a man or woman who had been specially trained in this work. So the aforesaid magnates, armed with pieces of chalk, would gather round the body on which their next year's hopes were centred, and make marks here, there and everywhere to indicate how it needed altering in line, curve or contour. The body-maker would sadly contemplate the result, and during the next week or so do his best to follow the chalk marks. Then down would come this committee of taste again, there would be more criticism and still more chalking.

The same sort of thing would be repeated when it came to choosing the colour schemes, the trimming and furnishing of the car. It was perhaps not surprising, therefore, that some of the cars styled in so Soviet a way were not as beautiful or roguish as they might have been. And even to-day many cars are not so beautiful in form. I think any artist or sculptor would agree with that statement. There is an absence of balance and proportion, a failure to develop a motif or a line to its logical conclusion, a weakness in symmetry and a lack of taste in colour values and blending that in their total detract from the beautiful thing a motor car might be.

Of course there are exceptions to this and one has only to open the doors of various cars to spot in an instant where the stylist has been at work and where he has not. To my mind, one of the notable examples of good styling in this country is provided by the Humber, Hillman and Talbot cars. All these models display excellent taste in their colour schemes, both inside and out, and in their general décor. Without pretension or vulgarity they suggest real comfort, well being and just the right amount of brightness.

Then the new Daimlers, which have attracted so much favourable comment and done so well in the big coachwork competitions, show a proper appreciation of the value of style allied to practical requirements.



A VAUXHALL 12 ON THE "IMPRACTICABLE" ROAD FROM DEVIL'S BRIDGE TO RHAYADER

And the other day when looking over the new Vauxhall range of cars for 1940, I found the same pleasant qualities. Indeed, they were so obvious in their charm that I inquired how they had come to such a pleasant arrangement. The answer I received was that a new styling department in charge of an expert in these matters had been created and the tasteful effects I had admired were some of the results.

Styling, of course, goes much further than the choosing of colours that harmonise or the designing of instrument panels to appeal to the ladies. It will, even if it does not at the moment, embrace practically the whole of the body and its fittings. And I can imagine the battles that will be waged between the drawing office, production and styling departments to decide on the best compromise between what is practical and what is pretty. In which warfare the old saying that what looks right is right will probably provide the solution.

In considering car style in greater detail the first thing to remember is that it is much easier to make a big, long wheelbase car look handsome than a short dumpy vehicle. And as the overall heights of cars are more or less the same regardless of their wheelbase, it is very difficult to impart well-balanced proportions to a small car. You see, the thing is too tall for its length.

Some people seem to think that style is attained by ornamentation, whereas if the basic proportions are correct and the curves and lines flow smoothly and in harmony there should be no need for much, if any, ornamentation. An example of what I mean is afforded by those quite imposing-looking cars, the fronts of which expose masses of chromium-plated grille, filling in space between the prow of the bonnet and the wings. To my way of thinking, this motif should be suppressed and not emphasized. The grills are necessary, but they are not beautiful, and to pick them out with chromium from a black background always reminds me of a man dressed in a dark suit but wearing a red waistcoat. And, after all, dressing a car is not so very far removed from dressing a human being. And the best-dressed people are invariably inconspicuous as regards their attire. If, on the other hand, you make the car feminine, well, then I don't know women's dress fashions well enough to say whether the simile still holds good or not.

On the subject of body shape, a well-known and successful coach-builder once told me that the nearer a body could approach the form of an egg, the more beautiful it would be. Incidentally, that was some years before people began to think of streamlining as applied to cars. But the old coach-builders' theory had a lot in it because if you judge a car on shape alone you'll admit that an out-and-out racing car, such as the Mercedes or Multi-Union, has an immense appeal, not only on the score of proportion but also because it looks its part, just as a bird looks as if it ought to fly and a ship to sail.

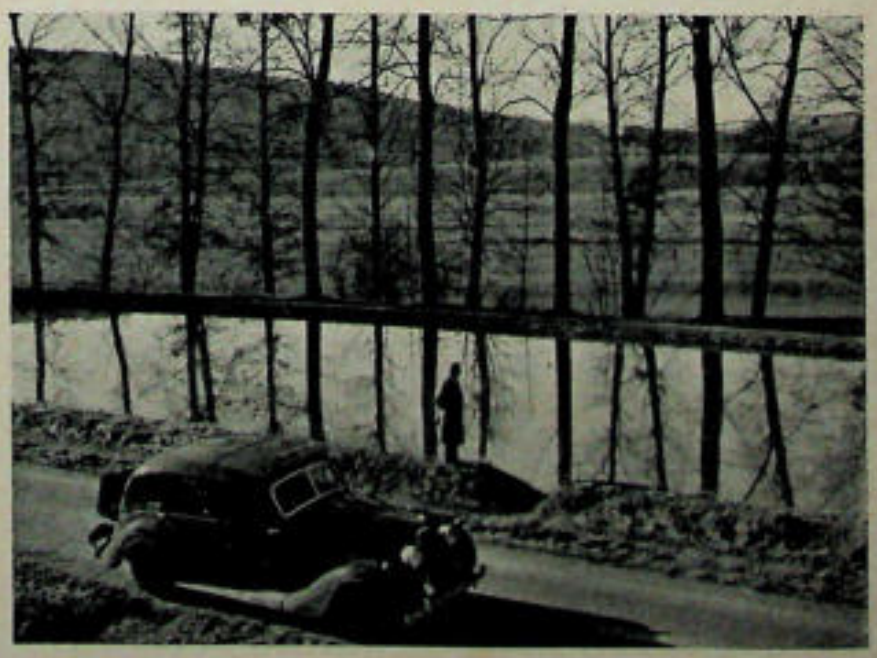
The two most famous stylists in the States are Raymond Loewy and Norman Bel Geddes. The former has styled ships, locomotives, and even, I believe, bridges! I saw a new locomotive dressed by him and was immensely impressed by its bullet-shape, suggesting tremendous power and speed. A brilliant touch, which may or may not have come under the heading of styling, was this monster's foghorn syren, every bit as deep and loud as those of the Atlantic liners. Its note again suggested power.

Norman Bel Geddes was a movie director in Hollywood. But he grew tired of designing sets and seeing that Kahn, the millionaire, was willing to assist artists with ideas and initiative, sent the magnate a many-dollared telegram, which practically exhausted his funds. But it had the desired result for Kahn sent him money for his trip, and took him up on the grand scale for theatre decoration. Geddes's latest triumph was the Futurama at the World's Fair, which, with other effects, was said to have cost General Motors three-quarters of a million pounds.

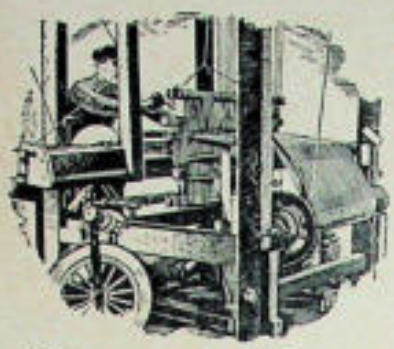
It will be interesting to see how the art of styling progresses in this country. Fashions and treatments which may appeal in France or the States may fail to catch on here, or *vice versa*. And then the styles that satisfy us in England may not be the right thing to attract our customers' overseas.

Anyway, whatever happens, it is grand to know that at last beauty culture is to be applied to car bodies. Until recently we all were more interested in the works and the appearance of the car did not receive the attention to which it was entitled. But to-day we know that it is almost impossible to buy a bad car, and being satisfied with the performance we take stock of other things and notably body comfort, appointments and style. So much is this now the case that I know of a very experienced owner who, after being faithful to one make of car for four years, and still being fully conscious of the fact that for his job it represented the best possible means of transport, went over to another make because he considered the latest models of his old favourite too hideous for anything. That sale was definitely lost on appearance, and judging from inquiries I have made since it was not the only one.

W. G. MACMINNIES.



RÉFLEXIONS FRANÇAISES.—THE DRIVER OF A HUMBER IMPERIAL SALOON STOPS TO CONTEMPLATE THE SCENE ON A QUIET ROAD IN FRANCE



Pride of craftsmanship

Away to the north-west of Scotland lies a group of islands known as the Outer Hebrides, the home of Harris Tweed. For generations the islanders have made this famous tweed, a cloth which reflects the sterling worth of these hardy folk. Woven by hand, Harris Tweed is the very embodiment of traditional skill and pride of craftsmanship, a pride shared by weaver and wearer alike.

HARRIS TWEED



See that this label is sewn in the garment you buy. It is a guarantee that the Tweed is made from pure Scottish wool, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and handwoven by the islanders at their own homes.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT

LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH

Issued by the Harris Tweed Association Ltd., 5 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

THOMAS & SONS

Sporting and Military Tailors and Breeches Makers

5, Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square

OPPOSITE THE CONNAUGHT HOTEL



Their Knickerbocker Breeches are the ideal garments for the Country gentleman and have many advantages over "Plus Fours" or Knickerbockers.

They are equally comfortable for walking or riding or for any sporting purpose; can be worn with leggings or stockings; they do not collect the wet round the knees in shooting; and are altogether smarter in appearance.

They require skilful cutting and usually defeat the ordinary Tailor, but can be obtained with complete satisfaction from the original inventors.

THOMAS & SONS (TAILORS) LTD.
5, CARLOS PLACE, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - - W.1

Telephone: MAYFAIR 2152.
Telegraphic Address: SPORTINGLY, LONDON

FOR GOLFING, FISHING & SHOOTING

DEGE



PHIT-WELL

THE IDEAL COAT FOR ALL SPORTS.

"Never before such comfort, such utility and such appearance."

Come in and see it—try its comfort and ease—see how the pleats are permanently controlled—test

The "Phit-well," a practical combination of the two ideals

J. DEGE & SONS, LTD.

Sporting, Military, Mufti and Diplomatic Tailors

SPECIALITIES: LADIES' BREECHES, RIDING COATS, ETC.

13, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 1325. Telegrams: Harkforward, Piccy, London

TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVE DETAILS UPON APPLICATION

SCOTT ADIE LTD.

The Royal Scotch Warehouse

38, Conduit St., Bond St., London, W.1



By Appointment to Her Majesty Queen Mary
ESTABLISHED 1814

THE HOUSE FOR SPORTING AND TOWN CLOTHES *for* LADIES and GENTLEMEN

RUGS, SHAWLS, SCARVES, PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS, GOLF and SHOOTING HOSE.

Highland Dress Specialists

S.A. HOMESPUN RAGLAN - 7 gns.

TELEGRAMS: "SCOTT ADIE, PICCY"
TELEPHONE: REGENT 4501

INDIA FOR A HOLIDAY

A Close-up View at Minimum Expense

By C. G. EARLY



THE WAYFARING MISSIONARY TRAVELLING BY BULLOCK CART

INDIA for a holiday! The idea need not be turned down as fantastic. Indeed, it seems fantastic that so few people should venture East and enjoy the privilege of seeing for themselves something of their brilliant, wistful sister in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

People of reasonably simple tastes can have the holiday of their lives for about £180, and enjoy a really valuable close-up view of the country, and be back in England within three months. The pleasantest time to be in India is from the middle of November to the middle of February, when the climate is glorious. The voyage occupies a little more than a fortnight each way, if one travels by train across France.

Steamer fares need not be more than £80 for the double journey, and in India one can travel 5,000 miles comfortably for £25, in airy second-class carriages provided with electric fans and with sleeping accommodation on night journeys. The travel agents at Bombay will provide an efficient English-speaking Indian manservant, whose wages for the whole trip will not be more than £5 or £6, including his food; his railway tickets might cost another £5. This leaves about £60 for hotel accommodation, meals and sundries. Hotel expenses can often be greatly reduced by using the excellent bedrooms provided at many of the larger railway stations, at very much less than hotel rates.

There is no need for the "tropical equipment" pages of the stores catalogue to alarm one. For a winter tour in India ordinary clothes such as one wears in the English summer will be quite adequate. Two people travelling together could easily pack everything they need into a medium-sized trunk and a couple of suit-cases, with a holdall of bedding.

As to itinerary, the soundest advice one can give is *to leave the beaten track*, and to see the real India of the countryside into which the ordinary tourist rarely penetrates. Of course, some large towns and "show places" will be seen. Much too often the winter visitor sees nothing else, and that means that he does not see India. To make the best use of a few weeks, it would be well to eschew wasting time in the European clubs in the large centres of population, and even to leave on one side the hill-stations. These are beautiful, but, after all, snow-mountains can be seen in Europe, and they are not characteristically Indian.

It is certain that if the visitor resolutely determines to break away from the tourist routes along which the "conducted parties" are shepherded, his happiest memories will be of days spent in roadless country among remote villages which can be reached only by bullock-cart, beside rivers which have no bridges and are crossed in wicker-work coracles, of nights in the jungle beneath brilliant star-lit skies, listening to the laugh of the jackals as they go a-wooing in the darkness beyond the camp-fire. The best guides into the life of the real Indian countryside are missionaries. They know the vernacular, they are in closest touch with the simple, friendly, courteous peasants who are the backbone of the country and who form 90 per cent. of its population. Any missionary society would be glad, at its London headquarters, to put the intending tourist in touch with some of its workers in India, and the missionaries will take their guests beneath the surface and show them things which Europeans seldom see.

After landing at Bombay, and seeing something of this strangely cosmopolitan city, the traveller would do well to go North, 40 hours by train into the Punjab, the romantic land through which wave after wave of invaders poured down into Hindustan. From Peshawar the journey east and south, as far as Bengal, can be made in easy stages, covering some weeks. At Delhi it will be well to remember that there have been other Delhis before the present rather self-conscious newcomer was born: they will well repay exploration. When Agra is reached, however great the fascinations of the Taj Mahal, one whole day *must* be spared for an unhurried visit to Fatehpur Sikri, only an hour's run from Agra, but strangely neglected by travellers. This is the Emperor Akbar's deserted capital, occupied for only a few years, still standing almost exactly as it was built.

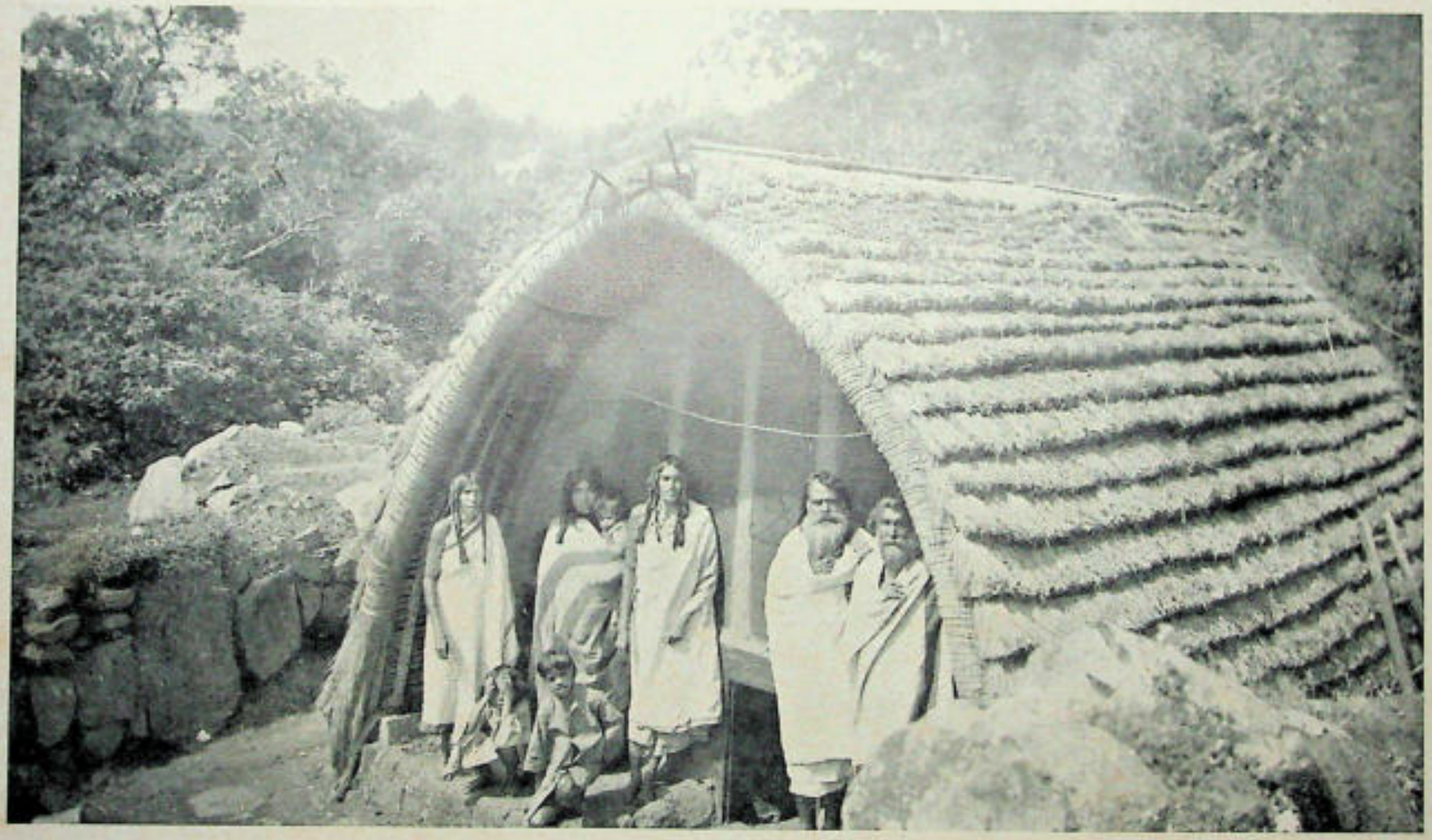
It is a thousand pities that so many people neglect a visit to one or two of the Rajput States, where one seems to be back in feudal India. In Jaipur one has seen as many as 70 elephants belonging to the maharajah, out for an evening stroll through the streets, and the whole countryside is gay with sacred peacocks. Besides Jaipur, one ought to see Udaipur, the wonderfully picturesque little capital of Mewar State.

Further east, Lucknow and Benares, not far apart, will provide a striking contrast between Muslim and Hindu culture. One of the most fascinating ways of seeing Benares is to take a boat for the morning, and have it rowed slowly along the river-front while thousands of pilgrims from every part of India are bathing in "Mother Ganges" in the hope of finding cleansing in her sacred waters. Among the fifteen hundred temples of this amazing city one is, of course, at the very heart of Hindu India.

Calcutta, the most European city in Asia, will probably be the eastern terminus of the journey, and it is not likely to detain the traveller long, for he will want to turn southward. The most interesting way to Madras is via Nagpur and the Grand Trunk train; the train passes through the Central Provinces and the Nizam's Dominions, and one can easily visit Hyderabad City.

And so to Madras and the cheerful, easy-going Tamil country, a very different world from North India. From Madras one can return right across the Peninsula to Bombay, or one can fare still further south to Ceylon and sail from Colombo.

One last word. Of all India's attractions, the chief are the charm and friendliness of her people. Let every traveller reciprocate this friendliness, and remember that he is a guest.



TRIBESMEN (TODAS) AT HOME IN THE NILGIRI HILLS

FISHING
SHOOTING
CAMPING
SKI-ING
CANOEING
SAILING
BATHING
GOLFING
CLIMBING
RIDING
MOTORING
WALKING



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

Visit **NEW ZEALAND**

Why not make one of the New Zealand Shipping Company's 17,000 ton luxury liners your home for a "Round Voyage" and see for yourself some of the scenic wonders for which this Dominion is famed?

NEW ZEALAND LINE

There's a HINDES BRUSH for every kind of coat

Supplied in three colours: red, blue, green; also obtained from chemists, dog shops, and stores.



Brush your dog daily with a Hindes Dog Brush. There is a Hindes Brush for every kind of coat, rough or smooth, long or short. And, whether pedigree or "doubtful," your dog deserves a Hindes grooming! The claw-shaped or bent pins, which are a special feature of most Hindes Brushes, are designed to remove dead or loose hairs, and to comb—in one easy action. See what a Hindes daily "brush up" does to YOUR dog!

FOR SHORT-COATED DOGS, No. 7028 - 1/9d. each

FOR LONG-COATED DOGS, No. 7029 - 1/9d. each

FOR ROUGH-COATED DOGS, No. 7030 - 2/9d. each

● See the Red Guarantee Seal on every Hindes Brush

HINDES DOG BRUSHES

HINDES LTD., BROMSGROVE ST., BIRMINGHAM, and 5 GT. QUEEN ST., LONDON



PELLISSON

GRANDE CHAMPAGNE

45 years old

Finest value in Liqueur Brandy at 30/- per bottle, of all high-class Wine Merchants and Stores, etc.

YOU WOULDN'T BUY HALF A HOUSE



—with no idea what the other half was like. So why buy shoes without knowing what the leather is like. Leather is more than half a shoe, and half its cost too! Better choose shoes of branded leather—VEEBEX Leather—because it is made specially soft and pliable for comfort, yet specially tough for hard work, specially durable for extra long wear. It pays to look for the name VEEBEX Leather—it's on the tie-on label. Specially suitable for golf.

Wm. Paul Ltd., Oak Tannery, Leeds.

Look for the name **Veebex**



LEATHER FOR WEEK-END SHOES

ELEMENTS OF SHOOTING

By ERIC PARKER

This book, with its practical advice and first principles, is typically the result of experience to the tyro. It is addressed to beginners and its chapters deal not only with the actual practice of shooting, but with the habits and natural history of game birds and beasts.

Colour plates and diagrams.

15/-

Postage 6d

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

Royal Ulster Agricultural Society

AUTUMN SHOW & SALE

Of Light, Medium and Heavy Weight

HUNTERS

AT BALMORAL, BELFAST

Wed. & Thurs., 20th & 21st Sept., 1939

Arrangements:—SHOW 11.30 a.m. 20th. SALE 10.30 a.m. 21st

Admission by Catalogue :: **Price 1/6**

Particulars and catalogue may be obtained from:

S. CLARKE
(SECRETARY)
THE KING'S HALL
BALMORAL
BELFAST



The Perfect Hunt Coat

Guaranteed ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF

"KATERFELTO"
(Registered)

Katerfelto Coats are the most perfect hunting and riding mackintoshes made, and are also equally suitable for walking and driving.

Made in reliable quality mackintosh cloth in Light Fawn, Khaki, and White. Fitted with leg straps, wind cuffs, and saddle flaps, and manufactured in several different weights.

Write for Patterns Today!

Price for Ladies or Gentlemen, Belt 5 - extra.

75/-

SAMUEL DAW & CO., Sole Makers, 12a, HIGH ST., BARNSTAPLE. London Agents: *Messrs. Rogers & Co. Ltd., Military Outfitters, 8, New Burlington Street, Savile Row, London, W.1.*

THE AIR O.T.C. IN CAMP

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of "The Field.")

THIS year for the first time the annual training camps of the Public Schools O.T.C. have included a special one for the Air Sections. This development is of interest not only because of its novelty, but because it indicates that the need for establishing strong links between the public schools and the Royal Air Force is being fully recognised.

The camp, which lasted a week, was held at Mr. Norman Holden's private aerodrome at Norton Priory, Selsey Bill, and it was attended by some 250 boys representing 36 public schools. The organisation consisted of four air cadet squadrons, each composed of the contingents from nine schools, the whole being formed into a unit known as the Public Schools' Air Cadet Wing.

Here, under ideal camping conditions, the boys have been brought into direct and valuable contact with practical aviation and with the work of the Royal Air Force, stations of which were visited, the boys being transported in many cases by military machines. The whole programme had been designed to give practical point to the training carried on throughout the year in the Air Sections of the O.T.C.s at the various schools.

Since these Air Sections have not been much publicised, it may be of interest briefly to indicate their nature. They do not in any way conflict with O.T.C. training. Indeed, the Air Section training might almost be looked upon as specialised post-graduate instruction for those with special interests in aviation matters.

That the camp itself will prove to be a very valuable culmination of that training cannot be doubted by anyone who has studied the good work done in past years by the Public Schools Aviation Camp, which was initiated by Dr. H. Birchall of Taunton, and of which, in fact this O.T.C. camp may be considered a logical and important development.

The importance of bringing the public schools into intimate relationship with the Royal Air Force has long been recognised, and under to-day's conditions, when first-class officer personnel is increasingly required, that importance has naturally grown. Until the formation of the Air Sections no real means of establishing such contact existed.

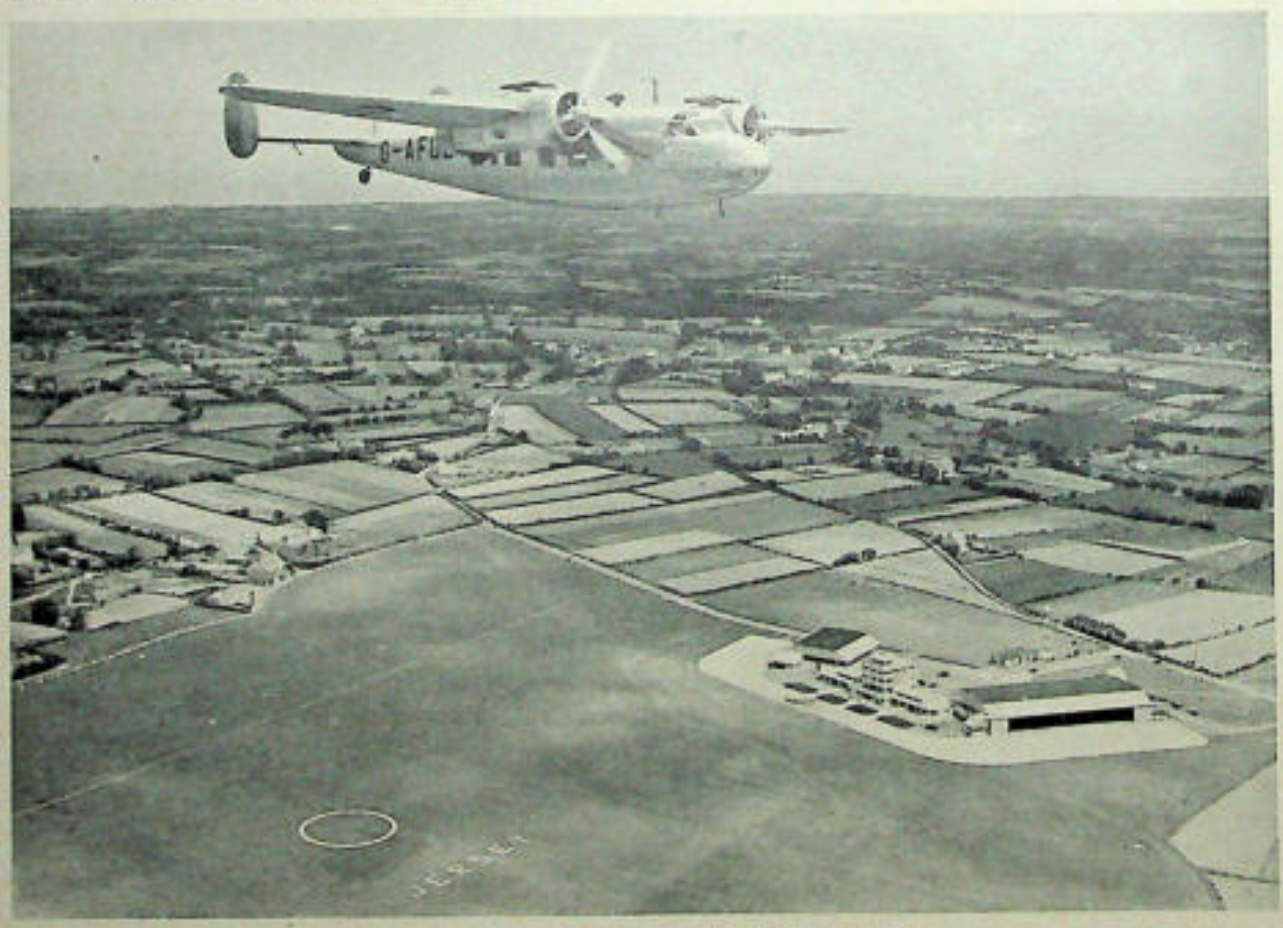
As a preliminary training ground for the Army, the Public Schools O.T.C. has done invaluable work for many years past, and its existence has been very important not only in educating those boys who were determined on an Army career, but in influencing others to qualify for commissions in either the Regular or the Territorial Army. The Navy, on the other hand, has not felt the need for such contact, at any rate to the same extent; for the majority of Navy cadets enter direct from preparatory schools.

That the Royal Air Force, which recruits its officers in much the same way as the Army, should have some link with the public schools is, therefore, obvious. It is this which the Air Sections provide; and it is to the credit of the originators of the scheme that means have been found to attain the desired end without in any way competing with the normal Army activities of the O.T.C. The groundwork of discipline and drill, acquired in qualifying for the Certificate A, is as essential to the would-be R.A.F. officer as to the Army candidate.

On this ground, then, the Air Sections may be considered a very valuable addition to the public school training. But there is another aspect of their work that is no less important. Small as the sections are, not all the members will want to enter the regular Air Force or one of the non-regular branches, such as the A.A.F. or the Volunteer Reserve. There is, none the less, a very widespread interest in aviation among the boys of to-day, and the Air Sections provide yet another outlet for it, as do, in other ways, the Air Defence Cadet squadrons and Air Scouts. There is, in these bodies, an educative value of a generalised, as well as of a specialised nature. They are, therefore, an important addition to those forces which are creating an informed opinion in regard to air matters—the existence of which must become more and more a national necessity as aviation advances.

The success of the Air Sections so far is an indication of how well they fit in with modern requirements. The original Public Schools Aviation Camp showed how much interest there was in the schools to be turned to good account, and an organisation planned as an integral part of the schools' curricula can hardly fail to yield even more valuable results, if only because the net for talent and promise is spread wider.

It would be foolish to predict, of course, that the Air Sections can ever grow to a strength comparable to that of the ordinary O.T.C. Indeed, it is doubtful whether such a development would be desirable. Their best sphere would seem to be to direct and fertilise an already existing interest and intention. On those lines progress seems assured.



THE CHANNEL ISLANDS IN UNDER THE HOUR

The new De Havilland "Flamingo" air liner arriving at Jersey Airport at the conclusion of its first passenger flight



THE SINGER ROADSTER

I DROVE a car the other week-end which seems to have won the hearts of many small car enthusiasts—the new 9 h.p. Singer Roadster. It is not very difficult to understand its popularity for reasons I shall try to set out.

The engine is a four-cylinder unit with a bore and stroke of 60 x 95 mm., and, with an R.A.C. rating of 8.93 h.p., the annual tax becomes £6 15s. Translated into terms of performance, this engine is an extremely effective unit, and, bearing in mind such factors as horse-power and price (£169), its achievements are remarkably good. For instance, the car has a top speed of something not far short of 70 m.p.h., while acceleration is surprising, 0-30 m.p.h. in 6 seconds as an average, while some individual cars will manage that figure in a fraction of a second less.

On top of this there is an excellent petrol consumption, working out about 35-36 m.p.g. on an average run, and since the tank at the rear holds, 7 gallons the car has a cruising range of over 240 miles.

The gearbox is very simply operated and has synchro-mesh on top and second gears—there are only three—and ratios are as follows: Top, 5.43 to 1; second, 9.9 to 1; and first, 18.08 to 1; reverse is 22.26 to 1.

Springing, carried out by means of long, semi-ellipties, is quite efficient, and on ordinary roads shows little of that "bucking" motion so often noticeable in the small car, though on really rough surfaces it is apt to be a little bone-shaking. Normal motoring, however, is very pleasant, and the car sticks to the road on corners surprisingly well. As in all small cars, steering is light, but at the same time it is positive and not too whippy. Braking, too, is quite satisfactory.

I believe one of the reasons for this car's popularity is the thought which has been expended upon it to make it appear smart and "ship-shape." Examples of this are to be seen in the five pressed steel "Easy Clean" wheels and the arrangement whereby the hood and side screens pack away completely behind the rear seat in the neatest manner. The hood takes a moment or two to erect, but, once fixed, thanks to the judicious use of zipp fasteners, is thoroughly water- and draught-proof.

In appearance, the coachwork on the Roadster is most attractive. It is smart, but at the same time quite practical, with one possible exception—I think most drivers would willingly sacrifice something of the sweeping line of the car's tail for a little more luggage space in the boot. Still, that is only a personal preference, and since the car is a two four seater, as a general rule the back of the car would be used to carry luggage. My only other criticism is of the front seats. They are comfortable enough to sit on, but the backs are insufficiently padded and feel hard to those whose adipose tissue is inadequate to cope with the situation. On the other hand, they are well designed and do not leave you with a backache, which will excuse them much.

Taken all round, the Roadster is an attractive little car and has received what it deserved—popularity.

W. R. J.

All's right with the world at the Forest Park Hotel, Brockenhurst. Outside its doors the forest stands clad in its full beauty of summer and early autumn. Leafy paths invite you to walk or ride along them. The air is fragrant and fresh with sea-borne breezes. Inside the Hotel there is Country-house Service; splendid cuisine and matchless comfort. The Hotel is fully licensed; and Vita Sun-lounge.

FOREST PARK HOTEL

BROCKENHURST

Golf, tennis, riding, lovely drives. The sea only five miles away: the forest at the door. Hot and cold water in every room. Ample garage accommodation. Write for illustrated Tariff to the Manageress.

Famous QUEENS *by famous Masters*

QUEEN NOFRETETE
by an artist of the Armarna Period
(Berlin Museum)



HIGHLAND QUEEN
GRAND 10 LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
by Macdonald & Muir

To those who look upon her likeness to-day, she represents a tradition of regal nobility handed down from an age long past. So with Highland Queen "Grand Liqueur," the skill and patience of past generations has handed down to us the subtle blend of flavours that distinguishes this royal Whisky.

MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD., LEITH, EDINBURGH; *also* LONDON *and* GLASGOW.

A. J. WHITE Ltd.



The new Grouse Shooting, Golf and Fishing Helmet. Waterproof, cool and comfortable. Well ventilated.
Registered Number 383779



FOLDED

74, Jermyn Street, S.W.1
'Phone: Whitehall 4534. Near St. James's St.

LIGHT HORSES
Their Breeding and Management
By
SIR M. R. BURRELL
3/6
Postage 4d.
FROM BOOKSELLERS OR FROM "THE FIELD," BEAM'S BLGS., E.C

ZEISS



Write for list T.5 and the name and address of your nearest retailer.

BINOCULARS
SWEEP THE FIELD
CARL ZEISS (LONDON) LTD.
Mortimer House, Mortimer Street, W.1

HEALTHIER MOTORING

Enjoy health-giving fresh air by motoring in Tickford Coachwork. The pleasure of touring is doubled. The Tickford Drop-Head Coupes and Four-Door Cabriolets are built up in electrically welded steel framework, giving lightness and great strength, and the ease with which these are opened and closed is not found in any other Coachwork of this type. The hoods are fully lined as in a Saloon, no framework being visible. Tickford Bodies are the result of over 20 years' specialisation in Open-Closed Coachwork in which are incorporated patents giving the maximum ease of opening and closing, with complete protection from wind and rain in rough weather. No other Coachwork of this type can give you the same advantage. Thousands are in daily use giving absolute satisfaction. Tickford Coachwork is included in the Models of the Armstrong-Siddeley, Daimler, Hillman, M.G., and Rover Cars. Descriptive specification with pleasure from the Patentees:

SALMONS & SONS (Coachbuilders) LTD.
NEWPORT PAGNELL
London Showrooms:
8, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2

BRIDGE

TOO MANY TRUMPS

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

SEVERAL weeks ago, under the above title, I dealt with the rather unusual predicament of the declarer who had too many trumps. This week I propose to discuss examples of the case when one of the opponents has more than his fair share of trumps.

When the declarer is likely to be forced in trumps it may pay him to dispense with the usual procedure of extracting the opponents' trumps and instead, run his side suit, allowing the opponents to ruff. In the following hand this play was adopted as a safety play against a bad trump distribution.

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

Game all.

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	One Spade	No bid	Two Clubs
Two Diamonds	Two Spades	No bid	No bid
Three Clubs	No bid	Three Hearts	No bid
Three Spades	No bid	Four Diamonds	No bid
Four Hearts	No bid	No bid	No bid

With such a freak distribution Z is fairly safe in bidding only Two Diamonds, since it is most unlikely that the bidding will stop there. Moreover, with such strong Diamonds it is more than likely that partner will prefer Hearts. Subsequently Z showed first round control of both the opponents' suits in the hope that this picture of his hand would enable Y to try for a slam with strength in Hearts. Y's encouragement of Diamonds did not justify a gamble on slams and so Z signed off with Four Hearts.

A led the King of Spades, which Z ruffed. The 4 of Hearts was returned, taken by Y's King. When B's Jack of Hearts fell it seemed possible that A held the three remaining trumps, i.e., as many as Z. With another force imminent the prospect was unpleasant. However, Z did not mind A taking three trump tricks, so long as the contract of Four Hearts was safe.

Z therefore proceeded to lead his Diamonds. When A ruffed, if he returned a Club Z could afford to lead trumps himself and would eventually concede a Club trick. Actually A returned a Spade, Z carried on leading his Diamonds, allowing A to ruff again, and later ruffed a losing Club in dummy, giving the opponents only three Heart tricks.

In the following hand the declarer had to allow for a bad distribution of the opposing trumps by playing the hand for a cross ruff:

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

Z	A	Y	B
One Diamond	No bid	One Heart	No bid
One Spade	No bid	Four Spades	No bid
No bid	No bid		

A made the rather inspired lead of the 4 of Spades, which Z took with the Ace. The chances of establishing an extra Heart trick were rather remote, and since Z could see two Hearts and one Diamond and a Club trick, he required four trump tricks. In the cross ruff play it is essential that opponents do not ruff one's plain suit winners and therefore Z led a Club. B's return of a Spade was taken with the King of Spades and the Ace of Diamonds, Queen of Clubs and two Heart tricks made in that order. Four more tricks were made by cross ruffing Hearts and Diamonds. It will be noted that if Z had led Ace, King and another Heart, before making the Queen of Clubs, B would have discarded a Club, and ruffed Z's Queen of Clubs. This particular point is very important and illustrates the fundamental principle of making one's plain suit winners before starting on the cross ruff play.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Spades are trumps. Z to lead and take five tricks.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

The following problem is taken from Culbertson's *Red Book*:

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

Spades trumps. Y-Z to win all seven tricks against any defence by A-B.

SOLUTION

Z leads the Jack of Hearts, Y discarding a Diamond. Z leads the 5 of Hearts and Y ruffs with the Ace of Spades. B is now squeezed. If he discards a Diamond, Y leads a Diamond for Z to ruff. The Ace of Clubs and another Club is led and ruffed with the 10 of Spades. The King of Spades is led and now Y's Diamonds are good.

If B discards a Club, the Clubs are established by ruffing with the King of Spades and a trump lead gives Z the remainder of the tricks. Finally, if B discards the Jack of Spades, the Y-Z hands can be cross ruffed.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

The following game shows some brilliant play by Dr. Landau.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) The usual move, B P takes P, seems better.
(b) White has a good game.
(c) If Q to R 4, then Q R to Q sq.
(d) A variation here is 20. B takes Kt, Q takes B; 21. B takes P, ch, K to R sq (threatening either P to K Kt 3 or B takes Kt); 22. B to B 5 (not 22. Q to K B 5, because of 22. . . . B takes Kt 23. P takes B, Q to R 5), B takes Kt; 23. P takes B, Kt to K 4; 24. Q to K 4 (best), P to K Kt 3; 25. B to Kt 4, Q to R 5 (threatening P to B 4) with advantage to Black.
(e) Black has nothing better.
(f) Threatening B takes P, ch.
(g) This opens the King's Knight's file for White. B to K 5 is better.
(h) Threatening Kt to K 4. Black should, instead, play Q R to Q sq.
(i) Not 26. B takes P, P takes B; 27. Q takes Kt because of 27. . . . Q takes Q and wins for, if 28. R takes Q, then 28. . . . R to Q 8, mate.
(j) White can play B takes P, but he prefers to begin a King's side attack.
(k) A fine move. If now 29. . . . Kt takes B, then 30. R takes P, R takes R; 31. B takes R, ch, K to Kt sq; 32. B to K 5, ch, and wins for, if 32. . . . Q to Kt 3, then 33. R takes Q, ch P takes R; 34. Q takes P, ch, K to B sq; 35. B to Kt 7, ch, followed by 36. Q takes Kt.
(l) Another fine move.
(m) There is no move to save the game. If R takes R, then R takes R, ch, followed by R (Kt sq) to Kt 7, mate.
(n) Good enough—but R to R 7, ch followed by R to R 8, mate is quicker.
(o) If 35. . . . Q takes R, then 36. B takes P, ch, Q to Kt 2; 37. R takes Q, Kt to Q 4; 38. B takes Kt and mate next move.

A game from the third round of the Premier Tournament.

(Irregular Defence.)

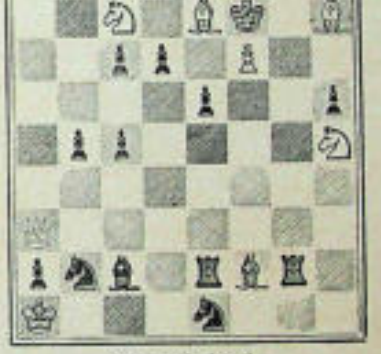
WHITE. P. N. Wallis.	BLACK. J. Mieses.	WHITE. P. N. Wallis.	BLACK. J. Mieses.
1. P to K 4	P to Q 3 (a)	19. Kt to K 2 (i)	Q to Q sq (j)
2. P to Q 4	Kt to Q B 3	20. Q to Kt 5	P takes P
3. P to Q 5	Kt to Kt sq (b)	21. R P takes P	Kt takes K P (k)
4. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	22. Q takes Q	Q R takes Q
5. Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 3	23. P takes Kt	P to Kt 4
6. P to K R 3	P to K 4	24. K to B 2 (l)	R takes Kt
7. B to K 3	B to Kt 2	25. R takes R	P takes R (m)
8. Q to Q 2	P to Kt 3	26. R to R sq	R to K R sq
9. B to Kt 5, ch	B to Q 2	27. K to B 3	P to Q B 3
10. B to Q B 4	Q to B sq (c)	28. P takes P	B takes P
11. B to K R 6	Castles	29. R to R 2	K to Kt 3
12. P to K Kt 4	Kt to R 3	30. Kt to Kt 3	P to Q 4
13. Kt to K R 4	P to Q Kt 4 (d)	31. P takes P	B takes P, ch
14. B to Q 3 (e)	Kt to B 4 (f)	32. K to K 3	K to Kt 4
15. B takes B	K takes B	33. R to Q 2	K takes P
16. P to B 3	Kt takes B, ch	34. R takes B	K takes Kt
17. Q takes Kt	P to K R 4 (g)	Resigns (n)	
18. Q to Q 2 (h)	R to R sq		

(a) This move forms, in conjunction with Kt to Q B 3, an Irregular defence which Mieses has frequently played during the last twelve-month.
(b) Black has sacrificed two moves in order to tempt White to play P to Q 5 and produce a close type of game.
(c) Preparatory to playing the Queen's Knight via Q R 3 to Q B 4.
(d) Beginning an attack on the Queen's side.
(e) 14. B takes P, B takes B; 15. Kt takes B, Kt takes K P, would not be good for White, since he would be exchanging his King's Pawn for the less valuable Queen's Knight's pawn.
(f) Threatening P to Kt 5, which would lead to the fall of White's King's pawn.
(g) A good move.
(h) Not 18. Kt takes Q Kt P (because of 18. . . . B takes Kt; 19. Q takes B, R to Q Kt sq, followed by 20. . . . R takes P) and not 18. P to Kt 5 (because of 18. . . . Kt to R 2, threatening either Kt takes P, or B takes P).
(i) A mistake. He should, instead, play Castles (Q R) so that his King's Rook is guarded.
(j) Threatening Kt takes K P followed by Q takes Kt, ch. If, now, 20. Kt to Kt 2, then 20. . . . P takes P leads to the gain of a pawn by Black.
(k) A very good move.
(l) White cannot play 24. Kt to B 5, ch, because of 24. . . . B takes Kt; 25. R takes R, R takes R, threatening either R to R 8, ch, B takes K P or B takes Kt P.
(m) Black has won a pawn and now finishes off the game very quickly.
(n) If 35. R takes K P, then 35. . . . P to R 6; 36. R to Kt 5, ch, K to R 5; 37. R to Kt sq, P to R 7, followed by 38. . . . K to Kt 6, and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4030

By E. PLESNIVY.*

BLACK (14 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* First prize, *Narodni Politika*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4029

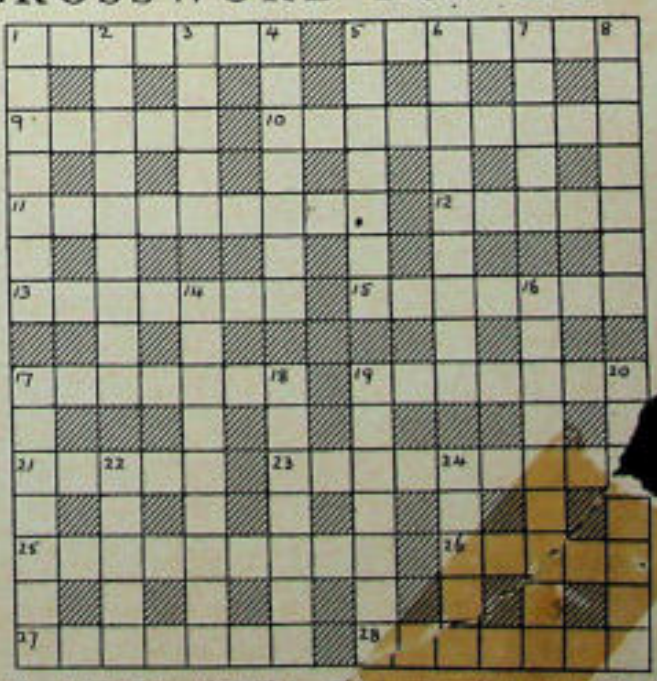
1. R to B 7, Any move; 2. Q or B mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 533

ACROSS.—1. The saving grace? 5. The saving Grace. 9. Father expects that Edward and young Charles will pass the medical examination (Hebden). 10. "O woman! in our hours of ease, ——, coy and hard to please" (Scott). 11. Grand tees to alienated feelings. 12. He met with an upset. 13. A dog and a fighter. 15. "No —— fright him, and no labour tire" (Dr. Johnson). 17. This was defined by Dr. Johnson as the knee of a horse. 19. C possesses half a score. 21. A strange graduate at a dance. 23. "From —— our comfort flows; The only wretched are the wise" (Prior). 25. A fitting clue for these times. 26. A fish, not surprisingly, ends in a stream. 27. Indispensable element. 28. Conveyances for the very young.

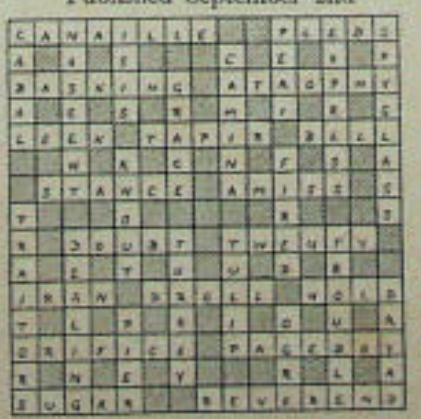
DOWN.—1. "He did —— me past all saying nay" (*The Merchant of Venice*). 2. Musical proposals. 3. A rose at Covent Garden. 4. This clue is not so old. 5. This is fish indeed! 6. Hope put this country on the map. 7. I estimate. 8. R.H.A., R.G.A. and R.F.A. 14. Irate? 16. "Let observation with —— wide survey mankind from China to Peru" (Dr. Johnson). 17. Pa begins a moral story. 18. Harmful. 19. "Where Nature's end of language is declined, And men talk only to —— the mind" (Young). 20. Here a clue is almost unnecessary. 22. It takes three to make a league. 24. Concerning an inverted tub.



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

SOLUTION TO No. 532

Published September 2nd



Three Famous Books on the English Countryside

S. P. B. MAIS

BRITAIN CALLING

Daily Mail says: "Informative and attractively personal. Describes the country vividly and also the countrymen"

ENGLAND'S PLEASANCE

Evening Standard says: "I should like to recommend it whole-heartedly"

ENGLAND'S CHARACTER

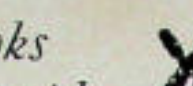
Daily Telegraph says: "He records very amusing and typical conversations"

First Cheap Edition **5/-** each net *Full colour wrapper and fully illustrated*

Secure your copies immediately

HUTCHINSON

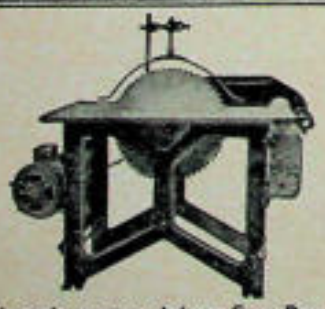
THIS PICTURE DOES NOT REPRESENT A FULL-SIZED



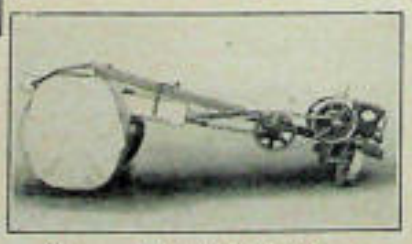
TELESCOPE



The "TeLeS" Hand Saw. The finest one-man saw ever invented. Cross-cuts logs up to 24in. dia. Acts on an unique scissors-like principle. *Write for Catalogue 56 F.*



Electric motor-driven Saw Bench. *Write for Catalogue 65 F.*



The remarkable **"TeLeS" Portable Log Saw** (petrol driven). Cuts any size log or butt and is readily moved about. *Write for Catalogue 66 F.*

Neither does this advert. show the full

SCOPE OF TeLeS

SAWS AND OTHER AIDS TO ESTATE MANAGEMENT

THEREFORE write for full details to:

The T. L. SMITH CO. 13, VICTORIA ST., LONDON, S.W.1 *or Telephone — ABBEY 3018*

WINE and FOOD

A GASTRONOMICAL QUARTERLY

To all who wish to cultivate the art and enjoyment of good living this official journal of the Wine and Food Society will prove of inestimable value.

FROM BOOKSELLERS, OR FROM "THE FIELD," BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4

QUARTERLY Price 2/6

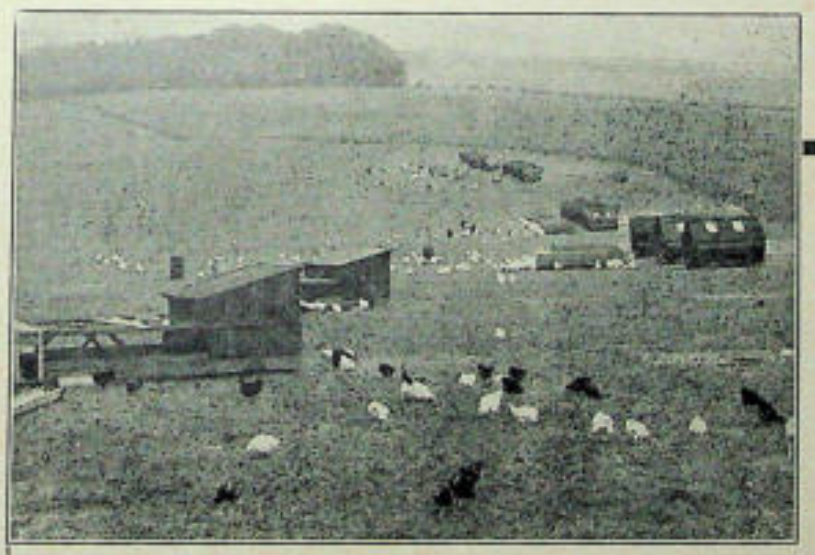
Two Steeples Quality Socks & Underwear..

No. 83 QUALITY SOCKS & DARCUNA UNDERWEAR

Typical of the best English work



Sold by all good hosiers
No. 83. 4/6 per pair
No. 72. 3/6 per pair (Lighter weight)
Darcuna 8/6, 9/6, & 10/6 per garment
St. Wolstan Wool in Underwear, Sweaters, Waistcoats, Golf Hose, etc.
Please write for pattern booklet to Dept. 19, TWO STEEPLES LTD. WIGSTON, Leicestershire.



Indispensable to successful poultry keeping . . .

WHETHER interested in poultry as an amateur, as a commercial farmer, or as a fancier, you will find "Poultry World" invaluable. As well as the latest news of the industry, it contains instructive, fully illustrated articles on Housing, Feeding, Breeding, Rearing, Exhibiting, and every phase of poultry management. A free enquiry service is also included. Published every Friday. Obtainable from all newsagents, price 2d.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAVURE HOME SUPPLEMENT FREE EVERY WEEK

If unable to obtain from your usual newsagent, please write direct to

POULTRY WORLD

POULTRY WORLD, Dorset House, Stamford St., London, S.E.1

Free specimen copy on request.

PENNY-FARTHING DAYS

When the Country Inns Awoke to a New Life and Prosperity



A REAL MOUNT
This took a lot of learning and was the novice's nightmare

IT is difficult to realise, after the lapse of so many years, all that the coming of the ordinary bicycle meant to the younger generation towards the close of the last century. The velocipede, or boneshaker, as it used to be called, had proved a failure, not only mechanically but in every way, and had long been the butt of the humorous press. But with the innovations brought about in the first ordinary, or high bicycle, a new era commenced.

One needs to remember that, sixty years ago, spectacular sport as we know it was unthought of. Though cricket held pride of place, it was only a summer game; while football, as an organised sport, was scarcely in its infancy. The Rugby Union had been formed some years before, but professional football, if it existed at all, had not yet come out into the open, and week-end games only attracted the few. The younger men were, in fact, ready and waiting for the advent of any new form of athletic exercise able to appeal to the many.

When the ordinary machine was proved equal to a journey of thirty or forty miles on a Saturday afternoon, the popularity of the new sport of cycling—or bicycling as it was called at first—was assured. Clubs were formed all over the country, each setting out with its own captain and bugler, and wearing the tight-fitting uniforms, braided and buttoned up to the neck, that the older generation remembers so well. Improvements, both in the design of the machine and in its efficiency, came rapidly, and in the late 'eighties the number of cyclists was estimated at not far short of 500,000.

It was impossible that all this should be accomplished without creating a certain amount of opposition, for many people considered that cyclists had no right to use the roads at all. The Saturday invasion must have been a sore trial to the coach drivers in the narrow country lanes of 60 years ago, and the club bugles can hardly have eased the situation.

It is recorded that, on one occasion, a gatekeeper demanded a toll of five shillings from a cyclist, and impounded his lamp when he refused to pay, and every local authority endeavoured to enforce its own sweet will in regard to hours of lighting, warning whistles or bells, &c. On another occasion the driver of the St. Albans coach set about a cyclist with his whip, while the conductor accounted for the machine with a weight on the end of a cord. This affray, and the subsequent litigation, not to mention the heavy fines imposed, brought matters to a head, and the cyclists' right to the use of the road was established in due course.

The coming of the bicycle met a very apparent need. Coaches already savoured of a past decade, and nothing had emerged to take their place. Railway stations were few and far between, and train services on many lines almost negligible. The possibility of suburban and tube systems, as we have them to-day, would have seemed the fanciful dream of a creative genius, and the average man was a virtual stranger to country within fifteen or twenty miles of his own home. But with the establishment of cycling, the post-houses and country inns awoke to new life and prosperity, and little known places, such as Ripley in the south, and Epping in the north, seemed almost at one's door.

At the commencement of each summer season a meet was organised at Hampton Court, when about 2,000 cyclists assembled and paraded the park in pairs. This was abandoned after a few years, when its purpose in publicity had been served. The Press had now voiced its unqualified approval of the bicycle; the universities had formed their own bicycling clubs, military cycling was established on a firm basis, and the Queen herself had shown her interest by ordering two tricycles to be supplied to her at Osborne House.

Track racing now came to the front as a popular form of sport, and when Cooper and Keen, among the professional riders, with Cortis, Hillier and Keith-Falconer among the amateurs, began to set up an entirely new chain of records, national interest rose to its height.

It may surprise many to learn that an ordinary racing bicycle in the 'eighties weighed less than the average roadster in use to-day, despite the fact that the great majority of record holders were tall men. The machine on which H. L. Cortis first covered 20 miles in the hour scaled not more than 22lb. Such machines would, naturally, have been unsuited for use on the unmade roads of years ago, and the ordinary bicycle made for general use was a different proposition, and often weighed twice as much as the racing model.

Even the main roads were, in the 'eighties, undeniably bad, and the lesser roads were infinitely worse. Little time and thought were given to their upkeep, and the large majority of cycle accidents was due to this cause. Flints, often as large as hens' eggs, were left loose on the surface of the roads, and it is interesting to note that the girth of the old ordinary wheel was designed, not so much to accelerate speed, as to help the machine to over-ride such obstacles as these. The first and most obvious reason for the pneumatic tyre was the need of some medium to act as a cushion between the rider and the rough surface of the roads.

It is to the cyclists of a past generation, and to the powerful influence that they brought to bear upon the responsible authorities, that we owe, in the first place, much of the road reform that we appreciate to-day.

On the arrival of the pneumatic-tyred safety the old ordinary suffered total eclipse. Pneumatic tyres were adapted to the earlier type of machine, but nothing could save it from extinction. The reasons for this have been stated so often that no repetition is needed here. Undoubtedly, the modern machine is superior in every essential, but the heyday of cycling came in the "Penny-Farthing" times, when there were developed a higher meed of courage and ability, and, certainly a more graceful style of riding than is usual to-day.

E. P. OLNEY.



A PUTNEY CYCLING CLUB IN THE LATE 'EIGHTIES
This picture was taken on the main Richmond Road, and it is interesting to notice the rough surface of the thoroughfare



THE HIGHER [illegible]
Two club members [illegible] in the country about fifty years

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Hatfields, Stamford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1929) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex—Saturday, Sept. 9, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4525. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1939 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2D.



W. A. Rouch

MAJOR-GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, K.G.

Hi Royal Highness has been appointed to serve as Chief Liaison Officer to the British Field Force. He is shown in the photograph in the uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards

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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 647
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE? 647
TRANSPORT IN THE LIBYAN DESERT 648
TACTICS OF THE TUNNEL CAST 650
FARMERS AND THE WAR 651
AN OTTERHUNTING JUBILEE 652
THE HEDGE SPARROW 653
FISHING IN THE ARGENTINE NATIONAL PARKS . 654
FIELD TRIALS FOR BLOODHOUNDS 656
A.R.P. FOR ANIMALS 656
BIRD MIGRATION ON THE MERSEY ESTUARY . 657
WAR-TIME ARRANGEMENTS OF VARIOUS SOCIETIES, ETC. 658
WHERE TRADITION DIES HARD 659
GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS: THE "NEW," EDINBURGH 660
A MATTER OF NERVES 662
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 663
NEW BOOKS 665
IN THE CITY 665
THE CHARM OF CLIMBING PLANTS 666
MUSHROOM CULTIVATION 666
WAR-TIME VEGETABLE CULTIVATION 667
AIR CONDITIONING OF CARS 668
WAR-TIME MEASURES AFFECTING MOTORISTS AND FARMERS 668
REGULATIONS WHICH AFFECT AGRICULTURE . 669
CARDS, CHESS, CROSSWORDS 670

THEN AND NOW

WHEN war broke out in 1914, the *Field* appeared with a picture of H.M.S. Iron Duke as a frontispiece (the censor soon prohibited the reproduction of photographs of battleships) and beneath it the caption of "Seconds out of the Ring." Before the war had been long in progress nearly everybody was in the ring.

How very similar are the reasons which then induced us to fight to those of to-day; one man's ambitions backed and urged on by others no less ambitious. For the Kaiser we have but to replace Hitler, the man of lower origin, and many scraps of paper. Words which were written then apply no less to-day. On August 8th, 1914, we wrote "England has found herself drawn into the vortex, not in the interests of these islands only, not only in defence of her allies or of her colonies and free Kingdoms in every quarter of the world; but in the even higher cause of international honesty and of the world's freedom and civilisation against the brutality of an arrogant and despotic militarism. Make no mistake about the issue, it is not merely for the position of the Empire, but for the very existence of England that we are fighting to-day."

In a prophetic vein which even then could scarcely be realised by our own countrymen, it was pointed out that the whole manhood of this country and the Empire would be involved in a gigantic conflict so wantonly aroused, and that it would not be found wanting to carry on the fight in which we could never admit defeat. We had no quarrel with Germany, we had none to-day, and we had never then, as now, acted aggressively towards her.

To-day the stand is being made against much the same vicious system which influenced Germany's leaders in 1914. The battle is being fought with grim tenacity to save the world from the policy which recognises Force as the sole arbiter in decisions which affect the lives and freedom of peoples who have not the means to withstand it. Nevertheless, the spirit which was counted upon then animates us to-day, the spirit of France and our own people as far removed from arrogant brutality as it is from presumptuous self-confidence or overweening pride, and Germany's leaders who have once again plunged Europe into universal misery in such a cause as they have taken up, backed by treachery and lies, can no more now as they could then hope for eventual success.

But in 1914 it was a different war we had to face at the outset. Bitter as the struggle became, we knew little of the methods by which our opponents would endeavour to win it; gas masks were unknown, and the processes which Germany and her scientists have made it their business constantly to perfect, in defiance of the usages of warfare, were undreamed of. The sinking of a "Lusitania" or an "Athenia" would have been considered an impossibility. Despite disturbances from Zeppelins and aircraft, life in the country went on very much as before. A month or so after the declaration of war, race meetings were being held at Gatwick, Lewes, Manchester and elsewhere, and the autumn handicaps were published. Leicestershire was playing Notts, Warwickshire was playing Surrey, and the full programme of first-class county matches was in progress as usual; the World's Sculling Championship on the Thames between Ernest Barry and James Paddon was exciting attention.

The hope was expressed that sport would go on to keep those fit and ready who might be called into the desperate stand or ordained to supervise incessantly those wheels of life and industry which no community can afford to let run down. It was not a spirit with which one could quarrel, and the lesson, in fact, could be driven home to-day. Though great gatherings are out of the question, country pursuits and recreations which are at all possible for those who are engaged on National Service will all act to relieve tension and strengthen the will and morale to carry on.

If one were to adopt the attitude that all things must cease in face of Hitler's threats and indulge in gloomy forebodings, then, indeed, his battle would be fought and won at the outset. It is our job to face difficulties as they occur and not to anticipate them. That was the spirit in the last war and will be in this, in face of possible setbacks, until final victory is achieved.

It is, perhaps, hard to look back, especially for the generation which fought the war to end war. Countless lives were sacrificed to bring Germany to her knees, countless follies were committed in the years after the War. But regrets are useless, and the determination now must be that such a situation will never recur. After all, the last war was not fought in vain. We are reaping the benefit of some of its lessons to-day. If the great desire for peace allowed us to relax, we at least gained a stiffening and a discipline which will stand us in good stead.

We have learned for one thing the kind of enemy we have to fight and the unscrupulous tactics for which we have to be prepared. No greater example of calm, well-working machinery could be furnished than that of the scheme of evacuation which was carried out last week. People are told to carry their gas masks; they do so. Householders are ordered to black out their lights; it needs no waste of official effort to make them comply with the order. And the Government is happy in the assurance that whatever measures it may have to take to assist in keeping order and help to win the war the public will wholeheartedly give all the support needed.

As to the Government itself, it surely can be said that when danger threatened every action was taken to meet it. Since the fateful crisis of last September a prodigious effort has been made to place our Forces on a war footing. Our Navy and our Air Force have been developed at a speed which puts four or five year programmes in the shade. It must have come as a surprise to many people in this country to find how efficiently our aerial defences have been organised, and we hope that many an unexpected feat will equally surprise our enemies.

As to the Army, gone are the days when the very word "Conscription" would have aroused opposition. From all political parties its necessity has been apparent when any of the hesitancy which greeted it during the last conflict would have proved fatal. When the call came for volunteers they were not lacking to fill the ranks of the Territorials, the Militia was organised without the slightest friction, and now with the Regular Army they both stand as a great national unit. Eager volunteers there still are, men with past military experience anxious to play their part. They must wait in patience until the moment arrives when the machine is in order to absorb them.

The effort has been great, the cost uncounted, but still further efforts will be needed and will be fulfilled to bring this country and its Allies triumphant against the forces of evil and oppression.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

SITTING dazed before the magnitude of the tragedy that has befallen mankind, I called to mind scenes I had witnessed a month before, scenes which appeared to anticipate in the skies the giant agony of earth. At that time, thunder and lightning were of daily occurrence; the rains or hail-storms of sudden and capricious violence, while the brief visitings of the sun were of a biting intensity. Day after day the heavens were in huge commotion, as though the Dark Angel were making his second assault upon their battlements. At times the skies were of a terrifying grandeur and of the beauty of Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*.

White cloud-wrack floated across bottomless chasms of metallic indigo. Cordilleras of cloud, riven with precipice, stark with peaks, smeared with glaciers and scarred with col and ravine, blocked out half the sky. "Sometimes we see a shape that's dragonish" and, during those days of celestial upheaval, the clouds assumed grandiose or monstrous shapes that could not have been paralleled on earth except during the Jurassic Age when the great saurians splashed through the swamps. Stalked cumulus opened out into great umbels, and I noticed a row of these clouds, like a border of giant cactus, each more fantastic than its neighbour.

Seas and promontories, legendary or palæozoic beasts in grapple, contorted ranges, fishes rivalling the sombre dreams of nature in the abyssal depths of ocean, flora of a planet greater and more prolific than a million earths, vast desert landscapes scarred with plutonic rock—such spectacles succeeded one another in majestic formation and dissolution into chaos, up-rearing, grinding together in crash of sound and convulsion of movement, sprawling in ruin, rebuilt into shapes yet huger, wilder and stranger.

Day after day the sky was El Greco's "Toledo Landscape" and little man on his domestic earth looked on scenes such as were viewed only by Prometheus and Alastor. Winds came bellying out of a stillness full of menace and died a sudden death into an unnatural calm. Rain was emptied as though from a broken pitcher and in the climax of its thrashing fury ceased as though by the turning of a tap. The very temperature ran up and down like a float whose bait is mouthed by a fastidious fish. If the mind of a man in utter distraction, torn this way and that, now raging, now apathetic, and all the time beset by inward fantasies, had been represented in visual action across the face of a screen, and that screen had been enlarged into the vault of heaven and those images of emotional stress translated into forms of vapour undergoing perpetual change as registers of the fluctuations of that passion, the skies of those days would have been a faithful rendering of the movements of that mind.

In the middle of this period of elemental turbulence and monstrosity two storms, rushing headlong from opposite quarters of the sky, met overhead in a collision that was almost human in its violence. Thunder and greenish lightning split the heavens with never more than a few seconds' intermission. The thunder itself abandoned its rolling Miltonic periods for the sharpest detonations, for a gigantic whip-cracking and splintering, for rending, jagged, *shrill* sounds that might have been the voice of the lightning. Sometimes I was reminded of the collapse of a big timber-yard, of the fall of a tree or of a landslide, nor was it altogether easy to put away the thought that the elements were reflecting the awful passions of mankind.

Time went on and then on one night occurred these three scenes. First, the full moon shone down upon the low mist risen from the further fields and turned them to snow, yet of a purer, more ethereal substance than snow. Later, the mist rose higher and at the same time covered all the fields near and far, while a court of dark cloudlets was gathered about the moon. The tops of the trees above this sea of mist were like the dark hillocks of these clouds, while the crests of the hedges, long promontories just out of the swell of the silver sea, were like bars of cloud. Heaven and earth were indistinguishable; it was only by an accident, a trick of vision, that the sky was above the earth. Their substances were interchanged, and the whole scene appeared animate, charged with spirit, "breathless with meditation." Later still, the mist cleared and the moon had become an eye in a long tapering cloud filled with its light. The cloud seemed like a Cyclopean eye whose eye regarded the sleeping world to meet it with serenity and reassurance. But who among us at present, farmers, has peace on earth again?

H. J. MASSINGHAM.



The warmakers at work

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE?

By R. N. ROSE

DURING the war which we dignified with a capital letter and described as "Great," a small badge was sold and worn by a number of people. It proclaimed that the wearer had sworn never to shake hands with a German, speak to a German, or have any dealings with one for the rest of his life. This was hate, engendered by the disaster Germany had brought upon the world, the savage crimes she had committed in ruthless warfare, and possibly accentuated by personal grief brought about through the loss or maiming of relatives.

It is safe to conclude that few Englishmen who bore one of the badges ever kept their resolve. As a nation we are not good haters though, with greater experience of their neighbours, the French never ceased to distrust the Germans. I once met a native of Cologne in Luxembourg, in 1926, who said he would not visit France because of "the Great Hate," though, of course, he exaggerated as far as any personal animosity was concerned.

He also turned to me and asked if I hated him. I replied "Of course not!" Thereupon he launched into a passionate outburst on the madness of warfare, saying we would have shot one another on sight a few years back, and that he had joined a society numbering over a million members who had sworn never to take up arms again on any pretext whatever. But he grew hot with indignation at the treatment he conceived his country had been subjected to at the end of the war. The small son with him then should soon be ready to serve as cannon fodder.

Ten years after this encounter I visited the Black Forest with my family. Nowhere could we have met with a more friendly reception. Mine host at Freiburg, when we arrived without baggage or money, as the banks were closed, insisted on furnishing us with ready cash. He had never seen us before. Everywhere it was the same; nothing was too much trouble; in fact, attentions were sometimes embarrassing. It has been said this was propaganda.

It was a momentous occasion for a visit to the Rhine valley, as the first recruits since the war were arriving in foresters' carts covered with greenery. The young men themselves were bedecked with ribbons and flowers and gaily celebrating the opportunity of sacrificing themselves for the Fatherland.

Three weeks ago I met a man outside my house whom I knew to be a German. I asked him if he was one. He replied, "Yes," and his name was Dr. Beisner. Was he a Nazi—"Yes." Then I inquired, hardly realising how prophetic were my words, "Your country and mine will be at war in September, and can you tell me why you should force this war upon us, as people in this country have no aggressive intentions towards Germany?"

"There will be no war; it is unthinkable," he answered. Whether he believed it or not, I asked him to pay me a visit and give me his views. To this he consented.

We spent nearly four hours hammering out our viewpoints, and it is unnecessary to go into all the arguments. He admitted that the Army's entry to the Rhineland broke Germany's pledged word, that treaties had been violated, but the eternal excuse was the injustice of the Versailles "diktat."

Many people in this country, I told him, although I was not one of them, condoned the Rhine occupation, and even Austria and the Sudetenland on the grounds that, after all, the peoples of these countries were German or of German sympathies. But, and here was a very big BUT, why the conquest of Czechoslovakia and domination of races which had no connection with Germany?

To my amazement he replied he could not quite say, but doubtless the Fuehrer's reasons were very strong, and the Czechs would have constituted a menace to the Reich.

"Danzig," I said, "of course you realise, will mean war." He agreed, but went into a diatribe against the Poles, who he said were ill-treating Germans. We in England had no conception of what the Poles were like. On the wireless they even claimed Berlin! Then to my reply that the seizure of Danzig and the Corridor would eventually mean the extinction of Poland he answered that Versailles was again responsible.

"In considering Versailles, and leaving out the small point of the sufferings of France in the War, what," I asked, "would have been our fate had Germany won? What sort of an existence would we have had?"

The answer was stupendous. In Germany the military party was doomed after the war, and had Germany won her terms to the Allies would have been generous and not of a vindictive nature. I am afraid I was almost rude enough to reply: "You're telling me."

It was of interest to learn that my visitor disapproved of all those small countries in Europe with their "barriers." He visualised a United States of Europe, and doubtless with Germany as the "Uniter."

Dr. Beisner soon disappeared (he said he was leaving England at the end of August), and his wife followed in a hurry. Incidentally, he had spent many years round steel works in Russia and France.

All the foregoing is a rather long preamble to an article which appeared in a daily paper recently about German sportsmen and the spirit of good fellowship which existed between them and English sportsmen. How they cheered our teams, and how we would again meet them in friendly rivalry and good fellowship.

Well, I am afraid that writer has the psychology of some Germans at least, all wrong.

Friendly they may appear, but many a German's ideas do not seem to have changed much since the days of the Kaiser.

A German will weep over a forget-me-not or a waterfall and yet be capable of the most brutal atrocity. The German at war is a strange being. Von Kluck, it is said, would pat French children on the head and give them chocolate, yet there is a good memorial left behind to the Germans he commanded in the wall scored by machine gun bullets at Dinant. Every bestiality of war has been adopted by Germans; poison gas, flame-throwers and "sinking without trace," to mention a few.

From Germany we get such phrases as "Blood and Iron," "Leaving them only eyes to weep with," &c. Summing the whole character up calmly, there seems to be a sadistic strain in some German blood. When our troops entered Cologne the inhabitants must have been self-conscious of this. They retreated below ground, fearing the medicine, that, as conquerors, they would have dealt out themselves. When the troops took off their boots before treading on the polished floors, they recovered their balance.

We may not want to wear a "hate" medal, but must beware of false sentiments. The generation that is suffering twice in its lifetime through German lust for power is not likely to be kindly disposed. If there are among the German people those who are opposed to a régime of force and terrorism, now is the time for them to make their presence felt!



SOMETHING MUST HAVE PASSED THIS WAY
Sandy gravel, which provides excellent going in the Qattarah depression



ANOTHER SIDE TO THE PICTURE
Soft clay and hummocks of limestone in the Qattarah depression and decidedly bad going

TRANSPORT IN THE LIBYAN DESERT

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

WHENEVER the defence of Egypt is considered a threat to its security by way of the Libyan sands has to be reckoned as something more than a bare possibility. In the last war Egypt had to be defended from attacks coming in from the desert from both the east and the west—the Turks advancing across Sinai to cut the Suez Canal and the Senussi Arabs trickling in over the Tripoli border in the vain hope of reaching the Nile Valley and stirring up revolt.

To cope with these attacks we had nothing but the cavalry and light horse of those days, foot-slogging infantry with rifles, and the ordinary guns—horse, field and some batteries of howitzers; and the great sand barriers of the desert hampered all movement. The cavalry were unable to make full use of their mobility and were tied down to water supplies; the infantry could struggle through the sand at a mile and half an hour, and no more; whilst the guns were more or less immobile until wide sand rims were provided for the wheels.

Luckily the soft going hung up the enemy to an equal or even greater extent, and when the Turks advanced against the Canal across Sinai they had to drag their guns on sledges drawn by oxen. These animals required a vast amount of forage and water, and it would seem that the troops suffered in consequence, for when 4,000 Turks surrendered to our troops at Romani after the second unsuccessful attack on the canal, over 50 per cent. of them were suffering from dysentery from drinking the foul desert water.

Then came the days of improvisation and invention. Roads of wire netting were laid on the desert and along these the infantry could march as well as on a macadam highway, and cars could travel at speed. Volunteers were called for from the Yeomanry and the Anzac mounted division, and eighteen companies of Imperial Camel Corps were formed, whilst the possibilities of a mechanised force were explored and two new units were created, the Armoured Car Patrol, and the Light Car Patrol. The Armoured Cars were equipped with the most expensive and aristocratic car of those days, the Rolls-Royce, whilst the Light Cars functioned with the cheapest and most democratic, the old two-gear Ford.



ROUGH SKETCH SHOWING PLACE NAMES

These Light Car Patrols, who were a most redoubtable and resourceful body of men, were the originators of desert motor travel, and, though mechanisation with every possible improvement and every conceivable invention has proceeded apace since those days, the landmarks in the Libyan waste left by these military pioneers in 1917—now in the form of faint car tracks in heavy and difficult going—are not easy to surpass, even to-day. The difference is that where in the past a patrol won through by man-power pushing behind, a light mechanised column can now travel with comparative ease; but those soft and treacherous spots that defeated the old car patrols 20 years ago, are still a barrier and a fairly effective one.

For the last five years the mechanised units of the British and Egyptian armies have been manœuvring in this waterless belt of sand, gravel and limestone, and acquainting themselves with the desert over which they may be called to fight. It is an inhospitable waste and entirely waterless, except along the coast line and in the five low-lying oases—Siwa, Baharia, Farafra, Dakhla and Kharga, where artesian wells with great supplies of pure water flow to the surface in abundance.

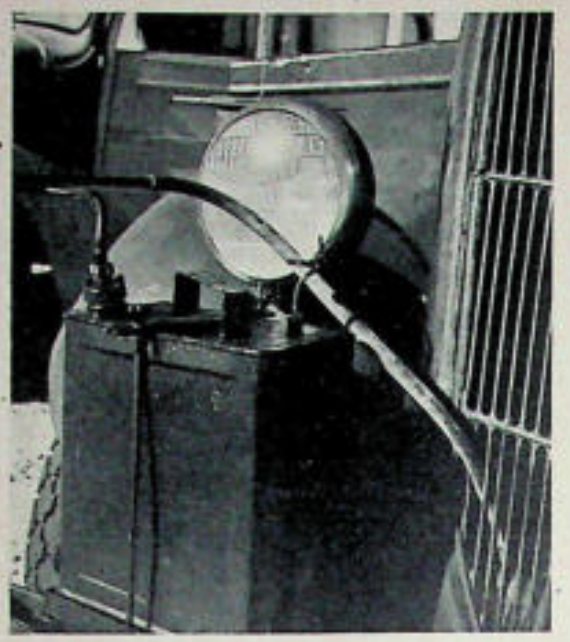
Thoughts are not now so concentrated on the defence problems of this region, but there are a variety of routes a possible invader might take, and they have all their special drawbacks and very few advantages. There is the coastal road via Sollum and Mersa Matruh, which is hard going and suitable for a force of all arms, but Mersa Matruh is well fortified and the road is commanded from the sea for the greater part of its length. Then there are the possible tracks across the desert w various oases as objectives for water supplies, the drawbacks to these routes is that the easiest too far to the south if it is proposed to strike Joe Nile Valley in the vicinity of Cairo, and of the only be traversed by light mechanised brother nothing else.

Much of this desert also is diffi[illegible]ing to the transport, and some of it is [illegible] as huntsman in passable stretches consist of [illegible] Otterhounds, and to which south of Siwa are [illegible] measure of the praise towering in height that th[illegible] by Mr. Harry Glaister, be ruled out as a possib[illegible]ds and former Master depressions with treache[illegible]n be said: "The *sabakha*, or wet clay marsh[illegible] by themselves. limestone rock with drifted [illegible]

HUGH DAVIDSON.



CAR CLIMBING WINDWARD SIDE OF BIG DUNE
The sand packs hard on the windward side (north-west), but is loose on the south-eastern or lee side



THE CAR'S COOLING APPARATUS
Petrol-can condenser which preserves the boiling overflow

There are few, if any, Arab guides capable of showing the way across this desert, for it is too bare a country for the nomad and his grazing flocks. The Arabs of the old camel caravan trade, now fast disappearing, know the recognised routes from oasis to oasis and to the coast, but the intervening desert is a *terra incognita* to them. Moreover, if you put an Arab camel man into a car to show the way he is the most unreliable of guides because he is thinking in terms of four miles an hour when actually he is travelling at forty. He loses his head completely when the landmark he is looking for is not visible at midday, for the simple reason that he passed it all unknowingly shortly after the sun rose.

The possible routes across this desert from west to east are known only to a few, and these are the members of the British Armoured Cars and the personnel of the Light Car Patrols of the Egyptian Frontiers Administration.

Landmarks are regarded by these men as being on the whole unreliable because the outlines of the many fantastic-shaped hills vary according to the point of the compass from which one views them. The conspicuous hill with the well-defined twin humps as seen from the north and south is a clean-cut sugar loaf if viewed from the east or west. Moreover, the Libyan Desert has a disconcerting habit of repeating unusual-shaped hillocks. It devises by process of disintegration through wind-blown sand a rocky outcrop that resembles a squatting Sphinx or perhaps a lion rampant, and is apparently so pleased with this sculptured effect that it fashions half a dozen of the same model along the next 200 miles of desert to disconcert the unwary traveller.

The car patrols operating in this desert work with the sun compass, which is a metal disc with the degrees of the compass marked on it, and a short steel rod in the centre that throws a shadow denoting the direction in which the car is proceeding. This is fixed to one of the front wings, and the navigator with one eye on the compass and the other on the speedometer, as it were, jots down the distances



THE SUN-COMPASS
This saves getting out of the car to take re-sights with the prismatic

run on each bearing. In the evening, when the cars camp for the night, the navigator with the protractor and his note book plots the day's run and puts the position on the map. This device, perfected by Major Bagnold, the well-known Libyan explorer, was first invented by Major Claude Williams, a New Zealander of the Light Car Patrols in 1916.

Another ingenious device, also invented by the patrols of 23 years ago, is the water reservoir or



MAPPING THE RUN
The face of the desert is the navigator's table

condenser, which is merely a two-gallon petrol tin with a copper tube inserted through the cap, the other end of which is attached to the radiator overflow. When the water boils, as it does all too frequently in hot weather and heavy going, particularly if there is a following wind, the boiling water and steam, instead of sprinkling itself on the desert, goes down the pipe, cools off and condenses in the tin, to flow back to the radiator again. With this very simple fitting a car will do many hundreds of miles without any additions to the radiator, whereas without it possibly some four or five gallons of precious water would be required every day to keep the proper level.

Then there is the Camel Corps—a body of big, savage-looking Sudanese, mounted on fast-trotting Bishareen camels. Like the cavalry in the British Army, the Camel Corps is afflicted by mechanisation-itis and is slowly passing away as a mounted force, but a few of its companies have been spared the stroke of the spanner. There are still many useful jobs that mounted men can perform far more satisfactorily than any car, not the least of which is the ability to patrol by night without revealing their whereabouts with big head-lights. Another little point when silence and secrecy is essential is that, though a camel's stomach makes a distinct rumble during process of digestion, it gives off far less noise than does a six-cylinder engine.



THE FRONTIERS ADMINISTRATION CAMEL CORPS WHO ARE NOW PATROLLING THE LIBYAN DESERT



SHEER DROP ON THE LEE SIDE OF A DUNE. LOOSE SAND AND ALMOST QUICKSAND BENEATH. THE BLURRED OUTLINE IS WINDBLOWN SAND

TACTICS OF THE TUNNEL CAST

By COLIN DAVY

I SUPPOSE all fishermen are the same, and behave in a perfectly idiotic manner when they reach the river. Even though there is a whole long summer's day before you, and a hostess who understands fishermen and has told you that there will be the cold ham on the sideboard at whatever time you come in, you still jump from the car as if there is not a second to spare, or if you are less fortunate and are upon your feet, break into a self-conscious shambling run for the last 100yds. And if on viewing the water it is found that weeds are being cut up above, one is as utterly forlorn as if the last trump was about to sound and there was no such day as to-morrow. On the other hand, if there is a fish or two rising, one feels positive that the rise is just over; hands tremble so much that the line cannot be pushed through the rings or the gut through the eye of the fly, and in crazy haste the landing net is left behind.

I know most fishermen are the same, because nearly all begin a fishing article with almost the identical words I have used.

On the day in question my cousin and I behaved exactly the same as we always do—left the car in a place where the A.A. man was bound to ask us to move it, and ran to the bridge. There was only a local poacher and a telegraph boy to witness our lack of control, and we have no shame one with the other. With our stomachs painfully creased by the edge of the parapet and our breastbones uncomfortable on the stonework, we looked at the water for which permission had kindly been given us; 200yds. upstream there were two fish rising steadily.

Dodging a charabanc bound for Cleethorpes, and swerving to avoid a motor cyclist, we ran across the road to look downstream; 60yds. below a good fish rose twice in 10 seconds.

"Would you like to go up or down?" I asked.

"Up, if you don't mind," said my cousin. "I think the wind——"

Zonk!

She broke off her words at the strange echoing sound which came from beneath us. Zonk! It went again. It was a sound like something falling into a cistern or into a deep well. "It's a fish rising under the bridge," she told me. "There are a lot there, and they seem to feed all day long. I suppose because nothing ever disturbs them, and because it's dark. They must feel nice and safe there."

"But if they rise all day, why not have a go at them?" said I. "And if it's dark—well, it wouldn't matter if one made rather a mess of one's cast. One could fish with much thicker stuff, too." "It's impossible," she said. "It's just a long narrow tunnel—much too narrow to cast in. And, anyhow, the fish all lie at the far end. The tunnel is nearly 30yds. long. No one could cast up it. Don't try. You'll only break mummy's rod. Then she'll be livid. And, anyhow," she went on, "look at that wretched pole across the tunnel to keep the cattle out. It won't come unfastened. What are you going to do, if you do hook one? He'll come running downstream, and you'll get your line round the pole, and he'll break you for certain." Zonk! came the sound again as if to confirm her words. Zonk—Zonk—Zonk!

We arranged to meet upstream under a tree for luncheon. She went up, and I started to make a detour away from the bank to fish the lower reach. As I set off through the long grasses I heard the sound again. Zonk! It echoed provokingly in my ears. Two hours later, with two nice fish each of over 1lb. in my bag, I started upstream to join my cousin for luncheon. The rise seemed over for the time being. But as I reached the bridge again there came that resounding Zonk! The bridge fish were still feeding. I crept nearer and stooped to look down the tunnel. About 20yds. up, right in the middle of the lane of illumined water down its centre, the surface bulged upwards, and broke as a mighty head appeared. Again that sound echoed down to me. My hands began to tremble. "A king of fish!" I muttered. "An Emperor!"

As my cousin had said, it was no ordinary bridge but a tunnel. The road which crosses the stream is one of the "arterial" variety, and fully 30yds. wide. The tunnel appeared nearly 40yds. long, and the Emperor was rising about half-way. The roof of the tunnel was about 5ft. above the surface of the water, and the tunnel itself seemed less than 12ft. wide. Even with a helpful wind behind it would be impossible to cast a fly more than a few yards into it.

I was turning away when once again there came the same delicious sound, and again the surface was broken. But this was not the Emperor; it was another fish a good 10yds. nearer to me, on the right of the tunnel and feeding about 3in. from the wall, in what appeared by contrast to be almost pitch darkness. It presented an awkward casting problem, but there was still a chance that there might be yet another fish even closer to the entrance.

Stealing forward inch by inch in the water so as not to send up a ripple, I considered the problem. If one fished with one's body pressed back against the far bank, and resting the butt of the rod on the bank, only used the top three-quarters of it. . . . If one used the rod almost horizontally. . . . If one's fly did not catch the nettles behind, nor one's rod-top the roof of the tunnel. . . . If one had the luck to get a helpful puff of wind behind. . . .

At the first three attempts to cast a fly into the tunnel the gut caught on the cattle pole, and it was necessary to take three steps forward to release it from under the bark. At the next attempt I was so occupied avoiding the cattle pole that I forgot the nettles behind, and caught my fly in them. It took five minutes to cross to the nettles, disentangle the fly, and return to my position without sending a ripple upstream.

At the very next cast I was into the nettles again. By the time I was back in position I was not only sweating freely and cursing savagely, but I could hear my cousin shouting from upstream. I knew that if I did not come soon the thermos containing our lemon cocktail would be empty. Once again, with the butt of my rod on the bank behind me and my right hand about half-way up the bottom joint, I began to cast, at the same time praying to the patron saint of fishermen to give me his aid. He answered me immediately. For the first time the fly missed the cattle pole on its return swish, the top of the rod missed the masonry, and at the end of the backstroke the fly missed the nettles behind me. It flew straight and true up the tunnel.

Zonk! By a miracle I waited long enough. Probably it was the thought of my aunt's rage if I broke her rod on the stonework. I did not strike. I just *felt* for the fish. It was there! A little later it came downstream. The cast held. Three minutes later it was in the net. A lovely fish just under 2lb.

We lunched. The thermos of cocktail was less than half full. It was more than I deserved, for though shame consumes me as I write it, I confess that I kept my tunnel method to myself.

* * *

A month later I sent a telegram asking if I could come up to fish again.

* * *

"Where are you?" called my cousin. "I'm getting infernally wet, and there's not a fish rising anywhere. My dear man, what on earth are you doing in there?" I poked my head out of the tunnel to see her looking down at me over the parapet of the bridge. She appeared both wet and vexed.

"I could hear your reel, but I couldn't see you anywhere," she went on. "Do you mean to say that you've been sheltering in there all the time? I call that the limit. And here have I been, soaked to the skin, waiting for fish which have no intention of rising, and telling myself I mustn't be a fair-weather sportsman. And you've been in there quite dry all the time! Come home at once. I'm soaked and half frozen."

I cocked my leg over the cattle pole and emerged. "It—it's rather fun in there," I remarked feebly. She regarded me sourly, but then her expression changed. "You—you haven't been trying to fish in there?" she said. "You haven't—you haven't got one?"

I hung my head. "I have," I said. "Actually, I've got five. But the Emperor is still there. I—I left him for you." I did not mention that as well as the Emperor there was a fly and a foot of 3x gut . . . *left for her!*



"IF ONE FISHED WITH ONE'S BODY PRESSED BACK AGAINST THE FAR BANK . . . IF ONE USED THE ROD ALMOST HORIZONTALLY . . . "

MR. RICHARD HARRISON'S PAINTINGS

On the cover of our Shooting Number dated August 5th, there appeared a painting of grouse by this artist, and the cover of our Autumn Number showing pheasants in flight was also by Mr. Harrison. Signed prints of the former picture were issued by the artist, 120 at a guinea each, and can be had from him at Tanfield House, near Ripon, Yorks.

FARMERS AND THE WAR

SPEAKING on behalf of the Secretary of State for Scotland as well as himself, the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries broadcast an important message to farmers and the rural community generally recently.

He said that the farmer's main job is to increase, in an orderly fashion, our home production of essential foodstuffs—a task just as vital to the nation as that which has to be carried out by our armed forces.

As far as immediate after-harvest plans are concerned, the majority of farmers must think in terms of ploughing up more land, both for the supply of human food and animal feeding stuffs. The immediate task is to plough up as much land as possible for next year's harvest. The County War Agricultural Executive Committees will be responsible for seeing that these plans are carried out in each county. It will take some little time, however, for the committees to give precise directions, and in the meantime farmers should get on with the job by ploughing up at least 10 per cent. of their present grassland.

The Minister announced that as regards land that has been under grass for at least seven years, the Government propose to extend, until December 31st next, the present ploughing-up grant of £2 per acre available under the Agricultural Development Act.

Newly-ploughed land should be sown to wheat where it is likely to yield a satisfactory crop, or alternatively should be used for potatoes or such crops as oats, barley, beans, peas, rye or mixed corn for next year's harvest. With the exception of hops, all the existing restrictions on production or acreage, such as the levy on the excess acreage of potatoes, will be removed.

The Minister gave an assurance that the Government were doing their best to see that farmers will get the necessary supplies of labour, machinery, oil, fertilisers, feeding stuffs, seeds, &c., and that the committees would play their part in helping with farmers' needs as soon as possible. For the present farmers should continue to buy their requirements from their usual merchants. There must be no waste and should not buy more than they need.

WITH COMMENT

It has been announced that produce should be marketed through the usual channels. The Gestapo are employing the usual quantities for the distributive trades are required farmers will continue to work full time job and the only exception is that it is desirable that this year's wheat harvest should be kept in stack on the farm as far as possible.

The Minister went on to say that there is at present no shortage of feeding stuffs for livestock, and he appealed to farmers not to take any hasty steps, such as reducing their flocks and herds. The country must have sufficient supplies of livestock products, especially fresh milk, and the Government will control supplies and distribution of feeding stuffs so that the necessary stock can be maintained. At the same time farmers with livestock are strongly urged to make every effort to grow on their own farms as much as possible of the feeding stuffs that they will require.

The Minister said that the contribution which those engaged in agriculture were being called upon to make had never before been of such tremendous importance to the nation. In doing their job, farmers would, in many cases, have to alter their usual farming practice, perhaps in a manner that they, as individuals, might not like, and they would be called upon to suffer a degree of control which in ordinary times would not suit their particular ideas. Farmers would understand that, said the Minister, and would yield to none in their willingness to place themselves and their farms unreservedly at the service of the country.

The effort that will be demanded of them is one which has been carefully considered and carefully planned, having regard to available supplies of food, and to the ability of the industry to carry out its allotted role.

Farmers can best help at this juncture by co-operating to the fullest possible degree with their County War Agricultural Executive Committees and Sub-Committees, when they hear from them. The Minister appealed to farmers to trust the committees as friends and as men who know their job, and to have patience and understanding. Uncertainties, delays and inconveniences were bound to occur in the initial stages, but the farmer should carry on, using his own judgment and getting on with the job as well as he could. The Minister said that he, the Secretary of State for Scotland and the Food Controller would be keeping in very close touch with the National Farmers' Unions, and he expressed the hope that farmers would themselves use their own organisations to the full for obtaining any additional information that they may require.

The Minister laid stress on the important part that the agricultural workers are called upon to play, and said that the Government's plans could not be carried out without their full co-operation. Every worker at present on the land should, therefore, continue to carry on with his present job, which, the Minister said, is National Service of the highest importance; and he appealed to the workers to give help and encouragement to the additional workers—men or women—who would be needed to supplement their own skilled efforts.

To members of the Women's Land Army who have volunteered to undertake farm work in a national emergency, the Minister said "Thank you," and asked them to hold themselves in readiness for the instructions that will be given to them as regards training or employment.

The assistance that smallholders, allotment holders and those with a reasonably-sized garden can render in the present emergency was stressed by the Minister, who said that they can help—more, perhaps, than they realise—to feed themselves and others. Some can be preparing the ground for vegetables in the spring and others can keep a few poultry. Poultry kept in small numbers in city and suburban gardens, or on allotments, can be fed almost entirely on all forms of household waste.

The Minister also asked country people, when they have an occasional free hour or two, to give assistance to farmers who may be short-handed, particularly at this moment when it is so important to complete our harvesting operations. He went on to say that it did not need any words of his to encourage country folk to give a real country welcome to those who have to evacuate their homes in towns or cities—that welcome has already been given.

Speaking to those to whom life in the country is new, the Minister suggested that they should try to understand the habits and customs of those with whom they have to live and try to co-operate with them and help them. He indicated a few ways in which they could be helpful—by not leaving gates open and not making gaps in hedges, by not leaving lighted cigarette ends near haystacks, and by not letting dogs worry farm stock.

After appealing once more for the fullest co-operation of all concerned, the Minister concluded with the following advice: "Have confidence in those to whom authority has been delegated. Have patience and exercise tolerance if things do not go exactly as you want them to go. Above all, work like blazes; the results of your work are of vital importance."

(*War Regulations concerning farmers are given on the page 662*)



LAND UNDER THE PLOUGH WILL BECOME A BIG FACTOR IN OUR NATIONAL FOOD SUPPLY

AN OTTERHUNTING JUBILEE

The D.O.H. Achieve their 50th Season



A MEET AT STAIR BRIDGE
Miss Bell-Irving, a former Master, is on the extreme right

WITH the acquisition of some dozen couple of mixed and cross-bred otterhounds, not a pure-bred amongst them, the produce of several packs, the Dumfriesshire Otter Hunt came into being 50 years ago. Yet after a short span of years of discriminating and judicious breeding this kennel sent to the foremost dog shows of Britain hounds which annexed the highest honours. The stamp of rough-coated hound exhibited by the Dumfriesshire Hunt became a paragon of the breed accepted even by such high authority as the Kennel Club. Contrary to opinion held in many quarters breeding for the show bench did not detract hunting capabilities, and as regular followers of the pure-bred rough-coated hounds will bear witness their musical cry and clever scenting powers are unrivalled by any other sporting dog.

The Dumfriesshire Otter Hunt was founded in 1889. It was the culmination of the yearning on the part of two keen otter-hunting brothers, Messrs. Wilson and Maxwell Davidson, to have a pack of their own in Dumfriesshire. Since school days they had followed the Carlisle, hunted in these days by William Sanderson, better known as "Sandy" and later by Tom Parker, whose son was to subsequently carry the horn for the Dumfriesshire Hunt. They found some of the keenest sportsmen in the South of Scotland willing to back them up in their venture, and when a meeting was called in Dumfries for the purpose of establishing a pack it was attended largely by the county's leading sportsmen. There it was agreed to form the Hunt to provide sport on the rivers in South Scotland.

The task of laying the foundation of the kennel devolved upon Mr. Wilson Davidson, who was appointed honorary huntsman, and his brother Maxwell. Conveniently, a small pack of mixed hounds belonging to Mr. Harry C. Clift, of Newbury, Berkshire, was on sale, and as a result Mr. Davidson purchased six couple. Mr. W. C. Yates had a pack in Ireland which he disposed of in 1889 to Sir Henry Bromley, and from this pack Mr. Davidson acquired a few hounds which he considered would be reliable on the line of an otter. A few hounds from the Kendal, Carlisle, and West Cumberland packs were later obtained, completing the embryon of the Dumfriesshire kennel. "To hunting men," commented Mr. Davidson, "they were certainly an ill-assorted lot, not even a pure-bred otterhound among them."

In subsequent years, by careful selective breeding and the infusion of Welsh hound and French Griffon blood into the kennels, there was produced the heavy fewed rough-coated hound for which the Dumfriesshire pack has since become noted. I believe this French blood originated from the pack that was sent over to this country by that great French authority on hounds and hunting, Le Comte de Couteulx.

For many years blood from the Dumfriesshire kennels has been much sought after, and specimens of the pure bred hound have been sent to almost all parts of the world—to the Continent, to India and Ceylon, to China, and to many parts of our Empire. Before me lies a letter confirming the sale of two hounds, Comely (six years old) and Tyrant (three years old), to a Mr. Charles Keyes, of Massachusetts, U.S.A. From the Otter Hound Stud Book compiled by Mr. Davidson it will be observed that drafts from the Dumfriesshire were used for breeding purposes in the kennels of most of our English packs.

According to my father's diary, "The first meet of the Dumfriesshire hounds was at Gotterbie on Monday, May 20th, 1889. Casting off opposite the farm of Gotterbie, hounds soon found an otter which afforded poor sport, the river being very low, hounds killing after a short hunt. This, their first, otter was presented to Mrs. A. J. Johnstone, of Halkeathes. Proceeding up the river nothing was done till we reached Johnstone Bridge, when hounds began to feather on the rocks above. Boatman opened and led the pack to the mill dam, where an otter was put off, and soon succeeded in driving it with the river. We had a splendid hunt of nearly four hours, hounds hunting nearly to perfection. In spite of so many rabbits on the edge of the river, they entered well to their game, some of the young hounds hunting and swimming the water exceedingly well."

Since that far-distant day there have been some remarkable hunts under the auspices of the D.O.H. Just a week or so before the pack accounted for their 406th otter in 1921 there was a very strange otter hunt. Hounds met at Milkfoot, struck a drag up the Milk over the Whitehill ponds, marking their otter in an old fox earth above Mary's Pool. As he could not be shifted, he was left. A fresh drag was struck about Murrayfield, but hounds could make nothing of it. On their way back hounds suddenly broke away when passing Mary's Pool, the otter, marked there in the forenoon, having evidently left his holt. It was nearly eight o'clock at night when they found him, hounds driving him up and down Mary's Pool over the rocks below and on down-stream till opposite Milkbank, where he turned; then back he came up over the stream into Mary's Pool again, where a grand hunt ensued.



JOE PARKER TRIES HOUNDS ACROSS STREAM

They hunted him in the dark under the overhanging trees and banks. A stable lamp was procured to throw some light on the scene, for it was now too dark to distinguish anything and hounds could be followed more by sound than by sight. The hunt had meanwhile been joined by the Masters of both otterhounds and foxhounds, and the huntsmen of both packs were there, whilst others, roused by the cry of hounds, appeared within the circle lit up by the flickering lamp. At last the otter broke away up-stream. It left the river at Castle Milk gardens and passed under the iron railings and crossed the golf course on its way back to the water below. Its shadowy form could just be discerned as it passed within the circle of light shed by the lamp ere it vanished into darkness.

Hounds were soon screaming across the golf course and through the railings into the river. Various mishaps had meanwhile occurred to the followers of this weird hunt, but the hunt continued merrily down-stream until the otter found refuge in a long, wet drain near Kettleholm. It was now 10.30 p.m., and so Scott drew off his hounds and went back to his kennels and an eleven o'clock supper that was never more welcomed! This unique hunt can still be remembered by those alive to-day who were lucky to be there.

I shall mention another memorable hunt in tribute to a hound. The pack had been invited to the Till in Northumberland. They fastened on a drag which took them to a strong embankment, but they could not speak to anything. All hounds came away with the exception of Royal, who refused to leave, but kept scratching between the stones. Many old and experienced hunters shook their heads, sceptical of any otter being there. The Master and huntsman had every confidence in the old hound and got permission to remove a stone to allow a terrier to enter. Instantly Royal threw back his head, and in response to his great cry a score of "view bollocks" proclaimed that the otter had gone away. The entrance, being under water, had puzzled many packs for years.

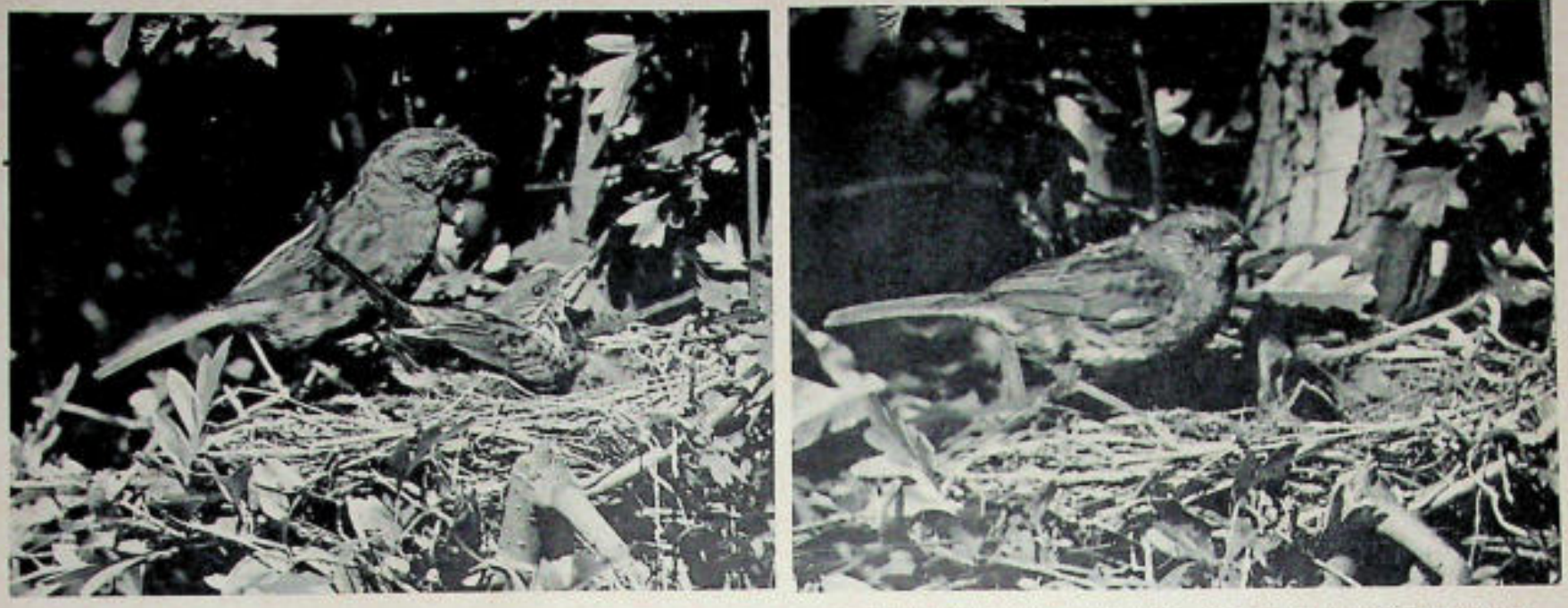
Unlike many of the English packs, the Dumfriesshire has ideal otterhunting rivers. The country includes Dumfriesshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, Ayrshire and Roxburghshire. Locally the principal hunting rivers are the Annan, Esk, Nith and Cairn; in Kirkcudbrightshire it is the Dee and the Urr; and on the Borders, the Tweed, Teviot, Kale and Ale provide sport. During the regular visits to Ayrshire at the invitation of the Ayrshire Otter Hunt Club hounds hunt the Ayr, Doon and Girvan.

Since the days when Mr. David Inglis, of Stair House, and Mr. Claud Hamilton, of Sundrum, persuaded the hounds to come to Ayr, this club of ardent supporters has been the chief pillar of the Hunt. The hon. presidents of that club, all influential sportsmen, are thereby worthy of note. In rotation they have been: the late Mr. Claud Hamilton, of Sundrum; the late Mr. J. W. Galloway, Ayr; the late Mr. C. D. Inglis, of Stair; the late Mr. H. M. Poe, Ayr; and the present holder of the office is Colonel J. Reid Kerr, of Greenock. Mr. David Highet, Locksley, Ayr, nephew of Mr. David Inglis, has been hon. secretary and treasurer of the club for over ten years.

Mr. David Bell-Irving was Master of the Hunt until 1908, when the honour was handed to his son William, who, regretfully to say, lost his life in an aeroplane accident in the early years of the War. In 1915 Miss E. H. Bell-Irving, now Mrs. Fergus Graham, became Master for a couple of seasons, when she was succeeded to the charge by her elder sister, Miss Bell-Irving, Bankside, who relinquished the duty in 1923 in favour of her brother, Major John Bell-Irving, Whitehill, who holds the Mastership at the present time.

Mr. Wilson Davidson was honorary huntsman from the formation of the pack to 1915, when he retired, having carried the horn for 25 years. Mr. Davidson died in March, 1936. Joe Parker, who had been kennel huntsman and first whip, succeeded him, but he died suddenly four years later. He was the son of old Tom Parker, huntsman at the Carlisle at one time, the pack which [illegible] John later hunted and with which [illegible] served as whipper-in prior to [illegible] Dumfriesshire. Will Scott [illegible] 1919 from Mr. W. Thompson, [illegible] him must be dealt a large [illegible] poured out on the kennel [illegible] well-known judge of otterhounds [illegible] of the Carlisle, recently [illegible] Dumfriesshire pack are a [illegible]

[illegible] for mechanical [illegible]passable. The [illegible] lines of vast sand dunes, [illegible] wide in extent and so [illegible] whole of this area can [illegible]y. Then there are [illegible] soft quicksands, [illegible] and steep cliffs of [illegible]wn-sand slopes.



THE ONLY TIME THE BIRDS WERE AT THE NEST TOGETHER. USUALLY THE HEN LEFT AT THE APPROACH OF THE COCK. ON RIGHT, THE HEN AT THE NEST

THE HEDGE SPARROW

By GUY B. FARRAR

THE misnamed hedge sparrow—it is not really a sparrow but an accentor—is a bird not often photographed, probably because it is a common species and its rufous brown and grey plumage give it a rather dowdy and uninteresting appearance when seen from a distance. But appearances are deceptive and a close-up of this unobtrusive little dweller in our hedgerows or shrubberies will reveal the very pleasing black and brown pattern of its mantle and scapulars in contrast to the smoky grey feathering on its neck and head.

An accentor is one who leads the singing; the high-pitched warbling of the hedge sparrow can be heard the whole year through except for a short period in August and September. This song bears some resemblance to that of a wren, but is more subdued, more musical and less assertive.

The nest, made of twigs, bents and moss, is lined with hair, wool and, sometimes, feathers, its construction depending on the material available. Those I have watched have generally been in thick hedges, especially privet, stick-heaps, or in tangled undergrowth, but, last season, I found one in a clump of tall rushes, a situation one would have thought more congenial to a sedge warbler or reed bunting. The one illustrated was placed in a hawthorn bush.

The hen sat on her four eggs, blue as the summer sky, for fifteen days, an unusually long period, and then three nestlings clothed in black down appeared, their orange mouths ever agape for food.

They were five days old when I began to photograph at this nest; the hen still brooded them together with the addled egg. As the nest was situated in the boundary fence of the Royal Liverpool Golf Links, and as an amateur championship was in progress, crowds of people passed within a few yards of the brooding bird at all hours of the day. She soon became accustomed to this unusual disturbance and refused to leave her charges even when cuddies looking for lost balls came within a yard of the nest.

Considering that the young were fed on green caterpillars and small black flies, I was surprised at the long periods that elapsed between mealtimes. The cock only came to the nest at about half-hourly intervals, the hen usually leaving the young at his approach and returning soon after his departure laden with food.

If she could find larvæ in this short space of time, it was obvious that the male could have fed at much shorter intervals. His infrequent visits were therefore due to laziness, or an instinct that forbade him to return more frequently, and not to scarcity of food.

During periods of strong sunshine the hen shielded the young with half-opened wings, remaining in this position until I covered up the nest. She was a very restless mother, continually changing her position or pulling at the lining of the nest until it was disposed to her entire satisfaction.

The young left the nest on the thirteenth day. I saw them in the early afternoon and by the next morning only the addled egg remained in the nest to remind me of a very pleasant period of bird watching.



SHIELDING THE YOUNG WITH HALF-OPENED WINGS





THE HEN WAS CONTINUALLY REARRANGING THE LINING OF THE NEST. IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH SHE IS REGARDING IT DOUBTFULLY, WHILE A YOUNGSTER ASKS IN VAIN FOR FOOD. THE HEN SAT VERY HIGH WHEN BROODING THE YOUNG

FISHING IN THE NATIONAL PARKS OF THE ARGENTINE

By HAROLD HARDY



A RAINBOW FROM THE CHEMEHUIN

SALMON and trout are not indigenous to Argentine waters. They were first introduced about 35 years ago from the United States. When one considers that except in one isolated place, at Tonquist, 300 or more miles from Buenos Aires, where there are rainbow trout, an overland journey of some hundreds of miles was needed from the railhead to stock their national parks, or else a journey over the mountains from Chile, it will be realised what difficulties had to be faced. There were no motor cars, and the roads were then almost non-existent. The National Parks of Nahuel Huapi and Lanin, which are at present the places mostly fished, lie some 1,000 to 1,200 miles from Buenos Aires in a more or less south-westerly direction in the Cordilleras of the Andes and border on Chile on their western sides.

It must not be thought, however, that these districts are the only ones in which salmon and trout fishing can be had. There are hundreds of miles in a straight line north and south along the Andes of more or less unexplored waters, to which it is more difficult to obtain access as communications are not properly opened out yet, sometimes in other National Parks and sometimes outside of them. My experience, however, is confined to the National Parks of Nahuel Huapi and Lanin.

It was a great pleasure and an honour to be invited out by Dr. Bustillot, the President of the Parques Nacional, early in January of this year to advise them on their fishing, and what measures they could take to conserve it. The invitation came rather late in the season, and I arrived there towards the end of January, which corresponds to about July in this hemisphere. Probably the best months for fishing are November, December and January, though the spawning season is not until some time in May. The summer there last year was very wet, and consequently the lakes and rivers were running very high, a condition which was not too favourable for sport.

The Andes range, being the only mountain chain in this region, breaks up and precipitates all the rain clouds, and the result is a well-watered country. The rainfall ceases some 50 miles or so from the mountains, and from there to the coast, some 600 miles, almost desert conditions set in with widely separated shrubs, &c., growing where one might think nothing could live, but in which sheep thrive. When anything moves there are clouds of dust.

On approaching the mountains, the scenery changes, and there are numerous lakes and rivers in all the valleys. The character of everything alters, and one sees all around snow-capped mountains, the lower slopes covered into vast forests, and everywhere lakes and flowing waters.

The climate in their summer varies as it does at home, and there is rain and sometimes even a little snow. Usually, at that time, it is like the best summer weather in England, but the sun is much more powerful than it seems. This is, I am told, because of the height at which these parks lie, some 2,000ft. above sea level.

To reach the parks from Buenos Aires necessitates a journey of some 1,200 miles, but this is done nowadays by rail in some 27 to 29 hours, and a sleeping berth is provided. The way lies through flat country, and is monotonous and sometimes hot. The railhead at Bariloche is only fourteen miles from a first-class hotel at Llao Llao, which is built of native woods. Other smaller hotels are scattered through the parks and all have bathrooms, some attached to each bedroom, and are clean. The charges for the smaller hotels are about 10/- a day.

There is a well-run hatchery near Bariloche, and stocking is regularly carried out. They breed there sebago salmon, rainbow trout, brown trout and American brook trout.

The parks of Nahuel Huapi and Lanin are being developed, and there are enough roads to get to many places to fish. These are very rough, but all suitable for motor traffic. I fished in these parks a little over three weeks and travelled some hundreds of miles by car staying sometimes by invitation at estancias and sometimes in hotels.

It is not possible in the course of a short article to go into any detail, but I will give a short résumé of some of the fishing I had. Before I left England I had heard of the wonderful landlocked salmon of the River Traful and the owner, Mr. La Riviere, invited me to fish there. This river flows from Lake Traful and is very clear, as are all the rivers. It reminds one of a good class Scots river and looks fishy.

One can see the salmon, and they are there in quantities running up to 20lb. These fish take a salmon fly readily, but most of the Argentine fish are taken on spoons of about 2in. to 2½in., which are, I think, taken for the crayfish to be found in all their waters. Argentine anglers seldom fish with a fly. I did not take salmon heavier than 11½lb., but saw many much larger, and there are records of many which had been killed in the neighbourhood of 20lb. There are also all the varieties of trout to be found in the Argentine in this river. The largest I had there were American brook trout up to 6lb., and rainbow about 4lb.

We went one day in a dinghy with an outboard motor, some 20 miles up Lake Espejo (Mirror Lake) to a little river which had possibly never been fished before, and I took on a small Hardy spoon, fourteen American brook trout in about an hour and a half, average 6¾lb. The largest weighed 8½lb. They were weighed 20 hours later. I actually stopped fishing because it was too easy.

On another occasion, I caught a rainbow in the Chemehuin, where it flows from Lake Huechulafquen—a record for the Argentine—but in the clear water I could see larger ones. I took that day nine fish, five rainbows and four brown trout. The largest brown trout weighed about 5lb., most of them were taken on a fly using an 8ft. 9in. trout rod. The large rainbow was caught in very fast water on a small spoon and thread-like tackle, the line having a breaking strain of 6lb. On some of the smaller rivers there is delightful fly fishing, with fish running from 1lb. to an occasional 5-pounder. The flies one uses there are small salmon flies about No. 5 size.

There are no poisonous mosquitoes, but quantities of horse flies and midges. It is advisable to keep the shirt sleeves fastened as one, otherwise, gets rather nasty bites on the arms. Because of the ultra-violet rays from the sun and sometimes very strong dry winds, it is necessary to anoint one's face and hands with some form of face cream, otherwise the skin peels off and one's face is inclined to crack and blister. The same clothes as are used to fish in at home are suitable, and a good waterproof is essential. Transport is cheap, and petrol is the same price all over the Argentine. Hotels, at any rate the smaller ones, all charge 10 pesos (10/-) a day.

The cost of a trip of, say, four months, including steamer and all fares, transport and living in the country, should not, in happier times, exceed some £400.



AMERICAN BROOK TROUT FROM THE RIVER AT THE TOP OF LAKE ESPEJO, THE MIRROR LAKE



SCENERY ON THE HUECHULAFQUEN
In the background is an extinct volcano

EVERYWHERE LAKES AND FLOWING WATERS



FISHING IN THE LIMAY, WHICH CONNECTS WITH LAKE TRAFUL BY THE RIO TRAFUL



A RAVINE IN THE NATIONAL PARK OF NAHUEL HUAPI



FIELD TRIALS FOR BLOODHOUNDS



"IF A HOUND HUNTS AT ALL, HE HAS SOME CHANCE OF SUCCESS"

SOMETIME in the winter of 1935–36 an entirely new style of field trial was devised for bloodhounds. Called "police type," these trials are considered by most owners to be an improvement upon the former type which, however, they have not entirely displaced.

The practice favoured for many years, and still sometimes employed, is that in which the judge accompanies each hound as it works a line. There is also, besides the handler, a line steward who knows the exact direction taken by the quarry so that, in the event of an appeal for assistance, he can correct a handler whose hound is hopelessly at fault. The judge, of course, awards points to the hound for good work, or deducts them for faults or for help from the steward. A time limit is imposed, this being necessary if other hounds are to start their hunting on time. This time factor is one of my chief objections to the older type of trial. There are, perhaps, eight hounds to be judged during the day and, naturally, the same man must do the judging, which means that hounds have to be hunted at different hours. The first may be "laid on" at nine o'clock, while perhaps the last will not start before 3.30, and any student of hound work is bound to appreciate the change which can take place in scenting conditions in even fifteen minutes.

There are certain advantages in trials of this kind. One is that if a hound hunts at all, he has some chance of success, even if he does not find his quarry. Another is that the owner who has entered more than one hound is able to handle each of them himself because their lines commence at different times. Also, the handler may either ride or "foot it," and both judge and steward are mounted.

In the winter of 1935–36, Mr. J. E. M. Mellor, who was, at that time, honorary secretary of the Bloodhound Breeders' Association, tried out an entirely new plan at Conington in Cambridgeshire. Although scenting conditions were not good on this occasion, results were such that the Association adopted these new "police type" field trials.

The name was given because the primary object in such trials is to find the quarry without any outside help. The handler is allowed to assist his hound as much as he likes, even to the extent of looking for tracks himself. He may do anything except ask or receive advice from a human being but, unless the runner is found at the end of the line, his hound has no hope of an award.

All hounds are "laid on" their lines at the same time, and the first to find its man is the winner. There is no question of points being given or deducted. Lines start within a short distance of each other, radiating like the very crooked spokes of some huge wheel, each nearly four miles in length. Handlers draw lots to decide which line shall be theirs, and actual direction is known only to judges and runners. Even stewards are in the dark, for their duties are only to see that handlers receive no help and to note the times when hounds identify their quarries and handlers say, "This is the man." Judges have only to compare the times of successful hounds to decide the winner.

There are certain drawbacks to "police type" trials but, in my opinion, considerably fewer than in the other kind. I may be prejudiced in their favour partly because, on two occasions, I have handled winners in the new style trials. Some owners complain that they are handicapped by not being allowed to ride, and that, therefore, the good runner has a great advantage over others. This may be true to some extent but, on the other hand, a fleet-footed handler, urged on by the competitive spirit, may easily push his hound too much.

Under this treatment, a staunch hound will become pig-headed while a younger and less reliable one may be tempted to change to some other line. Also, I have noticed on several occasions that, in the older type of trials, when some handlers rode while others ran, the runners usually came out on top. Many get over this difficulty of keeping up by having their hounds at the end of long, light ropes.

The objection that if an owner has entered two hounds he must get someone else to handle the second one, cannot be countered, and this may be awkward when trials are a long distance from his kennels unless one entry is in the senior stake and the other in the junior, the two taking place on successive days.

One obstacle that, without an unlimited area of operations, is impossible to overcome, is that certain lines must run upwind more than others, but this applies to any field trials.

I think that these "police type" trials come as near to equal conditions for all entries as it is possible to get and that they overcome the chief difficulty—that of varying atmospheric conditions. Also, the only way to reach success is by the hound's working up to its quarry, which should be the ultimate test of any hound work.

The Association of Bloodhound Breeders runs field trials twice yearly, in the spring and autumn, with a senior stake on lines two hours "cold" and a junior stake on lines one hour "cold." Winners are eligible to compete for the Brough Cup, which is run for on lines six hours "cold." There are seldom more than four hounds entered for this event which, in 1938 was won by the Hon. Lady Johnson-Ferguson's Kittiwake of Kirtle, while her Kestrel of Kirtle was placed second, together with Mr. How's Reveller.

While the Brough Cup is regarded as the Blue Ribbon of the bloodhound world, there is also the Marlwood Beaker, to gain which a hound must successfully hunt a line 24 hours "cold." This is at present held by Kestrel.

Field trials require a wide area of fairly open country, and have been held in such widely separated districts as Cornwall, Dumfries-shire, Wiltshire and Buckinghamshire. The procuring of suitable stewards in sufficient numbers is not always easy, and here chief constables have often come to the rescue by lending members of their force for the purpose.

J. IVESTER LLOYD.



"BOTH JUDGE AND STEWARD ARE MOUNTED"

WAR PLANS FOR PET ANIMALS

Plans which the R.S.P.C.A. made last January for the evacuation and humane destruction of all schools' pet animals in the Metropolitan area and in a few places outside it have now been put into action. Over 500 animals—mostly dogs, cats, rabbits and guinea pigs—belonging to 69 schools have been destroyed at the Home of Rest for Horses at Boreham Wood and at the Society's own Home of Rest at Thames Ditton. The expenses of this valuable and necessary work are being met by the Society.

All the Society's clinics in the Metropolitan area have been open day and night for the destruction of animals belonging to the general public.

Plans have also been made for animals which may be injured during raids. The National A.R.P. for Animals Committee, representing all animal welfare societies and working under the auspices of the Home Office, has set up 22 Veterinary Posts in London. Injured animals should be taken to any one of these posts, where they will be treated, or if necessary destroyed, by a veterinary surgeon. The address of this Committee is: 36, Gordon Square, W.C. 2.

During the last war, it will be remembered that the R.S.P.C.A. was the only society permitted to work for sick and wounded British horses.

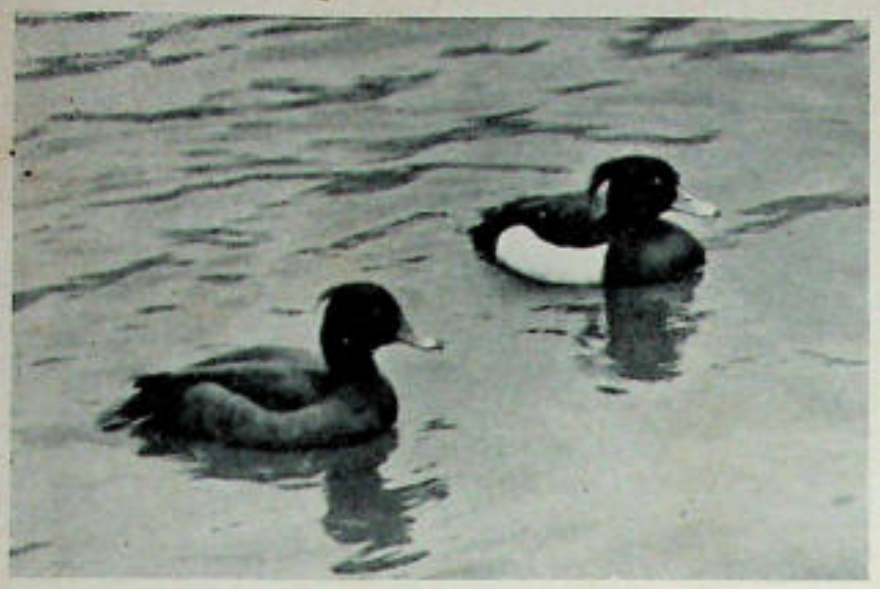
A special fund was raised for this important work, and the Duke of Portland was appointed chairman of it. In all, the sum of £200,000 was collected and spent on this object, and it is expected, though not as yet confirmed, that a similar Fund will again be raised on this occasion. An announcement about the Fund will, it is anticipated, be made shortly. It should be clearly understood that no orders have yet been issued for the compulsory destruction of pets. It is, indeed, highly undesirable that cats should be destroyed in a wholesale manner as an increase in mice and rats is bound to take place.

ANGLING IN WARTIME

Anglers who listened to the wireless warning against sports which necessitated the foregathering of many men must have congratulated themselves on their selection of so lonely a sport as angling for filling their leisure moments: though it is safe to say that many of them have added a private grudge against Adolf Hitler for having selected the last month of the trout season, which many of us had been looking forward to for the fulfilment of some of our quiet ambitions, for the attempted fulfilment of his outrageous aims. It is curious that so essentially peaceful a sport as angling should always thrive best among tumult and strife. Walton's classic covers the period of civil war, the last great war to be fought on English soil; and chance days on French streams in 1914 to 1918 stay happily in the memory when days of greater sport, perhaps after the clash of arms had given place to the whirr of the reaper, have passed into oblivion.

BIRD MIGRATION ON THE MERSEY ESTUARY

By ERIC HARDY



TUFTED DUCK BEGIN TO ARRIVE IN THE THIRD WEEK IN AUGUST

BORN and bred in Liverpool, with a seafaring father who collected Transatlantic bird records for his enthusiastic son, I am ever thankful for the opportunity to atone for life in this crowded city by a study of its bird life, particularly the migration in the vicinity of the Mersey estuary, which the editor has kindly asked me to summarise here. For twenty years I have been watching and recording local bird movements, which are most evident at the following localities: Hilbre Island in the Dee Estuary, our only rocky coastal area, rich in waders and a shelter for sea-duck in rough weather, its birds having increased since the Hoylake Council extended its by-laws to prevent shore shooting; the Alt Estuary at Crosby, whose mud banks likewise form good wader haunts that can be followed out with a retreating tide, while the great slag banks to stop coast erosion provide the rocky conditions for a few turnstones and purple sandpipers more normal at Hilbre; Formby Point below Freshfield, where the tides converge and deposit victims of oil and winter gales; Liverpool Bay, which is best worked from a boat; the muddy Mersey shore below Dingle Point, forming a wind shelter for waders (like Hilbre); Knowsley Park lake, our best passage water for duck; Liverpool Sewage Farm at Fazakerley, a regular passage haunt of green-sandpipers, ruffs, greenshanks, &c., but not nearly so useful as when I first knew it with twelve acres of permanent standing water, for sprinklers of little attraction to waders are replacing the settling pools. Eccleston Mere, preserved near St. Helens, is the next best duck haunt to Knowsley.

The bulk of the summer migrants to the Mersey Estuary arrive via North Wales and the Wirral coast, but we have observed cuckoos crossing Liverpool Bay to Formby Point, as if many early birds travelling up the west coast bypass the Wirral Peninsula. Mid-Wirral migration dates are always later than coastal records, and inland south-west Lancashire a few days later still. But I had better review the bird migration in the Mersey Estuary month by month from the field naturalist's point of view, commencing with March as the most convenient time of the year.

My sign of spring is the arrival in the estuary of the first British varieties of the lesser black-backed gull in the first week of March. Although both British and Scandinavian varieties are here in the winter, these newly-arrived birds are so much cleaner and more spruce than any we have seen all the winter that they are obviously newly arrived migrants from Iberian haunts. They spend a few weeks in the estuary before they appear at the Liverpool Sewage Farm at the end of the month, and they are there for about a fortnight before moving inland to Simonswood Moss, where a growing colony nests.

The first week of March also sees the pink-foot and white-fronted geese gathering in the Ribble Estuary below Crossens before moving north via the Solway; pied wagtails and meadow-pipits are moving up the coast and through the sewage farm in migrating parties; ruffs appear at the latter place. From long studies at the Cathedral Bird Sanctuary (*Bird Movements Inside Liverpool, Naturalist*, October, 1933) I noted that the winter starlings began to migrate out in the second week of March if a south-west wind favours them. Redwings and short-eared owls also begin a north-eastern move that week, while in the last week of the month there are the first willow-warblers, which are not yet in song and thus require close scrutiny of vegetation; a few sandmartins visit the Cheshire meres, there is a coastal movement of pintail, and by bird counts I have noticed a migration of skylarks up the Wirral sandhills.

April sees flocks of golden plover, with their black underparts, gathered in flocks of 200, 400, even 800, on the flats by the Sewage Farm, Storeton, or the Gowy Marshes before moving to their moorland nesting haunts, and a large herd of curlews likewise gathers on Simonswood Moss. The second week sees the arrival of swallows at Knowsley, yellow wagtails and sandpipers at the sewage farm, swallows are moving up the Wirral coast and willow warblers slightly inland in later weeks. Pied, white and yellow wagtails can be seen migrating across the Dee Estuary at Hilbre plentifully in the last week, when the Sandwich terns pass up the coast to northern terneries, and there are still odd flocks of fieldfares and the last redwings.

The first week of May sees the arrival of common terns at Ainsdale, but we do not usually find the first nests until the last week. Spotted flycatcher, grasshopper warbler, tree-pipit, turtledove and whinchat also arrive the first week, and there are many swifts passing over Hilbre on their way from the Welsh coast northwards. The first or second week sees a migration of Greenland wheatears, which generally pass through a fortnight or so later than the common wheatears; while there are still parties of dunlin, purple sandpipers, turnstones and sanderling on the coast, although many are resplendent in nesting plumage, and fieldfares inland. Even the long-tailed duck sometimes tarries in the estuaries (where it favours the marine lakes) into the third week, in its full nuptial plumage.

Although we look to the first week of May for the arrival of swifts there is a definite northward move in the first week of June, and at Carr Mill Dam and Knowsley Park Lake I have counted flocks of 200 and 300 (probably non-breeding birds) brought low to feed on gnats. White wagtails are still passing up the coast in the first week, yet by the third week the lapwings are flocking again on the marshes, over 100 strong.

July sees the turn of the tide in bird migration by the coming of the common gulls, which do not nest in these parts. They migrate down the coast slightly inland, but in East Cheshire they are only occasionally seen. My early morning nature walk is usually over the Childwall golf course, which is a gathering and preening place for gulls, and the appearance of the common gulls is most noticeable, the first migrating parties of pied wagtails coming about the same time.

The next week sees the coming of the early waders, still with traces of nesting plumage, and on the Freshfield shore appear dunlin, sanderling, little terns, kittiwake gulls and Sandwich terns, all these birds making the sandy shore a sort of resting place on a leisurely southward migration. I saw over 100 sanderling there the other July. The third week sees young yellow wagtails, with noticeably short tails, passing south in large numbers through the sewage farm, although the movement of adult yellow wagtails is not strong until the second or third week of August. The fourth week sees the first knot, and grey plover on the coast and a heavy migration of young blackheaded gulls southwards, most noticeable at the sewage farm where they flock; the movement of young herring-gulls coming a week or two later.

August sees the wader migration down-coast increasing, young ruffs of the year, with buff-brown on their plumage, appear at the sewage farm in numbers; godwits (black and bar-tailed), curlew-sandpipers, whimbrel, small flocks of oyster catchers and knots, appear along the coast in the second week, odd pied flycatchers passing south from Lakeland may be seen on Helsby Hill, and young willow-warblers, noticeably yellowish, are migrating south through city gardens and the Cathedral Bird Sanctuary, and a rise in temperature and a full moon usually sees the bulk of the swifts



LOOKING ACROSS THE MUDFLATS OF THE DEE ESTUARY TOWARDS THE CLIFFS OF THE FLINT COAST



"AT EBB OF TIDE." A PICTURE TAKEN NEAR LIVERPOOL

go. Curlews from the moors flock up to 90 on the sewage farm; golden plover and sandpipers appear at Burton Marshes, flocks of little terns are in the Dee Estuary; great and blue tits move into city gardens and parks from the country. Green-sandpipers and golden plover appear at the sewage farm in the third week, when tufted duck begin to arrive at Knowsley. In the last week the Wirral rooks begin to resume their winter flight-lines over Liverpool northwards to feeding grounds, the Welsh peregrines visit the Dee marshes, and odd pochard appear at Knowsley.

The first week of September sees an arrival of teal, a movement southwards of lesser black-backed gulls and the arrival of a few grey plover, knot and godwits. There are also one or two black-necked grebes and red-throated divers appearing offshore from now to November; immature cormorants appear at Knowsley Lake, although we are far from a nesting colony, and these must be migrants, and the first redwings pass over. Jack snipe appear the second week, sandpipers are numerous in the night migration over the city from the third week, when the last swifts pass through. The fourth week sees small parties of scoter in Liverpool Bay, the first grey geese go over flying high, there is a migration of mistle thrushes into town parks and gardens for the ripe rowans, and frequently at Southport and West Kirby a grey phalarope may appear now or later in the autumn.

October sees the coming of fieldfares, a south-westerly movement of skylarks down the Wirral coast and pipits more inland, a heavy movement of redwings, and an arrival of a few great crested grebes to winter offshore. The third week sees the coming of the red-breasted merganser offshore, and flocks of grey geese feeding in the Bescar-Rufford fields, averaging 20 strong last month, now reach about 400, and may be 1,000 next month. The last week sees a big arrival of drake pochard, tufted duck and wigeon at Knowsley, although the bulk of the females seem to arrive later in November. The short-eared owls arrive on the Sefton Meadows, and as flocks of mallard often appear at Freshfield at this time, there appears to be a southward migration of young wild duck.

More mergansers arrive the first week of November, golden eye appear in the second week, and shoveller and pintail are moving south in the third week. Our last swallow of the year is usually in the first week of November and the full moon brings many woodcock; scaup arrive offshore in parties in the first week, and hard frost from now on will bring a few Hebridean and Continental song thrushes; lapwings then flock at the coast, coming down the Ribble to move over to Ireland. Long-tailed duck are here every December now, and there is then a big arrival of Continental mallard at Knowsley.

The last week of the year sees an arrival of bramblings at our beechwoods, although these finches are in East Cheshire by October. January sees a few brownish young snows arrive, and I have noted the Scandinavian lesser black-backed gull as well as our British race here this month. In the second week of February my duck-counts at Knowsley have shown a noticeable northward movement of shoveller, while the great crested grebes come back from the sea.

WAR TIME ARRANGEMENTS OF VARIOUS SOCIETIES

MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION.—The Hon. Secretary of the M.F.H.A. informs all concerned that the temporary address of the Association until further notice will be c/o Messrs. Tattersalls, Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

HUNTERS' IMPROVEMENT AND NATIONAL LIGHT HORSE BREEDING SOCIETY.—Until further notice the address of the Society will be as usual, 12, Hanover Square, London, W. 1. This applies also to the National Pony Society and the Secretary of the National Horse Association of Great Britain hopes as far as circumstances permit to collect correspondence from the office of the Association.

LITTLE SHIP CLUB.—All correspondence to the Club should now be addressed to its temporary offices at St. Peter's Chambers, High Street, Colchester, Essex.

TRENT FISHERY BOARD.—The Clerk to the Board, Mr. J. Inglis-Spicer, 68, St. James's Street, Nottingham, announces that the Trent Angling Championship has been abandoned. Entry fees will be returned to entrants as soon as practicable.

GREYHOUND RACING SOCIETY.—The General Purposes Committee of the National Greyhound Racing Society has decided to carry on the work of the Society, and has appointed a special committee to deal with matters affecting the future of the sport if, and when, the present Government ban upon sports meetings is lifted. The members of the special committee are: Mr. F. S. Gentle (Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd.), Mr. H. Garland Wells (Clapton, Reading, South Shields), Mr. A. J. Elvin (Wembley), Mr. W. J. Cearns (Wimbledon and Southend), and Lieutenant-Colonel E. L. Mears, D.S.O. (Glasgow Albion). All inquiries dealing with the Society or the Committee of London Greyhound Tracks should, for the time being, be sent to this address.

NATIONAL GREYHOUND RACING CLUB.—All current Identity Books have been photographed, and the films stored in a strong room. The complete set of Identity Books, numbering over 60,000, will be stored at Lord Denham's country house in Buckinghamshire. The Club will maintain a staff to deal with inquiries from owners and Racing Managers.

BRITISH FIELD SPORTS SOCIETY.—The Secretary announces that owing to the outbreak of war the committee has decided that the work of the British Field Sports Society shall be suspended for the duration of hostilities, a decision which it is believed will be endorsed by all its members. There is, however, not a shadow of doubt that when peace reigns once more, the society's help in the building up of field sports and all that goes with them will be essential. Apart from this, however, the society has certain obligations to meet, such as rent, rates and contributions to the staff pension fund, which it intends to continue. The secretary therefore earnestly appeals to all members to continue their subscriptions in whole or in part so that the society may be in a really strong position when its help will be most required. No further reminders for subscriptions will be despatched, but all renewals may be sent as in the past to 3, St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1, where they will be collected and duly acknowledged by the society's auditors, who will be in charge of its finances. Sincere thanks are offered to all those who have so loyally supported the society since its foundation nearly ten years ago. Since that date it has never looked back; its membership has increased steadily each year and the growth of its influence has been remarkable. The secretary hopes that all may meet again in happier times, and would like to take an opportunity of personal thanks to all those who have shown so many kindnesses to himself since he was appointed secretary on the formation of the society.

THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY at 26–27, Conduit Street, New Bond Street, London, W. 1, still proposes to hold its annual exhibition of pictorial camera work, which is scheduled to last until October 5th. It is added that the basement of the gallery has been scheduled as a safe air raid shelter to accommodate 200 persons, so there should be no apprehension on the part of visitors to the exhibition.

UNIVERSITIES FEDERATION FOR ANIMAL WELFARE.—The temporary official address of the Federation is c/o Dr. F. J. Vinter, Torpoint, Harold Road, Hastings.

RED CROSS AND ST. JOHN JOINT APPEAL

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and the officers of both bodies have made the following special appeal on behalf of the work of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

"In the grave issues which now confront the British Empire, the British Red Cross Society, of which H.M. the Queen is President, and the Order of St. John, have decided to work together as they did in the last war, with results which are still within the memory of the public.

"With this object, a Joint Emergency Committee has been set up, comprising an equal number of members of each body. Lord Cromer has consented to be the Chairman of the Committee with Major-General Sir John Kennedy as Vice-Chairman.

"In this war, which is so entirely different from any that has preceded it, it is impossible to foresee exactly where relief for the sick and wounded will be most needed, or in what form. But it is certain that there will be vast suffering and distress, and that the relief of the sick and wounded of His Majesty's forces, and of the civilian population, will call for much voluntary effort and financial support.

"Considerable voluntary help has already been secured, but it remains to find the money necessary to pursue the work. In the Great War, and indeed at all times, appeals made by the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John received the most generous response, showing that the heart of the Empire is with those who are risking their lives in support of the rights and liberties, not only of the peoples of the British Commonwealth of Nations, but of the whole civilised world.

"We earnestly ask you to help the Joint Committee in the great work that lies before them. A fund is being opened in the name of the Joint Bodies. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Sir William H. Goschen, K.B.E., Hon. Treasurer, Red Cross and St. John Fund, at Messrs. Coutts & Co., 1, Park Lane, London, W. 1."

From 1914–1918 the activities of the joint organisation were amazingly wide, covering as they did the sending out of agents and complete staffs to all Allied fronts half the world over. In all, a total of over £17,000,000—almost all from voluntary contributions—was expended on the great humanitarian work of the organisation. Immense though the task was during the last war, the joint committee of the societies will now face an immeasurably bigger one, for to their activities will be added that of giving aid to the millions of civilians who will also unhappily be subjected to enemy attack.

CANCELLATIONS OF SHOWS

NATIONAL DAIRY SHOW, which was to have been held at Olympia in October; the Motor Show, Olympia; Thame Agricultural Association Show, September 21st.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE will not be run, and the National Hunt Committee have cancelled meetings at Market Rasen (September) and Perth Hunt (September 27th and 28th). The M.C.C. tour to India is abandoned, and also, among other future golf fixtures, the Ryder Cup Match, the English Women's Championship, the professional match-play championship and the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament.



LEFT: A VIEW TOWARDS SAUNDERSFOOT FROM THE BEACH AT AMROTH, A VILLAGE IN WHICH MANY DWELLINGS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY THE SEA. RIGHT: A SPRINGTIME VIEW WITHIN A FEW HUNDRED YARDS OF A COAL MINE

WHERE TRADITION DIES HARD

By D. N. McHARDY

JUTTING south-west into the Bristol Channel, the broad peninsula which is Pembrokeshire has an individuality which is just as marked as that of the land of Cornwall, which, although narrower, bears a marked similarity of shape and direction on the map. Each has a group of natural harbours at the toe, which in times gone by served to promote communications with other ports.

Such influences as must have been derived from the intercourse with peoples who came to trade in Milford Haven and the neighbouring creeks and to do business at the river port of Haverfordwest, must have been responsible for the naming of Pembrokeshire "Little England Beyond Wales." Before the days of rail and road transport, the fact that the sea joined and the land divided, would have made it much easier to travel across the Bristol Channel than from the hinterland of Wales to the coast of Pembrokeshire.

It is certainly true to-day that there is very little of Wales about the people or customs of the county, and one may very soon discover an atmosphere much more suggestive of Somerset, not only in speech but in character. The Flemish influence may have been common to the ancestors of both. Known to comparatively few outside its borders, the county has been left very much to its own devices until very recently.

The attention of agriculturists from England has been attracted in the last year or two to the potentialities of the coastal belt for the production of early potatoes, and some remarkable enterprises have already developed. Waste and barren mountainsides have been reclaimed from the bracken and briars with which they were infested, the numerous adders have been dispossessed, and fine healthy crops of Sharpe's Express have taken their place. The district may easily compete with the Channel Islands since there is usually immunity from late frosts. What impresses one more particularly, in contrast to the success of the newcomers on the wildest land in the area, is the neglect of much of the easily worked land in flat and level fields. With a tenth of the hard work, the occupiers of such could get similar results.

Those who are lovers of the country may rejoice at the scarcity of the industries in the county. There is a very limited number of coal mines, from which excellent coal is obtained, and these are situated in some of the most beautiful valleys in the county. Although they have been worked to a great extent in the past and within the last few years, the scenery has not been spoiled, and everyone would welcome a resumption of work in the interests of the people.

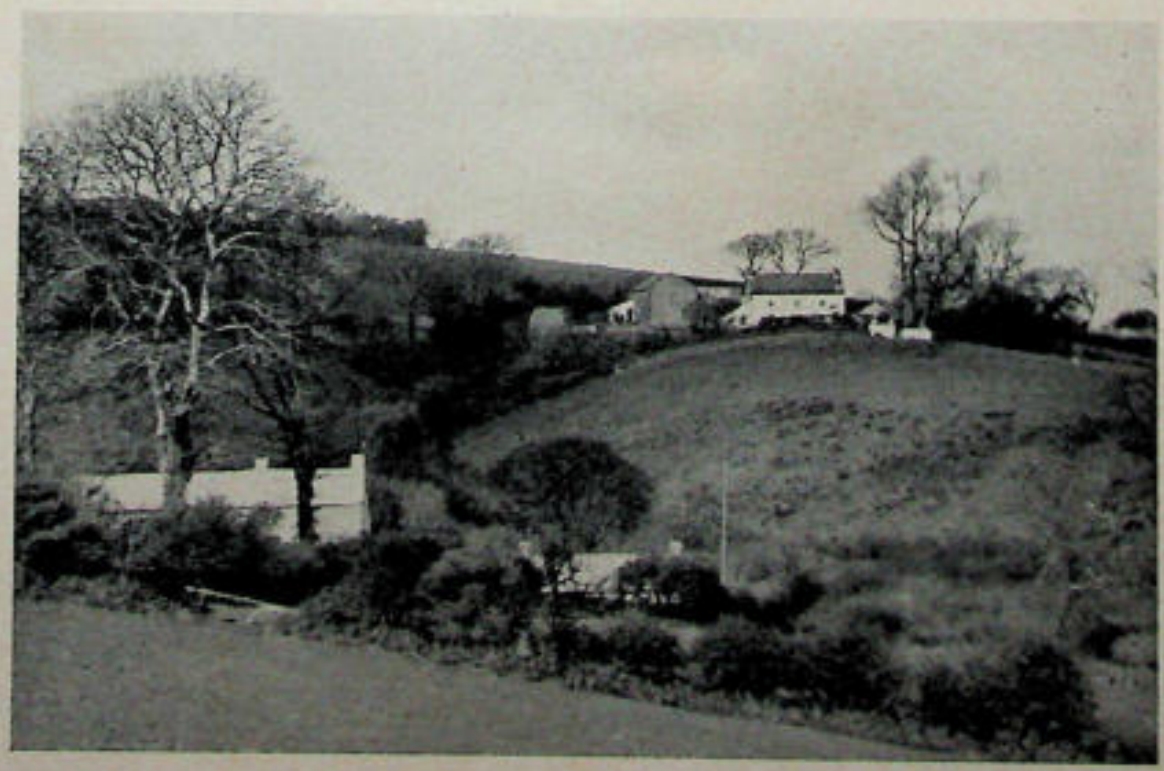
When unemployed in the mines, some turn to small farming enterprises, rather with a view to occupying their time and providing for the family than with the hope of profit. The district contains in addition many small family farms, run in the traditional manner, with a few pigs, cows and poultry on each. A feature of the livestock is a general absence of the more common diseases like tuberculosis which ravage the intensively farmed districts of England. And this in despite of the absence of any of the modern buildings and appliances considered so essential to hygiene.

Modern conveniences are, indeed, looked upon with disfavour. A recent scheme involved the laying of an extensive system of water mains to bring a supply from the Preseelly range to the villagers of South Pembrokeshire, who have depended for many years on very good springs, from which it was a daily task to fetch a supply. The piped water is still regarded as unwholesome, and even possibly poisonous, by many who prefer to continue carrying their familiar supply from the spring.

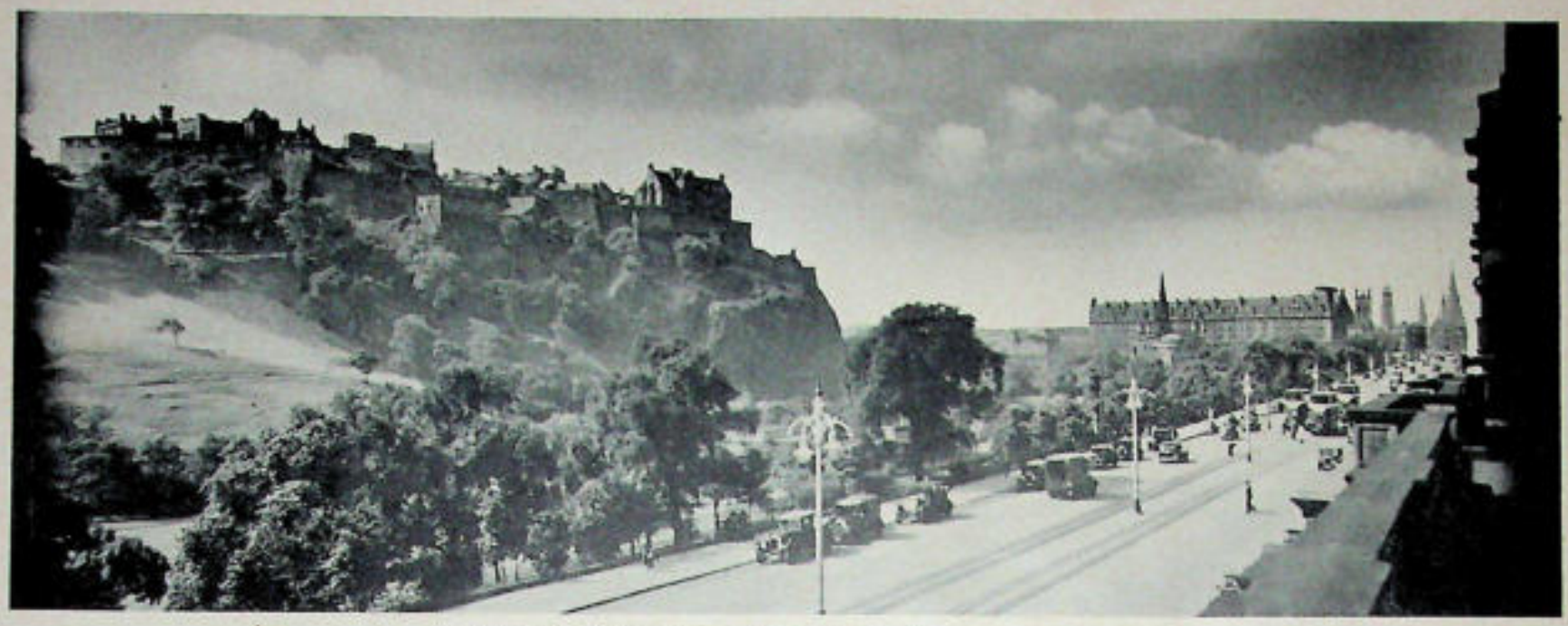
Electric cables stretch overhead through most of the villages, but connection is generally to the houses of the people who maintain a holiday residence in the district rather than to the cottages. The paraffin lamp is still good enough for the villager, it suits his pocket, and what is more, it warms him as well in the winter, as one informed me.

In their little thick walled whitewashed cottages, sensibly built low to the ground to escape the winter gales, the country people with common-sense tastes are comfortable and generally satisfied with their quarters.

It is evident, however, that the ardent social reformer is on their track. They have perhaps few more years to enjoy themselves in peace, before they will be hustled out of homes in which they have been born and bred, to live in a new jerry built house with all modern inconveniences, and designed by a townsman architect with a complete disregard of country needs and ideas. Even the most remote must be sacrificed sooner or later in the cause of progress.



SOME TYPICAL PEMBROKESHIRE FARMSTEADS



A VIEW FROM THE SMOKING ROOM, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CASTLE

GREAT SOCIAL CLUBS. THE "NEW," EDINBURGH

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

THE New Club, Edinburgh, like a number of other foundations of various natures bearing a similar appellation, can hardly be considered juvenile. Founded in 1787, it is certainly junior to the old St. James's Street clubs like White's, Boodle's and Brooks's, but considerably senior to all the other clubs reviewed in this series.

The Club owed its origin to the cause which had given birth to all the early London clubs, that is to say, from the desire of men, of similar tastes and inclinations and moving in the same social circles, to meet together in a common room or house for the discussion of their own affairs. There were at this time numerous taverns and so-called clubs in the Old Town of Edinburgh where various groups and coteries of men of the same tastes and proclivities used to meet to dine and talk; probably a room or two was reserved for them for this purpose.

They bore curious names and their members apparently behaved in strange ways. The "Spendthrift" Club, for instance, was so named from the extravagance of its members in spending 4½d. each night. The "Dirty" Club's rules forbade any gentleman to appear in clean linen. At the date when the New Club was founded, the New Town of Edinburgh was still in course of formation, the North Bridge connecting the two towns having been only opened for traffic in 1772. After crossing the bridge at this period one was faced by the Register House, to the right was the Theatre Royal and behind it on two sides was Shakespeare's Square.

At Bayle's Tavern situated in this Square the New Club was founded. The tavern was situated on the north side of the Square, which was subsequently pulled down when the Regent Bridge was built about 1815. It was No. 1 on the Square and stood next to the house at the top of Leith Street. Bayle, the proprietor of the tavern, was a Frenchman, and previous to becoming a vintner and tavern keeper in Edinburgh he had been in the service of General Scott of Balcomie. The General had also a large villa, with policies, situated where Drummond Place now stands. This is the same General Scott to whom reference was made in the article on White's Club as being credited with winning £200,000 playing whist there. His three daughters, as is so frequently mentioned, married George Canning, the ninth Duke of Portland and the fourth Earl of Moray. Bayle had started as a vintner in the Old Town before moving to Shakespeare's Square, and soon after getting installed there his house became known as the "French Tavern."



THE FRONT OF THE CLUB HOUSE
From an etching by F. Lodge

There is no actual record to be found of how the Club originated, but Chambers in his *Traditions of Edinburgh* says that it was the offspring of an old club of a similar nature and consisted of men of rank and consequence. Mr. Cockburn in his *History of the New Club*, to which I am indebted, suggests that the Club which Chambers refers to was the Poker Club and that the New Club does indeed owe its origin to this Club. The name "Poker" in this case had nothing to do with the game of cards of that name, but signified the intention of its members to try and stir or poke up the Government of the day to form a Militia force in Scotland as a security, after the '45 Rebellion, against renewed trouble and insurrections. Whether it be true or not that the New Club rose from the ashes of the Poker Club, there is evidence that a very considerable number of their original members had been formerly members of this other Club. The first rules to be drawn up show that the original membership was limited to 110 members at an annual subscription of 2 guineas. This was very quickly altered to 160 members. Thirty years later it had reached 450 with an entrance fee of £26 5s. and an annual subscription of £5 10s. In fact, whenever the Club wanted more money, as has frequently been the case in the course of its history, it increased its membership and raised the entrance fee and subscription. Eventually we shall see that the entrance fee rose to 40 guineas and the membership to 1,000.

While at Bayle's Tavern the members cannot be accused of extravagant tastes in the furnishing line, as an inventory and valuation taken in 1795 disclosed its total value to be £139 11s., included in which was a water-closet valued at £57 17s. 6d., far the most precious of their possessions and the item most frequently referred to at their committee meetings. In the days we write of State lotteries were in force, and in 1798 the managers authorised the treasurer to purchase a ticket "for behoof" of the Club with a view, if fortunate enough, to buy or build a set of rooms for themselves. Mrs. or Mme. Bayle, we are not told which, who was responsible for looking after the two or three rooms rented by the Club, does not appear to have carried out her duties efficiently, as there were numerous complaints about this time of the rooms being very dirtily kept. Nevertheless, in 1799, the entrance fee was raised to 7 guineas and another lottery ticket was purchased. The charge for dinner was then fixed at 3/- and for supper 1/6. Dinner was to be at 5 p.m. and the bill brought in and collected precisely at nine.

During the time under review the gambling which took place in all the London clubs had, as we have seen in previous articles, reached fantastic proportions. Nothing, however, on this score is reported in the history of this northern Club, and the members appear to have contented themselves with buying tickets in the State lotteries, and in 1801 it was reported that the Club had won a



A CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM



THE SMOKING ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR

Breakfasts and dinners served in the club in 1873 *only differ by* 137 *from the number of those meals served in* 1936, *yet in the latter year* 3,947 *more luncheons were served*

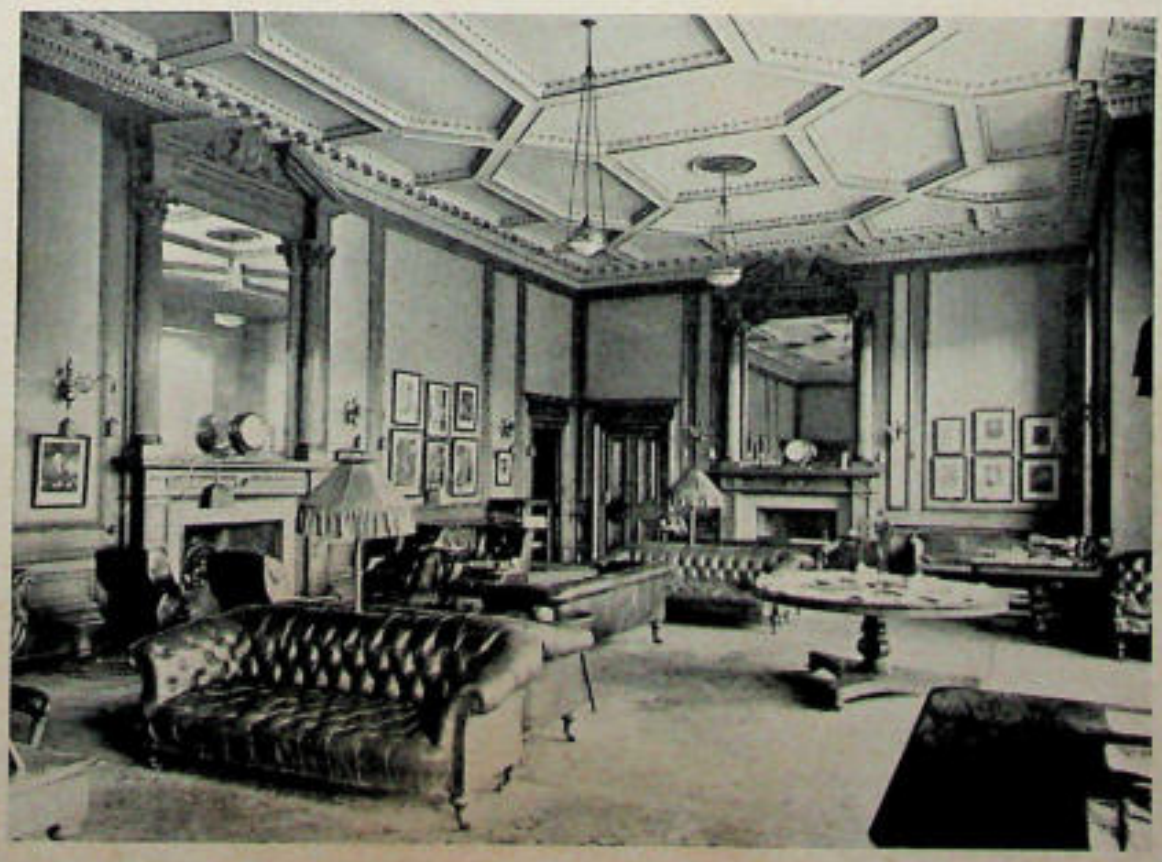
prize of £2,000 in one of them. Elated with their success, it was decided then that all new members should pay an entrance fee of 10 guineas, presumably for the privilege of joining such a fortunate assembly of people; they also considered the propriety of buying a house for the Club. Shortly after this Bayle died. His wife was then awarded a pension, and at the same meeting a new water-closet was ordered to be erected. After having purchased the Lord Justice-Clerk's house at some unknown date, the Club appear to have disposed of it again in 1805 without ever having taken possession.

In the year 1809 they bought No. 3, St. Andrews Square, and this was to be their first Club-house owned by the members. The vendor was Mr. Charles Ross and the price £4,500. St. Andrews Square was the first square to be completed in the New Town and was described by Hugo Arnott in his *History of Edinburgh* (1787) as the finest square he ever saw. At the same time an unsuccessful bid was made for the adjoining house, No. 2, owned by Dr. James Gregory, a man whom every Victorian child has reason to remember, if not with gratitude. But it took more than gold to move Dr. Gregory. To provide the necessary money for the alterations to the new house, the membership was promptly increased to 300 and the entrance fee raised to the substantial figure of 20 guineas. Mr. William Burn, the well-known architect, was commissioned to carry out the necessary alterations.

A new Club manager in the person of Walker Douglas was now appointed at a salary of £250 per annum with 100 guineas a year for coal. He had, also, to provide a staff of three men and three women, their wages and victuals not to exceed the modest sum of £135 a year. From a table of wages paid in 1818, we find that the three housemaids were paid £7 a year each! The Club members had always been good claret drinkers, and in 1821 their wine committee was induced by the extraordinary vintage of 1815 to lay in a still larger stock of this wine than usual. The amount shown in the Club's ledgers was eight hogsheads and nine dozen of the value of £1,020; they also had two pipes of port and numerous butts of French wines to fall back on.

In 1824 some discussion arose about taking over the Excise Office, now the headquarters of the Royal Bank of Scotland, with a view to increasing their accommodation. Nothing, however, came of it, but the membership was increased again to 600 so as to have the necessary funds ready for a further purchase. It was then decided to buy Nos. 51, 53 and 55, George Street and move there from St. Andrews Square. But no sooner was the purchase completed at £8,700 than the Club decided to stay where they were and put the houses into the market again. This proved to be an unprofitable transaction, and they became, not for the first time, involved in debt. An acrimonious general meeting followed with the usual result of electing more members, now at an entrance fee of 40 guineas. Two years later, Sir Walter Scott was made an hon. member for life—an honour never previously bestowed on any member. After the Great War, the same privilege was granted to Earl Haig.

Fortified by the nice sum of £4,200 which had been paid in recent entrance fees, the members now, once again, began to agitate for increased accommodation and various houses, including the premises of the Royal Bank at No. 35, St. Andrews Square, were inspected. None, however, was found to meet their exact requirements. From a table of wages of the house staff compiled at this time (1832), we find that the three liveried waiters got £30 per annum, and that the under-housemaids had been risen to as much as 8 guineas a year each! The Club now had actually a balance in hand on the year's working and once more the question of a new house was gone into. At a general meeting (December, 1833) sanction was given for the purchase by the Club of a property in Princes Street



THE MORNING ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE CLUB

belonging to the trustees of the late Mr. Donaldson, also of the house then occupied as the tax office.

No. 85, the Donaldson property, was at that time the "Buck Head Hotel and Tavern." The terms of the agreement to purchase were very involved and cannot be dealt with here. The purchase-price plus the necessary new building for the Club's accommodation, was estimated at the time to be £27,000. They actually cost considerably more. Again, Mr. Burn, their former architect, was entrusted with the new work. At the anniversary meeting the following year, Sir William Maxwell proposed that the Club which had now existed for nearly half a century and yet still in defiance of all propriety, retained the name of the New Club, should be denominated the Caledonian Club. There were objections found to his suggestion, and it was finally decided to postpone a decision of the question for another year. Since then the subject has not been raised again.

On May 15th, 1837, the Club entered their new home, and took the management into their own hands, for the first time since its foundation. Immediately after becoming their own managers, the committee revised the charges for breakfasts, luncheons and dinners. Among the dishes for luncheon we read that the cost of fifteen oysters was 6d., so that for 1/- any member should surely have been able to satisfy himself. But the oysters came from the Forth, not from Whitstable. In this year, it was proposed "that members of White's, Brooks's, Arthur's and Boodle's Clubs in London, not being natives of Scotland nor possessing property in Scotland, shall on the written application signed by two or more members of the Club, be admitted on payment of his annual subscription in advance." The proposition was almost unanimously negatived!

A year after entering Princes Street, the members gave a ball which apparently marks the first occasion when ladies had ever been admitted to the Club-house. A blow to the amenities of their new home and also to all the other residents of Princes Street was now threatened by the proposal to extend the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway from the Haymarket Station through Princes Street Gardens. The gardens had naturally been a source of great joy to the Club members, who had the privilege of possessing private keys for effecting their own entrance to it. In conjunction with the rest of the Princes Street residents, they strenuously opposed the coming of the railway. It was in vain.

Life in the Club now jogged along very quietly, enlivened only from time to time by the misdeeds of various secretaries and by the never-ending disputes on the advisability of an increased membership. When we reach 1856, the Club again decided to extend their premises and bought for this purpose No. 87, Princes Street. It is on this site where now stand the writing room and billiard room above, with the dining room behind. These additions were not completed until several years later and, to meet the expenses, 100 new members were brought in at an entrance fee of 40 guineas. This, then, brought the total membership up to 850.

In 1859, before the completion of the new additions, two gallant members had the temerity to move that the management be empowered to have a room set apart for the reception of ladies, and that such alterations might be included in the new building. They were just about 60 years ahead of their times, and suffered the usual fate of people who make premature advances to the other sex. In 1863, a desire having been expressed by a number of members for a cheap champagne, the secretary took them at their word, and ordered some from London at 36/- per dozen. We are left in ignorance as to how the members enjoyed it, and how many dozen were consumed. Perhaps they were contemplating giving more balls!

An interesting table in the Club history showing the number of breakfasts, luncheons and dinners served in the years between 1869 and 1873, compared with those served in the year 1936, brings out in a striking manner the remarkable change in fashion which has recently come in as regards the popularity of the various meals at clubs. Whereas the number of breakfasts and dinners served in the Club in 1873 only differs by 137 from the number of those meals served in 1936, yet when we come to the luncheons we find that 3,947 more luncheons were served in the Club in 1936 than were served in 1873.

Nothing of great interest is to be found in the Minute Book during the uneventful period of the closing years of the Victorian era. In 1906 a picture committee was formed and immediately took steps to begin the formation of a collection of portraits of distinguished Scotsmen and of pictures of Edinburgh. The result of their labours can be seen on the walls of the Club to-day. At the beginning of 1912 the card room and coffee room were extended to the north at a cost of about £3,000, so as to increase the light by allowing space for additional windows. In 1919 the Club bought the eastern portion of the Balmoral Hotel in order to provide more bedroom accommodation. £20,000 was spent on this, and the addition of a modern central heating system. 1922 saw the membership again increased to reach 1,000—at which figure it remains to-day. Ten years later, at the annual general meeting, it was decided that the admission of candidates for membership should cease to be by ballot and be entrusted to the committee.

This decision is the last of the changes of any importance to be recorded in the constitution of this Club, which has now weathered the storms of over 150 years of club life. The site of the Club-house in Princes Street is an unrivalled one, commanding as it does magnificent views over the Mound to the Assembly Hall and the Castle. The interior of the building is spacious and the rooms well proportioned, the best of these being the double smoking room and library, which possesses a fine ceiling. A large and comprehensive collection of engravings of Scottish notables are to be seen everywhere on the walls of the room. In the library are some particularly good aquatints of views of Edinburgh by those well-known engravers Havell, Sutherland, Rosenberg and F. Jukes. A very charming drawing of a panoramic view of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill by George Tytler (1803) gives one a striking impression of the beauty of the surroundings of the city in those days.



A MATTER OF NERVES

Reactions in the Face of Dangerous Game

THERE can be few studies more absorbing than the reactions of man to physical fear; and the effect it has in big game shooting is a subject which has always interested me very much indeed. The world is divided into three main classes. The small class who either have no nerves or, who from long experience or iron self-control, have got them right under; the great majority of us who feel a bit funny inside but generally put up a good enough show, though we eschew the big risks; and those who frankly cannot face it when they get near dangerous game. These men probably have "moral courage," an attribute which it is fashionable to rank above physical courage, in the highest degree, but they had better keep away from dangerous game. After all, there are lots of other things to do in life, and those who come all over queer when they see blood, or quail as the Austin Seven turns on to the Kingston bye-pass, had best stay at home.

I have read a great many books on big game shooting, and I have talked to many big game hunters, and I have some experience of my own, and I am quite sure that the average man experiences no fear in the actual moments of contact with the beast, during the charge or whatever form the danger takes. The terrors of the block can be borne, but it is the agonies endured outside the Headmaster's Room that are so unsupportable. Was one really spotted getting out of the pupil-room window, or has some silly ass just marked you out of chapel by mistake? One suffered even at the tender age of sixteen the pleasures of anticipatory fear. There is no fixed boundary between pleasure and pain. That is an elementary principle of the Hedonist. And it is the first thing that the white hunter must learn as he watches his client. His fear is the fear of the unknown. Tell him that there is a wounded rhino in that bush, and that it will charge in just ten seconds, and he will be much relieved. We all know the bronzed hero of the North-West Frontier whom lady novelists depict trembling at the door of a drawing room in Belgrave Square, saying "This is worse than the Nervo Kotal" (or the Knox Narai). On the Knox Narai (or the Nervo Kotal) our tanned warrior could sum up the chances of the situation fairly well. But in the drawing room, with what unknown lures might not Venus or even Aphrodite be waiting?

But there is one thing that heartens us more than we would care to admit, and that is the watching eye of a friend, of a tracker or gun-bearer. If there are natives watching, one tries, I think, to do the thing as if it was a matter of course: the British Raj, pukka sahib, You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din, and all that. There is also another type, and I have met him more than once. One has a certain sympathy for him, but he is a public danger nevertheless. He is the man with a strong imagination who is always dramatising himself. He pictures himself telling very modestly how he strangled the leopard with his own hands, or even being carried in on a litter "smiling bravely." It doesn't much matter to the self-appointed hero, but it's rather hard luck on the gun-bearers he takes with him, and who may stop what was coming to him.

Sir Alfred Pease, in his *Book of the Lion*, records the remark of a Somali Boy who fought a lion with a spear, on foot and alone, a far braver act than the ordinary white man is ever called on to perform. "Yes, I was very frightened, but I was still more frightened of what they would say when I got back if I had let the lion kill a horse and done nothing."

There is, of course, the courage of ignorance, and a lot of people get away with it under most hair-raising circumstances simply through not knowing what they are walking into. But as a rule the danger in big game shooting comes after the shot, so anybody who has wounded a beast ought to realise there is danger.

For a good many years now I have made notes of the reactions of individuals to apparently imminent death. They have a remarkable similarity. Few are even excited: they are detached, interested spectators of their own fate. Do you remember Chirac, in the "Old Wives' Tale"? He told Sofia that he much looked forward to the public execution at Auxerres, because "'as a psychological experience it will be very *interessant*—to observe oneself in such circumstances.' He smiled enthusiastically. She thought how strange, even nice, Frenchmen were. Imagine going to an execution in order to observe oneself." In the only incident of this type at which I have ever assisted, I was not the least frightened at the time. I was an interested spectator of my own fate for the space of about ten seconds, during which it all happened. The other day I was reading of Mr. Winston Churchill's books of "Reminiscences," in which he recounts that as his aeroplane crashed with him to earth he thought quite calmly that the end had come. I was delighted to find myself in such company. Did George IV—whose last words were: "My boy, this is death," think the same?

M. T. S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—Your recent article on this subject deserves the gratitude of all bird-lovers for the eminently sane views you entertain; and moreover, coming from such an authoritative source, it takes due cognisance of the varied factors involved in the present controversy and which the correspondence on this subject in your columns has amply revealed. The policy of the Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens has been, in the main, to draw attention to the non-effectiveness of the Wild Birds Protection Act, as at present constituted, a point which you, sir, have emphasised and upon which there appears to be general agreement. It would probably be better to have no law at all than one which is so futile and unworkable. We are not out to make war on *all* egg-collectors; we ask them to leave certain species on the danger list alone, for, as you point out, this is one factor in a complex problem, and it would be unjust to dispute the claim of Mr. Jourdain to speak in the name of British oologists, or indeed to impede the work of many notable ornithologists, such as those who have contributed to the classical *Handbook of British Birds*.

There are the sincere students with whom there is no quarrel; but besides these experts, there is a vast number of *dabblers* who are merely interested in amassing eggs. They are the people against whom our rarer species have to be protected. The position of game preservers and gamekeepers is also understood, and any new legislation should, of course, apply equally to all sections of the community—bird-photographers as well.

It is felt that gamekeepers whose livelihood depends upon the extermination of vermin cannot be blamed so much as those who destroy the rarer species merely for personal gain. These men are under their master's orders and cannot act otherwise; but, of course, a great deal can be attributed to ignorance on the part of some owners, and especially shooting syndicates. Cruel traps, such as the gin and pole traps, are such abominable contrivances that their abolition would be a mark of humanity. A conference of all the varied interests who are concerned with our avifauna in addition to the Advisory Committee to the Home Office, would be welcomed by all, for any new legislation, unless applied in the proper spirit, will be as inefficient as its predecessor. I would, therefore, like to suggest that there should be one national effort—one National Trust—to co-ordinate all the individual and isolated attempts now being made. This might in time embrace all branches, including entomology and botany, for surely, sir, this is a national, not a sectional affair with the object of preserving our rarities as a study for ourselves, as well as for future generations.

There should be some form of governing body composed of experts, chosen from the British Museum and other individuals. This body might act in an advisory capacity in conjunction with the Home Office and direct general policy, issuing instructions from time to time to limit the number of crows, rooks, jackdaws and the all-too-numerous gulls, even grey squirrels, and altogether regularising the position as regards golden eagles, peregrines, &c. We have our National Trust to preserve our beauty spots and ancient monuments for our national enjoyment, and why not a National Fauna Trust to conserve our glorious national heritage?

Yours faithfully,

Harley Street, W.1. PHILIP MANSON-BAHR
(President, Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens).

[We publish this letter, but events which have taken place since it was penned make the writer's desire seem far distant.—ED.]

A RIFLE SHOOTING CAMPAIGN

SIR,—The following letter has been sent to all clubs affiliated to the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs:—

"Hopeful for peace as we were to the last, it is now plain to everyone that the German Government meant to overrun Poland whatever the cost. Britain and France are thus at war with the aggressors.

"We appeal to you, as the hon. secretary of a rifle club, to call a meeting *as soon as possible* of your members with the object of settling the immediate future of your club. At the same time, we should like to impress upon you that this society and your club have been quite voluntarily doing work of national importance in teaching the art of shooting—*and there is more than ever the need to go on doing so!*

"Whilst most people will be engaged on other work of National Service, the rifle clubs can implement those services by providing recreative competitions for all. The fact that places of amusement will be closed because not more than 30 people should be congregated together gives your rifle club the chance to enlist many new members, and to stipulate that not more than that number can be dealt with on any one evening.

"There must be many men over conscript age, or awaiting conscription, which must necessarily be gradual, to whom such an offer would appeal. Moreover, there are many women who would also like to shoot. The great point is for everyone to be engaged in something which will help to equip our people with the necessary abilities to *quicken the end of the war*.

"Some kind of recreation is also essential. Why not .22 rifle shooting?"

Yours faithfully,

G. PETHARD (Secretary).

M.F.H.A. COMMITTEE

SIR,—I should be very grateful if you could spare the space to insert the following for the information for all concerned:

CONSTITUTION OF THE COMMITTEE AS FROM JULY 1ST, 1939.

District.	Elected.	Name.	Retire.
Northern (including Scotland)	1938	Sir R. Spencer-Nairn, Bart., M.F.H.	1941
	1939	Capt. T. Wickham-Boynton (chairman), M.F.H.	1942
	1939	The Earl of Yarborough, M.C., M.F.H.	1942
Midland (including Wales and Eastern Counties)	1937	Viscount Knutsford	1940
	1938	Mr. W. W. B. Scott, M.F.H.	1940
		Col. F. G. D. Colman, O.B.E., M.F.H.	1941
Southern (including South-West)	1937	Sir George Meyrick, Bart., M.F.H.	1940
	1939	Viscount Portman, M.F.H.	1942

Yours faithfully,

CECIL PELHAM

3, St. James's Square, (Hon. Sec., M.F.H.A.).
London, S.W. 1.

USING "WASTE" MATERIAL

SIR,—It is difficult to visualise any form of land warfare where intelligent and accurate long-range sniping would not create casualties and demoralisation. There are in this country thousands of men between 42 and 50 who are crack shots; many of them were snipers in the last war.

Many of these men are at present undecided how best to make themselves useful; I suggest that they should form a corps of veteran snipers and offer their services. I have not asked for official authority to make the above suggestion because departments of the War Office, who might concern themselves with the formation of such a corps, are busy doing their own work. Even if the idea should be approved, they have no time to spare.

I have tentatively discussed the possibilities of the idea and have been amazed at the response; an ex-R.A.F. officer (age 42), who is a Bisley shot and an ex-sergeant-major of the Black Watch, an ex-sniper, are amongst those who have already offered their services should the suggested unit be formed. Each knows personally several ex-officers, warrant officers or senior N.C.O.'s—men accustomed to responsibility, who have seen war, and who are crack shots—who would join as privates.

The organisation I suggest would work under brigade directing officers, but each man would act independently. He would be supplied with a passport, entitling him to ask for food, shelter or a lift if his own transport (possibly a motor bicycle) should break down.

His orders would be on no account at any time to stay within 300yds. of the nearest enemy, but to operate at long range and run like a scalded cat if necessary.

Several objections may be raised against the above idea:

(1) That Bren gunners can do the same thing and more. They may be able to do more, but they cannot do the same thing. The man who gets out of a tank in dead ground 500yds. behind the line will take cover if a machine gun opens. The accurate, unexpected first shot, from the factory chimney in the distance, may get him.

(2) It may be said that battalion snipers can do all that is needed. Their style is cramped by the fact that they must conform to the movements of their battalions—they are, to the proposed V.S.C., what Lewis gunners in the last war were to the Machine Gun Corps.

(3) It may be said that snipers might occupy posts which could be more usefully used by artillery observation officers or machine gunners. In that event, the sniper would have time to give way—our snipers must be men of discretion as well as valour.

Being a captain of the Regular Army Reserve, and liable to be allotted a job at any minute, I may be unable actively to help with the formation of the corps, but if anyone who is qualified will write to "Sniper," at Flat 14, 128, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. 10, or ring up Fla. 3381, a start might be made.

It is possible that our services might be refused, or that no situation might arise where we could be of use, but we must take our chance of that.

Such knowledge as I gained sniping in 1914–1915 is at the disposal of the corps. I feel that we old-timers could most usefully be employed utilising the skill and experience which we possess rather than in attempting to learn a new and strange technique. As things stand, we are waste material, but we feel we might be useful.

Yours faithfully,

Chelsea. J. D.

A 53-POUNDER FROM NORWAY

SIR,—I have just returned from my usual salmon-fishing holiday on the Stjordal, north of Trondheim, Norway. Up to July 15th we (two rods) had caught 22 salmon, a few gribse and sea trout (one 9lb.), totalling 450lb.

Among these I got a fish of 53lb.: length 50in., girth 29in., which was in such splendid condition that it could not fight like the smaller ones often do, and I got it out in half-an-hour. My younger grandson tied the small double-hooked fly, "John's Fancy," not unlike a black doctor.

It was a marvel that nothing gave way. For the top of my favourite old rod had been roughly tied up with string. The line was like the writer—dreadfully old, and the cast only a medium one.

Yours faithfully,

BRAESIDE, M. C. SMELT.
Rosslyn Hill,
Hampstead, N.W.

REMEDY FOR MANGE

SIR,—It is comforting to think there is a possible remedy for follicular mange, as Mrs. Bradbury asserts. In *The Dog's Medical Dictionary* the late Mr. F. W. Cousens, a veterinary surgeon widely versed in canine ailments, wrote: "It is a most unsatisfactory disease to treat, for often after months of hard work the dog is no better, but on the contrary much worse, the disease having progressed in spite of everything. If the patient is not a valuable dog, and the attack is a bad one, it is much better to destroy him at once." Similar opinions have been expressed to me by leading practitioners. Mr. Cousens said he had had real success with the Bayer treatment, which appears to be prolonged over a year. I wonder if microscopical examinations were made of the dogs treated by Mrs. Bradbury. There is often confusion between sarcoptic and follicular mange. In the course of many years association with dogs I have come across very few cases of follicular mange.

Yours faithfully,

London. SIGMA.



POISE, that quality so inexplicably the essence of feminine charm, belongs to all women who use Larola, the world-famous skin food. By refreshing and stimulating the cells of the skin, Larola actually strengthens the skin and helps it to banish that roughness and redness which rob the complexion of its natural beauty. Larola is absolutely pure, contains no ingredients to clog the pores, and if used regularly on the face and hands will ensure that exquisite petal smoothness which is the secret of radiant beauty.

Write for free Larola Booklet "The Cult of Beauty." Post Free.

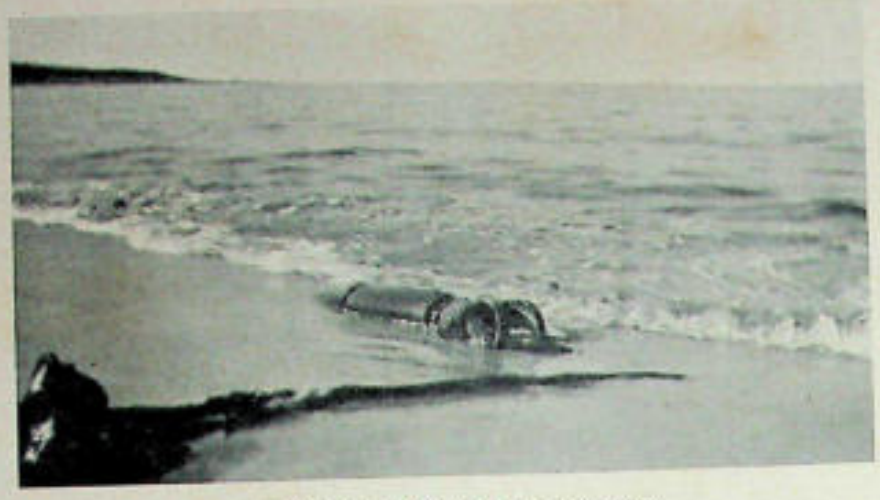
Larola

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets 2/-. Single Tablets 8d.

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.



STRANGE VISITORS TO THE SEASHORE
(See letter "Squids in Northumberland?")

CARTRIDGE LOADER IN ELM TREE

SIR,—I think you will be interested to know that the cartridge-loading machine which I am sending you came out of the middle of a big elm. It was discovered by the timber merchants who sawed up the tree. The remarkable thing is that though the machine has been in this strange locality for some sixty years the spring was found to be in good order, and needed only a little oil.

Yours faithfully,
R. B. TURBUTT.

Ogston Hall, Alfreton.

[This is an old hand rammer and in wonderful condition.—ED.]

A QUEER SEAT

SIR,—I have in my possession two arm-chairs with very comfortable leather seats made from antlers and other deer horns. I also have various other pieces of furniture made from antlers and other parts of deer's horns and boar's tusks. I have been told by experts that this is a unique collection.

Yours faithfully,
E. A. WHITE.

Upper Cop Court,
Tetsworth, Oxon.

[A curious seat made from Exmoor antlers was published in our issue of August 12th.—ED.]

SQUIDS IN NORTHUMBERLAND?

SIR,—On August 17th I was sitting on the beach at "Football Hole," between Beadnell and Embleton, in Northumberland. Just before high-water, at about 4 p.m., we (I was with my family) noticed a large red object flapping about in the shallow water on the edge of the sand. We ran down to the sea and found that the object was what we believe to be a squid. It seemed to be trying to get on to the beach, and when it was left on the sands by a receding wave it blew jets of water from its nose or snout. While we were looking at it we suddenly noticed another a few yards further on, and then, looking along the shore, we saw that there were at least a dozen squid all apparently trying to commit suicide by swimming ashore. All the fish were about the same size, and of a cylindrical shape, the body, about 2ft. long, with, I think, eight arms or feelers growing out from the head, lined with double rows of suckers, about a foot to 18in. in length. There were triangular fins or flappers on either side of the body near the tail. They were a repulsive sight as they squirmed about and spouted on the sands, and several of them appeared to be dead, as they were washed over and over by the waves. This cannot have been the case, however, for in about ten minutes all had disappeared. From inquiries we have made it seems that numbers of squid appeared on the beaches to the north and south at the same time, and all behaved in the same way. The local fishermen say that they have never seen nor heard of such a squid before.

It would be interesting to know whether these fish are natives of the North Sea, and what was the reason for their extraordinary behaviour. I should perhaps add that the sea was perfectly calm.

Yours faithfully,
G. CONYNGHAM GREENE.

Newton House,
Newton-by-the-Sea,
Northumberland.



BEAR CUBS FOND OF SWEETS
(See letter "Cupboard Love")

CUPBOARD LOVE

SIR,—Two pictures I send may be of interest. They are of cubs found about ten miles from Gulmarg, when they were about three weeks old. I kept them in the kennels close to the club for over a month. They became exceedingly tame, and the lady in the picture could do anything she liked with them. They were of immense interest to the members of this club and the children all loved them. I had to part with them as they were beginning to get too good at climbing, and presented them to the Lahore Zoo. "Dina" is sitting on the lady's knee, and "David" is asking for more fudge. They loved sweets.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT LAMB.

Gulmarg Club, Kashmir.



A WREN RELIC
(See letter "A Spire in a Garden")

A SPIRE IN A GARDEN

SIR,—One would hardly expect to find the spire of a city church in a suburban garden, and a Wren steeple at that, yet the enclosed photograph shows the spire from the church St. Antholins, which used to stand in Queen Victoria Street. Rebuilt after the Great Fire to the design of Sir Christopher Wren, it was demolished in 1875, and the spire found its way to its present resting place in a garden at Forest Hill. It is the only stone spire that Wren built.

Yours faithfully,
H. E. T.

Sydenham.

A PHEASANT'S NEST IN AUGUST

SIR,—On August 30th we were cutting a field of oats. I happened to be there, when I suddenly saw the tractor stop, and my man signalling to me. I went over, and there was a hen pheasant just off her nest with one young one about four days old, and nine eggs in the nest. All the nine eggs were addled. The hen was obviously trying very hard to hatch them.

There have been a number of late nests this year. More than I have known for some time.

Yours faithfully,
A. W. BOXHAM CARTER.

The Manor House,
Buriton, Petersfield.

POTTED EEL

SIR,—The photograph of a dead rat with a poultry ring round its neck encourages me to send you a photograph of a 2lb. eel which also met its death in a most unusual manner. It had forced its head into a small glass jar after a minnow and stuck there with the minnow in its jaws.

Yours faithfully,
R. DAND.

Patrick Brompton Hall,
Bedale, Yorkshire.



THE END OF A CHASE
(See letter "Potted Eel")



Made entirely of Virginia Tobacco

10 *for* 6½ᴰ
20 *for* 1/1
50 *for* 2/7½ᴰ

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

New Books

UNDER THE EARTH'S SURFACE

Ten Years Under the Earth. By NORBERT CASTARET. (Methuen; 12/6.)

Those who are beginning to wonder if the world has not given up most of her secrets, and whether there is much more on the earth's surface which is unknown to man should read this book. There may not be very much on *the surface* of which we have not a fair knowledge, but beneath the surface is a world of its own, in the main, unvisited by man; dangerous but intriguing, dark but indescribably beautiful.

In his book M. Castaret introduces his readers to this *terra incognita*, and who could be better qualified? Here is a man who has not merely sifted the evidence gleaned from these caves and subterranean waterways by others, but has, for the sheer love of exploration and danger, proved himself to be perhaps the most intrepid explorer of his generation, a man who has risked his life many times in the name of science and adventure.

In his foreword he says: "I am afraid that I have mentioned myself too often; but how do otherwise in telling of solitary adventures." His fears are quite ungrounded, for, like all truly great men, he is incredibly humble. The reader is told of hair-raising risks—literally jumps in the dark, the swimming of syphons and a host of other things as if they were everyday occurrences instead of efforts calling for the very highest courage and presence of mind.

Less dangerous, but none the less unpleasant experiences await the speleologist, such as the onslaught of an army of starving fleas which sometimes find their way into caves with the foxes, only to be left stranded on the animal's departure.

Fleas are the inhabitants of the cave mouth; history lies in the dark recesses. Here are the bones of cave-bear and mammoth and the strange drawings of man at the dawn of history. M. Castaret tells us of bear slides still showing the hairs of the brutes which, like their modern descendants, loved to slide into the muddy pools down the plastic clay slides within the caverns.

Art was born within these caves. Some of it crude, but some showing a virility which would shame many a modern-day artist. "There is nothing new under the sun," and as the author remarks with humour: "Even Cubism boasts a prehistoric ancestry. There are a few attempts, rare indeed, but just enough to show that the Magdalenians tried it out, and had the taste to go back at once to sane and natural representations of the animals of their time."

The illustrations are particularly fine. Most of us will never see these strange caverns with their distant history in reality, but thanks to M. Castaret's camera, we may study them at our ease by the fireside.

Here is a great book from a great man.

LESLIE N. RADCLIFFE.

* * * *

Quality Chase. By MARJORIE HESSELL TILYMAN. (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.; 8/6.)

This is a book about life in Birmingham and in London. The characters are imaginary, except those of Joseph Chamberlain, Bright and Newman. "Birmingham in the 70's. You may still talk with those who remember it. A honeycomb of artisans in a hive of hovels. Every man Jack for himself and the devil take the hindmost." This is how the book begins, and it ends, spiritually, in Brummagem again. Or does "Quality" Chase ever really leave his home city? Is the real provincial ever likely to allow London to submerge him? The story is naturally of the struggle of trade life, with the influence of the great Joe Chamberlain ever permeating the scene. "If a man went from Birmingham to London he would be going, as a matter of course, to see and hear 'Our Joe' give them 'what for.'" The book is well written and gives a good idea of family life in the great Midland city, and the inner side of the art-dealing business. The rise of Chase, the son of an illiterate collector of odd rubbish, his love of the beautiful, his appreciation of the patina on woods, his self-education and experience of the pitfalls in the higher realms of art dealing, and his willingness to take a plunge, intrigue the reader to the end. Perhaps the matter of greatest interest is how London and its dealers struck these Birmingham folk.

* * * *

Marshal Foch. By Captain CYRIL FALLS. (Blackie and Son, Ltd.; 5/-.)

This miniature biography will appeal to all, since it deals with a most brilliant leader of the Great War, who, in his final capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, became a personality in every home throughout the land. Never has a single Frenchman meant so much to the people of this country. But to those who saw active service on the Western Front, the book will have the added interest of bringing back scenes and recalling incidents of over 20 years ago.

Captain Falls, who has a great admiration for the French Army which, more especially to-day, will be shared by many another Englishman, explains the impossibility of giving any detailed account of the military operations in which the Marshal took part. But he certainly has succeeded in condensing into a limited space a wonderfully comprehensive record from the time of his recall from leave to Nancy in late July, 1914, to the arrival of his forces on the Aisne, after the victory of the Marne. For the rest of the war, as he explains, Foch was to be "a maker of plans, an inspirer, a co-ordinator."

The author considers that in the earlier years of the War, Foch, like the rest, was to some extent mentally and materially enchained, and as a tactician made no contributions to the science of warfare as outstanding as those of Ludendorff. This seems fair criticism, though most will agree with the author that in 1918 he showed himself to be a strategist of a far higher order, and that the principles which were responsible for his success were not only those which he had evolved from his experience in 1915, but were also the logical development of those which he had enunciated at the School of War many years before. He never believed in the possibility of a "break-through" with decisive effect, as did Ludendorff. His strategy was to extend the battle to the flanks as soon as the offensive began to thin off into a point and block itself. In this he proved to be right. While the year 1918 saw the most momentous struggles with Foch in supreme command, the author agrees that the battle of the Marne won the war for France and lost it for Germany.

The book carries one right through from Foch's early days and background to the days of victory and peace. There are nine plates and several sketch maps of important battles and offensives.

* * * *

Weather in the Making. By DOROTHY FISK. (Faber and Faber, Ltd.; 8/6.)

It is a platitude, of course, to say that the weather is indirectly of immense concern to all of us. That this is an irrefutable truism is only too obvious. But to the countryman who is always in direct contact with the land and whose life is so largely bound up with the seasons, it is a matter of daily interest, as it may at once affect his pocket or his sport for better or for worse. Again there are many who in an academic kind of way find entertainment in a detached study and observation of the vagaries of our climate. To all of them Miss Fisk's book should appeal, for she has succeeded in presenting what is a highly scientific subject in a way that can be understood by any layman. At the same time there are chapters, tables and diagrams which should attract the serious attention of meteorologically-minded persons. The various cloud illustrations are appealing, representing as they do some of the sky effects that one often sees, but only for a passing moment. It is of interest to note that most cloud forms have their characteristic levels, the highest—the cirrus—being between three-and-a-half miles and seven miles from the earth. Existing where water vapour is scarce and temperature very low, they are the most tenuous and the coldest.

All will agree with Miss Fisk that "Study of the winds and the clouds and the rain, of sunrise and sunset and of the multitudinous lights in the sky, opens up a new realm, intimate, and at the same time mysterious, having all the qualities that win the heart and intrigue the mind."

W. H. T. LONG.

* * * *

Life's a Circus. By Lady ELEANOR SMITH. (Longmans; 12/6.)

As the daily fight for existence and livelihood becomes more severe and pressing, there are few people who can describe their life as a circus. The word conjures up colour and romance, and that is what Lady Eleanor Smith's life has been composed of.

Of brilliant parentage, with a cherished strand of Romany blood not too far back—she could not abide conventions. As a child she loved the wildness of country life: a life spent on ponies roaming the countryside: a large library with the never to be forgotten thrill of the discovery of "Borrow." Above all the thrill of her kinship and understanding with gypsies: these folk figure often in Lady Eleanor's remembrances, for she mixed with Romanys all over Europe, and true "characters" they sound.

The circus was another sphere in which this young woman felt at home, and she toured, lived and worked for many months with a famous company.

But other personalities are in these pages, figures around whose names more solid renown clings than that of the sawdust and the waggon. Lord Birkenhead was a delightful father to this small girl who rode with him hunting—left always to pick herself up from the innumerable falls, and follow on. This youthful Lord Chancellor enjoyed his young family, sharing in their glee at being allowed to bounce on the Woolsack, under the disapproving glances of his sedate colleagues. (An enviable experience of which surely very few children can boast!)

Yes, it is refreshing to read of a life such as this one. We do not all dare to defy our "Nannies," and are tied by need to conventions. But Lady Eleanor could and did, and by so doing has filled her cup of life. And the telling of it makes a fascinating addition to her list of books. This is exactly what we expected from the author of *The Red Waggon.*

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

WHEN the history of the opening days of the war comes to be told one of the most remarkable features will be the promptitude and effectiveness with which the changeover from peace to war time was carried through in the City. There was not the slightest semblance of panic. The Treasury, the Bank of England, the joint stock banks and the Stock Exchange worked in complete accord, and the new financial machinery, all carefully prepared beforehand, was put into operation almost without a hitch.

The banks were closed for one day only, not because there was any rush of depositors to obtain their money, but in order to give the staffs the opportunity to familiarise themselves with many forms and instructions issued regarding the future conduct of business. Business, when resumed, was on normal lines, although slight delays were unavoidable in the clearing of cheques.

The fullest provision had been made for protecting the currency, and although, as a precautionary measure, postal orders were made legal currency, it was found that the currency in the hands of the nation was more than sufficient. Our leading banks have branches in every part of the country and full provision had been made to supply the branches with sufficient money to meet the requirements of the many individuals and businesses which were dispersed throughout the country districts.

Completely adequate plans were put into operation for continuing essential overseas trade and maintaining a steady value for the £ sterling in the foreign exchange markets. All foreign exchange transactions came under the direct control of the Bank of England, which fixed rates at which business could be done.

Dealings on the Stock Exchange were interrupted for two working days. Then the committee announced that dealings between members at their offices would be in order and for two days this was the way in which business was carried on. Then came the reopening of the "House" and the Stock Exchange was itself again, although the definite limitation was imposed that all transactions shall be on a strictly cash basis. This follows the practice during the last war. It was not until 1922 that normal conditions were resumed.

The important thing from the investor's point of view, however, was that there was in operation a market in which he could sell his holdings if necessity arose. He was confronted with rather wide prices, but this was inevitable. So far as gilt-edged stocks were concerned the minimum prices fixed before the temporary closing of the "House" were continued. This naturally limited business, although the urgent seller was generally able to realise his stock. Indeed, many actual transactions were done at prices above the minimum.

Other sections of the market were left free to find their own levels, and it is a remarkable fact that there has been comparatively little change from the quotations ruling before the "House" closed.

Such are the conditions under which business in the City is being carried on at the time of writing. It is fully realised, as Mr. Walter Elliott put it in his recent broadcast, that "the work of the nation must be carried on," and, so far as the City is concerned, this is being done.

It is obviously not the time to make recommendations to investors. Indeed, for the time being our view is that resources should be kept liquid. Money in the bank may be a very useful asset in these days. It is impossible at the moment to forecast the effect of war conditions on individual businesses.

Regulation by Government order is being applied over practically the whole of industry. Every necessary step has been taken to safeguard the nation's food supplies. Apart from this the whole of our resources are being directed to the successful prosecution of the war and the elimination of every phase of our economic life that may conflict with that object.

Thus, while every precaution is being taken to keep the financial, industrial and mercantile machinery going, the eventual effect on the individual concern must remain in doubt.

THE DAVIS CUP

After a start which made it look as though the cup would remain in the United States, the Australian team, after losing the two opening singles, won the doubles and the remaining ties. The scores were:

SINGLES.—J. E. Bromwich (Australia) lost to R. L. Riggs (U.S.A.), 4/6, 0/6, 5/7; beat F. Parker (U.S.A.), 6/0, 6/3, 6/1. A. K. Quist (Australia) lost to F. Parker, 3/6, 6/2, 4/6, 6/1, 5/7; beat R. L. Riggs, 6/1, 6/4, 3/6, 6/4.

DOUBLES. Bromwich and Quist beat J. Kramer and J. Hunt (U.S.A.), 5/7, 6/2, 7/5, 6/2.



"CLEMATIS ARE MOST EFFECTIVE ON COTTAGE PORCHES"

THE CHARM OF CLIMBING PLANTS

By A. C. BARTLETT

IT is a fact that the garden would lose much of its charm without climbing plants. Where space in the garden is restricted, one can always have attractive plants on the walls.

Care should be taken in the selection of plants for covering walls. Many beautiful old houses, barns, gates, &c., are smothered with ivy, yet this plant not only damages the brickwork but also smothers the lovely architecture of a fine house. Ivy is really only suitable for very large buildings or on ruins.

The Ceanothus family are excellent subjects for wall covering, and provide us with a wealth of blue flowers, ranging from pale to very deep blue. These are quite hardy, and once established soon grow away. Brilliant has lovely deep green box-like foliage and bright blue flowers. Gloire de Versailles is also a great favourite, this can be grown on the wall, or as a bush, and has bright blue flowers from July to October. Veitchianus is a variety which needs a warm wall, although, of course, quite hardy.

Also great favourites as wall plants are Pyracanthus, the foliage is evergreen, and most of the varieties have beautiful orange-red berries, which hang on till mid-winter. *Lelandii*, *Rogersiana*, *Yunnanense* and *Gibbsii* are excellent varieties and very easy to grow.

One of the most beautiful of climbers is *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, very charming in spring when bursting into leaf, and again in the autumn, when the leaves turn gorgeous shades. This plant, however, rather objects to new cement work, but once established grows away very quickly.

The common Virginian Creeper (*Ampelopsis Hederacea*) is also very attractive, but is best on porches and trellis, as it is a very rampant grower.

Then, of course, Clematis are most effective on cottage porches, climbing up old tree stumps, trellis, &c. *Clematis Montana* will cover a porch in a very short time, and is very easy to grow. *Clematis Jackmanii* is suitable for a pergola, this has beautiful purple flowers. Other popular varieties are Beauty of Worcester, Duchess of Edinburgh, *Jackmani alba*, Madame Edouard Andre. The roots of Clematis are best planted in shade, and deep trenching is essential, as this helps to retain moisture during summer, and it is a great asset if a good mulch of rotted leaves is given every autumn.

Jasmine is a plant that thrives almost anywhere, and although most varieties are deciduous, they appear green as the stems are greenish all the year round. For trellis or walls they are very effective. *Nudiflorum* is the old winter-flowering climber, and gives a brilliant display of yellow from November to March. It is also very fine when massed as a shrub, and allowed to ramble over mounds or banks by the water.

For climbing over a porch, a pink rambling rose and a pale lavender Clematis that blooms about the same time will give a beautiful effect, or if a deeper colour is preferred, use crimson Rambling Rose and *Clematis Jackmanii* purple.

For covering unsightly buildings, ugly fences and positions where immediate effect is desired, *Polygonum baldschuanicum* is excellent. This is a very rampant grower, the foliage is very neat, and the flowers are white, tinted pink. *Vitis Coignetiæ* is also useful for this purpose, the foliage of this is very beautiful in autumn.

Naturally Honeysuckle (*Lonicera*) must not be omitted from the list of climbing plants, both for beauty of flower and delicious scent, they have few equals. For walls, bowers, climbing posts and pillars, they are quite at home. Some of the most popular varieties are Scarlet Trumpet, *Aureo-reticulata*, *Gigantea Superba* and *Halleana*.

For covering low walls, or positions of no great height, *Berberis Darwinii*, *Cotoneaster microphylla*, *Abelia Chinensis* and *Aloysia citriodora* are ideal subjects, although, of course, strictly speaking, they are classed under shrubs.

Much prized as a wall plant is *Fremontia California*, this is almost evergreen, and has bright yellow wax-like flowers with orange stamens. It is best planted in a spot sheltered from wind.

The Peruvian Marigold (*Mutisia decurrens*) is a rare climbing plant. It is a perennial and needs another plant to grow into for support. The flowers are deep orange 4in.–6in. across, produced in July to September. It needs a sheltered situation in well drained light soil.

Solanum jasminoides, a quick grower, is attractive with its clusters of white fragrant flowers and evergreen foliage. This plant thrives best on a warm sheltered wall, except of course, in mild districts, such as Devon and Cornwall. Another treasure for a warm sheltered wall is *Clianthus puniceus* (Parrots Bill), this has striking scarlet flowers resembling a parrot's beak.

The following are a few shrubby wall plants: *Choisya ternata*, *Cristodendron Hookerii*, *Escallonia macrantha*, *Hydrangea scandens*, *Benthamia fragifera*, and many varieties of Camellias.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

The Cultivation of Mushrooms

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

FRESH mushrooms! What a picture these conjure up—thousands of them growing on specially prepared mounds in caves; masses of white heads peeping through the compost on the shelves at Wye College; millions growing just as happily in darkened glasshouses at Worthing.

Mushrooms have been grown, and are being grown, almost everywhere—in pig-styes, in lofts, in cellars, in barns, in disused cowsheds, and in houses specially built for the purpose. They have been grown on trays on board ship, and even in boxes in flats, but there is no doubt that if the best results are to be achieved, structures specially designed for the purpose should be used.

September is a good time to start, for if manure is collected together and turned in September, it should be possible to make up the first bed early in October. This means spawning some fourteen days later, and the growing of that spawn successfully in November. The first buttons should, therefore, be picked in December, and the beds should go on cropping throughout January, February and March and end about mid-April.

The heaviest crops of mushrooms are produced on specially composted horse manure. Before making up the beds, manure should be collected and stacked in small heaps. It should be mixed thoroughly by turning it three or four times, with a seven-day interval in between each turning. It may be necessary to add water during the turning process if the straw looks too dry. At the same time, any stones or woody material should be removed. It is advisable, when turning, to make certain that the outside of the heap becomes the inside, and the top the bottom.

In the end the product should be uniform in texture, free from any objectionable odour and nut-brown in colour. When picked up in the hand and squeezed, no moisture should exude. Another good test is to take up a portion of the strawy material in two hands and give it a slight twist and a pull. If the straw snaps easily, then the material is ready, but if it seems tough, then another turning should be given.

In the greenhouse and on shelves, the beds are usually made flat, but in caves and in special mushroom houses, the beds are often ridge-shaped, each bed being 4ft. 6in. wide at the base. Double ridge-beds are recommended by Dr. Bewley and Mr. Harnett in their book *Mushrooms*, these being 4ft. 6in. wide at the bottom, and at the top are two small ridges 21in. wide at base and 15in. from the top to the flat bed. This makes the top of the ridge 21in. from the ground and leaves about a 12in. space between the tops of the two ridges thus formed.

Good books on mushroom growing are published by Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C.; Shepherd & Hoskin, Ltd., 24, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C. 2; and the Ministry of Agriculture, 10, Whitehall Place, S.W. 1. The former is called *Mushrooms*, the second *The Book of the Mushroom*, and the latter, *Bulletin No.* 34.

Once the beds have been properly made by the manure being put down in layers and being trodden firmly, the temperature will rise considerably, but the spawning should not be carried out till the heat has dropped to between 70 and 80 deg. F. Pure Culture Spawn should be used and quite small pieces the size of a walnut should be inserted into the manure compost, 2in. deep, and 10in. apart.

Firms that make sterilised Pure Culture spawn include W. Darlington & Sons, Ltd., Southcourt Road, Worthing; Hunter & Gow, Ltd., Thomas Street, Liverpool; George Monro, Ltd., Waltham Cross, Herts; J. Harnett, Tunfield Nurseries, Hoddesdon, Herts; and F. W. Young, of Coleraine, N. Ireland. The South Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, Kent, also specialise in mushroom culture, and under certain conditions, sterilised spawn may be obtained from them.

After spawning, the beds should be left for two or three weeks and then a casing of sterilised soil or subsoil should be placed over the whole of the bed to a depth of 1½in. This should be made firm.

The paths between the beds should be kept damp, but no watering should be necessary on the beds themselves until the first edible fungi begins to appear. From this time onwards the surface should be kept uniformly moist.

When cropping has started, a temperature of about 47 degrees should be maintained, and as cropping proceeds, a little salt may be added to the water for watering.



AN ECHO OF 1918. KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY WATCHING POTATO SPRAYING ON RAILWAYMEN'S ALLOTMENTS

WAR-TIME VEGETABLE CULTIVATION

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

(In this series Miss Sinclair Rohde will write every week on the cultivation and uses of vegetables in war time.)

SPEAKING on the wireless recently the Minister of Agriculture emphasised the importance of even such small plots of ground as allotments for the production of foodstuff.

For some months I have had in mind a plan which may interest those in districts where it is possible to carry it out. There must be thousands of acres uncultivated in this country in the shape of the kitchen gardens of largish houses which have been to let for a long time and are likely to remain to let on account of the shortage of servants, and the fact that they are wholly unsuitable for modern requirements.

Could not these kitchen gardens be worked with the consent of the owners and by voluntary labour for the production of the most nutritive vegetables —Beans, Peas, and Potatoes? The owners have everything to gain, for the value of their properties would be enhanced by being under cultivation instead of left derelict. The required labour would naturally not be drawn from the ranks of those young enough to do full-time work. But there are countless middle-aged folk whose chief hobby is gardening, and who would gladly give an hour or so a day to the work.

Many problems arise—manure for instance. But in most cases this ground has been under cultivation for many years, and it would take comparatively little effort to make it productive again. It would surely be worth setting up local committees to consider this possibility.

Meanwhile every owner of even the smallest plot of available ground will doubtless be putting that plot under vegetables as quickly as possible. It is comparatively easy to turn flower beds to kitchen-garden use for the ground has already been cultivated. But waste ground is a more complicated matter for it is probably full of wire worm, &c.

Vegetables to Plant Now

In regard to planting vegetables in ground already cultivated. At this season it is too late to sow anything, but Coleworts to use in early December, and Cabbages for use in late spring can be put in any time during the next six weeks, and the sooner the better. Broad Beans and Peas can be planted later.

Coleworts are particularly useful members of the Cabbage tribe, because they heart up so quickly and make such compact growth that they can be put in a foot apart. Small plants are available in almost any district very cheaply, usually about 1/6 a hundred. It is advisable to make sure the plants come from healthy soil and are not liable to develop clubroot, &c. Choose sturdy plants, not lanky specimens. As a precaution dip the roots before planting in a mixture of soil and well spent soot (the soot should be at least a month old) and lime (either carbonate of lime or hydrated lime).

Coleworts planted now will probably heart up during the first half of December, and should be put into good, rich soil. Amateurs frequently fork over soil before planting, but this is a mistake, for all plants should be put into firm soil. Further forking over disturbs the highly complicated life of the soil, and the rhythm of that life should be resumed before plants are put in. All members of the *brassica* tribe need particularly firm soil. In loose soil they heart up poorly. Put the plants in with a dibber, not a trowel, and make the roots as firm as possible.

Spring cabbages should not be put into rich soil, for they have to stand the winter and sturdy growth is required. In too rich soil they make sappy growth. Nothing is gained by crowding cabbages. They should be 18in. apart, and 2ft. between the rows. Plant very firmly. In very severe weather it is a sound policy to draw the soil up to stems that suffer.

In regard to waste ground all turf should first be stripped off and stacked, for in nine months time it will be well rotted and be a rich compost to spread on the soil. (The treatment of uncultivated ground will be dealt with in a later article.)

I venture to urge the importance of making compost heaps, even in small gardens. I have improved the soil in our kitchen garden immeasurably by this system for over 20 years. It can be done most satisfactorily without the use of any chemicals whatever. Leading authorities have emphasised continually that these compost heaps, consisting of all fruit and vegetable refuse from the house, weeds, &c., when well rotted are equal in value weight for weight to the best stable manure. It takes roughly nine months for this refuse to turn into first-rate material. In this small household we estimate that the fruit and vegetable kitchen refuse amounts to about a cartload a month, and at the end of nine months we have at least three tons of splendid stuff to spread on the soil.

Even in small gardens this system can be carried out with no fear of bad smells, &c., for the daily consignment of weeds thrown on the daily kitchen refuse contains sufficient earth to absorb all. We put on the heap also all soft wood prunings, in fact, everything that rots. Some people assert that the seeds of weeds &c., are a serious consideration. In 20 years of experience we have found that there is no fear of propagating seeds by this method. The heat of a compost heap is considerable and kills the germinating powers of the weeds. That, at any rate, is our invarying experience. The only weeds we do not put on the heap are thistles, docks, and nettles.

The waste of all this good stuff is bad enough in peace time, but in war time it strikes one as almost criminal. I have not space in this article to say more of the experience we have gained about the making of compost heaps during the 20 years we have practised it, but will write further about it in subsequent articles.



DEVELOPING THE LAND. WORK WHICH BOYS AND THE UNEMPLOYED HAVE SHOWN THEY CAN DO



BUMPERS AND THE EDGES OF RUNNING BOARDS MUST BE PAINTED WHITE

AIR CONDITIONING OF CARS

By W. G. McMINNIES

IN the announcement of the new 12 h.p. Austin model, it is stated that customers can choose either a radio set or an air conditioning outfit. It will be interesting to hear in a year's time what percentage of owners availed themselves of these alternative fittings, one appealing to the mind, and the other to the body.

It is also interesting to note that a refinement such as an air conditioner should be incorporated so soon in a car of such moderate price as the Austin. Why, it is only a year or two ago that a heater, which is only part of an air conditioning apparatus, was listed as a very special favour on a few expensive cars. Nor are Austins the only makers to take this new step. The S.S. people of Coventry announced a similar development a few weeks earlier. And doubtless other manufacturers will follow suit.

Before going into details, let us consider air conditioning in general. We have it in some manufacturing plants where the humidity, temperature and cleanliness of the air must be maintained at certain standards. We have it in offices and hotels. And when I was sweltering in the streets of Detroit and Boston, U.S.A., I appreciated the coolness of the public rooms in the hotels I used. There was the same difference between them and the outer world that one encounters when emerging into summer heat after spending an hour in exploring a cavern.

But the people who plan and pay for the air-conditioning of hotels consider first on how many days in the year the weather conditions are such as to make conditioning worth while. Naturally this depends on the situation of the place. In one part of the country the average number of days calling for conditioning might be 100, and in another only 20. And on that figure depends the number of rooms which they equip with conditioned air.

As far as I understand in the present stage of development, air-conditioning on a car does not follow exactly the plan applied to hotels and factories. For one thing, in an hotel air-conditioning goes hand-in-hand with closed windows, which has the added advantage of keeping out the noise. But it also means that the conditioned air that enters the building has also to be drawn out of it after being used.

In air-conditioning sets for cars the air is filtered, but as far as my information goes is not at present humidified; not that that matters much. Air is forced into the car via the scuttle, ventilator and suitable ducts which lead to the conditioner. Here an electric fan causes it to pass through a radiator supplied with a controllable amount of hot water drawn from the engine cooling system and then distributes the warmed air in two directions, one along the inner surface of the windscreen where it acts as a defroster, and the other downwards and into the interior of the body.

The system I have roughly described is the one made by S. Smith and Sons (M. A.) Ltd., Cricklewood Works, N.W. 2. It forms a compact box-like unit, but is not an accessory that can be added to any car, as the car has to be designed to take it.

Some personal experiences of air-conditioning may be of interest. Last winter I drove a car so equipped, and was amazed at the speed with which the plant raised the interior temperature of the body. I tested the thing fairly thoroughly with the aid of a watch and thermometer. After running for about half an hour, so as to gain a fair working temperature as a basis, I took the time and the temperature, and turned on the switch which started the fan working. In ten minutes the temperature had risen ten degrees. In another ten minutes it had risen to over 70, and we were already too hot. Further experimentation showed how to control the temperature within pleasant limits.

Unfortunately, I overlooked one important factor and that was the general effect of the conditioner on the well-being of the passengers. We all know that on some cars we finish a long run with a dull, sick or headachy feeling. Some of it may be due to bad air, the only alternative to which may be an open window and a pain in the neck. So that one of the most important things to be investigated in this new air conditioning plan is the analysis of the air inside the car. Thus it would be most instructive to run together two fully laden cars of similar body plan, but one fitted with an air-conditioner, and then to take an analysis of the air in each. If the air-conditioned car proved infinitely superior from a purity point of view, its success should be assured on this point alone.

My own experience suggests that it is the conditioning, *i.e.*, purifying and changing of the air without noticeable draught, that will be the most appreciated feature of the saloon. For even in the depth of winter those of us who are not old and infirm only feel the cold in our hands and feet, and in the former especially. And for that reason I have often wondered why no one ever gave us a heated steering wheel or a wheel made of some material that did not feel so chilly as the standard stuff. As regards cold feet I am afraid that nothing can be done from the driver's point of view, though in a bygone age we used to fill up petrol tins with boiling water and install them as a sort of central heating arrangement on the front floorboards.

Misting-up of the driver's side of the windscreen has also been attended to by the Smith air-conditioner. Part of the air that has passed through the subsidiary hot water tank is forced by the fan into ducts whence it travels from the bottom of the windscreen upwards. According to the makers, de-misting will take place whether the air played on the screen is hot or cold. It is the movement of the air, and not its temperature that checks the formation of mist. Which reminds me of an amusing and true story of two officers returning from a guest night in the depth of winter. Snow lay thickly on the ground when they left the mess, and they had not gone far when they seemed to run into fog.

They switched off their headlamps, and proceeded steadily. The fog got thicker and thicker, and now they had to crawl along on bottom gear. Eventually after ten miles of this sort of thing one of them decided to get out and investigate. Outside it was perfectly clear; they had only mistaken a misted windscreen for the fog.

WAR-TIME MEASURES AFFECTING MOTORISTS AND FARMERS

CAR BLACK-OUTS.—Headlights must be black except for regulation strip of 2in. to 3in. in length and $\frac{3}{4}$in. deep below centre of glass. Reflectors must be blackened and a top hood fitted. Side lights may only have an opening 2in. in diameter, and this covered with two thicknesses of newspaper. All other openings than the red rear light and stop light must be obscured. Rear light must not exceed 2in. in diameter, must be screened with two thicknesses of newspaper and have reflector blacked. Stop light must be screened and not show more than a square 1in. in diameter. Number plates will not be illuminated. Bumpers must be painted white, and the edges of running boards. Direction indicators must only show through a strip $\frac{1}{2}$in. wide, the rest being completely obscured. A leaflet containing details of these orders is supplied by the police.

SUPPLIES OF PETROL.—Rationing starts this Saturday. The scale is reckoned in units, and books will contain coupons of units each, representing 1 gallon at a price of 1s. 6d.

This is the scale in units—a unit at present being 1 gallon, though it may be changed later. Quantities are as follows: Up to 7 h.p., four units a month; 8 h.p. to 9 h.p., five units; 10 h.p. to 12 h.p., six units; 13 h.p. to 15 h.p., seven units; 16 h.p. to 19 h.p., eight units. 20 h.p. and over, ten units. Motor cyclists, two units a month.

Ration books will be in two issues, one covering the period September 16th to October 15th, the other, October 16th to November 15th.

Motorists and motor-cyclists must apply for ration books at the post office or local taxation office from which they normally get their Road Fund licence. Application for ration books may be made in person or in the case of local taxation offices only by post.

R.A.C. SERVICE.—In view of the many new regulations and orders affecting motorists which have been made since the outbreak of war, the R.A.C. has found it necessary to establish an Information Department which will be able to answer any questions arising from the new conditions. Queries should be addressed to the Secretary, R.A.C. (Information), Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1, or by telephone to the R.A.C. Information Dept., Whitehall 2345.

DRIVING LICENCES.—As the driving examiners of the Ministry of Transport are being transferred to special defence duties, there may be considerable delay before new drivers can undergo the official test. As an emergency measure County Councils and County Borough Councils (large burghs in Scotland) have been authorised to issue a special licence entitled a National Service Driving Licence for a period not exceeding one year, on payment of 5/–, to holders of provisional licences who have not yet passed the test and to other persons who have not previously held licences of the kind which they now want, provided that they satisfy the council that they require the licence for the purpose of driving vehicles on work of national importance, are not disqualified by physical disability or otherwise, and are suitable persons to be granted such licence. Age limits as for ordinary licences will apply. No more provisional licences will be issued, but full driving licences will be renewable in the ordinary way.

MOTOR FUEL FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.—In connection with the rationing of motor spirit and Diesel oil under the Motor Fuel Rationing Order, 1939, arrangements have been made to deal with the special requirements of those engaged in agriculture. In view of the urgent necessity for ensuring that agricultural users of motor spirit and heavy oil shall be able to obtain supplies during the present period of harvest work and ploughing, it has been decided to permit purchase for such purposes under a special licence issued by the Secretary for Mines under the Motor Fuel Rationing Order.

Under this arrangement farmers will not be required to fill up special forms for their immediate requirements. When they need to purchase petrol or Diesel fuel for the operation of agricultural tractors, stationary engines or other machines used in farming, they must satisfy the supplier that they are persons genuinely engaged in agriculture and that they need the supply for agricultural work and no other. They will be required to sign a receipt for the quantity of fuel purchased on a bill head furnished by the person selling the fuel.

Details will be required of the engines or vehicles for which the fuel is needed and the name and address of the purchaser. The supplier of the fuel will be required to produce these receipts in order to obtain replenishment of his stocks. This system also covers vans and lorries operating on agricultural licences. It does not apply to farmers' private motor cars which are dealt with under the main rationing scheme or to farmers' lorries operating on carriers' licences or permits issued by the Regional Transport Commissioners. Such vehicles are dealt with through the Ministry of Transport scheme. Farmers owning vehicles of these kinds should form or join groups under the Ministry of Transport scheme as in the case of other owners of commercial vehicles. The requirements of suppliers of agricultural engines for the purpose of starting and delivering

such engines are also included in this scheme.

GOODS VEHICLES.—The Minister of Transport has made Orders under the Emergency Powers (Defence) Act which will have the following effect: (1) Any operator of a goods vehicle may use for the carriage of goods of all classes for hire or reward or for the purpose of any trade or business carried on by him any vehicle (*a*) which is specified in a current carrier's licence under the Road and Rail Traffic Act, 1933, and carries a valid identity certificate; (*b*) which is not specified in a current carrier's licence, but carries a certificate in a prescribed form issued by a Regional Transport Commissioner. The fee for such certificates is: (i) if an "A" licence would ordinarily but for the emergency have been issued, £1 10s. (currency one year); (ii) if a "B" licence would have been issued, £1 15s. (currency one year); (iii) if a "C" licence would have been issued, £1 5s. (currency five years).

This general relaxation of the conditions attached to carriers' licences may be withdrawn or modified either generally or in particular cases.

(2) The Regional Transport Commissioners may issue without fee a permit to any person to act as a driver of a heavy goods vehicle or of a public service vehicle or as conductor of a public service vehicle for a period of one year from the date of the permit.

(3) The Regional Transport Commissioners may issue permits: (*a*) modifying existing conditions on road service licences (no fee); (*b*) authorising a temporary service of public service vehicles for a period not exceeding one week (fee 5/–); (*c*) authorising a new service of public service vehicles, subject to such conditions as the Commissioner may consider expedient (fee £1).

The general object of these provisions is to remove restrictions on the carriage of goods by road which would be inappropriate under war conditions and to facilitate adjustments in road passenger transport services.

The effect of these Orders is: (1) to allow any vehicle specified in a current "A," "B" or "C" carrier's licence to be used for carriage of all classes of goods for hire or reward; (2) to enable the Regional Transport Commissioners to issue (at fees based on present "A," "B" and "C" fees) "certificates" for use in the case of vehicles for which an "A," "B," or "C" licence has expired or has not yet been obtained; (3) to enable the Regional Transport Commissioners to authorise new (bus and coach) road services or to modify existing licences for such services (fees are payable in some cases); (4) to issue "permits" in lieu of "vocational" licences for drivers of public service vehicles and heavy goods vehicles.

Operators of goods vehicles licensed under "A," "B" or "C" licences who have not registered their vehicles in the emergency index or have not joined groups are advised in their own interests to do so at once. They can still put this right by applying either to Regional or District offices of the Ministry of Transport. In fuel rationing it will not be possible for operators to obtain fuel for vehicles not registered in the emergency index.

The Minister has now made the Road and Rail Traffic Act (Exemption) (Amendment) Provisional Regulations, 1939, which exempt from the licensing provisions of that Act: (i) the use for manning of any war stations in anticipation of enemy attack and the mobilisation of the fighting services, of any vehicle hired by naval, military or air force authorities for naval, military or air force purposes; and (ii) the use of any vehicle by a local authority in discharge of their civil defence functions.

REGULATIONS WHICH AFFECT AGRICULTURE

WAR AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEES.—The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has appointed a War Agricultural Executive Committee for each county in England and Wales, and has made an Order (the Cultivation of Lands Order, 1939) authorising these committees to exercise on his behalf certain powers conferred on him by the Defence Regulations for the purpose of increasing home food production in time of war.

The aim is to obtain for next year's harvest an increase of about 1½ million acres in the tillage area in England and Wales compared with the acreage in June last. Each county has been allotted its share of this total, and the committees have been urged to see that every effort is made to complete their allotted tasks and, if possible, to exceed them.

The Minister, while retaining general control, has given the county committees as free a hand as possible to get on with the job of bringing a further 1½ million acres under the plough for next harvest. They have wide and far-reaching powers. Being people possessing a local knowledge and experience, they will use these powers wisely in the national interests. Specialist sub-committees will advise them and district sub-committees will be their eyes and ears. The Minister has provided each committee with many facts and figures about recent changes in arable and grassland acreage in every parish. Speaking generally, therefore, they know what land can most speedily be brought again under the plough. Records of individual farms are now being supplied to assist them further in selecting the plough land.

It is essential that land should be well cultivated so as to produce maximum supplies of food. The committees are empowered to take all necessary measures to this end. Directions have been given to them for dealing with bad cultivation after reference to the Minister. Changes in traditional methods of husbandry may become necessary in the national interests. The committees can give directions on cropping in individual cases, and, indeed, on any matter of cultivation or management. The immediate point of importance is that as large an area as possible of the newly ploughed land should be devoted to cereals and potatoes. Pending the issue of precise instructions, the Minister has already broadcast a call to farmers to get on with ploughing up at least 10 per cent. of their grassland. The grant of £2 per acre in respect of land that has been under grass for at least seven years will be available for land ploughed up before December 31st.

The ploughing up of grassland may present problems of pest infestation. A wealth of knowledge on this and similar problems has been accumulated by county agricultural organisers and specialist advisory officers. Such information will be of great value to the committees, who, moreover, have full powers for dealing with injury to crops or trees by birds, rabbits, game, &c. They can also enter on and inspect any land or buildings, and can operate in the committee borough areas after consultation with the borough authorities. The committees will have the close co-operation of the National Farmers' Union and its local branches in achieving the important objects in view.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON PUBLICITY.—The following committee has been appointed to advise on matters affecting publicity and intelligence in connection with the Government's campaign to increase home food production: Mr. R. W. Haddon (Chairman), Mr. Laurence F. Easterbrook, Mr. Cleveland Fyfe, C.S.E., Mr. W. Gavin, C.B.E., and Mr. Anthony Hurd.

EMERGENCY LIVESTOCK PRICES.—With reference to the Order made by the Board of Trade, provisionally fixing prices of livestock at recent levels, it is of importance to farmers to remember that during the present stage of control the cattle subsidy will be continued, and subsidy payments will be made in the normal way in addition to the market prices established by the Order.

DISEASE AMONG STOCK.—Every farmer will be aware of his legal obligations as regards reporting immediately to the police suspected cases of disease among his stock. The prompt reporting of disease ensures the early application of control measures which minimise losses and is, therefore, even more necessary in present circumstances than in ordinary times. All stock owners are, therefore, urged to exercise the greatest vigilance and to report immediately any suspicious sign that they may observe among their stock. By so doing, they will be helping to conserve the national food supply as well as serving their own interests.

SUSPENSION OF BULL-LICENSING.—It has been decided that during the War the licensing of bulls in Great Britain will be suspended. Farmers should, therefore, note that for the time being a licence to keep a bull will not be necessary and applications for licences should not be made. Fees paid by farmers in respect of bulls, for which applications for licences have been made but which have not been inspected, will be returned in due course.

AMENDMENT OF THE TUBERCULOSIS (ATTESTED HERDS) SCHEME.—The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has amended the Tuberculosis (Attested Herds) Scheme so as to provide that he may, at his discretion, decline to accept and proceed upon any application under the scheme by the owner of a herd of cattle. The amendment came into operation on September 5th, 1939. For the time being no fresh applications under the scheme will be accepted. The position of herds which are already attested, or which are undergoing or awaiting official or assisted tests under the scheme with a view to attestation, will not be affected, and any application under the scheme made on or before September 4th will be proceeded with.

The London Quarantine Station, East India Dock, London, E.14, will be closed until further notice.

WHEAT ACT, 1932.—The Wheat Commission dispatched cheques to 80,206 registered growers on September 5th, 1939, in respect of the final payment of deficiency payments for the cereal year ended July 31st, 1939. The aggregate amount involved in this final payment is approximately £2,271,500. In addition, 1,163 payments, aggregating £50,047 will be made as soon as possible in those cases where, by reason of the death or bankruptcy of a registered grower, or for some other reason, the Commission have had to investigate the title of persons claiming the deficiency payments. When these payments have been made, the Commission will have disbursed approximately £2,321,500 as the final payment for the cereal year 1938–39.

The final payment, together with the advance payments made during the cereal year, amount to a total payment of approximately £9,286,000 for 1938–39. Averaged over all registered growers who have received deficiency payments, this sum would provide just over £114 per grower. Approximately 36,800,000 cwt. of millable wheat have been credited to date in the books of the Commission to the 81,369 growers who have qualified for deficiency payments, and 197,647 wheat certificates relating to the sales of this wheat have been delivered to the Commission.

The deficiency payment for 1938–39 is at the rate of 5/0.56d. per cwt. (22/8½d. per quarter) in respect of all sales of wheat credited to growers for that year from wheat certificates delivered to the Commission. Where growers have already received an advance payment of 4/– per cwt. on account of any wheat, the final payment with regard to that wheat will, of course, be the balance of 1/0.56d. per cwt. only.

NEW WHEAT QUOTA RATE.—The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, after consultation with the Wheat Commission, has made the Wheat (Quota Payments: Standard Amount) No. 1 Order, 1939, which prescribes that the standard amount of the quota payment which millers and importers shall be liable to make to the Wheat Commission in respect of deliveries of flour, chargeable goods and chargeable imports during the period commencing Sunday, September 10th, 1939, shall be equivalent to 4/6 per sack of 280lb. This is a reduction of 1/– per sack on the rate which has been in force since June 18th, 1939.

FEEDING STUFFS PRICES.—An Order has been made by the Board of Trade prohibiting the sale by any person of animal feeding stuffs at prices higher than the highest prices at which feeding stuffs of a similar description, variety and quantity were sold by that person during the period of seven days preceding September 3rd, 1939. Infringements of the Order are offences against the Defence Regulations, 1939. Farmers are accordingly warned that they should not pay more than recently existing prices for feeding stuffs. Arrangements are being made to enable them to secure adequate and regular supplies of feeding stuffs and, in the meantime, purchases should be restricted to normal requirements for the immediate future.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL MARK.—The Department of Agriculture for Scotland announce that it has been decided to suspend the Scottish National Mark schemes until further notice.

The decision has been made owing to the control to which supplies of various commodities will become subject during the war, and because it will not be possible to maintain the inspection service and general supervision essential to the successful conduct of the schemes.

No further supplies of Scottish National Mark labels will be issued, and the incorporation of the Scottish National Mark design in packers' private brand labels will be discontinued when existing stocks of such labels become exhausted.

FAT STOCK MARKETING.—On and after next Wednesday, September 13th, no fat steers, heifers, or cow-heifers, fat calves, or fat sheep may be sold or offered for sale except in a livestock market. As a result of this Order, no fat stock may be sold privately on farms, but must be brought to an existing livestock market for sale.

The Order further lays down the following maximum prices for the sale of these classes of fat stock:

Fat steers, heifers and cow-heifers:—

	A Live Cwt.
Quality standard with a killing-out percentage of 57 and over	48/–
Percentage 54 to 56	44/–
Ordinary standard with a killing-out percentage of 54 or over	40/–
Others, 53 per cent. and under	37/–

The terms "cow-heifer," "quality standard," and "ordinary standard" have the same meaning as in connection with the certification of cattle for subsidy. The maximum prices for fat cattle are in addition to subsidy at present rates:—

	Per lb.
Fat calves, first quality (special)	12d.
Do., second quality (medium)	10d.
Fat lambs	11½d.
Fat sheep	10d.
Fat ewes and rams	6d.

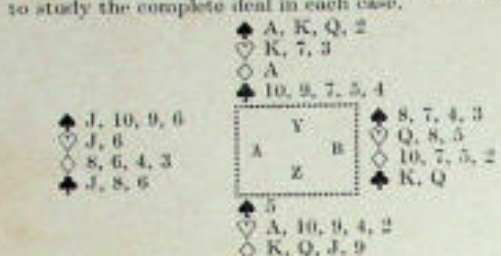
All estimated dressed carcase weight.

BRIDGE

TRUMP COUPS

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

As a sequel to my last article, here are two further hands illustrating awkward trump situations, taken from G. Coffin's classic work on End Plays. The bare end play in each of these hands has been used before in my weekly problems, but it is very instructive to study the complete deal in each case.



Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Three Diamonds	No bid	Three Hearts	No bid
Four No Trumps	No bid	Five No Trumps	No bid
Seven Hearts	No bid	No bid	No bid

Z's Four No Trumps showed two Aces and the King of a bid suit. Y's response showed the other two Aces, and Z, hoping that Y had strong Hearts, bid the grand slam.

On the lead of the Jack of Spades Z took four rounds of Spades, discarding two Clubs and ruffing the fourth Spade. The Aces of Clubs and Diamonds were led, a Club trumped, two Diamonds made and the fourth Diamond trumped in dummy, leaving the following situation:



On the lead of the 10 of Clubs it will be seen that Y-Z can make the remainder of the tricks in spite of their trump holding.

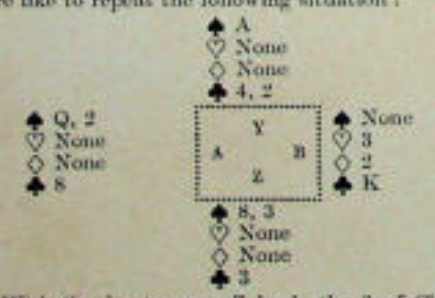
The next hand is called the Lydon Coup after John Lydon, who played the hand shown below:



Mr. Lydon, playing Z, was in a contract of Six Spades, the opening lead being the 5 of Diamonds. Clubs and Diamonds were cross ruffed and three Hearts taken, finishing in dummy with the following situation:

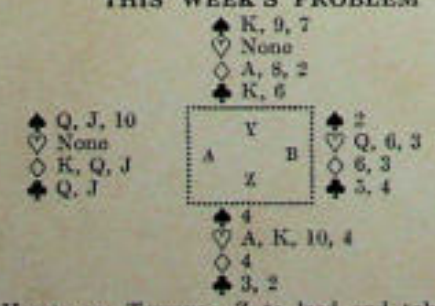
If the Jack of Clubs is led, Z can cover any trump played by B and then ruff the Jack of Diamonds with the Ace of Spades, leaving a trump tenace over B.

It will be noted that, in both the above examples, tricks are made by forcing an opponent to trump the lead of a plain suit. In this connection, I would therefore like to repeat the following situation:



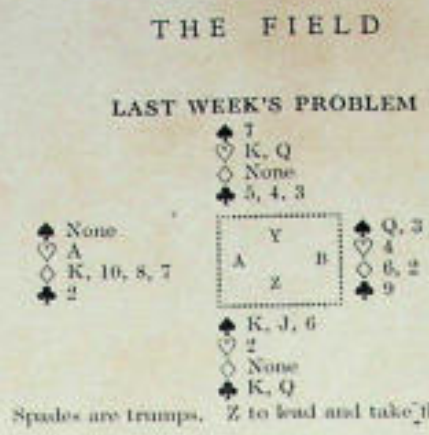
With Spades trumps, Z leads the 3 of Clubs, taken by B's King. B's return is trumped with Z's 3 of Spades, and now A cannot make a trump trick.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Hearts are Trumps. Z to lead and take all eight tricks.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Spades are trumps. Z to lead and take five tricks.

SOLUTION

Z leads the King of Clubs and the 2 of Hearts. A's Diamond return is ruffed with the 7 of Spades, Z playing the 6 of Spades. The King of Hearts is led, and if B discards, Z discards the Queen of Clubs. If B ruffs, Z overruffs, extracts the last trump and makes the Queen of Clubs.

CHESS

POSITIONAL PLAY

The following game, from the Premier Reserves Tournament at Margate last Easter, shows fine positional play by the German master, F. Sämisch.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. Fazekas.	BLACK. Sämisch.	WHITE. Dr. Fazekas.	BLACK. Sämisch.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	33. B takes Kt (j)	B P takes B
2. Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	34. P to Kt 5	P takes P
3. P to B 4	P to Q Kt 3	35. Q takes Kt P	Kt to K 3
4. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 2	36. Q to Kt 4	P to Kt 3
5. Q to R 2	P to B 4 (a)	37. P to R 4	K to R sq
6. P to K 4	P takes P	38. Kt to Kt 3 (k)	Kt to B 5
7. Kt takes P	B to B 4	39. Kt to K 2	B to Q 2
8. Kt to Kt 3	Kt to B 3	40. Q to Kt 3	Kt to R 6, ch
9. Kt takes B (b)	P takes Kt	41. K to R 2	R to K B sq
10. P to B 3 (c)	Castles	42. Kt to Kt sq	Kt to B 5
11. B to K 3	Q to K 2	43. Q to Kt 5 (l)	P to Q 6 (m)
12. Q to B 2	P to Q 3	44. Q to K 7	R to K sq
13. R to Q sq	Q R to Kt sq	45. Q to B 6, ch	K to Kt sq
14. B to K 2	R to R sq	46. Q to Kt 5	B to K 3
15. R to Q 2	P to K 4 (d)	47. Q to Kt 3	R to Kt sq
16. Castles (e)	Kt to Q 5	48. Q to B 2	R to Kt 2
17. B to Q sq (f)	Kt to Q 2 (g)	49. R to R 8, ch	K to Kt 2
18. P to K Kt 4	Kt to Kt 3	50. Q to K 3	K to R 3 (n)
19. P to Kt 3	K R to K sq	51. R to R 2	Q to K 2
20. Kt to K 2	P to Q B 4 (h)	52. Q to B 2	K to R 4
21. Kt to Kt 3	P to B 5	53. R to R 6	P to R 3 (o)
22. Kt to B 5	Q to B 2	54. Q to Kt 3	Q takes P, ch
23. Q to R 4	K to K 3	55. Q takes Q, rh	K takes Q
24. Q to Kt 5	P to B 3	56. R to R 2 (p)	P to R 4
25. Q to R 4	P takes P	57. R to R 4 (q)	P to Kt 4
26. P takes P	Kt to Q 2 (i)	58. R to R 2	P to Kt 5
27. R to R 2	Kt to B sq	59. P takes P	P takes P
28. R to R 3	B to B 3	60. R to R 8	R to K R 2
29. Q to Kt 3	R to R sq	61. R to Q 8	P to Kt 6, ch
30. R takes R	B takes R	62. K to R sq	K to Kt 4, ch
31. R to B 2	B to B 3	63. Kt to R 3, ch	R takes Kt, ch
32. R to R 2	R to K sq	Resigns.	

(a) The usual—and probably better—move is 5. . . . R to Kt 5, to prevent 6. P to K 4. If, in reply, 6. P to Q R 3, then 6. . . . B takes Kt, ch; 7. Q takes B, Kt to K 5. With the text-move Black is following a different plan, which consists in allowing P to K 4 and then seeking to demonstrate that White has a weakness at his Q 4.

(b) White now gets two Bishops against Bishop and Knight, but at the cost of allowing Black an increased pressure on Q 4.

(c) A weak move which restricts the mobility of his King's Bishop. He should, instead, play P to K Kt 3 followed by B to Kt 2.

(d) Black now commands White's Q 4.

(e) If 16. Kt to Q 5, then 16. . . . Kt takes Kt; 17. B P takes Kt, Kt to Q 5, followed, if 18. B takes Kt, by 18. . . . K P takes B with the better game for Black.

(f) B to Q 3, supporting his King's pawn, is better.

(g) Threatening P to B 4.

(h) Beginning an advance on the Queen's side, as a result of which White is left with a weak Queen's Knight's pawn.

(i) Threatening Kt takes Kt P.

(j) White has a difficult game and now decides to part with the better of his Bishops in order to get rid of Black's strongly-placed Knight. Perhaps 33. Kt takes Kt is better, although after 33. . . . K P takes Kt; 34. B to Q 2 Black can bring his remaining Knight via Q 2 to K 4.

(k) If Kt to B 6, then Q to K Kt 2 wins the Knight.

(l) A bad move. He should play Kt to K 2, although he would still have the inferior game.

(m) Very strong. Now neither of White's minor pieces can move, while Black's Knight is in an unassailable position.

(n) The King now advances to take part in the attack.

(o) There is no need to capture the King's Rook's pawn yet. It cannot escape.

(p) Not 56. R takes P because of 56. . . . B to Q B 2 (threatening R to R 8); 57. P to Kt 4, R to R 7, ch; 58. K to R sq, R to R 8; 59. B to Kt 5, Kt to B 6 and mate is inevitable.

(q) White has no good move.

A SMASHING ATTACK

A game from this year's Dutch Championship Tournament. It shows a smashing attack by White.

(Alekhine's Defence.)

WHITE. H. J. van Steenis.	BLACK. L. Stuyvers.	WHITE. H. J. van Steenis.	BLACK. L. Stuyvers.
1. P to K 4	Kt to K B 3	14. R takes B	K to B 2
2. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	15. R to Kt 3 (c)	Q R to Q sq (j)
3. P to K 5	K Kt to Q 2 (a)	16. Kt takes P	Q to B sq
4. P to K 6 (b)	P takes P	17. R to Q 6	K takes R (k)
5. P to Q 4	P to B 4 (c)	18. P takes R	P to K 3
6. Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3 (d)	19. Kt to B 7	Kt to Q sq
7. P takes P (e)	Kt to B 3 (f)	20. Q to K 2	Kt to K sq
8. B to Q Kt 5	Q to B 2	21. R to Kt 5	Kt takes Kt
9. Castles	B to Q 2	22. P takes Kt	Q takes P
10. R to K sq	P to K Kt 3 (g)	23. R takes Kt	R takes R
11. Kt to Kt 5	P to Q R 3 (h)	24. Q takes P, ch	K to B sq
12. B to R 4	B to Kt 2	25. R to K sq (l)	Resigns.
13. Kt tks K P	B takes Kt		

(a) P to Q 5 is safer. White's best reply is Q Kt to K 2.

(b) A promising sacrificial line. Black now has difficulty with his development.

(c) Black's plan is to free his game by playing P to K 4. As a preparatory measure he brings pressure to bear on White's Queen's pawn in order to force—or induce—him to play P takes P. An alternative course is to play at once 5. . . . P to K 4, to be followed, after 6. P takes P, by 6. . . . P to K 3. If, instead of 6. P takes P, White plays 6. Kt takes P and (after 6. . . . P takes P) 7. Q takes P, then 7. . . . Kt to Kt 3 followed by 8. . . . P to B 3 wins a piece.

(d) Best. If, instead, 6. . . . P takes P, then 7. K Kt takes P, Q to Kt 3 (if 7. . . . Kt to K B 3, then 8. B to Kt 5, ch, K to B 2; 9. P to B 4); 8. B to K 3, P to Q R 3 (if Q takes P, then Q Kt to Kt 5); 9. Q to Q 2, Kt to K B 3; 10. P to R 4, P to Kt 3; 11. Castles with a fine position for White (Judowitsch v. Samuchowsky Moscow, 1931).

(e) If B to K 2 or B to Q Kt 5, then P to K 4.

(f) Not good, since it weakens his control of his K 4. He should, instead, play P to K Kt 3, to be followed by B to Kt 2.

(g) In a game Spielmann v. Dr. Landau in 1935, in which the same position was reached by transposition of moves, Black played 10. . . . P to K R 3, to prevent Kt to Kt 5. The continuation was 11. B takes Kt, P takes B; 12. Kt to K 5, P to Kt 4; 13. Q to Q 3, R to K Kt sq; 14. P to Q Kt 4, B to Kt 2; 15. Q to K 6, ch, K to Q sq; 16. Q to B 7 (threatening Kt takes R followed by R takes P) with advantage to White.

(h) This move looks harmless enough, but it is, in fact, not good (see note i). Black should, instead, play B to Kt 2 at once.

(i) This very fine and powerful move would not have been possible if Black had not played 11. . . . P to Q B 3.

(j) Not 15. . . . K takes R because of 16. Kt takes P, Q to Q sq (if 16. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 17. Q takes Kt, ch, K to B 3; 18. Q to K 6, mate. If, instead, 16. . . . Q to K 4, then 17. Kt to B 7, ch, K to B 4; 18. Q to B 3, ch, Q to B 5; 19. Q takes Q, mate); 17. Kt takes Kt, ch, K to K 4 (if K takes Kt or K to B 4, then Q to B 3, ch, and mate next move); 18. Kt to Kt 4, ch, K to K 5; 19. Q to B 3, ch, K to Q 5; 20. B to K 3, mate.

(k) K to K sq is better. If, instead, P takes R, then Kt to Kt 6, ch, and wins.

(l) Threatening Q to Kt 8, mate. Black is helpless, for, if 25. . . . R to K 4, then 26. Q to Kt 8, ch, K to K 2; 27. Q to B 7, ch, K to Q 3; 28. Q to K 6, ch, K to B 4; 29. R takes R, ch, and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4031

By Z. KOLODNAS.*

WHITE (7 pieces): King at K Kt 2, Queen at Q 2, Rooks at K 2 and Q 7, Knight at Q 5, Pawns at K 4 and K B 5.

BLACK (4 pieces): King at K 4, Knights at K R 2 and Q R 5, Pawn at K Kt 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

*Basler Nachrichten, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4030

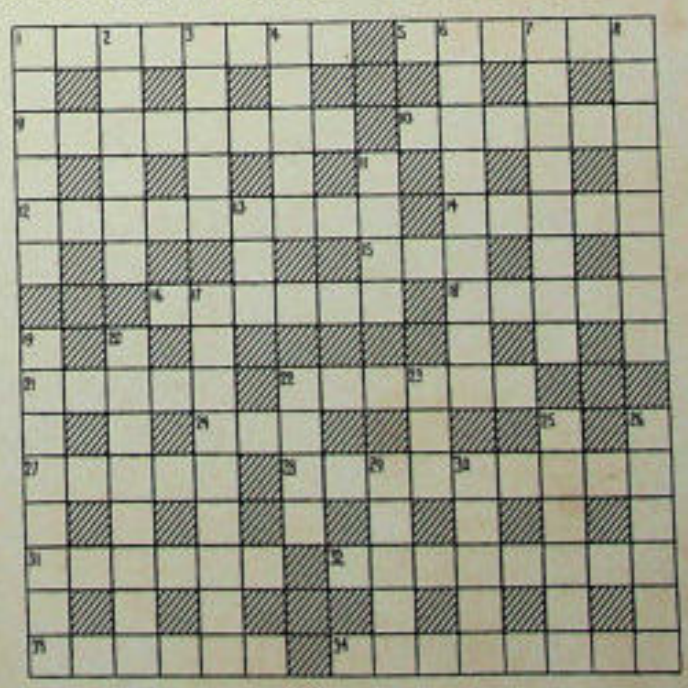
1. Q to K 3 (threatening 2. Q takes R P, ch). If 1. . . . R takes Q then 2. Kt to B 6, etc. If 1. . . . B takes Q, then 2. R to B 6, etc. If 1. . . . R to Kt 4, then 2. Q takes R (Kt 5), etc. If 1. . . . R to Kt 3, then 2. Q takes R P, ch, etc.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 534

ACROSS.—1. At this the banker usually manages to get the better of his better (8). 5. Lures to his sitting room (6). 9. For a really good time, all we need is beer with these (8). 10. "The —— of Shelley, even in that age, gave great scandal" (Macaulay) (6). 12. "Sweet Lady —— him for your servant" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*) (9). 14. Obviously a volatile (5). 15. Vows taken (3). 16. Needed for business (6). 18. A stone. (5). 21. This hat can be sat on (5). 22. Scratched or may register some points (6). 24. If you want to get this you must go "all out" (3). 27. 'Twill help an Englishman to find this if he goes North (5). 28. With some this is an exciting gamble (9). 31. "What —— it me to oppose them" Richardson (6). 32. Holes and pegs go with this (8). 33. There is a warm sound to this (6). 34. A definite decision—two words (8).

DOWN.—1. Excellent company and a small fellow (6). 2. Colourful enough (6). 3. China gave us one of the best of its kind (5). 4. "The thronged —— shakes with shouts for more" Byron (5). 6. An attraction at seaside resorts (9). 7. Try again to find the winner (two words) (8). 8. Sometimes have to be brought up (8). 11. Sixteen up make a standard Eastern coin (4). 13. May be binding (3). 17. A great feat (two words) (9). 19. Definitely binding (8). 20. To shift responsibility (8). 22. Will go across (4). 23. This anemone is an American flower (3). 25. Has a musical meaning (6). 26. Levers might be made of use to lighten an evening (6). 29. A stanza that may be got from 9 down (5). 30. "At your —— pleasure" (Shakespeare) (5).



SOLUTION TO No. 533

Published September 9th

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

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

Printed in Great Britain by Straker & Kearey, Ltd., Bartholomew Street, E.C. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1939) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Sept. 16, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4526. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1939

REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2D.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH OFFICERS OF THE MERCHANT NAVY

Their Majesties paid a visit to ships of the Merchant Navy last week, and the King, in a message to them and the Fishing Fleets, expressed his "confidence in their unflinching determination to play their vital part in defence." The Queen has been appointed by His Majesty as Commandant-in-Chief of the Women's Royal Naval Service, the Auxiliary Territorial Service, and the Women's Auxiliary Air Force

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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 681
WHAT OF OUR PHEASANTS? 681
HUNT ECONOMY IN TIME OF WAR 682
AUTUMN PASSAGE ON THE EAST COAST . . 684
THINGS THE STALKER CAN LEARN FROM THE TARGET SHOT 685
VEGETABLE CULTIVATION AND COOKING . . 686
WAR-TIME NOTICES 686
A TAME BADGER 687
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS 688
EAST KUMAON: LAND OF SPORT AND SCENIC BEAUTY 689
ANXIETIES OF DOG BREEDERS 690
A USEFUL SERVICE FOR GOLFERS 690
A RETROSPECT OF THE BIG HORSE SHOWS . . 691
THE TWEED FISHING REPORT 694
PICKING AND STORAGE OF FRUIT 695
THE AUTUMN BORDER 696
ESTATE WOODMEN 696
AUTUMN FLORAL DECORATIONS 698
GREASE BANDING 698
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 699
IN THE CITY—1914 AND TO-DAY 701
WHY AN ADVERTISING BLACK-OUT? 701
YOUR CAR IN WAR TIME 702
ALTERNATIVE FUELS 702
CARDS, CHESS, CROSSWORDS 703
FARMING AND THE WAR 704
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 704

THE ESSENTIALS OF LIFE

WE have now been at war for just on three weeks. The country, if it was ever upset, has settled down to war conditions, and life, with the exception of such novelties as gas masks, blackouts, petrol restrictions and slower trains, continues normally.

It is essential that civilian life in this country should continue as near to the normal of peace-time as is possible. It is said that it takes five people to maintain one soldier in the front line, and these five people will do their work far more effectively if they remain normal. Work, of course, cannot be continued at the same pressure as in peace-time: there is much more work to do and fewer people to do it: it must be done in shorter time and just as efficiently. And this naturally implies a strain upon the civilian worker. It is, therefore, essential that recreation should be provided for those at home, and the removal of the ban on cinemas and theatres will be appreciated.

The idea that the blackout restrictions should be mitigated, at least to some extent, is equally sound if they can be improved upon with safety. Men were not meant to live in darkness and solitude after their working day is done, and good work cannot be expected from men who are denied the normal intercourses of life at the end of their day. It is equally essential that the fighting forces are provided with some means of recreation, and this, as we point out on this page, is being attended to.

So sure are we that this question of recreation is of the greatest importance to the successful conduct of a war that we do not propose to alter the general style and contents of the *Field* to any appreciable extent. War news is broadcast over the wireless at frequent intervals, fills the pages of every daily newspaper, and every poster is a constant reminder of war—it impinges upon one's life in every café, in every train or 'bus, on every pavement. We do not propose to publish any photographs of gentlemen wearing gas masks ploughing their land. We intend to continue to portray and interpret the life and the spirit of the English countryside.

We are fighting, at least to as large an extent as any other, for that countryside. We are not merely fighting for the political status of a small town on the other side of Europe or the existence of Poland as a separate nation. We are not fighting for this minority or that. We are fighting for our very existence—and for much more. We are fighting for civilisation. No less.

For the past twenty years the world has been caught up in the wheel of dogma. False philosophies, false idealogies have swept over mankind. One "ism" has followed another: each with its specious appeal. They have tended to obscure the issue, to obscure all issues, to bring things down to a common level. Nazi-ism versus Communism (or so it once was) is now Nazi-ism versus Democracy. It would be as well to remove all such ideas from our minds. Democracy, Fascism, Nazi-ism, Communism, these are only creeds imposed upon mankind. We are fighting for something *basic*.

This war is the defence of civilisation against barbarism. And civilisation means much more than mechanical propulsion, and skyscrapers, and indoor sanitation. It means liberty—not only of the body but the soul. It means freedom of thought. It means freedom of religious belief. It means kindness and love, and freedom from exploitation. It is the root from which the tree of Democracy has sprung. We are fighting for the root: not the tree. In this essential does this war differ from the last.

Each individual's idea of liberty and freedom is personified to him, to a very large extent if not wholly, in his country: in the word Home. Home perhaps means different things to different people. A mansion, a cottage, one room in a tenement: hawthorn hedges coming into bloom, holly dark above the snow, the gentle swirl of a chalk stream, the turmoil of a Highland beck: the close turf of the downland, the rich red earth of Devon, the sighing of the wind upon a mountain top: the mewing of seagulls, the clamour of starlings, the whirr of pheasants, the drumming of snipe, the song of birds: the music of hounds; the majesty of deer upon a skyline: the peace of water-meadows on a June evening, and the chime of bells. Each one of us has some spiritual contact with some such thing. To each one of us there is something nostalgic about some aspect of the English countryside. In each one of us at some time there exists a great longing to see again some particular thing, to hear again some particular sound. These things are in the root of life, in the fire of patriotism, in the core of endeavour.

And these things we shall try to portray for those, who because of the madness of a man divorced from sensibility, are denied their solace for a space.

SPORT GOES ON

AFTER the first shock when it seemed as though a gathering of more people than that specified in the Riot Act would be banned, there are signs everywhere that a revival of sport and public recreation will be possible on a modified scale. Behind the lines in the last war the troops were able to enjoy their gymkhanas and their football and cricket matches, though sometimes they were rudely interrupted, and although modern methods of fighting and the aeroplane may impose fresh conditions, it is certain that ways and means will be found to keep up a spirit which counted for a good deal in maintaining a morale necessary for victory.

On the home front, hunting and the Turf will be hard put to it to carry on, but leaders will be found to show that difficulties are only made to be overcome. Not least among them, as far as hunting is concerned, will be the ladies who so gallantly took charge when the active male members of the hunt were on national business last time, and who saw to it that there was a run to be had for those on leave or others waiting their turn for active service.

For the first time in its history, and on the occasion of its centenary, the Cesarewitch has been cancelled, but the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee are considering what can be done to stage some sort of programme in October if it is possible for the Government to allow a resumption of racing in certain areas. The official decision will not be known until October 2nd. In the meanwhile, with some optimism, a new race, the County Plate of 800 sovs., is announced for Lincoln.

A great lead has been given in boxing by the exhibition staged in garrison towns by Mr. Hulls, at which the troops have had the opportunity of seeing such experts as Kid Berg, Arthur Danahar and Jock McAvoy in action. The Devonshire Sporting Club at Hackney is to reopen at the end of the month all being well, promoters are to endeavour to arrange their matches, and the British light-weight championship between Eric Boon and Dave Crowley will find its place in the scheme of things.

The Rugby Union has given a well-timed helping hand to its clubs by a moratorium on loans and, here again, although all fixtures are naturally cancelled, it is hoped to play games which do not interfere with Government regulations. The Harlequins expect to carry on, and seven-a-sides are to go on in Scotland, from whence comes the news that Murrayfield, that scene of many a glorious struggle, is to be given up to national needs. In Association football, even if large crowds have not been attracted, friendly games have started, the Scottish League matches are being resumed, and at the time of writing, the English Football Association will, if they have not already done so, decide on measures to be taken during the war.

Though a long period may elapse before English and American golfers meet to play against one another in the Ryder Cup match, there is work ahead for the selected members of our team to do if their captain's proposal is carried out. He has generously put forward the idea of playing a series of exhibition matches to help the British Red Cross and Order of St. John. The scheme is to play R. Burton and J. Adams in the North, D. J. Rees in Wales, R. A. Whitcombe on the south coast, and A. H. Padgham and S. L. King on southern courses.

Altogether a start has been made in putting up a good show for sport and games, and according to circumstances, other ideas may be developed under the national slogan of "Carry on." There is a spirit behind the British nation which stiffens when confronted with difficulties. It has shown itself here as it will elsewhere.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

HERE are crumbs dropped from the crowded table of events presented to our dazed senses during the early days of September. They are very trivial at the present moment, but in years to come their full significance will be realised. The countryside is now flooded with children, old folk and others from the big towns, and the following incidents, all authentic, are what I have gathered from personal experience of this phenomenon.

One party of children was taken to see the cows milked. "Wot's that comin' aht in the pile?" "That's milk." "Oh! we 'as our milk aht of bottles—not dirty stuff aht of a cow's belly." A group of small boys from the ages of about six to ten were crawling about on hands and knees at the bottom of a hedge, peering along the ground. A friend of mine asked them what they were doing. "Lookin' fer birds' nests," was the answer. Other children staying at a farm were taken by the farmer's wife to see the chicks fed. They stared in silent astonishment until one of them piped out: "Wot kind of seed does they fluffy things grow from?" Yet another party of small boys was watching the cows coming in to be milked. One of them asked the cowman, "Wot do they eat?" "Grass!" "Why don't they die?"

Some old folk who had lived in London all their lives spent the night at a country hospital before being dispersed to various homes the next day. The matron came along to inspect them, followed by her little Aberdeen terrier. "Ow, look Flossie!" one of the ancients called out, "That's a little calf. I aint seen one before." An old lady of advanced years was taken from London and arrived in the country at twilight. The next morning she looked out of the window at the trees and green fields and hedges and flowing lands, all of which were so utterly unfamiliar to her that she was heard to murmur to herself, "I must have gone to heaven." A girl of nineteen, lodged at a farm, heard the farmer talking about the old days when, of all the things he had relished above others, lambs' tail pie had been the best. "How many tails has a sheep got?" she said.

These stories all came my way in four days and from within a very small area, so that they represent a mere handful out of tens of thousands of similar ones lost to the recorder but all bearing upon the same point, namely, the incredible ignorance of the most elementary phenomena of nature that every country child knows better than his ABC and that every English child, irrespective of his or her circumstances, birth, residence, or education, knew, say, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. These fragments I have gathered are amusing enough until you begin to look below the surface, and then their poignancy becomes too deep for tears.

Look at the first story, the one about the children watching the milk spurting from the cow's udder. They had no conception of the meaning of what they saw because for them everything came out of a tin or a bottle. How anything got there was a blank. Yet observe how these products of urban culture used the old English and country word, "belly." It was an ancestral memory that had survived long after its signification had been entirely lost. For years we country people have been despised and derided by the townspeople because of our lack of culture, our simplicity, our lack of *savoir faire*, our educational backwardness. And the astonishing fact meets us with which only a sudden dislocation of the normal rhythms and habitudes of life could have made us acquainted, that the enormous majority of townsfolk (the very indiscriminateness of my examples shows it to be so) know next to nothing of the very rudiments of natural processes, of the common environment of the human race for thousands of years or of the radical necessities of existence. And this, if you please, in an age that above all prides itself on its scientific attainments and condemns previous ages for their ignorance! I have of late years come to think that science as we interpret it is nothing but a curse to the human race, but I did not fully realise before to what extent it has become an obstacle to knowledge.

There are some people who say that no good can ever come out of war. But I can point to this good, that by the example of these children we know that our civilisation has got to turn over a new leaf or perish. The twentieth century has made an appalling mess of life on earth, but at least it owes it to its children that they should know the difference between a hawk and a handsaw.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an advertisement of a Continental hotel:

"The —— is a finely cultured restaurant with a cuisine of superior quality (a special veterinary surgeon controls every bit of meat used in the restaurant kitchen). . . also possesses amusing and peculiar public rooms."



WHAT OF OUR PHEASANTS?

The Harvest is Here, Who are to be the Reapers?

AFTER twenty-odd years of peace we find ourselves facing the same enemy and under not so very dissimilar conditions. The truth of the saying that history repeats itself is once again brought home and forcibly, too. The main difference—and it is the difference which invariably characterises the repetition of history that really matters—is that this time the notorious aggressor is having some of *his* most cherished acres laid waste by the ravages of war.

The time has slipped away—like an evening gone—since that first happy shooting season after the Great War, when again we took our stands by the covert-side and felt at long last that there was nothing to distract our whole interest from the pleasures of the chase. Gone was the feeling that the unknown to-morrow was ever lurking in the far-too-near background, casting its unwelcome shadow over the fleeting joys of the moment. For however hard one might try, complete escape from the world tragedy was impossible. And yet it was remarkable to what a degree one could become absorbed in a day's shooting, so that the thought of what was just passed or likely to come was expelled from the mind. A high cock pheasant coming over the big wood in all the glory of an autumn morning could make one forget the ardours even of a Somme battle.

What of the situation to-day? Many thousands of pheasants have been reared and are safely in our coverts. The efforts of our gamekeepers and others in the business of preservation have borne fruit and the harvest is there to be reaped. Who are to be the reapers? Naturally among the more active shooting men are many officers of the Services whose opportunities for sport this season at least will be exceedingly limited, if they materialise at all. Many keepers will be in the Forces and men of military age will not be available to act as beaters. Furthermore, petrol and other restrictions are bound to handicap the carrying-on of shooting arrangements, as the motor car especially is an essential factor in the case of nearly every estate.

There seem to be two leading considerations which at once demand attention. First and foremost comes the economic question of food supply. For this season we are presented with a kind of *fait accompli*. The heavy expenses of rearing are now a thing of the past and the birds are there. It may be that they will now have to fend for themselves, that they will be more at the mercy of vermin and poachers and that they will tend to become scattered from their rightful homes. For all that, the majority will survive, on one side or other of the boundary. The services of older men will have to be requisitioned as keepers and beaters, there will be difficulties in getting cartridges—certainly pet brands and loadings will not be available—but the game will go on. As far as beaters are concerned, indeed, there is no reason why boys and evacuees should not be able to perform with a fair measure of efficiency. In fact, judging by some of the quality of beating with which we have had to be content since the last war, they may prove to be little below the average. The 1914–1918 period showed how successful youngsters could be and what enthusiasm they could muster.

It can then be taken for granted that covert shooting will be able to be conducted in some way or other. This is good news, especially for economic reasons. Pheasants are excellent eating and apart from the useful form of diet they may mean in hospitals, they will be a welcome change from perhaps the same kind of meat over a lengthy period. At all events they represent splendid food at a time when all ordinary food has to be conserved and rationed. The various oddments, too, that are bagged at covert shoots, such as woodcock, pigeon, and rabbits, all help to swell supplies.

The chief question that now arises is the one of co-ordinating supplies of game with demand. Obviously no useful purpose would be served by glutting the market with pheasants during the latter half of November, as so frequently is the case under normal conditions. We all know so well the sight of pheasants hanging from every hook in Leadenhall Market and poulterers' shops. This is just after the big shoots when birds have been shot from any point of view except the economic one. And naturally sporting and social considerations take first place in times of peace. What steps can be taken to promote some measure of concerted action on the part of owners of shoots on the one hand and distributors on the other? The matter seems to call for the constitution of a central body of sportsmen whose object would be to try to space out the dates of the different shoots and at the same time to keep in touch with the main channels of distribution which in turn would reflect the state of demand.

Nothing of this sort would be workable unless it had the wholehearted co-operation of the leading shoot owners and was fairly representative of the country as a whole. But it does seem as if something worth-while could be done and certainly should be done. What have readers to say? Any suggestions will be very welcome.

The other leading consideration is the one of recreation. If the latter is necessary in peace time, it is also necessary in war time. Everyone needs an avenue of escape from the everlasting tension. Everyone needs healthy exercise and especially that sense of peace and freedom that only the country can give. Besides to the man at the front it is a comforting thought to feel that those things which mean part of the spirit of the homeland are going on in some way or other. The continuance of field sport connotes something of the stability of England and English life. There is a heartening and moral effect from the knowledge that the home fires are being kept alight. And wars are not just won by force of arms in 1939.

Grouse shooting proper is over, but what applies to pheasants also applies to partridges and other game as well. But pheasants are the *pièce de résistance* of the situation, since the numbers killed *in toto* and at any one time usually surpass those of other varieties. They also represent a considerable capital investment.

"SCOLOPAX."



THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM CARRY ON: CUBHUNTING AT WEST GRINSTEAD PARK

HUNT ECONOMY IN TIME OF WAR

By CHARLES DEANE

ALAS, the blow has fallen! War is upon us at the very commencement of cubhunting, and we are faced with a future so fraught with unknown possibilities that all who have the responsibility of hunting—Masters, Secretaries and, indeed, Hunt Committees—must devise ways and means of carrying on.

It is obvious in the light of experience gained during the years of the Great War, that possibly the most we can hope for is that foxhunting will not be allowed to collapse, and it will most likely continue on purely nominal lines. I say nominal lines, because hunt establishments will have to be reduced to the bare minimum, servants, hounds and horses in the national needs, and in the suddenly-changed economic conditions with which we are confronted.

These approaching months may well decide the whole future of foxhunting; they will show if there still exists a really genuine will, among, not only those who finance it, but in the farming community, to keep it going till more propitious times. The financial aspect of carrying on a country, even on the most economical lines are, to say the least, not as hopeful as they were in August, 1914, when none even dreamt that income tax, and later super-tax, could reach their present levels.

We must remember the subscription lists in most countries have dwindled in recent years and I am filled with apprehension when I think that the majority of hunting men of middle age and under will have joined the colours, while their opposites in the fair sex will be no slower in showing their patriotism. With their departure from the country side will go their subscription, too.

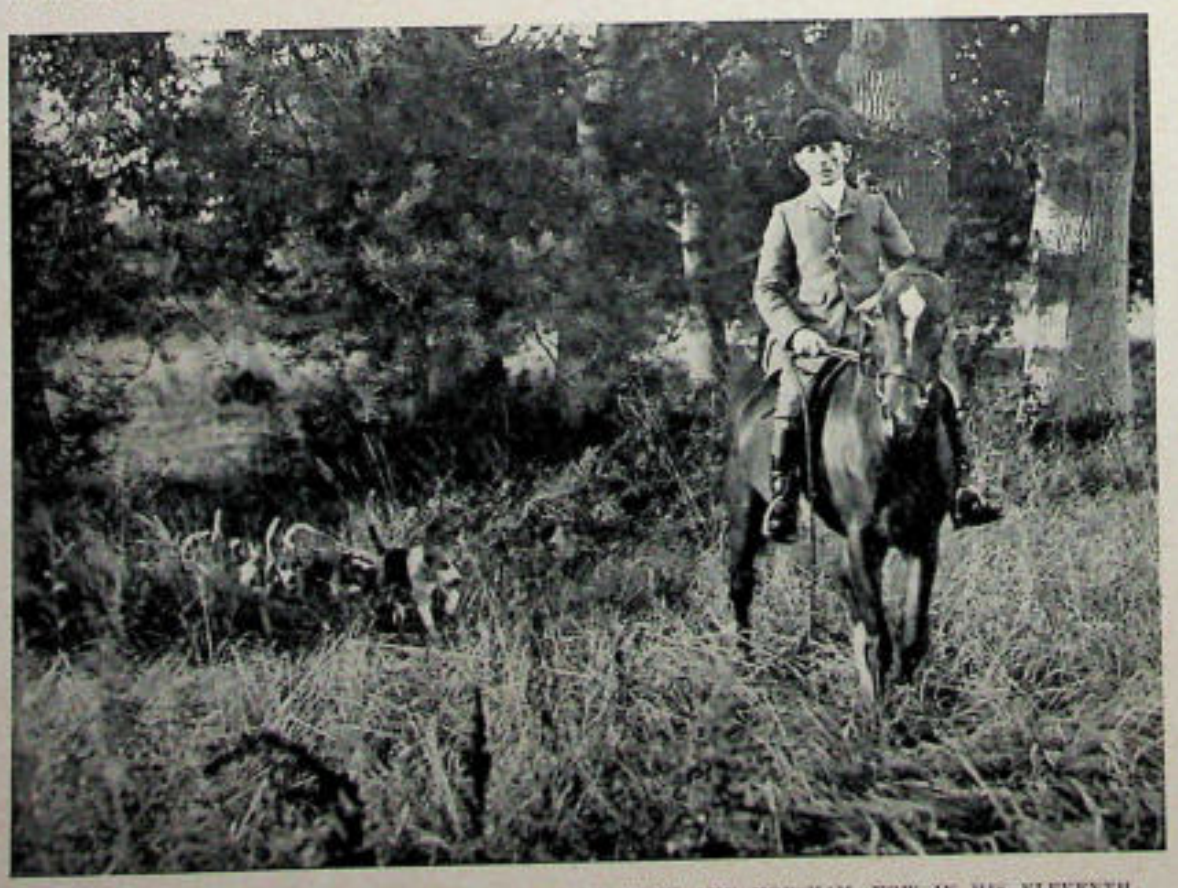
Thus, despite the varying characteristics of most countries, one and all are at this moment faced with a common problem, where and how shall they start to cut down. Hasty decisions will not solve the difficulty, and whatever lines we decide to operate on, let the basis of our scheme make it possible to revive hunting after this war.

Let us consider where the bulk of the money is usually expended in the average three-day-a-week country, and see what items can be ruled out. The amounts are necessarily in round figures, but are sufficiently approximate on which to deliberate a line of thought.

	Peace.	War
1. Poultry claims	£400 ..	£100
2. Damage and sundry	200 ..	50
3. Wire removal and fencing	400 ..	nil
4. Covert rents	110 ..	nil
5. Rates and taxes	90 ..	60
6. Covert repairs	100 ..	nil
7. Subscription to Master	900 ..	450
8. Find money, &c.	150 ..	80
Total	£2,350 ..	£740

Item 1.—I suggest it would be advisable for a sub-committee of local farmers, in conjunction with the Master, to control the fox supply in proportion to the amount of hunting being carried on. In the general interests it would obviously be impracticable to allow the breeding of foxes to continue on a scale compatible with the normal requirements of a hunt. This course, coupled with the idea that whenever hounds hunted the primary object would be to kill foxes, on more or less cubhunting lines, should have the desired effect of preventing indiscriminate extermination, which, after all, is what we want to avoid. Apart from the reduction in the number of foxes, I am sure claims would be brought to the almost negligible levels as I believe the farmer would willingly help to prevent the collapse of hunting, and especially if his co-operation were sought at an early stage on some such lines as I suggest. Shall we, therefore, budget this item for the time being at £100?

Item 2.—I would rule this out entirely. Damage will be practically negligible. It is the large fields who cause the expense, and doubtless those who are able to come out hunting will be few, apart from the Hunt servants.



C. DENTON, THE KENNEL HUNTSMAN OF THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM, NOW IN HIS ELEVENTH SEASON WITH THESE HOUNDS

The Hon. Guy Cubitt is now on war service and Mrs. Gregson is sole master in the meantime

Item 3.—The removal of wire cannot possibly be undertaken on an organised scale, and this item could be totally eliminated.

Item 4.—Covert owners who receive rent should be interviewed on the lines of item 1, because in the case of most countries it will be impossible to pay any rents. Where long-term agreements exist and immediate cancellation is impossible, no doubt benevolently-minded sportsmen might be persuaded to assume individual responsibility.

Item 5.—Would be to a large extent affected by item 4; however, rates on kennels and buildings would still be a liability.

Item 6.—Covert maintenance and repairs could be eliminated.

Item 7.—In countries where guarantees are given to the Master, some mutual arrangement could be arrived at, perhaps if the number of hunting days are halved a pro rata reduction in guarantee might not be unreasonable. It must, however, be borne in mind that meal, hay, oats, straw, and all commodities will tend to become dearer.

Item 8.—With half the hunting, I would estimate find money would be more than halved. Let us, however, budget at £80.

Now the above is purely an assumption intended to indicate what might be done, and is in no way intended to be in the nature of an authoritative statement as conditions are never quite parallel in any two countries. It is only my own line of thought, dwelling on the immediate future; so let us now turn to the problem confronting the Master and see where he can reduce on the basis of a country with 40 couples of hounds hunting three days a week.

He is first of all faced with the unenviable job of making a decision as to what hounds he is to put down. Here, again, circumstances so differ that it would be impossible to lay down any universal solution to his problem. On the assumption that the war will be of long duration, obviously, it would be wise to make a sweep of the majority of four and five season hounds. Then I think it would be a wise course to put down a high percentage of third season hounds, a somewhat lower percentage of second season, and a still lower percentage of first season hounds. While in regard to this year's young entry, I should hide my time till cubhunting is well advanced, and dispense with any which are inclined to enter poorly.

On some such lines as these the Master will reduce from 40 couples to 20, which will provide a tidy saving in his budget. But next is the problem of all the puppies now out at walk. Their future will have to be discussed with the puppy-walker, as, if the war should prove to be of comparatively short duration, they are of not a little importance. It is futile to look too far ahead, but the problem of hound breeding is going to be a difficult one for every Master in a few months' time. But the trend of events by that time will indicate his course of action better than any prophecy at this early stage.

Let us consider in round figures the main items of the Master's expenditure and see where he can reduce.

		Peace.	War.
KENNELS.			
1. Hound meal		£340	£170
2. Flesh		180	90
3. Wages: Huntsman	£250		
First Whipper-in	143		
Second Whipper-in	117		
Kennelman	130		
Second Kennelman	100		
Boy	50		
	£790	790	573
4. Electric light, coal, &c.		220	180
5. Hound licences		30	15
6. Stopping money		100	50
7. Puppy show, &c.		70	—
8. Liveries		90	—
STABLES.			
18 horses, approximate cost maintenance, reduce to 6		1800	600
Total		£3,620	£1,678
Less Committee's subscription		900	450
		£2,720	£1,228

By reducing from 40 to 20 couples of hounds, and hunting three days a fortnight, I can halve cost of items 1 and 2.

Item 3.—For a start I suggest dispensing with my second whipper-in and second kennelman, thus saving £217 in their wages, and for the time being the boy can drive the knacker cart and assist in kennel.

Item 4.—As it will be essential to get hounds home in daylight whenever they go hunting, and as in all probability coal and light will be rationed, I think we can safely cut this figure down to £180.

Items 5 and 6 would be automatically halved.

Item 7.—As breeding would be on the smallest possible scale, I have deleted.

Item 8.—Delete.

The Hunt Committee's budget on the above lines points to a saving of approximately 70 per cent., and that of the Master roughly 55 per cent., but closer consideration of detail will undoubtedly produce something more tangible than I have been able to do from this very wide aspect.



A PERFECT AUTUMN DAY, WITH HOUNDS READY TO RATTLE THE COVERTS

DESTRUCTION OF HORSES

We learn that many privately-owned horses of potential use for the Army have been destroyed during the last few days. These horses belong to all classes of owners, and their action is to be deplored on the grounds of the best national interest. No doubt this has been done with the best motives, but we would appeal to all such owners to keep their horses until the proper authorities have had an opportunity of examining them. Arrangements for this inspection to take place as soon as possible have been made.

CUBHUNTING IN WARWICKSHIRE

The Warwickshire were out on eleven days (up to September 5th), and killed 21 brace of foxes. They were handicapped by the absence of any followers to help, surround coverts, &c., and the abnormally thick undergrowth in covert, combined with a very hot lifeless atmosphere, has been against them also. A good show of foxes was noticed almost everywhere. A good deal of corn was still uncut in various places when hunting first began.

The pack is to be reduced to 40 couples, but it is hoped that hunting may take place three days a week during the coming season.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

The offices of the International Horse Show (Captain G. F. Fressanges, secretary) have been moved temporarily from 66, Sloane Street, S.W. 1, to Merlewood, Farnborough, Kent.

AUTUMN PASSAGE *on the* EAST COAST

By RICHARD PERRY

OF autumn migration little is written—no doubt because it is more obviously a scattered coastal movement than an infiltration inland. Apart from local movements, the inland ornithologist sees little of autumn emigrants and immigrants but martins and whinchats, fieldfares, redwings, golden plover, and an occasional bramb-ling. Yet the autumn migration is vastly more extensive and prolonged than that five-week rush in the spring. It begins in the last days of June, when scattered flights of swifts, as many as 50 in a flight, are speeding down our eastern seaboard, and is still in progress in January of the following year, when blackbirds and thrushes are still coming in from the Continent, and brent geese are still moving into winter feeding grounds. Such move-ments cannot be excluded on climatic grounds, because, instinctive or climatic, autumn migration is, fundamentally, movement from nesting terri-tories to winter feeding grounds. Whatever be the motive of such a movement, in the end the same purposes of escaping from hard weather are served alike by the early-moving cuckoo, the preposter-ously far-ranging sanderling, or the red grouse moving down from moorland to sheltered valley.

Yet this autumn migration is as regular to season and day as that of the spring. The return of greenshank and whimbrel in the first days of July is no less regular to the day than wheatear and chiff-chaff at the end of March. The signs of the season are no less plain and no less perennially intriguing in July than in March. When the first swifts are going south in June, the young common sandpipers of the year begin to appear on their hesitant way south. In the very first days of July the non-breeding curlew, who are about in small numbers throughout the summer, begin to pack in thousands on the mud-flats. And at this time, too, immature common, greater black-backed, and herring gulls begin to flock into those feeding grounds they will occupy throughout the winter, with the mature gulls gradually accumulating throughout July and August.

With whimbrel and greenshank come grey and golden plover; the latter a most regular spring and autumn migrant on the east and north-east coasts, markedly absent for six weeks from May to July. Mid-July, indeed, sees a great onset of migrants—not that they will be *en masse* and obvious; not at all; it will be merely the recording of perhaps a solitary bird of his kind each succeeding day. To think of autumn migration as a continual streaming in of unending thousands of migrants, which is, I believe, its popular conception, is a woeful error!

It is even more diffused than spring migration and, spread over so many months, the migrants take much finding. In mid-July, however, there will be great crested grebes at sea, seeming strangely out of their element against such a vast background; and young mergansers shooting through the waters of the bay, chasing marine game in great excitement. Now, too, comes the Arctic skua, his period of autumn migration coinciding roughly with that of the terns he robs, whereas it is likely to be August before the great skua appears in pursuit of the gulls, and he will still be in East Coast waters in December. Far ranging Manx shearwaters and gannets are also on the move at this season, when, by way of contrast, young cuckoos and snipe arrive at island loughs, the cuckoos to stay a week and more, the snipe the winter.

Small waders are really about at all seasons, but in the third week in July there is a marked increase in the numbers of first, dunlin and turnstone, and, a few days later, sanderling and purple sandpipers; bar-tailed godwit also increase at this season, and common sandpipers and whimbrel become very common. Indeed, in early August the whimbrel's seven whistles is as frequently to be heard as in May, and he gets about in packs of as many as 40 in a bundle. In the last days of July comes the first small *passeres*: young and very yellow British willow-warblers and chiff-chaffs and wonderfully tawny and white whitethroats.

As regular as clockwork; in the first days of August appears the little green sandpiper, and some-times his cousin the wood sandpiper, and, no less regularly (in spring and autumn) the whinchat. Throughout the summer there have been small numbers of immature long-tailed duck, and velvet and common scoter duck in the bays, but now their numbers are augmented by wintering scoter, with the characteristic sight of a long line of black duck skimming the waves at great speed a mile off-shore.



G. C. S. Ingram

A PAIR OF GREAT CRESTED GREBES IN LATE WINTER

Small waders continue to increase, and by the middle of August there may be as many as 2,000 turnstone in a single flight on the reefs out to sea, and perhaps 200 purple sandpipers with them. Late in August comes the first wave of Continental nesting *passeres*: pied flycatchers (those regular spring and autumn migrants on the East Coast), Continental and Greenland wheatears, stonechats, swallows, yellow wagtails, garden warblers and perhaps a barred warbler, swifts, meadow pipits (perching in trees, as ever on migration), sand martins, robins. Very nearly one and all are young birds of the year; and this is a feature of all migration in the autumn; mature *passeres* on autumn passage are almost a rarity—the which suggests a mint of problems about migration into which I have not space to enter here. At this time, too, the first young wigeon are coming up to the Border on their perennially invariable line of flight from sea south-east to north-west.

Some time early in September there is probably another wave of Continental *passeres*: turtle doves, house martins, wheatears, pied and spotted flycatchers, willow warblers, and white throats. At sea appear sooty shearwaters and black guillemots and velvet scoter. In the last days of September the character of the migration changes somewhat, and rather than southing birds passing through this country, it is birds coming in to winter: snow buntings, golden plover, goldcrests, bramblings, stonechats, redwings, blackbirds, reed buntings, and black-spotted song thrushes—though, of course, there are still wheatears, redstarts, and whimbrels passing through, and red-breasted fly-catchers, and terns and skuas, and lesser black-backed gulls. Wigeon begin coming up in great numbers, and with them the first pink-footed geese and black barnacles.

October opens with the great northern divers and long-tailed duck, and perhaps a great shearwater. October is the sportsman's migrant month, with ever-increasing duck and geese, and at mid-month the first woodcock, wild duck, brent geese, and scaup. Now, too, come grey crows, lapwings, and fieldfares, starlings, and jackdaws; and, for the remainder of the year, blackbirds, and song thrushes, and occasional chaffinches in November. Indeed, hardly a day passes without some little passage of blackbirds who, I should imagine, is the commonest autumn migrant on the north-east coast!

November continues the passage of sporting birds and green plover. Shearwaters are still about and various kinds of grebe; black-necked and Slavon-ian, great crested and red-necked. There are even wheatears and little terns straggling by. The first little auks come into onshore waters, and perhaps a grey phalarope, and the first goldeneye duck.

In December there are all these passages to a lesser degree, and this is the true month of the brent goose; but already spring migration is over-lapping autumn, with the perennial return of the fulmar petrels into their nesting cliffs on Christmas Day. Yet in the last days of January there are still big passages of fieldfares and redwings in progress, the brent geese have only just attained to their maximum numbers, and little auks are still passing south, when woodcocks are returning, to nesting territories.



G. C. S. Ingram

A GROUP OF WIGEON IN WINTER QUIETLY AND UNSUSPECTINGLY PADDLING NEARER AND NEARER THE PHOTOGRAPHER



SILHOUETTES ON THE RIDGE—A STALK WITH THE CAMERA

Niall Rankin

THINGS THE STALKER CAN LEARN FROM THE TARGET SHOT

By A. DUNCAN MILLAR

IT is a matter for conjecture how the amount of trouble taken in cleaning, zero-ing, aiming and firing the many hundreds of rifles used by target enthusiasts at the recent or any other Bisley meeting compares with the similar trouble taken over the large number of sporting rifles used throughout Scotland during a stalking season.

The target expert is often heard to say that if he could not put a bullet through the vital portion of a stag's anatomy nine times out of ten at 100yds. range he would willingly eat his hat, while on the other hand the sporting shot laughs at the worried face the target expert puts on when a puff of wind comes along, and makes seathing remarks about the care and attention lavished on target rifles.

Both attitudes are, of course, scarcely correct. The target shot forgets that he may be called upon to take a shot at a stag after an arduous crawl—crawling is often much harder work than running!—not on the smooth firing point he is accustomed to, but on a steep hillside with a rock sticking in his tummy, heather in the way of his sights, sleet driving in his face, and a vile light. But many of the sporting shots would do well to take a leaf out of the target expert's book, and learn to use and treat their rifles in such a way as to obtain the maximum benefit from them.

Speaking generally, inside a range of 200yds., and relatively few shots are taken at stags beyond this distance, the average rifle used for stalking compares favourably in accuracy with the packed S.M.L.E. rifle as used at Bisley. An approximate idea of the accuracy of a new or well-kept modern sporting rifle is given by the fact that such a weapon may be capable of holding to a group of 2in. diameter, or even less at a range of 100yds.

With this in mind, let us consider how the would-be-successful stalker may make the most out of the extremely deadly weapon he possesses or is about to possess, always assuming that he has some elementary knowledge of the correct way of holding, aiming and firing a rifle.

Anyone in the happy position of being able to purchase a new rifle will do well to obtain expert advice not only as to the calibre of the rifle, but also on the type of sight to be fitted to it, in order that the latter may be best suited to his requirements. Optical considerations may determine whether open, aperture, or telescopic sights are selected, but whatever type of sight is decided on it should be robustly constructed and rigidly attached to the rifle. With a small high-velocity projectile having an almost flat trajectory over the first 200yds. of its flight, and on which even a strong wind has a negligible effect at short ranges, the need for adjustable sights, so essential for the purely target rifle, is greatly reduced. During the course of an arduous stalk the rifle is inevitably subjected to comparatively rough handling, and any delicate moving part of a backsight may easily become shifted on receiving a slight knock; it is for this reason that fixed sights are generally preferable to adjustable ones, and personally I strongly advise that if an adjustable sight is fitted, once the correct setting of the sight is obtained, some steps should be taken to lock the sight in this position.

Whether equipped with a new rifle or a trusty old favourite, it is always advisable to try out the rifle at a target at the beginning of the season. This should first be done at comparatively short range, say 25yds. to 30yds., firing at a target with a small and well-defined aiming mark, using all possible aids to steadiness in the form of sandbags, cushions, &c., and with the primary object of discovering whether there is any difference between the point of impact of the bullet and the point of aim. Any such error should at once be corrected by shifting the backsight. A vertical error is not so probable as a lateral one, though at such short ranges the shots may appear to strike a shade high. (In the case of some telescopic sights, the shots may strike low at short ranges, owing to the axis of the telescope, and consequently the line of aim, being considerably above the barrel of the rifle.)

Having ascertained that the rifle is shooting correctly, a few shots at a life-size dummy stag at a range of say 90yds. to 100yds. in order to determine and accustom oneself to the correct aim are always of advantage, and a target of this kind is always of use when lending one's rifle to a guest. Here let it be said to those people who decry target shooting as leading to slowness, that this is very far from being a necessary consequence of such activities, while the experienced target shot will learn to know first when he has let off a bad shot and later even where any such badly let off shot may strike relative to the point of aim—knowledge of the greatest use when a bullet fails to reach its correct destination in the stag's heart.

Even if a rifle is being lent to an expert shot, it is always better for him to determine for himself exactly how the rifle shoots rather than to have it explained for instance that one should aim "about 3in. low and a shade to the right"—instructions which are capable of being given a wide range of interpretations. A rifle which for one man will place the shots at the precise point aimed at, will, when used by another, give quite different results. This is by no means always the case, and when such a thing occurs it is generally due to the two men using habitually a slightly different aim, often due to difference in eyesight.

A great step forward has been taken when the user of a rifle is happy that his weapon will place a shot on the spot at which he aims. Aiming off to compensate for a known and constant sighting error is quite feasible, but this should be avoided whenever possible. A few years ago I lent a rifle to a friend who was having a day's stalking with me, and after a few shots at the dummy stag it was evident that for him the rifle was shooting about 9in. to the right of the point of aim. The target stag was facing to the left, and for a heart shot my friend soon discovered the necessary amount he had to aim forward; as it meant sending back some distance for a tool to alter the backsight and as my friend was an expert shot it was decided to carry on with the rifle as it was for that day remembering to aim off the requisite amount.

As it happened, the day was completely blank and the rifle was never taken out of its cover, but that evening sitting round the fire, Stephen suddenly remarked: "Do you know, I had clean forgotten that I had to aim off to the *left*; I was so set on remembering the amount *forward* I should aim that if I had taken a shot at a beast facing the right I would still have aimed off the correct amount *forward* and so have missed him by miles."

Telescopic sights especially are capable of giving an exceptionally accurate means of aiming, but they are also very easily put out of adjustment. How often does one hear the tale of woe—and by no means always from the user of a borrowed rifle who at least has some excuse—that the stag was standing broadside at not more than 70 yards range, "and I could swear that I let off a perfect shot, but it simply didn't have the least effect!" In at least seven cases out of ten a perfectly aimed and let off shot has been fired, but the 'scope has been so much out of adjustment, the error remaining undiscovered through not trying the rifle at a target, that the bullet has sailed harmlessly over the stag's back: in fact, the type of miss that can and always should be avoided.

When actually taking a shot at a stag, always make yourself every bit as comfortable as circumstances permit. Frequently, of course, there is no time for anything but a quick (not necessarily a hurried) shot, but every now and then there is time and to spare before firing at a stag at present lying in the sun on the other side of a hollow. In such cases it is a good tip to get the stalker's cap or your spare woolly rolled up, or to use a suitable tussock of grass as an additional support for the rifle, but always keep your left hand between any such support and the barrel. If the rifle is allowed to rest directly against some hard object when a shot is being fired, during the passage of the bullet up the barrel the latter will not be free to vibrate as it is accustomed to do when held in the normal way; consequently the "flip" of the barrel (a measure of its vibration) will not be normal, and the bullet will be thrown some distance from its usual line of flight.

Anyone accustomed to firing from the back position (similar to but not so exaggerated as that used by the Match Rifle competitors at Bisley) will find that this is the steadiest of all positions; it is especially useful when firing down a steep hill as it obviates the unpleasant sensation of getting purple in the face, experienced when one's heels are much higher than one's head for any length of time.

Incidentally, when firing either up or down a steep hill, at an angle greater than say 25deg. to the horizontal, there is a definite tendency for the rifle to shoot high owing to the gravitational force on the bullet, which acts vertically, being applied less at right angle to, and more along the line of the bullet's flight and consequently having a smaller effect. The actual variation due to this for any rifle depends on the vertical angle of the shot, and generally it is quite sufficient to keep in mind that it is essential not to aim high rather than deliberately to aim low, as this can easily be overdone.

The old adage "light up, sights up" and vice versa applies as much when stalking as when target shooting, but again, say in an extra bright light, it it better to take especial care not to take a low aim rather than definitely to aim high. Aiming off, in whatever direction, always tends to be exaggerated.

No matter how strongly the wind is blowing, except for a very long shot—never to be encouraged—lateral allowance due to the wind's effect on the bullet is so small that it can safely be neglected; much more important is an extra firm grip on the rifle to guard against the actual buffeting both of one's self and the rifle while on aim.

On returning home from a day's stalking everyone knows than in theory the rifle should be attended to before one's own person; it is equally well known that such theories are seldom put to practice. However, at least take the rifle out of its cover in order to give it a chance to dry; extract the bolt and put some sort of oil carrier—an oily piece of four-by-two, or an oily brush—once down the barrel, the whole of which operation takes but half a minute and at the same time makes considerably easier the final cleaning.

Before setting out in the morning always clean out thoroughly the protective coat of oil left in the barrel from the previous cleaning (not forgetting to replace the bolt!) otherwise the first bullet fired, after ploughing its way up the barrel through a layer of oil, is apt to take a somewhat erratic course on reaching the light of day.

"Blow-off shots," or the practice of firing one or more rounds, aimed at a convenient piece of soft ground, through the barrel before commencing serious shooting, are seldom necessary if the barrel has been well cleaned, but from an academic view point they may tend to keep the first shot fired at a stag more in the centre of the rifle's normal group.

VEGETABLE CULTIVATION AND COOKING

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN regard to the absorbing problem of manure, I was delighted to see a few days ago a letter from Sir Albert Howard in *The Times* emphasising the wastage of humus—millions of tons of it—most of it in dustbins. I wrote a little on the subject of compost-making in last week's article (and hope to write at further length in subsequent articles) and mentioned that for twenty years we had used all vegetable waste both from the house and kitchen with inestimable benefit to the soil at no expense whatever.

Seeds that can still be sown are American Cress, Corn Salad, hardy varieties of Lettuce in frames, and Turnips. The thinnings of the first three mentioned make an admirable addition to winter salads when ingredients are usually few. The invaluable Coleworts or Collards can still be planted out. These small cabbages take so little space that they can be planted a foot apart and they heart up more quickly than any other member of the cabbage tribe.

Vegetable cookery in these days has to be simple, for no one has time for elaborate recipes, especially in houses where staffs have been reduced to a minimum and in the countless houses where the mistress is not merely maid-of-all-work to her own family but also to evacuees as well. Home-grown vegetables reduce food expenditure considerably, but the ordinary English method of cooking all vegetables by the simple method of drowning them in a large quantity of boiling water reduces the vegetables to such an unpalatable condition that no one eats them except in the smallest possible quantities. Another point most English ignore that cooked vegetables should be served piping hot.

The following vegetables are now amongst the most important in season: Beets (including Seakale Beet and Spinach Beet), Michaelmas Broccoli, Carrots, Cauliflower, Seakale Beet and Spinach Beet are invaluable and, to my thinking, the former is the more useful from the labour-saving point of view. Spinach Beet is undoubtedly a grand stand-by, for it affords a continuous supply of greens all through winter from the minimum of space, but stripping the leaves of their stalks takes considerable time if it has to be done in quantity, as anyone will testify who has done the job.

Spinach Beet, in my experience, is just as hardy (we were gathering ours all through the last severe winter) and far less trouble to cook. The leaves, with their large stems (and the stems of well-grown specimens measure 3ins. across) should be broken—not cut—off as near the root as possible. If cut, the plant is bled and therefore breaking the stems is the right way. The green part of the leaf can be eaten as spinach or used for soups, &c., and the stems make an excellent dish not unlike seakale. Boiling them deprives them of all flavour. They should be either steamed whole in a basin or stewed gently in stock or milk and water. Serve with a butter or cheese sauce.

Cauliflowers and Michaelmas Broccoli can be treated in the same ways. It is odd how few people eat the white heads raw, yet grated Cauliflowers or Broccoli are far more digestible than the same vegetables cooked, none of the goodness is lost and the vitamins are retained. The white heads, after being soaked for ten minutes or so in salt water, then rinsed and drained, can easily be grated on the threepenny graters obtainable from any of the cheap stores. There are numerous expensive vegetable graters but the cheap ones are quite as effective.

No vegetable should be grated long before it is to be used, for it loses flavour and is apt to turn colour. Grated Cauliflower mixes admirably with tomato pulp, grated carrot and turnip, ground nuts, yolk of hard-boiled egg, and any other green salads. Mixed salads are always more palatable and the addition of a dessertspoonful of finely snipped herbs over the whole makes a great difference. We add a dessertspoonful of about fifteen herbs to these salads. Incidentally, few people seem aware that lavender and rosemary, which are grown even in gardens where there is no herb plot, are edible, but the flavours are so strong that they should be used either in salads or soups, stews, rissoles, &c., very sparingly.

Here is a good way of using up the remains of cooked Cauliflowers or Broccoli. Butter a fire-proof dish. Put in alternate layers of cut-up cooked cauliflower and grated cheese. Remains of cooked carrots, turnips or onions may be added in small quantities. Pour over a thin white sauce thickened with cheese. Strew grated breaderumbs on the top and a few little bits of butter. Brown in the oven and serve very hot.

In my enlarged household I have been delegated the job of vegetable cook, the great idea apparently being that I can go on writing whilst waiting for the vegetables to cook. Colcannon, though I serve it frequently because it is such an easy way of using up all remains of vegetables, to say nothing of any good sauce, is a prime favourite. Scotch and Irish cooks in my experience make this delicious dish to perfection, possibly because it requires a touch of imagination to secure a few unexpected ingredients. To make Colcannon collect all the cooked vegetable remains—carrots, onions, cauliflower, spinach, runner-beans, etc., and it is essential to include well-mashed potato. Mix all thoroughly well together and add a little butter, whilst mixing also pepper, salt, and any left-over cheese or other good sauce and just a suggestion if liked of nutmeg or cinnamon but do not overdo any spice. Grease a fire-proof dish, put in the mixture and bake in a hot oven. When turned out, the outside should be slightly browned.

WAR HORTICULTURAL SUB-COMMITTEES

In counties where substantial horticultural industries exist the War Agricultural Executive Committees have been asked to establish a horticultural sub-committee to advise on the cropping in the best national interest of land and glass-houses hitherto devoted to horticultural crops. Occupiers of land devoted to the production of horticultural crops should get into touch with their committee. The Minister has appointed Dr. H. V. Taylor, O.B.E., D.Sc., A.R.C.S., V.M.H., Horticultural Commissioner to act as intermediary between the horticultural sub-committee and the Ministry.

THE POSITION OF NURSERYMEN

The President and Council of the Royal Horticultural Society wish to draw the attention of Fellows of the Society and of the public to the desirability of continuing to place orders with nurserymen. If orders are absent very much of the work that nurserymen have done during the past few years will be wasted. Moreover, it would be a calamity if, owing to the scarcity of orders, many of them were compelled to close their businesses entirely, for unless some stock is retained during the war it will be many years after the cessation of hostilities before they will again be in a position to play their essential part in the horticultural life of the country. It is hoped that these points will be kept in mind by all amateur gardeners and that orders for trees, shrubs, or other plants will not be discontinued unless this is found to be absolutely necessary.

The Ministry of Agriculture, in association with the Society and other bodies, is publishing a pamphlet and a leaflet on food production in the garden, which will serve as a guide to all those who desire to produce with least disturbance the maximum food value from their gardens. These pamphlets and leaflets will be obtainable either from the Ministry or from the offices of the Society. Arrangements are as well being made for the establishment of horticultural committees at certain centres for advisory purposes. Lectures will also be arranged throughout the country.

WAR-TIME NOTICES

THE ROYAL ENGLISH FORESTRY SOCIETY.—The office of the Society at 48, Dover Street, London, has been closed. Until further notice, the routine work of the office will be carried on at Conington Hall, near Cambridge ('phone Elsworth 230), to which address all correspondence should be sent.

LONDON NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Council on Tuesday, September 12th, 1939, it was decided that the fixtures of the society as printed in the current syllabus be cancelled forthwith. It is hoped, however, to continue activities in a modified form, and members will be notified of further arrangements by the end of the year.

THE NORTHERN AND MIDLANDS SPANIEL CLUB announce that at a meeting held on Tuesday last the committee decided to cancel the Field Trials fixed for November 7th and 8th.

THE INSTITUTE OF THE HORSE AND PONY CLUB, LIMITED.—Owing to the declaration of war, the following measures have been adopted. The Special Course fixed to take place in October and the Annual Meeting of District Commissioners to be held on October 18th have been cancelled.

In the interests of candidates and riding schools efforts will be made to continue the examinations for instructors' certificates, and all candidates who have entered for these examinations have been asked to state whether, in the present circumstances, they still wish to present themselves for examination this year. The Pony Club Examinations for Test "A" arranged for September have been cancelled and steps have been taken to notify all concerned.

It is hoped that branches of the Pony Club will continue to carry on their activities, and District Commissioners who find their time too much occupied with other duties are requested to appoint representatives to act on their behalf, notifying headquarters of their names and addresses.

The quarterly journal, *The Horse*, will continue to be published. The offices at 66, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, will remain open with a reduced staff. The hours for callers will be: Morning, 10.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.; afternoon, 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. The offices will be closed to callers on Saturdays except by appointment.

R.A.C. SERVICE.—It is announced by the R.A.C. that with the exception of the number of guides on the roads, the club is continuing its full service to members from the headquarters in London and branch offices in all parts of the country. Staffs are of necessity depleted owing to the large number of men who have been called up for service with the Navy, Army and Air Force, or who have joined one or other of the services. But all departments such as the legal, engineers, "Get you Home" Service, touring, &c., are functioning fully. In addition, the R.A.C. Information Department is dealing with scores of inquiries daily on the question of petrol rationing, lighting regulations, the restriction of provisional licences and similar matters which have arisen following the outbreak of hostilities. The club is also making representations to the Government departments concerned, in an endeavour to obtain some amelioration in the general conditions under which motoring is labouring at the present time.

STORRINGTON FOOT BEAGLES.—A special committee meeting was held at Newbiggin on August 28th, whereat the secretary was authorised to send out the following in the event of hostilities breaking out:—

In the first place the pack will have to be reduced to a minimum, and hunting days cut down to one day a week, with an occasional by-day.

If food shortage becomes acute, the pack will have to be disbanded, in which case the secretary will be pleased to hear from anyone who will take a hound or more for the duration of the war. In this case only a selected few of the best young hounds will be kept for breeding stock.

The secretary would like to point out that hounds have been kept throughout the summer months, and so far only a few subscriptions have been received, and liabilities have to be met. If subscribers feel that they cannot pay their full subscriptions, it is hoped they will send what they can to support the nucleus of a pack till better times.



ALTHOUGH THE DOGS ARE NOT TOO FOND OF THEIR BADGER COMPANION THEY SHARE THE MILK



WHEN THE DOGS ARE BRUSHED THE BADGER WAITS FOR HIS TURN

A TAME BADGER

"WIGGEY-WIGGEY," the badger cub, was dug out of his earth in the middle of April when about a month old and given to the owner, Miss Anne Blewitt of Boxted, Essex. His brother who came with him soon died, but Wiggey survived on a diet of Patent Puppy Food and egg and milk, which he took five times a day from a bottle. It was a whole-time job keeping him clean, dry, warm and well fed. He lived in a box of straw with a blanket and hot-water bottle, and a stove near-by. He grew visibly every day, but for a long time after he should have eaten solid food he would still only take his bottle. Eventually he ate a piece of cake and then a raw baby rabbit, raw minced meat, and bread and milk. Now at the age of four-and-a-half months he feeds in the same way as the dogs, and likes plenty of milk to drink. He eats various insects he finds in the garden, and loves fruit. He picks gooseberries with his teeth, holding down the branch with his paws.

Wiggey has very strong fore-legs, and can climb and dig himself out of any place. He is scrupulously clean in his habits and in the house. His idea of playing is to bite and chew his friends' hands and ankles and the dogs' legs, and is only fierce when feeding. Although he may amble about during the day, he only really wakes up in the evening, when he follows his owner on long walks and plays about, running and turning with great speed on the tips of his toes, with his hackles up and ears laid back, using his tail as a rudder. He answers to his name and understands the word "No," but got rather out of hand while his owner was away recently, killing and eating a chicken and staying out all night. He is quite faithful, but seems to have no way of showing pleasure or affection other than by obedience.

Wiggey's own choice of a home is an upright barrel, which he climbs in and out of with ease. He sleeps in a ball with his head tucked underneath him, and when playing, turns somersaults, lying on his back with a plaything held in his arms on top of him. He is hated by all the dogs, but if they turn on him he just hides his head until the attack is over, as his skin is too tough for them to hurt him.



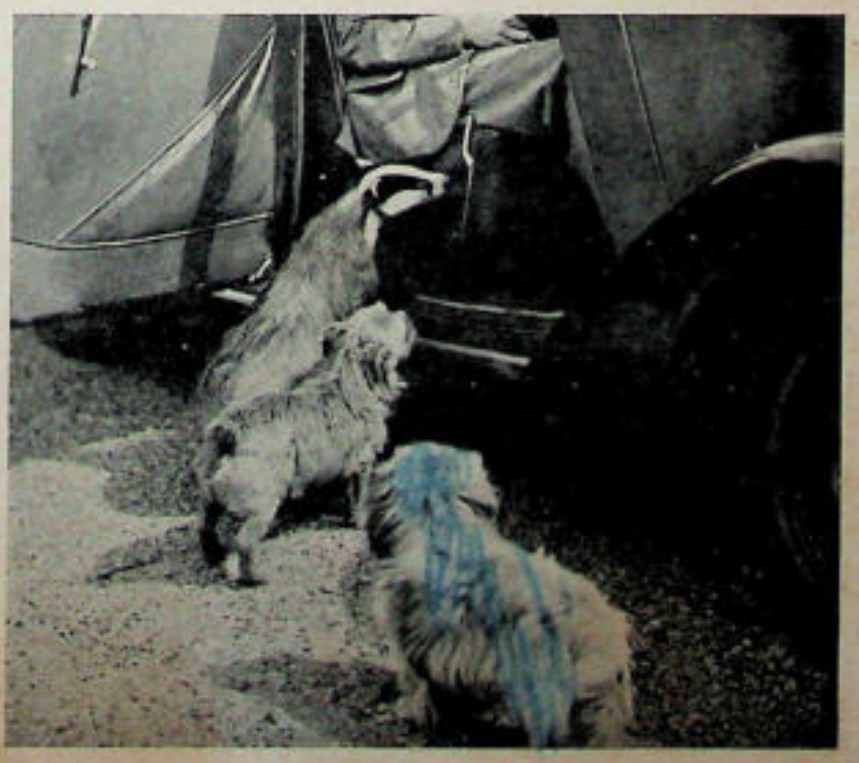
WIGGEY'S OWN CHOICE OF A HOME IS AN UPRIGHT BARREL



HIS IDEA OF PLAYING IS TO BITE



ALL EXCITEMENT: "WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE"



AND WIGGEY IS THE FIRST ON THE RUNNING BOARD

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS

XIII.—How to Tackle Grayling

MY DEAR BOB,—Your father is quite right. Until you are old enough to help effectively in the war, you are far better employed in a healthy pursuit like fishing, than in waiting excitedly for the next wireless announcement. At the moment your job is to keep calm and keep out of the way; and there is no better place to do this than on the banks of a stream. Thus you may not only fish with a clear conscience, but in the knowledge that by so doing you are making yourself more observant and fitter for your job should the war not be over by the time you are old enough to serve—which, please God, it will be.

In another week or so now the trout season will be over in most parts of England, since it ends on September 30th, though there are a few places where it goes on a week or two longer; and there are also streams where sea trout may be taken in October, but they are not likely to be available for you. Still there is no reason to put your fly rod to bed just yet, as several kinds of coarse fish may be taken with fly, on occasion, and there are also grayling to be found in many trout waters—and elsewhere. They may be taken in almost the same way as trout, though certain modifications in the methods you have been using hitherto are advisable.

You have already encountered grayling, I think, on your cousin's water, since you told me you had caught a fish which the keeper so named and trod it heavily underfoot. This arbitrary proceeding, however, should not be followed. It represents simply the natural resentment of a man whose employer expects him to keep "vermin" well under control and who regards their capture as something of a slight on his own competence. Since he probably expressed his opinion of grayling, it may surprise you that I should suggest fishing for them, but in reality it is only a practical illustration of the old saw: "One man's meat is another man's poison."

In a well-kept chalk stream, grayling are out of place, except for the man who wants to continue his season well into the autumn, for they are gregarious creatures, they herd together in shoals, consume a lot of food which would otherwise be available for the trout, and what is more they elbow the trout off the open, gravelly feeding grounds where the troutfisher otherwise would get his best sport. In most chalk waters grayling have to be netted out every year to prevent them outing the trout altogether.

But do not let that trouble you. There are generally enough left in to give good sport, and for many men a grayling is as good a fish as a trout any day of the week. If the present plan to billet you on your aunt on the Welsh Border materialises you will find that they are regarded much more respectfully in that neighbourhood. Severn tributaries in their upper reaches should give you ample opportunities to make their better acquaintance and form your own opinion. In Yorkshire they are held in as great respect as trout.

This shoaling habit of grayling is one to bear in mind when fishing for them. Where there is one grayling there are almost sure to be others. You may remember, in writing to you about nymph fishing, I commented particularly on the habit trout have of moving from side to side, and to a lesser extent up and down stream, while intercepting the nymphs which are coming up to hatch, so that, often enough, one is deceived into thinking that there are half a dozen trout on the rise while in reality there is only one. If the fish rising were grayling, however, it is long odds that there really are half a dozen fish on the rise, and by selecting the lower one for your first attack you may be able to land two or three out of the shoal.

Grayling rise rather differently from trout; not that there is any very noticeable difference in the appearance of the boil made on the surface—would that there were—but in fact they come up from the bottom (shoot up, one might almost call it) instead of lying poised in midwater and picking off flies by tilting their nose. They are not nearly so nervous as trout, generally speaking, probably because they lie near the bottom and feel more secure, so that provided they do not see you, or are scared by some sudden movement, you may often stay in one spot for an hour, casting continually over the shoal, and picking out an occasional fish.

For some reason it is rare to find grayling which are gut shy, though I have once or twice noticed a tendency for grayling in chalk streams not only to adopt the trout's method of feeding but also its suspicious character. As a rule, however, grayling will come again and again at the same fly which they have previously missed.

This habit of missing flies when rising at them seems to be inherent in all grayling. Some men hold that it is due to the depth from which they rise; and this may be so, for I have often observed trout to float backwards a few inches in taking a fly, as if to make sure of their aim, while a grayling, as I say, normally shoots up quickly from the bottom.

But it is quite as likely that the position of its mouth is to blame. If you examined the specimen which the keeper treated so cavalierly, you will have noticed that, apart from its colour—a sort of faintly dappled gray—it differed from a trout in its much more pointed head, its enormous dorsal (back) fin and in its mouth, which is located underneath, instead of at the end of its "nose." This sort of "underhung" mouth looks as if it were designed for picking food off the bottom, and most emphatically not for taking flies off the surface; so the fact that it misses so many of them should, perhaps, cause no surprise. Anyhow, if you get a rise and the fish fails to take hold try again—and again—without changing either your fly or your method. A grayling will often "connect" at its third or fourth try—a great blessing on a frosty October morning when hands are a bit numb and fly changing a burden.

Grayling also are blessedly ignorant of entomology. They do not pause to discuss—as in some poignant moments one suspects the trout of doing—whether a fly is *Baëtis rhodani* or *Cloëon simile*, but accept an artistic creation, even of the most modern artistic school, apparently on the principle that "a fly's a fly for a' that"; and even prefers a cheerful-looking insect with some colour about it to the rather drab specimens which Nature has provided.

As a general all-round fly for grayling the old red tag is hard to beat, though there are one or two grayling flies which have obviously been inspired by it and may be an improvement on it; for example, the Witch which is, in effect, a red tag with a flat gold tinsel ribbing. Wickham's Fancy is another excellent grayling fly. Bradshaw's Fancy and Green insect are first favourites with many grayling fishers. But there are dozens of patterns. No. 0 is usually a killing size, but what will kill on one day—either in size or pattern—will often prove quite useless on another.

In considering method one comes at once on the vexed question of dry or wet; with the added vexation of "up or downstream"—and when grayling controversy arises, as it does every ten years or so, rival practices are thrashed out with heat and energy. But I should advise you to adopt a catholic attitude towards grayling and try first one thing and then another, until you find which particular method pays best on any given day.

In a chalk stream you will often find that grayling have to be approached exactly as if they were trout: a rise must be spotted, a stance taken up below, or to the side of the rise, and a single fly, either dry or wet cast to the place. If any attempt is made to fish "down and across," the fish stays down, or moves across in a highly disconcerting manner; or if the fly moves in approaching the fish, then the grayling does not.

But in swifter streams, and also on wide shallows in chalk streams, the method of casting straight across or slightly downstream and letting the fly drag as it comes over the shoal is often the most successful of all, provided the fish do not know you are there. This axiom of not showing oneself works even more effectively with grayling than with trout. A grayling seldom seems to suspect a fly of being other than something edible, but it is very suspicious of a man in its vicinity. There are days, in fact, when definite downstream fishing will provide a basket if a long line is used, and the flies can be recovered in short jerks if the gut sinks well, a point which is useful to remember when a rapid cannot be fished conveniently from below; but in such a case do not stand at the top of a shallow and lengthen line; stand well above it and cast a line to the top of the shallow, fishing it down by moving forward slowly and keeping a long line from the beginning.

One, two or three flies may be used for either method—but probably the most attractive sport of all is to be found (occasionally) on one of those sunny autumn days when the frost-mist has risen from the water and the grayling rise all day long on a swift shallow which can be fished with a single fly, either dry or "semi-submerged" by casting to them exactly as if they were trout on a day of early spring.

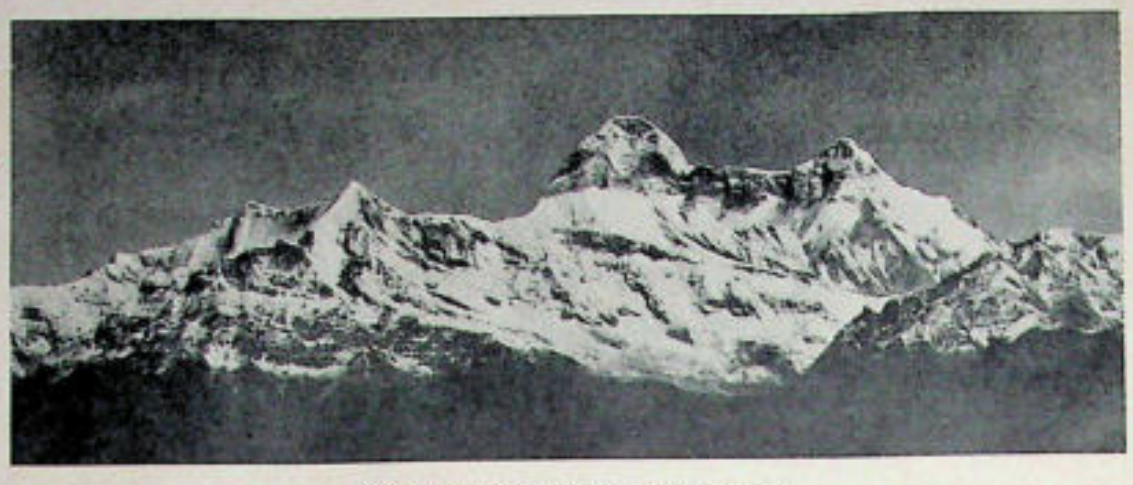
Your affectionate uncle,

HARVEY.



FISHING FOR GRAYLING WITH THE SNOW UPON THE GROUND

Even when the trout season is over and the winter months are upon us, there is no reason to put the fly-rod to bed



NANDA DEVI SEEN FROM ABBOTT MOUNT
This photograph was taken with a 30in. Dallmeyer lens at f.45 on a Wellington plate with an exposure of 6sec. at a distance 72 miles

EAST KUMAON: LAND OF SPORT AND SCENIC BEAUTY

By LIEUT.-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY

SOME 30 miles to the south-east of Bareilly, the Rohilkhund and Kumaon railway pushes out a tentacle northwards towards the Himalayas, which ends at the busy little town of Tanakpur, facing the green hills of Nepal across the Sarda River. This is the stepping-off place for East Kumaon, a beautiful and interesting country, probably better known 100 years ago than it is to-day.

Tanakpur itself is only alive from mid-October to April, its bazar aswirl with a varied throng of humanity and beasts of burden; then the shops put up their shutters, the caravans withdraw to the green grass left by the melting snows, and the little town becomes the quiet, mosquito-ridden, fever-stricken abode of the few whose employment prevents their leaving it.

The jungles around are famed for tiger and other game, while the Sarda River here breaks out from the hills and, flowing clear over a bed of sand and boulders, provides excellent mahseer fishing. Here also the caravan road comes down from Tibet, with only one high pass to cross at the frontier, and by it arrives a motley crowd of several races and religions, to exchange their wares for the products of the plains of India.

In the dusty bazar between its double line of wooden, tin-roofed shops stroll pig-tailed Tibetans from the far side of the passes, greasy-hatted Buddhists from the British side, round-capped, tight-trousered Kumaoni Hindus from the nearer hills, mingled with the professional caravan drivers. Many of these last are full-bearded Khattri Sikhs, but the crowd is so varied that an Afghan from Kandahar and a brass-worker from Benares may be found bargaining in the same shop.

But take the road into the mountains to find never-ending interest in the ebb and flow of the traffic using it; with scenery of ever-growing beauty, culminating in a panorama of 400 miles of snow-clad peaks unsurpassed throughout the world.

Eight miles north of Tanakpur frowns a wall of rock and jungle and, having hired ponies, an hour's tramp through the forest brings one to its foothills. Then five miles up a steep and rugged track, from sal and bamboo to mixed forest, and the resting traveller looks down 3,000ft. on the patchwork of the Tanakpur fields surrounded by dark green sal forest, with the broad silver ribbon of the Sarda winding through them. The top of this ridge is called Sukhidang, and tigers may be found there at any time, coming up in the hot weather as regularly as Government offices do to the hills, and the wise owner of a pony prefers not to halt there for the night.

Then five miles of winding path down through the greener, damper forest of the northern slopes, past a little Hindu shrine kept spotlessly clean by its smiling Pujari, who presents a bunch of marigolds in hope of some small contribution in return, and on to the camping ground by the Ladhya River, whose shining pools and glittering runs shout aloud of mahseer. Only half a mile below this camp I was broken by a 12-pounder after a hard fight, and caught him next morning after an equally tough struggle, with my first spoon still fixed in his gullet. Above the Ladhya the cliffs hold numbers of goural, and more than one angler has found a tiger gorging itself on a recently-killed cow in the bed of the river.

Next day it is a steady climb of 2,500ft. in five miles to the little resthouse at Dhuri, which is the limit to which the yaks come; for below this it is too hot for them, their loads being taken on to Tanakpur on mules or ponies.

From Dhuri the track winds up a long ridge to enter dense woods of moss-hung oak, pine and rhododendron, and in March the road is busiest and most beautiful. Round spurs and through shady ravines it curves, splashed with pools of golden sunlight and blood-red patches of rhododendron flowers, shed by the trees which flame among the dull green oaks. In a sunlit haze of dust come the caravans; sheep and goats, yaks, ponies, mules and oxen, the bells of the leaders tinkling and clonking, while the drivers urge on their charges with shrill whistles or guide them with long slender sticks.



POTATOES, WOOL AND BORAX COMING DOWN FROM THE HILLS



TRISUL, NANDA DEVI (25,640FT.) AND NANDA KOT, (ON EXTREME RIGHT), FROM NEAR LOHAGHAT

A motley, hardy crowd and mostly a cheerful one, inured to heat and cold, rain and snow, the Tibetans often as apple-cheeked as the strangers to their country are blackened by the biting winds off the snows. Passing the few fields and rough caravanserai of Baghaila, where panthers take toll of the pack animals of many a caravan, the road crosses a neck from which is got the first glimpse of the snows, here just a few white triangles showing sharp against the blue sky above the green hills.

Five miles on the track turns eastward down a winding valley through oak forest and soon comes to the first tea gardens, remnants of past prosperity. Then a turn in the road and straight ahead stands a dazzling wall of jagged blue and white, the glory of the eternal snows, with the great double peak of Nanda Devi, 24,640ft., and the highest summit in British territory, flanked by the long ridge of Trisul on the west and the castle of Nanda Kot to the east. Then the road enters the wide Champawat valley, contained by rolling hills capped with dark clumps of deodar, a clear stream edged with willows tinkling down its centre, and, passing between hedges of blossoming hawthorn, crab-apple and wild rose, one's thoughts inevitably turn to spring in England.

Then nine miles to Lohaghat, which was a cantonment a century ago, where there are graves of British officers in the little cemetery, the old mess house still stands, and tales are told of tea and indigo planters who, by their own unaided efforts kept the rebels of '57 out of this pleasant country.

The plantations have long ago ceased to be profitable and are rapidly reverting to the jungle, or have been turned into fruit orchards, for English fruit grows in plenty here, and were the 40 miles of pack road made usable by motor transport a thriving industry would result. The road goes on, climbing to the col between round-topped Abbott Mount and a still higher hill, capped with a white temple of great sanctity which is the scene of an annual fair more riotous than seemly. From the col climb 500ft. to Abbott Mount and the view to the north will more than repay the effort. There are wonderful views in the Northern Himalayas, but nothing to compare with this.

Far away to the left the wedge of Kamet is visible beyond the square mass of Badrinath, and thence to the great jumble of Dhaulagiri, from whose foot issues the dark valley of the Kali Ram, is more than 450 miles; the great sweep of mountains is centred by beautiful Nanda Devi, with the ruggedness of Trisul and Nanda Kot as foils on either side, and the glittering pinnacles of the Five Chimneys to the east. The view is clear across the valley of the Sarju with no intervening heights to lessen the effect of the giants rising beyond its rift in the dark green hills.

Hereafter the pack road drops 4,000ft. in fourteen miles to the Sarju and the white temple of pilgrimage at its junction with the Rishiganga at Rameswar, then climbs as much again to the Pithoragarh plateau, where is a mission and the last large village.

Thence the path winds on seven days' journey to the Lipu Lek Pass, where is the frontier of Tibet, and the road for pilgrims wishing to make the circuit of the sacred mountain of Kailas. Around the Lipu Lek will be found hill game, the great ovis ammon and the bharal, but all round Lohaghat there is sport in plenty—bear, leopard, sambar, serow and goural and pheasant and woodcock in the winter and tiger in the summer. These last follow the buffalo up from the plains, and some abandon a decent tiger's way of living to become man eaters.

Those who have journeyed through this country in peace time have found it a cheap and delightful experience, while a summer spent in Lohaghat or Abbott Mount, with trips for shooting and fishing, interspersed with lazing and fruit eating, has proved a pleasant and inexpensive way of enjoying life.

ANXIETIES OF DOG BREEDERS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

LITTLE did any of us imagine that when the bells rung to celebrate the end of the war in 1918 that we should have to go through similar horrors again. In these articles, of course, the national aspect has to be merged into the particular, my readers being preoccupied, as a side issue, with the future of their dogs. Last time, with the approval of the authorities, field trials and shows were continued to a lesser degree for several years. The last show, I believe, was Cruft's of 1916, an event memorable in its way because King George V made his first appearance as an exhibitor of Labrador retrievers, much to the delight of the many thousands who follow these events with interest.

This time, shows of any magnitude one naturally is led to expect may come to an end. The Kennel Club see no objection to the holding of such small fry as sanction shows, which only affect a few in each case, but in the aggregate afford amusement to large numbers of working men, who cannot afford to compete at the bigger. The proviso is made, however, that the approval of the appropriate local authority must be obtained before a licence will be granted.

Shooting men, masters of hounds and owners of greyhounds are faced with difficult problems, and so are those who have extensive kennels of show dogs. Some of these kennels cost anything from £500 to £1000 a year to maintain, and if there are no sales, or merely sales as domestic pets, their owners will be compelled to effect drastic reductions, keeping merely the key dogs and bitches. Whether or not they will be allowed to do any breeding has not been determined at the moment of writing. In the 1914 war they were permitted to carry on until July of 1917, close on three years after the opening of hostilities. At the moment we can only wait and see.

No doubt the Government are aware that very considerable sums of money are invested in gundogs, hounds and pedigree dogs, and that a great industry has grown up for meeting their needs. The export trade is not without its economic value to the country. No one, I am sure, would desire that the interests of the community should be in any way jeopardised by dogs, but if we can await events for a time before drastic action is taken it would afford much satisfaction.

In writing of dogs one cannot overlook those that are kept as guards and companions, which, with those used for herding sheep, come to well over 3,000,000. Ordinary men and women set such store by the companionship of their dogs that they would try their utmost to preserve them. One regrets that so many, becoming alarmed at the possibility of air raids, had thousands of dogs and cats destroyed in the first week. I did my best to reassure all who consulted me, counselling them to see what was going to happen before resorting to extreme measures. Wherever it could be arranged I advised that dogs should be sent to safe quarters in the country, and when that was not possible that they should most certainly be kept for a time.

After all, the majority are not what we should call gun shy, being unaffected by fireworks or thunderstorms. Such as become hysterical will be helped if they are given bromide strontia in a little water—3 grains for the toys, 5 grains for those about the size of fox terriers, and 10 grains for retrievers and such like. This will probably quieten them. The ingenious can improvise gas proof kennels if the worst comes to the worst. The dogs would hate the confinement, but critical times may call for severe measures to save them pain.



THE PUJARI OF A KUMAON SHRINE BY KALI'S STONE AT DHURA

A USEFUL SERVICE FOR GOLFERS

By E. R. TIPPLE

DURING these critical days the carrying on of normal business is particularly difficult. Ordinary routine has been interrupted as the majority of people are performing some form of national service. In common with many others, professional golfers have found few tasks awaiting their immediate attention.

This season they have suffered very much on account of general business conditions, the number of their club members serving in the Territorials and other Services, and the unusual numbers of people away from their particular localities.

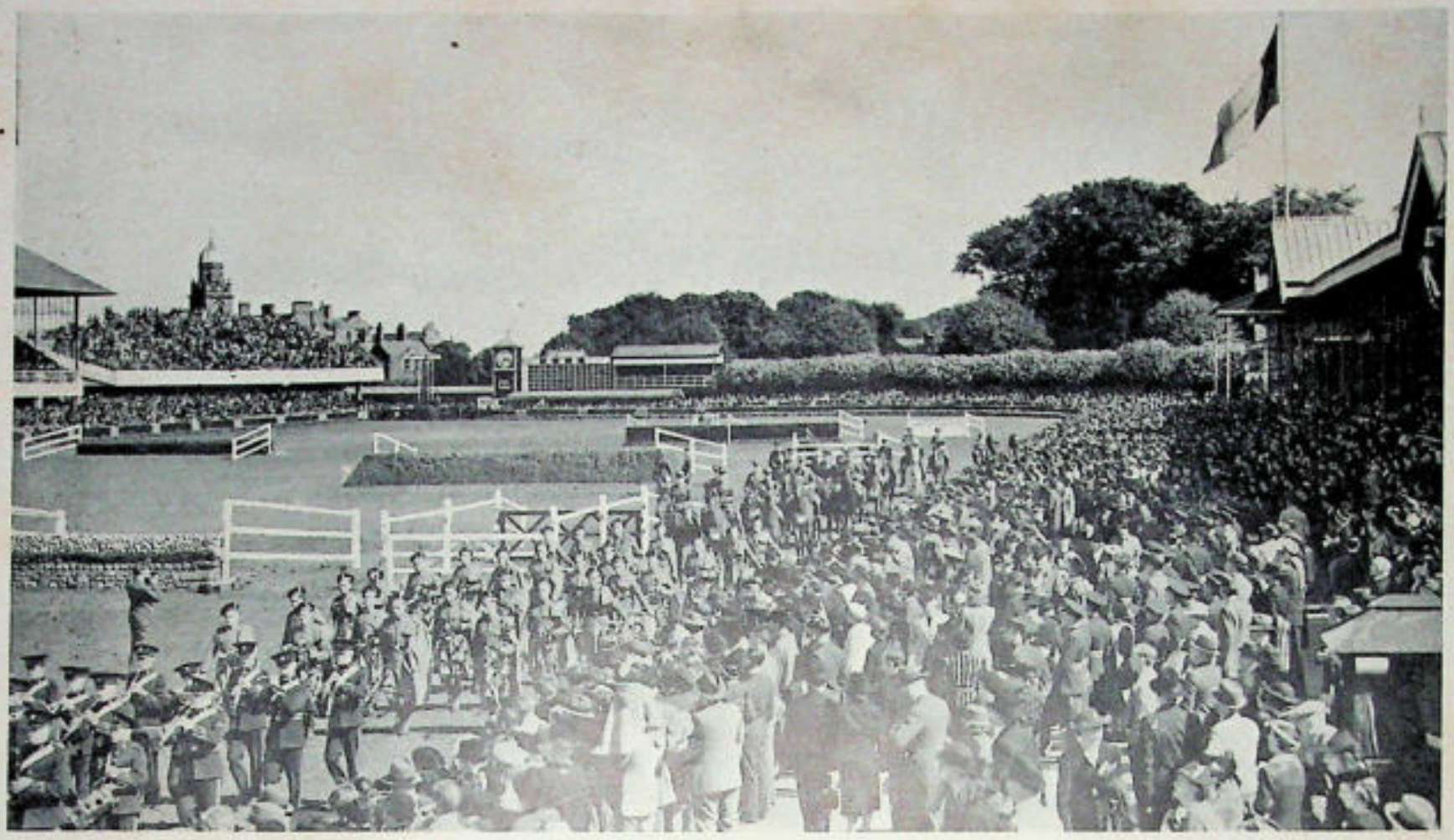
Instead of becoming pessimistic and enduring these adversities without a struggle, professional golfers should emulate the national spirit and concentrate on personal service. They should let it be known that they are not merely satisfied by effecting a sale, but are anxious to assist their members in any way they can. They should maintain a keen interest in each and every member—we all are impressed when we know our personal requirements are carefully considered.

In America an interesting service arrangement is in force which could be copied over here. At the end of each day's play the caddy-master—or his assistants—carefully inspects each bag of clubs that has been used. If a defective club is discovered it is passed on to the professional for examination. When a minor repair is all that is required—for example, fresh whipping or the filing of the face of a wood—the work is done and a green label affixed to the club, stating what has been done and that no charge for the service is required.

If, however, the inspection reveals that major repairs are necessary, such as a new shaft, head or grip, a red label is put on the defective club. On this label is written the necessary repair and an estimate of the cost. In each case the bag is replaced so that when the golfer goes out for his next game he notices the label and discovers what has been done or what requires doing to make his set in first-class condition. Such thoughtful service is bound to impress him with his professional's keenness and interest and if any of his clubs require repairing he is likely to have the work done without delay.

This plan is quite simple and would cost little to operate. Although it would bring the professional regular business as regards repairing clubs the result would be more far-reaching. Players would realise that they would be having an inspection service that could only be obtainable from a club professional and consequently would visit him when they required new implements. They would keep in touch with their professionals and support them in every possible way.

Whilst there are many professionals whose methods are very unbusinesslike, some shops impress the visitor with their up-to-date equipment and the manner in which the goods are exhibited. A few professionals attached to the smaller clubs operate service arrangements already and with gratifying results. The service plan mentioned above would repay those who are wondering how to improve their business. No professional can go to too much trouble and a smart, tidy shop combined with a real interest in the members must attract attention.



A PLEASANT MEMORY OF THE SEASON—THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

A RETROSPECT OF THE BIG HORSE SHOWS

By R. ANSELL WELLS

WHEN we shall see another horse-show season is very doubtful, and this is a great pity, for the season with which this article deals was one of exceptional merit and interest. There can be no doubt that hunter breeding was gaining a very strong place in the show world, and not only the attitude of exhibitors, but also of the general public, this year has done much to encourage it. Now it is largely over for the time being, but it is impossible not to believe that as soon as may be possible this important and growing industry will re-assert itself.

The very busy, if not to say crowded summer season of horse shows drew to an early close; it was by no means over yet, but the majority of the big shows had been held and it may not be out of place if we make some study of the results and see if, from them, we can deduce any facts of importance.

Any attempt to review the shows as a whole is fraught with difficulties, and one might almost say with deceptions. A simple, straightforward comparison of results is apt to be misleading, because one cannot tell from it which horses were present when others headed their classes, and which horses did not happen to be going their best on certain occasions; another variable but important factor which must also weigh are the personal predelictions of the judges, and any judge whose opinions are worth having is bound to have certain views upon horses, or upon different stamps of horses, which will influence his decisions. To these difficulties must be added the enormous number of shows and the impossibility of summing up so many results, and when all these factors are taken together it will be seen that it is impossible to review the whole season.

Under the circumstances some plan must be evolved in order to help one to obtain a true proportion and to get a bird's-eye view of the season. The simplest plan is to accept the existence of a certain amount of "form," and to take it as a fact that horses will show true to that "form" on the majority of occasions. If one does this one can take the results at one or two of the larger shows as being a correct indication of the relative merits of the animals which are exhibited at them, and then, by a study of those results, a very good general impression of the season may be gained with a minimum of error. With this object in view I intend to examine the results at the Richmond Show, the International Horse Show, Peterborough Show, the Royal Show and the Great Yorkshire Show and to make such comparisons as may arise between these results and others which it may be relevant to quote.

It will be as well, for obvious reasons, to consider the shows in chronological order, and so we will start with Richmond. At this show there came to the fore two horses without some mention of which any report of the season would not be complete, though we are, strictly speaking, not concerned with them in a review of the hunters; I refer to Thor and Just Wait, two outstanding animals among the Hacks and the Weight-carrying Cobs respectively. Writing an account of this show in the *Field* of June 17th I said: "Interest was quickly aroused by the appearance of a really outstanding horse in the very first class of the [first] day, that for Novice Hacks, any height, which was won by Mr. A. R. Kent's chestnut gelding, Thor (by de Coverley—Orthobia, by Orthos). This horse is a six-year-old, and even the most captious critic would be hard pressed to fault him; his conformation is all that could be desired, he has good bone and was seen at the top of his condition. The excellent impression which he gives is in no way belied when he moves, which he does well in all his paces, being beautifully balanced and mannered." Also: "The class for Weight-carrying Cobs . . . here again was the encouraging sight of an exceptionally strong class and an outstanding winner. . . . In this case it was Messrs. William Young and Sons' seven-year-old grey gelding, Just Wait, which at once caught the eye and soon established himself as a certain winner. He is a real cob of an immensely powerful type, beautifully built and well put together, the final test being found in the way in which he moves and the impression which he gives of riding like a much larger horse."

Further acquaintance with this cob might lead one to add that he has the action of a thoroughbred and the manners of a hack, which would be no overstatement. This was, however, the first occasion upon which I had seen him, and the same is true of Thor, but the first impressions which were made by both these horses were fully justified during the rest of the season, in the course of which neither was beaten in any company and in which both carried off the highest honours to which they could aspire. Thor we shall, perhaps, see again in the show ring in the name of his new owner, Mr. Bernard A. Selby, but Just Wait has, I understand, been sold to one of those fortunate individuals who know and can afford the best, and who requires him for use and not for show purposes.

In the absence of any Produce classes the hunters at Richmond are confined to the Saddle classes, which brought out one or two horses which were to be seen again frequently during the season and which are worthy of especial mention. Mr. J. V. Rank's Snob (Sir Rowland—dam by Cheerot) was first among the Light-weight Hunters, and Messrs. John Druge's John Peel was the winning Medium-weight horse and also gained a third prize in the class for Ladies' Hunters. The Champion Hunter at this show was the first prize heavy-weight animal, Mrs. I. M. Oldham's chestnut gelding, Shah Jehan (Jehangir—Desborough, by Desmond); the impression which he gave was one of being slightly over-topped and at a subsequent appearance at Olympia he proved a disappointment since he did not figure in the awards; this may have been due to the undoubted fact that he is of a type which shows to better advantage out of doors, but the fact remains that he has not been heard of again in the best company.

At the next important show, the International Horse Show, Messrs. John Druge's John Peel had already begun to improve in condition and won a class for Novice Hunters up to from 13.7st. to 14.7st., also being adjudged the Best Novice Hunter. In the open classes he headed the horses of his weight, but had to take place below the heavy-weight winner, Miss E. M. Pitt's Mount Royal (Free Return—Scotch Sign) and Mr. Bernard A. Selby's light-weight winner, Percy III (Star and Garter—dam by Take Care), for the Championship. The Best Ladies' Hunter was Mr. A. H. Ashcroft's Right Away (Romus—dam by Hopeful Bachelor). The Champion horse, Mount Royal, was another disappointment and was never again submitted to any kind of test, as he was retired from the show ring immediately after this show.

At the country shows there is also the interest of the Produce classes as well as those for made horses, and it is with country shows that we now have to deal. I think, however, that it will be easier if I complete the story of the Saddle classes before starting upon any discussion of the young stock. At Peterborough John Peel headed the Usher 13½st. Novice Hunters, but in the Open classes he was entered in the 13½st. to 15st. class, in which he appeared much too small for his competitors and was relegated to fifth place. At this show his class would undoubtedly have been that for horses up to from 12st. to 13½st., and, had he been entered in it, he would have come up against Mr. Bernard A. Selby's Percy III, and the result of the judging

under those circumstances would have been very interesting, but by no means certain; as it was, their meeting was postponed until the Royal Show. The Middle-weight class was won by Mr. J. R. Hindley's well-known Bradbury (Fiver—Mayflower) and Mr. H. Sumner's Bandit (by Brigand) was adjudged the best heavy-weight. When seen under a side-saddle John Peel improved upon his previous placing and gained a second to Bradbury; the latter horse was eventually made Reserve to the Champion, Mr. Bernard A. Selby's Percy III.

The Royal Show found John Peel more happily placed in a class for horses up to from 13st. to 14½st., and he was also at the very top of his condition for this show, at which he won his class from Mr. Betts's Danno and Mr. Selby's Percy III; there could then be no doubt about his superiority, but, as I have said, the horse had been steadily improving all through the season. John Peel also won the class for Ladies' Hunters up to not more than 14st. and was awarded the Championship in competition with Mr. B. A. Selby's Sir Roger II, which had beaten Mr. J. V. Rank's Curate in the class for horses up to over 14½st.

John Peel was absent from Halifax, where the Great Yorkshire Show was held, and here Mr. Rank was successful with his Richmond winner, Snob, in the light-weight class, and with Curate among the heavy-weights; while Mr. Selby gained first prize in the medium-weight class with Percy III.

brood mares up to 12st. to 13½st. at Peterborough. Another good brood mare, Mrs. Walton's Delilah III. headed the medium-weight mares at the same show, and the heavy-weight prize went to Mr. Geoff. Kenyon's Mistletoe (by Macanna), whose foal by Forerunner was also adjudged the best colt foal. Mistletoe and her foal also came out to win their classes at Halifax, while the other class for brood mares at the Great Yorkshire Show was headed by Mrs. Howard Mander's Roytoi's Daughter (Popalong—Roytoi), second prize going to the Earl of Feversham for Cartouche (Carpathus—Belinda by Dunholm). The outstanding brood mare at the Royal Show was Mr. J. A. Rank's April Shower by Bhang.

Among other results of importance at these three shows were a fourth prize at Peterborough to Captain C. Palmer Kerrison's three-year-old son of Sir Rowland, Rowland Outlaw, and a first prize at the Royal which was awarded to Lord Digby's bay son of Border Minstrel—Kittywinks, which beat Major Rawson-Mackenzie's son of Grey Girl by Haine into second place. At the latter show Mrs. Muirhead-Murray received a second prize for a filly by Jean's Dream—Beacon, while at the Great Yorkshire Show, as was to be expected, the champion stallion was well to the fore, being represented in the prize list by foals that have already been mentioned and also by two colts out of Mr. Hemingway's Whorlton Lass and the Earl

The Islington Reserve Champion, Haine, by Hainault (by Swynford)—Almond (by Lemonde) (g.d. by Santoi), now in his nineteenth year, is still getting good stock and is the sire of A.R.P. out of one of the Dunholm mares, Rosemary V; he has also been represented in the prize lists by Mrs. Meller's Jaine out of Joan XI. The Brood Mare, Grey Girl, is by Tagrag out of a mare by Macanna, and Mr. Kenyon's heavy-weight mare, Mistletoe, is also by Macanna. The mention of Mrs. Mander's Roytoi's Daughter, reminds us that she is by Popalong out of Roytoi, and Popalong, as the sire of Knocklong Boy, was well to the fore at the Dublin Show, where the latter horse was the sire of four prize winners, the most important of which was Mrs. Rochfort Hyde's young brood mare Peppermint, which was bred from Pepper Wine, by Mount Edgar, and headed the class for young mares, six years old or under, likely to produce high-class hunters.

The size of the subject which I have tried to tackle in this article is such that there could be no hope of my being able to cover the ground at all thoroughly, but I have tried in the space at my disposal to draw attention to what may be truly described as the very few important roots of the successful show horses of the present year. In this review, which has been narrowed down as much as possible, many good horses have found no mention, despite the fact that they have won prizes, but no



W. A. Rouch

SHAH JEHAN, MRS. I. M. OLDHAM'S CHESNUT GELDING, WHICH WAS THE CHAMPION HUNTER AT RICHMOND



W. A. Rouch

MR. BERNARD A. SELBY'S PERCY III, THE LIGHT-WEIGHT WINNER AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

Among the made hunters there was no very outstanding horse with the exception of John Peel; the other first prize winners were mostly old horses with firmly established reputations which were placed "up and down" according to the judges, and whether one or other of them was absent; the Young Stock, on the other hand, has been, generally speaking, of a higher standard, and there are one or two really high-class animals which have been seen and which have a long list of successes to their credit. The classes for yearling colts or geldings have practically resolved themselves into a series of duels between two exceptionally good horses, Mrs. Howard Mander's A.R.P. (Haine—Rosemary V by Dunholm) and Major Gordon B. Foster's Cherry Lad (Ladore—Cherry Lass); these two have been first and second all the time, and there is really very little to choose between them; at Peterborough A.R.P. was placed first, as he was also at Halifax, while at Windsor Cherry Lad was placed at the top, third and fourth places in the class being taken by sons of Border Minstrel.

Among two-year-old geldings, Major Gordon B. Foster's chestnut, Gadfly (Jean's Dream—Dragon Fly by Dunholm) is unbeaten, and among the fillies of the same age are two very good horses, Mrs. S. S. Lockwood's brown daughter of Cherry Lass by Erehwemos, Fur Coat, which won her class at Peterborough, and the Hon. Mrs. Clive Behrens' Swinton Helga, which won at both the Royal and the Great Yorkshire Shows; this latter filly is by Warrington—Swinton Honora by Dunholm. Among the three-year-old geldings there is a no less redoubtable winner in Mrs. Howard Mander's Mr. Rowland (Sir Rowland—Miss Chev), which was unbeaten at the three shows under consideration, and was also the champion animal from one to three years old at Peterborough.

The brood mares, which are, after all, the corner stone of the whole business, have been of good quality all through, and a very high-class animal is Major W. Rawson-Mackenzie's Grey Girl (Tagrag—dam by Macanna), which headed the class for

of Feversham's Cartouche, and a filly out of Lord Grimthorpe's mare Field Day (by Warrington).

The best hunter of the year in this country has been John Peel, and it is a pity that no particulars of his breeding are known; in my opinion, however, he must take second place to the Dublin champion, Mr. H. Davis Kenny's Wavering Bee, which I consider to be as good a hunter as one is ever likely to see. This little horse is by Wavetop (by Spearmint out of Wavinta, by Walmsgate, out of Flying Bee, by Honey Bee out of Embrace) by Collar, and Honey Bee was by Tredennis.

Tredennis (by Kendal—Hermit—Stockwell) is also the sire of Dunholm out of a mare by Berrill out of Fanessa, and Dunholm is one of the names which forces itself upon one when one considers the results which I have set out above. This horse is the sire of no less than three mares, of which the progeny is now in the very first class of hunter stock, Rosemary V, Dragon Fly and Swinton Honora are the dams of A.R.P., Gadfly and Swinton Helga respectively, and yet a fourth mare by the same sire, Belinda, is the dam of that good brood mare Cartouche. While we are still on the subject of mares, it is interesting to note that Cherry Lass is the dam, in two successive years, of Cherry Lad (yearling by Lodore) and Fur Coat (two-year-old by Erehwemos).

The champion stallion at Islington, Jean's Dream, by Beau Bill—Jean Ainslie (g.d. Sweet One, by St. Serf) can be said to have proved himself, being the sire of the unbeaten two-year-old, Gadfly, and having four prize-winning foals, two colts and two fillies, to his credit; when looking at his stock the way in which he stamps them is very noticeable indeed; they all have a strong look of their sire about them, and this is supposed to be one of the signs of a good stallion. Another very successful sire is Sir Rowland, by Sir Edgar—Olga, by Buckingham, his name being kept well to the fore by his son out of Miss Chev, Mr. Rowland, and also by Snob, while there is Rowland Outlaw slightly lower down the scale, but still in the picture.

horse has been omitted which has proved itself a consistent winner on all occasions. If some horses may seem to have achieved an undue amount of success we must not be discouraged; it is because they are of the stuff of which champions are made, and there never are very many horses of that kind at the same time. That they are there speaks well of the lines upon which breeding is being conducted and the very existence of so many excellent horses is a sure sign of a general high level of achievement.

As time goes on new horses will come into the picture, and it will be interesting to see who takes up the running; at the moment it would appear as though Jean's Dream is likely to repeat the success which he has already had with Gadfly and some of his foals that have been seen this year should, all things being well, which they are far from being at the moment, grow into the winners of the future.

In conclusion it is encouraging to note the large amount of support given to the hunter classes at shows by exhibitors, and to realise that the general public has been taking an ever-increasing interest in these classes and in the horse generally. One of the greatest causes for complaint at the Royal Show was that there were no hunters present upon the last and very popular day, the Saturday. It is often difficult to please both the public and the exhibitors, who wish to get their horses home again as soon as possible, and if the interests of these two parties cannot be reconciled, we can at least be pleased that the public is sufficiently interested to bemoan the absence of a type of horse, the breeding of which is not only the most fascinating and interesting occupation but is also an important industry and one which is directly responsible for maintaining a not inconsiderable portion of the population. The shows are the shop window of the countryside, and provide the only means of displaying to the gaze of interested people a product of this country which must ever remain unique in a world in which no other country can attain to the same high standard.

SOME FAMOUS WINNERS OF THE PAST SEASON



W. A. Rouch

MISS E. M. PITT'S MOUNT ROYAL, THE HEAVY-WEIGHT WINNER AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, OLYMPIA



W. A. Rouch

THE CURATE, OWNED BY MR. J. V. RANK, WINNER OF THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CLASS AT THE ROYAL YORKSHIRE SHOW AT HALIFAX



W. A. Rouch

MR. J. R. HINDLEY'S BRADBURY, WINNER OF THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CLASS AT PETERBOROUGH



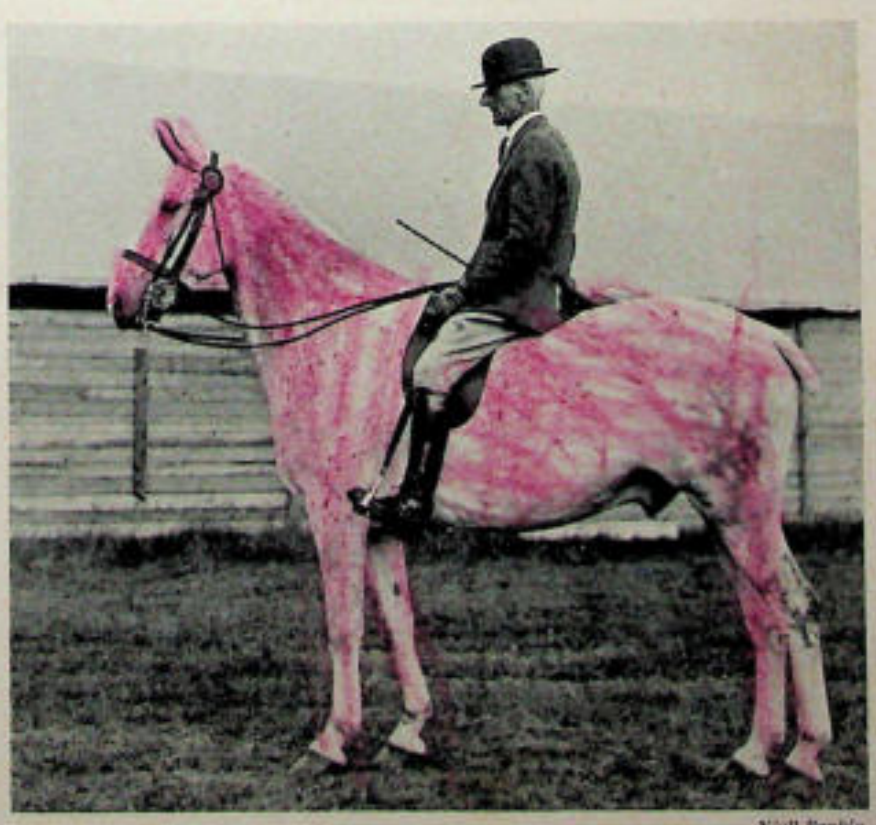
W. A. Rouch

MR. J. V. RANK'S SNOB, THE FIRST LIGHT-WEIGHT HUNTER AT THE RICHMOND SHOW



Niall Rankin

MAJOR GORDON B. FOSTER'S TWO-YEAR-OLD CHESNUT GELDING GADFLY, WAS UNBEATEN DURING THE SEASON



Niall Rankin

MESSRS. W. YOUNG & SONS' SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GREY GELDING JUST WAIT, "A REAL COB OF AN IMMENSELY POWERFUL TYPE"



Salmon leaping at Philiphaugh on the Ettrick

THE TWEED FISHING REPORT

THE following are extracts from the report issued by the Police Committee of the Commissioners of the River Tweed to the statutory meeting of the Commissioners for the year ending June 30th, 1939. The details of the work done are exceptionally interesting.

The total cost of prosecutions during the year has been £86 15s. 8d., and the amount of fines and expenses recovered during the year has been £54 3s. 9d.

District	Warned	Convicted	Acquitted	Withdrawn
Lower	13	17	4	—
Roxburghshire	8	24	—	1
Selkirkshire	8	13	—	—
Peebleshire	1	11	—	—
Lanarkshire	—	6	—	—
Total	30	69	4	1

Comparison with previous years: 1936–37, warned 85, convicted 61; total 146. 1937–38, warned 50, convicted 56; total 106. 1938–39, warned 30, convicted 69; total 99.

The Tweed Police Force varied from 7 to 24 bailiffs during the year. Commander Courtney Clarke (Superintendent) reports: All those warned promised me in writing not to offend again. Of those so dealt with in this and previous years, only two were caught breaking their promise during the twelve months. While the total of offenders is steadily decreasing, the area patrolled is increasing. The Tweed watershed covers 2,000 square miles. The number of offenders detected in the lower district shows a marked increase due to more efficient policing, and the effect is shown by the great decrease in illegal nets found in the water.

The number of nets seized was as follows:—

In the sea	9
Below Berwick Bridge	43
Above Berwick Bridge	16
Coldstream, &c.	4
Total	71

Nets seized 1936–37, 146; 1937–38, 142; 1938–39, 71.

The new passes at Selkirk, Philiphaugh and Walkerburn functioned well, and there was no congestion of fish below any of them. Bowhill Cauld (Ettrick): The Commissioners are indebted to the Buccleuch Estates for making further improvements to this cauld this summer. Peebles Cauld: The mill owners have agreed to remove the wooden combing at the top of the cauld during the winter months. It is considered that this will allow salmon to pass more freely over it, and the Commissioners are very greatly indebted to them for their action in offering to do this. Trow Mill Cauld (Teviot): The proprietors (Cavers Estate) have been notified that the cauld (reconstructed in 1936) is still a serious obstruction to the run of salmon and the cause of a great deal of poaching. Negotiations with the proprietor are in progress. Till Caulds: A special committee has been appointed to investigate these very serious obstructions and to endeavour to have them remedied. Other caulds are receiving attention.

Building of new caulds or rebuilding existing caulds: The Committee would like to draw attention to the legal aspect of this question, namely, that every cauld should permit of a free run for salmon over them in the ordinary or mean state of the river. It is therefore most desirable that any proprietor who proposes to build or rebuild a cauld should, before commencing work, consult the Commissioners with a view to ascertaining whether or not their proposals comply with the law. If the construction of a cauld is left to a contractor, without restrictions, the modern idea is to make the cauld of smooth cement with a combing of about 8in. to 12in. at the top. That is the most effective barrier to fish which could possibly be constructed. The ensuing damage not only affects salmon, but also brown trout.

POLLUTION

THE TEVIOT.—The pollution from Hawick downwards is deplorable, and is seriously damaging the salmon industry.

HAWICK.—The sewage works constructed a year or two ago have made little if any improvement on the old system. It is observed that the new system which relied on screens and a settling tank only, without any filtration, could hardly be expected to cope with the effluent into the upper reaches of a tributary which nearly dries up during periods of dry weather.

JEDBURGH.—The Burgh Council still continue to discharge practically the whole of their domestic sewage from the town into the Jed in a crude and entirely untreated state in direct violation of the laws of the country. This filth flows into the Teviot, which for several miles below Jed-foot resembles an open sewer. "The First Report of the Scottish Advisory Committee on Rivers Pollution Prevention" (1931) recommended that the Burgh should take steps to remedy this state of affairs. From 1934 onwards the Police Committee have been urging the Burgh to carry out their obligations. In 1937 the Commissioners were promised that if a little more time were given, something would be done. This promise is still unredeemed, and the pollution gets worse every year.

KELSO.—Until recently the domestic sewage of Kelso generally was discharged crude and entirely untreated into the Tweed. Screens (as a single unit) have been installed, but from complaints received, it is alleged that these have made little or no difference to the pollution of the river below the town and that salmon fisheries are still suffering severe damage from the pollution.

In general the Police Committee desire to draw attention to the efficient manner in which Peebles County have tackled their sewage problem. Full and complete schemes have been constructed at Peebles and Walkerburn (the latter takes Innerleithen sewage as well). The Police Committee suggest that such schemes will in the long run prove far more economical than dealing with these problems in a piecemeal fashion, as has been tried in other places, provided that financial assistance can be given to them.

SHEEP DIP

The Commissioners would again draw attention to the serious damage to fish life caused by the discharge of used dip directly into streams, burns, &c. It is deadly poison to fish. The danger can be averted by the simple remedy of making a pit or soak-away alongside each dipper, and draining the dipper into these so that the dip will percolate through the ground before reaching the burn or stream. Is it asking too much of proprietors to instruct their tenants to see that no dipper drains directly into any burn, &c.? It is entirely illegal to discharge used dip into any stream or burn in the Tweed watershed, and a conviction was obtained in the Sheriff Court last year, but these offences are difficult to detect. The co-operation of all concerned is specially urged to avoid in the future this wasteful and entirely unnecessary destruction of fish life.

The committee again desire to draw the attention of all riparian proprietors and also the general public to the fact that it is an offence to deposit or discharge rubbish or dirt (which term the committee are advised includes every description of domestic, agricultural and industrial refuse, sewage and used sheep dip) in such a manner that it will eventually find its way into the Tweed or any of its tributaries.

THE SEASON

Spring Fish. Ettrick and Yarrow were well stocked but relatively few fish showed above Peebles on the spawning beds. *Sea Trout* were generally good. *Backend Salmon* were well below usual numbers. It is difficult to gauge the final results of the spawning season, because the damage done by the abnormal flood on November 13th cannot be estimated. There was no furunculosis and very little fungus. Generally there was quite a good show of smolts migrating to the sea from March to May. Smolts were caught in some of the lower nets as late as July.

From the beginning of July to the close of the season a decided scarcity was experienced especially as regards grilse. In February the season opened with somewhat disappointing results among the lower nets, but higher up they did very well. The fishing improved later on, but up to the end of June salmon and trout were much below last year's catches in the lower reaches. The first grilse was caught at Holiwell on April 6th, and by the end of June the catches showed a great improvement on last year during the same period. A 50lb. salmon was caught off Burnmouth on May 15th.

The first spate occurred on October 4th, followed by a series of spates culminating on November 13th in one of the biggest floods within living memory, and nearly reaching the 14ft. mark at Kelso. The season was disappointing, the best individual day's catch being five salmon. The heaviest salmon caught was 31lb. at South Wark on November 22nd. The floods of the autumn continued through the close season (December and January).

The first week in February was very cold, and the second week one of floods. Excellent sport was enjoyed with the opening of the spinning season, and on February 15th and 16th on one fishing two rods landed seventy-three salmon. With the exception of a short period towards the end of March (when the river was low and clear) the fishing remained consistently good. April fishing was extremely good, one fishing above Kelso landing 217 salmon. Sport continued well into May, when a spell of fine weather brought the fishing in the Kelso district to a close. St. Boswells and Melrose district fishing was not so good. A few fish were caught as far up as Boleside in February. Generally speaking, the rod season was a remarkably fine one.

Salmon were later than usual in reaching the Ettrick. The first runs, apart from odd fish, passed through Selkirk at the end of June and beginning of July, and they are well spread out in the Ettrick and Yarrow.

The following were netted and removed from the various rivers mentioned:

Place—River—Month	Grayling	Roach	Pike	Gudgeon	Perch
Floors, Tweed, Aug.	295	—	—	—	—
Pavilion, Sept.	320	—	—	—	—
Carham, Sept.	135	—	—	—	—
S. Wark, Sept.	400	1	—	—	—
Bingham, Dub., Sept.	228	—	—	—	—
Cornhill, Sept.	110	—	—	—	—
Leet, Sept.	270	5	—	—	—
Ladykirk, Sept.	305	215	—	—	8
Twisel, Till, May	—	13,190	—	20	—
River Kale, May	25	—	—	—	—
Chesters, Teviot, Mar	260	—	1	—	—
Monteviot, May	1,150	—	3	—	5
Jed to Kale, May	935	1	—	—	2

The weather conditions prevented any netting in the lower district in January before the netting season started. The good results obtained in the Till were again largely due to the valuable assistance given by the Tillmouth gamekeeper (Mr. Shaw). In addition to the above about 1,000 grayling were removed from the Bowmont, and a number of pike taken out of St. Mary's Loch. It is hoped that every effort will be made to continue to net for coarse fish.

The assets belonging to the Commissioners amount to £6,121 12s. 1d.

PICKING AND STORAGE OF FRUIT

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

MANY farmers feared that the 1939 crop of apples would never be sold. It is one of those years when everyone has fruit, and in peace time only a percentage could be sold. The war has altered the situation entirely, and all farmers are urged to conserve all food stuffs and to market them as and when the Government directs.

On large fruit farms, progressive growers have already erected gas or cold stores, but there are



RINGING IN BUSHEL BASKETS
Apples being sent away which have kept well in an improvised store

hundreds of farmers throughout the country with a small acreage down to fruit who have no particular facilities for storing. Such men will have to devise suitable inexpensive methods and this article is designed to help them.

It has been shown by Dr. T. Wallace, of the Long Ashton Research Station, that fruit from young trees does not keep as well as a similar crop from trees that are more mature. They are susceptible both to rots and to physiological breakdowns. He has also shown that fruits picked too early may be less susceptible to breakdown and rots, but are liable to a kind of superficial scald as well as to wilt. It is necessary, therefore, to pick before the fruit is fully ripe. Terminal fruits, or the "king" fruits as they are sometimes called (they are the centre fruit of a cluster), are more susceptible to rot than the side fruits of the cluster.

To ensure lengthy storage it is necessary to pick fruit carefully. Pickers, unless they are warned, do not realise how delicate fruits are. It only needs the slightest bruise, made with the thumb and forefinger, and the skin and flesh are damaged, with the chance that fungus spores may enter and cause a rot to set in.

No fruit should be picked by taking it between the thumb and forefinger. Gathering should take place by lifting the fruit up with the palm of the hand. The operation has come to be known as "palming," and it is demonstrated quite clearly in the photograph. The stalks should come away from the spur without any bother or pulling. If it has to be tugged there is always the danger that next year's fruit may be damaged. If, on the other hand, the stalk is left on the tree, the fruit will not keep.

Farmers should learn that the receptacle into which the fruit is placed should be one that cannot cause any damage at all. Even the wicker ribbing of an ordinary basket can chafe the skin and so cause trouble later. Baskets should be lined and padded with felt, while an excellent container is an ordinary bucket painted inside with a good white enamel paint. The picker should place the fruit in the container and not drop it in carelessly. In the case of tall trees, picking stools or step ladders should be used, as it is a mistake to reach up and try to pull down branches, for in this way they are often damaged. An interesting picking stool is seen in the photograph. This can be easily moved about from tree to tree and orchard to orchard.

When ladders have to be put up into trees they should be placed into a fork, or on to limbs which should be stout enough to bear them. If the tops of the ladders are bound with sacking this prevents them from damaging the bark.

Some varieties of apples may be described as "keepers," while others are better used soon after they are picked. A list of long-keeping culinary varieties should include Lane's Prince Albert, Monarch, Wellington, Edward VII, Crawley Beauty, Bramley Seedling, Newton Wonder and Encore. Dessert varieties which store satisfactorily are Norfolk Royal, Blenheim Orange, Christmas, Pearmain, Waggoner, May Queen, St. Cecelia, Cox's Orange Pippin, Ribston Pippin and Upton Pyne.

Many a barn or shed may be converted temporarily into a suitable storehouse if it is lined and floored with straw to a depth of 1ft. The apples can be laid on the straw, piled up 2ft. or 3ft. deep, and in this way the necessary insulation is provided. Before storage it is always advisable to stand the fruit outside in boxes or baskets, for a fortnight or so,



THE PICKING LADDER WITH THE WHEEL, WHICH IS EASY TO MOVE ABOUT

so as to allow it to "sweat." It may be covered over temporarily with sacks or an old tarpaulin, so as to keep off rain and prevent damage by frost. It is when the fruit has completed its moist transpiration that it can be taken under cover.

It may be advisable to let wire-netting into the ground a foot below soil level, so as to prevent rats and mice burrowing. There is no need to have any windows at all. The necessary light can be provided, when the fruit is put in or taken out, by opening the door and, say, a wooden ventilator. If there can be two ventilators, one at either end of the building, so much the better, for then a through draught will be ensured as the new fruit is put into the store week by week. When closed, these ventilators help in controlling the temperature, which should keep at round about 40 degrees F.

The atmosphere in a store should never be too dry, for in this case the fruit will shrivel. This is the reason that so many growers prefer an earth floor to one made of wood or stone. If each fruit can be wrapped, disease spores cannot get from one specimen to another. Oiled wrapping papers are the best and may be obtained quite cheaply these days from horticultural sundriesmen. Iodised tissue wrappers have also been tried, and these have



CORRECT METHOD OF PICKING
Note the way the palm of the hand grips the fruit evenly and does not bruise.

been found effective, but they are rather more expensive. Wrapping in newspaper or plain paper is better than nothing. Wrapped fruit does keep better than when unwrapped.

For those who have no store at all there is always the clamp method. A shallow pit is dug outside and lined with clean straw. The apples are then placed in position to a height of about 3ft., the base of the heap being, say, 3ft. 6in. Over the top of the heap, however long it may be, a 3in. layer of straw should be laid, and for the first fortnight this should be removed during the day time to allow the sweat on the fruit to be evaporated. After three weeks the clamp should be covered with another 3in. layer of straw, and this may be kept in position by the use of sacks and perhaps hurdles laid on. It does not appear to be necessary to cover the straw with earth, as in the case of potatoes.

A trench 1ft. wide and 1ft. deep may be dug around the clamp so as to assist in the draining off of water, and a ring of wire netting may be put around the clamp so as to control rodents.



PUTTING POTATOES DOWN IN A CLAMP
Apples can be treated in similar manner only they must be handled more carefully



"KNIPHOFIAS IN MASS ARE INVALUABLE FOR AUTUMN EFFECT"

THE AUTUMN BORDER

Despite the injunctions to dig up our gardens there must still remain spots for Beauty at a time when all is gloomy around us. Many a lawn and border will be sacrificed, but some space in our gardens should be devoted to cheerful colour, and it must also be remembered that nurserymen and bulb suppliers still have their staff to keep and their stock to sell.

IN most gardens the herbaceous border is at its best in autumn, for even without skilful grouping Michaelmas Daisies, Heleniums, and the better Aconites, together with Dahlias, cannot fail to make a rich display of colour. So rich, indeed, that whereas for the summer border a great deal of attention is paid to edging plants, little trouble as a rule is bestowed on the front line plants for the autumn border. Yet a good edging adds enormously to the general effect. Amongst the best are *Sedum spectabile* (which everyone associates with autumn butterflies), and *Polygonum affine*, valuable not only for its spikes of pink flowers, but even more for the rich crimson its foliage turns in autumn.

Kniphofias are not so popular now as formerly, yet they are invaluable for autumn effect. Apart from their numerous other virtues they require no staking. Many gardeners pile ashes over them for protection during the winter, but it is better to tie the leaves together just above the crown, for this makes a protective thatch that throws off rain. It is not so much the cold but the damp of our winters that affects them adversely. They do best in a rich soil, provided it is thoroughly well drained, and best of all on a bed with a slight slope. Another important point is never to cut the flowering stems even when they have faded, for in common with all members of the liliaceæ tribe these should be left to die down naturally. In the case of plants that have flowered poorly leaving the flowering stems in this way often results in excellent flowering the following season.

Kniphofias are amongst the few herbaceous subjects that are best planted in spring so that they can get thoroughly well established before winter. A mild spell in May is ideal. The roots should be well spread out and the crowns put in not more than 4in. below the surface soil. In the event of a late spring drought liberal waterings are essential, and enough given each time to reach the furthest roots. Mere surface sprinklings are useless. Once planted Kniphofias should never be disturbed. Most of the species produce suckers, and these can be taken off in May and planted.

The old Victorian favourite *K. aloides* (known in those days however as *Tritoma uvaria*) is still one of the very best. Its magnificent scarlet heads, on 6ft. stems, are produced from July to September. *K. a. nobilis* flowers in September. Most of the hybrids flower in July and August, but Sunset, one of the best, flowers in September. So does *K. erecta*, the flowers of which turn upright as they open. Amongst the pick of the dwarf kinds is *K. Galpinii*, for this begins flowering in September and goes on all through a mild November. It does well even on heavy soils, and its dainty apricot-coloured flowers on 2ft. stems are invaluable for picking. They associate charmingly with Michaelmas Daisies.

Anemone japonica, although generally regarded as a weed, is invaluable for its continuous flowering, and the old white-flowered variety, Honorine Joubert, still deserves a place in every border. The comparatively new Snow Queen has semi-double white flowers, and though not so tall growing as the single kind is quite effective. Other excellent modern hybrids are *A. j. elegantissima* with rich pink flowers semi-double, Charmeuse with purplish-pink flowers (this hybrid flowers to mid-October), Max Vogel (rose pink) and the tall Whirlwind with semi-double white flowers.

The Hupehense hybrids are rather dwarf, but the best of them associate well with that invaluable Aster species *A. Thomsoni*, which also grows about 18in. high. This Aster is still comparatively seldom grown in spite of the fact that it flowers from July to November. *Anthemis Sancta Johannis* is another invaluable front row border plant, for it flowers till quite the end of October. The best form is Wells variety with golden flowers nearly 3in. across.

Michaelmas Daisies are now such a cult that borders devoted solely to them are now not uncommon. The most effective are, I think, the really rich blue, together with rose-red varieties such as Red Rover. Michaelmas Daisies that are at their best in October are invaluable. Amongst the pick of these are Blue Gown, with very rich blue flowers on branching stems 6ft. high; Spire, with a pyramidal habit of growth and flowers nearly 3in. across; Mulberry with flowers of a colour described by the name; Ruby Tips, Queen May, Harmony, Taplow Spire and Heather Glow. It is a pity to grow tall and branching Michaelmas Daisies in big clumps. Varieties such as Spire, which flower right down to the ground if grown allowing three stems to each plant, branch in all directions. Grown thus they are far more effective than when grown in clumps showing a mass of bare stems almost up to the top.

The pick of the late flowering Heleniums are *H. rubrum* and Chipperfield Orange. Crimson Beauty is a good front row plant, for it grows only about 18in. high and flowers from June to October.

Some of the less common Gypsophilas are useful autumn border plants, notably *G. Oldhamiana* and *G. pacifica*. Both these are pink-flowered and grow well over 3ft. and lighten the general effect which in autumn is apt to be rather heavy.

Amongst the latest flowering of all border plants, especially on warm soils, are Geums and Pentstemons. Geum Borisii is amongst the pick of the Geums in this respect. Pentstemons, especially when the cherry and mauve kinds are grown in mixture, are always delightful and invaluable for picking. The cheery little button chrysanthemums, once so popular with cottagers, go on till December in mild parts.

Heliopsis scabra incomparabilis, introduced comparatively recently, is a rich yellow-flowered border plant that will presumably soon be grown in every border, for it is first-rate. The still new *H. s. patula*, which grows well over 3ft., is if anything even finer.

E. S. R.

ESTATE WOODMEN

By REGINALD DAVEY

THE understandable reaction of at least one landowner to the crisis was the resolve to reduce his expenses by cutting down his estate staff. He found that with business at a standstill and the prospect of heavy taxation, he could hardly do otherwise than cut his coat according to his cloth. Reviewing his wage bill, he would part with a gardener or two, dismiss the underkeeper, and dispense with the woodland and sawyard staff, but a little thought cast doubt on the wisdom of this proceeding.

Quite apart from the national interest, which suggests the retention of all skilled woodmen and sawyers of which there is bound to be a shortage in the country, it is not always to an owner's financial interest to stop suddenly in the middle of a productive woodland programme. Nor is it profitable to give a standstill order to a sawmill which is in operation and contains both round timber, scantling and plank in all stages of conversion.

Restricted imports place a responsibility upon all private sawmills, all of which have recently been listed by the Forestry Commission, and it is desirable that they should be kept at least in reduced operation until the spring. By then the permanent scheme will be working and in all probability they will be taken over by the Government. Mills are no good without the men to work them, and with the reduction of staff inevitable in time of war it is in most cases to the owner's benefit to dismiss no one, but to carry on the normal conversion, well knowing that the controlled price for the timber produced will ensure a satisfactory profit.

The mill will then be found with the staff to work it, and the owner will have served his country well, and without being the loser thereby. To close the mill and dismiss the staff would involve losing the full value of much partly-converted material.

The same difficulty exists with the woodland staff proper. If men are told to seek other employment they will find it in other pursuits such as agriculture, and be lost to forestry for the duration of the war. Lack of skilled men is a problem of major importance in peace time, and with the greater stress of felling, extraction and conversion entailed by a restriction of imports every effort should be made to save these men. If they cannot be kept, their services might be offered to a firm of timber merchants, whose staffs will have been depleted and who will in any case require additional personnel to cope with the conversion of the huge quantities of soft-wood that normally arrives already sawn.

On most estates one or two men will be retained in the woods, whatever the decision as to the main staff. The head woodmen will usually have a diverse variety of duties which must be performed. For instance he may attend to the estate water supply plant. Recently formed plantations must have the weeds cut back each summer, or the trees will largely be smothered and lost. This work calls for attention even in the most troublous times. The question of proceeding with the planting programme is a matter for the owner's decision. The Forestry Commission will tend and plant up the nation's forests as usual; but for the private owner it is no use bilking the fact that labour and plant supply difficulties will arise.

Of more immediate importance is the coming winter, for if the men be kept at work until the spring the national situation will be clearer and probably we shall all have been told exactly what is expected of us. A hasty decision to stop all work at once is most earnestly to be avoided, and the reply is the profitable employment of the men in winter.

Timber in excess of 1,000 cubic feet can be felled only with the consent of the Timber Control, whose address is care of the Postmaster, Bristol. If the use of unseasoned timber is to be avoided it is needful that all mature conifer plantations should be felled this winter, so that they can have some chance of seasoning. Trees on most estates are sold standing, the timber merchant providing his own labour. In practice he will often be only too pleased to employ and pay the estate woodmen for this work. The difficulty is to secure adequate storage for seasoning. Most timbers season equally well in the round or sawn to sizes, and in the case of oak the trees can lie in the wood until required. Beech and Scots pine require to be under cover, but larch is safe for a year or more in the open.

Of equal importance is the thinning of existing plantations to secure the greatest rate of growth, a matter of some importance in a long war and of financial benefit to the owner. The operation is most profitable, yielding as it does the much-needed pit props. In a recent case an outlay of £100 in labour and haulage was estimated to bring a return of £125 for the stacked props. The question for the estate owner is not "Can I afford to keep on the men?" but "Can I afford not to?"



Where will you get your UNIFORM?

You would be wise to go to a firm who have had long experience of the intricacies of service wear. We have been military outfitters for over 50 years, and can supply Officers immediately not only with uniform, but full equipment, boots, shirts, camp kit, field glasses, prismatic compasses, and so on, under the one roof.

Please write for our price list of uniforms, ready to wear or made to measure, and full equipment, mentioning which Service you are joining.

W.A.A.F., A.T.S. and W.R.N.S. Officers' Uniforms made to measure guaranteed to conform with Regulations.

POST ORDERS
All Orders by Post will be fulfilled and goods despatched without delay.

MOSS BROS
& CO LTD.

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King Street and Bedford Street, W.C.2

TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also at 5, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER, 2

During the Winter months most of our staff will be leaving an hour before "Black-out" Time to enable them to get home with safety. There will always be a small number of competent assistants remaining until our usual closing time for customers who cannot conveniently shop in daylight.



AN ALL-ROUND SAFEGUARD



F. & S. Photo

ON THE FARM

Cleanliness is the greatest enemy of disease on the farm. 'Chloros' is the best friend of cleanliness. It is ruthless in its action against disease germs yet it is absolutely harmless to stock.

CHLOROS
TRADE MARK

THE IDEAL FARM DISINFECTANT

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD., DEPT. G.C.84, IMPERIAL CHEMICAL HOUSE, LONDON, S.W.1

C.N. 859



BARBERRY, BLACKBERRY, CRAB APPLES AND CORNUTS MAKE A TYPICAL AUTUMN "MIXED BUNCH"

AUTUMN FLORAL DECORATIONS

By MARGUERITE JAMES

IT is so easy to develop a single-track mind on the subject of floral decoration. In my own case, if Eastern Floral Arrangement is mentioned I immediately think of twisted, lichen-covered branches and scraps of blossom. I have to be reminded that the land of the pink Cherries is also the land of the Chrysanthemum, and that the fall of the year finds there, as in our own country, a very different style of floral decoration from that which we call "typically Japanese."

I refer to the kind of decoration staged at Eastern horticultural exhibitions. This I can only liken to our green topiary figures; indeed, I have often wondered that some enterprising exhibitor here has not adopted the style, if not because of its sheer artistry (which might well be disputed) then because this method of display would be arresting and provocative. Flower heads alone are used for this form of Chrysanthemum exhibit. They are packed closely together over a cane or straw dummy, so that the result is a figure that appears to be modelled in flower heads. One could, I suppose, use the frames sold by topiary specialists to train box or bay, and pack the flower heads over the frame on a mossy bed, as florists do in making wreaths. A teddy-bear in bronze Chrysanthemums would be a fine figure for a children's party.

However, perhaps most of us like Chrysanthemums better in vases for our house rooms, and used in this way, they are some of the easiest of flowers to arrange. The colours are easy, too, for there are varieties in all colours except blue. Market blooms, in almost unlimited quantities, can be bought in white, yellow, orange, apricot, pink, bronze or dark red, and most of these can be in natural sprays or single, *i.e.*, disbudded, blooms. A good point about them is that whether they are tousled curly-heads, mopheads, tiny buttons, singles or any other type, they all last well; and I am sure that the practices so often recommended, charring, bruising and so on, are unnecessary, and, in most cases, useless.

Sometimes one likes to get away from the Chrysanthemums, and from equally obvious autumn decorations of coloured leaves, and revert to the cottagers' favourites, the silver moons of Honesty, scarlet lanterns of the Cape Gooseberry, and golden Helichrysums. All these dried lovelies, summer's rich legacy, make charming little arrangements for such places as landing windows, strong daylight being rather important. I like them, too, particularly the golden Helichrysums and silver Honesty, in rooms decorated in blue or mauve. There is not much real autumn material in the blue colour range. There is everlasting Statice, of course, and if you say this emphatically enough, it describes what some of us feel about it, specially when we see it used with fresh Roses or Carnations; this ought to be a criminal offence.

An interesting decoration for blue rooms can be made with fruits of various kinds, the blue-black berries of most of the Barberries, Damsons, outdoor Grapes, Blackberries, and the curious pinky-purple berries of several Callicarpa species. Until mid-October we can generally gather (in Kent) the steely blue heads of Echinops ritro, the Globe Thistle, and these, like the Helichrysums, mix happily with Honesty, or even, on occasion, with the early red "Goacher" or "Conqueror" Chrysanthemums.

Arrangements of bluish berries are improved by the inclusion of silver foliage and dark reddish fruits, or, alternatively, by orange and red foliage and fruits.

Typical autumn decorations in gold and brown do not light up quite so well as those of late winter and spring. For that reason one must choose the lighter colours in Chrysanthemums for dinner tables. Carnations, which never fail us through the whole twelve months, are another good choice where a decoration must be light in colour and texture, but not insignificant.

For breakfast and small occasional tables, the so-called autumn Crocus, *Colchicum autumnale*, can be gathered just before the flower is fully open, and set in plain or cut-glass vases or bowls. It opens delightfully indoors, and is quite charming alone, though a little light foliage can be added if preferred.

Glycerine and seed heads! These are my last-minute reminders. The glycerine is to preserve armfuls of Beech leaves, so that they can be used when the trees themselves are leafless. The proper time to gather Beech is when some of the leaves are green and some golden-brown. Stand the stems in deep containers filled with salt water for a day. Then put them into vases of glycerine and water—one-third glycerine—and they will keep well for months.

As for seed heads, now is the best time to go all round the grounds, secateurs in hand, to reap the harvest of good material that the gardener would probably overlook—Iris that is seeding, dry heads of Achillea, dry Poppy heads, Teazels, Rose hips, dry spires of Solidago and Verbascum, plumes from the Smoke Plant (Venetian Sumach), tufts of Old Man's Beard, and many more precious trophies. These will be useful later on, even if they are not needed now.

During your travels you may perhaps discover a "forkful" of loveliness to bring back to your boudoir table or desk, in the form of moss-covered earth and flaming scarlet or orange "Toadstools." Glorious things, these. You just dump them as they are in a thick pottery dish or bowl, with odd extra scraps of green moss and your decoration is complete. But keep them under your own eye, for possibly poisonous fungi must never stand in places where children's fingers may reach them.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Grease Banding

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THIS year I have seen hundreds of trees defoliated by caterpillars of the winter moth group. I went into one orchard in Gloucestershire, where there was not a leaf left. I walked down an avenue of limes in Essex which should have been clothed with foliage but which was bare, owing to the ravages of hundreds of caterpillars.

On the other hand, there have been lime avenues this year which have hardly lost a leaf, and there are thousands of orchards all over the country that have borne heavy crops and whose foliage has never been touched. It is all a question of pest control. The gardener has to think ahead.

In the winter moth group I class the true Winter moth, the March moth and the Mottled Umber moth. All of them lay eggs which hatch out into caterpillars, and it is these caterpillars that devour the blossoms and the leaves just as they develop in the spring. When there are thousands of them I call them a plague of caterpillars, and after the spring of 1939 it may well be that there will be a plague in 1940.

The female winter moths are unable to fly about for they have no wings. The males, however, have wings and can fly about at will for mating purposes. The females, after mating, crawl up the trunks of the trees into the branches to lay their eggs. This may happen any time from now on.

To prevent the females from reaching the branches, a band of sticky material should be placed around the trunk of the tree, or around each branch if the tree is trunkless. Horticultural manufacturers produce special banding grease, as it is called, which lasts a long time. It is very sticky, and the moths never get over it, for they are trapped like flies are on flypapers.

It is better not to apply the banding grease directly on to the bark, but to wrap round, first of all, a strip of special grease-proof paper. This should be tied firmly into position, top and bottom. It is on to the paper that the sticky grease is smeared, either with the hand or with a thin piece of wood, like an 8-inch label. Because of its very stickiness the smearing is not an easy job, but it is well worth while doing.

There are various firms which specialise in this banding grease, and they include Messrs. Plant Protection, Ltd., of Yalding, Kent; Messrs. Ozono Chemical Company, of Wheelock, Sandbach, Cheshire; Messrs. Murphy, Wheathampstead, St. Albans, Herts; Messrs. Corry & Co., Shad Thames, S.E. 1; Messrs. Kay Brothers, Ltd. of Reddish, Stockport.

Sometimes, after the bands have been applied, readers write in to say they are disappointed, for they cannot find that they have caught any moths! Birds have a habit of visiting the grease bands regularly, and directly a female is caught she is eaten up. It is not, therefore, always possible to see a large catch.

When moths are numerous, they may form a bridge over the sticky material with their bodies. One will crawl so far, and get stuck, another will get further over the dead body, and so on until the end of the band is reached. It is therefore advisable to inspect the trees from time to time to see that nothing has impeded the "stickability" of the material. Little twigs may get stuck, leaves and such-like, and these should be removed. It does not take a long time to go round the bands once a week and to disturb the tacky substance, and so keep it at its best.

Any ordinary grease will not do, for it does not keep "tacky" long enough. It is necessary to buy the special banding material made by one of the firms listed above. This will not only catch the females of the winter moth group, but they are invaluable for trapping all kinds of other insect pests, providing they are kept tacky right through until the early summer.

These bands have been much used for stopping capsid bugs when young, before they have their wings. The leaf-eating weevils when running up the trunks will also be trapped. Woolly aphides are often caught in large numbers.

In my book, *Garden Pests and Diseases*, published at 6d., full details appear of the control of the various garden pests and diseases and page 35 deals with grease banding. *Field* readers may have this book gratis, if they enclose 2d. for postage, and say how many fruit trees they have in their garden.

If a tree is staked it is necessary to grease-band the stake as well as the tree, or else the moths will use the stake as a kind of bridge. With old trees, it is possible to put the grease direct on to the trunk, and so save using the greaseproof paper.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"OVER-FOXED" ESTATES

SIR,—During the last War, a meeting was held by the M.F.H. Association at which it was decided that foxes should be put down.

The motion was agreed to without dissent, and every M.F.H. present agreed to do his best to reduce the supply to reasonable proportions. On one estate, to my knowledge, 78 foxes were destroyed.

But since that period the said estate has become "over-foxed," like many others. Foxes provide sport for those people who have the means and leisure to follow hounds.

It seems likely that the preparation for defence and the declaration of war will not leave many people with means and leisure to hunt. Also foxes in order to exist consume poultry, game and rabbits which will be wanted as human food.

I, for one, do beg landowners and others to see to it that no more than a breeding stock of foxes is left. I have given instructions to my keepers to that effect.

They are young men of military age, and will in all probability shortly be called up to do their duty. But while in my service they will carry out my orders, and I hope other owners and tenants of shooting will do the same.

I send you this letter with the full approval of the Master of these hounds.

Yours faithfully,
CYRIL STACEY (Major, ret.).
Chairman of Committee,
North Cotswold Hunt.

WHEN IS A CHARGE?

SIR,—The "charge" of any animal, from the elephant to the domestic hen, cannot be mistaken. If there is the faintest doubt about it then it is not a "charge." When meaning business there is a something in an animal's eye, and in its whole bearing, that once seen can never again be mistaken.

I cannot agree that no beast is dangerous until one has made it so. Females with young are often very dangerous; and males, for one month or so out of the twelve, are sometimes so aggressive that it is highly dangerous to show one's nose within a thousand yards.

Animals wounded, or missed, and not seeing the shooter, will often go straight on, but will, more often, back track. And sometimes they will come back along the bullet's line of flight.

Some insects, hornets and wasps, will come back on the line of a projectile and let the "projector" have it in the neck. This has happened to me. A bullet seems to leave some trace of its passage through the air easily perceptible to the fine senses of wild beasts, and I have amused myself in places as far apart as the Highlands of Scotland and the middle of Borneo in watching the effect of a bullet fired a long way in front of travelling deer.

When the old hind in the lead reaches the "line" one can see her wince and recoil as if hit across the nose. It is then about-turn and off on another tack.

And this brings me to the hardy annual—big rifle versus the small bore. What Sir S. Baker said in 1861 (was it?) is true to-day. If really after dangerous game, and by "after" I mean in all sorts of weather, in all sorts of rough country, and following up wounded beasts, then, if one wants to live to a green old age, the heaviest rifle that one can use comfortably is the rifle to trust in. This is not to advocate the use of a .600 or .577 on Nilghiri tahr, of course, although even with such small game I found a .577 more satisfactory and humane than smaller rifles.

The nearer one's bullet is to pure lead, except for elephant or rhino, the better the results.

Yours faithfully,
Overdale, Crieff. .577.

ROBBERY IN MID AIR

SIR,—Reading something the other day about birds "towering" when shot through the lungs, reminded me of a curious experience I had some years ago whilst on safari in the Samburu country, Kenya. One morning when out shooting spurfowl, a large species of francolin, I had just got a successful right and left. The second bird, a large cock—probably weighing 2lb. or more—evidently hit in the lungs, started to "tower." Before he had got very high, a very large hawk suddenly swooped out of a nearby tree and seized the bird in mid air. He then at once proceeded to carry off his prey with the greatest of ease. The hawk, after flying 500yds. or 400yds., settled in the upper branches of a high tree.

Annoyed at being robbed in such a barefaced way, I proceeded to stalk the robber. When I considered I was close enough for an effective shot, I fired at the hawk. He toppled over backwards, but managed to hang on to the branch on which he had been perched, by one foot, at the same time dropping his prey. Then another curious thing happened. Almost before, as it seemed, the spurfowl touched the ground a second hawk, which had evidently been watching the first fellow, hurtled out of another tree and seized the bird, flying off with it almost before I had realised what was happening. In the meantime the first hawk, after hanging upside down for a few seconds, let go his hold, but when half-way to earth suddenly managed to right himself and flounder off in the direction taken by the second one. Both disappeared into a patch of forest, so I saw no more of them or my dinner!

It would be interesting to know if any of your other readers have ever had a similar experience.

Yours faithfully,
Vilima, SPENCER TRYON.
Molo, Kenya.

TIGERS IN NASIK

SIR.—Last May I had the luck to shoot two tigers in one beat (and incidentally missing a third in the same beat) at Tabrabad, in the Nasik District.

My shikar stand-by is the Hon. J. W. Best's *Indian Shikar Notes*, third edition, and following his instructions how to measure tigers, I found the female to be 9ft. 7in., and the male 9ft. 2in.

Tigers are rare in Nasik, and these had probably wandered over from Khandesh, and finding the hunting good remained there. They had over 50 buffaloes, &c., to their credit. I would like to know how the measurements of the tigress compare with other shikaris' efforts. It took six Bhils to lift her on to a charpoy and carry her a mile to the car.

Yours faithfully,
Asst. Sup. Police, H. S. MCGUIGAN.
Nasik, B.P.

A HEN COMPANION

SIR,—As an amateur at chicken-keeping, I am told that a hen I possess is a marvel. At about four months old she started laying, and except for missing about one day a month, she has layed a small off-white chalky egg, ever since, and she is now about a year old. She has lived under rather exceptional circumstances. Hatched out by a duck, at a time in the rains, when there were no contemporaries to put her with, she was kept in a box on the veranda. From the first she was of a gregarious nature, and cheeped to be spoken and played with, and when a little older, she would sit for an hour at a time on my instep as I sewed or wrote. When she got too big to remain in her box with a wire netting over it, she sat on the edge and never attempted to leave it, except for my instep. When three-quarter grown, we put her into the garden in the daytime to be with the other hens, but she never really became one of them, and always came back at night to sleep on the edge of her box.

One day she made a clucking sound, so I put her in a basket, and she produced her first egg, and every day since, except for a day about every month, she has gone on laying for the eight months. For three months she went to stay with friends while we were on leave in England, and there she layed her egg in a box of earth in an outhouse. Now, since her return, she chose to go to the "boys'" room and lay on a suitcase, with fatal results to the egg, as it rolled off and broke. So I have weaned her from that, and she now comes into the house again, and lays on a piece of newspaper on a chair in the bathroom. She comes when I call her, and will walk about the garden with me, though alone she never goes further than about 15 yards from the house.

At the proper season, she much enjoys a walk with me down an avenue, the trees of which are much eaten by white ant, and afford her a lovely feast when I knock away the mud which covers them. She is very fierce with the ducks when I am feeding them, attacking and pecking them, but from her own kind, I am sorry to say, she runs away, giving up her place.

She has pretentions to being a white Wyandotte, but is of smaller build, though very compact, and not leggy, as the native birds are in this part of the world. I do not know if her upbringing has anything to do with her continual laying; she certainly as a chick got a lot of titbits, but I now keep her to the two local corns "aish" and "durchen."

Yours faithfully,
ENID KIDD (Mrs.).
Sudan Plantations Syndicate,
Wad El Naim House,
Barakat, Sudan.

P.S.—I have two ducks who have inherited a funny habit from their father, an old drake, who would not eat corn off the ground, but jumped and caught a few grains at a time in his beak which were thrown to him.

One sad day he was found eating ducklings, and forthwith went into the pot. A month or two later two of the now half-grown ducklings started the same habit, and will now, as drakes, take it in turn to "jump-and-catch" their corn.

PENNY-FARTHING DAYS

SIR,—The above title, given to the article in the *Field* of the 9th, on the ordinary or high bicycle of the 'eighties and 'nineties, seems misleading, as it suggests that "penny-farthing" was then a name given to this early type of bicycle. In those days I was a schoolboy with brothers who rode these machines, and later at Cambridge where they were the mounts of the University Cycling Club. I never heard anyone speak of them as "penny-farthings" which must be an invention of the present century to contrast their appearance with that of the safety bicycle.

Yours faithfully,
Bryn-y-Grog, R. STEWART-BROWN.
Marchviel.

THE LATE H. C. BAGOT

SIR,—It is with deep regret that your readers, and especially those in Ceylon, will learn of the death of Mr. H. C. Bagot at the age of 81 years.

During all the years of his life he proved himself a sportsman in every sense of the word with rifle, gun and hound. And the writer, a member of the present generation, pays a small tribute on the death of a fine sportsman who knew sport under conditions which, alas, no longer obtain; and one of those whose numbers grow less with the passing years, leaving none who can take their place.

Yours faithfully,
Telbedde, B. MOORE-BOYLE.
Badulla, Ceylon.

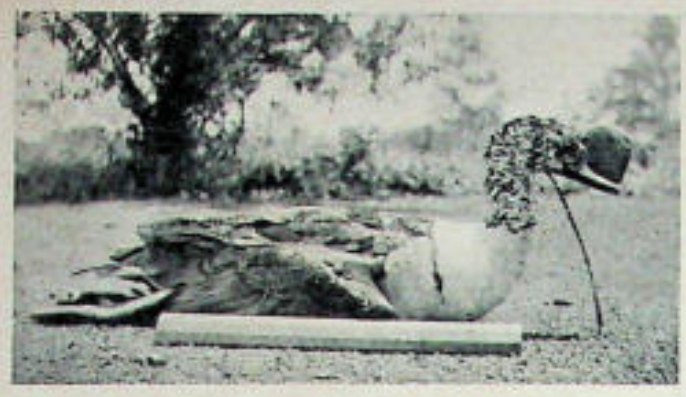
HUNTED HARE CAUGHT BY EAGLE

SIR,—I have just seen a curious incident reported in the *Field* and should like to put on record a similar experience of mine.

During a drive for wild boar on the side of Lake Butsinto in Albania in January, 1938, my beaters put up a hare which was swooped on, in front of the line of beaters, and carried straight over my head. I had a shot at it with my rifle whereupon, the bullet apparently having gone very close to the eagle, the hare was dropped dead within about twenty yards of my feet.

Yours faithfully,
Taunton. DAVID FORBES.





WHAT IS THE KNOB FOR?
(See letter "The Knot-billed Duck")

AN ANGLER'S SURPRISE

SIR,—On Friday, August 25th, when fishing with two friends and two boatmen off Kingsdown, near Deal, a strong pull on my line broke the paternoster. This was replaced by another and immediately I had a bite and to our surprise I landed not only a fish on the new line, but I brought up also the paternoster I had a short time before lost with two good-sized pouting nicely hooked.

The odds against such an occurrence happening would appear to be so great, I thought it might be of interest to some of your readers.

I have of course had humorous remarks made as to the event being another good—if fishy—angler's yarn, but as I had four witnesses I feel less nervous about mentioning it than would ordinarily be the case.

Yours faithfully,
GLADYS M. ROBINSON.

Tunbridge Wells.

RE HARVEST BUGS

SIR,—In a recent issue one of your correspondents inquired for a remedy or preventive against bites and irritation set up by harvest bugs. Has your correspondent ever tried Citronella? It is a rare thing for keeping flies and gnats off when fishing or shooting. Put some round coat collar and hat. To kill harvesters dab spots with paraffin.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. HEATH.

Upton Dean,
Andover.



THE KNOT-BILLED DUCK

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of what I believe to be the knot-billed duck, *Sarkidiornis melanonotus*. Only the adult males have the curious knob on the bill, and I would very much like to know if any of your readers could tell me what it is for.

These duck, which are plentiful in the large swamps along the North Zululand coast, come inland during the summer months.

They seem to feed almost entirely on grass seeds and roost in trees at night.

Yours faithfully,
PETER NEWSON.

Lismore,
P.O. Ingwavuma,
Zululand.

GOLF CHAMPIONS OF NORTHERN INDIA

SIR,—Here are photographs from India which may interest English readers. The first shows the Amateur Golf Champion of Northern India, Mr. A. Chapman, in the centre of the picture with the Championship Challenge Shield. He beat Captain R. A. K. Sangster (on his left) by one up. On his right is the Bishop of Lahore, the Right Rev. George Dunsford Barne. The ladies are Mrs. J. F. L. Taylor (left), who beat Mrs. Freeman Taylor (right) by 2 and 1.

Yours faithfully,
H.

Gulmarg.





ABOVE: THE FINALISTS IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF NORTHERN INDIA WITH THE BISHOP OF LAHORE, AND BELOW THE WINNER AND RUNNER-UP IN THE LADIES' EVENT
(See letter "Golf Champions of Northern India")

A WASPS' NEST PROBLEM

SIR,—My father's account of the toad and the wasps, published in a recent *Field*, tempts me to write you an account of an interesting discovery I made here a few days ago.

Walking through a small spinney adjoining my house I saw what I took to be a new rabbit bury. Investigation showed it to be a hole about the size of one made by a rabbit, but only about 6in. or 8in. deep; in the hole was a wasps' nest with wasps still working (I enclose photograph).

The questions which arose were: What had tried to get at the nest; why had it not gone on with its work; and what had happened to the earth which had been dug out (there was very little around the hole)?

I suppose the answer to the first question is badger, or would a fox do this? The answers to the other two questions were supplied a few days later when, having killed the nest, I set to work to dig it out. I then found that it had already been dug out and that when I thought I was looking at the outside of the nest I was in reality looking at the inside of the shell of the nest, which had obviously been made only just below the surface of the ground—this accounting for the absence of loose soil around the hole.



ONLY THE SKELETON
(See letter "A Wasps' Nest Problem")

Yours faithfully,
J. S. G. EYRE.

Danemore,
South Godstone,
Surrey.

A BIG HORNET'S NEST

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the largest hornet's nest I have ever come across, which may be of interest to you.

The nest measures 22½in. by 11½in., and was found on the small stream, the actual head of the Columbia River.

Yours faithfully,
C. M. EDWARDS.

Canal Flat,
British Columbia.



SOMETHING TO STEER CLEAR
(See letter "A Big Hornet's Nest")

A FINE ROE HEAD

SIR,—This may interest your readers: A roe was recently killed in Stockton Wood, which is above the Wylye Valley in Wiltshire, and is, I believe, a record head for England. I sent it to Messrs. Rowland Ward, who were good enough to measure it for me, and the measurements given are theirs:

	Length outside horn.	Circumference.	Tip to tip.
Previous record head for England	11″	3⅜″	6½″
The Stockton head ..	11½″	4″	7⅜″

I think there is no doubt that the roe is increasing in all suitable areas over the south of England; in many places they do a good deal of damage to forestry.

I shall be very interested to see what effect this present war has on their numbers.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR ARNOLD.

Mayles,
Wickham, Hants.

STALKING TELESCOPES WANTED

SIR,—I should like to appeal through your columns for additional telescopes for the use of the stalkers, gillies and keepers serving with this regiment. It is of the utmost importance that an adequate supply should be available. In 1914 a large number of private and estate glasses were forthcoming from owners of deer forests, and I hope that in this emergency also it will be possible to obtain from your readers any glasses that can be spared. They should be stalking telescopes, in good condition, of a magnification not less than X20, complete in the usual leather cases.

A careful register will be kept, so that if possible they may eventually be returned to the present owners. Letters on this subject, or the telescopes themselves, should be sent to me at this address.

Yours faithfully,
J. LESLIE MELVILLE
(Lieutenant-Colonel,
O.C. The Lovat Scouts).

H.Q., The Lovat Scouts,
Beauly.

IN THE CITY—1914 AND TO-DAY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

SOME time must inevitably elapse before business on the Stock Exchange settles down to anything approaching normal lines. Every industry in the country has its own war-time problems. Investors find extreme difficulty in forecasting the effect of the solution of these problems on the future prosperity of the companies in which they are interested.

For this reason price movements for securities are to-day vague and indecisive. Attention turns from one industry to another as the investor seeking safety for his capital endeavours to weigh up the probabilities connected with each.

So many unknown factors exist. There is, for instance, the prospect of additional taxation. It is impossible to tell where the burden will fall the heaviest. Indeed, the one thing of which we can be sure is that it will be heavy and designed at least in part to prevent anything in the nature of profiteering.

Apart from direct taxation profits will be eaten into by additional expenditure under the Civil Defence Act, compulsory insurance of stocks and other war-time expedients. These are problems which cannot be solved to-day. The operator in securities must, therefore, be prepared to cut a loss should markets turn against him. The successful operator always has sufficient courage to cut a loss.

There is, I find, a disposition among many to sell out shares in motor manufacturing companies. The contention is that the motor manufacturers will be unable to sell new cars with petrol severely rationed. That is probably a correct assumption.

It should not be overlooked, however, that the motor manufacturer of to-day can turn his works to other uses. Several of the companies are already engaged on Government work. Orders from that source will doubtless continue.

It may be interesting briefly to review what happened to the shares of motor companies which were in existence during the last war. There is the case of the Rover Company, whose £1 shares during 1914 found extreme prices of 90/7½ and 69/6. In 1915 the price went as low as 35/3, but by the end of 1918 the price was up again to 85/6.

Rolls-Royce may be taken as another instance. In 1914 Rolls-Royce ordinary touched a high of 59/4½ and a low of 50/–. In the first year of the last war the price went down to 25/–, but in 1918 the quotation was very nearly 77/– a share. Such movements suggest that conditions in the early days of the last war were similar to those existing to-day. I suggest that those who watch their markets and purchase on a fall will make money.

While some are selling motor shares others are buying Lancashire textiles. I understand that much of the recent buying has come from textile trade centres. The contention is that the industry stands to benefit from Government contracts. Many maintain that the outlook is brighter than for many years. That may be correct. What is certain is that the textile trade has been in a state of acute depression for many years.

Going back to 1914, it will be found that in 1914 Bradford Dyers ordinary shares varied in price between 24/3 and 20/6. In 1915 the price relapsed to 17/9, but by 1918 there had been a rise to about 34/– per share. In the boom which followed the war the price went to over 70/–. What has happened since then gives no encouragement to shareholders, and to-day the shares have a price around 5/6 with very little sign of any dividend coming.

This experience in Bradford Dyers was common to most textiles bares during the last war and what followed in the subsequent industrial boom. The problem is, "Will history be repeated." Many are doubtless banking on better conditions, which will probably come, but it must be understood that the Government stands firmly to cut out anything in the nature of profiteering. Still, fortune favours the brave. There may be subsequent profits in motor, textiles, and I will also mention shipping shares

WHY AN ADVERTISING BLACK-OUT?

By PERCIVAL MARSHALL

(Executive Chairman of the Periodical Trade Press and Weekly Newspaper Proprietors' Association)

IT is a remarkable thing that one of the most unexpected reactions on the outbreak of war should have come from those whom we regard as level-headed business men. I refer to the widespread rush to stop advertising in both the periodical and the trade and technical press, which marked the first few days of the new regime. That rush soon showed signs of subsiding, and in a number of cases cancelled appropriations have been resumed, and even new business has been placed. This is only common sense.

Presumably this panic was dictated mainly by a desire to effect an immediate economy in the conduct of business, and to cancel advertising contracts seemed such a simple way of saving money. Actually, this method of economising is a two-edged weapon which cuts both ways. The advertiser's name, and the goodwill of his particular product, which he has built up through years of intensive effort, disappears from the consumer's sight immediately. The buying public is left in the dark as to whether the advertiser and his goods are still in existence; his customers wonder whether he is loyally responding to the Prime Minister's definite request that all businesses should carry on, or whether he is on the point of fading out of the commercial picture.

By stopping his publicity the advertiser is in fact subjecting his business to a "black-out" in his particular market, a definite step backwards, from which it may take a long time to recover. Business is bound to continue, and both private and general industrial requirements will need to be filled on a large scale. The demand for certain existing goods of special service will be intensified, and new demands of all kinds will arise to meet the new conditions of life.

To stop advertising is to cut yourself off from the market, and to say to the readers of the journals you use "Relations are suspended—we are no longer interested in you." The psychological effect of ignoring your buying public in this way may have far reaching results. How much better to say to them: "We are carrying on—let us supply your needs."

The public at large will more than ever need appropriate reading material to divert their thoughts from the tragedy of the war, and to occupy their minds and entertain them during the enforced "black-out" hours. The periodical and magazine press will supply this want effectively and will continue to give good publicity value. So far as the trade and technical press is concerned, that two-edged weapon cuts another way. It inflicts definite injury on the journals which render such admirable service with vital news and important trade and technical information. These journals are themselves determined to carry on their service to industry. The stopping of your advertising can only diminish their resources for giving you that news and intelligence service which you must have if you are to carry on yourself. Why not make common cause with them, and help yourself by helping them in these difficult times?

The press is out to give both readers and advertisers the fullest possible value, consistent with any official restrictions, and it is in your interest to co-operate in the fullest possible measure. Do not "black-out" your business from your market; rather let the searchlight of the buyer be focused upon it.

Above all, let your world know that you are following the lead of the Prime Minister, and are loyally "carrying on."

[During the last war advertisers found the columns of the *Field* as valuable as ever in forwarding the interests of their businesses, and there is no reason why it should not serve them as well in the present war. The *Field* then was introduced to a large circle of new readers. It was in great demand in the Services, was sent to the Front by those at home, and in the words of the Prime Minister it "carried on" to give help and relaxation in times of stress. That duty its staff to-day will continue to fulfil. As far as businesses are concerned new channels will have to be developed to meet war-time needs. People will have to be clothed and equipped on sound lines and some firms have not been slow to rise to the occasion. Certain amenities too will be needed, and the false economy of retrenchment on necessities was clearly demonstrated during the period we are accustomed to refer to as "The Depression."—ED.]

MORRIS SERVICE FACILITIES.—Morris Motors Limited have officially announced that, to the best of their ability under existing conditions, they will continue to service all vehicles, marine and industrial engines of their manufacture. Comprehensive stocks of all parts for Morris vehicles are at present available and can be obtained through the medium of their distributor and dealer organisation.

A.R.P. AT EDINBURGH ZOO

The safe custody of the animals presents some problems which have had to be tackled by the authorities and staff. The possible effects of air raids on this Zoo were very fully considered months ago, and various preparations were made to deal with them. Many people seem to feel apprehensive that animals, which might be dangerous to the public, might escape during an air raid. There is only the most slender possibility that such a thing should happen, because it is almost certain that any explosion of a bomb in the neighbourhood sufficiently violent to wreck a cage or the wall of an enclosure, would also kill the animals inhabiting it.

Even this slender chance is, however, being guarded against, and a guard is being maintained at night—some armed keepers being on duty all the time, so that if a dangerous animal did, by any chance, escape during a raid, it would be shot at once. In view of the possibility of snakes escaping, through the cracking or destruction of their cases, all which might have been dangerous have been killed.

Various blast- and splinter-proof shelters have been constructed for the safety of the various units of the staff should bombs fall, and a number of the more solid houses in the Park, which are built of masses of whinstone, are also being used for this purpose. Provision has also been made for the possibility of outbreaks of fire. It has been frequently remarked, during the last year, that for Edinburgh citizens the Zoo is probably one of the safest places to be in during an air raid, for on the open spaces of the higher ground, which is everywhere whinstone rock, one would, by lying flat, be in comparatively little danger from the effects of any bomb except, of course, from a direct hit. If an air raid took place during the day, visitors would be directed to these higher parts of the Park or, if they preferred, to the emergency exits on the north side of the Park.

GREYHOUND RACING AT WEMBLEY.—With the approval and permission of the local police and Scotland Yard authorities, greyhound race meetings will be resumed on Mondays and Fridays at 3 o'clock until further notice. A large proportion of the Wembley staff has been called up for national duties of various kinds, but plans have been made for an adequate organisation to carry out the arrangements made by the management for the holding of the meetings.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"

W. M. Thackeray, "THE VIRGINIANS"

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

10 for 8½d. 20 for 1/5 50 for 3/5½
100 for 6/9 Handmade 20 for 1/8

This advertisement is set up in GARAMOND. Garamond: cut by Jean Jannon (Specimen 1621) until recently believed to be the work of Claude Garamond. TT. 204E

YOUR CAR IN WAR TIME

By W. G. McMINNIES



A NIGHT DRIVING CASUALTY

PETROL rationing and the enforced black-out of car lighting will reduce motoring to a very meagre amount. Social visits, if necessitating the use of a car for more than a few miles, will have to cease, that is unless one has the health and strength to ride or cycle. With the partial closing of cinemas and other places of entertainment there will be little temptation to go out at night, even if one could find the way with a blacked-out car.

In towns and cities shopping will go on much as before, but in rural areas, where householders rely on a market town perhaps five or ten miles distant, the routine of victualling will not be so easy. But something can be done by the pooling of cars and the setting up of routine runs in which every seat is occupied and every occupant commissioned to undertake their own and friends' requirements.

For we are fortunate at the moment to have our cars at all and having them to be allowed to use them, if only to a limited extent. The time may come when they may be commandeered or when the fuel they use may be needed for the more vital demands of the Air Force, Army and Navy.

This may be a grim picture, but it is grimmer still in Germany. Why over twelve months ago when I made a tour of inspection of their principal motor roads in a fleet of Mercedes cars, hired by Government officials specially for our trip, the fuel was of so poor a quality that as soon as the engines slowed down on a gradient they started to "pink." And those were cars from the factory and not the ordinary everyday sort of hired transport. And then what is to happen to all the Germans who subscribed out of their wages for the much vaunted Peoples' Car? Will they ever see their money or their car? I doubt it.

The black-out orders will reduce night driving to a matter of necessity only. Nobody in his senses would dream of going out for pleasure. It simply is not worth it. In the first place one can hardly see at all and in the second one's rate of progress is little quicker than that of an active walker. The chances of an end-on collision are excellent and there is always the risk of knocking down a pedestrian. So my advice, after a test of this black-out driving, is to stay at home.

But for those whose business necessitates their travelling at night, people like doctors and drivers of lorries and delivery vans, quite apart from the thousands of Service drivers of all kinds of vehicles needed for the preservation of national safety, there are grim times ahead.

On the other hand, it may be that the present regulations are but a quickly improvised stop-gap and that later on the Lucas people may be able to produce a war time lamp that will satisfy the military requirements and at the same time allow motorists to see a little more of the road. The Government has already intimated its willingness to adopt practical suggestions, if public safety is unimpaired, but of course if any kind of new equipment is adopted time may be needed to supply the article or articles. Motorists should make a point of studying the daily papers, for new regulations are constantly coming into force.

After all, with so much white lining and reflector lighting about on the main roads we only need a small ray focussed on these signs in order to find our way. But the ordinary peace time setting of head and side lamps is not the best possible arrangement for the close foreground view of the kerb or dividing white line which will guide us in war time.

And while on the subject of white lines and kerbs, is it not amazing in these days of stress that the authorities still employ large gangs of painters to whiten these things by hand? A year or two ago I noticed on the Kingston by-pass two men painting a kerb by machine. They told me that it enabled them to do the work of ten or twelve men in a fraction of the time. And then very occasionally I have come across men using a machine for painting white dividing lines. Surely by this time hundreds of these simple machines should have been available. Instead, we encounter droves of painters armed with red flags, templates and brushes, obstructing traffic and a danger to themselves.

Another method of doing the job quickly, but not so neatly, comes to mind. In the days when motor reliability trials were popular and included miles and miles of twisting and difficult roads, the promoters of these events used to mark the course with a dye which was sprayed via a tap from a big tank fixed in a car. By this means they could lay the trail in red, yellow or white over 200 miles of intricate course in half a day. Why should not the same sort of thing in an improved form be used for marking our roads to-day?

The difficulty of night driving is certain to focus attention on the danger and inconvenience caused by cars stopping at all on the road. At one time I used to drive up and down Watling Street between Coventry and London at night and again and again nearly came to a sticky end by running into the badly-lighted backs of stationary lorries. Some of these lorries used to add to the inconvenience of the journey by parking with their head- and side-lights pointing forward on the wrong side of the road.

I believe now that things have been improved on this road and that lorries are only allowed to pull up off the highway. But in any case it should be made illegal to stop on the road and so, besides blocking on-coming traffic, become an entirely unnecessary source of danger to all other motorists. Obviously a rule such as this would not be applicable to built-up areas still unprovided with service side tracks.

Possibly in the distant future all main roads will be provided with sidings. Even to-day there are a few in existence, some of the best examples being found on the north Oxford by-pass which skirts Eynsham. One, I noticed the other day, sported a notice-board which proclaimed it a "lay-in." But on most roads the plan seems to be to make it as difficult as possible to draw off the track by the use of high and abruptly-sided kerbing.

I disagree with this for two reasons. For one thing if a car goes out of control and hits a high and upright kerb it stands a good chance of damaging its wheels, bursting its covers and overturning. If the kerb is bevelled as is done in many parts of France, the car can still overrun the road and come to a stop safely on the verge. The other point I object to is the shortsighted plan of building expensive and modern footpaths at a higher level than the main road alongside them. The footpath is protected by the kerb and the whole plan to my mind necessitates expensive alteration in the event of it being decided to widen the road at a later date. As road widening is the most essential part of modern highway planning, it seems to me that the often unnecessary footpath should be laid out with this development in view.

But the war will put a stop to new road construction. Not that it will matter much because the volume of traffic will be immensely reduced by the new regulations. And after the war there will probably be far fewer cars in use for a time. On the other hand, unless we have a bolstered-up boom, similar to the fantasy we lived in for a year or two after the last war, the unemployed may be put to work on new road construction. But all this, I fear, may be a long way off.

Of more immediate importance is the need to get our cars into a high state of efficiency. Even if they are to be laid up or used only occasionally they should be kept in good working order. They may be needed in an emergency and a car that fails to start promptly, runs erratically and needs the tyres blowing up, is not much use to anyone. So the wise owner will see that his battery and tyres are in good order, his brakes efficient and his tanks and sump full.

With the lighting restrictions in force he can save current by fitting headlamp bulbs of lower power, seven watts being the limit allowed at the moment. With winter and reduced temperatures at hand the oil sump should be drained of summer lubricant and replenished with the correct grade which will also reduce the strain on the starter. Some cars may have to wait for long periods in the open and for them an anti-freezing mixture may be added to the water.

The chassis, too, may need attention. Axle and gear-box should be topped up with lubricant, bearings should be lubricated and all worn or faulty parts replaced. The point to appreciate is that now is the time to do these things, whatever one intends to do with the car. In a short time neither the skilled labour nor the materials may be available, and even if they are they will certainly cost more. Even if the car is to be laid up it is better left in good condition. It will be worth more in the long run in good running order than in a semi-derelict condition.

For this reason the engine should be run up weekly to ensure that everything is working properly. The body, and especially the tyres, should be covered with a dust-sheet and if it is decided to drain the water system a label should be tied on to the radiator stating that it is empty. Finally, release the hand-brakes and place chocks behind the wheels.

ALTERNATIVE FUELS

THE last War showed us that there are ways in which the difficulty of obtaining petrol supplies for cars could be overcome. The emergency was met by petrol engines being run on ordinary towns gas, fed into the engine from a large balloon, usually carried on the roof of the vehicle; the only alteration required to the engine was the substitution of an air- and gas-mixing valve in place of the carburetter. The gas industry has been experimenting with the propulsion of vehicles on gas for some time, and the days of the gas balloon are definitely over. The modern method of using gas for a petrol engine is to store it in high-pressure cylinders attached to the chassis at a working pressure of roughly 3,000lb. per square inch. The only alterations required are the substitution of an air- and gas-mixing valve for the carburetter as before, and steel cylinders for the petrol tank.

The power output of a petrol engine is not seriously affected when gas is used as the working agent. One-and-a-quarter therms of gas, or 250 cubic feet, are equivalent to a gallon of the average motor spirit. A point worth noting is that the toxic effect of the exhaust of a vehicle running on compressed gas is negligible. Gas might be stored at high pressure, so that when a vehicle required re-charging the owner could take it to the works, where a pipe would be connected and the cylinders charged, the whole operation taking no longer than refilling with motor spirit at a petrol station.

Many people have heard of motor vehicles running on charcoal or wood chips. The motive power is producer gas, which is usually obtained from incomplete combustion of coke or charcoal in a current of air. In order to run a vehicle on producer gas a small furnace is required. It is usual to mount this on the car; an air- and gas-mixing valve, also, must be fitted to the engine. The furnace would be kindled in the normal manner, and when burning well the air supply shut down, so that the combustion of the fuel in the grate will be incomplete, or in other words, the product will be carbon monoxide. This gas is syphoned off the top of the furnace and transferred to the engine.

The theoretical composition of producer gas by volume is 35 per cent. carbon monoxide and 65 per cent. nitrogen. The actual gas obtained may differ greatly, for the composition depends upon the temperature, and size and nature of the fuel. The manufacture of this fuel is cheap and relatively easy and it is a potential war fuel.

To-day news come of a development which should be of the highest importance, in which the modern converted vehicle carries a small generator which manufactures a supply of "producer gas" as it goes along. The solid fuel from which this gas is generated is known as "progasite," a selected type of anthracite, specially prepared for gas-producer purposes. In the development of "progasite" commercial vehicle manufacturers have collaborated with the Welsh anthracite producers, and it is claimed that this makes an extremely rich gas which gives a higher mileage per pound than any other fuel previously tried. What is almost equally important, it yields a very small proportion of ash. Producer-gas vehicles using this fuel, it is stated, are now putting up performances comparable with those of ordinary oil-engined vehicles, and a West Country bus company ran a bus recently from Plymouth to Weston-super-Mare and back on 3cwt. of this fuel.

Possibly one of the most important forms of alternative fuels is that which can be produced from vegetation. Certain members of the alcohol group can be produced from potatoes and sugar beet, and some nations have insisted on a certain quantity of alcohol fuel being blended with their petrol.

Synthetic fuels can be obtained from coal by a special process known to the chemist as hydrogenation. This process produces hydrocarbons from which both petrol and fuel oils may be obtained. A diesel oil can be produced, also, from shale, which is a mineral found in Scotland.

I. B.

BRIDGE

PREPARED BIDS

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

EVERY bid made during the auction should be a prepared bid in the sense that the caller should be ready to deal with any response made by partner. With certain hands, however, the prepared bid is not the bid which would automatically be made by the average player. With

♠ A, K, 10, 6; ♡ A, Q, 8, 7, 5; ◇ 4, 2; ♣ 3, 2

a bid of One Heart would be made if one merely considered the relative length of the Spade and Heart suits. However, over the second call of Two Spades, partner must raise the contract to three if he wishes to show a preference for Hearts. Thus, the prepared bid would be One Spade, since after a response of Two Clubs or Diamonds a Two Heart call permits partner to show his preference at the two level. Of course, if the hand is sufficiently strong, say

♠ A, K, Q, 6; ♡ A, K, J, 9, 8; ◇ K, 2; ♣ 3, 2

the bidder will be only too pleased to indicate his strength by bidding the five card Heart suit before showing the Spades.

Before making any bid, the caller should consider the possible responses from his partner and whether he will be able to deal with them easily. Usually, the obvious bid on the hand will not involve the declarer in difficulties, but many hands containing one or more four card suits require special treatment.

As in the above case with a four card suit and a touching lower ranking five card suit (*e.g.* four Hearts and five Diamonds, or four Diamonds and five Clubs) it is better to bid the higher ranking suit first unless the hand is strong enough to justify a reversal. Having a four card Spade suit and a five card Club suit, the five card suit should be bid first, since the four card suit can be shown in the same round of bidding.

With two four card touching suits it will almost invariably be easier to bid the higher ranking suit first. With two non-touching four card suits (other than Spades and Clubs, in which case an initial Club bid saves a round) each hand should be considered on its merits.

♠ K, 6, 4
♡ 6, 3
◇ K, Q, J, 8, 7
♣ Q, 8, 7

♠ Q, J, 8
♡ K, 8, 7
◇ 10, 9, 6, 5
♣ J, 5, 3

Y / A B / Z

♠ A, 10, 9, 7
♡ 10, 9, 5, 4
◇ A, 3
♣ 10, 6, 4

♠ 5, 3, 2
♡ A, Q, J, 2
◇ 4, 2
♣ A, K, 9, 2

ROOM I.

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No bid	Two Diamonds	No bid
No bid	No bid		

ROOM II.

Z	A	Y	B
One Club	No bid	One Diamond	No bid
One Heart	No bid	Two Clubs	No bid
No bid			

In Room I the bid of One Heart meets with a response of Two Diamonds, for which Z is unprepared. Three Clubs is far too risky on his weak hand, and rebidding Hearts is, too, misleading. He therefore passes, and is probably one light. The prepared bid of One Club results in a makeable contract of two Clubs. Alternatively a One No Trump bid by Y, instead of Two Clubs, is passed by Z.

When holding a 4—4—4—1 distribution a very good general rule is to bid the suit below the singleton. Thus, with

♠ K, Q, 10, 2; ♡ K, J, 9, 7; ◇ 2; ♣ A, Q, J, 2

the best bid is One Club. If the Diamonds and Clubs are interchanged, the best bid is One Spade.

In many cases where bidding the biddable suit is likely to cause difficulty in the subsequent bidding; t will pay to bid a shaded suit. Occasionally a bid on a three card minor suit will give the best results. The last is, of course, not to be recommended as a general rule, but can sometimes be exceptionally useful. Holding

♠ K, Q, 6; ♡ A, 7, 6, 5; ◇ 7, 4, 3; ♣ A, Q, 2

a bid of One Club allows the opening bidder to give a single raise to a response of One Heart or One Spade and to bid One No Trump over a One Diamond response. Although many systems would consider this hand suitable for an opening No Trump bid, it will be obvious that the One Club bid gives considerably more latitude in the subsequent bidding.

Third or fourth hand, the bid on a three card suit should be restricted to hands of the above type where the caller has no biddable or nearly biddable suit and partner has passed. There is not so much necessity for a prepared bid, since the initial bidder will be quite ready to pass a suit response by partner. Moreover, since third hand bids are often defensive or lead directing, it is more important that a biddable suit be shown if possible.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

The following problem was one of those set in the Second Waddington Par Contests:—

Y / A B / Z

♠ Q, 8, 6, 2
♡ K, Q, 9, 3, 2
◇ 7
♣ J, 9, 2

♠ 7, 4, 3
♡ 10, 6
◇ A, 8, 5, 4, 3
♣ K, Q, 10

The bidding is:—A, One Heart; B, Two Hearts; A, Two No Trump; B, Four Hearts; and Y leads the Jack of Diamonds. Playing Z, how do you defend the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

♠ K, 9, 7
♡ None
◇ A, 8, 2
♣ K, 6

♠ Q, J, 10
♡ None
◇ K, Q, J
♣ Q, J

Y / A B / Z

♠ 2
♡ Q, 6, 3
◇ 6, 3
♣ 5, 4

♠ 4
♡ A, K, 10, 4
◇ 4
♣ 3, 2

Hearts are Trumps. Z to lead and take all eight tricks.

SOLUTION

Z leads the Ace of Hearts and if A discards a Club Y discards a Spade or Diamond. The two Club tricks are then taken, the Ace of Diamonds led and a second Diamond ruffed and Y's hand entered with the King of Spades to lead through B's Queen of Hearts.

If A discards from one of his three card suits Y discards from the other three card suit. Thus assume A discards a Spade, then Y discards a Diamond, a Spade is led by Z and King and another Spade played by Y, Z ruffing or over-ruffing according to B's play. If B discards a Diamond a Diamond is played and the good Spade led from Y. B's best defence is to ruff, Z over-ruffs and leads the last trump, which squeezes A and establishes either Y's 8 of Diamonds, or the second Club. The play is similar if B discards a Club or ruffs at trick 3.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

A game from the third round of the Premier Tournament.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. J. M. Aitken.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. J. M. Aitken.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	11. P to K 5	K Kt to Q 2
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	12. Kt to K 4(c)	R to K sq (d)
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	13. B to Kt 5 (*f*)	B to K 2
4. Kt to B 3	P to B 4	14. B takes B	K takes B
5. B to Kt 5	Q P takes P (a)	15. Castles	Kt to Q B 3
6. P to K 4	B to K 2	16. Kt to Q 6	Q Kt takes P (g)
7. P takes P	Castles	17. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
8. B takes P	Q takes Q, ch (b)	18. Kt to B 5	R to Q 2
9. R takes Q	B takes P	19. B takes R	B takes B
10. P to Q R 3(c)	P to Q R 4	White won (h)	

(a) This allows White to get an advantage in the centre. The usual line is 5. . . . B P takes P; 6. K Kt takes P, P to K 4.

(b) If 8. . . . B takes P, then 9. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 10. P to K 5, P to K R 3; 11. B to R 4, P to K Kt 4; 12. P takes Kt, P takes B; 13. Castles with the better game for White.

(c) Threatening 11. P to Q Kt 4, B to Kt 3; 12. P to K 5, K Kt to Q 2; 13. B to K 7, R to K sq; 14. B to Q 6.

(d) Threatening 13. Kt takes B, Kt takes Kt; 14. B to K 7.

(e) Not 12. . . . Kt to Q B 3, because of 13. R takes Kt, followed, if 13. . . . B takes R, by 14. Kt takes B, or, if 13. . . . B takes P, ch, by 14. K takes R.

(*f*) Threatening Kt takes B.

(*g*) This loses the exchange, but in any case Black has a very difficult game. His best move is P to R 3.

(*h*) The remaining moves were 20. K R to K sq, P to B 3; 21. P to B 4, B to K 5; 22. R to Q 4, Kt to B 3; 23. Kt to R 6, ch, P takes Kt; 24. R takes B, K to B 2; 25. R (R 6) to K 4, R to K sq; 26. R to Q sq, R to K 2; 27. R to Q 6, P to B 4; 28. R to K 3, P to R 5; 29. R to R 5, K to Kt 3; 30. R (Q 6) to Q 5, P to K 4 (if P to R 4, then R (Q 3) to Kt 3, ch, and the King's Rook's pawn falls); 31. R to Q 6, ch, K to Kt 2; 32. R (Q 6) takes P, P takes P; 33. R takes P, ch, K to B 3; 34. R (R 3) to R 6, ch, K to K 4; 35. R takes R, ch, Kt takes R; 36. R to Q Kt 6, Resigns.

A NEAT FINISH

The following game from a match between Germany and Hungary at Carlsbad last April, shows a neat finish by White.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) Bogoljubow's variation, not often seen nowadays.

(*b*) P to Q 4 is, perhaps, to be preferred.

(*c*) P to K 4 at once is better.

(*d*) 10. Kt to Q 5 is a very good alternative. If, in reply, 10. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 11. P takes Kt. Kt takes P; 12. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 13. K R to K sq, B to Kt 5; 14. Q takes P, Q to Q 2; 15. Q R to B sq with the better game for White (Becker v. König, Vienna, 1926).

(*e*) If Kt to B 4, then P to Q Kt 4. Black's manœuvre with this Knight has failed.

(*f*) Loss of time. He should play B to R 6 at once.

(*g*) A very good post for the Knight.

(*h*) White has a very good game.

(*i*) This is not good. P takes P is preferable, although White would still have the superior position.

(*j*) 22. . . . B P takes P; 23. Kt takes P, P takes P; 24. P to Kt 5 transposes into the line actually played.

(*k*) If Kt takes P, then Q to K 2 followed, if Kt to B 3, by Kt takes P, or, if Kt to Q 3, by P takes P.

(*l*) If Kt to Q Kt sq, then Kt to B 5 followed by Kt to K 6.

(*m*) If 24. . . . K takes K, then 25. R takes R, Kt to Q Kt sq; 26. R to B 8, ch, Kt to Kt sq; 27. Kt takes P.

(*n*) Stronger than Kt takes P at once.

(*o*) Q to K sq is slightly better. White's reply is Kt takes Kt, ch, with Q to B 4 to follow.

(*p*) Very neat. If now (1) 31. . . . Q takes Kt, then 32. R to B 8, ch, K to R 2; 33. Q to B 4, mate; if (2) 31. . . . Q takes Q, then 32. R to B 8, ch, K to R 2; 33. Kt takes Q, ch, K to R 3; 34. Kt to B 7, ch, K to R 2; 35. K to R 8, mate; if (3) 31. . . . Kt to B 3, then 32. Q takes Q. Kt takes Q; 33. R to B 7, R to K sq; 34. P to Q 6 and wins; or, if (4) 31. . . . Q to K sq, then 32. Kt to B 5, P to Kt 3; 33. Kt to K 6, R to R 6, ch; 34. K to R 4, Kt to Q 2; 35. Kt takes B P with a winning game for White.

(*q*) If 33. . . . Q to K sq, then 34. Q to R 4, ch, K to Kt sq; 35. Kt to Kt 5, Q to K 6, ch; 36. K to R sq and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4032

By R. LANGE

WHITE (5 pieces): King at Q B 7, Queen at Q R 8, Rook at K B 5, Knight at K 5, Pawn at Q 6.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at K 3, Rook at K B 5, Bishops at K Kt 2 and K B 4, Pawns at K B 3, K Kt 3 and K 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4031

1. Kt to K 3. Any move; 2. Q or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 535

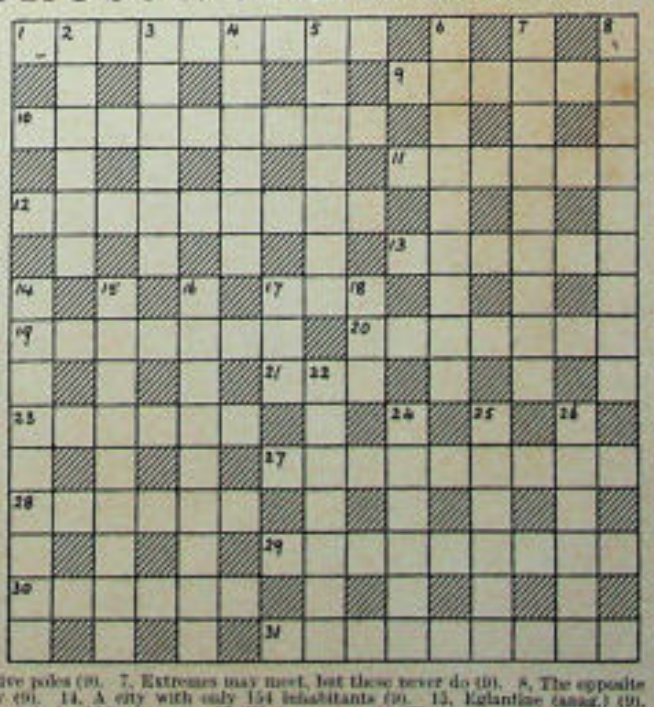
ACROSS.—1 and 9. Out of sight, out of mind (9, 6). 10. Bowlers do this when they deliver full-tosses (9). 11. Yorkshire and Lancashire are great ones (6). 12. What our armies were doing at the end of the Great War (9). 13. Amber-dust (6). 17. Many escaped but unfortunately some were drowned (hidden) (3). 19. Choral work (7). 20. The tendrils find it helpful (7). 21. This move is essential to the solution of a chess problem (3). 23. The arms of the Bourbons (6). 27. So rich, sir (anag.) (9). 28. Forcibleness (6). 29. Wedge-shaped (9). 30. What a kitten will make of a ball of wool (6). 31. This person is not necessarily methodical (9).

DOWN.—2. There are Siamese twins in this state (6). 3. Hostile incursion (6). 4. Permanent incapability of rational conduct (6). 5. This gives permission (7). 6. A tip in positive poles (9). 7. Extremes may meet, but these never do (9). 8. The opposite of proximity (9). 14. A city with only 154 inhabitants (9). 15. Eglantine (anag.) (9). 16. How all work should be done (9). 17. Tibetan ox (3). 18. His tyranny was undoubtedly the main cause of the revolution (hidden) (3). 22. Pure ice (anag.) (7). 24. Part of a gun (6). 25. Took off (6). 26. A form of cloud (6).

SOLUTION TO No. 534

Published September 16th

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



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

FARMING AND THE WAR

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

THE war has come at a time of the year that gives farming the best possible opportunity to prepare for the great effort it must now make in the defence of our country. Harvest is nearly finished, and has turned out better than at one time seemed possible. Given reasonable weather, farmers will be able to push on with their normal early cultivations and supplement them with ploughing up even more land, for another 1,500,000 acres of land must be brought under the plough this coming year. It is an ambitious programme, for we are attempting in one year what we only achieved in four years in the last war.

But this time things are different. Plans are ready; food and feeding stuffs, fuel and other requisites are stored against such an emergency. We not only have 60,000 tractors in private hands, but also a reserve stock ready to be released. We enter the conflict in a far better position for ploughing up Britain than we were even at the end of 1918, when the last national effort had reached its height.

But although we have these reserve supplies and the country contains more wheat than ever it had before, we shall obviously have to nurse these stocks so that we may continue to enjoy the same feeling of confidence in any conceivable emergency that may arise out of the chances of war. The prudent producer of stock would do well to begin thinking at once about growing more of his own feeding stuffs, economising, and finding substitute rations.

BACK-END GRASS.—An effort can be made now to get live stock as far forward as possible upon the abundant grass and upon roots and green crops. A catch crop, such as rye or Italian rye grass, may still be possible on land not suited for autumn-sown corn. Surplus grass, aftermath, etc., may be made into silage even now, so can sugar beet tops. Silage is a substitute for hay, as well as for roots and straw, and there will be no great surplus of good hay next year. Cavings can be used for feeding more freely than at present.

HORSES.—Working horses should be fed to keep them fit for their work, but this can be done on a smaller allowance of concentrated food than is often used.

DAIRY CATTLE.—The milk supply must be maintained, but economies can be made by adjusting the ration to the yield and by regular checking of the ration. Particularly is this important when feeding concentrates to cows at grass. Cows should be fed as far as possible upon home-grown food such as grass, forage, crops, roots, hay, straw, oats and pulse.

OTHER CATTLE.—It is obvious that cattle with bloom will not be so numerous as in the past; in fact, to effect saving, strict economy is necessary if cake and concentrated foods are to be given to store cattle. Furthermore, the finish to which we are accustomed will not be possible in the present emergency.

SHEEP.—Sheep should be fattened as far as possible on food grown on the farm, with a minimum of cake or corn.

PIGS.—Pig-keepers might get their pigs accustomed more and more to green-stuffs, potatoes, roots, scraps and waste generally. Recent experiments have proved that a green food diet for pigs will make possible a great saving of meal.

POULTRY.—As the Minister of Agriculture pointed out in his recent broadcast appeal, the kitchen garden and allotment can provide much material unsuitable for human consumption that will help to feed poultry. But it must be properly prepared and supplemented with a properly balanced ration of mash and grain. Experiments indicate that cooked potatoes may be fed to laying hens up to at least one-sixth of their feed requirements.

GROWING VEGETABLES.—The allotment holder will be able to play an important part again in the present struggle. For the produce of an average allotment will keep a man, his wife and three children in potatoes and vegetables for 212 days out of the 365.

Local authorities are already beginning to consider extending their area of allotments, which have shrunk, unfortunately, from 1,330,000 plots in 1920 to under 900,000 in 1938.

Stockport County Borough, for example, have given a splendid lead through their parks department, which is arranging a series of demonstration vegetable plots in its parks and recreation grounds and for expert members of the Council's staff to give advice. The important thing will be to avoid a glut of vegetables in the summer and none in the winter. This is where expert advice is needed.

FUEL.—Farmers are reminded that they need fill up no special form when they need petrol or Diesel fuel for agricultural tractors, stationary engines or other machines used in farming during the present period of harvest and ploughing.

They must satisfy the supplier that they are genuinely engaged in agriculture and that the supply is needed only for farm work. Details will be required of the engines or vehicles for which the fuel is needed, and a receipt for the quantity bought will have to be signed by the purchaser.

This arrangement also covers vans and lorries operating on agricultural licence. It does not apply to farmers' private cars, or to farmers' lorries operating on carriers' licences, or permits issued by the Regional Transport Commissioners.

POTATO PRICES.—The Order, prescribing maximum prices for potatoes sold for human consumption does not apply to seed potatoes. The maximum prices are set out in detail in the schedule to the Order. It gives prices for the various varieties in each district with separate scales for sales by growers, wholesalers, and retailers respectively. With the exception of growing potatoes, potatoes must be sold by weight and in a reasonably clean condition

Examples of maximum retail prices are: In England (and in Dumfries and Kirkcudbright), 7lb. for 6d., or 1d. per lb. In Scotland (except Dumfries and Kirkcudbright), 7lb. for 5½d., or 3½lb. for 3d. The Order does not apply to Northern Ireland. The purchase and sale of potatoes should continue through the usual trade channels until further notice.

AGRICULTURAL AND ALLIED WORKERS.—Information reaching the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries shows that there is some uncertainty as to the position of workers in agriculture and allied industries in regard to military service. As the Minister said in his recent broadcast, those engaged in the production of food in this country have a task equally vital to national defence as that to be performed by our armed forces. By carrying on with their jobs they will be doing work of the utmost national importance.

A revised schedule of reserved occupations issued recently by the Ministry of Labour includes a very wide range of agricultural and allied workers. None of these workers if of or above the age specified in the schedule will be accepted for service in the armed forces. The schedule includes all those engaged, whether as principals or employees, in general farming, fruit farming, poultry farming, gardening, seed growing and nursery work, provided that they have reached the specified age. Generally speaking, the reservation applies to people of 21 or over. There are, however, certain exceptions in which the age of reservation is higher.

Under the general heading of horticulture, for example, working principals are reserved from the age of 21, but other categories such as workers on fruit farms and in hop gardens, foreman gardeners and general hands, jobbing gardeners, nurserymen and bulb growers, are reserved from the age of 25. In the case of ditchers, hedgers, hay cutters, trussers and similar workers, the minimum age for reservation is 30.

Among occupations allied to agriculture the schedule includes all workers other than labourers engaged in the manufacture of artificial manures and fertilisers, oil cakes and mixed animal feeding stuffs. In the fertiliser group the minimum age is 30, and in the feeding stuffs group it is 25. Similarly, those engaged in the production of agricultural machinery and implements are reserved at the ages appropriate to their several engineering occupations, as shown in the schedule. As already stated, agricultural and allied workers covered by the Ministry of Labour's schedule are reserved from service with the armed forces. It is in the national interest that they should carry on with their present jobs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Country House

Identification of Tree.—The specimen sent was from *Cryptomeria elegans*, a native of China and Japan, where it grows from 100ft. to 180ft., and is much used for timber. It was introduced to this country in 1842 and again in quantity by Fortune in 1844. We know of someone who has raised some hundreds of seedlings, some of which are now 40ft. high. One specimen tree in the same garden is over 70ft. in height. Thanks for good specimens.—*H. D. C., Weybridge.*

Identification of Trees.—1. *Aralia chinensis.* A very handsome foliage plant or small tree, sometimes 30ft. or more high. When grown as a shrub in rich ground the leaves are very large. It is a native of China and Japan, and was introduced in 1865. It is easily propagated from suckers. 2. *Juglans Sieboldiana.* This tree reaches a height of 50ft. or more. It is a native of Japan, and was introduced about 1860 by Siebold. In Japan the nuts are used as food. 3. *Pterocarya caucasica.* A handsome tree growing 20ft.–40ft. high, sometimes sold under the name of *P. fraxinifolia.* It is a native of the Caucasus, and grows freely under the same conditions as the walnuts. The trees sometimes sucker very freely.—*P. G. L., Abinsouth.*

Juniper Trees.—Junipers on downs, &c., have usually originated as seedlings, and have fewer and less fibrous roots than those which have been transplanted in a nursery. They are, therefore, less likely to withstand removal. The smaller plants from 1ft. to 2ft. high are the most likely to transplant successfully. In September label inconspicuously those you wish to remove to enable you to distinguish them a year hence, then cut the roots by pushing a sharp spade or grafter in on the slope at a reasonable distance from the plant—about 9in. away from the stem of a plant 12in. high. Continue until the plant is encircled, the cuts meeting under at a depth of 9in.—often less in stony or chalky ground. All coarse roots will now be severed. During the following year young roots will form and the plant can be successfully transplanted in early autumn.—*C. H., near Coventry.*

Garden

Hormones to Assist the Rooting of Cuttings.—Hormone A. is a new synthetic preparation for accelerating and stimulating root growth. It is prepared by the British Dyestuffs Corporation, Ltd., a subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. You can obtain it from their sale office, 12, Dawson Street, Dublin, C.8. Follow the instructions closely and we do not think you will be disappointed in the result.—*I. R., Co. Tyrone.*

Hunting

Horse Breeding.—The following are the names and addresses of the horse-breeding societies for which you ask: The Arab Horse Society, Spring Hill, Capel St. Mary, Ipswich, Suffolk; Clydesdale Horse Society, 93, Hope Street, Glasgow, C.2; Fell Pony Society, Birkett Bank, Threlkeld, near Keswick; the National Pony Society, 12, Hanover Square, London, W.1; the Shetland Pony Stud Book Society, 3, Golden Square, Aberdeen; the Shire Horse Society, 12, Hanover Square, W.1; and the Welsh Pony and Cob Society, Queen Buildings, Queen Street, Wrexham.—*D. A., Northampton.*

Hunting in War.—At any rate for the first few months after the outbreak of war, there would, it is understood, be no official discouragement of hunting. The War Office has, it is believed, made arrangements to take over the greater number of hunters, but sufficient would be left to enable the majority of Hunts to carry on. These horses would be taken over only in the event of a long war and if the situation demanded them. It is not anticipated that, in the first few months, there will be any difficulty in securing sufficient supplies of hound feed. These are the present arrangements, but what would actually happen cannot be stated with any certainty.—*L. B., Durham.*

Kennel

Follicular Mange.—This is a stubborn complaint that is more often than not incurable. You might give a trial to the veterinary preparation of T.C.P., which is clean and easily applied. We have heard of a dog being cured by that.—*D. N. R., Chelmsford.*

Bullmastiff.—These dogs vary a good deal in disposition, and much depends upon the manner in which they are trained. They can be made intelligent and delightful companions, and they are usually good tempered with their owners. We have met some that are not over-dependable with strangers and other dogs, but that is often because they have not been properly trained when young. They are powerfully built and active for their weight, which is from 90lb. to 110lb. They run from 26in. to 28in. in height, and are squarely built with capacious ribs. Colour, fawn, red or brindle.—*C. R., N. Cornwall.*

Naturalist

Butterfly Identified.—The butterfly is the variety of the green-veined white, known as var. *brytonia*, an Alpine form of the female. Occasionally Irish specimens are similarly coloured.

Post-Mortem Examinations

Egg Peritonitis.—Rupture following upon obstruction of the egg duct proved fatal to two hens from different correspondents. In each case the birds were excessively fat. Laying stock should be kept lean and active. If kept in wired runs they should be provided with an abundance of straw and chaff as litter among which their grain feed is scattered. The scratching for their food keeps the birds active; sluggish birds are receiving too much food. Laying stock on free range should not be given so much sloppy food that they keep around the house instead of foraging over the field actively searching and scratching for insects and seeds.—*J. H. L., Somerset; D. M. A., Suffolk.*

Coccidiosis of Wild Rabbit.—A young wild rabbit which had been shot was emaciated and its liver was full of white spots, the result of the germ infection of the bowels and liver known as coccidiosis. This disease is spread through the droppings contaminating the ground. Our correspondent reported that most of his young rabbits when cut open show the same kind of livers, which his keeper suspects to be tuberculosis. Almost invariably the spotty liver of thin rabbits is due to coccidiosis, tuberculosis being a very uncommon disease of wild rabbits. The infected carcases should be burned. Our correspondent is advised to destroy all the rabbits on the infected part of the estate; to dig in their warrens; and to burn the ground about the warrens or dress it heavily with quicklime.—*R. L. B., Strathspey.*

Shooting

Use of Nitro Powders in Old Gun.—The various bulk nitro powders give similar ballistics, measure for measure, and unless your gun has been nitro proved it cannot be said that it is safe to use any such powders in it.—*A. M., Ryde.*

Long Barrels and Shooting Low.—In reply we would state that guns, irrespective of barrel length, are generally made to centre the shot charge on the point of aim at 40yds. In the case of 25in. barrelled weapons, there may, however, be a tendency to deliver the charge slightly higher. It is incorrect, therefore, to say that barrels of 30in. shoot low. What may be meant is that some persons, when using the longer barrels, shoot low through not extending their left arm sufficiently far forward. But this is not due to the weapon.—*R. H. H., Uxborough, Ivybridge, Devon.*

Cartridge Tests

Your No. 4 and No. 8 shot cartridges gave good regular results, pressure recoil and velocity being up to standard, they are certainly perfectly safe to use and should prove effective at all normal ranges. The ballistics of both lots were practically identical.—*L. A. W., Woodbridge.*

Printed in Great Britain by KELLNER, BEDDOE & KELLNER, LTD., Hadleigh, Standard Street, E.C. 1, and Published by THE FIELD PRESS (1939) LTD., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, September 23, 1939

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4527. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1939

POSTAGE { REGISTERED. INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2D. } PRICE 1S.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD CHATFIELD, MINISTER FOR CO-ORDINATION OF DEFENCE

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

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 713
SHOULD AUTUMN SALMON FISHING BE STOPPED? 713
THOUGHTS ON A CUB-HUNTING MORNING . 714
A HUNTING MEMORY OF 1918 715
AN APPRECIATION OF THE CHUKOR . . . 716
AN EGYPTIAN SHOOT 716
ASPECTS OF DEER FORESTS TO-DAY . . . 717
A BIRDLAND COMEDY 718
LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS . . . 719
PROVIDING FOOD FOR YOUR DOGS . . . 720
TWO KINDS OF MANGE 720
AN EFFICIENT PIKE-TRAP 721
BESIDE THE CLEAR COLN 722
HUNTING DURING THE WAR 724
SLEDMERE YEARLINGS NOW AT DRUID'S LODGE 725
THE KITCHEN GARDEN IN WAR TIME. . . 726
WOMEN'S WORK ON THE LAND 727
GOLFERS WHO MANAGE TO CARRY ON . . 728
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 729
NEW BOOKS. 731
IN THE CITY 731
AN EXCESS OF GROUSE 731
AUTUMN-SOWN SWEET PEAS 732
THE THINNING OF PLANTATIONS. . . . 732
GLASSHOUSE LETTUCE PRODUCTION . . . 733
THE PLIGHT OF COUNTRY MOTORISTS . . 734
CARDS, CHESS, CROSSWORDS 735
FARMING AND THE WAR. 736
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 736

VOICES ON THE AIR

WITH the wireless operating in a land where no one may say what shall or shall not be heard from our sets there is opportunity to analyse the utterances of those who are working for or against us. First take the propagandist on the other side of the North Sea who, speaking with a cultured English accent, is so hard at it to undermine confidence in this country and influence foreigners who understand our tongue. He is not a very important person, for his views are so coloured that in his exuberance he defeats his own purpose. An overpainted picture ceases to be a work of art. Nothing but ridicule results from assuring listeners that Mr. Winston Churchill gave orders for the sinking of the Athenia or that the First Lord of the Admiralty engineered the plot to assassinate M. Calinescu. The emotional note was sounded last week by Countess Zeppelin and, as a writer in the *Sunday Times* observes, her concluding remark: "You have been listening to Countess Zeppelin, a name *which is familiar to you all*," might have been put more tactfully.

It is when we come to the leaders of Germany that interest increases. We have heard Hitler and Goering. The latter spoke with all the truculence of the Fuehrer we once knew in a Chamberlain Hymn of Hate and, as part of the campaign to separate France and England, brought out the now very much worn-out gibe that Britain would fight till the last Frenchman. M. Sauerwein quotes one section of the Goering speech in which he says that for the first time the German people were told the price of peace was—Hitler. "We want peace, but the price of peace our Leader is not to be thought of." The commentator draws a comparison with Mark Antony—"And Hitler is an honourable man." Goering's speech on the whole was what was expected from him and no one was surprised.

But the surprise was furnished by Hitler. The voice was not that to which we have been accustomed. True the scream was there on occasion, but in the main the tone was in a low key, almost inaudible at times. It was the voice of an old man, a man under strain, and it betokened uncertainty. The Ministry of Information is to be congratulated on the promptitude with which the misleading statements concerning Poland were nailed down by the recording of former speeches on relations with that country and also previous views Hitler had held on Russia. Quite apart from the political side of his speech there was underlying fear in Hitler's defensive attitude: fear of the prolongation of war once Germany's quick triumph over Poland had been achieved, if, in the light of later events, that can even be deemed a triumph. There was underlying fear, too, in the over-emphasis that the Germans had been so well drilled that they could not conceive any form of Government possible except that ordained by Hitler.

Were the Germans able to analyse events, and some of them may secretly be occupied in doing so, they would see the Dead Hand wherever Nazi-ism had cast its shadow. In the apprehension of free countries to be condemned to produce what Germany requires in exchange for whatever she likes to give them; in the killing of the traditional spirit of the Austrian people; in the rape of Czecho-Slovakia and the wholesale destruction of its many once flourishing enterprises.

As a relief from German hates and propaganda came President Roosevelt's virile voice from across the Atlantic urging the repeal of the Arms Embargo Act. While the President put forward a peace policy for the United States he showed clearly enough that he was opposed to "the forces which assault the foundations of civilisation" and of laws which might operate unevenly and unfairly, and actually give aid to an aggressor while denying it to the victim. There was no attempt to disguise benefits which the United States' vast army of unemployed might reap, but there was definite recognition of the rights of a naval Power. Under the Act, a land Power which threatened war, said the President, "could feel assured, assured in advance that any prospective sea-Power antagonist would be weakened through denial of its ancient right to bring anything anywhere." The measure four years ago began to give a definite advantage to one belligerent against another, not through his own strength or geographical position, but through an affirmative act on the part of the United States. To those who looked to America for a sign the President's voice held an inspiration which his words lack in cold print.

And now we come to the Home Front and Sir Samuel Hoare's delivery on this situation. We looked to it to clarify many problems and, without disloyalty, it may be said that his words borne over the air lacked the encouragement they were doubtless intended to convey. It seemed almost a speech of pious hope from a Minister out of touch with realities. No Briton needs to be told of the fortitude, courage and endurance required to face a struggle which may be of long duration. The British people have shown in the past and will show again that they can be counted upon to put forth the necessary effort to achieve victory. But they now need practical measures to cope with situations which have arisen. The meeting of the demands of rents, rates, taxes, mortgages and insurances are matters of vital importance which should engage the very earnest attention of the Government.

LEISURE HOURS

RELAXATION is of the utmost importance if we are to do our several jobs to the best of our ability. In normal times this country is very well catered for so far as amusements are concerned, both by day and by night. In war time relaxation and amusement—the two words should be synonymous—assume the proportions of a problem.

Cinemas, theatres, music-halls are open again (though not running at full pressure) more or less throughout the country. But not everyone wishes, particularly in these times of Stygian darkness, to go out at night—and few people wish to go to the cinema, few indeed, can afford to do so, more than once a week. The hours between 6 p.m., when work normally is ended for the day, and bedtime must be filled somehow. Walking is now almost impossible, and certainly dangerous. Restaurants—in the provinces at least—are not open. Dances are few and far between. In these circumstances the book publishers, if they seize the opportunity, should do a roaring trade, particularly with light fiction at a very moderate price. Books can be more than friends.

There remain for the general public the afternoons—early closing day, Saturday and Sunday afternoons. The long hours from 1 p.m. till bedtime. In peace time there was always football or cricket or speedway racing; always some competitive sport to draw its thousands. In war time, what?

There can still be football, both Association and Rugby. But it will necessarily have to be uncompetitive. The "friendly" game has never attracted crowds so far as professional football is concerned—and will not attract crowds, even in war time. It does not matter what sort of competition is arranged—area or regional—the real competitive spirit has gone. And with it the interest.

Something, however, must be done. A nation cannot work at top pressure day after day without some relaxation. Hours of leisure, if they are not adequately filled, become hours of danger.

In these circumstances may we again draw attention to the English countryside? There is still quite a lot of it left. It can provide, and does provide for those who seek it, quiet and relaxation, exercise and health. It is true that we are so urbanised as a nation that the majority of people have no knowledge of the countryside and the things and creatures that are in it. It is true, too, that the majority have absolutely no desire to learn about them.

But it is also true that we can all walk; that most of us appreciate beauty; that we all like fresh air when we can find it; that we all in our leisure hours want something to do. The countryside can provide all these things; and the countryside is cheap. Of recent years more and more of our young people have taken to "hiking" to riding incredible distances on bicycles, to walking when they cannot ride. Their activities have not always met with the approval of those who own land, but their activities have certainly been beneficial to them and, we think, to the country as a whole. Those young people will no doubt continue to find their amusement in the same way. Might not the movement be extended to those a little older? The railway companies and local 'bus services—even perhaps the Ministry of Information—could help enormously.

And the country would benefit.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

We have heard a very great deal about the inadequacy of a war news service, and sympathies can be extended to a daily Press, which has to enlarge upon the stop press item of the day before yesterday in the late edition of the day after to-morrow. The military authorities are obviously keeping a tight hand on information, and the staff has distinct limitations when it comes into contact with civilian psychology. There are many of us who realise that little news can be expected from the Western front unless there is some major development, but there seems to be a good deal of propaganda from the German side as to the massing of troops and aeroplanes, and naturally there is an inclination on the part of the public to know what is being done about it. What many intelligent people require is a decent map mentioning the places described in an official report, and, with knowledge of the last war, they can work things out for themselves. What they do not want and what they will get is "our special correspondent's" elaborations and pen pictures. It is policy not to have spared us bad news, as suppression of any disaster leads to rumours and magnifications. We had an example in 1914 of the unfortunate effects of holding back the truth.

FOOD CONTROL OFFICIALS

Signs are not wanting that systems of food control will have to be organised by men who know their businesses, and the peculiar needs of the various retailers. It is too much to expect that everyone will be satisfied or that individual needs can be met, but the food is there and some sort of discrimination can be exercised in the way in which it is distributed. The attack on bureaucratic methods made in Parliament was not without justification, and the call for practical men to handle affairs which immediately concern them instead of civil servants who have no conception of the tasks before them is plain common sense. The fish distribution scheme was not inspired. We should have learnt from the last war the machinery required, and we should also have profited by errors. One thing that is demanded of an official who has to make direct contact with food providers is tact, courtesy and decision. Tradesmen who have little leisure to spare, should not be made to wait for many hours in queues, and then have to leave without satisfaction. The public, too, will have to be considered; they suffered needlessly at the hands of many little Jacks in Office during the last war.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE other day I read in the *Countryman* a proposal by Sir Daniel Hall to set up a "Commission" "on similar lines" to the Forestry Commission for the encouragement of "joint stock enterprise" in the "rehabilitation" of the land. Whatever criticism the Forestry Commission has received, he remarks, "it can point to the trees growing." Yes and what kinds of trees? As everybody knows, the vast majority are foreign conifers. The gloom of these forests, their deathly silence and their absence of life, their disharmony with the particular values of English country, the Teutonization of our wild places as though Black Forest regiments were in permanent occupation of it and forever drawn up in line upon its traditional acres, all lovers of our countryside are aware of this. It is doubtful whether they are so well aware of what these Teuton woods have done to the thriving sheep-farming of the Lake District, displacing 4,000 Herdwicks, the hardy sheep whose wool and mutton are of the finest, and threatening 2,000 more.

In his advocacy of "joint stock enterprise" to be applied to English land, Sir Daniel Hall adduces an even more unfortunate analogy for our admiration. "The structure of the industry," he writes, "would change insensibly as the single-man businesses became exchanged for the large-scale farmer-managers and their lieutenants. Just in the same way, handloom-weaving grew into small mills and then into great manufacturing corporations, all to the gain of efficiency and of the *general well-being of both masters and workers* (italics mine)"

Glance then at this, one of the first great victories of mechanical progress, as revealed in the pages of Ashley's *Early History of the English Woollen Industry* and Morris and Wood's *The Golden Fleece*. The wool trade that made England's fortune in the fourteenth century was controlled by craft-guilds in which masters, workers and shopkeepers were integral parts of a single fraternity. Selling prices were fixed not by supply and demand but by what was considered a fair price. Since the guild members were all brothers, there was no competition and no cornering ("engrossing"). It was not considered honourable to take advantage of another man's necessity by charging exorbitant prices, and the object of the guild was to produce honest work at a fair price for the good of all. There was no over-specialisation (since every man worked at all the processes of the craft) and no division between capital and labour.

This was mediæval economy and it was broken by the Tudor suppression of the guilds and by the enclosing of the common lands for grazing, so that two shepherds covered the same area of land as forty husbandmen. The great More has left immortal testimony of the evils this new system generated. The next step was that the middleman-weaver (Jack of Newbury is one example, Sir Giles Overreach another whose names have survived in literature) became the first factory-master, procuring his labour more and more exclusively by means of "hands" who (or perhaps I should say which) had lost their fields and sheep and had no interest in the product. In subsequent periods, these new tendencies were accelerated and nearly all the wool-workers became the units of a machine.

The Golden Age of Progress came to the throne in the Industrial Revolution when Blake's "dark Satanic mills" employed children in the factories working thirteen hours (some of them sixteen) a day for seven days a week at a wage of 6s. They were flogged by overseers when they fell asleep for weariness, all pride in craft was swept away, quantity replaced quality, the race for wealth challenged co-operative workmanship, and the profit of a few slave-drivers the cheerful livelihood and responsibility of the many.

This is the actual history of the transformation of handloom-weaving into great corporations "all to the gain of efficiency and of the general well-being of masters and workers." Sir Daniel Hall could scarcely have chosen an example more damning to his plea for controlling agriculture by "joint stock enterprise" ultimately protected by the State.

Are we to Teutonize our farming community as we have already done our forest lands? The most completely mechanised nations in Europe to-day are Germany and Russia—fit allies; let us beware lest in confronting the dragon of automatism our spirit is not scorched by its breath and withers. For that is the danger to all Europe, the mechanisation of the human spirit, and the spectacle of what degradation it can lead to is a lesson to be well learned.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Sunday newspaper:

"Mr. Jim Vincent—who is in charge of the sanctuary—and I are now trying to get back ruffs and reeves, eversetts and spoonbills."



SHOULD AUTUMN SALMON FISHING BE STOPPED?

IT is well within the knowledge of middle-aged and older anglers that autumn used to be the season when we looked for the greater part of our sport. But times have changed and, with the restricted number of districts where autumn salmon now run, opinion generally has also changed regarding salmon fishing of all kinds at this season. So much is this the case that one of the best-known and most respected men in the fishing world has recently written to the Press urging the immediate cessation of sport with a view to the preservation of the spawning stock and an increase in the number of salmon in future years. Thirty years ago such an appeal would have met with instant criticism and a great deal of condemnation; indeed, it probably would never have been made. At present it seems to have evoked little or no open comment.

Whether one agrees with the desirability or otherwise of curtailing fishing in the autumn would seem still to depend upon the river or rivers in which one may fish. One knows that in very many rivers—in fact, one may say in most rivers—only spring and summer salmon and grilse are now to be found; the number which enter from the sea after, say, the middle of August, is quite negligible. Nearly all the rivers of the North of Scotland, most of those in the West of Scotland and in England, Wales and Ireland fall into this category.

On the other hand, in spite of the changes which have occurred, autumn salmon have not disappeared from all rivers; they still exist in some, although it may be that even in these they are in very much reduced numbers. In many cases the position is met, or at least partially met, by a more or less suitably early end to the statutory season. In other cases the statutory season is a relic of the times when conditions were considerably removed from those which now obtain. In some districts the close time may commence at the end of September, in others at some date between then and the middle or even end of October.

The critics of autumn fishing, however, may, and indeed do, regard fishing even in September as undesirable and detrimental to the general interests of the river. Whether that opinion will be subscribed to by all anglers, and particularly by those accustomed to fish in rivers where autumn fish are still to be found, is very much open to doubt. In some cases there can, of course, be no two opinions as to the right course to pursue. In some rivers a few salmon may be spawning at, or very soon after, the end of September; in these rivers there may be no late fish and spawning may actually be finished in November. No sportsman wants to catch such fish in September, and indeed in August discrimination may be required between those which are landed and those which are killed.

In very many other rivers a corresponding state of affairs obtains in the upper waters where the early fish, now red, black, brown and green, are concentrated preparatory to laying their eggs. From these early-running and early-spawning fish there is, however, a gradation to the later-running and later-spawning creatures; among the grilse, for instance, those which arrived in June will be much more discoloured, much riper and much less fit for food, than those which did not leave the sea until August. In the old days in the Spey, grilse continued to arrive from salt water at least up to October and, pace the critics of autumn angling, it was difficult to distinguish some of these from the first of the following year's crop of spring salmon which were arriving in small numbers at practically the same time.

Unfortunately in these days the run of late grilse, and larger fish, too, into the Spey, as in so many other rivers, has practically disappeared. Consequently, with opportunities for seeing the real thing so much restricted, and with autumn angling replaced by spring fishing for so many anglers, very few fishermen now ever see a real autumn salmon: with others the memory of the autumn fish is prone to be a little blurred by time. Their very scarcity is apt to lead to the opinion and statement that real autumn salmon do not now exist. But in certain rivers, notably Tweed, Tay and some between Tay and Spey, they are still to be found, and, if weather and water be kind, are still to be caught by those willing to go out in search of them.

A genuine autumn salmon is a very different fish from a stale and ripe springer or grilse, and so, from its life history, it ought to be. While the spring fish have been maturing and fasting, the autumn salmon have been feeding and growing in the sea. Instead of living on their fat, they have been storing fat. While developing their genital organs (their date of maturity is perhaps three months later than that of the springers) the demands, it would appear, have been met directly from food intake and not from the body reserves. Consequently, since body growth and genitalia development have proceeded concurrently, and the date of spawning is delayed, the appearance of these fish and the condition of their fish is very different from that of the discoloured, almost ripe, fish in the river.

Here it should perhaps be mentioned that, prolonged drought may delay the ascent of summer fish; it is on record that their ascent into fresh water may be delayed even until September. But these ceased feeding before reaching the coast; while waiting they have degenerated as they would have degenerated in fresh water and for practical purposes they are still summer, and not genuine autumn, fish. The latter, when leaving the sea, are fully bright and silvery; they may be slightly more rotund than a spring fish, but otherwise it is exceedingly difficult, and in many cases may be almost impossible, to distinguish them without dissection from a real spring, or winter, fish taken at the same time and which will not spawn for a year.

For eating there is nothing wrong with an autumn salmon: it may be not quite so firm as a springer, but, when eaten close to the place of capture, as is normally the case, it is at least as good as the average salmon throughout the year from a fishmonger's shop. For sport it is as good as a fish at any other season. It perhaps suffers from the fact that, with falling temperature, one can afford to use heavy gear, but one also uses heavy gear in the early spring and heavy fish, among which many autumn salmon have to be classed, are never so lively or so active as the smaller-sized group. In fact, a good autumn fish is the equal of a good average fish of any other class, whether at the end of a line, in appearance or on the table.

Quite apart from other considerations such as whether autumn fish breed only autumn fish, is it desirable to restrict or abandon the catching of these fish in good condition, particularly at this time and in the immediately following years when it would appear that every available item of food may be of value?

The question is certainly complicated by the fact that if one goes fishing one's catch is unlikely to be restricted to this class alone, and that, unlike spring fishing, when there is a clear and unmistakable division between clean fish and kelts and rawners, there is, and cannot be, any definite line of demarcation between what is desirable and what is undesirable. There will be a gradation from one end of the scale to the other.

The decision as to what ought or ought not to be kept has to be left to the sportsman, although there must inevitably be a minority to whom a fish is a fish and some more who may be overruled by their gillies to whom the number in the bag is everything. In general, however, clean autumn fish and stale spring and summer fish are not found intermingled to any great extent. The former are in the lower and the latter in the upper half of the rivers. If late angling could be restricted to the part nearer the sea, objections would seem to be met almost completely, and the way open without harm to a very small, but desirable, addition to the food supply.

PISCATOR SENIOR.



"THERE THEY GO, THE BEAUTIES!"—THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) AT KEMBLE WICK

THOUGHTS ON A CUB-HUNTING MORNING

By ROBERT COLVILLE

A FORTNIGHT ago we used to meet a vast number of people who maintained that the outbreak of war would mean the end of hunting in any shape or form in this country. Reports from widely-scattered hunts have now proved this gloomy forecast to be wrong, and have also shown the folly of dogmatic statement as to what is going to happen anywhere at any time during the present war.

But though hunting is to continue, there must clearly be many alterations and provisions for possible developments which it is impossible to foresee with any accuracy, and I must confess that it was with more than a purely sporting interest that I set out the other day for a cubbing appointment in Sussex.

The changed conditions met me at the stables where I hired my horse. A number of horses had been requisitioned, but sufficient had been left to enable the owner to carry on, and he was loud in his praises of the Remount Department's generosity.

It was quite dark when we set out over the Downs, and when the light did come it showed a sky across which large banks of cloud were being driven by a blustering wind. It was sufficiently cold to make a good scent improbable.

We got to the meet in time for some preliminary conversation, and I learnt that about half the pack had been put down. A number of the hunt horses had gone, but five had been left. One of the Joint Masters was on the point of leaving for France, but his colleague was carrying on. The general determination seemed to be to continue hunting as long as possible.

Then we moved off and forgot all about Hitler. The scent was non-existent and several covers were drawn blank. But hounds finally put up a cub and we went through the ritual of trotting up and down the cover for some half an hour until he was killed. Another covert near by held a cub, but scent was so bad that he was never caught, although he frequently ran past hounds about 2ft. from the leader.

All the time three foxes were on the move in an adjoining valley, and hounds were taken there, but without success. There were quite sufficient people out to watch the covers, and some very fine horses, some of which were being schooled to the job. One ran fourth in the Grand National a few years ago.

A most curious thing happened on the way home. We were crossing a rough field at the foot of the Downs, and about 50yds. from the main road, when we almost rode over a dog fox. What he was doing there at 12.30 p.m. I cannot imagine, as the nearest cover was at least a mile away.

The impressions which I gained during this morning's cubbing, coupled with information which correspondents have very kindly sent to the *Field*, make it quite certain that hunting will continue at all events for the greater part of this season. Last week we published an article showing how expenses could be cut down, and elsewhere in this issue appear the plans of various hunts by which they hope to be able to carry on.

Admittedly the war has not yet touched this country with sufficient closeness to enable us to judge its final effect. But I think that the attitude that every sporting activity is sure to come to an end is to be deprecated. After all, however much sections of the popular Press may express the hope that this war will see the end of hunting, the sport remains a national industry and is an important part of that national life which we have repeatedly been encouraged to carry on.

And equally important is it, I think, that hunting should go on from the point of view of the nation's morale. It will be interesting and instructive to find out how many of the men and women who are really doing things at the moment are distinguished in the hunting field. Certainly the knowledge that hunting is going on at home will have the most heartening effect on men serving abroad.

Nor does this, at the moment, seem to be impossible. The War Office is evidently determined to leave a sufficient number of hunt horses in each hunt, and even if hunting days have to be cut down, hunting can be continued after a fashion. There is, also, plenty of hound feed available, and now that the majority of hunts have halved their packs it should not be necessary to destroy many more.

Many Masters have, of course, already left their countries, and a great number of hunt servants are of military age, though they may not have been called up yet. No one has yet really any idea of the effect of the war, but it seems reasonable to hope that a sufficient number of people will be left to hunt hounds and to follow them. Each hunt must be guided by its local conditions.

The question of foxes is more difficult. From present information there seems to be many litters in most countries. If foxes have to be kept down by other measures it is very much to be hoped that a general massacre, carried out by unqualified persons, will not be permitted.

Sacrifice will be demanded from farmers, who will not be able, in most cases, to make further claims on poultry funds. They should, I think, be allowed to use their own judgment to a large extent, and certainly all those who are sufficiently fortunate to be able to hunt should do so with an extra care for farming interests.

There will, I am confident, be no serious difficulty about this. The co-operation between hunts and farmers is quite strong enough to overcome it. We are fighting to retain much of the English scene, and hunting in all its many senses and connections is an integral part of English life and tradition.



HOUNDS COMING OUT OF COVERT

The Bramham Moor, with their huntsman, T. Davies, at Scarcroft Woods

A HUNTING MEMORY OF 1918

By CHARLES C. DALLAS

ORDERS had been given that all hunting should cease early in March, and on the 2nd we had our last day. Hounds met in the village, the fixture being made to deal with some foxes that had become poultry fanciers.

Though there was bright sun the cold was intense, and so hard the ground at 9 o'clock, that it seemed doubtful if hunting would be possible. The sun, however, had got a bit of warmth in it, and by 11 o'clock the ground had thawed enough to make it quite rideable.

The acting Field Master was hunting hounds, and his daughter and a temporary whipper-in were helping to turn them. The very small field who met hounds at 11.30 were keen to have a good hunt for the finish. Besides the staff there were two members of the hunt present, three farmers and three ladies, but sad to relate everything seemed against us from the start. The first fox was lost in three fields, hounds coming to an unaccountable check when running well, and they were not able to recover the line or mark the fox to ground. Our second ran a ring round a big wood then crossed the railway, where some time was lost in going round to a bridge, and when we got to the pack we found them at fault and unable to carry on any further.

Then in the afternoon we found three, if not four, foxes in a big wood, and after hunting them round and round for some time, varied by two short excursions into the fields, we at last got away and everything looked as if we were in for a real good hunt.

It seemed, however, that nothing could go right on this day, for after running across a couple of fields the fox got up against some rabbit wire, and the pack being close after him, he was killed in less than ten minutes after leaving the wood. Having drawn two other places blank the Master blew his hounds out of covert, with that long winding note of the horn which denotes the end of the day.

There were only two of us left out, a farmer and myself, when hounds were drawn up at the cross roads and about to turn their heads for home.

"Well," said the Master, "I'm afraid that's the end of it, I've nowhere else to draw."

Then the farmer approached, he was one of the oldest followers of the hunt, a man who had watched the pack chase foxes under the same mastership for over fifty years. The old man had been very depressed all day and told me he feared this might be his last day's hunting, for we were all pretty well rattled during those strenuous days, and I knew he was very disappointed at not having had a better day for the finish.

"Sir," he said to the master, "this is the last day of the season, and it is quite possibly the last day any of us will hunt. The horses are fresh and hounds have not done much, and it's only just past 3 o'clock, do try again for I'd give anything just to hear them running once more."

The Master was pleased at his old friend's keenness and said, "I will try again with pleasure, Mr. S—, we will draw some of the hedgerows behind the village, and along the stream, and maybe we shall put up a fox somewhere."

So the whipper-in was sent well forward and the master turned into the grass meadow alongside the road and began to draw round the thick hedgerow that bounded it. Before he had gone half way down the first double fence there was a hollow on our left from a man driving some cows out of the adjoining field, and hounds were away to it like a flash.

An easy gap let us out and after them in quick time, and we saw the tail hounds disappearing through the opposite fence, with a cry that instantly dispelled every sad thought from the mind.

The Master was making for the fence through which the pack had just gone when there was a warning shout from the farmer.

"'Ware wire, come this way, Sir," and we made for a gate in the corner of the field leading into a lane and scuttled up it for all we were worth, the pack running along merrily on our right and, by the sound, turning our way.

"There he goes," said the Master, who had caught sight of the fox crossing the lane, and the whipper-in joined us further up it. Then we four, aided by a handy line of gates and another lane, followed the flying pack as hard as we could push our horses along, till the chase bore to the right and the fox left the vale and ran up on to the down beyond. Though we had ridden at top speed hounds were outpacing us, and when we reached the foot of the down, we saw the tail hounds just disappearing over a ridge on the sky line.

It was a stiff climb up that hill, which reduced our pace to a walk, and when we reached the top we found the pack had already crossed the hill, and we could hear them running in the vale the other side.

Then we caught sight of them crossing a newly ploughed field, and best of all heading our way. Presently the whipper-in spied the fox making for the hill again, and we watched him enter a hanging wood on the north side of it.

The Master, shouted to his whipper-in, "Get round it, Charlie, and give him a turn if you can."

So Charlie galloped off and got to the far side of the wood, where hounds were pushing their fox hard through the undergrowth, till we heard a ringing holloa, followed by a crack of the whip like a pistol shot. And now the fox met the pursuing pack and in another moment they were chasing him, probably in view, round the wood.

The Master just missed heading him as he left the wood, but the pack were close at his brush, chasing him over the open down, and gaining at every stride, till they fairly ran into him in a little hollow of the down, which tradition says was once a Roman encampment.

The hunt had lasted 30 minutes, and had been run at top speed without check or even hesitation, and four very happy men congratulated each other on the success of our final effort of the season. The last I saw of hounds they were wending their way homewards across the green down, the setting sun shining on their glossy sides and on the red coats of the Master and his whipper-in, making a picture that will never fade from my memory.

The hunt ended within a mile of my house, so I took the farmer in to give refreshment to man and horse.

On parting, I said, "Well, if this should prove to be our last hunt it has been a good one, and neither of us will ever forget it." "Don't talk of last hunts to me, young man (I am near 60 by the way)," he replied, "as long as England exists, such sport as foxhunting can never die."



THE YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE BRAMHAM MOOR GET UP EARLY

Cub Hunting is thoroughly enjoyed by the children who get good practice in watching coverts

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CHUKOR

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

IN a recent number of the *Field* there was an interesting article on the chukor partridge in New Zealand, and in it the suggestion was made that the bird might possibly be introduced into Great Britain. With regard to this proposal, I think I shall be voicing the opinions of all those who know the chukor in condemning the idea emphatically. Those of us who have lived in the East, Near, Middle and Far, are all grateful to the chukor for the sport he has provided, and for his welcome appearance on the table as a substitute for the everlasting tough chicken of Egypt and India, but I think we shall all be agreed on the decision that he is at best only a passable substitute for the British partridge.

As the chukor is general all over Asia and in certain parts of Southern Europe, it is dangerous to generalise, for I may lay myself open to onslaught from an Eastern exile, who has been in contact with the chukor in some locality where he behaved as a partridge should behave, and where his meat from some accident of diet was superior to that of the British bird.

Generally speaking, however, the chukor is a confirmed runner rather than a flyer, and his flesh, though palatable, is not quite up to the standard of the English partridge. It is white and has the true partridge flavour, but unless the bird is very young and has been feeding on a variety of green stuff, with plenty of water available, it is apt to be slightly dry and tough. In making this statement I feel somewhat guilty as for fourteen years the chukor provided me with many excellent dinners when hot, and equally excellent breakfasts when cold, and the pursuit of him has made life worth while during the dull days of autumn. Nevertheless I think the British bird is superior in every respect, and there seems little point in trying to introduce the chukor to England even if it were possible.

At the risk of laying myself open to correction I would say that he is already here, though in diminishing numbers, for the red-legged or French partridge has precisely the same markings. As to the difference in colour, the general brown of his feathering as opposed to the sandy buff shot with mauve of the chukor may be merely the local pigmentation to suit the environment of fallow and plough instead of the rocky and sandy slopes of the East.

I do not think there are any two opinions about the red-legged in England. We give him full marks when we have nothing else, but we are all delighted if his numbers decrease and the British bird, instead of being what one might term a suppressed Sudeten minority, gets the upper hand.

There is not much that I learned about the chukor in the deserts of Egypt that is not already known, and I doubt if I can add anything to that which has already been written and said. First and foremost I would say that he is a nomad at heart and that his usual method of travelling is on foot. He flies quite as strongly and as fast as a British partridge, but he will not use his wings unless unduly pressed or suddenly surprised. I have seen coveys of chukor frequently trekking from one desert waterhole to the next, and they do it by walking along the recognised camel track, with the old cock in the van of the column and leading the march.

They are to be found always in the vicinity of wells, which are in use by the Arabs and by the side of which the birds can find a little water left in the stone drinking troughs. If there is rain-crop desert barley within reach this adds to the attraction of the site, and in Sinai they were particularly addicted to the camps of the Camel Corps, but those of the Police were not so popular. There was no question of class distinction over this; the explanation was quite simple, for the Camel Corps obtained their forage from the Government, but the Police had to find their own. While the plutocratic Camel Corps animals shoved their noses into plenty and sent the grain flying in all directions, the poor old Police camels, on much shorter rations, picked up every solitary grain with their prehensile lips.

In the article on the New Zealand chukor it is stated that they are possibly insectivorous, and this I think was proved in Sinai. Agricultural experiments here led to the damming of a small stream and some three hundred acres of irrigated corn lands in the heart of good chukor country. Here unlimited water, green herbage, and corn of all varieties were obtainable, and the chukor flocked into the valley, breeding in it, and making it their headquarters for nine months of the year.

When the autumn rains came, however, providing temporary waterholes all over the hill country, the chukor departed, and it would seem that there was only one possible explanation. As they left behind corn in plenty and a variety of green stuffs it could only be insects that they were seeking, and nine months' constant occupation by some two hundred birds of one small valley had probably denuded it of all insect life. An old cock-fighter I knew used to say that the ideal food for game fowl and all game birds was one-third grain or seed, one-third green stuff, and one-third meat or insects, and anyone who has noticed how busy ordinary poultry are in the fields just before dusk will realise what an important part insects play in their diet.

It may be of course that my chukor departed because, like the other denizens of the desert, the Arabs, they had the nomad urge, so that an annual trek of a hundred miles to fresh grounds was almost a migratory instinct. The Bedouin of to-day still do a regular journey in the autumn in search of grazing, whether they have any animals to graze or not. I knew one old man who regularly packed up and marched annually a hundred and fifty miles for the sake of one scraggy she-goat, worth about eight shillings, who looked as if she could thrive on a diet of old waterskins garnished with sand.

In that country of easy visibility, the chukor was not easy to shoot, as he always saw the guns before they saw him, and he went off at a steady four miles an hour up the nearest rocky hillside. There was seldom any hope of flushing a covey, and the procedure was for the guns to follow the birds at the same speed and to break into a spurt when the covey disappeared over a rise or went down into a gorge. The chukor never seemed to realise the fact that his pursuer would be unsporting enough to increase his speed when out of sight, but it was in this respect only that he showed lack of cunning and foresight.

In India I believe the chukor is driven with excellent results, but from what I know of the bird a successful drive would necessitate careful organisation, a large number of beaters and particularly active and intelligent flankers. The chukor is not a fool and an organised drive arouses his suspicions as to what may be waiting ahead.

On the few occasions when I attempted a drive, the birds either broke back over the beaters or streamed away to a flank. I can, however, imagine that it must be attractive sport if all goes well, for the chukor is fast and strong on the wing, and it is remarkable that a bird with such extraordinary flying powers should rely almost entirely on his legs.

One other point that I noticed about the chukor was that occasionally he roosted in trees. I must admit that the trees he selected were admirably suited for birds not adapted to perching, for they were a type of acacia, the Sunt, that grew in a dense mass at the top in umbrella shape. I have seen coveys at roosting time fly down from the hillsides and land on the tops of the trees. I cannot say that they made a normal habit of this and presume that they did it only when there had been raids by desert foxes and jackals.

In summing up, one may say that the chukor has his points. He is a most redoubtable bird and from the early days of the Empire he has played his small part in making the East seem something like home, but all the same I do not think that we require him here as a resident, unless our British partridge fails us.



CROSSING THE CANAL IN A SORT OF DECKED-IN WOODEN BATH

AN EGYPTIAN SHOOT

UP at 5.30 a.m. to dress and breakfast and it's out guns and waders and you are ready for a fifteen-mile drive to the Sweetwater Canal. Here you cross on a sort of decked-in wooden bath. There are four or five parties already at it, and while your escort and theirs are arguing, up gets a snipe and you all fire. Probably no one will manage to find it, but whichever one does wins, and the other parties withdraw until you find yourself beside them in a grand beat, or in front of them, when suddenly everything seems full of shot at once. However, this is life and five guns have had good enjoyment in getting 60 head, mostly jack snipe.



COUNTING UP THE BAG AT THE END OF THE DAY

ASPECTS OF DEER FORESTS TO-DAY

By FRANK WALLACE

DEER forests in wartime must be regarded from several different view points. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say, instead of "deer forests," the areas in which deer are found. The properly run deer forest, though hampered by war conditions, will continue on much the same lines as normally. The difficulties of getting stags and hinds into the larder will be increased, but, unless otherwise necessary, about the same number of stags and hinds will be killed.

These viewpoints may be roughly summarised under three separate headings: (1) Production; (2) Destruction; (3) Distribution.

PRODUCTION. Deer forests are a valuable source of food supply in time of war, and though so far as can be seen at present, venison is not likely to be rationed, it could furnish a very welcome addition to the ordinary meat provided for on a ration card. About 9000 to 10,000 stags are killed annually in Scotland in normal times, and though such figures might be amended under war conditions, one can safely assume that the quantity of meat, or meat represented by these figures, could be made available. A similar or larger number of hinds could be killed.

The difficulty at the moment lies in the fact that the stag shooting season is already so far advanced that the organisation necessary for rendering the whole of this supply of meat available has not yet had time to come into operation.

DESTRUCTION. Under this heading comes most of the deer producing area not properly deer forest. By deer forest, I mean land situated, generally speaking, at a comparatively high altitude which is unfit for anything but deer under present economic conditions. Such ground, if over stocked, causes an overflow on to surrounding lands, which eventually come to harbour a stock of deer. It is from this surplus stock that arise most of the complaints—often very much exaggerated—regarding damage to agricultural land. It is on these areas, if complaints arise, that reduction of deer herds should be made. It is from these areas, generally speaking, if additional supplies of venison are needed, that such a supply should come.

DISTRIBUTION. This, from a practical point of view, is possibly the most difficult problem with regard to deer forests in war time. It sounds so simple. You just go out and shoot a stag and send it in to wherever its going, and there you are!

It is quite simple up to a point. It is a fine day, a steady wind, a good light. The stalker is waiting. With him are three ponies. One for the rifle to ride. The other two for—presumably—two stags. Two gillies are waiting and a third is ready to look after the ponies when deer are seen. Off they go. Deer are seen. A stalk is made. A stag is killed. The gillie drags it down the hill to the path at the bottom of the glen, where the pony is waiting. The stalker and rifle with the other gillie repeat the performance.

Everything has gone beautifully. The rifle is back in the lodge, having a hot bath by 6.30, and the stags are skinned and hung up in the larder before dinner. That is the normal picture.

Supposing, even if it is peace time, that something goes wrong. The wind changes, mist blows up. It starts to rain. Someone over the march moves a herd of deer which alarms anything on his neighbour's ground (an unlikely supposition, I admit, but a possibility). The rifle might even miss. The day ends in failure. There are not two stags in the larder, but only a very disappointed, or bad tempered rifle, thinking up excuses as he dresses for dinner. It does not matter very much, the day has been blank and there the matter ends.

In war time, it may still be comparatively easy for a stag actually to be killed. There, the similarity with the peace-time picture ends.

Instead of a stalker, rifle, three gillies and ponies, there will more likely be the stalker, his aged father who has reappeared from well-earned retirement to lend what help he can, no gillie, a patriarchal pony and a rifle of uncertain age. A stag may be killed. The rifle and stalkers laboriously drag it to the pony—anyone who has ever dragged a stag over rough ground will appreciate what this means—and it is taken back to the larder. A dozen separate factors may render the killing of a second stag impossible.

Having got a stag to the larder what is to be done with it? Arrangements have to be made, if the venison is not distributed locally for it to be disposed of. The larder may be miles from a road or railway. Venison will not keep for ever. Petrol cannot be obtained. Plans will have to be made a long time ahead, involving a number of separate individuals, the whole of whose co-operation may be thrown out of gear by a shower of rain.

The chief problems to be faced are the lack of gillies, and ponies, and the difficulty in getting supplies of petrol. In the last war "to end wars," a Venison Supply Association came into being, the management of which was eventually undertaken entirely by the late Hon. Douglas Cairns. Unfortunately his records appear to have been destroyed and no details are available. The Duke of Portland, in his book *Fifty Years of Sport and Nine in Scotland*, gives some interesting figures. Out of a total of 67,438lbs. of venison killed at Langwell and Braemore during the war, 43,781 lbs. was available for human consumption, rather more than half being distributed locally and the remainder sold and the profits handed over to hospitals and charities.

The killing of deer in war-time is a very much more difficult matter than under normal conditions. It is no use giving even a good shot instructions to go out and kill a stag. Unless he knows the ground intimately he would have small chance of doing so. It is essential that deer should be killed as otherwise their already swollen numbers will increase, in certain districts, to such an extent that serious damage will be done to agricultural land. The difficulty will be to ensure that the right deer are killed, that such venison is not wasted, and that the deer killed are killed in those localities where their absence is right and proper. There are still, in spite of political propaganda, very large areas of land in Scotland which are not suited for the production of anything but deer. No doubt an increased stock of sheep can be maintained in certain areas, though whether on sound economic basis it is difficult to say.

The only part of Scotland with any sort of organisation for dealing with deer is at present Ross-shire, and the Deer Association here comprises nearly every proprietor in the county. They are to be congratulated on having had the foresight to create such an organisation.

At present the only action possible for owners and tenants of forests to take seems to be to carry on as far as is possible normally. To kill as nearly as possible the normal number of stags, distributing the venison locally or to whatever quarter it is usually sent.

The great problem to overcome, as I have said, is the whole system of distribution. It seems certain that some sort of scheme will have to be officially adopted for dealing with the serious aspects of the deer problem and that such action cannot have time to function with complete efficiency before the end of the present stalking season. Attempts have already been made and questionnaires sent to proprietors and tenants. There, pending official action, the matter stands. No doubt before the hind shooting season starts, the necessary arrangements will have been made as regards killing, distribution, cold storage, &c. If I, personally, owned a deer forest, I should concentrate on the killing of bad deer of both sexes and hope for better times.

On one point some owners seem apprehensive. That is the entry of duly authorised persons on to their land, with or without their consent for the purpose of killing deer. I do not think there is much ground for their alarm, nor do I think compulsion likely save in very exceptional cases. It seems to me that one of the few cases where compulsory powers might be useful is in the case of a forest where no owner or tenant is present and where no arrangements have been made for deer to be shot. Such ground would inevitably become a sanctuary for deer from all the surrounding forests where they might remain in safety for as long as they liked. No one who knows deer will imagine that they would do otherwise, nor that in a very short space of time they would discover where immunity could be enjoyed.

Most of my remarks in these notes refer to stags only. Hinds are a separate matter which will need a considerable amount of attention and thought.



"A STALK IS MADE. A STAG IS KILLED"



GIVE IT TO ME! THE HEN IS DETERMINED THAT SHE ALONE SHALL FEED THE YOUNGSTERS



SHE INVARIABLY HAS HER WAY, THE COCK BEING MERELY A SPECTATOR AT THE FEAST



SEE WHAT I'VE BROUGHT THIS TIME! SOMETHING REALLY GOOD

A BIRDLAND COMEDY

By GUY B. FARRAR

IT is seldom that one can obtain a set of photographs showing the female taking food from the male before giving it to the young, but at this particular nest of meadow pipits, the hen was quite determined that she alone should feed the chicks.

The cock, on the other hand, was obviously anxious to do his share, so a very amusing little comedy ensued.

Each time he arrived at the nest—his visits occurred every few minutes—he waited for his lady to move aside and allow him to feed the family. She, on her part, obstinately refused to budge and tried her hardest to take the insects or larvæ from him. In the end she invariably had her way, the cock being merely a spectator at the feast.

About mid-day she left the nest and, much to my surprise, indulged in a dust bath in a nearby patch of blown sand. This was the cock's opportunity.

But while he was feeding the nestlings the hen returned and, seeing what had happened, regarded him with the utmost suspicion, obviously having grave doubts as to his ability to minister to the young.

For the rest of the day she remained at the nest, never allowing him another chance of usurping her prerogative. The cock philosophically accepted the situation, resigning himself to the rôle of food provider.



THE SPIDER'S NEST IS SOON EATEN BY FOUR HUNGRY YOUNG MEADOW PIPITS



WHEN THE HEN IS AWAY THE COCK TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF FEEDING HIS FAMILY



ON HER RETURN THE HEN REGARDS HIM WITH SUSPICION, HAVING GRAVE DOUBTS AS TO HIS ABILITY TO MINISTER TO THE YOUNG



THE ROCK POOL, KYLEMORE ABBEY, CONNEMARA

This photograph which conjures up a perfect summer's day was taken by Dr. C. P. Symonds in a district noted for its salmon and sea trout fishing. In the background is the Diamond Mountain

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY FISHERS

XIV.—Coarse Fish as Fly Takers

MY DEAR BOB,—I am sorry to hear that the plan for transferring you to the Welsh border has fallen through. If you go to Huntingdonshire you will not get any grayling fishing; at all events I cannot remember at the moment any stream thereabouts where grayling thrive, though attempts are always being made to introduce them to new coarse-fishing waters. Still, you will find plenty of fishing, and if it were summer time plenty of fly fishing. Were you going to be there longer I should recommend you to obtain coarse-fishing rods and tackle, but a sojourn of such uncertain length, and your preference for the fly rod in more normal times, hardly justifies the outlay; so I think you had best do what you can with your trout-fishing tackle, which needs no alteration for the capture of coarse fish, except in the patterns of fly.

First to answer your question about the names of "coarse fish." This is a term which is applied nowadays to all freshwater fish other than salmon and trout. Whether it does or does not include grayling I must leave to the controversialists. A generation or so ago fish were divided into two categories, "game" and "coarse," and it caused endless argument over such fish as grayling and pike, which are certainly "game" fish in the popular sense of the term—a fish which fights gamely when hooked—but not in the original meaning of the name, which was, I believe, a fish protected by game laws. But, as far as you are concerned, the coarse fish in angler's language are: pike, perch, bream, carp, roach, rudd, dace, tench and barbel, with some small species such as gudgeon, bleak, minnows and so forth, which are only of interest to most anglers when used as bait.

Of these, only three are of much interest to the fly fisher—dace, chub and rudd—though some of the others will take a fly after a fashion.

Of the three the most persistent fly taker is the dace. You know what a roach looks like, I expect? Our national fish is usually known to anyone who has lived by a slow-flowing river as a boy. A dace is very much like a roach in a general way, but is much slimmer, has not the red fins or orange eye of a roach, and is not, as a rule, quite so silvery. It looks as if its silver had been washed over with some kind of anti-tarnish material.

These little chaps (they seldom exceed half-a-pound except in trout waters) are to be found in shoals on the shallows of most coarse-fishing rivers, and will take a fly readily at times. I remember a stretch of the Thames on the Isleworth shore opposite Kew Gardens, where very good dace fishing could be had on the last two hours of the ebb tide. It is a great many years since I fished there, but I have no doubt that the shoals of dace are still in the river.

One had to wade knee deep to get at the best runs, and as I say one could only get a couple of hours, or possibly three, hours fishing at any one tide (and a low spring tide at that), but I know of no place where one could pick up the technique of fly fishing for dace more readily than on that reach of the Thames, for the fish had all the day-to-day fancies of dace in more rural waters, and one had to find out quickly what they would take and how it should be presented before the tide turned and the fishing for that day was over.

This "day-to-day" fancy of the fish is the important point in dace fishing. It is very little use setting out with the intention of using a dry fly and sticking to it through thick and thin. If you do it will be a thin time that you will get, nine days out of ten. There is here, as you will find, a lesson to be learned about fly fishing in a coarse-fish river. The fish do not behave as they do in a trout stream where chub or dace are found bob-nobbing with trout. They behave very much as do the trout, taking up a position in the water and collecting flies from the surface or upper layer of water, and refusing to have anything to do with a fly which does not behave like the natural ones on which they are feeding. But in coarse-fish water it is otherwise. Such streams seldom produce anything very noticeable in the way of a hatch and such water-bred flies as the river holds are likely to be of the sedge variety, most species of which do not come up to hatch out on the surface, but crawl out by way of a reed stem and often enough (if they emerge a few yards from the bank) appear to struggle along its surface till they get there.

This may account for the apparent attraction which a moving fly has for coarse fish. In the case of dace: having located your shoal proceed first to to fish over it with a dry fly, just as you would do for trout. If that fails try letting the fly sink, but without moving it after the cast is made. Then try letting it drag, or giving the fly a jerk once or twice as it passes over the shoal. This is often very effective. It should be done by a small pull on the line, not by raising the rod tip, as any unnecessary movement of the rod is to be avoided for fear of scaring the shoal. Lastly put on two flies casting across and letting the current sweep them round; but I have rarely found this successful unless there is a good ripple on the water.

One of the troubles in dace fishing is that, after a certain amount of hammering, the shoal almost invariably moves away and you have to find it again or another one. And another is the difficulty of hooking the fish. Those little chaps rise like lightning and let go again almost instantly. In fishing a sunk fly, particularly, one gets half-a-dozen plucks for every fish fairly hooked, but a basket of a dozen or more is quite common in a couple of hours' fishing.

Dace, like grayling (except in trout waters) seem to prefer a "fancy" fly to one dressed to represent a natural insect, but I think on the whole I have had my best sport with a black fly—black gnat for example, or, better still, a small Zulu with a red ibis tag. The size has almost of necessity to be on the small side. No. 00 is probably the best, though on rare occasions one can pick out the best fish in a shoal by using something larger, say No. 1. One has to be prepared for a phenomenal number of abortive rises when using the larger size.

If it were earlier in the year you would get even better sport with chub. The contempt in which many men hold chub is quite unjustified. It comes, I believe, simply from their uselessness as a table fish. A catch of chub may, in fact, be a decided embarrassment, unless one can come across some town dweller who is too impressed with the size and dignified appearance of the fish to consider its latter end and will accept a present of it unsuspiciously—and also from the fact that many fly fishermen have been deluded by a chub into the belief that they had hooked the trout of their dreams; and the subsequent disappointment rankles.

But in a coarse-fishing river there is no fish available to the fly-fisherman which will put up such a fight when hooked, or which needs more care and ingenuity in approach, than a chub basking in the dappled shade of the willows. You will want some special flies for chub fishing; a larger palmer (a hairy-looking fly, reminding one a little of a caterpillar) red, or black is generally good, but it does not matter much what fly is used as long as it is big and husky. Size No. 4 is none too big and even bigger flies still may often be used to advantage.

To enjoy the sport of stalking chub to the full, one wants a hot, sunny day such as we had in early September this year, though July and August are better months, and a stream, deep and slow-flowing with a row of overhanging willows along one bank. Unless you have access to a boat (which must be moved very quietly by a paddle to avoid the vibration from oars in rowlocks), the stream must be of such a width that you can cover it with a cast. Best of all is the day when you can actually see the fish—half-a-dozen portly shadows moving ghost-like in the green depths, lazily cruising a few yards and as lazily rising to the surface to inspect some morsel which has fallen from the overhanging trees; then concealing yourself as best you may pitch a large fly to the edge of the shoal, and after a few seconds, if no notice is taken of it, pull it very slowly away an inch or so at a time.

It is when the moving fly catches the eye of a fish that the nerve-wracking seconds are counted out, as the chub slowly follows, and, if the luck holds, opens its capacious maw and sucks the palmer in. As it turns to go down again strike in no uncertain manner. Then the delicacy of your touch will tell, for you must strain the tackle almost to the breaking point to keep the great brute from diving into the willow roots where nothing can save your gut from inevitable fracture.

Once you have contrived to skull drag the fish from the vicinity of its halt, you can play it at your leisure for a hook once embedded in the gristle of a chub's mouth will seldom loose its hold, as you will realise when you try to extract it after the fish is in the net. But even when the chub cannot be seen you may be sure they are not far away from overhanging willows in any stream where chub abound, and as pleasant a day's sport as any man can want may be had by wandering along such bushed-over reaches of many a midland brook.

The other fish of the trio, the rudd (indistinguishable from a roach to the inexpert eye except for the position of the dorsal fin which is nearer the tail), is not likely to come into your fishing horizon unless you have access to some private pond, where they have been introduced at some time or other—as very often they seem to have been. The only effective way of taking them on a fly which I know is to wait until they visit the shallows, especially the kind of silted-up corner with a sparse crop of rushes growing in it. Here, on occasion, you will see bubbles rising which generally indicates a shoal of rudd rooting round the rushes. A boat is almost always necessary. It should be kept well away from the shoal and a long line and small fly cast to the point where the bubbles are seen—and then drawn gently away.

When other things fail, rudd can sometimes be brought on the feed by casting small cubes of dry bread among the rush stems, waiting for the fish to find them, and then offering a fly. Both for chub and rudd the addition of a maggot to the hook of the fly will often prove killing; but it requires a certain knack, not very easily acquired, to cast such a decorated fly without casting off the maggot.

Your affectionate uncle,

HARVEY.

PROVIDING FOOD FOR YOUR DOGS

By A. CROXTON SMITH



DOGS KEPT AS COMPANIONS MANAGE TO GET ALONG FAIRLY WELL

THE feeding of dogs in war-time is a problem that must cause a lot of anxiety and set owners the task of exercising their ingenuity. In the Great War the general run of people who simply kept dogs as companions managed to get along fairly well. Hounds, gundogs and show kennels were another matter, and it is these that will be most affected. Low-grade flours were released for meals and biscuits, though in limited quantities, as time went on, and those who were fortunate enough to live in the country often managed to get the flesh of cattle or sheep that had died. Old cow beef is at present much used in breeding kennels, and when I had a number of bloodhounds I fed them largely on horse flesh, which could then be had, unphysicked, in unlimited quantities. That supply, however, is now very restricted.

Various offals, unfitted for the consumption of human beings, will often keep body and soul together in dogs, solidified blood has its uses, and cod's head or the heads of other fish can be boiled until the bones are softened enough for being eaten with safety. Not an ideal food, perhaps, but it is better than nothing, and I know breeders who resort to it now for a change and for the sake of economy. The heads of poultry can also be boiled and eaten, but they are rather rich.

Some of my friends have taken in stocks of canned meat sold specially for dogs, and now I see that Spratt's are putting up biscuits in hermetically-sealed tins, which should remain good for a long time. I have kept biscuits under ordinary conditions for some months, but I believe this cannot be guaranteed as they are subject to the inroads of insects.

Bullocks' paunches are excellent, but I suppose they will be wanted for tripe. I do not know if sheep's paunches will be required for the same delicacy. If not, they do all right when properly cleaned and cooked. Unfortunately, dogs are not vegetarians, and it would be idle to pretend that they could subsist on things of this nature that have a place on the menus of men who object to meat as a diet. They are essentially carniverous, as anyone may see who examines their dentition, though under domestication they have adapted themselves very well to farinaceous foods. They could be kept alive on biscuits and meals if we could be assured of getting them in sufficient quantities, but can we?

At the moment no one knows what is going to be the future of dogs, but there is some hope in the fact that no drastic action was taken by the Government last time, although the food position then was not nearly as satisfactory as is it now. I suppose we shall have to reconcile ourselves to the idea of giving up breeding for the duration. If this happens, it will be a serious blow to those who have built up working or show strains with infinite labour in the course of the last twenty years.

Economically, dogs are of considerable consequence, though they are not of use, with comparatively few exceptions, in the furtherance of hostilities. At the moment of writing I have not heard if it is the intention of the authorities to employ dogs at the front as they did before, but I imagine that this will be done, and it may be that the Police Dog Training School near Newbury will be taken as a nucleus.

Sentimentally, of course, they mean a tremendous lot to countless thousands, who would be prepared to make sacrifices on their behalf. We may rest assured that the Government will not be unmindful of this fact, and will do everything possible to allow people to retain their companions.

TWO KINDS OF MANGE

QUESTIONS have reached this paper, followed by some letters in the correspondence columns, about the possibility of curing follicular mange. One lady declared that it was extremely easy to cure, which is certainly contrary to the most acceptable veterinary opinion. I have never tried Odyline, the preparation that she suggested, but no doubt some of my readers will be induced to do so should one of their dogs be troubled by this distressing complaint. I have also heard good opinions of T.C.P.

Follicular mange is not very common, I should say. Friends whom I have consulted have never had a case, and I only had one dog (one that had been bought) affected out of hundreds. On the other hand, the sarcoptic variety, which is highly contagious, is not unusual, and unless scrapings are taken and subjected to a microscopical examination, it is possible to confuse the two kinds.

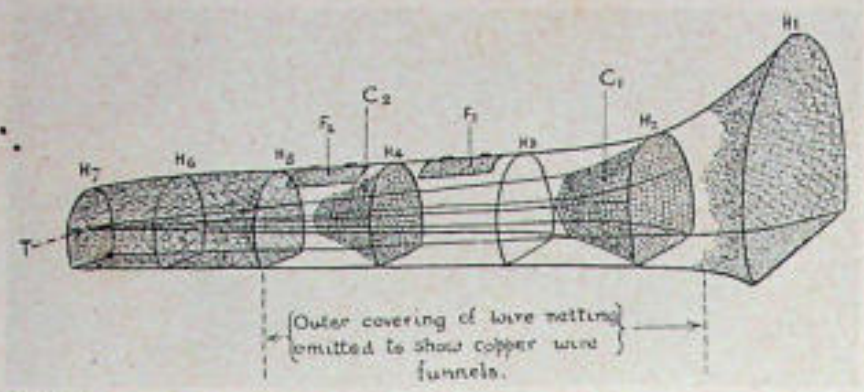
The acarus responsible for sarcoptic mange is nearly as broad as it is long; that of follicular is longish, something like a maggot, with what the unscientific may call four legs on each side of the body close to the head. The sarcoptic acari burrow close to the surface of the skin, setting up red spots from which acrid matter is exuded, that causes intense irritation. As a rule the head, round the eyes, the elbows and the ears are the first places attacked, and in a few weeks, unless checked, the ailment spreads all over the body and may easily be communicated to other dogs as well as human beings unless sanitary precautions are taken.

In follicular mange the parasite penetrates more deeply, particularly into the hair follicles or sebaceous glands. The first signs are usually, though not invariably, observed in the same places as those indicated for sarcoptic, but the affection is slow in spreading and is not easily communicable to other dogs, nor does it affect mankind. For the reasons explained, sarcoptic mange can be treated with success fairly easily, because whatever preparations are used can reach the parasites. A remark in Muller's *Diseases of the Dog* possibly explains how it is follicular mange is not frequently encountered. "It seems that to propagate the disease the animal must have a certain predisposition, the nature of which has not been satisfactorily explained."

Powdered sulphur and vegetable oil, one part of sulphur to approximately eight of the oil, is an old-fashioned remedy that is still recommended for sarcoptic mange. It is applied all over the body three or four times at intervals of several days, and the dog is then washed. Obviously, all bedding has to be burned, the kennel thoroughly disinfected, and every precaution taken to prevent reinfection. Mr. F. W. Cousens relates in the *Dog's Medical Dictionary* that he had had success in regard to the treatment of follicular mange with the Bayer method, which is costly and prolonged, taking sometimes a year to effect a cure.

The latest information on the subject that I have seen appeared in a paper by Dr. C. Gorovitz, of Palestine, published in a recent issue of the *Veterinary Record*. This gentleman, having read of the excellent results claimed in Russia for the use of sodium hyposulphite and hydrochloric acid, decided to make a trial. He employed a 60 per cent. solution of the sodium hyposulphite and a 6 per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid, repeating the course eight times at intervals of three days. In other cases he gave six dressings, and each time a cure followed. This treatment, the doctor wrote, was cheap, clean and convenient and did not harm the patient.

A. C. S.



The Trap

AN EFFICIENT PIKE-TRAP

By G. O. CRAWFORD

THE usual method of removing pike from south country chalk streams with a long bamboo rod and a running wire noose requires considerable skill and takes up much time.

On a stretch of the Avon above Salisbury, however, a most ingenious type of trap is in use, for the details and description of which I am indebted to the courtesy of Major M. Rawlence, who has used several of them with great success.

The trap was originally introduced from France. In general, it consists of a tapering funnel of 1-in. mesh wire netting, about 18in. in diameter and 7ft. long, closed at the smaller end. This is built up round a framework (see diagram) of iron hoops, H_1–H_7, interconnected with long rods of the same material to give rigidity. The hoop H_1 at the entrance is made twice as large as the others.

Two jinged flaps F_1, F_2 are incorporated to facilitate the removal of the pike.

Now for the "bait." Attached to the second hoop H_2 and extending inwards for about 1ft., is a funnel-shaped piece of copper wire netting C_1 the inner end of which is about 6in. in diameter and is held in place by five copper wires fixed at T to the far end of the trap. Another similar copper wire funnel C_2 attached to the fourth hoop tapers to 4in. diameter at its inner end and is likewise held in place by the same five wires, as before.

Setting the trap merely entails dropping it into the river at the spot known to be favoured by a pike. It should of course lie with the entrance downstream, and must be secured to the bank with an iron stake and a length of stout wire.

All traps are visited once every 24 hours.

As yet I have been unable to ascertain precisely what induces pike to enter this contrivance, but that they do so is borne out by the success of the river watcher on the stretch of the Avon already referred to. Using five traps no less than sixty-two pike have been caught between January and July.

One obvious conclusion is that the copper element in the trap is at least part of the attraction, and it has been suggested that fish may try to rub against it in order to clean themselves of fungus. In support of this, it may be mentioned that large trout also are occasionally caught in the traps, but whether this theory is correct or not, the results most certainly justify the method.



SNARING PIKE WITH A BAMBOO ROD AND RUNNING WIRE NOOSE





LEFT: SETTING A PIKE TRAP ON THE SALISBURY AVON. RIGHT: A SMALL ONE CAPTURED OF 1½lb.

BESIDE THE CLEAR COLN

By MARGARET WESTERLING



THE MILL POOL AT SYREFORD, NOW PART OF THE FISH-HATCHERIES

ALL the names of the Cotswold streams fall like music on the fisherman's ears, and perhaps none ring sweeter than those of the valley of the Coln. From its hesitant, marshy source near Charlton Abbotts, below the watershed, right down to Lechlade, it flows through villages as lovely as their names. Throughout the length of the valley, a stretch of no more than twenty-seven miles, leafy green woodland, rich pastures, and a wealth of flowers, mark its course.

In Brockhampton Park Dooneywell swells the rivulet to a brook. At Sevenhampton it waters the roots of a giant willow, below the church, where a brass plate on the north wall of the aisle records the gift of a parishioner, in 1776, wherein the name of the well occurs :—

> " He gave in his life time Twenty
> Shillings p' An' for ever to the poor
> Of this parish in bread, five of which
> Quarterly to be given out of the grou-
> nd called or known by Dunnywell "

Between Syreford and Withington, the stream is augmented by many springs, as it takes its course through Andoversford, and past the old Frog Mill, now an inn. At Syreford, the mill with its lovely mill-pool has become the first hatchery of the river ; its stews are full of surging speckled trout, their sides streaked with gold. From Shipton Oliffe and Shipton Sollars, with its secluded manor and little chapel, a nameless stream comes down to swell the waters.

Down to Withington the Coln runs through open meadows, enhancing the scent of the hay with that of meadow-sweet and water-mints. Below that village of fine Cotswold houses it leaves the marshy swamp beloved of naturalists, and runs under woods, taking on that still and secret course which it holds throughout much of its path, giving it an elusive beauty that haunts the thoughts of all who know it.

The river takes a sudden bend at Cassey Compton, and branches to encircle the house that holds a mystery within its stately walls and yew hedges. Here the waters from the Compton Abdale come to join it.

The two branches flow through the water-meadows below the tumulus of Chedworth Woods, where a disused quarry has become a wild garden full of colour, mulleins, St. John's wort and ragwort growing amongst great patches of mint, the gay pink flowers alternating with clumps of albino ones.



THE WHEELWRIGHT'S PLATFORM NEAR THE CHEDWORTH ROMAN VILLA

At the saw-mill near the magnificent Roman Villa, a blacksmith has his platform by the stream, where the cart-wheels are thrown for bonding on the strakes.

A little back from the river lies Yanworth, on the slopes of the valley, with a barn, a complex of weathered stone walls and roofs, a farm-house with pigeon-holes in two opposite gables, round the upper windows, and a little square-towered church. It lies away from the rest of the village, enclosed from view by the farm-house and a great barn, whose cart-porch has a round *œillet* window and a cupola on its roof. This sturdy chapel is a pleasant thing to find, sheltered within the walls of the farm buildings, and has much interesting detail, slit-windows, with exceptionally fine Early English work and some striking mural paintings.

The valley is rich in churches of unusual interest, for below Yanworth and the Stowell mill, after receiving the waters of the spring that rises near the Hangman's Stone, the river runs by Stowell Park, whose tiny chapel, close to the house, retains some remarkable twelfth century mural paintings. The present house has replaced an earlier building, owned by those wealthy woolstaplers, the Tames of Fairford. Later, it was held by the Howes and the Grubbs who also owned Cassey Compton.

Chedworth sends a swift stream down from its many springs, to the Coln. By the church is a spring called the Holy Well, endowed with curative powers. Chedworth is a scattered village of old houses, with the new well-hidden, so that it seems smaller than its size. A fine tithe-barn graces the entry to the manor-house with pleasant detail of windows.

Twin roads enlace the upper course of the stream, circling to cross it, then rising above it again, not often holding it in view. The Roman Fosseway is carried across the two branches of the stream on an eighteenth century bridge, one of the longest, if not the straightest, on its course. Withies and beds of rushes hide and enclose the river from sight.

Coln St. Dennis lies in an angle of the stream, its squat, square-towered church rising insecurely on the water-meadows.

On the left bank, across the stream from Coln Rogers, the pigeon house is built steeply against the bank, looking as if it had once been a mill. The church, hidden away in orchards, retains Saxon walling and pilaster-strips. The village has a reserve in its grouping unusual in Cotswold hamlets, and the houses with their backs to the road conceal the stream.

Above the left bank, on open wold ground, more akin to the hills than to the river-valley, lies little Calcot, where the breast-plough is still used for potato-planting, and sometimes even for cutting the grass verge of the road. Here the Saltway crosses the river, coming down by Crickley Barrow, past barns with many pigeon-holes along their sides or in their gables.

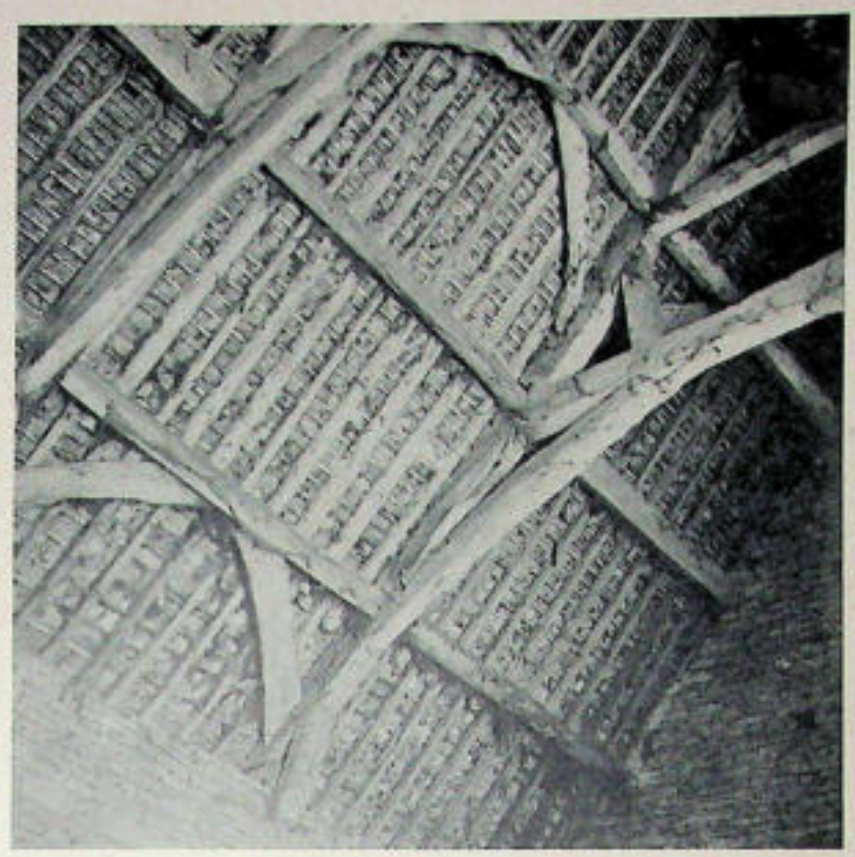
Winson Green, some little way below the mill, is one of the most delightful small places on the river. The upper branch of the stream was canalized centuries back, to carry the water for Ablington Mill, and the old stream-bed, full of mint and rushes, coots and grebes, as well as the darting trout, flows silently under walnut trees, by old barns, and under plank bridges, seeming neglected and almost forgotten, though no fisherman could ever forget a stream so full of enchantment.

The lock at Ablington has a sharp fall, and the mill is one of the biggest above Bibury. The village is churchless, but has three fine barns and several houses of great beauty. The stream is wider now, a true trout stream, with sandy banks and patches of waterweed in the shallows, while deep pools, where the water shows green, hide big trout in their depths under the trees.

Bibury has changed since the days before the last war, when only fishermen came to stay at the little



PIGEON LOFT AT STOWELL PARK
A tiny chapel, close to the house, retains some remarkable 12th century paintings



BEAMS AND WIND BRACES IN A BARN AT ADLINGTON
The village is churchless, but has three fine barns

inn, that is now a big one, by the river, and the great hatcheries were only a small beginning. Now they cover the wide strip between the inn and the mill. I know no mill finer than this one, with its great buttresses, and the dark swift current swirling down through the mill-race. The village has become a little self-conscious, but nothing can spoil the clear, broad waters, or the old stone houses and cottages, those of Arlington Row being the oldest and most famous. Pigeon House Farm still has its ancient round dovecote, its interior somewhat defaced by an inserted flooring. There is another rectangular house, disguised as garage and garden room, near the church that has so many table tombs and such a high, narrow chancel arch.

Below Bibury Court, once the home of the Sackvilles, the Mill-farm stands back from the road, hiding the entrance to the field-path between Bibury and Coln St. Aldwyn. The valley here is wider and more open, the stream broad and shallow, perhaps too carefully tended for the beauty which haunts its banks in more neglected spots, where mimulus grows, and rushes shadow the water under the willows.

Though the mill is no longer working at Coln St. Aldwyn, the river turns a sawmill, and its waters are dyked and sluiced over the water-meadows above it, while beech trees chequer the swift flow of water by the weir with sunlight and shade. The village stands high above the river on a steep bank, the early, unspoilt manor house, containing a magnificent staircase, a fine square gabled dovecote, and the church, forming a splendid group dominating the village, which slopes away from them towards the encircling bend of the river.

Coln St. Aldwyn and Quenington lie close together, but before you enter the latter village, you should turn to the left, and from the bridge that crosses the river gaze into the water till you find the big trout that lies there in the shade, lazy and indifferent to passers-by, but very surely alert and wary when fishermen approach him.

Quenington itself is a jumble of architecture of every period, from the remains of the Priory and the two splendid Norman doorways and tympana of the church, the round mediæval dovecote and fine barns, the sixteenth and seventeenth century cottages and small plain Georgian houses, down to the fortunately well-hidden modern Council cottages beyond the village green. There are two mill-houses, one of them lying near the remains of the Priory, as does the dovecote, and the stream cuttings look as if they had once formed the moat.

From below the village down to the artificial waters of Fairford Park the river is unspoilt and lovely. It seems utterly lonely; not a house or a voice breaks its solitude and the fishing heron slips away so silently that you must be watchful to see him before he has gone. There is nothing here of the pruned orderliness of Bibury waters, but the river is full of trout.

The locks and waterfalls of Fairford Park that make the river audible, by the deep shady pools under clumps of beech, open into the broadened, lake-like waters that appealed to Pope's taste rather than to ours. A mill-house stands at the end of the park by the town of Fairford, the only town on the river. The weir has a long fall, and formerly this was the barrier above which the "coarse fish," spoken of by one of the early historians, Ruddier or Rudge, could not rise.

The river flows through open meadows below Fairford church with its magnificent early glass, where the green is such a resplendent colour. The church itself is all of a piece, built by that great woolstapler, John Tame, in the fifteenth century. The four curious statues, each with its coat of arms, surrounding the squat tower, give it an unusual appearance. The whole church has a curious air of vigour and determination, expressing perhaps the personality of its founder.

Below Fairford, the waters belong to the Bull Hotel, and have an air of publicity which gradually disappears as one leaves Fairford behind. Here, too, there are herons, and a solitary swan may find its way upstream from the Thames. The valley has opened out into flat water-meadows, and the river's course to Lechlade is now through open country. Still clearer it runs and every strand of weed is visible, great tufts under which the fish can hide.

The river passes behind Oreott, almost invisible from its banks, and takes its devious way to Whelford, where one branch passes under the mill that has become a turreted house. Below the bridge the two branches of the stream enclose a narrow strip of land, with outbuildings shading the right-hand bank, where cattle stand in the cool, the water lapping their hooves.

If you leave the stream at Whelford, you will come to a straight lane, straight as a Roman way, that leads to Dudgrove Farm, but not before the road forks, making two arms of the Y as straight as its stem. Then you come to the bridge across the river that carries on to the farm, and here, for me, is the best stretch of all—quiet, isolated and beautiful, hidden from sight by thick withy beds and an almost trackless jungle of undergrowth. Here you may catch sight of the kingfishers, and hear, if you do not see, the otters, that are no friends to fishermen.

Through this tranquil country, flat square fields bordered by high hedges full of spindle and dogwood, dyked for the flooding that was once part of the farming routine in this area, the river flows swiftly and evenly to its junction with the Thames. The round-house that stands by the end of the Thames and Severn canal will guide you to it. The canal is abandoned and overgrown, the great beams of the lock gates have mouldered away, a sight to cause regret for the passing of something that might at this time have proved its usefulness.

The mouth of the Coln is on a bend of the Thames, and just above it is the arched timber bridge leading to the cottage that was once a smithy, by the round-house. That side of the river is in Wiltshire, and the small church of Inglesham with its early woodwork, beloved of William Morris, is in Wiltshire too.



STILL CLEARER THE RIVER RUNS WHERE THE COURSE AT LECHLADE IS THROUGH OPEN COUNTRY



SOME FIND REINS TOO LONG—OTHERS FIND THEM TOO SHORT
BUT ALL AGREE THAT REINS—CANNOT BE TOO STRONG

By G. W. Allinson

HUNTING DURING THE WAR

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

WE are greatly indebted for the following information to the various Masters, Secretaries and Correspondents of the *Field*, who have sent it to us. It will be seen that in the vast majority of Hunts it has been found necessary to destroy a certain number of hounds, and a good many Hunt horses have been requisitioned by the Army authorities. What emerges from this information is the important fact that hunting will be able to continue, and to do so with the approval of the War Office and the Ministry of Agriculture. What the future may bring, in the event of a prolonged conflict, remains to be seen.

ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—We are carrying on two days a week until the end of the cubhunting, when it will be decided what hunting will take place during the regular season. It will not be possible to keep the full pack we have at present. The old hounds, which would normally go at the end of the cubbing, have already been disposed of, but it is hoped to be able to retain 25 couples of the best hounds. All horses belonging to both the joint-Masters, and the Hunt horses which are suitable for military service, have been requisitioned. There are, however, enough horses left over to carry on with. Major R. G. Shaw and Major C. H. S. Townsend (the joint-Masters) have gone on service. A committee has taken over the management of the Hunt in their absence. C. Young, first whip and kennel huntsman, is hunting the hounds.

BEDALE.—At present hounds are carrying on hunting about two days a week, but with a skeleton pack, which has been reduced, *i.e.*, from two packs to one. Farmers and residents have been very good and are walking quite fifteen couples of old hounds. Many puppy walkers have taken back hounds they walked as puppies. This much reduces expenditure, so few hounds have up to date been put down. Some horses will be taken, others are at grass. Some six are kept fit for hunting. The Master, Mr. M. Barwick, has been called up, being in the R.A.F. Kilbourne is hunting hounds. The rest of the staff are still at kennels, but those of Army age are expected to go at any time. This will take away the first and second whips, and the staff will, of course, be much reduced in kennels and stables. Every effort is being made to keep the hunt in being, but steps to reduce expenditure have been and are being taken.

BERKELEY.—The Berkeley Hounds are continuing, for the present, their four days per week programme, and the joint-Masters intend to proceed with as little alteration as circumstances will permit. There will be, of course, fewer hounds and fewer hunt horses. So far, none of the staff has been called into national service, but it is too much to hope that things will continue on these smooth, normal lines for long. The only staff change is where Sam Wright, from the East Sussex, supplants Tom Cooper (gone back to the South Berks) as first whip. Captain R. G. Berkeley with Colonel C. E. Turner continues in the joint-Mastership. Colonel A. G. Murray resigned after five years, at the end of last season, when the vacancy was filled by Mr. G. A. Lister, who now becomes joint-Master with the two gentlemen aforementioned. The farmers are very loyal, the country is well foxed, and the joint-Masters will get every help in their endeavour to carry on.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—Cubhunting has commenced. The Master, Major J. H. Walford, has been called up, but his colleague Mrs. G. Walton will, it is understood, be at home.

BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL.—The Hunt is carrying on during the coming season. The pack has had to be reduced, but it is hoped that 25 couples of bitches will be kept, and fifteen couples of dog-hounds. Twelve Hunt horses have been requisitioned so far. Mr. Field-Marsham is likely to be able to hunt hounds intermittently for a few months. Clarence Johnson will remain as huntsman, but both the first and second whips may be called upon at any time to serve. The Masters intend to try to hunt the whole country, Saturdays as usual in the Warden Hill country.

CATTISTOCK.—Captain Martyr, who was making his début as a huntsman, gave promise of being a success, and it must have been a great disappointment to him that the national emergency put a stop to his activities in the hunting field. He had only recently retired from the cavalry, but he was called up at once, and the hunting of hounds has devolved entirely on Gosden. The senior joint-Master, Major Batten, was out regularly during the first few weeks of cubhunting. At a recent meeting of the Cattistock Hunt Committee it was decided that hunting should be continued for the present on two days each week, and that the pack should be substantially reduced in numbers. It may be interesting to note here that Mr. W. V. C. Ruxton, late junior joint-Master of the Cattistock Hunt, is on his way to America, where he has gone for the purpose of raising funds to equip and maintain a complete Field Ambulance Unit, to be known as the American Foxhunters' Ambulance Unit.

COWDRAY.—This hunt is carrying on for as long as possible. Some hounds have been destroyed, and one horse has been requisitioned. Captain Michael Smiley (joint-Master) is on active service, but otherwise there are no changes. Another committee meeting is being held shortly.

CRAVEN.—It is proposed to carry on the Craven as long as possible during the coming season. Hounds are being destroyed, and the number reduced from 58 couples down to 30 couples. Two of the Hunt horses have been requisitioned, but nine are left. The acting Master, Mr. Stephen Player, is serving with the Yeomanry. Mr. J. C. Ainsworth, the Hunt secretary, has received his commission and has handed over the secretaryship to Mr R. Southby. Fred Roberts, the huntsman, was through the last war, and his services are unlikely to be called upon again for the army. The rest of the kennel staff is unchanged up to the present.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—This Hunt is carrying on. Twenty couples of hounds have been destroyed and some horses requisitioned. Major the Hon. Guy Cubitt is on active service and Mrs. H. C. Gregson is acting Master.

CROOME.—These hounds will carry on as long as possible this season, hunting two days a week. Some of the horses have been requisitioned. Mr. Marcus Stapleton-Martin joins the Earl of Coventry as joint-Master, and Joe Roberts succeeds Bert Stevens as second whipper-in.

DARTMOOR.—This Hunt is carrying on as long as possible during the coming season. We are going to keep the bitch pack and a few (if any) dog hounds. 40 per cent. of the Hunt horses have been requisitioned. The Master, Commander Davey, has rejoined the Navy, but the kennel huntsman, Piper, is going to hunt hounds and kill as many foxes as possible. The second whip, Arthur Piper, has joined up, and no one will be employed at the kennels who is required for military purposes.

DORSET, SOUTH.—Since the outbreak of hostilities the meets have been somewhat irregular, owing to the fact that the senior joint-Master, being on the Reserve of Officers, is momentarily expectant of a call to active duty. With everyone busy with war work of one sort or another, few "grown-ups" turn out regularly, though there have been a good many children in the field. The South Dorset have an especially good young entry, and it is heart-breaking to realise that the pack must be substantially reduced, and that some young hounds, as well as many old favourites, must go. The stables have been considerably reduced, and regular hunting must be carried on on a two-day-a-week basis. Will Jackson (the present first whipper-in and kennel huntsman) will hunt hounds. Miss Pamela Ismay, who has this year joined Captain and Mrs. Wellesley-Wesley in the Mastership of the pack, is, it is understood, moving to a cottage near the South Dorset kennels, and will be in the field in future.

DULVERTON (EAST ANSTEY).—The Hunt will carry on as long as circumstances permit, but is putting down about four couples of hounds. Half the horses have been requisitioned. No changes in personnel to report.

DURHAM, SOUTH.—All the younger men have been released from their engagements both in the kennel and Hunt stables. They have found employment doing work of national importance. The pack has been reduced in numbers, and only a skeleton staff remains. Cubhunting is being carried on under great difficulties, solely with a view to eliminating as many foxes as possible. The secretary of the Hunt wishes it to be known that any further compensation for damage done by foxes cannot be made. All concerned must take the necessary steps to protect their own poultry. Where foxes are doing damage it is hoped they will be destroyed as humanely as possible.

ERIDGE.—The Eridge will carry on with a reduced number of horses and hounds.

GARTH.—The Hunt is carrying on ; but 25 couples have already been destroyed, with a possibility of more to go. Eight horses have been requisitioned. The present joint-Masters, Lord Northesk and Miss Barker, have resigned and the committee have taken over the country and appointed Colonel and Miss Barker as acting Masters. It is hoped to hunt two days per week for as long as possible. Personnel is to be reduced.

GRAFTON.—The Hunt will carry on for as long as possible. Cubhunting is to continue four days a week. Regular hunting will be carried on on as many days as possible, with a very reduced staff, to lessen the number of foxes. The pack has already been considerably reduced. It is expected that a considerable number will be bought shortly. The Master has joined his regiment. During his absence Lord Hillingdon will act as his deputy whenever possible.

GROVE.—These hounds will carry on as long as possible. The number has been considerably reduced and some horses have been requisitioned. Mr. H. L. Farrer, the amateur huntsman, is away serving and hounds will be hunted in his absence by F. Luppage, the first whipper-in.

HAMBLEDON.—The Hunt will carry on, but has destroyed about 20 couples. We had 47 couples in kennel and would ordinarily have started the season proper with about 35 couples. Five out of ten horses have been requisitioned. Mr. J. P. Long is remaining as Master *pro tem.* or until called up. The staff has been reduced by half, all having been found immediate jobs. Owing to foot-and-mouth disease cubhunting was delayed, but young hounds will be fairly entered to fox, and then hunting will be continued as conditions permit.

HEYTHROP.—Lord Ashton, who is serving with his regiment, is prepared to complete cubhunting as usual, and after November 1st to hunt the country three days a week (Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) with a reduced establishment. Lady Ashton has kindly consented to act as his deputy, and to carry on the difficult and laborious work entailed by mastership under war conditions. The number of hounds in kennel and horses has been drastically reduced, and every possible economy will be exercised in carrying on the Hunt.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—The Hunt will carry on as long as possible for the coming season, if circumstances continue to permit. The farmers and landowners generally wish this to be done, with the main idea of keeping foxes down. Followers are few, but those that can get out do so. We have already put down five couples, and at the end of the cubhunting season there will be a further reduction. None of the Hunt horses has been requisitioned as yet. Mr. L. H. Preston, late Master of the Taunton Vale Harriers, is the new Master, and is carrying the horn himself, with Ted Parry as kennel huntsman. Carey is turning hounds as well as looking after the horses as head groom.

LLANGIBBY.—These hounds commenced cubhunting on July 31st, and up to date have done remarkably well. The country is very well foxed and hounds have killed above the average for the time of the year. It is hoped that it will be possible for the committee to carry on during the coming season. Hounds have been reduced to 24 couples, and some of the Hunt horses have been turned out. At the moment the Hunt staff is unchanged.

MIDDLETON.—It has been decided to carry on hunting with a reduced establishment as long as possible, and hounds have been reduced to 30 couples. We are keeping six horses, one huntsman and one whip-kennelman, and one boy and two grooms. An executive committee have taken over management from the Masters, both of whom are serving. No claims will be paid or wire removed. Hounds are to hunt two days a week.

MIDDLETON, EAST.—This Hunt is hoping to carry on two days a week. Some hounds have already been disposed of, and some horses requisitioned. There will be no radical changes in personnel, except in the kennel staff, which will be reduced.

NEWMARKET AND THURLOW.—The Hunt is carrying on in a small way. Ten-and-a-half couples of hounds have been already destroyed. One horse has been requisitioned. Mrs. Deacon has been appointed joint-Master, as her colleague has been called up. G. Samways (first whipper-in and kennel huntsman) will hunt hounds.

NOTTS (SOUTH.)—Major W. E. Seeley has been called up, but there is sufficient staff over military age to run the Hunt. We have put down eight couples of hounds and will eventually reduce down to about 20 couples. A few horses will be retained, and a committee of management set up.

(Continued on next page)

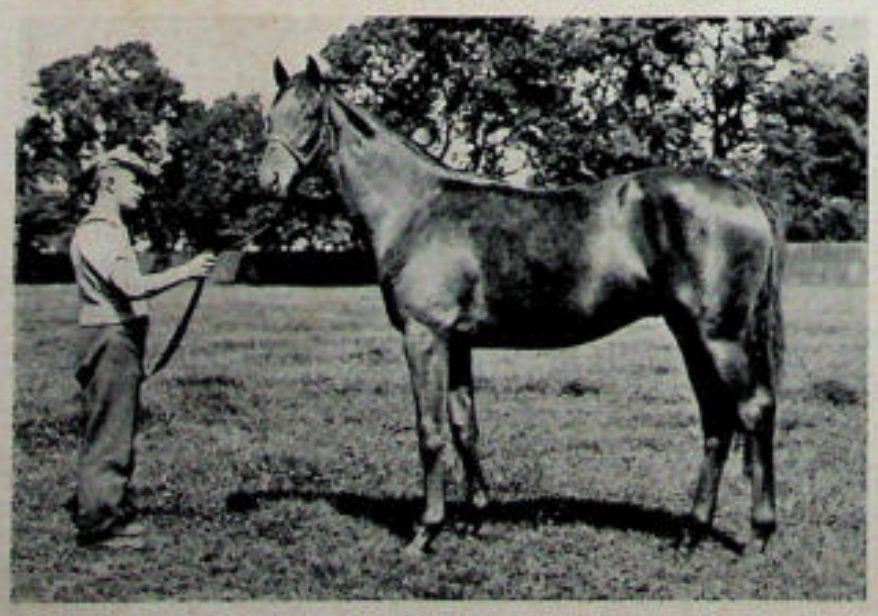
SLEDMERE YEARLINGS NOW AT DRUID'S LODGE



BAY COLT BY THOR—CURA



BAY COLT BY HYPERION—QUEEN CHRISTINA



BAY COLT BY FAIRWAY—ORTA



W. A. Rouch

CHESNUT COLT BY SOLARIO—MEADOW RHU

It is a comforting thought that the Grand National of 1940 is still being considered in the scheme of things. Ireland at the moment occupies the stage where Turf affairs are concerned, and it has been announced that the Munster National Steeplechase of three miles, and Tipperary Plate of three miles 60 yards, will count as qualifying races for the horses placed first, second and third in these events. Meanwhile Mr. J. V. Rank has prepared for events to come in buying six yearling colts of the Sledmere Stud. They are a bay colt by Thor—Cura, a bay colt by Hyperion—Queen Christina, a bay colt by Fairway—Orta, a chesnut colt by Solario—Meadow Rhu, a bay colt by Limelight—Jury, and a bay colt by Sandwich—Caledonia.

OAKLEY.—These hounds are carrying on, in a cubhunting manner, for as long as possible during the coming season, and are hunting two days a week instead of the usual four. A certain number of hounds have already been put down. The Hunt horses provided by a dealer have all gone back, and the staff are using lent horses. So far there is no change in the Hunt Mastership, the Hon. Peart Lawson-Johnson and Mr. W. Brunskill still being in command, the latter being unfit for active service.

QUORN.—The Ministry of Agriculture has asked Sir Harold Nutting to carry on cubbing, anyway up to the middle of November. There is no shortage of fodder or hound foods, although, of course, Sir Harold has reduced the number of hounds considerably. No horses have been requisitioned at the present time, but are almost certain to be.

SINNINGTON.—This Hunt is proposing to carry on as long as possible. Some hounds will have to be put down, and several Hunt horses are being requisitioned. No changes have been decided upon so far, but a decision will be made in the near future. Everything possible will be done to keep things going, if on a reduced scale.

STAFFORD, NORTH.—This Hunt intends to carry on as long as possible in the coming season, and hopes to hunt five days a fortnight instead of three a week. No wire will be taken down, and the activities will be solely directed towards the killing of foxes. The North Stafford hounds are already reduced to 32½ couples (instead of a nominal 45), and the Master is prepared to reduce the number further if necessary. Five horses have been requisitioned so far. The only contemplated change is that of Hunt secretary. In the event of Mr. Wyatt being accepted for military service, the late secretary, Mr. W. C. Jones, of Hatherton Lodge, Nantwich, Cheshire, will again become secretary. All the Hunt servants are of military age, but in the older classes; changes will be made as they become necessary.

SUSSEX, EAST.—A few couples of the older hounds have been destroyed and no horses have so far been requisitioned. Lord Burghley will not be able to hunt hounds as he is rejoining his regiment. C. Lavender (kennel huntsman) will carry the horn.

TIVERTON.—This Hunt is carrying on. Ten couples of hounds have been destroyed and two horses requisitioned.

V.W.H. (CRICKLADE).—Cubhunting has made a start, and a meeting is taking place shortly to make a further decision. The Master, Mr. D. E. C. Price, is serving, the joint-Master, Major Mitchell, intends to arrange cub-hunting meets whenever circumstances permit.

V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST).—Cubhunting has started. The joint-Master, Major Sir F. Meyrick, has been called up.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Eight or ten couples of hounds have been destroyed. We propose to keep 40 couples and hunt three days a week. Twelve horses have been requisitioned. It is proposed to mount the staff, allowing only one horse each. Both the Masters (Captain D. Forster and the Hon. R. M. Samuel) are absent on military services. It has been decided that Admiral Sir Walter Cowan shall act as Master for the present. So far there have been no changes in the personnel of the staff. The meets will probably be held at 10 o'clock in the regular season, in order to get back to kennel as early in the afternoon as possible.

WILTS, SOUTH AND WEST.—The South and West Wilts Hunt are proposing to carry on hunting as long as possible during the coming season. A certain number of hounds may have to be destroyed. Thirty-six couples are definitely to be kept, but the question of the surplus is not yet decided. Eleven Hunt horses have been requisitioned The only change is that Major K. P. Wallis is now sole hon. secretary of the Hunt, Mr. E. A. Wightwick having resigned owing to ill-health. The Master will be unable to hunt hounds this season, as he has joined his regiment. J. Cobby, the kennel huntsman, will take his place. The rest of the personnel remains as it was.

ZETLAND.—Some hounds have been destroyed, but no Hunt horses have been requisitioned so far. There are no changes in personnel.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, games country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, Oct. 17th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.



TRAINING FOR WORK ON THE LAND

Members of the Women's Land Army who are now receiving instruction at the South-East Agricultural College, Wye, Kent

THE KITCHEN GARDEN IN WAR TIME

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE chief jobs at present are trenching, digging and manuring all ground as it falls vacant, clearing weeds, &c., and burning all rubbish of a woody nature. The days are shortening, and one has to get ahead as quickly as possible.

In the case of uncultivated ground to be put under vegetables it is best, if labour is short, first to strip off top-spit turf and stack it. It is sure to be full of wire worm and other pests, so it is little use to dig it in in the second spit. Stacked, and with lime sprinkled between the layers, it will be magnificent stuff in a year's time to spread on the surface soil. The next job is to dig the ground, but it is a fatal policy to dig in such a way that unfertile soil is brought to the surface. Consequently, it should be bastard dug, by which method all the soil is thoroughly aerated yet second spit soil is not brought to the surface.

First mark the line, and take out the top spit and wheel it to the end of the plot. Then take out the second spit and wheel that to the end of the plot, but keep it separate from the top spit. Then take the top spit from the next row and wheel this to the end of the plot. Fork over the bottom of row one and put into it the second spit from the second trench, and on top of this put the top spit from the third row to be trenched. On paper this sounds elaborate, but it is not so in practice.

Ridging soil and leaving it ridged for the winter is undoubtedly an ideal method of pulverising heavy soil by the action of frost, for it exposes a large area, and it is also an ideal method of ridding the soil of pests. But many experts are of opinion that ridging has its drawbacks and that it drains the soil of goodness. Ridging has to be done according to the lie of the ground, *i.e.*, in such a way that the ridges run the same way as the ground slopes, otherwise the water remains stagnant between the rows. In the case of level ground the ridges should run from north to south so that all the soil gets the maximum of sunlight.

The proper method of ridging is to divide up the plot into strips two spits wide, for wider ridging is a mistake. Start on the first strip and working backwards throw the soil up within the strip so that it forms a neat ridge. Then work the succeeding strips. The more all vacant ground in the kitchen garden is dug over the more fertile it will be, but heavy soil cannot be dug after autumn rains set in. The work has to be got through by the end of October, and then left well alone through the winter. Light soils on the other hand can be dug over continually during winter.

In the general enthusiasm for intensive vegetable cultivation fruit trees and small fruit should not be forgotten, particularly Raspberries, Blackberries, hybrid berries, such as the invaluable Veitchberry (to my thinking easily the best of all the hybrid berries). These small fruits provide the sweet course for many weeks, not merely without the use of flour, but the labour of cooking at all. In the event of a sugar shortage, they are sweet enough to eat plain, particularly the Veitchberry.

Most people gather Blackberries when they are merely black and before they are fully ripe. Unless the fruit comes off easily and with no pulling whatever, it is not ripe and consequently not sweet. Similarly with the Veitchberry, which even when it has darkened to a deep mulberry colour, is not ripe until it almost drops into the hand on the slightest touch.

Both these fruits are extremely productive and, unlike Raspberries, require no protection from birds. The essential for both is a well-drained soil. Blackberries have the reputation of growing anywhere, but this is true only up to a point. They are indifferent to shade and require the minimum of care, but on heavy soils they make poor growth and are apt to die out. Also the site must not be too enclosed. The richer the soil the larger the berries. If manure is incorporated it should not be put in the top spit, for if within too easy reach of the roots it makes for magnificent growth but not a prolific amount of fruit.

Plants should be bought only a year old, and it is unwise to obtain them from the hedgerows. There is no need to cut the canes at the time of planting. In the succeeding seasons canes that have fruited should be cut out and burnt.

Blackberries like Loganberries, Veitchberries, &c., are easily propagated by layering the tips in sandy soil, but this has to be done in August. The rooted tips are cut with 6in. of cane in spring and planted out in their permanent positions. Bedford Giant is a good variety. It is a strong grower and has very large fruits. Himalayan Giant makes such long growths that it has to be planted 12ft. apart. It is very prolific over a long season, but the fruits lack the characteristic Blackberry flavour.

The Veitchberry is treated in the same way as the Blackberry. Birds attack the first fruits when they begin to ripen, but, in my experience, they leave them alone the rest of the season. Unlike some of the hybrid berries, the Veitchberry is self-fertile. Loganberries are useful for jams, jellies, puddings, &c., but not sweet enough to eat without sugar. Loganberries are greedy feeders, and it is useless to put them in poor soil or to grow them against a wall or fence. Treated thus they produce fruits that are mostly pips. Rich soil and full sun are essential, for this hybrid hails from California, and like the Blackberry it is resentful of badly drained soil.

It is best to put in one-year-old plants as older ones transplant badly. Cut back to within a foot of the ground to encourage young shoots. Loganberry canes are extremely brittle, and the young growths need tying up. In spring the young growths should be thinned leaving not more than six to each stool. Nothing is gained by leaving more growths, and all the surplus growths should be removed as early in the spring as possible.

MORE ALLOTMENTS WANTED

A BIG drive has begun to increase the number of allotments in England and Wales by half a million. The Government is well aware that the last war brought into being a great movement of men and women plot-holders, who magnificently and efficiently responded to the call to grow food at a time of crisis.

An order now gives urban authorities wide powers to take possession of land for allotments.

The powers enable the local authorities to take possession of (*a*) unoccupied land—where it can be cultivated—without having to obtain any consents; (*b*) occupied land, by agreement with the owner and occupier; (*c*) common land, with the Minister's consent.

In particular, unoccupied land awaiting building development should be utilised. As a general rule, it is thought that a 10-rod plot will be enough for each person. Councils may arrange for cultivation either by an allotments society or by individuals, and they may do any necessary adapting and fencing.

The National Allotments Society is willing to help in any way possible in the formation of societies or individuals wishing to take up allotments. The society's address is Drayton House, Gordon Street, London, W.C. 1.



THE LAND GIRL WILL HAVE TO HANDLE HORSES IN HER WORK AS WELL AS MACHINES

WOMEN'S WORK ON THE LAND

By JOAN ROBESON

THIS country will not readily forget the important part played in home food production by the Women's Land Army during the war years, 1914–1918. To-day, 25 years later, faced with perhaps an even greater Armageddon, the call to the Home Front has come again. The response is sure.

The choice of Lady Denman as chairman of the whole of the Women's Land Army in Britain is certainly a happy one. Lady Denman possesses a considerable knowledge of the economies and "facts" of food production and farming, which will stand her in good stead in her new and onerous position.

The Women's Land Army already numbers several thousands of recruits. County organisers have been appointed and training centres established in different parts of the country. Enrolment may be made for whole or part time employment. The good offices of the county organisers extend beyond the mere enrolment of members, and the future welfare of each girl is not lost sight of.

Recruits have come forward in steadily increasing numbers and a feature has been the large number of applications received from girls whose homes are in the cities and big towns. In exchanging the work-bench and office stool for the out-of-doors life these girls should, in a short time, find the scales of health come heavily down on the credit side.

But the town and country girl alike will first consider the hours long, the work hard and often muscle searching. A few weeks, however, should suffice for the breaking-in period, and weariness will afterwards give place to a sense of physical fitness and happiness, which even the winds and rain of an English winter will fail to dispel.

The Government makes itself responsible for providing each recruit with a uniform, consisting, it is understood, of shoes, stockings, dungarees, pullover and felt hat. The Women's Land Army badge, which may be worn on all occasions whether in uniform or mufti, is a happy choice. The centre piece, set on a green background, depicts a sheaf of golden corn, reminding she who wears it that "bread is the staff of life." The badge is surmounted by a red crown.

Some of the recruits, already possessing a knowledge of farm work, are able to fix up their employment locally with a near-by farmer. The majority of the girls, however, are "raw" recruits, and their enrolment in the Women's Land Army is followed up by a fortnight's intensive training, whenever possible. For this purpose training centres have been inaugurated in different parts of the country. The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, for instance, is utilising its farms, at present held by the Governors, for this purpose, and the work of training the girls is proceeding smoothly.

It is obviously a practical impossibility to cover more than the mere elementary rudiments of farming in the short time available. The main essentials are divided under four heads: (1) The management of cows and pigs; (2) tractor driving; (3) field hand work; (4) the management and working of horses.

Field hand work naturally varies with the seasons, and while one batch of girls may receive instruction in haymaking, another will gain experience in harvesting, and so on. The normal routine of farm work, milking, stock-rearing, etc., is learnt by all. The girl possessed of initiative and determination can use this background of tuition to the best advantage when she takes her place as one of England's agricultural workers.

It might be questioned whether the Women's Land Army will be in such keen demand by the farmers as during the last war, as very few "key" men will be asked to exchange the ploughshare for the sword. On the other hand, it must be remembered that agriculture in this country has suffered a woeful decline in recent years, and has now to be pulled out of the mire, so to speak.



CARTING MANURE—EQUIPPED WITH GAS MASK!

It is not within the province of this article to criticise the agricultural policy of any particular Government, but it may safely be said that the decline in agricultural prosperity has had much to do with the so-termed "drift from the land" movement. Farm labourers are scarce; many farms are hopelessly under staffed, and here the value of the Women's Land Army will be most appreciated.

It is in the dairy, perhaps, more than anywhere else, that the land girl may show a marked superiority over the average farm labourer. In dairies where the good old-fashioned hand milking still persists, the cows will oftentimes give down their milk more freely for the quiet persuasion of a woman's voice and hands.

The recent announcement by the Ministry to aim at bringing a further 1,500,000 acres under the plough for next year's harvest must further popularise the use of the tractor plough. The horse plough may be largely supplanted but not altogether, and the land girl will be required to master the technique of both. So far as tractor ploughing is concerned, the girl who is already a car driver has the initial advantage over her less fortunate sister.

The advantage may, however, prove to be small, for between the mere ability to drive a tractor and the whole art of tractor work a great gulf is fixed!

It has been truly said that an army marches on its stomach, and it is no less certain that the whole morale of the peoples is dependent upon an adequate food supply. The work of the Women's Land Army is no less vital to the life of the Nation than many other spheres of Women's activities.



Photos by Dennis Moss

A LESSON IN TRACTOR DRIVING

GOLFERS WHO MANAGE *to* CARRY ON

By E. R. TIPPLE

NOW that the first few weeks of war have been experienced we are settling down to our new tasks and adjusting our lives in accordance with present-day requirements. If ordinary routine has been shattered, we are told that we can best assist the country by carrying on our normal activities just so far as we are able. Entertainments have been re-opened and plans are being prepared to carry on sports and games of all kinds. In times of stress some form of relaxation is essential and golf can play its part in enabling us to rid our minds, even for brief moments, of the appalling results of modern warfare.

On some courses play may not be possible for obvious reasons, but in any case where it is possible to make up the full round it can be made up by playing one loop of holes twice. Old golfers are not going to miss their games if they can help it! They have learned by past experiences to overcome the expected difficulties produced in troublesome times. A story was told in an evening newspaper of a golfer who replied to a lady who told him he would do better to be digging than carrying a bag of clubs around: "Madam, I am 71. I fought in the last war. I am now going to see my sick wife. I think it best to play golf and keep fit, rather than make myself a nuisance to others!"

Even if clubhouses have to be abandoned the courses are being left open to all. An important bag may even find its way into the kit of serving members while at home—a bag of golf clubs. Why not? Opportunity is a fine thing, and in the true Drake spirit they can polish up their game and finish their friendly battles before tackling more serious aggressors. Let it be said here that the majority of golf clubs have thrown open their courses and social amenities to all those in the Services. This generous invitation will be appreciated just as a similar concession was in 1914 to 1918.

A club's chief concern is the upkeep of its course. The majority of the green-keepers have been called up, and with the grass still growing quickly the problem of maintaining the fairways, tees and greens is a serious one. As many secretaries were on the reserve lists they had to leave at short notice, before they had time to draw up plans for meeting this situation. However, this is being done by some committees, professionals and ordinary members. At one London club the professional's shop is the clubhouse and he, as well as looking after internal arrangements and his own business, will take charge of the upkeep of the course. At many others members are volunteering their services and some have already taken over the care of certain greens.

It is a good idea for a group of golfers to act in this manner, for it will save time and unnecessary journeys from one part of the course to another. Rivalry as to the state of the particular greens is sure to result, and for a change they can only blame and grumble at themselves! I wonder if they will cut the holes in those fiendish spots beloved of so many greenkeepers, on top of humps or near the edges of bunkers? Somehow, I think they will choose easier sites—I know I would!

The question of petrol supplies for the motor tractors is awkward. Some people may be able to obtain rations, but the majority will have to cut down the rough and fairways whilst they still have supplies. Perhaps we shall see the old horse pulling an antiquated mower—a sight familiar only a few years ago—and cutting two or three fairways in one day. If horses and motor tractors are not available, then sheep may have to be requisitioned. Farmers would agree to this, as it would enable them to use their own land for other purposes. Come what may, and no matter how rough courses may be, golfers can enjoy their games then; then in doing so they will benefit mentally and physically.

British adaptability is indeed proverbial! If air raids do occur to upset the calm of our minds—and you never know what That Man will do, he is no respecter of etiquette—then we golfers have shelters at our disposal—those deep bunkers which we so despise and try to avoid in normal times.

Since the outbreak of hostilities all competitions have been cancelled. Important events such as the professional match play championship, the Ryder Cup match and the amateur international games will not take place. That is unavoidable, but in time club events could be resumed with the proceeds being devoted to charity. If this were to be done golfers would support them as much as possible. Some professionals have joined up in various units, others are waiting to see where they can be most useful.

Meanwhile Henry Cotton, who was to have captained this year's British Ryder Cup team, has suggested a series of exhibition games which will promote general interest as well as providing funds for charitable organisations, such as the British Red Cross and Order of St. John, who are in need of support. Cotton is prepared to play each of the seven members selected for the Ryder Cup team, and anyone else for that matter. He is to be admired for refusing any fees for his services, and naturally, his opponents will follow this commendable example.

As already announced, he will in the south play, in all probability, Rees, R. A. Whitcombe, Padgham, King and Compston. In the north, Burton, the Open Champion, and Adams. So plans are being prepared for interesting matches throughout the country, and the professional golfer's desire to assist in what way he can will be backed up by every player and enthusiast. Expenses will be kept as low as possible and admission charges for these games will probably be half-a-crown.

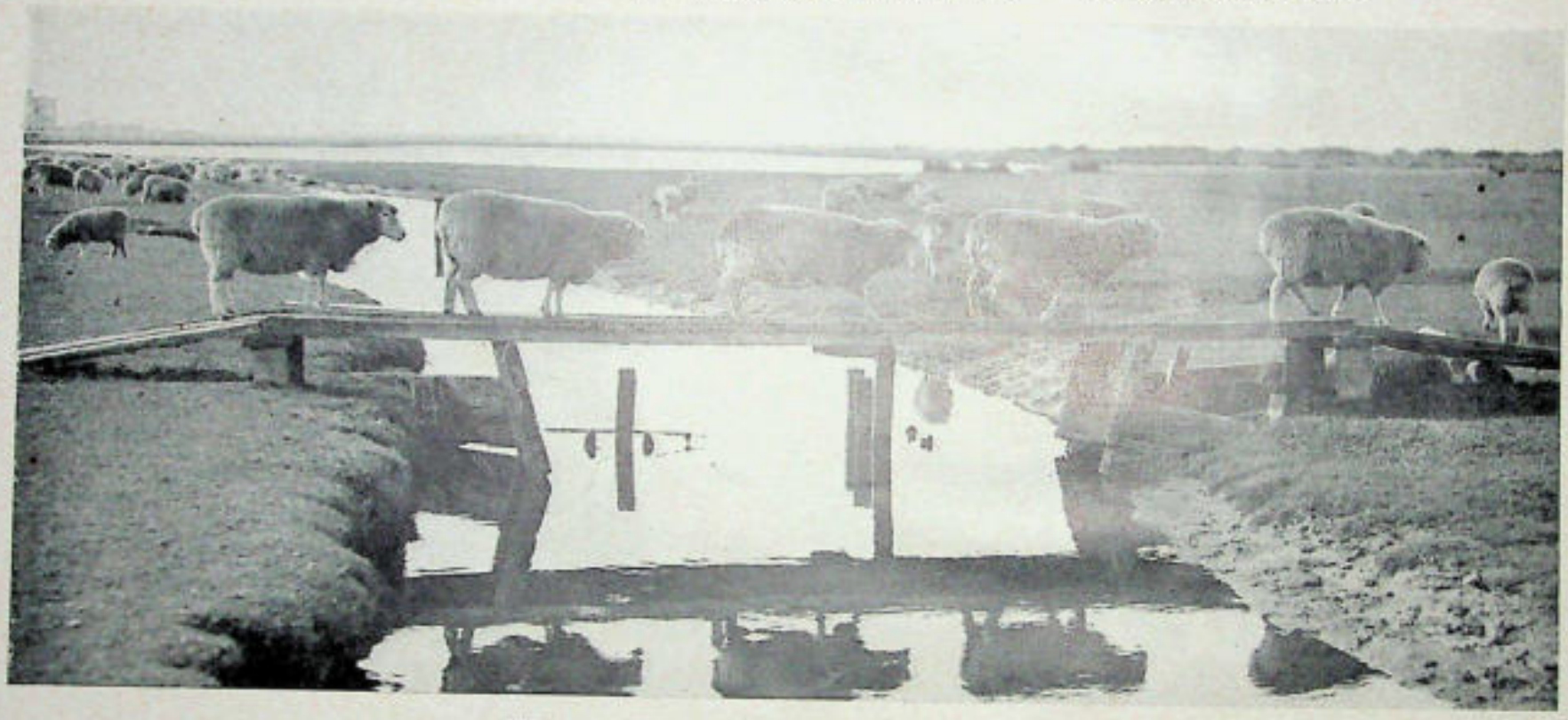
Even if national duties prevent the ordinary golfer playing a full round, a few holes will be worth while. Golf has this advantage over other games—you do not have to rely on several others before you can enjoy a game. Anyone can spend an hour or so pottering about a course by himself, getting the fresh air and concentrating on a game that calls for concentration. In no time at all you will find yourself trying to puzzle out why you are hooking with the irons when you were trying to slice. Having solved this problem—partially or completely—you will return to your serious duties refreshed and ready to do your bit more effectively for the break. So golfers are carrying on in company with all other sportsmen confident in the British tradition and what the future has in store for us all.

WAR TIME NOTICES

CEMENT AND CONCRETE ASSOCIATION.—This Association has moved to Lincoln Buildings, 15, Turl Street, Oxford (Telephone: Oxford 47952), and will continue to issue publications on the use of concrete in agriculture and A.R.P.

COMMONS, OPEN SPACES AND FOOTPATHS PRESERVATION SOCIETY.—The Society has now moved to The Hall, Southstoke, Bath, Somerset.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB.—In consequence of the state of war and the Government restrictions resulting therefrom, the Special Emergency Committee appointed by the council, has decided that it is impossible to hold the Smithfield Club Show at Islington in December next.



THE GRASS-CUTTERS—SHEEP ON THE WESTWARD HO! COURSE

If horses and tractors are not available sheep may have to be requisitioned to deal with the grass

GROUSE REPORTS

We do not expect to receive further reports from moors, but the following have come to hand concerning past sport, and are of interest as records of a sadly interrupted season.

SCOTLAND

Inverness-shire

MEALMORE.—On August 22nd, Home Beat, 189¾ brace of grouse; on the 24th, Dalnagany Beat, 202¼ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns each day: Sir Theodore Brinckman, Mr. C. Ogden, and party. Second time over. With the exception of August 24th, birds showed up better than the first time over. Birds improving in condition. On September 6th, 133¾ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Sir Theodore Brinckman, Mr. C. Ogden, the Hon. A. Baillie, Major A. McKenzie, Major Barnard, Mr. R. Prelyman, and Miss Ogden. Combined day on Home Beat and Wester Lairgs Beat. Shooting has now finished here for the season. Birds are now in excellent condition, and all trace of disease seems to have disappeared. A good stock left. Total for season, 1,253¾ brace.

NAIRNSIDE.—On August 28th 82 brace of grouse were killed to eight guns: Sir Theodore Brinckman, Baroness Burton, the Hon. A. Baillie, Major Mellis, Major A. McKenzie, Captain J. Godman, Mr. G. Harrison, and Mr. C. Ogden. Second time over: plenty of birds, and all in splendid condition.

Perthshire

DALNACARDOCH.—On the 29th, 78¾ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Colonel Prior, Captain Holdsworth, Captain J. W. D. Evans, Mr. R. A. Knight, Mr. R. Wiggin and Major H. P. Rushton.

LOCHAN LODGE, AMULREE.—On the 12th, 151 brace of grouse were killed, driving; on the 14th, 90¾ brace of grouse were killed, driving; on the 15th, 45 brace of grouse were killed, walking; on the 19th, 225¼ brace of grouse were killed, driving; on the 21st, 50¾ brace of grouse were killed (half-day owing to mist), driving by Mr. T. M. Burrell and party.

Ross and Cromarty

EDDERTON.—On August 22nd, 54¾ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Earl Temple, Mr. G. Bankes, Colonel H. G. Spencer, General Pollok McCall, Major Atkinson, Colonel Pollok Morris and Mr. Caillard. Weather fine, coveys numerous and well grown. No disease. On the 30th, 100¾ brace were killed by eight guns: Earl Temple, Colonel Spencer, Major Atkinson, General P. McCall, Pollok Morris, Mr. J. Bankes, K. Murray and Mr. R. Caillard. Weather good, no wind.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PLOUGHING CAMPAIGN

SIR,—The Government is apparently going to take measures to have the grass lands of this country extensively ploughed up. We are also informed that every child in the kingdom must be liberally supplied with fresh milk daily. Before any sweeping measures are taken it would be well if the authorities would consider where the cows are going to be pastured and to remember the disastrous lessons of the last war, when the reckless ploughing up of valuable old meadow grass resulted in the complete ruin of vast tracts of pasture without any compensating increase in the nation's food.

People seem to imagine that farmers have only to plough up their grass and plant potatoes or corn. In many grass farms the acres ploughed up in the last war by Government orders produced nothing but charlock and wireworm, and the most horrible wilderness of weeds ever seen. It was impossible to cope with the charlock or to produce any useful crop. In some Sussex areas the ruin was so great that these fields have never recovered. It takes many years of care and attention and hard work and expenditure to produce good grazing, and we do not want all this work to be wasted.

Owing to the vast increase in building and the breaking up of park lands due to the Death Duties and the substitution of villas for grass our pastures are already too few, and if many more of these are put under the plough it will be disastrous to the country's milk production. We cannot have it both ways. Moreover, land cannot be forced to produce crops for which the soil is unfitted, and in attempting to put nature under rigid martial law more harm than good may result.

Yours faithfully,
Crabbet Park, WENTWORTH.
Crawley, Sussex.

PETROL RATIONING

SIR,—The following letter has been addressed by the Secretary of the R.A.C. to the Secretary of the Department of Mines:

"On behalf of the Royal Automobile Club, I desire to draw your urgent attention to the position which has been created by the extremely severe rationing of petrol for the use of private cars and motor cycles.

"The Royal Automobile Club is fully alive to the need for ensuring that adequate supplies of fuel are available for the fighting forces. It is also aware of the many factors which probably render necessary some restriction in supplies. There are probably other factors also of which the Club cannot be aware. Nevertheless, it is felt that the vital importance of transport to the commercial needs of the country renders essential some relaxation of the present scheme.

"No indication has yet been given as to the extent to which the permitted ration will be increased following application to the Divisional Petroleum Officers, but it would appear from reports which have been published in the Press that extra supplies are only likely to be granted in special circumstances. If this is so, and the large body of private car owners and motor cyclists are to be restricted to the quantity of fuel allotted each month under the existing scheme, then the result will be inevitably that a very large proportion of the private vehicles now in use will not be relicensed at the end of this quarter, or the end of the year, as the case may be, and will be laid up. Especially will this be so at the commencement of the new year when the increase in the horse-power tax will come into operation.

"The minimum distance covered by a private motorist is about 5,000 miles a year; 10,000 is the average figure, whilst 15,000 is not uncommon. Cars and motor cycles have now become a necessary part of the daily life of the community. They are used to enable business, professional, and working men to get to and from their work, to assist them in carrying out business appointments, for the collection of orders, inspection purposes; indeed, there is hardly a business, profession or occupation to-day which does not rely wholly or in part on motor transport for its successful continuance. The petrol ration will reduce the mileage which may be covered to one-tenth in the case of many cars, to one-quarter in the majority of cases, and even at the best, where a car is used only occasionally, to one-half. Such a reduction must inevitably have two results:

"1. Business and commerce will be interfered with to a degree that it is impossible to estimate.

"2. The estimate of £100,000,000 of revenue from motor taxation generally, including the yield from the fuel tax, made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget statement in April last, will prove to be entirely illusory.

"Further, the retail section of the motor industry will be brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the disappearance of a very large proportion of its trade.

"The reaction to these results will be a serious reduction in the earning power of the country, and consequently in the taxation yield from industry generally. Added to the huge actual decrease in the amount collected from motor taxation there will be such a loss to the national revenue that, at a time when vast sums are required for the successful prosecution of the war, the most serious consequences may ensue. It is submitted that some review of the position so far as the petrol ration is concerned is therefore most urgent. The club suggests that as an experiment the quantity at present allocated should be doubled, without interfering with the existing right of appeal for an increase in this supply where circumstances render such an increase essential. Such a concession would remove a little of the hardship so far as business and commerce are concerned, and it would at the same time encourage all motorists to continue to use their cars, even to a limited extent, and so serve to maintain the national revenue at the highest possible level.

"In addition to the general question, which I have dealt with above, there are certain anomalies in the scale of supplies as at present laid down which require consideration. The flat rate of 10 gallons of petrol for all cars of 20 h.p. and over operates harshly, and the club suggests that cars over 20 h.p. and up to 25 h.p. should receive 12 units a month, and those over 25 h.p. 15 units a month. The allowance for motor cycles should be based on an engine capacity basis, the flat rate of 2 units a month operating most unfairly on machines with engines over 250 c.c. Allowance should also be made for the motor cycle to which a sidecar is attached.

"The rationing scheme came into operation last Saturday, but I trust that the earliest possible consideration will be given to the representations which the club has put forward on this matter.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
F. P. ARMSTRONG,
Secretary."

THE HEAVY 20-BORE GUN

SIR,—The article by Captain Curtis in a recent issue about 20-bores of the heavy American type, was very interesting, as it focussed attention on the fact that those guns can be deadly at the full ranges at which so much duck shooting is done in that country. Practical sportsmen would not use them if they failed to do their business.

Such guns might be very popular for shooting in India and other places where many cartridges may be fired at a morning's shoot, and where heavier weapons may tell their tale in the way of fatigue. A pair of slender tubes, too, do appeal to some men for long-range alignment.

At the same time it should be pointed out that the main advantage of a 2-inch chambered 12-bore is that it can fire a serviceable charge and yet weigh under 5½lb. A 20-bore of the type mentioned will weigh at least 6lb. This really is the crux of the question and the reason why the 2in. 12 has made such headway. ¾oz. of shot, properly handled, will do some very effective execution.

Yours faithfully,
Northumberland. T. B. HUTTON.

THE KENDAL OTTERHOUNDS

SIR,—In the history of the Kendal and District Otterhounds in your issue of August 26th, it is stated that the pack was established nearly 40 years ago. Your historian, Mr. Robert Colville, is rather out of it in saying that a Mr. Bradshaw was the Master then, for if so he must indeed have been a very old man, considering the fact that he was actually the Master before 1807, or 132 years ago! In the *Lancaster Gazette* for July 10th, 1807, there is an account of how Mr. H. B. Bradshaw of Halton Hall, the Master, hunted Halton Water, finding an otter at Halton, and hunting downstream to the aqueduct killed him in deep water, after a three-and-a-half hours' hunt. In the '60's the Lune was hunted by Mr. R. Hill, and in the *Field* of the time is a long account of a hunt about Caton Bridge. About 40 years ago, Sir Henry Bromley, Bart., the father of the present Master, was Master of the Kendal, and before him, I believe, Mr. Wilson, also of Dallam Tower. The writer started with the Kendal pack, hunted by old Bobby Tregellon, over 50 years ago, and indeed served his apprenticeship with the K.O.H.

After Sir Henry Bromley gave up, a Mr. Carneby-Foster took the hounds for his step-daughter, Lady Molly Hamilton, to hunt, chiefly in Shropshire and on Arran. Later Captain Thompson hunted the district, when the hunt was called the Wharfedale. In the writer's early hunting days, the meets were in the early hours of the morning, 6 a.m., 6.30 a.m. or 7 a.m., or often earlier, and we had often finished at the time hounds now meet, round about 10 a.m.!

Yours faithfully,
Lancaster. H. W. ROBINSON.
Late Hon. Huntsman E.S.O.H.

THE CUCKOO AND ITS EGGS

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "Ruby," who asks why the cuckoo destroyed all the eggs in the wagtail's nest, the reply is that the eggs being of no use to her to use because of their stage of incubation, she wished to make the birds start all over again, so that she could then lay her egg in the nest at a time more suitable to its convenience.

Yours faithfully,
H. W. ROBINSON.

MISS CLEGG-HILL'S BEAGLES

SIR,—Miss Clegg-Hill has offered her services and the loan of her beagles to the War Office for the purpose of providing recreation and outdoor exercise for officers convalescent after wounds received on Active Service. This offer has been gratefully accepted by the War Office, who will take the beagles "on the strength" in due course.

As, however, the site for the Officers' Convalescent Depot has not yet been fixed the authorities have asked for the pack to be maintained until they are ready to receive them.

May I, therefore, issue an urgent appeal for funds in order to preserve the pack to provide—in the words of the War Office letter—"untold benefit to officers posted to the depot during convalescence." To anyone who is unable to hunt owing to the War may I say, please send us your normal hunt subscription, just this once, as a donation. Cheques and donations, however small, will be gratefully acknowledged and should be addressed either to me or to Miss Clegg-Hill, Fernhill, Newport, Shropshire, and crossed Lloyds Bank Ltd., Stafford, Miss Clegg-Hill's Beagle A/C.

Yours faithfully,
E. H. C. D. LLOYD-DAVIES,
Brewood, (Hon. Secretary).
Staffordshire.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray, "THE VIRGINIANS"
WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES
This Advertisement is set up in CENTAUR and NARCISSUS. Narcissus: drawn in 1923 by Walter Tiemann from a heavier version of Fournier's shadow letter. Centaur: Designed by Bruce Rogers in 1914. TT. 2088



WHERE THERE ARE PEANUTS THERE AR I
(See letter "Aerial Gymnastics")

AERIAL GYMNASTICS

SIR,—The following incident may amuse some of your readers. In my garden I have a coconut suspended from the bird table and filled with peanuts. One day a squirrel appeared out of the surrounding woods and secured the nuts by the trapeze act depicted in the photograph.

I was lucky enough to be able to snap him in the act.

Yours faithfully,
Rickerby, J. H. D. JOHNSTON.
Lochanhead, Dumfries.

RABBITS IN WAR TIME

SIR,—In order to encourage the economic use of land in war time, it was found necessary in 1917 to introduce emergency legislation for the prevention of damage by rabbits. This was repealed in 1921, but the recent and far more satisfactory Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act lays on occupiers of land the onus of keeping down rabbits.

In order to assist them to comply with this requirement, the promoters of the Act (the Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare) have published exhaustive and practical *Instructions for Dealing with Rabbits* (20 pages octavo). The pamphlet gives much detailed information about fumigation, long-netting, rabbit-proof fencing, ferrets and ferreting, shooting, catching with dazzle-light and dog, catching in enclosures, and so on, together with the text of the new Act and a brief and very clear summary of its provisions; the latter will be much appreciated by those who stumble over the rather complex wording of the Act.

Single copies of this booklet will be sent on receipt of a stamped quarto envelope, and larger quantities will be supplied at cost price (3d. each) by Ufaw, Gordon House, 29, Gordon Square, London, W.C. 1.

Yours faithfully,
M. A. CHALLEN.



A CURIOUS CHURCH CARVING
(See letter "Wrestlers on a Font")



REARED BY HAND
See letter "Three Blue Hares"

THREE BLUE HARES

SIR,—I should be interested to know if any of your readers have ever succeeded in rearing blue hares? The above photograph shows Lady Diana Hay with three tiny blue hares, which she reared with a medicine dropper. They were brought in by the keeper, who thought they were about two weeks old. They are now so tame that they drink milk out of a cup, and are delightful companions.

Yours faithfully,
Aikenway, SYBIL STEUART-MENZIES.
Craigellachie, Scotland.

WRESTLERS ON A FONT

SIR,—High up on the Yorkshire Wolds is the pretty little church of Cowlam. Inside is a magnificent font, which is elaborately carved, one of the finest in Yorkshire; and this is a county noted for its remarkable fonts.

These are the subjects carved on it: The Massacre of the Innocents, the Adoration of the Magi, the Temptation of Adam and Eve, a Bishop with his Crozier, and the very unusual sight of two men wrestling, shown in the photograph. The figures are crowned, and it is from this fact that the date of the font is established, as this was a feature not introduced before the twelfth century.

Yours faithfully,
Low Coniscliffe, Co. Durham. A. M.

SQUIDS IN NORTHUMBERLAND

SIR,—The squid figured in the photograph in your issue of Sept. 16th appears identical with some squids seen at Oban Pier a few years ago. A dense shoal of young herring was massed under the piles of the pier, and the squids were taking the young herring by sudden dashes into the thick of the shoal. The silvery little herring could be seen gleaming in the tentacles of individual squid which were retiring into deep water, after a successful raid.

North Sea trawlers catch numbers of this particular variety of squid, and to make sure of the variety, I asked a friend who lives in Edinburgh to ask the trawler men about the squids they caught, when he was shown specimens, and secured one, which he forwarded to me for identification. To the best of my belief this North Sea squid was identical with the red squids seen preying on herring at Oban Pier, and I believe that that variety of squid feeds mainly on baby herring in the summer season.

It might be that the squids seen by Mr. Conyngham Graham to ground and put to sea again after grounding had come too close in after young herring.

Woodview, Yours faithfully,
Comrie, Perthshire. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

A PET TOAD

SIR,—Mr. Eyre's "Tale of a Toad" in the August 19th issue of the *Field* tempts me to tell another: A friend told me that his old gardener's boy used to catch flies and take them into the hot-house, and Toby, his pet toad, used to come out from his favourite "sit" under the ivy-leaved geraniums, flick out his long tongue and take the flies one by one from the urchin's open hand.

Of course, I cannot vouch for the truth of this; my friend may have been gently pulling my somewhat elderly leg! It would be very interesting, however, if any fellow reader of the *Field* had ever seen anything of this sort and would write you about it.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE I. WILLSON.
29, Julian Road, Folkestone.

THE ORIGINAL RIBSTON PIPPIN

SIR,—Many of your readers may be interested in the accompanying photograph of the hulk of the original Ribston Pippin, the ancestor of the famous variety of apple trees, which is to be seen in the grounds of Ribston Park, near Wetherby, Yorks.

Records indicate that in 1709 Sir Henry Goodriche planted some pips from apples grown in Rouen, France, and although three of them grew, only one was worth keeping. This became the original Ribston Pippin.

The trunk of the old tree was blown down during a fierce gale in 1828. A sucker from the old roots was preserved and can still be seen.

Yours faithfully,
Lindley, S. MOORHOUSE.
Huddersfield.



A FAMOUS ANCESTOR
(See letter "The Original Ribston Pippin")

New Books

AMERICAN TROPHIES

North American Big Game. Compiled by ALFRED ELY, H. E. ANTHONY and R. R. M. CARPENTER. (Scribner's, New York; $7.50.)

This is a book of the Boone & Crockett Club, published under the auspices of the National Collection of Heads and Horns of the New York Zoological Society. The work was conceived by the late Prentiss N. Gray, whose book entitled *Records of North American Big Game* was published in 1932. The latter created such interest that he decided to embark upon a fuller and more comprehensive volume. Unfortunately, he died before he was able to do so. But the Boone & Crockett Club appointed the committee which has carried through the project.

The result is a monumental work. The various authors are all experts in their own subjects, and a full range of subjects has been covered. There are, in fact, 24 chapters, and a set of tabulations of trophies which record details of a very large number of heads. The illustrations are excellent, and include some wonderful photographs by Grancel Fitz and drawings by Allan Brooks.

The chapters on Vanished Game and Conservation will at once bring to mind problems that are not confined to the North American Continent. Mention is made of the fact that the ordinary American citizen has been brought up to believe that free, or nearly free, hunting is a birthright inherited from pioneer ancestors. It is also pointed out that there is a type of politically-minded administrators of state game agencies who have for the most part been engaged in exploiting the sadly reduced game crops of their respective states, by selling as many licences as possible without any consideration for the number of animals that may safely be taken.

A feature of some of the chapters on the different species is the description of the mountain and other scenery concerned with various exciting anecdotes and adventures, which make light and attractive reading. Much information of technical value will be found in the chapters on Horns and Antlers, Rating of Trophies, Rifles and Ammunition and Photographing Big Game, &c.

This must be considered a standard work which should appeal to all who are in any way interested in the subject. It fills a necessary place in big game literature.

W. H. T. LOXG.

* * * *

Around Golf. Edited by J. S. F. MORRISON. (Arthur Baker, Ltd.; 15/-.)

This is an interesting addition to the prodigious list of golf literature. Morrison chose the help of such recognised authorities as Lady Heathcoat-Amory, Bernard Darwin, C. J. H. Tolley, Ben Travers and several others to compile in one volume as many varying treatises on the game as possible. The result is a book that is very readable, containing a host of information without being at all technical. Indeed, for once the instructional side of golf has been omitted—a welcome change. No more need be said about Darwin's contribution than that it is one of his best. In his inimitable way he tells us how to watch golf and warns us that "We should watch on broad lines and not observe too closely some petty idiosyncrasy."

The chapters written by Lady Heathcoat-Amory and Cyril Tolley, in which they describe some of their thrilling matches, are of historic value. Her description of those great battles with Miss Cecil Leitch and his account of his victory in the Amateur Championship of 1920, when he was persuaded to enter at the last minute by Roger Wethered, make fascinating study.

Ben Travers justifies his great reputation in his description of his only appearance in an important competition—against Mr. Whistle, who was suffering from d.t.'s, in Malorca years ago. He debunks such people as the Big Match Steward—"that pompous gem of little brief authority . . . revelling in his hour as a big wig . . . festooned with rosettes of office." How near the truth he is I will leave to the imagination of the reader. With an excellent array of illustrations *Around Golf* will appeal to any player and is worth every penny of its apparently rather high price.

E. R. TIPPLE.

* * * *

Life Class. By LUDWIG BEMELMANS. (John Lane; 8/6.)

The author was born in a small Bavarian town, and was translated, on the unanimous opinion of his relations as to his ability, to America. Here he became a waiter in various hotels and finished this part of his career as manager of the banquet department in one of the best hotels in New York. This book is the result of his experiences and reflections.

Head waiters, as a race, are the product of very peculiar circumstances. The more stylish the hotel or restaurant the less it really cares about its customers. This attitude is summed up in its head waiter, who is all attention to people he knows (which is the same thing as saying the people whose presence he thinks will do the place good), and who hurriedly delegates the other members and diners to obscure positions, where they may eat and drink unseen between a large pillar and a collection of service wagons.

This much everybody knows. What this book makes clear is that the happiness of the more obvious table is nearly of equal unconcern, so long as they are filled by the right people. Yet it is largely the public's own fault that this absurd situation has arisen, and we must put up with it. The only remedy is for people to recover the lost art of entertaining in their own homes.

But if the general situation be conceded, it must be confessed that this is a book well worth reading. Mr. Bemelmans was no ordinary waiter, and seems to be as much amused at himself as his customers—and it must always be remembered that it cannot fail to be very difficult for a waiter to retain any faith in human nature at all. Reckless and useless expenditure, whether in America or elsewhere, has never been the bedfellow of civic virtue.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

* * * *

The Last Days of Henri Quatre. By HEINRICH MANN. (Secker & Warburg; 9/6.)

Those who have read the two previous volumes of Heinrich Mann's brilliant trilogy—*King Wren* and *Henri Quatre*—will need little persuasion to obtain this final volume. Like its forerunners, the book shows the author's deep knowledge both of his character and of the contemporary scene.

Henri we have viewed as a lover, a statesman and a soldier. Tolerant and astute he has consolidated the various elements in his kingdom. Now, in his closing days, he longs for a united Europe. His struggle towards this end, aided by his friend and confidant, Sully, comes near to victory, and the story of this supreme effort is the theme of the third volume of the trilogy.

Here was a very human but large-hearted man who loved his people and was loved in return. "His heart did not beat solely for his people, but also for his privilege, for the greatness of France, and the peace of all the world. But his people came first, and they were nearest to his heart when they were poor."

Here is drama, philosophy and humour, and in his English translation Mr. Eric Sutton has done them justice.

LESLIE N. RADCLIFFE.

AN EXCESS OF GROUSE

WHILE grouse were patchy in parts of Scotland, yet certain areas—or an individual moor—had grouse in greater numbers than had been the case since 1920. One might quote Banffshire and the borders of Aberdeenshire as a good instance of this, like other, places where abnormal results were reported in the *Field* early in the season.

The European situation becoming acute by August 22nd, guns who were serving or reserve officers left, and others due to follow on telegraphed regrets. This left the owner or lessee with few guns, all his plans for the succession of good guns to follow until late September upset, and faced with more and more birds showing up daily, and no hope of guns to deal with the situation. And so lodges closed down.

The law laid down by the "Grouse Disease Inquiry" in 1905–9, that overstocking is the main factor in disease, holds good, and to-day many moors are left with three times the stock desirable and surplus to what would have been had not war come on us.

One such moor closed down with some 1,500 brace short of what the headkeeper wanted killed for safety of his moor when the season opened. Another moor closed down with at least 2,000 brace short of what might have been shot. Not far off a syndicate rented three moors, equally heavily stocked, and had to leave early. These instances alone total some thousands of grouse surplus in one localised area.

Any such moors run a greater risk, if within normal range of any area where disease existed in the past spring, when the weather becomes wild and packs move about. The Forfar—Aberdeenshire area suffered from disease. In the case of a moor having a heavy stock left while the moors around, from some cause, only had a normal season, the risk is less, as room for local expansion exists.

Owners or lessees would be well advised if their keepers were told to kill all the grouse possible by any means now before it becomes too late. The late fields of oats will be black with birds in spite of all efforts to keep them off, and where the stooks are carried the stubble will attract birds in numbers. Action is urgent if it is to be of some use, and there appears to be no time lost in making the attempt.

One knows many keepers have joined up, but some older ones remain.

The closing statement made in the Appendix of the Grouse Disease Inquiry on its last page is worth bearing in mind: "Grouse disease is one of the natural risks to which grouse are subject, and is to be found wherever grouse are numerous."

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

EXPERIENCE in the stock markets since the end of August must have come particularly strange to those who have picked up the threads of City affairs during the last 20 years. There are now various regulations on dealings, including the reimposition of cash business.

Cash transactions have been instituted mainly to curb speculation. It cramps the style of dealers accustomed to fortnightly settlements. Dealers, in making a market, are now unable to take a chance of selling more securities than they actually hold, or adding to their books, on the probability of being able to square up their positions before the end of an account.

It is true that cash transactions have been the rule in British Government securities and other high-class stocks all along. There is, however, in normal times, a substantial turnover in the funds day by day. Besides which, dealers in the funds have behind them the Government broker as well as the banks and big financial organisations, who always have business to transact in Government stocks.

The position in other sections is more complicated. Dealers have to trust to a normal turnover on the part of the public. It follows that cash transactions, outside the funds, result in a small volume of business exerting an undue influence upon market values.

This has been clearly demonstrated in the last few weeks. There were many in the country following the outbreak of war compelled to turn securities into cash. They found the gilt-edged market frozen by the fixing of minimum prices. They had to turn to other securities in which there was some semblance of a market.

Buyers were, naturally, shy. It was recognised that sellers were insistent, and by waiting stocks and shares might be picked up on more attractive terms. The dealers on their part were unable to take the stock offered. The alternative was to reduce values until stocks became attractive to new buyers.

The drop in prices for leading equities has been most substantial. First-class industrials, such as General Electric, fell about 10/-; leading tobaccos were as much as 20/- lower than at the end of August; shares in popular stores, such as Woolworth and Marks & Spencer, suffered severely; while there was wholesale marking down of brewery securities and bank shares.

Dividend-paying Rand gold shares were no exception. They also come in for special liquidation by those forced to find cash. It is true that uncertainty concerning future taxation, and a heavy burden resulting from compulsory war risk insurance on goods, were contributing factors. The fact remains that forced liquidation, plus the inability of the market to take stock, were at the root of the sharp downward movement in values.

The fall in market values cannot be justified by anything that has happened to the companies concerned. Values in many instances have reached levels which entirely discount every likely contingency arising from war conditions. A slight change of sentiment would have the reverse effect.

When forced selling comes to an end it will certainly be found that supplies available to new buyers are negligible. Those who are not compelled by circumstances to turn securities into cash are well advised to retain their investments for the present. It may even be advisable for those with available resources carefully to examine markets with the object of making fresh purchases.

Motor shares which have fallen to particularly low levels should be carefully watched. It is probably true that there will be a great falling off in the purchase of new motor cars, but the companies can turn their attention to work of National importance.

Leading tobaccos, oils, shipping and securities, such as United Molasses ordinary, can give exceptionally good accounts of themselves, even under war conditions. There are opportunities in markets for those who follow a cautious policy.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

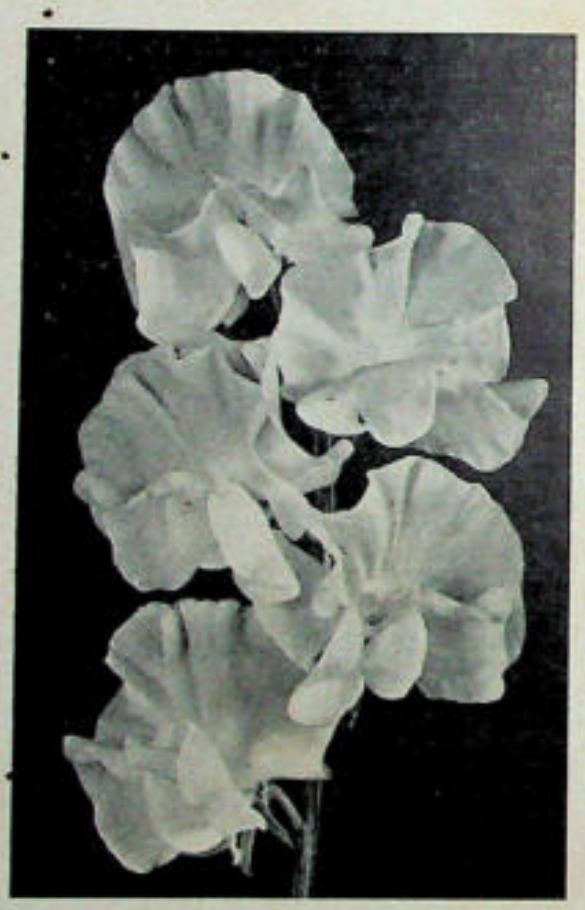
It is announced that Lord Cottesloe, chairman of the association since 1930, has now resigned that post and will be succeeded by Sir Philip Wigham Richardson, vice-chairman from 1920 to 1928 and from 1931. Major E. G. Monro, will be vice-chairman. Lord Cottesloe has rendered great service to the N.R.A., no one can claim more knowledge of match rifle shooting, and the thanks of all Bisley shots are due to him for the work he has accomplished. During the last war he was chief instructor of the N.R.A. School of Musketry.

AUTUMN SOWN SWEET PEAS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN many parts sweet peas did exceptionally badly this year, owing presumably to the exceptionally long spell of bleak weather in late spring and early summer. One of the chief points to bear in mind in regard to these annuals is that modern hybrids tend to become less and less hardy. And, unfortunately, the least hardy are those brilliant cerise and orange red shades that attract every eye at shows. When ordering for autumn sowing it is always advisable to ask for a list of those that are suitable for this purpose. There are so many hundreds of these reliable sorts now that it is impossible to give the names, and every grower has his own fancy names.

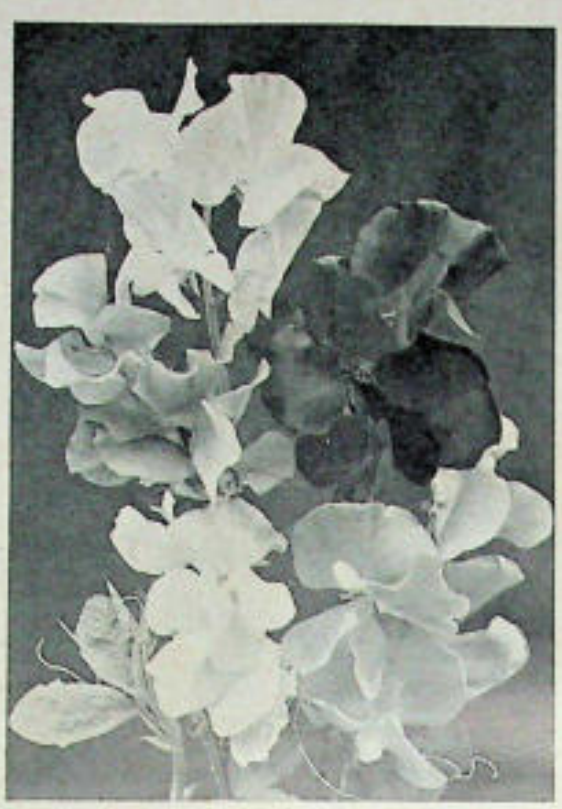
Sweet Peas planted in autumn bloom roughly a month earlier than those sown in spring, but apart from this seedlings that have gone through the winter either in the open or even in a cold frame make sturdier plants than those raised in heat. The last week in September or the first week in October is the right time for sowing, and in the south, especially on warm well-drained soils, it is well worth sowing half the seeds in the open in their permanent positions, for nothing equals sweet peas that have never been transplanted. The site should be chosen not so much with regard to where the plants will look picturesque as where they will do best. Sweet peas hate exposure to east winds, and soon show their resentment, for the leaves turn yellow and fail to make vigorous growth for a long time.



PINKIE, A FINE VARIETY OF DELICATE TONE

It is as well to sow fairly thickly, *i.e.* putting the seeds in only 2in. apart to allow for losses. They should not be sown more thickly than this however. The soil should have been thoroughly prepared earlier in the season, the ideal being trenching two spits deep, incorporating well decayed manure or hop manure liberally in the bottom spit, and if possible on light soils plenty of well-decayed green manure at the bottom of the trench. Plenty of wood ash and soot (both well spent and not fresh) can be incorporated in the top spit. If lime is lacking hydrated lime can be sprinkled very lightly along the top, so lightly that the ground looks as though there had been a very slight fall of snow not entirely hiding the soil. But very finely crushed mortar rubble liberally incorporated in the top spit seems much more to the liking of the plants.

It is a common and very bad blunder to sow seeds in loose soil. Amateurs frequently fork over soil just before planting, but experienced gardeners leave the ground out at least a fortnight to settle. The rhythm of the highly complicated life of the soil has been disturbed, and no good



SWEET PEAS PROVIDE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL COMBINATION OF COLOUR

comes of sowing seed until that rhythm has been resumed. Sweet Peas are particularly resentful of being either sown or transplanted into loose soil.

In districts where it is impossible to sow in the open, seed can be sown in pots or boxes filled with a compost of equal parts loam, leaf mould (or prepared peat), sand, and a little finely powdered mortar rubble. Pots are decidedly preferable because sweet peas make long roots, and where they are to be grown hedge fashion it is a good plan to sow three seeds in each pot so that they can be transplanted together, putting out the three seedlings *en bloc* a foot apart. This results in the minimum of root disturbance and involves less labour than planting each seed separately in a single pot. As it is advisable to secure quick germination the pots can be stood in a cool greenhouse till the plants are just about an inch high. Then they should be transferred to a cold frame, for undue coddling, even in slight artificial warmth, is harmful, especially as it seems likely we are in for a spell of long mild autumn. In the cold frame the pots should stand on at least an inch of ashes or sand, or even gravel. All through winter the frames should be closed only during severe weather and at night.

Sweet Peas sown in the open cannot be neglected during the winter. Aerating the soil along the rows is if anything even more important in winter than during the rest of the year, for damp is a far more serious enemy than frost, and in soil left in a stagnant condition the seedlings are bound to suffer badly. Once a fortnight is not too often to give them the necessary attention, using a hand fork carefully so as not to disturb the rows. Failing pea guards the strand of cotton sometimes needs renewing. On soils inclined to be heavy it is a good plan to spread sand half an inch deep along the rows, and before severe weather sets in it is very helpful to draw soil or sand up to the stems. Twiggy supports not merely prevent the plants flopping about, but they afford a good deal of protection from cutting winds.

Nothing is gained by putting out plants wintered in a cold frame too early. We usually have bitterly cold weather in April, and though theoretically the earlier in the month they are put out the better it is advisable to wait for a favourable spell. The plants should be "stopped" when they are 4in. high, and nipping off the tops with scissors is better than pinching them off. The main growths never produce satisfactory flowers.



SOWING IN BOXES FILLED WITH COMPOST

THE THINNING OF PLANTATIONS

By REGINALD DAVEY

A NEGLECTED larch plantation, if it is growing at all, may produce timber at the rate of 30 cubic feet per acre per annum. A similar plantation, if well tended, will increase at 100 cubic feet per acre per annum. Over a period of three years this will amount to an increased production of 210 cubic feet per acre. We do not know the total area of larch plantations in the country, but on 250,000 acres this increment would involve a total of 52½ million cubic feet, about double our peace time annual consumption of home grown conifers.

Apart from the national need for securing thinning of conifer plantations, particularly if hostilities be protracted, the benefit to the owner's purse will be substantial, in the region of 10 guineas per acre, or more than £500 if he is lucky enough to possess 50 acres of larch plantations. The same remarks apply to other conifers. For Scots pine the quantities are similar, though the value is less. For Douglas fir and spruce the quantities are much greater, but the price per cubic foot is lower.

It is not a question of immediate outlay to secure future returns. The operation of thinning will be well repaid by sale of the pit props which will result, and fair profit will be shown. In one recent case £125 was estimated to be received for props that cost £100 to cut, haul and stack.

The sizes usually accepted have a minimum top diameter of 3in. under bark, and a maximum diameter at breast height under bark of 7in. Some collieries will accept larger sizes, and in the present emergency owners need have no fear of disposal. In August the Forestry Commission were prepared to buy props from private estates situated anywhere, to act as a reserve. Whether this is to continue is not known, though now the matter will doubtless come under the Timber Control.

Before a plantation is thinned it is necessary to send a man to remove all the side branches as high as he can reach. This enables the stems to be seen and gives easy access to the wood. The next step will be to remove all dead and suppressed trees, and any huge specimens of bad shape that are crowding better trees. This is called cleaning. The wood is then ready for thinning. The person in charge will walk through and mark the trees to be removed. This is done by looking upwards and marking all trees that are slightly smaller and crowding the heads of the best specimens.

The heaviness of the thinning, that is the number of stems removed, depends chiefly on the fear of wind damage. In an exposed situation the outer two or three rows will be left intact, as a wind break, and no large gaps must be left in the canopy. The thinning will, therefore, be light. Particular care is called for in the case of Douglas fir, which is very liable to wind damage.

Some species benefit from heavy thinning giving plenty of elbow room. Chief among these are ash and larch, with oak and Scots pine rather more tolerant. The shade-enduring beech, spruce and Douglas fir are less affected than other species by neglect of thinning, and less stems per acre need be removed.

In a properly managed wood thinning will take place every five years, and for ash and larch can scarcely be too heavy. Larch grows at its optimum if the top third of the stem carries green leaves. More usually are seen trees with minute tops, obviously too small to manufacture the food needed for rapid trunk expansion. It is the size of the crowns that give the first indication of the need for thinning, bearing in mind that, for instance, a larch wood must show more daylight than a spruce plantation.

Another aim of thinning is to control height growth. If the site be fertile and the trees crowded together they will tend to grow rapidly upwards in their competition for light. Ultimately the wood will consist of a number of long spindly trees with small crowns an immense distance from the ground. To thin these will be of no material benefit.

Whenever a plantation, which is growing strongly, has reached the maximum desirable height, this may be checked by thinning. What is a proper height is a matter of experience. For larch on a fertile site 58ft. at 30 years of age is a maximum. On poorer sites the height allowed should be 48ft., 40ft., or even 30ft.

Thinning is the most important operation in the woodland programme, and the most frequently neglected. It is not required until, between the twentieth and twenty-fifth year, the trees have grown together and killed the ground vegetation. By then extreme competition between the trees will have commenced, and thinning controls it and directs it to the ultimate good of the best specimens.

GLASSHOUSE LETTUCE PRODUCTION

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

FLOWER farmers and market gardeners are usually accustomed to use their glasshouses for chrysanthemum growing during the winter months. In a war it is necessary to change over to food production and, fortunately, there is a crop, like the lettuce, which may be grown for the Christmas market or for cutting and selling early next March. It is fortunate that the research stations have been able to introduce varieties of lettuce which, when grown under glass, produce a really large heart.

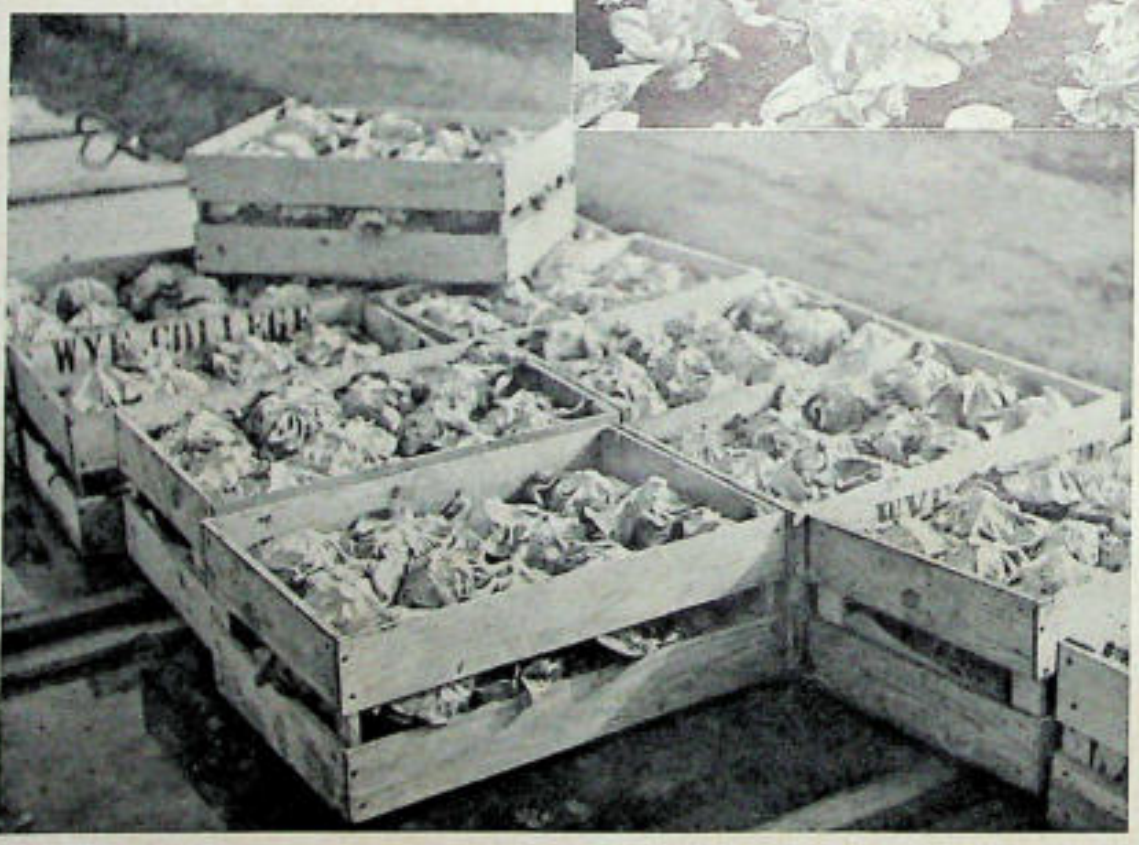
This salad crop may be grown both in heated and unheated houses. It is equally successful in permanent or temporary structures, providing there is plenty of ventilation and the maximum amount of light.

Perhaps the best soil for lettuce cultivation is a light loam, but there are growers who succeed in producing heavy crops of well-hearted produce on clay loam. Naturally, the finest tilth can be produced on the light loam, and as such a soil warms up quickly, root action is encouraged, and growth is, in consequence, rapid.

When preparing a light soil it is advisable to dig in peat-moss at the rate of 10 tons to the acre. This improves the water-holding capacity of the soil and helps in the aeration also. When the lettuce follows a well-manured tomato crop, there should be no need to give special dressings of artificials, though if the soil fertility is thought to be low hoof and horn meal should be applied at 2 cwts. per acre. Once the fertilisers have been added the surface of the soil should be got down fine by regular rakings. All lumps should be broken down and stones and other debris removed. There is less likelihood of the plants being attacked by fungus diseases if this is done.

It is convenient to raise the plants by sowing the seed in the ordinary tomato seed-box filled with the following compost: 2 parts by bulk of medium loam, 1 part by bulk of good moss-peat, 1 part by bulk of coarse sand, adding to each bushel of this mixture 1½oz. of superphosphate of lime, and 1oz. of ground limestone or chalk.





LETTUCES GROWN UNDER GLASS AND PACKED IN BOXES READY FOR TRANSPORT

Three hundred seeds should be spaced out evenly over the surface of such a compost after it has been pressed down firmly. A small quantity of the same compost should then be sifted over the top. After watering with the fine rose of a watering can, the boxes should be placed on the staging of the glasshouse at a temperature of about 55-60 deg. Fahr., fourteen to eighteen days later the young plants should be pricked out into further boxes 1in. apart. Four weeks later they may be ready for putting out into the border of the house.

Before planting it is advisable to flood the beds, but this should be done a fortnight beforehand, if possible, the idea being to try and build up a reserve supply of moisture which the roots of the lettuces can tap as they grow older. The boxes, too, should be moistened by being dipped into water at the same temperature as the house. Dipping does prevent the leaves and stems from being wetted, and so minimises the danger of "damping off." The boxes should be stood on the soil in the glasshouse for two days, and this ensures that the temperature of the roots of the plants is similar to that of the soil in which they are to be planted. Thus when planted they receive no check.

The best results are achieved when the lettuces are planted on little ridges drawn up specially for the purpose. Experiments conducted at Reading University indicated that such a procedure made a difference of seven days, and to the farmer if a crop turns in seven days before his neighbour's it makes all the difference to the profit. For the larger varieties, these ridges should be 12in. apart, for the medium sizes 10in. apart, and for the smaller types 9in. apart.

After planting, the temperature of the house should be kept at round about 50 deg. Fahr., plenty of ventilation being given whenever possible. During misty damp days the ventilators may have to be closed down somewhat, but during the bright spells they will be opened fully again. Watering should commence within a fortnight of planting. Care should be taken to apply the water round the plants and not on them. It is better to water in the morning than late in the afternoon, for late watering often encourages mildew.

Hoeing should be carried out regularly so as to keep down weeds and to conserve moisture. Narrow bladed Dutch hoes should be used, care being taken not to damage the plants. Every morning a youth should go over all the plants and remove any brown or diseased leaves seen. This work need not be started till the plants are about half grown. Green-fly may make itself a nuisance, but it is quite easily controlled if the house is fumigated with nicotine shreds from time to time.

Good varieties for growing under glass at this time of the year are Golden Ball, Gotte a Forcer, Little Black Gotte and Coucher a Graine Noire. These come in the small group, and may be planted 9in. by 7in. Though they are delicious for home use, being small, they are not so popular on the market. The most popular group is, perhaps, the medium-sized, which should be planted 10in. by 9in. Cheshunt Early Giant, which was produced at the Cheshunt Research Station, is undoubtedly the best, and if the seed is sown at the beginning of October, the plants are ready to put out late in November, and can usually be cut early in February. For Christmas marketing it is necessary to sow this variety about the second week of September. Early French Frame is another variety that falls into this group, but it does not mature as quickly.

In the North of England, in Lancashire and Cheshire the two favourite varieties are Blackpool and Loos Tennis Ball, both of which may be said to be large types, and need planting 12in. by 10in. If seed is sown at this time of the year, the lettuces should be fit to cut early in March.

Lettuces should never be marketed until they are fully hearted, though in the north it is possible to sell unhearted specimens profitably. The lettuce should be looked upon as a catch crop, and so should be cleared and sold in sufficient time for the borders to be prepared for the crop that is to follow.

SPLINTER PROTECTION

Where a house has no shelter or dug-out the question arises as to where is the best place in the event of a raid. In most houses there is some room or pantry which is protected by more than one wall on two or even three sides, and obviously this is the spot to select. Windows and doors may constitute a weakness, and Professor R. V. Southwell, writing in *The Times*, illustrates an ingenious and quickly constructed covering for these weak spots. It consists of a light timber framework strengthened by a strut across the centre and covered with wire-netting on either side. To keep front and back roughly uniform, the front and back faces of wire netting are connected by stays of light wire. The space between the front and back coverings of wire netting is 4in. wide, and this is filled with loose pebbles of roughly about an inch in diameter. The protection, described as a pebble mattress, is not guaranteed to stop a big projectile, but, at any rate, it is claimed as bullet proof, and gives a certain measure of security from flying pieces of steel.

Professor Southwell says: "In action, the front face of wire netting will be perforated (unless the splinter is very small), and all the stays will (and should) be ruptured; then the rear wire-netting being free to bulge, the splinter, in effect, will be opposed by a dense cloud of pebbles." All that it needs to repair a damaged frame is to empty it of pebbles and put in new stays and wire.

THE PLIGHT OF COUNTRY MOTORISTS

By W. T. McMINNIES

THE countryman's lot this winter will not be at all happy. He will have few public vehicles to take him about his business; his nearest railway station may be several miles distant, and his shopping centre and market town further away still. Driving at night is out of the question on narrow and overhung country lanes whose verges are indistinguishable from the muddy track. It is bad enough with white lines and white kerbstones on a main road, but in the country driving is almost impossible and it is much safer and nearly as quick to walk.

So many of us are buying bicycles and if the tradesman's van fails to bring our rations once a week we shall have to hitch a carrier or a trailer to the cycle and collect the goods ourselves.

All sorts of hints and tips on means for saving petrol have appeared in the Press, but the truth of the matter is that even if you carried out each one with meticulous care you would not add more than ten or fifteen per cent. to your monthly mileage. Which means that you would have an extra 20–25 miles to play with.

The best advice of all is to drive at your most economical speed, say 30–35 m.p.h., to accelerate and decelerate gently, use the brakes as little as possible and coast with switched-off engine wherever opportunity presents itself. For the benefit of the less expert, the safest way to get back into top gear after free-wheeling with a switched-off engine, is to restart with the electric starter, speed up the engine a bit and then with the clutch out engage top gear.

In the matter of petrol economy I am rather surprised that as far as I know no manufacturer's service department has sent out any useful suggestion to users of its cars. Surely the broadcasting of such advice should have been done by the trade, who are the people best qualified to say what can and what cannot be done.

For instance I should very much like to have heard what the Vauxhall experts had to say on the subject. The great Luton Company ran a country-wide petrol consumption test, for owners of Vauxhall cars this summer, and some extraordinary results were obtained. Off hand, I seem to remember some of their ten horse power cars clocking in with scores of 50 or 60 miles to the gallon. Well, how was it done and did such super-economy mean that the cars were unsuitable for every-day running? I mean was speed reduced to a crawl and were the starting-up and getting away qualities greatly handicapped?

Some people in the country were bitten with the hoarding germ the day before rationing was planned, but did not take effect. I was amazed to find queues of cars at petrol stations away out in the country. Their owners were not satisfied to have their tanks filled to the brim, but produced all kinds of receptacles in order to acquire extra supplies. Neither they nor the petrol station's owners realised that this extra filling up was illegal and could lead to a prosecution.

Some of the receptacles were unusual. There was the story of the woman with the dust-bin, for instance. Had she succeeded in having this filled with fuel her troubles would only just have started. For a dust-bin is designed to hold rubbish and not petrol, would have steadily leaked away and in so doing would have disseminated a dangerous mixture in the garage.

I happen to be rather an authority on dust-bins because I recently bought one wherein to store ten gallons of lubricating oil. I was forced to do this because all the standard five gallon Castrol and Shell oil drums had disappeared by magic. Possibly they had been bought up by those who wished to use them for hoarding petrol or paraffin. Anyway, there was a shortage and I had to make do with a dust-bin. Well, it's single seam seemed well-soldered but alas, after I had decanted my Castrol, the joint began to seep and I could see that in a few days' time my garage floor would resemble a slough of despond.

Insulating tape re-enforced with "Seccotine" was the first idea for stopping the leak, but this was only partly successful. So I tried "Plasticine" next and made a sort of bread poultice with the aid of more insulating tape. The effect was not one to be proud of, but it did reduce the oil drops to about one a minute.

It takes a national emergency to bring home to us how vital a part of our lives the motor car has become. Indeed many of us use it more often than such necessities as a watch, a bathroom, or even the electric light. Without it our efficiency is reduced to a staggering degree.

Here is an example, probably to be multiplied a million times up and down the country. A countryman has a business appointment in a city, 45–50 miles off, a matter of an hour's run in the car in ordinary circumstances. With the present petrol rationing he would use half his month's allowance, *i.e.*, 100 miles' worth, on this one day's out and home journey. So he decides to go by train.

His actual journey might be as follows. He walks or cycles two miles to his nearest railway station situated on a single line. He trains eight miles, away from his final objective, waits and changes. He then trains 25 miles and changes again after a due wait. The next stage takes him another 20 miles where he boards a motor bus to the city he seeks. Arriving there he has still three or four miles to negotiate by taxi, bus or tram and the job which in the ordinary way should have taken three or four hours may well be extended to two days, plus board and lodging at an hotel.

Do not think that motorists are complaining. They realise that it is far more important for aeroplanes to be kept in the air, tanks and transport on the go and ships at sea, than that they should be saved a little personal inconvenience and expense. But it does seem that the case of the country motorist is rather different from that of the man who lives in a town and whose interests, goings and comings are contained in a radius of a few miles.

Those who are still able to use the roads will find them practically deserted except for lorry traffic carrying essential supplies. But road repairs and re-designing are still in progress, though I remember reading some weeks ago that all this work had to stop or be completed instantly. That being the case, is it not curious that the making of concrete footpaths and banked turnings is still proceeding in certain parts of the country?

For instance, on the outskirts of Cheltenham men are now engaged in scragging up a perfectly good if unnecessary tar macadam footpath they laid a few months ago and fitting a gravel based concrete pavement in its place. Local motorists have watched for months the continuous outpouring of public funds on the Gloucestershire end of A.40. To them many of the features that have been incorporated in it are incomprehensible from a motoring point of view.

To name but two, there are the highly dangerous and restrictive curving of the road under the railway bridge at Andoversford and the building of miles and miles of concrete footpath over the Cotswolds, where one can motor for long distances without even seeing a cottage anywhere near the road. As it is the motorist who pays for these unwanted pavements, it is about time he knew who sanctions them and why.

The war has given a strange twist to many enterprises directly or indirectly connected with life on the road. Take the case of reflecting advertisement signs, so popular for displaying the names and addresses of hotels and car agencies. The black-out regulations have reduced the pulling powers of these road signs to nil at night. Then there is the plight of the hotels themselves. It was announced in the Press recently that one thousand of them had been taken over by various authorities, and that the hoteliers considered the compensation allowed was so meagre that they were thinking of organising a general protest. Then finally one wonders if the combination of petrol rationing, winter time black-outs and a twenty-five shillings per horse-power tax will force so many motorists to give up motoring altogether that a large percentage of the eighty to a hundred million pounds they pay in direct or indirect taxation will be lost to the Exchequer. Naturally the authorities are alive to this possibility and it may be that the stoppage of all private motoring is a definite part of their policy.

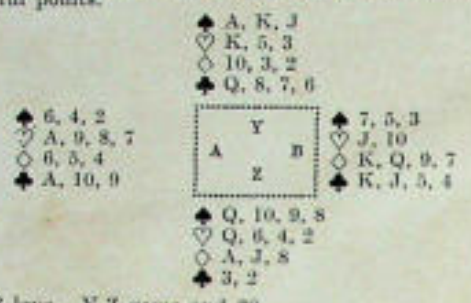


IT IS THE COUNTRY MOTORIST WHO SUFFERS MOST AS OPPOSED TO THE MAN WHOSE COMINGS AND GOINGS ARE CONTAINED IN A RADIUS OF A FEW MILES

BRIDGE

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

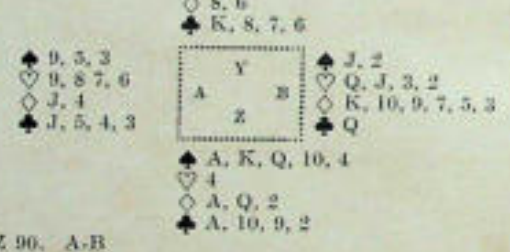
AS I write this, all the cinemas and theatres are closed and bridge is one of the few amusements left. However, when I arrived at a small club the other day, and had to pass through a series of screens before I could play, I was not surprised to find the bidding and play a little affected. I think the following two hands will be of interest, since, although the bidding is rather peculiar, the play shows two rather useful points.



A-B love. Y-Z game and 20.

Y	B	Z	A
One Club	No bid	One Spade	No bid
Two Spades	No bid	Two No Trumps	No bid
Three Spades	No bid	No bid	No bid

The fact that Y-Z were game and 20 helped to account for the rather strained bidding. A led the 6 of Diamonds and B's Queen was taken by Z's Ace of Diamonds, and Z proceeded to make the best of a bad job, with the help of the opponents. The 3 of Clubs was covered by A's 9 and Y ducked. A led the 5 of Diamonds, which B took with the King and returned a Diamond, taken by Z's Jack. The 2 of Clubs was played, taken by A's Ace, and the 10 of Clubs returned and ruffed with Z's 8 of Spades. Z now led the 2 of Hearts and A made the fatal mistake of putting on the Ace of Hearts and returning a Spade. Z took this in dummy, ruffed another Club with the Queen of Spades, entered dummy with a trump and led the third trump from dummy. Now he breathed a sigh of relief when the trumps broke evenly and made the ninth trick with the Queen of Hearts. It will be noted that in addition to having the assistance of the opponents, Z had to play the hand as a reversed dummy, ruff twice in his own hand *and* find the trumps break evenly. Still, *nil desperandum* is often a very good motto in bridge.



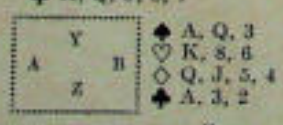
Y-Z 90. A-B

Y	B	Z	A
No bid	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Four Spades	No bid	Six Spades	No bid
No bid	No bid		

After Y had passed on two-and-a-half honour tricks and Z had made a Two Spade call (Y-Z were playing the Two Club System), Y felt that something encouraging was indicated and produced the peculiar call of Four Spades. Z, not to be outdone, took a chance on the small slam.

A led the 9 of Spades and Z took three rounds of Spades, B discarding a Diamond on the third Spade. If the Clubs break 2—3 Z could see a Club loser and a possible Diamond loser. His first plan was, therefore, to try the Clubs, if they broke evenly, to lead three rounds of Hearts, ruffing the third and throwing the lead with a Club. If A took the lead he might be compelled to lead a Diamond; if not the 7 of Clubs could be used as an entry to finesse Diamonds. To preserve the entry in Y's hand, Z led the 10 of Clubs to Y's King of Clubs. The return of the 3 of Clubs found B void of the suit and therefore the 9 of Clubs was played. A took the trick and returned a Heart. Z now took the Ace King of Hearts, the Ace and 7 of Clubs, and finessed Diamonds to make the contract.

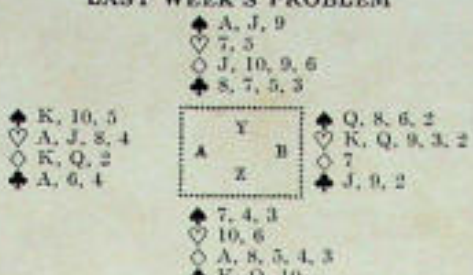
THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



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

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

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



The bidding is: A, One Heart; B, Two Hearts; A, Two No Trump; B, Four Hearts; and Y leads the Jack of Diamonds. Playing Z, how do you defend the hand?

SOLUTION

This week the complete deal is shown and the following solution is taken from the official hand analysis bulletin of the second Waddington Par Contest.

Y opens the Jack of Diamonds and Z has to make a very fine play on the first trick. The bidding and lead establish beyond doubt that declarer has K, Q of Diamonds, and Z should realise that if he plays his Ace these two cards will provide discards for two losing Clubs in Dummy. If he ducks to this Diamond trick, however, he will lose one trick in Diamonds, but will save two in Clubs. So he should play low and when Y wins the first Spade he must attack Clubs; two tricks in this suit are set up before the Spades are cleared, and against this defence A has to lose two Spades and two Clubs.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

A game from the fourth round of the Premier Tournament.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. A. R. B. Thomas.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. A. R. B. Thomas.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	26. Q R to Q sq (f)	R to Q B 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	27. R to B 2 (g)	P to Q Kt 4
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	28. P takes P	P takes P (h)
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3	29. Kt to Q 3 (i)	B takes Kt
5. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 3	30. P takes B	K R to B sq
6. P to K Kt 3 (a)	P to K Kt 3	31. P to B 3	Kt to Kt 3
7. K t takes Kt (b)	P takes Kt	32. B to K 2	K to B sq
8. Q to Q 2	B to Q 2	33. K to B 2 (j)	R to B sq
9. P to B 4	P to Kt 3	34. P to K Kt 4	R to B 7
10. B to K 3 (c)	B to Kt 2	35. R (B sq) takes Kt sq	Kt takes P
11. R to Kt 2 (d)	Q to B 1 (e)	36. P to Kt 4	R takes R
12. Castles	Castles (K R)	37. R takes R	Kt takes Q B P
13. P to K B 3	B to K 3	38. R to Q B 2	R to B 5
14. B to Q 4	B takes B, ch	39. R to B sq	R takes B P
15. Q takes B	Q to Kt 3	40. R to Q 3	Kt to Q 4
16. Q takes Q	P takes Q	41. K to Kt 2	R takes P
17. P to Q R 4	R to B 4	Resigns	

(a) The usual continuation is 6. B to K 2, P to K Kt 3; 7. B to K 3, B to Kt 2; 8. Castles, Castles (the Dragon variation).

(b) Best. If, instead, 7. Q to Q 3, then 7 . . . Kt takes Kt; 8. Q takes Kt, B to B 6, or, if 7. P to B 3, then 7 . . . Kt takes Kt. 8. P, takes B. Kt to B 3.

(c) If 10. B to Kt 2, B to Kt 2; 11. Castles, then 11 . . . Q to Kt 3, ch; 12. K to R sq. P to K R 4 with very good attacking chances for Black.

(d) If 11. P to K R 3, B to K 3; 12. P to B 5, then 12 . . . Kt to K 4.

(e) Preventing P to B 5.

(f) A good alternative is 18. P to Q Kt 4, B to B 2; 19. R to B 3, to be followed by K R to B sq, and P to B 5.

(g) An inferior move. He should, instead, play 19. R to B 3, guarding his Knight and threatening 20. P to Q Kt 4 followed by 21. P to B 5. Black's best reply would be 19 . . . P to B 4.

(h) Black now threatens K R to B sq, followed by P to Kt 5.

(i) This move has the disadvantage that White now gets a weak Queen's pawn.

(j) K to B 2 is preferable.

(k) 27. R (Q sq) to Q 2 is better, but after 27 . . . Kt to B 5; 28. R to Q B 2, R to R 8, threatening 29 . . . R to Q 8. White has a very bad game. The text-move is a mistake made under time-pressure.

A peculiar game from the tenth round of the Premier Tournament.

(Irregular Defence.)

WHITE. I. König.	BLACK. J. Mieses.	WHITE. I. König.	BLACK. J. Mieses.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 3 (a)	14. P to Q R 4	Kt to B 3
2. P to K 4	Kt to Q B 3	15. B to Kt 5	Kt to Kt 5
3. P to Q 5	Kt to Kt sq	16. P to R 5	B to B 3
4. Kt to K 2	P to K 4	17. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
5. P takes P, e.p.	B takes P (b)	18. B to Q 4	K to Kt sq
6. Q Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	19. P to R 6	P to Q Kt 3
7. Kt to B 4	Q to Q 2	20. P to B 3	P to R 4
8. B to K 2	Kt to B 3	21. Q R takes Kt	P takes R
9. Castles	Castles (c)	22. Kt to K 2 (g)	Q R to Kt sq
10. K Kt to Q 5	B to K 2	23. P to R 7, ch	K to Kt 2
11. P to Q Kt 4 (d)	Kt to Q Kt sq (e)	24. Kt to Q 4	B to R 6
12. B to K 3	Q R to K sq (f)	25. P to R 8—Q, ch	Resigns.
13. B takes P	B to Q sq		

(a) This move in conjunction with Kt to Q B 3 forms an irregular defence which Mieses has tried out during the past twelve months.

(b) Black should play P takes P in order to have a pawn guarding his Q 4.

(c) A very risky move. He should play B to K 2 and then Castles (K R).

(d) White, with his command of Black's Q 4, has a very good game and now starts an attack on the castled King.

(e) Black is already at a loss for a really satisfactory move. If, instead, 11. . . . B takes Kt; 12. P takes B, Kt takes Kt P, then 13. Q to Q 4, to be followed by 14. Q takes P with a winning game for White.

(f) If P to Q Kt 3 or P to Q R 3, then an advance of White's Queen's side pawns (P to Q R 4, &c.) soon forces an open file on that side and a winning game for White. With the text-move Black abandons his Queen's Rook's pawn in the hope of bringing about complications.

(g) Threatening P to R 7, ch followed by Kt to Q 4. Black is helpless.

A game from the ninth round of the Premier Tournament.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. P. N. Wallis.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. P. N. Wallis.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	16. B to R 4 (f)	B to Kt 2
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	17. B to B 4	Q R to B sq
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 2	18. B to Q Kt 3 (g)	B to Q R 3 (h)
4. P to K 4	Castles	19. Kt to K 4	P to K Kt 4
5. B to K 3	P to Q 3	20. R to K B 2	Kt to Q 6, ch
6. P to B 3	P to K 4	21. K to Q 2	Kt takes P (i)
7. P takes P (a)	P takes P	22. P to Q 6, ch	K to B sq
8. Q takes Q (b)	R takes Q	23. R to Q R sq	Kt to B 5, ch
9. Kt to Q 5	Kt takes Kt	24. B takes Kt	B takes B
10. R P takes Kt	P to Q B 3	25. R to B 3	P to B 4
11. B to Q sq (c)	P takes P	26. Kt takes P	R takes P, ch
12. P takes P (d)	P to Kt 3	27. K to B sq	P to K R 3
13. Kt to K 2	Kt to B 3	28. K to R 3	R (Q3) to Q B 3
14. Kt to B 3	Kt to Kt 5	29. P to R 3	R to B 8 (j)
15. B to K Kt 5 (e)	P to B 3	Resigns	

(a) A very tame and surprising move. The object of White's P to B 3 in this variation is to prepare to advance the King's side pawns after closing the centre by P to Q 5, but with the text-move White opens the centre.

(b) White is plotting for simplification.

(c) After this move White is left with an isolated Queen's pawn. He should, instead, play B to Q B 4.

(d) R takes P is, we think, to be preferred.

(e) K to Q 2 is better.

(f) White should play B to B sq to guard the Queen's Knight's pawn.

(g) In reply to 18. P to Q Kt 3 Black can play 18. . . . B to Q R 3 followed, if 19. B takes B, by 19. . . . R takes Kt; 20. B to B 4, R to B 7 (better than Kt takes P to which White can reply with R to B sq); 21. P to Q R 5, Kt to B 7, threatening Kt to B 6.

(h) A strong move, threatening Kt to Q 6, ch followed by Kt takes P. If now 19. K to Q 2, then 19. . . . Kt to Q 6, ch; 20. K to Q sq, Kt takes P; 21. R takes Kt, R takes Kt.

(i) Best. If, instead, 21. . . . P to B 4, then 22. P to Q 6, ch, K to B sq; 23. Kt takes P, R takes P (if 23. . . . Kt takes B, then 24. Kt to K 6, ch, K to Kt sq; 25. Kt takes R, ch); 24. Kt to K 6, ch.

(j) Finishing neatly. White has nothing better than R takes B, after which R takes R, ch wins the exchange.

PROBLEM No. 4033

By G. ANDERSSON.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K R sq, Queen at K R 5, Rooks at Q 7 and K 8, Bishop at Q R 4, Knight at K 4, Pawns at K B 4 and K 7.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at K 3, Queen at K B sq, Rooks at Q Kt sq and Q R 3, Bishop at Q Kt 2, Knights at K R 2 and Q 4, Pawns at K B 2, Q R 4 and Q B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Fart Hem*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4032

1. Kt to B 3. Any move; 2. Q or Kt mates.

This problem was awarded the first prize in the *Svenska Nyaste Nackrichten* in 1937.

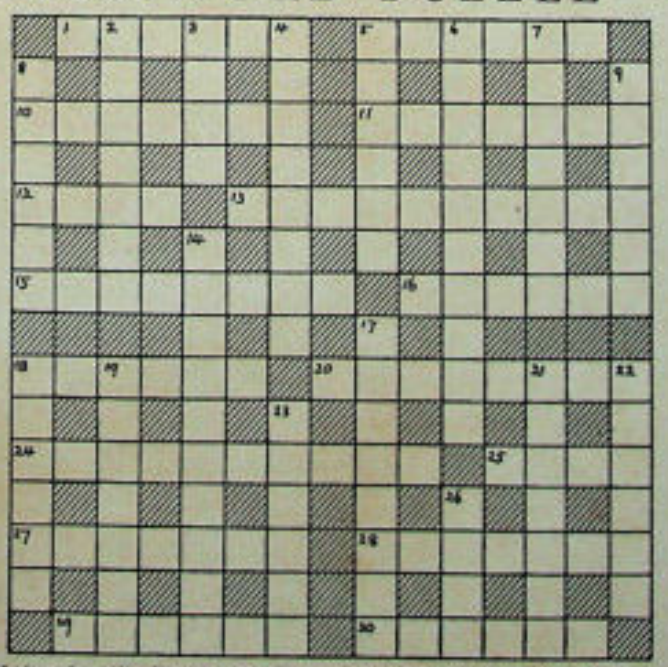
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 536

ACROSS.—1. A sailor meets her for preference (6). 5. He acts for others (6). 10. Nightmare (7). 11. Highly coloured vowel (7). 12. The men did not expect the irate old man to listen to reason (hidden) (4). 13. This type of employment is undesirable (5, 5). 15. Foretells (8). 16. Steel rope (6). 18. They pretend to have medical skill (6). 20. Wasteful (8). 24. Most astern (anag.) (10). 25. Bills for these are overhead charges (4). 27. Cheated (7). 28. Untried (anag.) (7). 29. Wing forwards do this (6). 30. This has an eye but no head (6).

DOWN.—2. A writer? (7). 3. To be found in all the best restaurants (4). 4. Determined (8). 5. The French end in a river (6). 6. Dr. Goebbels's department deals with this (10). 7. Filters (anag.) (7). 8. His map (anag.) (6). 9. Mark Twain's Tom (6). 14. A person with taking ways (10). 17. Marianne's nationality (8). 18. Silica sounding like liquid measures (6). 19. Confused tirades (7). 21. Step by step (7). 22. Time? (anag.) (6). 23. Caress (6). 26. The man Elsie loves has a nasty evil expression (hidden) (4).

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



SOLUTION TO No. 535

Published September 23rd

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

FARMING AND THE WAR

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

IT is a strange new world in which farmers now find themselves, a world where prices for fat stock are fixed at the markets before the animals arrive there, where the same price per score is paid for pork pigs as for baconers, where all limitations upon output have been removed (except on hops); but where there is uncertainty as to what rations will be available for feeding even the present numbers of livestock.

No wonder the Ministry of Agriculture has received many inquiries for advice about cropping. But very little imagination is needed to realise how impossible it is to forecast exactly what the detailed agricultural requirements of the nation will be. These depend upon a number of factors that the future alone will reveal. It may prove necessary to modify the present number of livestock of various kinds either upwards or downwards, but that is entirely dependent upon future events, and it would be misleading to farmers to pretend otherwise.

But this, on very general lines, is how the Minister himself sees it. Wheat production must be increased, both on existing and newly ploughed land. But it should not be grown "at all costs." In most districts it should have first place among the cereals if a satisfactory crop can be expected, but a full yield of another crop would be preferable to a poor yield of wheat. Potatoes are another crop that we must increase, and all restrictions upon basic acreage have been removed.

Since there is no present suggestion for reducing the number of cattle and sheep, it becomes more than ever important to get existing grassland into the best possible condition, both for grazing and for use as hay and silage. No stock farmer will go wrong if he grows as much as possible of his own concentrated feeding stuffs, such as oats, barley, beans, peas, mixed corn or rye. If Britain is to be more self-supporting in food, each farm must become more self-supporting in feeding stuffs for its own livestock.

Bacon Production

Farmers will have noted that the same price per score has been fixed for porkers as for baconers. They are right in assuming that this means discouragement of pork in favour of bacon. The primary reasons for this are the need to be ready for difficulties regarding imports of bacon and of feeding stuffs, and the fact that home-grown foods, in the main, are better adapted for the production of bacon than of pork. But also the porker costs relatively more to produce, from the point of view of labour, overhead and weaner charges and provides the nation with a smaller quantity of meat. A pig of 200lb. dead weight would weigh 250lb. alive. This represents a killing loss of 20 per cent. A pork pig of 80lb. dead weight would weigh about 114lb. alive, a killing loss of at least 30 per cent.

The new problem that now confronts pig farmers is how to economise on pig feeding and use as little as possible of the food for them that might be used for human food. The old ways, whereby 6cwt. of meal were used to produce less than 1½cwt. of pig meat, are no longer possible in war-time. We could maintain our present pig population, and even increase it, and fulfil the above conditions if pigs were more widely spread over the holdings of this country, even down to those of one acre or groups of allotments. We used to keep our pigs like this before oil cake and other concentrates were known. The "plough-up" policy will produce more tail corn and more potatoes for pig feeding; the pig in return will give back invaluable "muck." The garden and kitchen, the food shops, dairies, camps, hotels and other dwelling-houses can all make a contribution of pig food that is now wasted. The refuse should be used while fresh and sweet, and it must be boiled or steamed before feeding. Swill or dish-water should not be used, as it contains soda or salt. It is important that vegetable food should form part of the diet at all seasons. It should be noted, however, that pigs must have meal in addition to this waste. Even steamed potatoes will not replace more than two-thirds of the cereals in a full meal ration.

Pig keepers with access to grazing or woodlands might well try outdoor feeding. It saves meal, produces hardier pigs, improves the pasture by pig-grazing and brings into use valuable material such as beech mast. With a few weeks of sty-feeding on concentrated food at the end of the grazing period prime bacon can be thus produced.

Seed Wheat

The threshing tackle is busy on many farms, encouraged by fine weather over most of England last week and by the official announcement of a free market in seed wheat. Those farmers able to offer good samples of seed wheat are finding a ready market at a premium of several shillings per quarter above the present price of 24/- per quarter for milling wheat. Since the bulk of this wheat ought to be distributed by mid-October, it is important that no time should now be lost in threshing and selling it.

The present arrangements for buying and selling fat stock in auction markets are only temporary. Very shortly the Government will be the only buyers. Farmers will then notify the auctioneer of the number of fat stock they want to sell, and when the animals reach the market they will be examined by Government graders, paid for at a fixed price according to their classification and sent to the slaughter-house.

Utilising Tractors

Many farmers, when their own ploughing is done, will be able to give a hand to a less fortunate neighbour who has been unable to get through the work so quickly, for tractors must be used to full capacity in the next few weeks. It should be noted that the ordinary 5/- licence is quite sufficient for a farm tractor to travel any distance on the public road to another farm, and to draw its own necessary gear, together with ploughs, cultivators, threshing appliances, and supplies of water or fuel needed for the vehicle itself or for agricultural purposes. In districts where existing tractors and horse teams cannot undertake the work, a ploughing contractor may solve the difficulty. In some cases the county committees will be able to call upon the reserve of Government tractors. These are being allotted with due regard to the numbers of tractors in each county and the acreage of grassland to be ploughed.

There will be no interference with petrol supplies needed by farmers for their tractors, stationery engines and other machinery used on the farm for at least the next five weeks. They can buy whatever they need for these purposes.

But this special concession to farmers, on which a strict check will be kept, does not apply to their private motor cars. In this respect they will rank as other members of the community. The supply for this purpose is rationed, although, of course, it is open for them to apply for an extra ration in special circumstances, just like anybody else; It is, therefore, essential that farmers economise on petrol they use in their cars as much as they possibly can. When a visit to the market town is essential, it is suggested that the petrol ration could be made to go further by arranging with a neighbour to take turns in using only one car.

Farmers' motor trucks or lorries that have an "F" licence—that is, those owned by a farmer and used only to carry his own goods—will not for the present be restricted for petrol. Other commercial motor transport will come under the national scheme whereby truck owners are associated into local groups for petrol rationing.

There are at present no restrictions on paraffin supplies. But farmers would be well advised to make provision for storing, say, 200–500 gallons, if they cannot do so already. For it would be rash to assume that the present rather extravagant system of frequent supplies of very small quantities could be continued in every conceivable circumstance. Already reports have been received of farming operations held up because the paraffin lorry was a couple of days late. If no special tanks are available, paraffin can be stored in 40-gallon drums, or even old cisterns or other containers that may be lying unused on the farm or in a junk merchant's dump.

Britain's 60,000 tractors are only being used to about half their full capacity during an ordinary working day. This estimate is made by the Ministry of Agriculture on the basis of total consumption of tractor fuel, and in a circular to the County Agricultural War Committees the Ministry point out that if the tractors were evenly distributed over the country, the whole of the extra 1,500,000 acres could easily be ploughed this year by the existing tractors.

But they are not evenly distributed—they are most dense in the eastern side of the country—and it is not considered desirable to adopt a national pooling system. The problem has been considered on a county basis and each county committee will be expected to organise its tractors so as to secure the fullest possible use. These are the lines that the Ministry suggests.

In the first place, it is expected that the farmer will make his own arrangements if he possibly can. If he has not sufficient horses or tractors and implements, he should make arrangements with a ploughing contractor, or with a neighbour who may be in a position to help him. If this proves impracticable, he should apply to his County War Committee, and they will help him either by arranging with a contractor or farmer to do the work, or by using Government tractors and implements for the purpose. The Government tractors, therefore, are a reserve, for use where local resources are deficient. All counties will be included in the first allotment of these tractors.

The Government tractors will not be loaned to individual farmers to carry out the work themselves. They will be worked on a contract system, under the control of the machinery officer that each county committee is empowered to appoint to organise tractors and other machinery in his area. It is suggested that economy in the number of implements used will be obtained by working them in groups of five. In organising assistance between one farmer and another, it is expected that the committees will have to do little more than get one farmer who can give help in touch with another who needs it, but in bad cases of unwillingness the Minister would be prepared to consider powers of requisition under Defence Regulations. The rates charged to farmers for ploughing and other cultivations will be comparable with the rates charged in the district by reputable contractors, provided those rates are reasonable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Country House

Identification of Trees.—1. *Carpinus Betulus* (common hornbeam). This tree grows from 50ft.–80ft. high. The leaves will sometimes hang during the winter, but it can hardly be described as an "evergreen," the foliage turning a beautiful yellow in autumn. It is a native of Europe and Asia Minor. It makes a most useful hedge plant, and by many is preferred to beech. 2. *Pyrus floribunda*. The leafy branch sent has neither flowers nor fruit to render identification certain, but there is not much doubt as to its name, your specimen has been compared with a living tree of the above. It was introduced from Japan about 1862. Flowers in April, when, if birds have not eaten the flower buds, it is one of the most floriferous of trees. There is a doubt as to its origin; it may not be a true wild species but a hybrid. —*L. H. W., Woodbridge.*

Garden

Oil of Lavender.—The oil of lavender is distilled from the flowers and short stalks, although a more expensive quality is obtained by using the flowers alone. That made from the stalks is much coarser. The spikes are cut about the beginning of August when the flowers are fully out. When cut, it should be protected from sun-scorch and either harvested or preferably placed in the still at once. A common pot still is generally used. It should be constructed of copper, and if made with two chambers, a false bottom can be placed between them to carry the lavender, the lower to be filled with water. When boiling, the steam from this passes through the upper chamber into the coil above. After oil begins to flow from the condenser the heat must be maintained for five or six hours before the operation is complete. A fair yield from an acre would be about 12lb. of oil. The oil is afterwards matured in the dark stored in blue glass jars. It deteriorates in three or four years. To own and work a still you will need an annual 10/- licence, from July 6th to July 5th; it can be obtained from your nearest collector, Customs & Excise. In your case this would be at Southampton. It is possible that they would require to visit you occasionally to see that you were not making an illegal use of the still. Making lavender water is almost a chemical operation, as other scents and sometimes spirit is combined with the oil.—*R. W., Brockenhurst.*

Kennel

Eczema Sores.—With regard to these it would be well to keep the dog clipped close to facilitate the application of the dressings, and to dab the sores three times a day with a lotion composed of: Prepared calamine, 1 drachm; oxide of zinc, 2 drachms; milk of sulphur, 2 drachms; extract of witch hazel, 2oz.; rosewater to make up to 8oz. Shake the mixture thoroughly each time before using. As internal treatment give him 5 grains each of bicarbonate of soda and powdered rhubarb with 2 grains of powdered ginger three times a day, either in tablet form or mixed up with a little water. Put him on to a plain meat diet, raw for preference, and cut down the dog biscuits and starchy foods to the very minimum.—*A. E. Laurence, Villa Obregon, D. F., Mexico.*

Distemper Fits.—The description of the condition of your spaniel suggests distemper fits. You did right to put her on to bromide and chloral. Four grains bromide of strontia in a little water three times a day is the usual prescription for one of her age and breed. If she has survived, and there is still any twitching, give her a course of Easton's Syrup—eight drops three times daily in water.—*W. A. S. B., Jamaica.*

Hunting Rabbits.—Could you not find a local gamekeeper or someone of that sort, who would take your Cairn terrier in hand? We do not know of a suitable place. Why not try what you can do yourself? Get a long check cord, such as is used for training retrievers not to run in. Take the dog among rabbits, and when he starts to chase, pull him back sharply, saying, "No! Heel!" We think you would be able to reform him.—*Jumbo, Dorset.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Drake Worried by Rat.—A Carolina drake was found dead beside a pond containing a collection of apparently healthy waterfowl. The bird had died of internal haemorrhage from severe bite wounds around its vent and the region of the pelvis. The type of wounds was that recognised as due to the bites of rats, which commonly seize sleeping waterfowl in the region of the tail, whereas stoats usually seize them by the neck near its junction with the head. The drake's body was in prime condition, no disease was found. —*D. H. W., M., Oxon.*

Amputated Wing of a Grouse.—We received for examination the body of an old hen grouse which was in prime condition and revealed no evidence of disease. The bird had been picked up by a retriever. The end of the left wing below the elbow joint was missing, the stump being covered by skin. Probably the bird had collided in flight with wire, at least some twelve months previously. —*E. V. E., Inverness.*

Printed in Great Britain by Kelmscott, Bumpus & Kellard, Ltd., Watford, Standard Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, September 30, 1939.

591-05
PAR