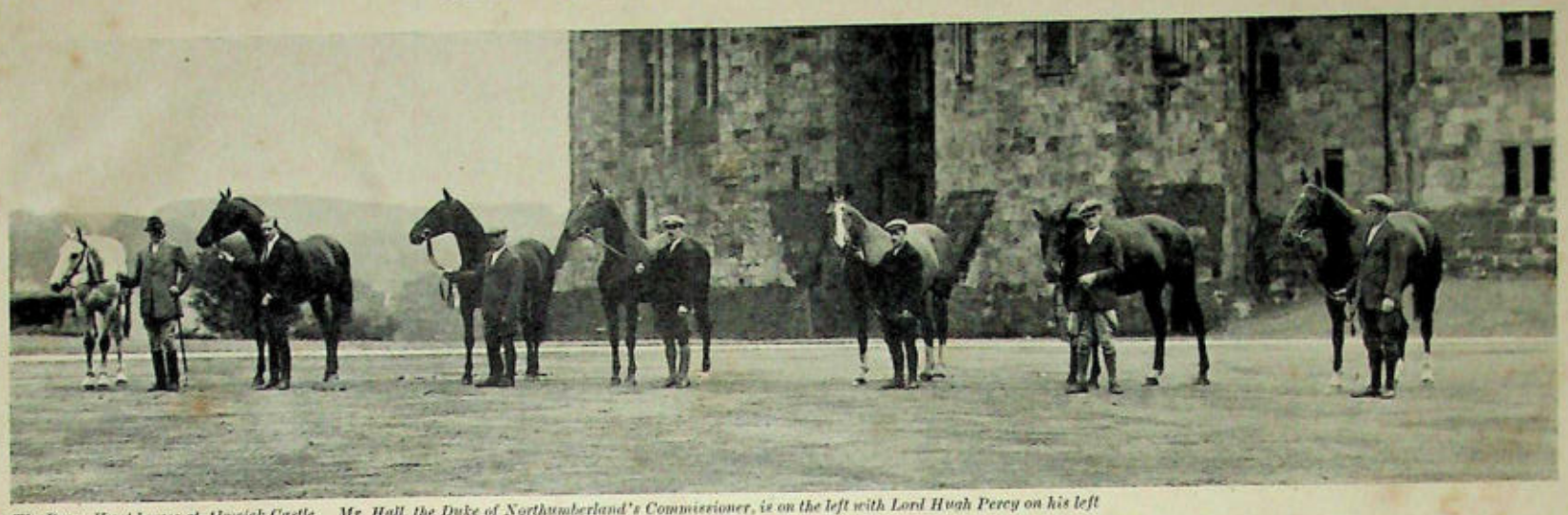
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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER



The Percy Hunt horses at Alnwick Castle. Mr. Hall, the Duke of Northumberland's Commissioner, is on the left with Lord Hugh Percy on his left

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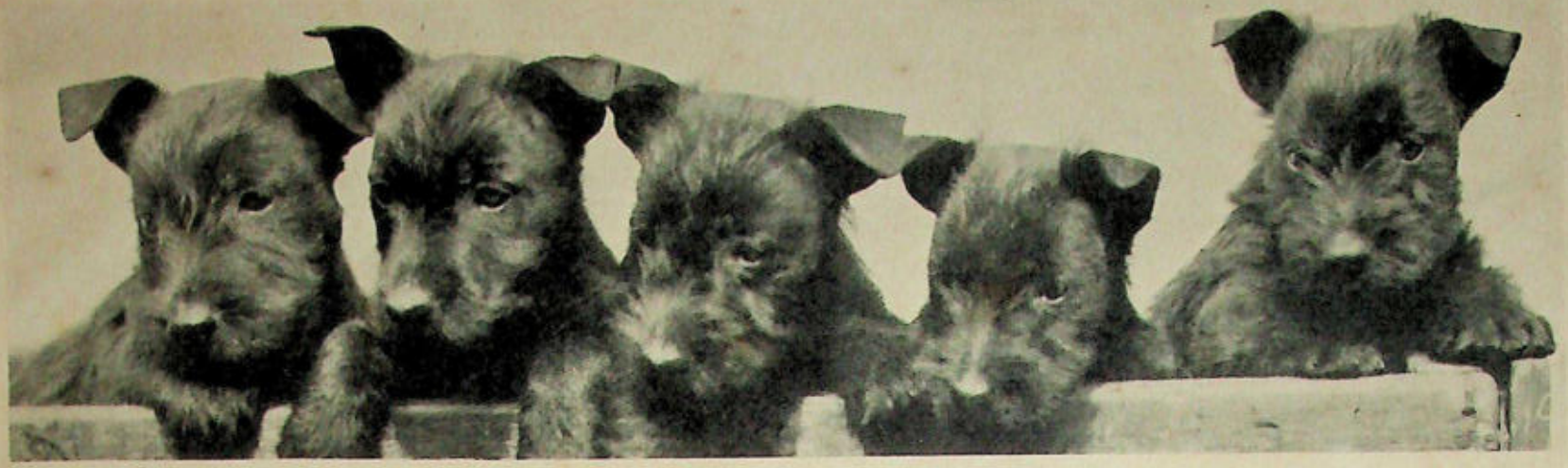
[illegible] PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS,
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THE FIELD

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From a recent portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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REVIVING THE HORSE SHOW

ANNOUNCEMENTS in the Press regarding the revival of the International Horse Show prove to have been somewhat premature. But the hopes they raised were fully justified, for the new company (International Horse Show, 1934, Ltd.), was duly registered last week. Its capital of £20,000 is fully subscribed, and the date of the show at Olympia has been arranged for June 23rd–30th inclusive. It will thus, as in the past, follow after Richmond and supply the supreme awards to rivals in classes from all over the country.

It is impossible as yet to give any plans of the new organisation. They will not be announced until after a meeting on Monday next. But with the Duke of Beaufort as the President and with Messrs. Claud Goddard, Philip Hill and J. V. Rank as its initiators, we may rest assured that all the factors for success will be taken into consideration. An indoor show of such huge dimensions has its advantages when prolonged over seven days, in that it provides against inclement weather, but it also has its drawbacks when sunny days favour so many other counter attractions at the height of the season. What the promoters doubtless realise is that their appeal must be made to the general public upon whom they will have to rely to make ends meet; so that though we may expect the show to resemble its forerunners in many respects, those who visit it may expect to find some changes both in classes and programmes.

Among the innovations one may hope that there will be a Members' Club with special seats reserved, and possibly season tickets which will admit to any session. This would be a welcome scheme in itself, and one which should not be unprofitable to the Show, while it would be of great benefit to the visitor who would pay 2 or 3 guineas for a membership badge instead of having to reserve a half-guinea seat every afternoon or night. In the old days a visit to the Horse Show could prove to be a costly entertainment. There is reason to believe that the present promoters of the show will favour cutting down the actual judging in the ring to a minimum in the afternoons and evenings. All the judging of finer points such as conformation and action could be done in the morning to give the judges a fairer chance, and allow more time afterwards for displays which make an appeal to the public. It may perhaps be suggested that in the afternoon and evening there should be a commentary upon each class which would be of help to those uninitiated in the finer points of the horse. This would not necessarily be the task of one man, but of different experts in their own special classes, a hack man for the hacks and so on.

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From the point of view of showmanship, it is upon the international aspect that a great deal depends. In the past the leading horsemen in Europe and across the water have vied for honours at Olympia, and in spite of depression abroad, there is every prospect of their doing so again. But here is an item of expense in entertainment that the organisers have to face and one which is linked up with that of providing attractive trophies. Some of the important cups will remain in their hands, and no doubt many of the original donors will again put up their trophies for competition. But although the funds for re-establishing the Horse Show are guaranteed, this is a direction in which well-wishers can help, by gifts towards a prize fund to be used at the discretion of the Committee. With everyone interested in horse breeding doing all in their power to ensure a good attendance, and to make the Horse Show an entertainment for themselves and their friends in their season's programme, there should be no reason why Olympia's brave display should not once more be put on its feet and made the attraction it was in the palmy days of 1911. Our New Year's wish is Good Luck to Horse Breeding and the backers of the International Horse Show.

TRAVEL BY AIR AND ROAD

DEEP sympathy has been extended to the relatives of the victims in the aeroplane accident of Saturday, December 30th. But it is also due to Imperial Airways Limited, whose record has been so commendably free from disaster in the past. It is a magnificent achievement for the Company to have so many hundreds of thousands of miles of air travel behind them with so few mishaps of any magnitude.

We shall all hope that the New Year will end with a clean roll for Imperial Airways as regards accidents, as has happened in other years. But air travel, it must be recognised, is already far less dangerous than journeying in any form by road. Thousands of persons were killed last year in motor car accidents, and it is a gloomy reflection that probably there are thousands alive to-day whose deaths from road accidents will have been reported by the end of 1934.

Once more we may reflect that the lowest proportion of accidents is to the credit of omnibus companies and others which insist on a high standard of skill in their drivers. In years to come it will surely be regarded as astonishing that during the 30 years in which motor driving has become universal, there should have been in this country no compulsion on the ordinary individual, before obtaining a licence to drive, to satisfy the police or any other authority that he has any skill or knowledge whatever.

NEW YEAR HONOURS

In the New Year's Honours list the name which will be most readily recognised by the general public is that of Sir William Morris, the head of the great motor manufacturing firm which bears his name. As a captain of industry who has provided employment for thousands of satisfied workers, he will have his own niche in the temple of fame. The racing world will be gratified by the inclusion of the name of the Aga Khan in the list of Privy Councillors, and the world of rowing, no less than that of the theatre, will feel honoured by the knighthood accorded to Mr. R. P. P. Rowe, known to so many generations of Oxford oarsmen as a great oar himself, and a great coach, who has done so much to restore the fortunes of the Old Vic and of Sadler's Wells.

One good friend of agriculture at home and another good friend in the Tropics receive well-deserved honours. Sir Douglas Newton's peerage is a recognition of the untiring service he has given as chairman of the Agricultural Committee in the House of Commons. And the knighthood conferred on Mr. Geoffrey Evans is a fitting mark of the Government's appreciation of his work as principal of the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad, where the cadets for the Colonial agricultural service are now trained.

A GREAT GAME YEAR

If 1934 is to outstrip 1933 as a great year for game the shooting world will indeed have reason to rejoice. Rarely within living memory has there been a year when grouse, partridges in many places, and pheasants alike have yielded such records. And in addition to this the hard weather of the last six weeks has brought an unusually large number of wildfowl to our shores. Shooting parties, in general, have profited by fine weather, if we except the recent fogs, and there can have been few years in which we had so much to be thankful for, so little to complain of.

Everything points to 1934 starting well. There must be a splendid breeding stock on most estates, and provided that the parent birds have not been weakened by the hard winter, and that the long-awaited rain does not reserve all its energies for April and May, we may hope for another good season.

WOODPIGEONS IN WALES

This year the news of the presence of woodpigeons in this or that part of the country has been scanty. Readers of the *Field* may be interested to know that there is a large invasion of these birds in North Wales. The proprietor of Cobden's Hotel, Capel Curig, writes to tell us that woodpigeons are at present in the woods belonging to the hotel in tens of thousands. We have pleasure in giving this information to readers who may like to take advantage of the opportunity of making a bag of these migrant birds which do so much damage to farmers' crops. We believe that in the last woodpigeon year at this well-known sporting hotel, the the bag was over 5,000.

A COUNTY CRICKETER'S DILEMMA

The rules of qualification for county cricket in England have proved to be among the most satisfactory in sport, but now and again cases of apparent hardship arise. The M.C.C. has recently been asked for a ruling concerning A. Melville, the old Oxford Blue, who has been playing for Sussex and was likely to be playing in the Currie Cup State matches in South Africa this winter before returning to England to play for Sussex again. The M.C.C. have rightly ruled that he cannot play in State matches in South Africa and county matches in England in the same year. The law is definite on the point and on general principle is obviously sound, since it checks any possible seasonal importation of overseas cricketers. But we in England should none the less regret the absence from county cricket next season of so find an all-round amateur player as Melville.

SCOTLAND'S RUGBY SIDE

After their second International trial match, the Scottish Rugby Selectors found no need to waste time in choosing the Scotland team for the final trial at Murrayfield on January 13th. Their wisdom in building primarily on last season's side has been fully vindicated, and if there is a doubt about the probable strength of the team this season it mainly concerns the forwards. Scottish forward play seems more and more to be losing its old distinctive qualities.

That great wing three-quarter I. S. Smith has been a force in Scotland's teams for so long that particular interest attaches to his probable successor, J. E. Forrest; while R. C. S. Dick, the Cambridge centre three-quarter, is another who will be watched very closely, chosen as he is in preference to so fine a player as H. D. B. Lorraine. The choice of Dick emphasises once again the need for a clear definition of international qualification, for he is regarded as equally eligible for England.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a South Country paper: "Christmas in Scotland has its own celebrations and besides the haggis, which will, of course, be the staple dish this New Year, the last of the grouse will be brought in for the celebration."

SLUT—THE RETRIEVING PIG

Last week's frontispiece of Sir Henry Mildmay's portrait by Romney, which figures in the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art, has recalled the story of the strangest retriever ever known. This was the famous black sow which Sir Henry called Slut and had trained to find game and to point and retrieve as well as any dog. The old print showing this retriever pig at work is well known and has been reproduced in the *Field*. It appeared in Daniel's *Rural Sports* in 1807 with particulars of Slut; she "would find and point partridges and rabbits, and would drop like a setter."

LOCH NESS AND REHOBOAM

Monsters, such as Loch Ness is believed to be concealing about its person, provide a fine opportunity for advertisement. They may also, it seems, provide a fine opportunity for a really satisfying drink—that is to say, if you can catch one of them. Messrs. Williams & Humbert, who have recently been rewarding the captors of big fish with bottles of sherry, have sent us a copy of their offer to send "one Rehoboam" (which, it appears, is eight bottles in one) of "dry sack sherry" to anyone who can capture alive the Loch Ness Monster "by fair means."

A recent note in the daily press that the animal has been seen by Mr. Goodbody, of the Ness Fishery Board (who should be well accustomed to separating fact from fiction), suggests that the growing confidence in the existence of the monster is well placed, and that Messrs. Williams & Humbert's offer may be taken up. If it is, we hope that the "fair means" of capture will also be gentle means, and that even so sizeable a capture may be returned safely to the water.

CLUB ROW OR COUNTRY ?

During Christmas week—appropriately enough at a time of good will—the Paramount News Film Company showed a remarkable series of pictures relating to the newly passed Act for the Protection of Birds. First, Lord Buxton explains the scope of the Act; next comes a most striking scene in Club Row, with linnets being sold in paper bags, and this scene fades away to show a bird table with wild birds fluttering and feeding. We do not doubt that the lesson of the film has gone home. The pity is that it should be regarded as topical "news." It will be topical in the truest sense until the Act comes into force.

HEAT AND DROUGHT IN 1933

Last year was one of remarkable weather. The summer was almost as dry as 1921 and almost as sunny as 1911. In the gardens strange things have happened. Many plants have come into bloom twice, so that choisyas, for example, were in full flower at midsummer and again in December; while that delightful clematis *cirrhosa*, which flowers normally in December and January, blossomed as usual last winter, again in June and July, for the third time in October, and is in full flower to-day.

A more uncomfortable accompaniment or consequence of the summer which prolonged itself into autumn has been the drought. In many country villages the wells have gone dry. Throughout the last three months of the year there was practically no rain—and unless rain comes early in the New Year the consequences will become even more serious than they are already.

SPRING IN WINTER

January begins, and already, despite the severities of north-east wind and frost, there are signs of spring. A great tit, swinging aloft in the frosted network of an elm, rings its bell in the morning sunshine; a starling, filching the food put out at kitchen-door for robin and thrush, glows in that same sunshine in all the glory of its new spring suiting, iridescent greens and purples where a few weeks ago it had been dull brownish-black. And among the "black-headed" gulls, too, are more than a few whose white heads of winter are already barred and freckled with the dark chocolate-brown which later forms the hood from which they get their name.

DORSET

If there is one county about whose poet's claim to be *the* interpreter of its countryside, would it not be Dorsetshire, with William Barnes ? There is a pleasure in midwinter in travelling forward into May, to "The Woodlands":

"Oh, spread ageän your leaves an' flow'rs,
Lwonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
Here underneath the dewy show'rs
O' warm-aired spring-time, zunny woodlands !
As when in drong or open ground
Wi' happy bwoyish heart I vound
The twitt'rèn birds a buildèn round
Your high-boughed hedges, zunny woodlands."



THE CASE FOR TITHE-OWNERS

Landlords and the Church

By E. W. R. PETERSON

WHATEVER the outcome of the present agitation against tithes, nothing would be more deplorable than a successful attack upon the Church and its work in country parishes. The origin of the English country parish with its resident parson is bound up with the development of the parish itself and its inhabitants. It was the Anglo-Saxon *Theyn*, or his Norman successor the Lord of the Manor, who, holding his land of the King, built the church and endowed it. Part of the endowments were the tithes already payable to the Mother Church of the diocese. When freehold land tenure came into existence some time later, it was subject to the earlier rights. In the 20th century when we regard freeholders as absolute owners of the land, we forget that they are in theory but holders under the King.

Hence we also forget that the tithe-owner was possessed of rights, equal in quality if not in quantity, over the same land. Times change. The feudal lord has vanished. His successor, the great freehold landowner, is disappearing. New owner-occupiers, peasant proprietors, many of them, are taking the place of the large estate owners. Yet the parson remains, and his estate, his property, and his rights, have survived, and go without a conveyance, without a will, without a deed, straight back to Norman times.

The new landowner, with the ink hardly dry on his new and shining typewritten conveyance, asks the parson where the title to his tithes is, and jeers when none is forthcoming. The parson's answer is that in the fourth year of the reign of King Edward III. Judge Stoner delivered judgment in Corbet's case and decided that it was sufficient for the parson to prove that he was Rector of the parish in order to be entitled to the tithes thereof.

The parson's tithes are on much the same basis as the landlord's rent. Fundamentally the landlord's rent is a burden upon the land. Yet in a country enjoying law and order based upon the principle that we will recognise and respect each other's rights, the landlord's right to his rent is secured by custom, as is the tithe-owner's right to his tithes. No matter what the origin, the tithe is older than the freehold system of land tenure. Therefore, land has always been held subject to it, and no existing landowner, nor any of his predecessors, has ever owned it, or owned the whole of the land.

In 1836 the tithe-owner's right to take a one-tenth share of the actual produce from the land was abolished, and he was compensated for his loss by the creation of a rentcharge upon the lands hitherto subject to the payment of tithes. That rentcharge was to be certain, fixed, and permanent. In order that £100 of this rentcharge should always have the same purchasing power as when it was created in 1836, it was to vary with the septennial average price of the three principal cereals. The tithe-owner is well aware that under this arrangement he was intended to obtain the advantage of a fixed certain income, and security against severe agricultural depression, even against poor crops, but he gave up valuable material advantages in 1836 for the sake of the rentcharge.

Prior to that he was entitled to a one-tenth share of the annual increase from land. He shared in the increased yield accruing from the expenditure of capital upon the land. During the nineteenth century millions were spent on the improvement of agricultural land by draining, manuring, the erection of buildings, and by other means. In all of these the pre-commutation tithe-owner would have been entitled to his share of the increased yield resulting from them. He gave up his rights for a permanent settlement and a certain income.

The benefits of commutation to the landowners as a whole were large and immediate. The whole value of capital spent on improvements, and the whole income increase in value of the land was received by them. Giving evidence before Mr. Inderwick's Committee on Tithe Rentcharge in 1881, Sir James Caird, head of the Government Tithe Commission, estimated these benefits at no less than two millions a year, and other distinguished experts have from time to time supported this view. The third Earl Grey, a member of the 1836 Cabinet, and a large landowner and tithe-payer, used to say that the tithe-owner lost one-third of his income in the process.

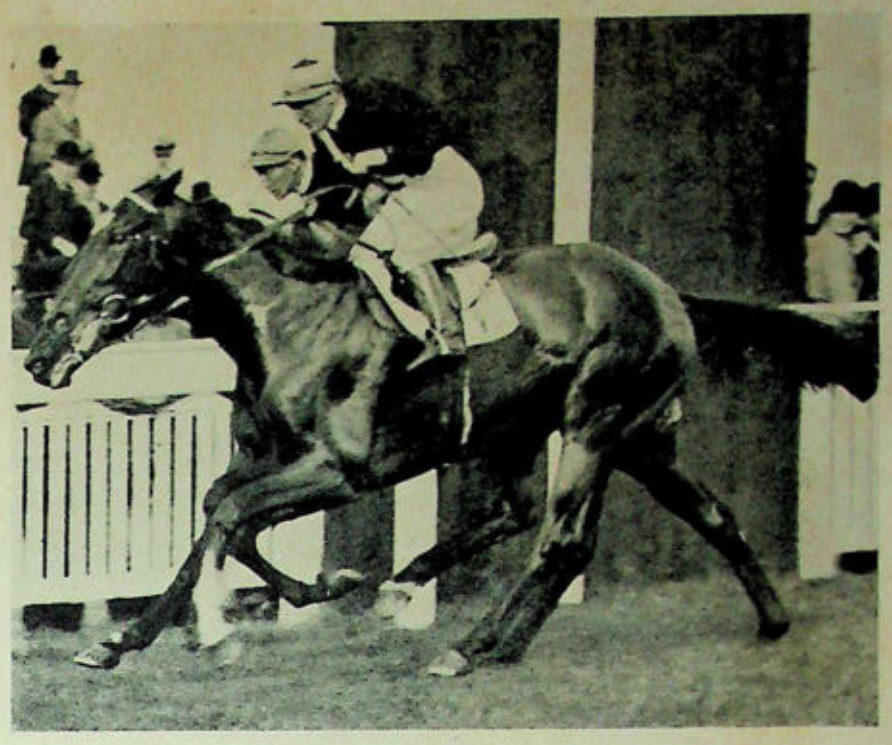
It can at least be said that both sides gave up something in 1836, and it would not be easy to show that the basis of the 1836 settlement ought now to be interfered with. Certainly it is a curious twist that makes tithe-payers, complain of the stabilisation of the rentcharge effected in 1925, which must inevitably operate in their favour in the course of time, and in order to avoid which so much care was taken in 1836.

By this time I hope it is clear that the tithe rentcharge is a property, distinct from though issuing out of the same land as the landowners' property. Landowners would therefore have to show very conclusively that the tithe-owner is getting more than his property before any legislation on the above lines could be approved. This fact also answers every proposition which seeks to alter the basis of the rentcharge from its present nature to a payment based upon the profits assessed for income tax purposes of the occupier of the land.

The less responsible elements in the present agitation spoil whatever case the landowners may have by exaggeration and excess. Nor do they assist matters by attacks upon the Church. Tithe as a property would continue to exist, and to be collected, if it were taken away from the Church, as is the case in Wales. The disendowment of the Church is a separate and distinct question from the incidence of tithe rentcharge. The paradox of the situation is that if the anti-tithe agitators succeed in proving that tithe rentcharge has no status as property, and the tithe-owner no rights as a property owner, they destroy their own status as landowners. Those who try to terrify Church people by telling them that the collection of its rentcharges is doing harm to the Church forget that there are more Churchmen than tithe-payers in England. If parishioners had to choose they would protect these endowments if only because they get something out of them—the services of a resident clergyman.



MR. H. P. GUINNESS AND MAJOR E. D. FANSHAW, TWO OF OUR LEADING SOLDIER POLO PLAYERS



COLOMBO (NEAR SIDE), THE LEADING TWO-YEAR-OLD OF 1933, WINNING A CLOSE RACE FROM VALERIUS

A BOOM YEAR IN INTERNATIONAL SPORT

Looking Forward in 1934 to World-Wide Rivalry in All Athletic Fields

NOT for many years has such a programme of sporting events been furnished as the one we are looking forward to in 1934. Cricket is provided with all the excitement of a Test match with Australia in this country; in lawn tennis, for the first time since 1913, the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup is to be staged in England, and Wimbledon will also be the arena for the Inter-Zone final of the Cup, the Championships and the Wightman Cup; at St. Andrews, in May, the best of our amateur golfers will meet America's pick in the Walker Cup; August will bring a new event into the athletic calendar in the first Women's Olympiad, and the Empire Games will also take place in that month; while in July the combined strength of Oxford and Cambridge will be challenged by athletes from Princeton and Cornell. Added to these outstanding events there is intense enthusiasm in yachting circles over Mr. Sopwith's challenge for the America's Cup; while new 6-metre boats are being built to compete for the third British-American Cup in Long Island Sound in July, and in addition to the Seawanhaka Cup race there is the prospect of yet a fourth international challenge for the 12-metre class.

In lawn tennis the season will be the fullest internationally in our history of the game, for, as stated, Wimbledon in June and July will stage the Wightman Cup, the Championships and the Inter-Zone final and the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup. Our chances of retaining the Davis Cup and recovering the Wightman Cup depend on many factors, the chief of which is the continued form of past members of our teams and their increase of confidence in the knowledge that at their backs are juniors as well as seniors who show sufficient promise to be relied upon to carry on in the event of success, or to retrieve failure, for teams without the consciousness of reserves become overtaxed both physically and mentally.

Seniors on the men's side who are definite oncomers are R. K. Tinkler and F. H. D. Wilde, particularly the latter. On the women's side, more may be expected this year of Miss K. E. Stammers. For some time she has had but a little way to go to be anyone's match always, instead of occasionally.

If the junior championships last September may be taken as a guide, our boys and girls are, as the result of systematic coaching, good *en masse*, but with the exception of one or two more or less established examples not individually striking. M. D. Deloford, the boy champion, gave an impression of latent power only. Miss E. N. S. Dickin, the girl champion, is a strong and plucky baseliner; she is a mixture of Miss E. M. Dearman and Miss Joan Fry, and seems to have some of the limitations as well as the qualities of each. Of all the juniors, Miss Mary Whitmarsh, the runner-up, continues to look most like the big game, though she continues just to miss it.

It is extremely doubtful whether any one golfer will dominate the season of 1934. Since Bobby Jones won everything that he wanted to and retired the game has had many great personalities, but no outstanding one. Rumour has it that Jones will be seen in action this year. Let us hope that rumour for once does not lie.

Our outlook at home, from the men's point of view, is conflicting. In 1933 youth took a back seat, which seems to indicate that a counter attack will be launched this season. With the Walker Cup



TRIAL BOAT OR CONTENDER FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE AMERICA'S CUP?
Yankee, one of the four American big yachts built in 1930

match due to be played in May it is hoped that the young amateurs will rise to the occasion. Jock McLean, H. G. Bentley and Dale Bourn are three in whom much faith is placed.

In feminine spheres it seems that those with established reputations will do best. Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Wanda Morgan are due to win a championship again. Their task will be made easier if Miss Wilson carries out her intention of attending tournaments in the role of spectator. Miss Pam Barton is a player who should go far; she is the really outstanding young lady, but she must be given proper time in which to develop.

Among professionals there are several young players who should make progress, notably Alan Dailey, S. L. King and Bert Gadd. But for their own welfare it is hoped that they will receive encouragement only in just proportion to their feats. Flattery can do untold harm, and should be avoided. During the past year Cotton and Padgham disappointed. Maybe 1934 will have something better in store for them. Percy Alliss ended the season in a blaze of glory, and few would be surprised if he captures more titles before long. Representatives of the old school refuse to pass completely out of sight, but it is for players like Easterbrook, Kenyon and the others mentioned that the future holds promise.

In cricket the great question is, of course, "Can England retain at home the Ashes so gallantly won in Australia last winter?" English cricketers have never made the mistake of under-rating Australian opposition; rather has the tendency been to overrate it. We know very well that Australia will move heaven and earth to turn the tables on us, and this winter's State matches in Australia have shown plenty of strong batting from old opponents like Woodfull, Bradman, Ponsford, McCabe and Kippax, and also from coming players like Darling and Fingleton. But O'Reilly seems to be the only real discovery as a bowler, and Australia will be hard put to dispense with the "tail" that was so pronounced last winter, for most of her best bowlers are poor batsmen.

Rugby football in the four home countries has fluctuated a lot in the last few years, but there are not many signs that 1934 will be a vintage year for any of them. Scotland has perhaps the most promising outlook. A bold policy of selection which gave several young players their chance last season was amply justified by results, and as most of these players are again available and benefiting from experience, the side will undoubtedly make a very strong bid to retain the championship. England is about due for a revival, and one or two new star players seem to be looming on the horizon, but we may still sigh for another pair of half-backs like W. J. A. Davies and C. A. Kershaw, more forwards like W. W. Wakefield, G. S. Conway, R. Cove-Smith or A. T. Voyce, another wing three-quarter like C. N. Lowe. The Welsh selectors are combing so far and wide for new talent that their prospects are as yet somewhat nebulous; but the great days of Welsh Rugby are not yet returning. Ireland



PREPARING FOR PUTNEY
T. A. Ellison, the Oxford University B.C. President

have retained some of their old players so long that for them 1934 must be largely a year of rebuilding with new material.

There is no reason why the New Year should not be as successful for racing as that which has passed. International interest in the sport promises to be exceptionally keen. The American horses Mate and Gusto II are already here to take part in the cup races and a number of well-bred yearlings have been sent from the United States to Newmarket.

In addition, it is probable that the brilliant Italian colt, Crapom, a great winner on the Continent, will be a competitor for the highest honours at Ascot, while French owners are likely to be well represented in many of the chief events of the season.

It will be the task of Hyperion to oppose the foreigners in the Gold Cup, and the highly impressive fashion in which Lord Derby's colt won the Derby and the St. Leger suggests that he will hold his own against the newcomers.

The three-year-old racing of 1934 should be immensely attractive. Chief interest will attach to the performances of Colombo, who so far holds an undefeated record and is fully entitled to his position of winter favourite for the Derby. That Lord Glanely's colt is of uncommon merit is indisputable, but in the past equally brilliant two-year-olds have failed to train on satisfactorily in their after careers, and the owners of such promising youngsters as Umidwar, Mediæval Knight and Master Vere are hopeful that their colts will prove a match for Colombo in the coming season.

The best of the three-year-old fillies would seem a remarkably good and level lot. There is so little to choose between Campanula, Light Brocade, Meadow, Rhu and Mrs. Rustom that the One Thousand and the Oaks are likely to be delightfully open races.

Our polo prospects from an international point of view have never been at such a low ebb as they are at the moment. It is very unlikely that we shall be in a position to challenge America for several years. We very much hope, however, that a team of hard-riding soldiers will be sent there this autumn to compete in their Open Cup. Looking forward to the coming season there are possibilities of the Maharajah of Kashmir attempting to emulate the successes of Jaipur; of Mr. Knox bringing over the team with which he won the Open Cup this year at Meadowbrook, and of the French, who have much improved of late, appearing in our midst.

All, or any of these would be sure of a warm welcome. We miss the Spaniards and Americans who for so many years have played a prominent part in our Champion Cups, and should it happen that we have to rely on our own resources, it would appear that the various teams competing in the London tournaments will be of lower handicaps than has been the case for many years. It will be very interesting to note what difference, if any, the new regulations concerning professionalism bring in their train. Polo in the Army continues to flourish. A good regimental side well mounted, will probably have a unique opportunity of carrying off the spoils of 1934.

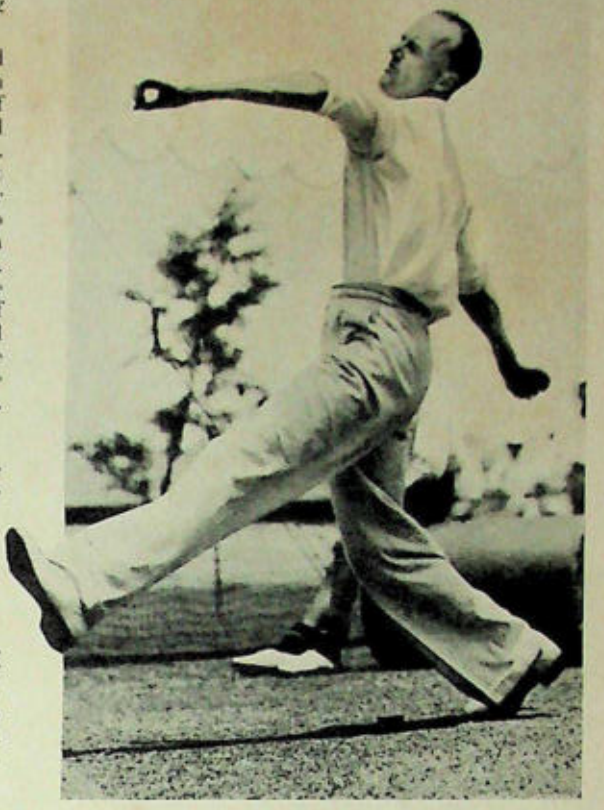
British Athletics should take a definite upward trend in 1934, for the international matches with France and Finland and the holding in London of the British Empire Games and the Women's World Games will give a big fillip to home endeavour. Then, too, the A.A.A. are at last making a real effort to remedy our field events defects and the summer School for Athletes, to be held in August, should do much to stabilise our position in this respect, in time for the next Olympiad at Berlin in 1936. Where the senior Universities are concerned, the tide seems to be definitely turning in favour of Oxford, who, in 1933, won the sports, the relays and the cross country race. None the less, Cambridge have men who will be valuable to the country in the internationals in E. I. Davis, the sprinter, and D. L. Rathbone, the quarter-miler.

We are well off in the matter of quarter-milers, for F. F. Wolff, English champion, C. L. C. Ward, Army champion, and R. M. Marsh, the Oxford and Cambridge winner, are all in the first flight. Of our half-milers, J. V. Powell, correctly trained, should be a second Hampson; Mike Gutteridge, Army champion, is still a tower of strength, and we have not yet seen the best of C. Whitehead, the English champion. Among milers, R. H. Thomas, English and R.A.F. champion, is far from being done with, and the same can be said of his corresponding hurdles title holder, D. O. Finlay. Joe Simpson, of the police, should at last come into his own in the low hurdles. Our distance runners are not so impressive, but our walkers are good.

In the field events, F. R. Webster, is fairly consistent in the pole vault at 12ft., and will go half a foot higher when he starts training; meantime he is developing into a 6ft. high jumper. But among high jumpers the man to be watched is the Scottish champion, J. F. Michie.

After much mystery and many false alarms comes the news that a syndicate, headed by Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. George F. Baker and Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, has supplied the funds for a new defender for the America's Cup. Work has been started on her at the Herreshoff Yard, and she will be skippered by Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt, who successfully handled Enterprise in the last race. Yankee, one of the four boats built for the American trials of 1930 (*vide* the American Press), has also been mentioned as a possible contender for the honour of defending the Cup, but though fast in a wind she could not compete with Enterprise in very light weather. Interest will centre in the performance of Mr. Sopwith's Endeavour against Velsheda in trials which, it is announced, will take place in June in the Solent, and at Torbay in July.

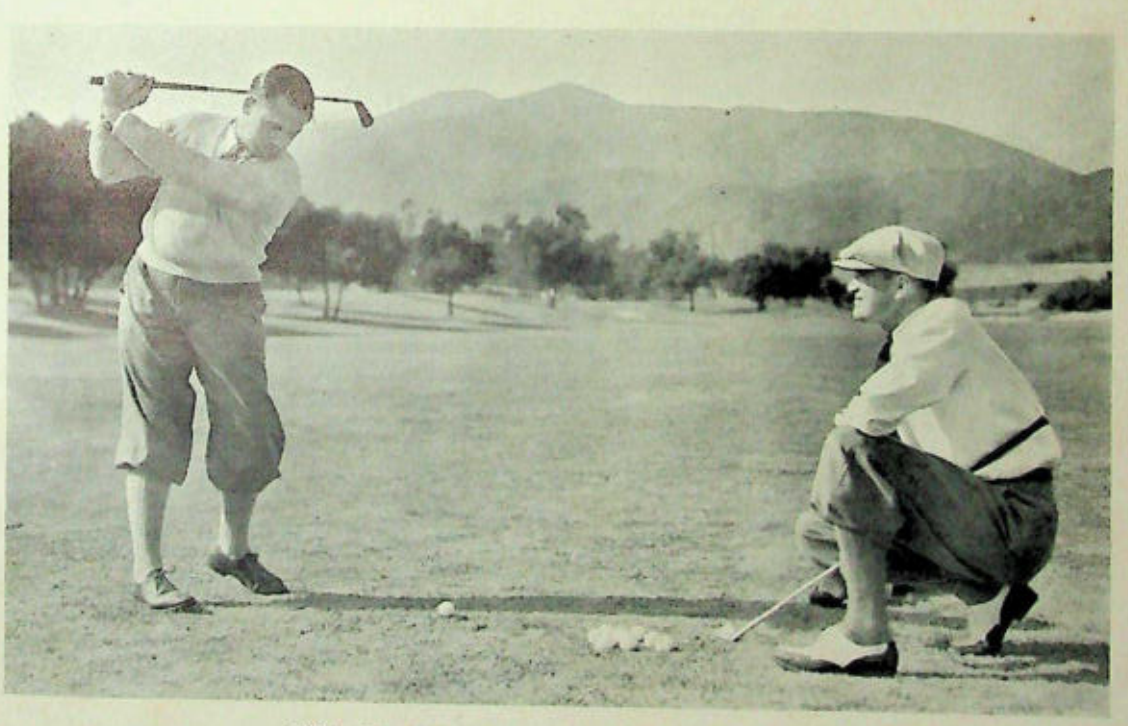
Three 6-metres, two by Fyfe and one by Mylne, it is stated, are already being built for the new British-American Cup contest. The first cup for this event was secured by Britain in 1924, by our team winning twice in succession. For the second cup, after winning in 1928, we were beaten in 1930 and suffered overwhelming defeat in 1932. The Royal Northern Yacht Club challenged for the Seawanhaka Cup, and it will take all the skill and the best craft we can produce to beat the pick of the American "sixes" in their own water. With these international matches, and the prospect of further challenge from Mr. Fairey for a 12-metre race, 1934 will be a boom year in international yachting, and at home we have the inauguration of a new 5-metre class.



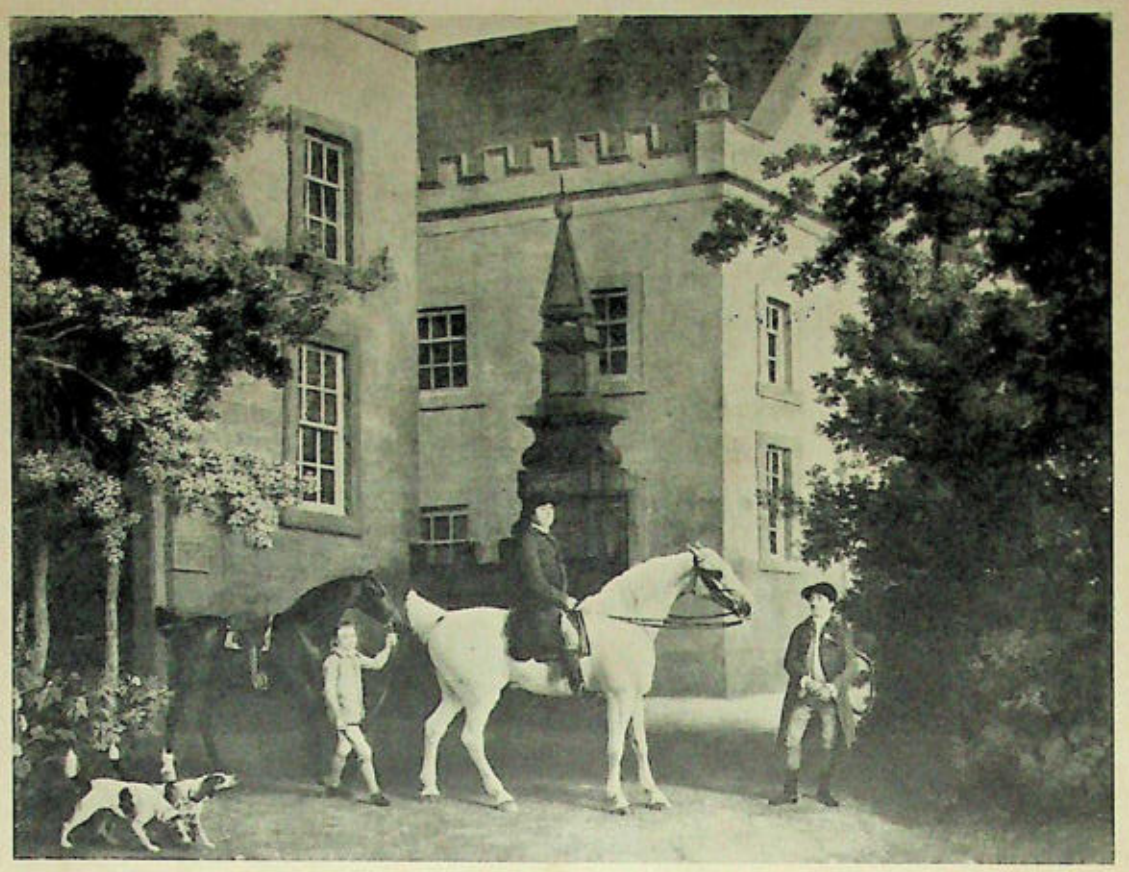
AUSTRALIA'S BEST TEST BOWLER
O'Reilly in action

In rowing, speculation once more centres round Oxford's chance of winning the Boat Race, with Cambridge showing no loss of confidence in their ability to prevent a Dark Blue victory. After the performance of Pembroke in beating all records in the fours, and with the inclusion of a trio of that crew, Sambell, Bradley and Wilson, in the eight added to Gilmour (Trinity Hall), the President, and other first-class racing material available, such confidence is more than justified. But, and there is always a "but" in Boat Race prophecies, some supporters hedged on giving too generous odds when the trials had taken place at both Universities. J. H. T. Wilson, who has won everything there is to win on the Cam, should be the sculler of the year.

For Henley strong German rivalry may be anticipated. Mr. D. H. E. McCowen, when rowing against the Germans in a Pembroke four last year, found their enthusiasm at fever heat, and in Herr Lumme, who has rowed with Auriol crews over here, they have a Fairbairn of their own to inspire them. They are already looking ahead to 1936, and show every intention of making Henley the stepping-stone to Olympic honours.



WILL HE RETURN TO DOMINATE GOLF IN 1934?
Bobby Jones demonstrating in his Vitaphone film "How I Play Golf"



THE THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND, BY GEORGE STUBBS

(From the painting in the collection of the Duke of Portland, K.G., lent to the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art)

This picture, one of the best known of Stubbs's work, shows the third Duke of Portland as a young man outside what was then the stable and riding school at Welbeck. Later in life he was Home Secretary, Viceroy of Ireland and twice Prime Minister. It is an interesting fact that he lived in London at Burlington House, where his portrait is now hanging

STEALING AWAY

A Fox's Right and a Huntsman's Crime

By G. DENHOLM ARMOUR

A LONGER experience of the hunting field and its ways than I care to dwell upon, prompts me to a few words on the subject of the above title. Probably they are only what others of equal or greater experience already know; but, admitting that, I hope they may fall upon the ears of some who have not had occasion to give the matter much consideration, and, in doing so, be of some small benefit to the sport we all love.

Of the fox that steals away before he can be viewed by his enemies, nothing but good can be said; he is probably the best fox in the covert, long may he prosper, and reap the benefit of his superior intelligence, leading us many a rare dance before fate plays him false. My theme, however, has nothing to do with the object of pursuit, but with the pursuers; particularly the possible arch villain of the piece, the huntsman, and indirectly his Master, who, being in command, accepts responsibility per necessity, along with the blame that may attach to it.

Stealing away, natural and fair in the case of the fox, amounts to crime in the case of the huntsman; and, like other sins, has an unpleasant way of bringing retribution. Admittedly the huntsman's temptation to get away from covert quietly on the line of his fox is very great, especially with a big crowd of people behind, eager to be as near to hounds as they can; but to steal away without warning, though it may seem quite successful once or twice, entirely defeats its own end in the long run.

A field of horsemen—not to forget horsewomen, sometimes in a majority nowadays—which, by that manœuvre, has been left behind a few times, soon get out of control. They wait, until suddenly it strikes someone that he has heard something and that hounds have gone. He starts a stampede, which may continue all round the covert, leaving a tail of the slow ones behind, and ultimately landing all, looking and feeling very foolish, in the very place they should not be, with hounds still in covert.

Worse still, a fox may have gone away, and the huntsman, busy trying to get hounds out and settled to the line, may find himself cut off from his pack by a crowd of steaming horses suddenly bursting round the corner, destroying scent and diverting hounds from their object to seeking safety for themselves.

A definite and audible signal of departure is absolutely necessary, but when first hearing the whistle used for this purpose, I admit I was prejudiced against it; the old falsetto screech of the whip at the coverts end seemed such a loss. But the whistle undoubtedly has points in its favour. I think it is more penetrating under all kinds of atmospherical conditions, and nothing can be mistaken for it.

Some bucolic enthusiasts can produce a very good imitation of the whip's scream, and though well meaning, they may be the cause of great confusion by exercising their talent. The whistle also, being the definite indication to the field that their active participation may begin, and being used for nothing else, makes all other noises available to hunt servants as signals between themselves.

By all means have everything done as quietly as possible. The most efficiently conducted hunts of which I have knowledge have always been the quietest, holloaing, rating and whip-cracking being reduced to a minimum. As an instance, I have seen the Duke of Beaufort's hounds stopped from dividing on a fresh fox without their people in the field being aware of it; and then the whistle acted like the starting gate of the racecourse.

It must be realised that a large number of those composing any field know little about the hound-work part of hunting, and it maybe care as little. They want to gallop and jump, some realise that the hounds are an indispensable adjunct, others regard them as troublous things, which are always getting in the way and causing regrettable friction between themselves and the Master, in which they always come off second best. All such reasons may be a palliation of stealing away, but do not justify it. The field, with a few exceptions, will submit to control if exercised from the right quarter.

Some years ago, I asked a well-known sportsman, who had been Master of a big Midland pack, why he had sold a particularly nice horse, and he told me that he had found it was not fast enough to enable him to get in front of the crowd when such was necessary, and therein lay most of the secret of his control of the big field. One "stand still" from in front is worth many "hold hards" from rear.

The Master's, or his deputy's, place at moments when discipline is necessary, is in front. The field master's job is not an easy one and rather thankless at the best of times; but if he is left behind to hear the complaints of the other companions in affliction as well as missing his own hunt through a steal-away, his position should be rewarded with the pay of a prime minister, or even that of a fashionable jockey, instead of being honorary. I have never occupied any of the positions of responsibility mentioned, but onlookers do see a good deal of the game; and I have seen a considerable number of these honorary officials—good, bad and indifferent—and have sympathised with them all.

John Peel

(To whom the Affiliated Lakeland Societies propose to erect a memorial at Caldbeck.)

If ever you ran to a Fell-land fox,
  If ever you saw a Midland rover
(Pied hounds popping like Jack o' Box)
Gallop away from a gorse that rocks—
  Gallop away the green grass over:
If ever you saw a hat held up,
If ever you walked a foxhound pup,
If ever you dropped a bite or sup
  To jump to a window and watch the pack
  Gay go hunting or gay march back,
Then, whether you did, or else did not,
One or other, or all the lot,
  You'll ken "John Peel" in the morning.

Did ever you love a song to sing?
  Did ever you love sweet music flowing
With an "all together" to sweetly swing
Sweet Echo up where the rafters ring
  With her Tally-ho and the Horn a-blowing?
Did ever you call, did ever you say
"Fox jumped over" for roundelay?
Or for "Dusky Night" or for "Hunting Day"?
  Or did ever you love "Drink, Puppy, Drink"
  To hobnail thunder and quart-pot clink?
Why, whether you did, or else did not,
Say one or t'other, or all the lot,
  You'll have sung "John Peel" in the morning.

Do ever you love fair English earth,
  The green of grass and the white hounds running?
Do ever you love a song of mirth
That's round this world like a saddle girth—
  A song of worth and of wondrous cunning
That gives that English earth you'd choose
Where men view holloa to travelling Zoos—
To our coyotes and kangaroos;
  Or sing on sands where the jackal flies
  Or in Kadir's tents when the grey boar dies!
Why, whether you do not, or you do,
"John Peel" shall holloa the Fox to you
From Troutbeck even to Timbuctoo
  In his coat so grey in the morning.

P. R. C.



Acc-No-590
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TO THOSE WHO WOULD KEEP AN OTTER

A Story—and a Warning

By FRANCES PITT

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN Kolkata ALIPORE



MADAME MOSES WHEN A SMALL CUB

NO creature has a more lovable personality than the otter, so joyous and playful, so intelligent and capable of such deep attachment. Three otters have I known with intimacy, rearing them from cubhood and learning their ways and habits, their characters, their hates, loves and whims. They differed widely in temperament, but were alike in their acute intelligence. I rank the otter very high among animals as regards mental ability. Hereditary response has little to do with its actions, its behaviour being largely governed by experience—an otter cub has no instinctive predisposition to enter the water and has to learn all about it.

My first otters were two sisters, known, despite their sex, as Aaron and Moses. Later (Miss Aaron having eloped with a wild dog-otter), I obtained a dog cub which was dubbed Thomas Romeo Grievous Otter, or, more shortly, as Tom.

I had early realised what retentive memories my otters possessed, whether for friends and foes or anxious to be off somewhere and [illegible] into something. Kept at home shut up in a shed or on their enclosed pond and they were piteously bored. Let them be out and hunting and they were happy. Moses would follow me anywhere so long as we were going away from home, but her obedience waned the instant we turned back. Many a holiday did she have during which she wandered far about the countryside; but, provided I did not find her first, she always came home in the end.

When the otter was off enjoying herself I went and called her by name in likely places, and if within hearing she came at once, emerging from ditch or stream, a wet and dripping object, to fling herself upon me, saying "Vut, vut!" as I picked her up in my arms and carried her off.

She never resented anything I did to her, meekly enduring being grabbed by tail or body, but when she found she was being carried back to the enclosed pond on which she lived she would cling to me with paws, and even teeth, crying pathetically for a further outing and trying to avoid being put down within the door. Once inside and she turned in a fury of disappointment upon the waiting Tom, flying at him, knocking him head over heels and venting her wrath upon him. Tom, a rather truculent gentleman to me, and one I treated with consideration and respect, invariably rolled on his back and squeaked for mercy.

Moses had the most appealing way, when she wanted to be taken for a walk, of sitting up on her hind legs in a begging attitude, putting the palms of her paws together and moving them up and down as if praying to be taken out.

The worst of it was that the old lady did not really care for half-hours in the stable, the backyard or the kitchen, but wanted to be out hunting. At one time and another she showed her sporting spirit by killing rabbits, moorhens, ducks and geese, for she was indeed a mighty hunter, ready not only to go a-fishing but in pursuit of anything that ran or flew. She could send all the cats up trees quicker than it takes to tell!

Fond as I was of Madame Moses, although I look back upon her as the most charming animal character I have known, although her death at eight years old grieved me beyond words, I say most earnestly to those who may read this—beware of a pet otter.

The otter is such a playful joyous creature, so intensely active both in body and mind, that anything in the nature of real captivity means sore penance for it. It needs large quarters, including both water and dry land, and being most voracious must be well fed. My otters were fed night and morning, having a rabbit apiece per day or an equivalent weight of fish. And yet they were ever ready for more.



NOT A YOUNG LOCH NESS MONSTER BUT AN OTTER AT PLAY

Tom the Otter and Tiny the Terrier were great friends, having been brought up together

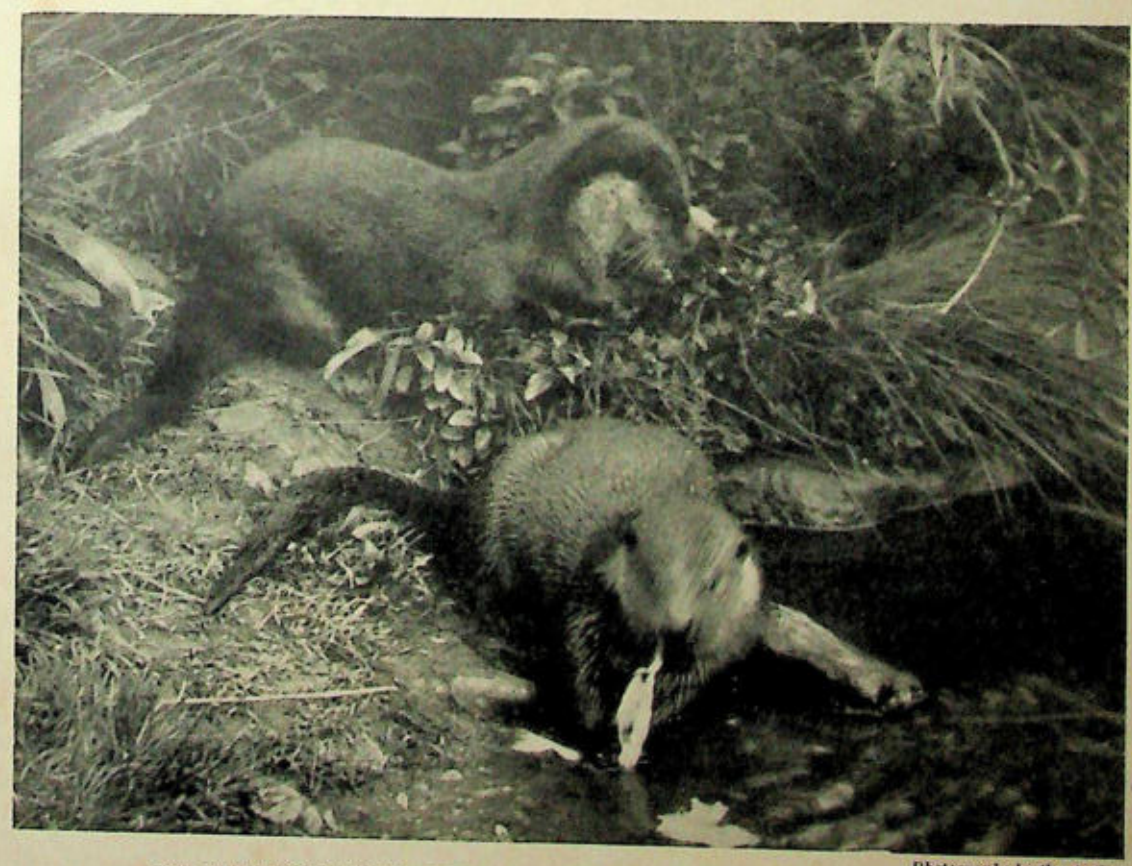
merely for a good hunting ground, yet I was hardly prepared for the jealousy of Madame Moses towards the young dog-otter. She had fretted long and most inconsolably when she found she had lost her sister, squeaking and crying for her for many days, and only finding consolation in my arms, yet she displayed passionate emotion at the sight of the newcomer and would have killed him had I not been quick to the rescue. It was upwards of six months before she accepted him as a playmate and companion, after which she was as devoted to him as she had been the reverse.

Tom had been brought up in company with a terrier puppy, the two youngsters having great games together, and they remained lifelong friends, though Tom would have nothing to do with other dogs. Moses likewise knew Tiny, as the terrier was called, but she did not like her. She merely tolerated her. Other dogs, however, did not even receive toleration, for she flew at them on sight.

The fact was that Moses kept her good temper and affection chiefly for me. We played together for so long as I could spare the time. Moses delighted in retrieving sticks. She would bring me back a stick as often as I threw it into the water, and if I paid no heed and would not find a stick to throw she would seek for one herself, bring it and lay it at my feet. Then I had to throw it for her.

All three otters delighted in toys such as a ball or a fir cone that would float in the water, throwing the plaything into the air, catching it on the tip of the nose, and then turning Catherine wheels with it until, tiring of this, they brought it to me to throw again for them.

The great trouble with the otters was their intensely active roving spirit, their inquiring, inquisitive disposition, which made them ever



Photographs by the Author

THE AUTHOR'S PAIR OF OTTERS, MADAME MOSES (IN BACKGROUND) AND TOM



ALNWICK CASTLE FROM THE NORTH BANK OF THE ALNE

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 13

The Dukes of Northumberland at Alnwick

IT is an undoubted fact that the great families of the borders of this country have supplied England during the last 180 years (when sport as we know it to-day has assumed its present form) with many leaders of sport, and, more important, with men who have been full of the best sporting spirit. These Wardens of the Marches—Herbert and Somerset in the West, Kerr or Percy in the North—have been forebears of men who, in less relentless times, have taken to milder recreations than border raids, and who have brought something of the old chivalry of those times into modern sport.

Of the families of the Border, Armstrong and Charlton, Liddell and Riddell, Kerr and Scott, and Innes and Douglas, none are more renowned in history and in legend from *Chevy Chase* to the present day than the Percies, Earls and Dukes of Northumberland. The family came to England with Duke William, but soon adopted the manners and habits of the Saxons, a failing much derided by other Normans, who regarded the Saxons as a species of Chingangtook; indeed, the habit of growing whiskers like those of his lieges got for the Percy of his day the name of "Als-gernons" (with whiskers), a name frequently borne by the Percies since then.

The Percy family has always been connected with two great estates—on one hand Petworth, which William, fourth Baron de Percy, acquired in the twelfth century and which passed through his descendants owing to the lack of a male heir to Sir Charles Wyndham; and on the other hand, Alnwick, which was purchased by Henry de Percy in 1309 during the reign of Edward I. Though the latter estate has in two different centuries passed through an heiress, it is still held by the Percies to-day. The first occasion was when Agnes, only surviving child of William, fourth Baron de Percy, married Josceline de Louvain in 1150; while in the seventeenth century Elizabeth, only daughter of the eleventh Earl of Northumberland, married "the proud" Duke of Somerset in the year 1682, and their grandchild and heiress, Elizabeth, Baroness Percy, married Sir Hugh Smithson, later created first Duke of Northumberland.

We have a very early record of the lengths to which the Percies would go to indulge in their love of sport and adventure. In 1159 Ralph de Percy, William de Bruce and one of the Allatsons, hunting wild boar near Whitby, ran it into a chapel at



THE FIRST DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
He rebuilt Alnwick Castle and improved the estates beyond all knowledge

Eskdaleside. But their blood was up, and they forgot the nature of the sanctuary, and forcing their way into the chapel slew not only the boar but the priest who was trying to protect it. For this offence they were in imminent danger of death, in spite of having themselves taken sanctuary at Scarborough; but finally the dying Abbot of Whitby pardoned them on condition that they brought yearly a bundle of faggots as a penance. But the real sport of those days was in the affrays and cattle raids of the Border. They have already been described in the articles on Floors, and we need not here stress their importance. In these raids Alnwick was the stronghold on which the English forces were based, and the Percies were almost always leaders on the one side, matched on the Scottish side by the Douglas.

We have in *Chevy Chase* a splendid picture of these two famous families, and for the Percies, Hotspur, son of Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, will always stand as an example and a type. The historic fight of James Douglas and Hotspur, man to man, before Alnwick Castle, is one of the most famous incidents in the long history of the Border. His name has become a byeword for impetuous gallantry wherever English is spoken. Successive Earls of Northumberland continued to be Wardens of the Marches and men of great influence and importance in the country, and the family passed through the many vicissitudes which were the lot of feudal nobles down to the year 1632, when the tenth Earl ceased to reside in Northumberland. This concludes the first period of the history of the Percies. In the modern sense it is not a sporting history at all. They were more engaged in the task of harrying the Scot, than in the tilt yard, or with falcons on the moor. But enough has been written to show that it was the chief occupation of the Northern gentry of their day, and that the great family whose stronghold was at Alnwick and who generally resided hard by at Warkworth, were men of proved zeal and valour.

The second phase in the history of the Percies and Alnwick may be said to have begun when Elizabeth, the heiress of the proud Duke of Somerset already referred to, married Sir Hugh Smithson, who became later first Duke of Northumberland. The Duke took a dislike to his son-in-law, and did little to assist him; but when he returned to Alnwick, which had been practically uninhabited for 100 years, there began the second era of the house of Percy—that of the great landlord.

When Hugh Smithson went to Alnwick, in the words of Collins, "he found the country almost a desert, and clothed it with woods and improved it with agriculture."

He was a man of real genius for estate management, a genius that was apt to be forgotten because he was also a Duke and a man of importance in the greater world. But the influence of and improvements wrought by the first Duke has been of the greatest moment in Northern agriculture and country life. He found the Percy estates in a beggarly condition and with a total rent roll of perhaps £8,600. Thirty years later, at his death, they were worth £50,000.



IN ALNWICK CASTLE GROUNDS IN SUMMER
The Duchess of Northumberland with F. Kinch, the 1st whip, and three couple of the Percy hounds

This tradition of an improving and beneficent landlordism has passed to every succeeding Duke. For the last 180 years under a host of very differing conditions the Dukes of Northumberland have been model landlords, altering, improving, creating, till the estates to-day represent the relationship between tenant and proprietor at its very best. Any family with great possessions will of necessity find a place, and a prominent place, but the vast influence of the Dukes of Northumberland in their own county is out of all proportion to their possessions. Nobody who knows the Border need be told of it: nobody who does not can possibly appreciate it.

The first Duke very largely rebuilt and re-designed the internal arrangements of Alnwick Castle, and the fourth Duke completely remodelled the internal arrangements in the middle of last century in the style of the Italian Renaissance.

The Dukes of Northumberland patronised the sports of country life, and for eighty years the hounds which hunt the Alnwick district have borne the name of Percy. They are now divided into the Percy and the West Percy. This country was formerly hunted by the Father of Scottish fox-hunting, the great Lord Wemyss, who had bought the famous Lambton pack. He in turn lent what became the Percy country to Mr. W. M. Selby, who was succeeded by Major Browne. In 1878 Earl Percy, afterwards seventh Duke of Northumberland, took over the hounds for eleven seasons, showing fine sport and doing much to improve the hounds. This would appear to be the first connection of the Dukes of Northumberland with the Percy hounds.

In 1921, however, a committee was formed, and in 1922 the late Duke of Northumberland and Mr. Schofield took over the hounds. Tribute must be paid here to the great and unselfish work which Mr. Schofield has done for foxhunting in Northumberland. Mr. Schofield retired in 1925, when the Duke was in sole control with Sam Morgan as his huntsman. He continued to show good sport under very difficult conditions until his death in 1930. He was a really first-rate man to hounds and a true sportsman.

The death of the eighth Duke of Northumberland in the very prime of his active life was a loss to Northumberland which is almost irreparable. Of commanding intellect, uncompromising integrity, imbued with the finest traditions of his order, and a sportsman to his finger tips, he left a gap which it is almost impossible to fill. His tireless energy and determination which had infected almost every branch of the public life were devoted to the improvement of his property and his hounds. Nor can any reference to his work be complete without mention of his story, *The Shadow on the Moor* (William Blackwood; 5/-). It shows that had he chosen he could have achieved a really high place in literature. It has been described as the best story of its sort since Scott. As a tale of fox-hunting, as an historical sketch of Border life, or as a ghost story, it is in the front rank. As a combination of all three it is unique, and in my humble opinion it has never been equalled, and deserves a far greater recognition as a work of genius than it has received.



THE LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND ON SILVERSIDE

The present (ninth) Duke of Northumberland was not of age when he succeeded, but his mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, took her place as Master, with Mr. Hall Watt as her manager and amateur huntsman, and they have shown excellent sport. The young Duke showed his enthusiasm by joining the Duchess as Master in 1933, and is also a keen Point-to-Point rider. Mention must also be made of the pack of beagles which the Duke's brother, Lord Hugh, formerly Master of the Eton beagles, had at Alnwick for two seasons, and with which he showed excellent sport. Both brothers are exceedingly fond of hunting and all form of sport.

The sporting spirit of the Percies since the pacification of the Border has been carried on by each succeeding generation, and their loyalty to the romance and history of their country is very marked. I would assert without fear of contradiction that even in England, the home of beneficial aristocracy, they hold a position in relation to their tenants and estates second to none. R. M.

[Previous articles in this series have been the Dukes of Beaufort at Badminton, the Dukes of Richmond at Goodwood, the Dukes of Rutland at Belvoir, the Wingfield Digbys at Sherborne, the Dukes of Roxburgh at Floors, the Lane-Fox's at Bramham, the Earls of Yarborough at Brocklesby, the Earls of Berkeley at Berkeley Castle, the Luttrells at Dunster, the Wyndhams at Petworth, and the de Greys at Merton.]



MASTERS AND HUNTSMAN OF THE PERCY
The Duke of Northumberland (left) is seen with the Duchess of Northumberland and Mr. Hall-Watt, the manager and amateur huntsman of the pack



WHOSE BIRD?

A question at a recent shoot to which we hope at least one of the guns found a satisfactory answer

PHEASANTS—HIGH AND LOW

Problems of the Covert Shoot

IN a flat country there is probably no greater test of a keeper's skill than the way in which he puts his pheasants over the guns. How often one sees beats, not exactly spoilt, but just lacking that masterly touch which, by lifting the birds another 30ft. up, would make all the difference between tame and really sporting shooting. As often as not, I think, the attainable is missed because it has become more or less traditional to take the same old beat in the same old way; for some unknown reason this year's pheasants are expected to behave precisely as did their predecessors, while the extent to which a year's new growth or clearings may influence their movements is overlooked.

For instance, the best results are not necessarily obtained from the same flushing spots year after year. Pheasants will rise better out of fairly high cover, provided it is not too thick, than from low bushy stuff which, being easily topped, seems to offer a peculiar inducement to break back. On level ground birds flushed 20yds. or so from covert-side can scarcely be expected to give decent shooting, and although too much undercover is often as great a drawback as too little, there should be enough holding cover for them to run into before flushing. Bramble on which the billhook has been used intelligently makes first-class cover at flushing points, but when there are large bare spaces in front it may be necessary to improvise patches of thinnings for the birds to run under. So will they rise in twos and threes and not in one unseemly flush towards the end. To my mind sewelling hung where cover is sparse is infinitely preferable to wire netting, against which birds running forward so often tend to bunch as a preliminary to legging it back or flankwise, with every chance of keeping out of trouble. But in woods of a fair size flushing places not less than 80 to 100yds. back from the line of guns should ensure a pretty steady rise and a certainty that the birds will face the music at a useful height.

Often the rise *en masse* is the result of uneven distribution, which can be avoided to a great extent by intelligent handling for some time prior to the first day through the coverts. Wild pheasants, of course, distribute themselves better than hand-reared, whose herd instincts are nevertheless encouraged by the keeper who feeds always in one spot in a covert. The process is doubtless time-saving, and enables him to see at a glance if his charges are present and correct, but I suggest the principle is a bad one unless there is some particular reason for it. Generally speaking the more feeding places that can be arranged the better, as tending to split up the hand-reared birds. Thus do they get a good general knowledge of the lie of the land, and making their homes in different parts of the covert are more likely to fly well than birds which have been huddled up in one corner of it and lose their bearings the first time they are vigorously pushed out.

It is probably not an exaggeration to say that most of one's least agreeable experiences—when pheasants, massing until the last moment at the covert's edge, skim out low in any but the required direction, to give thankless shots (if indeed one can fire at all)—are due to their complete bewilderment at their surroundings. Usually one finds such pheasants have never been encouraged to use their wings. Some keepers, over apprehensive of potential losses, drive their birds back and back again whenever they see them a couple of hundred yards from covert. Yet, if regularity is the keeper's watchword, the birds will always return for the evening meal, and the active pheasant foraging for natural food is like to keep in better trim and make a stronger flier than the pampered bird which is never allowed a stone's-throw from his homestead.

It may be that the inclination to "herd" pheasants arises from the over-fondness of many keepers for "special" beats. If the number of birds permits, well and good; otherwise it is bad generalship and unfair on the bulk of the guns to sacrifice everything for one or two "hot" corners. Nothing is more irritating or conducive to bad marksmanship than to stand for an hour and a half and get half a dozen shots in order that two or three hundred birds may stream over in a few minutes at a particular stand. In any case half of them probably get away without being fired at, and if a fox upsets the keeper's calculations the day is a fiasco. Most men would prefer a day's shooting in which a moderate number of pheasants are shown in each beat, wherefore the further efforts are directed beforehand to getting an even distribution through the coverts, the better, generally speaking, will be the sport. J. B. DROUGHT.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

No. 18.—Uruguay

PROBABLY the best shooting that the naval officer will get in Uruguay will be close to the great Uruguay River. Colonia, close to its mouth on the left bank, is a certain port of call for any ship on the station, and is an excellent centre for shooting the small spotted tinamou, which is locally named "chico." The estancia San Pedro, about six miles outside the town, has an enviable reputation for this bird; and a great number of hares are also to be found there.

If chico shooting is the main object, the first port of call when proceeding up the river should be Martin Chico, where shooting similar to that at Colonia is obtainable. A little further north is Nueva Palmeira, where excellent chico shooting can be obtained at Concordia Estancia, which stretches right down to the left bank of the river. There is also a very fine marsh here in which there are many small lagoons where duck and common snipe are plentiful after the beginning of June.

Fray Bentos should be the next stopping-place, as the shooting obtainable from here is really excellent. It is the headquarters of the Lemco beef extract factory, and it is generally possible to get alongside their wharf. Bellaco can be reached by train in three hours, where at the estancia Santa Isabel there is an excellent snipe marsh.

Camp deer (gama) can also be shot in the neighbourhood of Bellaco. The normal head is of six points, but occasionally an eight-pointer is to be found.

Twenty-five miles beyond Bellaco is the estancia Bichadero, which must be reached by road. Really large bags of chico can be obtained here, and a good shot should be able to bag 200 a day to his own gun. At this camp it is the custom to shoot the chico over a wire instead of over dogs. As may be supposed, it cannot be used over uneven ground or through long grass or scrub, but it is certainly most effective in stubble or short grass.

Very good snipe shooting can be obtained at the estancia Torre Alto, after the water from the Rio Negro which has flooded the meadows has receded, where, when conditions are right, 50 couple of snipe should be obtainable in a day by a party of four guns. There is another good snipe marsh at the estancia Esperanza.

An amusing bye-day can be had in the Rio Negro, and in the small rivers in the vicinity of Fray Bentos, by going after "carpincho," which is a species of rodent. It resembles more than anything else an enormous guinea pig, and weighs anything up to 100lb. Their skins are much prized by the peons for making saddle covers, as the leather, after it has been tanned, is excellent. They frequent the less muddy patches of the densely covered river bank and are generally to be found there after sunset. The slightest noise will frighten them and drive them into the water, so it is impossible to approach them through the thick undergrowth. The best method of outwitting them is in a skiff which should be propelled up the river in absolute silence by two paddles, while the guns watch each bank with their rifles ready. It is not, however, easy to spot them in the thick undergrowth. They have an extraordinary habit, when frightened, of making a noise exactly like a klaxon horn, which immediately precedes their slithery descent into the river.

Quebracho, about 150 miles from the mouth, is about as far as the naval officer is likely to be able to go up the Uruguay River. It can be reached by train in about ten hours from Montevideo; and many chico are to be found at the Guaveja Estancia.

PINTAIL.



IN THE ROOTS

Colonel and Mrs. Henry Wilkinson shooting at Coles Park. In the Eastern Counties the wild pheasants rising from the roots often give the most sporting shots



"NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER"
Mr. G. W. Tether with two fresh-run springers from the Wye at Builth Wells

SPRING SALMON OR KELT?

Aids to Making This Important Distinction

By WEST COUNTRY

KELTS are an inseparable part of spring salmon fishing. Usually they are an infernal nuisance, raising false hopes, wasting the time when the days are all too short, and spoiling flies and baits with their sharp teeth. Yet one has known occasions when an interlude with a strong, well-mended "wrong 'un" came not amiss to break the monotony of a blank day when the springers would have none of our wiles.

Besides being a plague, kelts introduce all sorts of complications into spring fishing, because quite often it is not possible to be absolutely sure for an appreciable time whether it is, or is not, a "back" fish, and the really well-mended specimen may have to be played right out on the chance that it is something better.

I have heard folk declare that there never should be the least difficulty in telling a kelt from a clean fish, even in the water. But either these gentry have some sixth sense denied to more ordinary people, or else it is a case of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing, and fools rushing in where angels fear to tread. When one has it out on the bank there are various tests which can be applied to help decide whether one may, or may not, keep the creature about which there seems to be an "if." First, colour; second, the presence of gill maggots; third, the worn tail and enlarged vent; fourth, the contours of back and belly; and of these the last is, in my opinion, the most reliable.

I have seen it stated in various books that the colour of the well-mended kelt has the quality of white metal, whereas the clean salmon has the bluish sheen of steel. This, however, is not by any means invariably true, and last spring I saw a kelt which, even after being out of water for several hours, still retained in a striking degree the metallic steely lustre usually associated with a fresh-run salmon. I had, perhaps, better explain that this fish was so badly hooked, with a triangle right down in the gullet, that it could not be returned, and so was carried home and boiled up for the dogs.

Colour comparison is not an absolutely sure guide, and may be very difficult to apply. Neither is the presence or absence of gill maggots. Quite a number of kelts have few, if any, of these parasites. These, I think, are usually late-running salmon which have only been a comparatively short time in fresh water, although I have seen an obvious grilse kelt which had none. Sometimes the gills are a crawling mass of these loathsome creatures, and in such cases the fish have probably been in the river since the spring or early summer of the previous year.

One must also not overlook the fact that a previously spawned fish which has survived to return to the sea, and is now on its second or subsequent trip up-river, will often still have a few gill maggots, and one may get salmon which are carrying both these and sea lice at the same time.

The condition of the vent is also not to be relied upon, for by the time the fish has become what is known as really "well-mended" this organ will have shrunk to its normal size in many cases, while many kelts show no sign of wear on the lower edge of the tail. In his book *The Salmon: Its Life Story*, Mr. W. J. M. Menzies gives the contours test for a kelt. He says the contours of back and belly will be parallel, whereas in a clean fish, no matter how thin, they are concave, and this seems to be the surest test of all, although it is perhaps not too easy for anyone without much experience to decide even this in all cases.

I think it is often possible to tell by the way a fish plays whether it is kelt or clean, although I should be the last to declare that such is invariably the case. In my experience a kelt, although it may fight strongly and doggedly, very seldom does so at any pace, and one rarely gets that thrilling hiss as the line cuts the water with a fish which runs fast. Then a kelt hardly ever goes up-stream far when there is a really appreciable current, and for one to jump clean out of the water is, surely, very unusual. Where the stream is very strong it will tend to hug the bank as though afraid to venture into the heavy water, and if it does get into the full force of the current it will go down and down and down, and a big vigorous kelt under such conditions is often very difficult indeed to land if the angler is alone.

I suppose every year a number of kelts are taken home and eaten by anglers in mistake for clean salmon, and a fish merchant once told me that he has had spent fish sent him from the nets, whether in ignorance or as a "try on" he could not say. I have eaten kelt as an experiment, and, personally, if I had to choose, I should infinitely prefer to sup on a portion of well-mended kelt than partake of some of the technically clean salmon caught late in the autumn. In this I am in good company, for the late P. D. Malloch makes a similar statement in his well-known book.

Last spring I had an interesting experience of the infinite variety of keltdom. In under two hours one morning I hooked and landed five, every one of which differed in some degree. The first was typical, bright with the whiteness of nickel, and thin as a lath. Number two fought hard in a dour way and raised hopes that it might be something better, for it was ten minutes before I even saw it. Then it proved to be a big cock, red as a November salmon on the redds, with milt oozing from the vent, evidently a belated spawner which in its prime would have gone near to 30lb.

Number three was rather like the first, but was not so thin. Number four had reached the well-mended stage. In the water it still showed a faint foxy tinge, and had red spots on the gill covers. But it was a good shape, and fought hard, but always down-stream. Number five was the one already mentioned earlier, which had the bloom of a fresh-run salmon. It was only 2lb. under weight for its length, and I have seen more than one clean fish in summer carrying sea lice which was as much. But its contours were parallel, and when cut open there were the few big loose eggs which always seem to be present in the female kelt, and which are an absolutely certain proof of its identity.

It is easy to cut short battles with unwanted kelts. Played in a normal way a big one may take 15 to 20 minutes to get out if one is alone, since it may not be gaffed. It is also possible to do serious damage to a light rod by putting on more strain than it can well stand in an effort to finish the affair as quickly as possible. Directly I am certain it is a kelt I put the rod down on the bank and hand-line the fish. Anyone who has never tried this trick will be amazed how easily and quickly even a 20-pounder or bigger can be brought in. At the very last it may kick and lash about, but if one is using orthodox tackle there is no danger of being broken, and thread-line gear is not usually employed in early spring.



BUNCHED AT A HURDLE IN THE WROUGHTON SELLING HANDICAP RACE AT NEWBURY

NATIONAL HUNT PROBLEMS

Barriers to Advancement in Winter Racing

CAN anything be done to brighten up National Hunt sport and make it more attractive alike to owners and the public? The greatest difficulty that has to be faced is the uncertainty of the weather. Already this season we have seen how seriously this factor can interfere with racing arrangements.

A long spell of bad weather means frequent spells of idleness for 'chasers and hurdle-racers, and half of the winter campaign gone without owners getting much fun for their money.

Would-be reformers of National Hunt racing declare that a better class of horse should be attracted to the sport, and they say this can be done by an increase in the value of stakes. But who is to find the money? The majority of owners are definitely not in favour of a pronounced increase of expenditure in the matter of entrance fees and forfeits. The only alternative is for racecourse executives to be more liberal in the matter of added money. Managements aver, however, that the margin between profit and loss at their winter meetings is so small that it is impossible to increase their prize-money under existing conditions.

It has been complained that National Hunt programmes for the most part are of a humdrum character and do not differ widely from those of 30 or 40 years ago. This is the case with a few notable exceptions; but are we to suppose that racecourse executives are so blind to their own interests that they decline to introduce new features? Surely it is more reasonable to argue that racing managements, composed of practical men with their finger on the pulse of public requirements, have come to understand after years of experience exactly what is wanted by the supporters of National Hunt sport and are prepared to meet the demand as far as their financial resources permit.

The composition of programmes as regards the relative number of steeple chases and hurdle races is laid down in National Hunt Rules. In the early stages of the winter season chases of three miles or more come in for smaller support than any other item on the programme, and the paucity of runners in long-distance races over fences has been the subject of much comment this season. But as the N.H. Committee compel executives to include a 'chase of three miles or upwards in each day's programme, racing managements cannot be blamed if owners and trainers fail to give these events an adequate measure of support. There is a tendency for the size of three-mile 'chasing fields to expand after the New Year. In January last 22 races of this type were run, producing an average of nearly seven competitors.

The truth is that anyone who sets out to reform winter racing has a task of immense difficulty, and if one scheme or another is tested we shall probably get back to where we started from. The sport is popular enough with a large section of the public, but when weather conditions are unfavourable, as must necessarily be frequently the case, one cannot expect large attendances. And if executives do not get the gates they cannot put up substantial prizes.

Happily the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham and several other fixtures in the latter half of the season enjoy the essential facilities for putting up £1,000 and £500 stakes without imposing unduly stiff entrance fees. And there is always the Grand National to look forward to as dominating the whole situation. Entries for most of the chief events at the big Cheltenham meeting will close on February 2nd, including the Cheltenham Gold Cup, the Champion Hurdle Race and the National Hunt Chase. There is £9,000 in added money to be competed for at the fixture, together with challenge cups value £475. The practice of employing a different handicapper for each day of the meeting will again be followed, Mr. J. C. Bulteel compiling the weights on the first day, and Lieut.-Colonel S. Findlay and Mr. C. R. Wigney on the other two.

PUBLIC SCHOOL RACKETS

Lord Aberdare's Remarkable Record

ONCE again, with the arrival of the school holidays, the game of rackets has taken precedence over all court games at Queen's Club during the Public Schools Old Boys' competition for the Noel-Bruce Cup and the Public Schools Handicap. The standard of play in this year's competitions was satisfactorily high.

In a game in which service plays so great a part surprises are not uncommon, but few people could have foreseen the four-love victory of Winchester (Lord Aberdare and R. H. Hill) over the holders of the Noel-Bruce Cup and the British Amateur Champions, I. Akers-Douglas and K. A. Wagg, who were representing Eton, in the semi-final round. Both Akers-Douglas and Wagg were playing well below their best form, but it was, nevertheless, a wonderful victory for Winchester and a personal triumph for Lord Aberdare, who was a member of the winning pair in the Public Schools Rackets as long ago as 1904.

The final match between Winchester and Rugby (D. S. Milford and J. C. F. Simpson) was a fine series of seven games. Milford and Simpson are an old and well-tried combination of the finest class, and their narrow victory, if a trifle lucky, was still deserved. Lord Aberdare was in his best form with his service, and during the course of the match won 31 aces by service outright. The first three games went to Winchester and the next three to Rugby, but in the seventh and last, when all four players were playing beautifully, Winchester lost a glorious chance of victory when at 14—6 Lord Aberdare, by trying to make the winning shot off an easy return, hit the ball an inch too low. Simpson scored two aces for Rugby and then Milford made a run of nine to give victory to his side.

In the Public Schools Handicap it was very pleasing to discover that the good rackets players are by no means confined to one or two schools, for in the fourth round there were representatives of no less than six schools out of a total of eight players. J. H. Pawle (Harrow), who beat R. F. Lumb (Rugby) by 10—15, 15—4, 15—5, 17—14, in a good final, is already a fine player with the experience of three Public Schools finals behind him. If when he leaves Harrow he joins again in partnership with R. Pulbrook, we may look forward to yet another famous pair. Among the outstanding players besides Pawle and Lumb were G. B. Noel (Winchester), N. E. Hooper (Marlborough) and O. R. H. Chichester (Wellington).

JOHN ARMITAGE.

FIELD TRIALS

Spaniels at Idsworth

OWING to hard frost there was little or no scent on either day of the I.G.L. Sporting Spaniel Society's trials, which took place at Idsworth, and this year bracken has not gone down, which made the work much harder for competing dogs, rabbits being very unwilling to leave any large patches. The judges were Lieut.-Colonel C. Heseltine and Mr. W. East, with Major Portal as referee.

The Novice Stake was taken first with fourteen runners. Captain Holford's E. s. b Whelford Nancy was first; a very good worker, who quartered ground nicely and has a very clean retrieve. She was closely followed by Captain Traherne's E. s. d Noranby Rattle, handled by Church. He is good in thick, very keen and consistent. Third was Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson's black cocker b Sue of Silverlands, handled by Kent. She is under excellent control, a keen worker and with the best of retrieve. Fourth, Mr. M. Morton's E. s. b Sobenhal Donna.

Mr. Selwyn Jones's E. s. d Span O'Vara was reserve. Certificates of merit went to Captain N. W. Tredennick's E. s. d Newburie Soda, Mr. J. C. Simms's E. s. b Kingsham Curlew, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's E. s. b Banchory Bess, Mrs. Phyllis Kennedy's E. s. b Barrock Lucy, and the Rev. E. J. Nelson's E. s. b Blendworth Mirth.

In the Open Cocker Stake Miss Wykeham-Musgrave's d Poddle Crunch was first; a merry worker, quarters well and is good in thick bracken. Mr. M. Moreton's Sobenhal Tuppence, handled by Gibson, was second; a very good type of bitch and a keen worker. Third was Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Sue of Silverlands. This bitch will fill out (born June 16th, 1932); she works like a good one. Reserve, Mr. R. Kelland's d Nobel Nippy's Nipper.

Certificates went to Dr. W. J. Dawson's Colleen of Fews, Lieut.-Commander A. M. Willoughby's Breckonhill Bunker and Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Jen of Silverlands.

The Open Stake was won by Captain O. Traherne's Bryngarw Firefly, handled by Church; a very nice worker with good style and untiring. She also won the Arkwright Challenge Cup, the English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Association of America's Challenge Cup, and the special for dog showing the best questing. Dr. B. G. Goodwin's F.T. Ch. Hillhampton Susie, handled by owner, was second. Third prize went to Captain Holford's Whelford Nancy, and reserve to the Rev. E. J. Nelson's d Blendworth Martin.

The Brace Stake was won by Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crusty and Crumpet, who also won the Team Stake with the addition of Poddle Crinkle. Second in both stakes were the Rev. J. Nelson's Banchory Bess and Careless; in the Team Stake the third dog was Blendworth Martin.

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Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

"SURPLUS" MILK PRICES

SIR,—It is reported in the Press that 18 per cent. of the milk produced in November in England and Wales was used for manufacture. The largest proportion of this went into butter and cheese at 3¾d. the gallon to farmers.

Unless the restrictions—voluntary or with the assistance of the Marketing Act—on the importation of condensed milks, dried milk and tinned cream are materially increased, British manufacturers of these dairy products will not be able to compete with overseas supplies (with milk bought at prices fixed for such productions as recently announced by the Milk Marketing Board), and consequently all milk surplus to that required for ordinary consumption will go to make butter and cheese until the stocks of these articles become unmanageable; and then what happens to "surplus milk"?

The 10 per cent. duty on imports of condensed milk, etc., is purely revenue producing, whilst the 20 per cent. voluntary reduction of imports of tinned cream, etc., in recent months was not adhered to, so that it would not appear likely that any considerable quantity of milk will be manufactured into these articles without very much more drastic legal restrictions of imports.

It would appear to me (who have had some 35 years' experience of the subject and introduced tinned cream to this country) that unless milk products are adequately protected the only way to compete in the home market with world prices and to avoid Government interference with the manufacturer as much as possible, the simplest and most satisfactory basis of price for *all* milk turned into dairy products would be that adopted for cheese and butter and condensed milk *for export*.

Then I estimate that all the condensed skimmed milk at present imported into the country (some six million cases representing about 60 million gallons of milk) could be produced here. The herds are here and would not require more than about 5 per cent. increase of cows to supply the whole. It would need ten or twelve new factories or extension of existing ones to take care of the lot, but it can be done with adequate protection and a butter skimmed-condensed milk combination would result in great benefits to farmers and to employment figures. But, of course, our near European neighbours' trade would suffer; not so that of the Dominions because at present there is no importation of the *skimmed* milk variety from any British Dominion. One cannot develop this idea in a letter, but I put detailed figures before the Milk Re-Organisation Commission, and I believe we could command the whole dairy trade needs of Great Britain if only there were real protection and not the present half-hearted tickling of the subject.

Yours faithfully,
1, Petyt Place, CHAS. F. SIMOND.
Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

ROAD DANGERS

SIR, May one with 52 years of almost continuous road experience—1881 wooden boneshaker, 1933 60 m.p.h. car—disagree with Sir Malcolm Campbell's advocacy of a lighted red back lamp for cyclists. I say—and I am sure—this would increase, not diminish, the danger. There are two main arguments, and I will enlarge on each.

1. A danger signal which is unreliable is more dangerous than none at all.

2. There exists a warning signal which, if not quite so perfect as a well-burning red lamp, is sufficient to warn all motorists except those criminally careless or reckless.

No. 1 is almost axiomatic. If one trusts to a visible signal to give warning of danger one relaxes extreme caution in its absence; so should it fail one is caught unawares. For example, I was once caught miles from a filling station with an empty petrol tank because an unreliable gauge showed 3 gallons as being in the tank. An oil rear lamp is difficult to keep in order, etc., and certainly cannot be called absolutely reliable.

No. 2. For some years now I have noticed how much easier it is to pick up a back mud wing painted white (there are too few about) than it is to spot a red reflector, especially when meeting other cars all, self included, with headlights dipped. Nor am I alone in this view. In one European country (Denmark, I think) all cyclists must have their mud wings white or yellow. It is as cheap to enamel a mud wing white as to do this in any other colour; a damp rag will quickly restore its visibility if muddy; it can never be forgotten or mislaid; it is much more efficient as a danger warning than the present red reflector.

I suggest to our lawmakers, our Ministry of Transport, the officials of the R.A.C. and A.A. that, if they have not observed this, or if they doubt my deduction, they should experiment. Let them send out on a dark but busy road six cyclists, three with black, three with white guards, and all with reflectors. Then follow these up with headlamps dipped. I would be willing to risk a small wager that within an hour all would be convinced.

Yours faithfully,
Rosetor, J. H. REEVES.
Chestnut Avenue, Torquay.

"FAITHFUL SERVICE"

SIR,—I have read R. M.'s letter in the *Field* of December 23rd under this heading with great interest, and I can, perhaps, fitly add something to my sketch of the sporting history of Merton, published in the *Field* of December 30th, in the form of a tribute to the wonderful service rendered to it and to my family by the head-keepers, without whose untiring loyalty and skill such good results would have been impossible. Two of the most famous of the past, Israel Buckle and his son John, have been made familiar to thousands by their portraits in the Badminton volume on Shooting; while, in more recent times, the grand, gruff, kingly figure of John Stringer, towered for 30 years over our shooting history. He has been not unworthily succeeded. Often these men served us at their life's risk. John Buckle, when a young keeper, was shot and severely wounded by poachers whom he had tracked down and tackled single-handed. John Stringer had heard the click as the hammer of a poacher's gun, aimed straight at the heads of himself and his colleagues at three yards range, fell upon a dud cartridge, and so doubtless saved them from horrible injury if not from death. Upon a big day, when all is going well, and the birds come right, and the bag mounts up, and everyone is pleased, remember the courage and loyalty of these men and all their breed, for to their magnificent craftsmanship and tireless skill most of our sport is due.

Yours faithfully,
Salisbury. R. P. DE GREY.

EEL ATTACKS SALMON

SIR,—I have been persuaded by other sportsmen to send you the following account as being probably of interest to others.

While staying with friends in Wales a short time ago word was brought to me that there was a salmon lying dead in the river underneath a railway bridge. As fishing was hopeless, the water being low and clear as glass, I went with three others to the bridge, and from it saw a fine salmon lying on its side about 6yds. from the bank in a pool about 9ft. deep. As the fish did not move on a stone being dropped on it we decided to get it out for examination, and a young fellow, an expert swimmer, made a beautiful dive and brought it out. We then discovered, as it lay on the bank, a wound or hole in its side close to the tail, and, on pressing it with my foot, to my surprise there was an obvious movement as if it was still alive. I then pressed it with my hand when the side of the fish seemed to wriggle, and out of the wound near the tail darted the head of an eel. The eel, about 2ft. long, had eaten its way up from the wound to the shoulder of the salmon and was lying there under the skin, the latter being quite undamaged except at the wound. On being seized the eel evacuated about a teacupful of salmon flesh.

On being weighed the salmon turned the scale at 24lb. and appeared to be freshly killed.

Yours faithfully,
Somerset. CONSTANT READER.

EXPORT OF HORSES FOR BUTCHERY

SIR,—With regard to my remarks at the Eccentric Club apropos the protection of old horses, which have been so generously and widely reported in the Press, I should like to make it clear to everybody, and especially to those who have so kindly written to me on the subject that a society—The International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery—exists for the very purpose that I have in mind, namely, to secure an Act of Parliament whereby horses of less value than a certain sum should not be exported except for legitimate purposes. This would effectively prevent English horses being exported for use in the bull-ring. Those now exported for human consumption abroad should be slaughtered here and shipped as dead meat, not as live animals.

A Bill has been drafted and will shortly be re-introduced into Parliament. It is, I understand, identical with that presented on July 15th and read a second time on July 30th, 1931. It is supported by a very large number of Members of Parliament, mostly men of wide Parliamentary and practical experience and influence, whose names are recorded in the International League's 5th Annual Report just published. I need hardly say how gladly I welcome the opportunity of associating myself with the work of the League and giving it any help I possibly can. In this respect my brother jockeys are all of the same opinion.

Correspondents who have written to me asking how they can best help the cause of our English horses would be well advised to write to the Secretary of the International League, 5, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. 1, for a copy of its last report, on page 27 of which is printed a statement of how best to help the good work.

Yours faithfully,
Wantage. FRED FOX.

GARDEN CLUB FOR THE BLIND

SIR,—You will be interested to know that our Garden Club for the Blind has had a most successful year and has brought much happiness to blind people in this district.

I should be glad if any of your readers who may have surplus plants to dispose of will remember us, as such contributions are always welcome.

All parcels should be addressed to the Garden Club for the Blind, 138, Greenwich Road, London, S.E. 10.

Yours faithfully,
Selborne House, GERALD HEWITT.
Greenwich, S.E. 10.

GUNDOGS

SIR,—Your issue of November 25th contains an article by one of your regular writers entitled "At the Tail of a Covert Shoot."

As one who is extremely interested in gundogs, their breeding, training and handling, this article seems to me to contain some remarkable recommendations. The intending buyer of a young dog is urged to make his selection the "non-stop" pup, possessing zeal and rank wildness, the latter characteristic being classed as "a merit up to eighteen months." The non-slip youngster, which may well be a good game finder, is left out of the picture.

In any case, if rank wildness in the opinion of your contributor is an asset, why limit it to the first eighteen months? Why not encourage it throughout the dog's life?

If wildness and general unsteadiness are assets, and contribute more to game finding than steadiness—such is, I assume, your writer's contention—why do some people earn their living training dogs, and why does a well-trained dog always command a good price when a wild one cannot be sold at all?

The fact remains that a steady, biddable dog with a good nose will find much more game and disturb far less ground than the variety recommended by the article in question.

No, let us have keen, steady and generally well-trained dogs, and plenty of them. This will add to the day's enjoyment and help some people to earn a living.

Unsteady dogs, if they are good game finders, are best used for picking up after the day's shooting is over, but if they are brought out on the day they should be kept on the lead until shooters have gone on to the next drive.

The Stock Exchange, Yours truly,
London, E.C. 2. DOGMAN.

WHERE FOXES THRIVE AND PHEASANTS DO NOT

SIR,—Your correspondent Colonel Langdale gives a most interesting account of his three days' shooting. It is obvious that in his part of Yorkshire, where there are apparently lots of hares and there is probably a lot of arable ground, it may be possible on a large estate to keep a stock of pheasants in spite of a good supply of foxes.

Here, in the Midlands, where there is little plough and we keep the rabbits down as they do great harm to good grass, there is a very different story to tell.

After an experience of 25 years rearing pheasants I find that the average loss of pheasants from foxes—even if one rears inside 6ft. wire—works out at between 20 per cent. and 30 per cent. from the time birds are first put into the coverts up to the middle of November.

Whilst as to wild birds, both pheasants and partridges, I calculate that eight out of every ten sitting hens are taken by foxes on their nests.

Noseley Hall, Yours faithfully,
Leicester. ARTHUR HAZLERIGG.



NETS WHICH CALL FOR HIGHLY-SKILLED OPERATORS
(See Letter "A Difficult Cast")

A DIFFICULT CAST

SIR,—I enclose a photograph I took of Kashmiri fishermen casting their nets in Nasim Bagh, Srinagar. It may be of interest to your readers, for although it is a more or less certain way of catching fish, the amount of skill necessary to cast the net is possibly even greater than it might seem from the picture. Yours faithfully,

Headquarters, Northern Command, Rawal Pindi. E. F. W. BARKER (Colonel).

A WAR VETERAN

SIR,—I think that readers of the *Field* may like to hear some details of the career of a very remarkable wire-haired terrier, Lord Vivian's Raid of Glynn. Raid was born on February 16th, 1917, and if he lives until next February will therefore be seventeen years old. Lord Vivian took him out to the Front after he had been invalided home. Raid



RAID OF GLYNN, A WAR-TIME PUPPY WITH A SERVICE RECORD
(See Letter "A War Veteran")

took part in a raid with Belgian troops and became the friend of British, French and Belgian soldiers, and was honoured with the friendship of the King of the Belgians.

He travelled the whole of the Front from Nieuport Bains to Ypres, and went forward in the advance to Cologne and other occupied towns in Germany. He returned to England in April, 1919, since which date he went through three territorial trainings with troops, and for a season was the Hunt terrier of the Fowey Harriers. He has become well known at British Legion gatherings. Except for suffering from the effects of old age in his sight and hearing, and a slight quiver in his hindquarters, he is still fit and energetic. He has a passion for apples, and possibly his bit of an apple a day has kept the vet. away.

It would be interesting to know whether there are any other survivors from the war with experiences equal to Raid's.

Yours faithfully,
Surrey. E. P.

CAN ARCHER AND RICHARDS BE COMPARED ?

SIR,—The letter in a recent number of the *Field* on the subject of Richards and Archer has prompted me to reply.

Let us weigh up the merits and demerits of the achievements of each (although perhaps "demerits" is not quite the right word). With regard to Richards' achievement one can put to his advantage the larger size of fields and strength that he has had to encounter; the fact that to-day there is a draw for places; that to-day an apprentice is recognised as having an equal right to the best position in running as an experienced jockey; and that Richards, though he appears to hit his mounts hard never marks them. On the other hand, Richards in breaking the record has had many more mounts than Archer owing to the convenient weight at which he can ride.

Against the achievement of Archer it can be said that in his day the fields were small, that he took part in several matches, and that he had many walk-overs to his credit; that he always chose his own position at the start; that, as those who remember him tell us, apprentices always gave way to him; and that he often used spur and whip unsparingly. On the other hand, it can be entered on the credit side of Archer's achievement that he could not do anything like the weight that Richards can do and as a result had to waste and weaken himself and could not get so many mounts. Archer could never have ridden such a mount as Richards did on El Senor at Hurst Park. To say that one achievement is better than the other is impossible, one might as well try to compare the deeds of Grace and Hobbs. Your faithfully,

M. J. GORDON-WATSON.

82, Harley Street, W. 1.

WHAT WAS THE STONE FOR ?

SIR,—I have just read in a December issue the letter of R. Clegg Hill, Rawal Pindi, about a 3in. stone found inside a trout weighing over 2lb. In reference to this I find that in an article of mine in *Baily's Magazine*, of April, 1906, I wrote: "One would think that a trout of about ¾lb. could hardly swallow a pebble 2in. across without, if not pain, at least some inconvenience. Yet it took my fly, and it appeared fairly healthy. One wonders why or how it came to get such a thing inside it." The trout was taken by me some years before from the late Mr. W. H. St. Quintin's private water at Lowthorpe, in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Yours truly,
Folkestone. EDWARD MITFORD.

LITTLE AUK INLAND

SIR, While riding in the New Forest on November 6th I was able to rescue a little auk from an uncomfortable position in a gorse bush and convey it to the edge of a nearby stream. The bird seemed half frozen or exhausted when found, but quickly recovered and gave an interesting exhibition of diving, the "flying" action of the wings being easily seen in the clear water. I was much struck by the tameness shown by a wild bird: when released it made no attempt to hide, but swam in my immediate vicinity for as long as I was able to watch it.

I shall be very interested to hear if the finding of this bird in such a locality is exceptional, and by what means it may have arrived there in such a situation. Yours faithfully,

Brockenhurst. T. L. S.

[Little auks are often blown far inland by the wind during gales, and in this connection it is interesting that a stormy petrel, another small sea bird, was picked up by a spaniel in a grass field near Ruabon, Denbighshire, at the end of October, as noted in our issue of November 11th, page 1232.—ED.]

SWANS' SECOND BROODS

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter in a recent issue on the subject of swans. I have had a pair on my lake for the last 20 years, and they are in perfect health, although they are not artificially fed. Every year they have hatched out either six or seven cygnets, generally having two infertile eggs in the clutch. However for the last three years they have lost all their cygnets (due, I think, to the male swan killing them) and then about eight weeks later have had another clutch of eggs, about six in number, of which they hatched out four the first time and five last year and this.

After a few days these begin to disappear, but in every case one cygnet has remained until the male bird thought it time to chase him away. It seems rather peculiar that they should have two lots of young, even though they have lost their first cygnets.

Yours faithfully,
Stedalt, Stamullen, Co. Meath. LUCY MACARTNEY-FILGATE.

ROOSTING STARLINGS

SIR,—Can any of your numerous readers tell me the best way to prevent starlings settling in a plantation ?

A covert which I planted in Jubilee year was absolutely ruined by starlings roosting in it about fifteen years ago, and every spruce and larch was killed.

I have two coverts now about 300 yards apart, having been planted 30 years, and if the starlings are disturbed by firing they migrate to the other one. Farmers complain that they do injury to the young wheat.

If any of your readers have had a similar experience, and can give me some idea how to get rid of the starlings I shall be obliged.

Yours faithfully,
Swinfen Hall, Lichfield. M. A. SWINFEN-BROWN (Lieut.-Colonel).

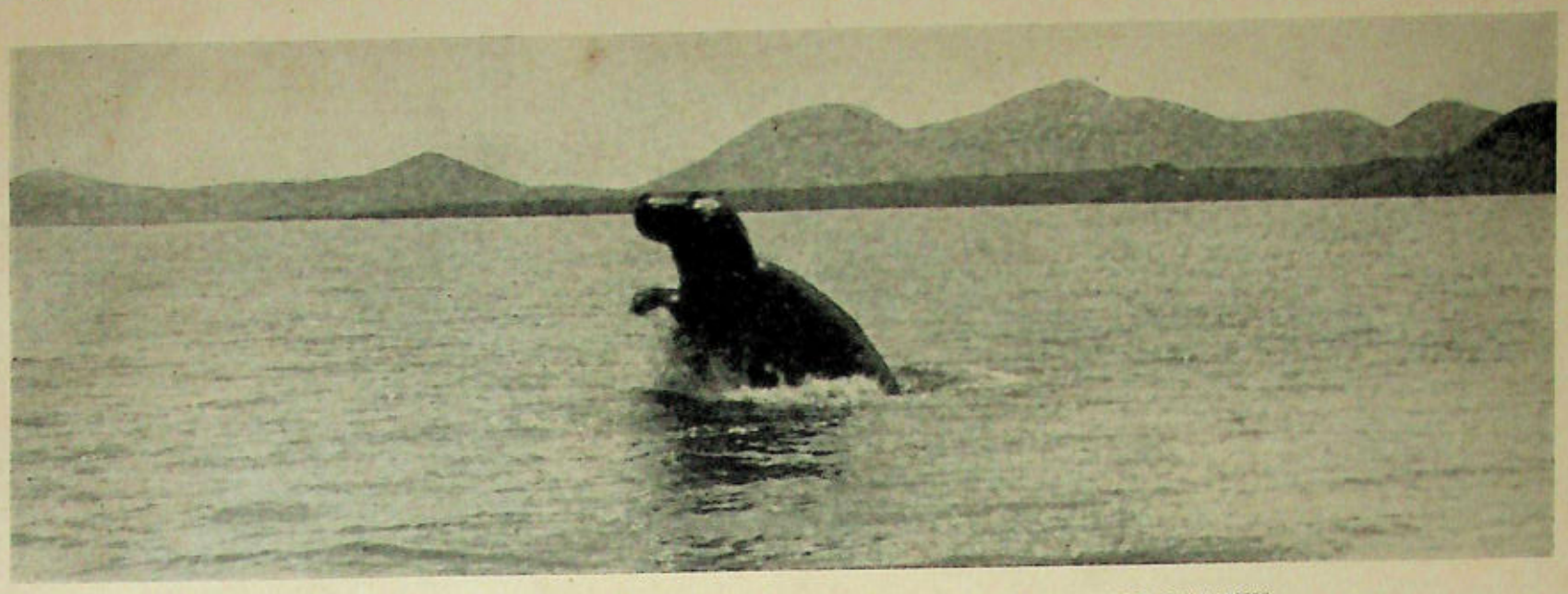
BADGER AS PET

SIR,—It is well known that the badger makes a very companionable pet, and the enclosed photograph is a splendid illustration of that fact. A Co. Louth farmer has had this badger for fifteen years, and it follows him about like a dog. As can be seen, it has no objection at all to being handled by its master. Yours truly,

42, O'Daly Road, Dublin. H. BRAINE.



FRIENDS OF LONG STANDING
(See Letter "Badger as Pet")



CERTAINLY OF MONSTER-LIKE PROPORTIONS, BUT HARDLY WHAT WE EXPECT FROM LOCH NESS
(See Letter "The Loch Ness Monster?")

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER ?

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an animal that I have seen in a lake, but unless I am mistaken it was some distance from Loch Ness.

Yours faithfully,
SINCLAIR PAYNE.
Upton,
Co. Cork.

[It seems hardly likely that the Loch Ness Monster should be a hippopotamus.—ED.]

HEAD AND BODY SHOTS AT ELEPHANT

SIR,—I should like to answer Mr. Theobald's letter in your issue of November 11th, since I fear it may mislead some beginners at elephant shooting.

A badly placed head shot may lodge in the honeycomb-like tissue above the brain, in which case it is true that little if any inconvenience will be caused to the animal. But it is also possible unhappily to break a jaw, destroy an eye and otherwise cause an elephant grievous pain with a badly aimed head shot.

Moreover many a vicious mankiller has escaped with a head wound and continued his career of crime, owing to an aiming error of inches only, where a body shot placed even a foot or more too high would probably kill him within a few hours if not before.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES MARRIOTT
(Major).
Risalpur.

HISTORIC SHOOTING

SIR,—The letter under the above heading—which appeared in the *Field* of November 11th—reminded me of certain correspondence which I received when compiling the second edition of my book *Record Bags and Shooting Records*.

I have now written to my correspondent—Mr. T. R. Ker—who has replied that he has shot the following birds, on the wing, with a rifle: Capercaillies, blackgame, pheasants, woodcock and woodpigeons with a .295 rook-rifle; and grouse, partridges, wigeon, tufted ducks, and woodpigeons with a .22 Winchester automatic. He writes "the tip is to forget you have a rifle in your hand, but just throw it up as you would a gun and never try to draw a bead on the bird," and he adds (although he is now 78 years of age), "I have not got a flying snipe yet with the rifle, but I must have another go before I die."

Yours truly,
HUGH S. GLADSTONE.
Capenoch,
Penpont, Dumfries.

PARTRIDGES IN 1933

SIR,—It is known that 1933 has not been a very good all-round year, and here (the well-known Grange Estate), where record bags have been made, I stopped shooting after 100 brace six weeks ago.

May I suggest, at any rate in the South, that no more are shot this season, and that systematic feeding proceeds instead.

Yours faithfully,
P. STANLEY MAY.
Swarraton,
Near Alresford, Hants.

BUTTERFLIES IN SUSSEX

SIR,—Some two years ago, I wrote to you of the, to me then, unique experience of seeing a white admiral in the garden. Since then several specimens have appeared here.

On two occasions, as many as four of these butterflies have been seen together on a blackberry bush in this neighbourhood. The curator of the local museum told me that he had had a similar experience last summer. I should be interested to know whether this handsome butterfly has appeared in other parts of England in increased numbers.

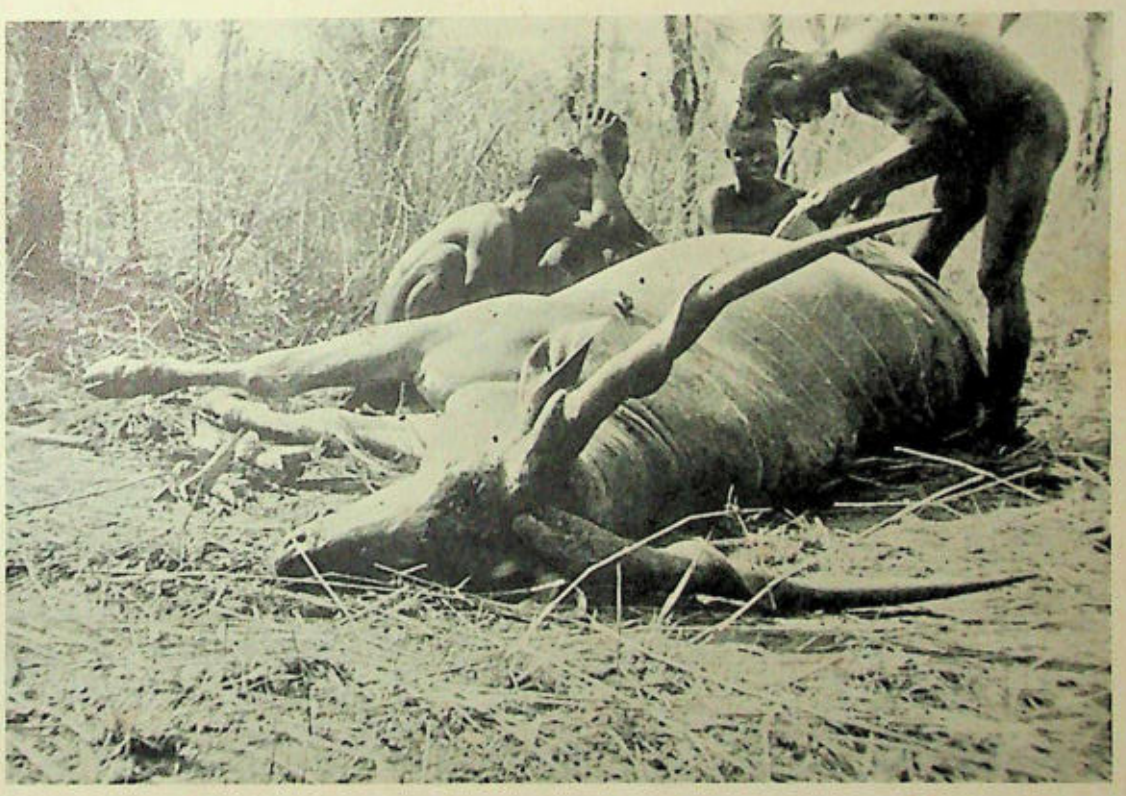
At the end of the summer, I saw a butterfly that I have only seen once before—a large tortoiseshell. I was able to get a good view of it as it flew about in one of the lanes near here.

Was I exceptionally fortunate or merely exceptionally unfortunate or unobservant before?

Yours faithfully,
HENEAGE WHEELER
(Major).
Bexhill-on-Sea.

THE GIANT ELAND

SIR,—I am sending you herewith a photograph of one of the giant elands that I had the fortune to kill. This one was a male, four or five years of age, whose horns measured respectively 90 and 91 centimetres. Its measurements at the withers were 1 metre 73 centimetres. I shot it on April 6th, 1931, on the banks of the River Loubo. The animal belonged to a small herd of five or six, which I had observed four or five days previously, but which took me some days to come up with.



A FRENCH SPORTSMEN'S FINE TROPHY
(See Letter "The Giant Eland")

I may say, incidentally, that the giant eland is by no means rare in French Equatorial Africa; the natives kill many of them, but Europeans have less chance of seeing them, though one comes upon fresh tracks almost every day.

Yours faithfully,
JEAN LEBAUDY.
15, Avenue Foch,
Paris, 16ème.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—You have recently published letters regarding the breeding of skewbald horses. The following may be of interest.

My grandfather used to drive a team of skewbalds. He bred from some of the mares, which produced progeny of their own colour only when mated with half-bred horses. Their stock by thoroughbred sires were invariably whole-coloured.

This, perhaps, illustrates the potency of thoroughbred blood.

Yours truly,
MIDDLETON.
Birdsall House,
Malton, Yorks.

THE EFFECTS OF WHISTLING ON WILD ANIMALS

SIR,—I was greatly interested in your correspondent's account of how a herd of buffalo were frightened off by whistling. Whistling is put to profitable use by kangaroo hunters in the Australian bush, and it is called "whistling up."

When kangaroos are bounding away from or across the front of the hunter, they offer a nearly impossible target, but a single long-drawn-out whistle will cause them to stop and sit up, for perhaps half-a-minute, just long enough to get in a shot, then they are away again at an increased speed. That is, of course, if the bullet had failed to find its billet.

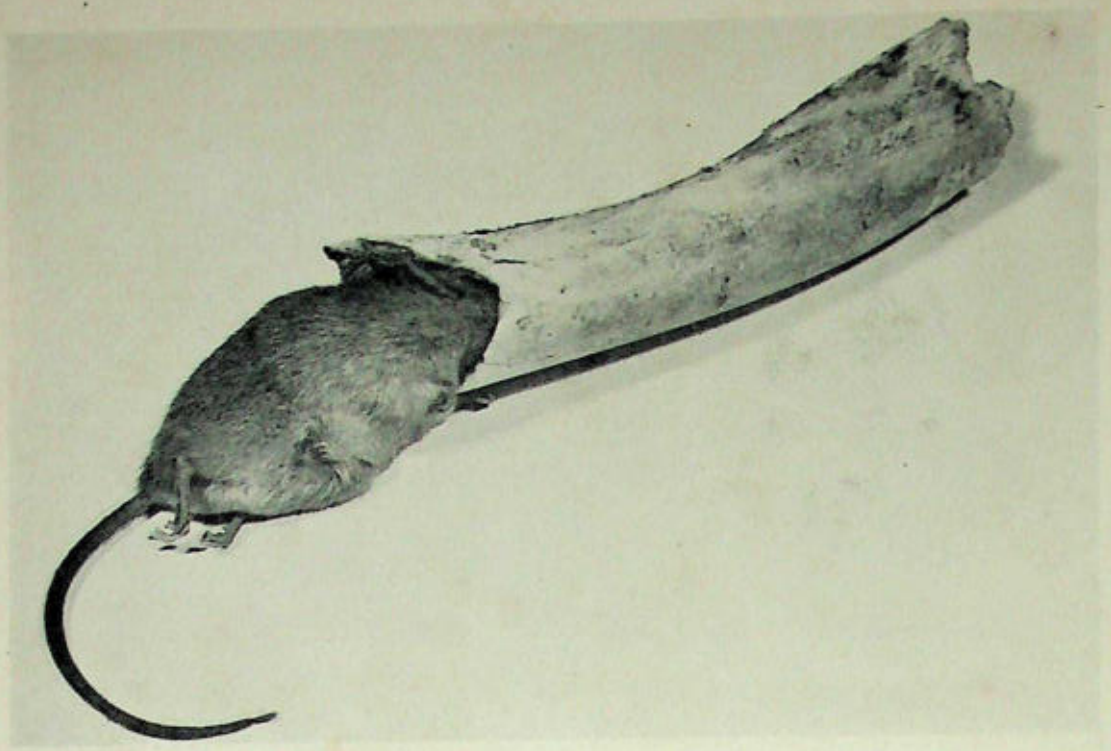
I have tried the same trick on wallabies, but although these smaller animals strongly resemble the kangaroos in build and habit, whistling has little or no effect on them.

Yours faithfully,
W. B. BROWN.
Alresford, Hants.

HANDLEY CROSS

SIR,—I have just noticed Mr. Bowen's letter, which is open to misconstruction, in your issue of December 2nd. I did not say in my article that Handley Cross, which, of course, was an imaginary place, was actually Leamington, but merely founded on it, for which assertion I once had the authority of one of Robert Surtees' closest relations.

Yours faithfully,
P. S.
Yorks.



TRAP AND BAIT IN ONE
(See Letter "Unusual Cause of Death")

AN IMPALED BEETLE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a dorbeetle impaled on one of the barbs of a strand of wire in a fence some distance from the highway.

Possible solutions as to the cause of its unfortunate decease may be either that it was placed on the barb by some human agent, or that it was unfortunate enough to fly so hard on to the barb that its armour was pierced in the joint where the head joins the thorax. In view of the position of the fence I consider the latter to be the most likely. Death, however, could not have been instantaneous as the beetle had folded its wings.

A friend suggested that it was the work of a shrike. This I think is most unlikely, but it would be interesting to have other opinions on the matter.

Yours faithfully,
Rotherwick, H. C. D. HAYTER.
Basingstoke, Hants.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Fawcett's letter in a recent issue concerning the "Squire's Pew," there is a possibly more unique example in the church of St. Mary, Langley.

The pew is situated on the south side of the church, entrance being by a private door from the outside. The worshippers sit behind a close lattice-work grille; they are unable to see the clergyman, and few of the general congregation.

Sidesmen collecting alms have to walk up a flight of steps, pass through iron gates and receive the offerings through the grille. On the walls on either side of the pew are painted eyes, on each of which is written "God sees all."

The pew formerly belonged to the Kederminster family, but is now the property of the Harvey family of Langley Park.

Yours faithfully,
Melton Lodge, PHILIP EDWARDS.
Langley, Bucks.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Earliest Days of Hunting.—In your recent account of Badminton and the Dukes of Beaufort, you had, of course, many references to the earliest days of foxhunting. Does not the following extract from Lee's *History of Tetbury* put the date back a bit? "Churchwarden's Accounts, 1687.—Pd for ffour ffoxes heads to Mr. Huntley's man, and 12 to the Duke of Beaufort's man—00.16.00." You may care to have this rather interesting little account.—E. HENRY, Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

Sir John Ross.—Can any reader assist me in getting a copy of a poem on the Antarctic explorer Sir John Ross, the opening lines of which run as follows: "'Let us on, let us on,' said the stout Sir John, 'While the blossom is on the Lea.'" We have taken in the *Field* since the inception of the S.A.P. Club.—H. BRODRICK, South African Party Club, Johannesburg.

Acclimatisation of Grouse.—I wonder if any of your readers know whether any attempts have ever been made to introduce grouse into South Africa, and, if so, what methods of transport, etc., were adopted and whether the birds survived?—J. GRAHAM, Linquenda, Elgin, Cape Province, South Africa.

Unusual Cause of Death.—I enclose the body of a mouse caught and killed in eating the marrow from a mutton bone. It was found on December 13th in my dog's loose box. It may be of interest to your readers, as I should say the cause of death is unique.—C. M. LUCAS CALCRAFT, Ancaster, Grantham.

Little Owl and Barn Owl.—In connection with the recent editorial paragraph anent Major Hills and the little owl, it may be of interest that the county councils who have not listed this species for protection have been the means of re-establishing the barn owl in some districts. In this neighbourhood the little owl has been severely dealt with and the barn owl has reappeared. This is also reported to be the case near Pershore, in Worcestershire. It is hoped that these instances will encourage others to combat the little owl menace.—H. L. ELWELL, Lechlade.

Marked Blackbirds.—On November 30th, a dead blackbird was found by a workman at Kempton Park, Sunbury-on-Thames (fourteen miles from London), carrying a ring marked "Vogelwarte, Helgoland, 742, 143." About ten days previously another blackbird had been picked up along the same hedge. This bird, also, was carrying a ring marked "Helgoland," but unfortunately I have not the remaining particulars of this ring.—HENRY HYDE, Kempton Park, Sunbury-on-Thames.



HOW DID IT GET THERE?
(See Letter "An Impaled Beetle")

A Kingfisher Fatality.—The recent hard weather took heavy toll of bird life. On December 14th, on the half-frozen River Teify, an ice floe was seen carrying on its way down-stream the body of a dead kingfisher.—L. N., Carmarthenshire.

December Ducklings.—On December 20th I saw two separate families of young ducks on Weymouth Lake. One family might have been a month old, but the other could not have been hatched more than three weeks. Surely this is rather remarkable?—G. M. S., Portland, Dorset.

IN THE CITY

WHAT OF 1934?

NINETEEN THIRTY-FOUR will be a currency year. Whether the year will prove one of disappointment to the investing public or whether the optimism of the present time will prove justified, largely depends, in the writer's opinion, on the success or otherwise of the efforts that will be made during the year to provide for the free movement of capital from one country to another. It is obvious that the currency of no country can have a stable value until the finances of that country are on a sound basis and until the budget of that country is balanced. It cannot be stressed too often that we, as a country, cannot hope to regain our former prosperity, while the rest of the world remains engulfed in financial confusion, and while other countries cannot export capital with which to pay for our manufactures. The scope for further improvement in industrial conditions in this country, without a substantial increase in the volume of international trade, now appears to be very limited, and it seems therefore that the British Investor may be forced to be more concerned with foreign affairs during the new year than appears necessary at present.

According to the Actuaries Index the average yield now obtainable on a representative list of British Industrial ordinary shares at current price levels is a very few pence over 3½ per cent., or in other words little more than that obtainable on British Government securities, and the task of making selections for those who wish to invest money with a view to capital appreciation during the year is not easy. It is most important to remember that the knowledge that the trade and future prospects of some company are improving does not necessarily imply that the ordinary shares of that company are worth buying. It may be that the market price of the shares *already* discounts any reasonable expectation of improvement or recovery in the fortunes of the company in question.

INVESTMENT POLICY

If the view is even approximately correct that the fortunes of British Industry cannot continue to recover much further unless the conditions of world trade improve, there is much to be said for the seemingly logical deduction that a purchase at a low price of the shares of British Companies carrying on a business of an international character, or operating abroad, entails no greater risk, while offering scope for greater capital appreciation, than a purchase at high price levels, of the shares of those companies which have already felt the benefit of trade improvement in this country.

Those who invest money in ordinary stocks or shares to-day must choose between three types of risk. The first, the risk of a substantial setback that might well be occasioned in the price levels of first-class industrial ordinary shares by a reversal of market sentiment, and a less optimistic feeling regarding the *pace* of the industrial recovery. The second, the more assessable industrial risk entailed by the purchase of the shares of a company that is only just beginning to earn satisfactory profits and which may or may not pay a dividend for some time. Thirdly, the currency and political risks incurred by the purchase of the securities of a company trading abroad, or partly trading abroad. Of the three types the second is perhaps the least dangerous, and the most business-like under current conditions, but very careful selection is necessary of the particular stock or share. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule and occasionally it is possible to indicate a security that offers scope for appreciation, and which does not seem to inflict undue risk of any type on its holder.

As regards first-class fixed interest bearing securities the aim of the investor must be to avoid ultimate capital depreciation, though there still seems no reason to expect any substantial set-back in the price levels of gilt-edged securities in the relatively near future. Those in search of a high yield, combined with reasonable safety, should endeavour to pick out a preference stock or share, obtainable about or under par, the dividend on which seems likely to be amply covered in the future, although it may not have been fully earned during the last year or so.

A more specific indication of an investment policy suitable under current conditions and in the light of the views expressed above will be set out in a subsequent note. PACTOLUS.

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BEATING FOR TIGER

The Result of a Well-Ordered Plan of Campaign

OUR party consisted of A., the Forest Officer, and his wife; B., a visiting official; and C., a girl out in India for a holiday. A. was keen on his wife shooting her first tiger; B. wanted "a real big one"; C. was anxious to see all the *tamasha* (show). Two men experienced in such matters were told to watch for any signs of tiger in the shooting block. Meanwhile A. and B. continued ordinary routine work, as they could not spare any too much time at that season of the year.

Luck now favoured us. Early one morning the two men hurried back to camp to say they had found the remains of a fresh kill. Medium-size pug marks (later verified as those of a tigress) had been tracked for some distance, and it was obvious that the animal was lying up in a dense patch of cover consisting of high grass, swampland and cane-brake.

The lie of the land was already known to A., and he realised that a very small beat, if skilfully managed, would be sufficient to get the tigress out in the open. He decided the whole thing could be worked by about 20 men with the help of the three available elephants. The stops would be the key to the whole situation.

So by three o'clock that afternoon everything was in readiness. The tigress would either attempt to break out towards the forest where the five stops could turn her back into the beat, or else she might walk out when she came to the light cover along the bank of the stream. After arranging everything, A. joined his wife in Machan 1, B. and C. sat in Machan 2 (see diagram 1).

The beat began with the three elephants in the middle ploughing through the worst places. Soon one stop, and then another, began to clap his hands. This was repeated after a few minutes, so it was clear that the tigress was trying to break in that direction as anticipated. Now the sound of shouting men, the beating of an old tin, an occasional shot into impenetrable cane-brake, elephants crashing through the swampy places, could be heard approaching nearer and nearer. There was still no sign of the beast. Had she broken back or crouched unseen in one of the patches of cane-brake? In another few moments the whole show would be over.

Suddenly A.'s wife whispered: "Here she comes!" Ah! What a grand sight! The tigress quietly walked out of the last patch of heavy grass in front of Machan 1, and she stood just for a few seconds looking over the open plain. A.'s wife seized her chance and drew a quick bead on the deadly spot just behind the shoulder. The bullet from the ·350 Rigby went true, and the tigress dropped in her tracks. She gave a few convulsive kicks and then the great tawny beast lay still. The excitement was all over and success had followed luck.

But more was to follow. The next morning the same two men again came to say they had found fresh pug marks of a tiger and tigress. They had followed the tracks and found they led into a likely-looking place where the animals would undoubtedly lie up for the day.

A. was very doubtful as to the possibilities of a good beat. Diagram 2 will show the difficulties: (1) One mile made an exceptionally long beat. (2) There were dense patches of cane-brake and tiger grass. (3) Besides the 75 beaters, at least 50 men would be required as stops, for the hunted ones would instinctively make for the forest or the high grass rather than cross an open fire line. It would cost more money for so many men, but it was an interesting experiment and well worth trying. The eventual plan of action decided upon can also be seen in diagram 2: A.'s wife, in Machan 1, and B., in Machan 2, were to try again. It was a toss-up as to which rifle had the best position. If the two animals came out, then both of them might get a shot.

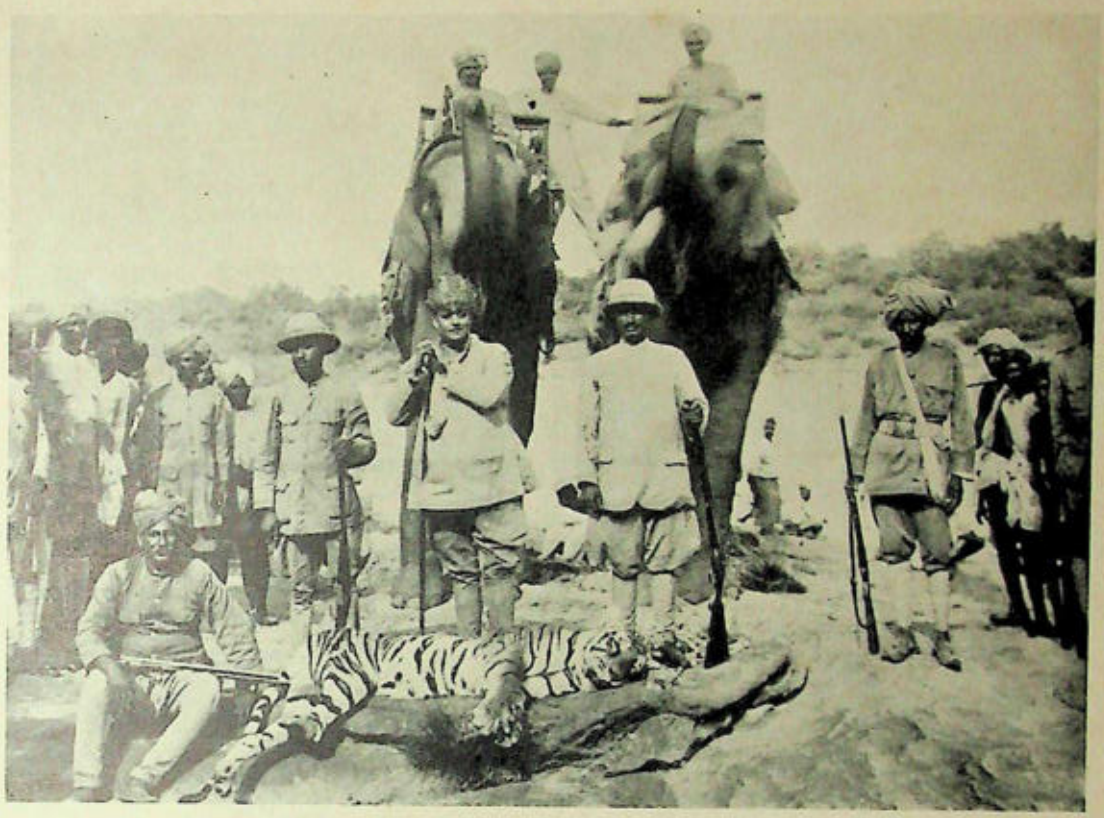
One forgotten instruction made the beat much more exciting and interesting. The stops had not been told to let other animals pass, so that every few minutes they were clapping hands and there was much rustling of the undergrowth in front of Machan 1 and rushings about in the heavy grass before Machan 2. First of all a herd of nilgai appeared. They came walking along one behind the other, right in front of the motionless watchers. They looked back towards the startling noises in the rear, then peered across the line. The leader decided it was safe, and away they dashed, heads high and tails swishing. Next came a magnificent sambhur stag. He crept quietly through the bushes, his noble head held low. He, too, gazed all round most suspiciously, and then crashed across the line.

But suddenly fingers tightened on rifles and hearts gave a jump. The grey apes had begun to "cough," an unmistakable signal of tiger being seen by them. A stop clapped urgently and something rushed into the grass just in front of Machan 2. Then a soft pattering over dry leaves was heard, and Machan 1 was "at the ready." With a tremendous clatter up flew several peafowl, and hearts gave another big thud. This happened several times and everybody's nerves began to feel a bit shattered! More rustling about came from the left of the beat and the stops were demonstrating on that side.

The grey apes coughed and chattered unceasingly; the beat drew closer and closer with the deafening din made by 75 men shouting, beating tins, and whacking sticks against the thick bushes. The line came in sight, and only a few yards of undergrowth and the big patch of tiger grass in front of Machan 2 remained. Suddenly there was a "Whoof-whoof!" and a flashing yellow form leaping across the line right under Machan 2. B. swung round quickly and fired. It may have been a lucky shot, but it was a very fine one, for the tiger simply went head over heels and then lay motionless. It was a tremendous finale to one of the most exciting beats possible.

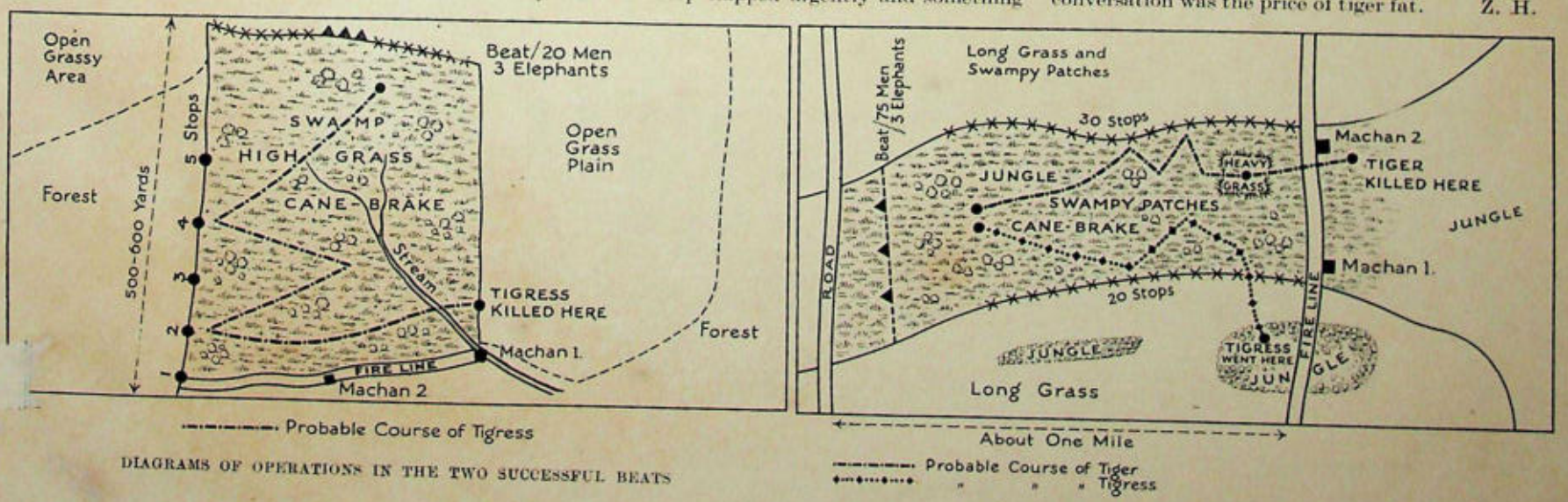
Nothing was seen of the tigress, but A. was pretty certain she had gone back and broken out quietly on the left just after the stops clapped on that side. Considering the country, it had been a tremendous triumph to get the tiger to go in the right direction.

Everybody was late to bed that night. In the bungalow the "sahib-log" sat and talked of tiger—how A.'s arrangements had carried through marvellously well, how his wife had bagged her tigress of 8ft. 5in., and B. had shot a big male of 9ft. 6in., both measured between pegs; and as for C., she had had the thrill of her life. Outside, servants and followers were grouped round the flickering wood fires. Here the absorbing topic of conversation was the price of tiger fat. Z. H.



THE DEATH OF A MAN-EATER

This tiger was badly wounded in the leg by the Maharaja Kara of Jhalawar in Rajputana two years ago; it can be seen from the photograph that the rear leg is injured. As the result he became a man-eater and was known to have killed at least five men and 100 goats and bullocks. He was eventually killed by the Maharaja (who is seen in the centre of the group) after a great deal of difficulty, as he attacked at sight and was very fierce, which made beating difficult. He measured 9ft. between pegs and had abnormally long teeth



DIAGRAMS OF OPERATIONS IN THE TWO SUCCESSFUL BEATS

New Books

SOME AMERICAN NATURE LOVERS

College at Eton—Our "Hardy Annuals"

WE have no body in this country analogous to the Boone and Crockett Club of the United States. It was founded in 1887 by Theodore Roosevelt, ostensibly to promote sport with the rifle and travel and researches in natural history. To become a member it is necessary to have killed in fair chase a male of three of the species of American big game. To-day its energies are chiefly directed towards the conservation of wild life.

From time to time this body has produced a volume of contributions from its members, and very interesting reading they make. The new volume, the seventh, has not fallen below the standard of its predecessors. Edited by Mr. George Crinnell, Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, Mr. Redmond Cross and Mr. Prentiss Cray (four names that inspire confidence), it contains thirteen contributions drawn from all parts of the two hemispheres.

Perhaps the most melancholy reading is the first chapter—"The Vanished Game of Yesterday," by Mr. Madison Grant. He traces the disappearance of game in the Americas which was abundant till quite recent years, and he points out that big-game shooting inevitably reduces the size of trophies. "The collection of giant Red Deer antlers in the Castle of Moritzburg, near Dresden, contains huge specimens of antlers, collected 300 years ago, which simply do not exist on living animals in Europe to-day. This decline in size is the result of hunting for trophies. Such hunting kills the finest bulls with the finest antlers, and leaves the breeding to be done by the inferior males. The inevitable result is an ever-increasing decline in the size and vigour of the stock." Mr. Grant points out the parallel that can be drawn with conditions in North America.

Mr. Kermit Roosevelt contributes a very readable chapter on his pursuit of the giant panda, the black and white bear of the Chino-Tibetan frontier, which covers ground made familiar to many readers by his book on the expedition. There are two chapters devoted to the giant sable, one from the pen of Mr. Prentiss Cray, who made the journey overland from Mombasa to Angola, and the other by Mr. Charles Curtis. Both these accounts seem to suggest that the preservation of this magnificent animal, only to be found in Portuguese Angola, leaves much to be desired. Mr. C. D. Pope contributes an interesting account of an expedition after volcano sheep in Mexico. As he points out, the ordinary big-game hunter associates the pursuit of the wild sheep with icy mountain tops rather than the arid adobe plains of Mexico, and there is an equally interesting account of ibex and *poli* shooting in the Thian Shan by Benjamin Chen—an expedition of 1909. The term *poli* is, incidentally, an error, as the true *poli* is found only in the Pamirs. The author describes how a sudden puff of his wind having been carried to a large herd of ibex from the rear, they charged straight on to him. He found himself surrounded by ibex on all sides, appearing and disappearing, and managed to shoot six—rather more than some people might consider necessary under the circumstances. On this expedition his best head, though unable to come up to the 60in. record of the Roosevelt expedition of 1924, had the magnificent tip to tip spread of 46in.

This is a very readable book and one which all big-game shooters may buy fully assured that they are certain to find in its varied contents much that is of interest. R. M.

Hunting Trails on Three Continents. (Obtainable at Windward House, 127, East 34th Street, New York City; $3.50.)

A SCHOOL WITHIN A SCHOOL

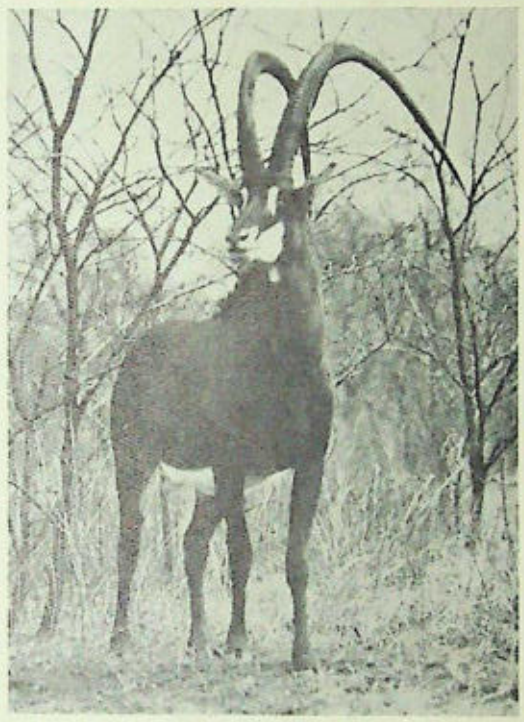
Tracing a Sturdy Tradition

IT is fashionable, especially among writers in highbrow weeklies and reviews, to attack the Public Schools. Where the names of the critics are given, they are usually unknown, and, if known, unconvincing. For from internal evidence it appears that they fall into two classes: those who have not been to Public Schools and know little about them, and those who have been to Public Schools and done little good, either to their school or themselves. In stud book language such criticism may be described as by Ignorance out of Envy, dam by Inferiority Complex out of General Inefficiency.

Of course, all the critics are not failures. For instance, one who supplies to *Who's Who* an imposing list of publications and may, therefore, be considered a success, states that he was "educated during the holidays from Eton," a phrase no doubt intended to damn. If Eton taught him to write and think, even in the holidays, he has need for gratitude rather than a sneer.

He was an Oppidan. But many Collegers would also say that what Eton gives is opportunity, and ability, to teach oneself—which is, possibly, the best sort of education. It is significant that though College has produced some not unknown scholars, Mr. Parker does not devote any of his 24 chapters to school work or education in the narrower sense. It is taken for granted as one factor out of many which go to the production not of a type (how the critics hate their imaginary Public School type), but of a supply of men fit to serve God in Church and State. And this was, after all, if the Bidding Prayer does not lie, the intention of all Pious Founders.

Now, if the critics were anything but destructive, if their object was anything but to drive everyone into State educational establishments staffed by Socialistic teachers for the better propagation of Socialism, they could learn much from Mr. Parker's book. For here is a description such as we have never had before, strictly documented, giving the



A TRIUMPH OF TAXIDERMY—A GIANT SABLE IN THE FIELD MUSEUM OF CHICAGO
(*From "Hunting Trails on Three Continents"*)

good and the bad, of the very heart and core of a great Public School. Not a history from the beginning, but a vivid sketch of the comparatively short period covered by the records. And the records, supplemented by Mr. Parker's own recollections and one or two interesting letters from the oldest surviving Collegers, are allowed to tell the story themselves.

That story would seem valuable to most people who do not hold *a priori* views on education, and who dislike what exists just because it exists. The book "opens a window," as the Provost has said, "into the life of a community" to which most ordinary people would be proud to belong. Here we are shown successive generations of King Henry's 70 poor scholars, forming a body with most marked corporate traditions in, and of, a great school; neither despising nor toadying the enormously larger mass of Oppidans, even if themselves despised (by the baser sort only) because they fulfil King Henry's condition of poverty. They are seen taking their games, and their traditional duty of upholding College against the Oppidans therein, with intense seriousness as befits youth. And yet rejoicing in the larger allegiance at all times, and especially when a Colleger is chosen to play for the School.

It is true that in the reports of Debates in College Pop, in the comments of the captains of the School in College Annals, there is a reflection in the views of each generation as it passes, of the opinion of the outside world; the sturdy middle-class individualism of the nineteenth century, the imperialism of its close, the half-baked Socialism of the post-war years. But always there are rebels and eager spirits who speak and vote against the tendency of the day; there is none of that moulding to a common type which highbrows pronounce to be the bane of the Public Schools; and yet (except perhaps during the short Socialist blight), there is always, too, an undertone of pride and belief in the College tradition.

It is not the least of the merits of Mr. Parker's book that, by skilful selection among a mass of material, he has brought out that striking variety and that fundamental unity of College. Less sure, less ably loving hands might have produced a mere compilation of names and dates which, however interesting to old Collegers, would have told the world nothing to make it think the record worth while. It is a tribute to Mr. Parker that one, at least, who is not an old Colleger, found, and thought well worth finding, that he gained from this book an insight into the minds of successive generations of King's Scholars. Let us hope, however much we love the Oppidans, that the change of system which has so modified the free education bequeathed by King Henry's bounty, may not result in the "Oppidanisation" of College. For College tradition is not only a great thing in itself; it is a defence for Eton against the enemy outside the gate.

College at Eton. By Eric Parker. (Macmillan and Co.; 7/6.)

BRITISH SHRUBS AND TREES

A Great Gardening Book

EVER since its publication twenty years ago Mr. Bean's magnificent work has been the standard authority on the trees and shrubs hardy in these islands. It is an indispensable book. The garden world is now indebted to this great authority for a third volume in which he treats of the numerous new species introduced during the last two decades, and in addition he discusses a large number of species which need a climate milder than that of Kew. This volume is as indispensable as the first two. Further, the historical section is now carried on to include notes on the contributions of the modern collectors and writers—Reginald Farrer, E. H. M. Cox, William Purdom, Frank N. Meyer, George Forrest, Francis Kingdon Ward, Harold F. Comber and J. F. C. Rock.

Few large gardens in these islands have yet recovered wholly from the effects of the Great War, and owing to the financial depression expenses incurred in the upkeep of gardens of all sizes have now to be curtailed to the minimum. Excessively costly hot-houses run on the scale of Victorian times are now few, and it is doubtful whether they will ever become general again. Owners of large gardens have been swift to discover that shrub gardens are not only the least costly of gardens but in many ways the most interesting. It is a thousand pities that shrubs—especially small decorative shrubs—are not more commonly grown in gardens of moderate size. The range is still curiously limited, yet a judicious choice would afford flowers the year round with the minimum of labour for upkeep. More shrubs and trees have been introduced during this century than any other plants. Though the larger species can be grown only in large gardens, there are hundreds of smaller species, valuable alike for their foliage and their flowers, which afford a vast choice to owners of small plots.

In many large gardens herbaceous borders are backed by evergreen shrubs. Not only do they afford the herbaceous subjects a rich background, but they are a protection from cutting winds. Though there may not always be room for such an arrangement in a garden of moderate size, small shrubs judiciously chosen and placed are an asset to the mixed border. In midwinter herbaceous borders are devoid of interest, but evergreen shrubs afford foliage and colour. E. S. R.

Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles. By W. J. Bean. Volume III. (John Murray; 36/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Once more *The Hunting Diary and Guide* (Goldsmith & Co., 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. 2) has made its welcome appearance. The list of Hunt establishments of the United Kingdom and abroad appear in full, the information regarding Hunt subscriptions has been much amplified, and the other features of the book much enlarged. A convenient handbook for all hunting people, the cost is a nominal one—5/- net.

A Short History of Gardens, by H. N. Wethered (Methuen & Co.; 12/6), deals with the history of gardens from a new and very interesting angle. The author says much of the great men associated with gardening—Solomon, Queen Hatshesut, the two Plinys, down to modern times. The chapters on "The Jewelled Tree," "The Carpet of King Chosroes," and "Monastery and Orchard Gardens" are particularly attractive.

DON'T BE VAGUE
ORDER HAIG

Right and Left



Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



THE CRIMEAN SNOWDROP, *GALANTHUS PLICATUS*, WHICH WAS SENT TO THIS COUNTRY DURING THAT WAR, IS A LARGE FLOWERING VARIETY

The Country House

SNOWDROPS: NATIVE AND FOREIGN SPECIES

Hints on Planting

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

NOTWITHSTANDING all the new introductions, the snowdrop is our true herald of spring, and the majority of the species are in bloom during January and the first week in February. The grace and loveliness of this flower can scarcely be better expressed than by the English name "snowdrop," for the word suggests winter and snow, the gentle beauty of the flower, and the "drop" which is its characteristic feature.

The snowdrop arrays herself at her first coming forth above ground in a mantle of transparent silver. How frail this seems, yet how perfectly it has protected the wax-like tips of the two tiny leaves, now thrusting themselves through the earth, bearing between them and completely sheltering their precious burden, the flower. She throws aside her gauze-like mantle and the white-tipped leaves disclose themselves. The flower-stalk outgrows them swiftly, the flower itself wrapped in a protecting sheath, partly green and partly transparent. The bud, up to the moment of unfolding, is borne upright, but when the sheath slits, the bud hangs downwards, whilst the sheath itself remains as a shield above the flower and sets forth its beauty.

Seen at a little distance, what lovelier than these delicate flowers swinging joyously on their slender stalks? The soft, snow-white petals delicately curved inwards, hanging like a bell, or wide-spread like a canopy when the flower is fully out, sway in the lightest breeze above the leaves. And what else in mid-winter can compare with the exquisite beauties hidden till one looks closely into the flower; the inner petals ribbed within and without with emerald green, the vivid orange of the stamens, the minute pistil in the centre of the dainty cup? The snowdrop is indeed "all glorious within."

Snowdrops are not much frequented by bees, but it is fascinating to watch them alight on a flower and emerge, dusted with the pollen wherewith other snowdrops will be fertilised. Snowdrops do not open till about ten in the morning, the time when the hive bees sally forth on a sunny day in winter. But the snowdrop does not depend only on insects, for, if not visited by them, the golden dust falls from the stamens on to the sticky pistil and the diminutive pearl-like seeds in the green ovary are fertilised.

The snowdrop has many names. In my childhood they were called "Candlemas bells" in Gloucestershire. Their best known country names are "Fair Maids of February" and "Our Lady's Fair Maids." Although associated with the Mother of Our Lord, the snowdrop was curiously seldom used as a symbol in pictures of the Madonna. To this, however, there is one notable exception. In the well-known "Madonna of the Strawberries," at Soleure (by an unknown fifteenth century master), wherein the Madonna is represented sitting on a raised bed covered with wild strawberries, a small figure of the donor is depicted kneeling amidst growing tufts of snowdrops.

According to tradition, when the Blessed Virgin went to visit her cousin Elizabeth, snowdrops blossomed wherever her feet had trodden. Another legend tells us that when Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, it was bitter winter without, and snow falling. Eve was overwhelmed with fear, and in mercy God sent an angel to promise her the return of spring in due time. The angel caught some of the flakes as they fell, and they scattered in snowdrops from his hand. S. Francis, it will be remembered, blessed the snowdrops, which he called the emblems of hope, and in his own Umbria they blossom abundantly.

Whether the snowdrop is a native of Britain is still an open question, and it is a strange fact that the flower is not mentioned by the greatest of our flower-loving poets—Chaucer and Shakespeare—but it has been naturalised for so many centuries, at least in parts of these islands, that we regard it as a native flower.

Snowdrops are exceedingly punctual flowers, nor can they be coaxed to flower earlier. Unless the ground be so frozen that they cannot pierce through, they appear at the same time to within a few days every year. Further, they are very contrary, for even in the same district they will flower like weeds in some gardens and even with every care lavished on them, hardly at all in others. Abundant moisture appears to be essential to them. And as Sir Herbert Maxwell pointed out long ago, they will barely live in the Scilly Isles, yet 400 miles farther north, on the misty Atlantic coast, they spread from garden to lawn, from lawn to woodland, and sheet the earth with mimic snow. Snowdrops seem to flourish in the north of England and Scotland better than in the south. Certainly few gardens in the south can show snowdrops growing in such glorious profusion as they do at Kildwick Hall, Airedale, Chillingham Castle, Niddrie, Gorebridge and Dalmeny.

Galanthus plicatus, the Crimean snowdrop, was sent to this country during the Crimean War. This is a large snowdrop and easy to grow, but it flowers late. *G. Elwesii*, one of the handsomest species, is not easy and frequently dies out after a few years. Most snowdrops like a cool, well-drained soil and being planted under deciduous shrubs, but *G. Elwesii* does not flourish under these conditions. In his article on Snowdrops in the *R.H.S. Journal*, 1918, Mr. E. A. Bowles states that he found this species liked a fairly open situation where it was well ripened in summer, that it dies out when planted under shrubs, but seeded and increased well in a very hot and dry position. On steep, well-drained banks in the rock garden, it did well.

G. byzantinus is generally supposed to be a natural hybrid between *G. Elwesii* and *G. plicatus*. It is a valuable garden plant, for it is one of the earliest snowdrop species to flower. The double yellow form of *G. nivalis* is fascinating—the outer petals white, the short inner petals white outside and inside speckled with markings of buttercup-yellow. *G. Sharlokii* has a double sheath over it, and the smallest of all snowdrops is the charming little Valentine, so called because it flowers about February 14th.

In Greece there are snowdrops, growing up in the mountains, which flower early in winter and ripen their seed before the snows come. Those which grow on Mount Hymettus, noted of old for its flowers and honey, were described by Theophrastus three centuries before the Birth of Our Lord.

The best time to divide up snowdrop clumps is immediately after they have finished flowering. New bulbs are usually planted in August or September, but these bulbs should never be kept out of the ground longer than is necessary. In gardens where snowdrop bulbs procured from the usual sources prove a failure it is well worth obtaining plants locally immediately after flowering.

Arrayed in her fragile robes, the snowdrop is a symbol both of the beauty of departing winter and the glory of the yet unseen but surely coming spring. But long before the coming of the spring flowers, this lovely herald disappears from the face of the earth; through the long summer she slumbers and in the cold of next winter we know she will arise serenely confident.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Once again the festive season has come and gone, and I for one am thankful to be able to settle down to work. The Nithsdale system of silver fox farming on the absentee ownership basis is having a very great success. The end of the past year saw the expiry of the period during which foxes could be purchased to rank for a full twelve months' interest, and any animals bought now, under this scheme, will carry nine months only, except as regards those who have already written to me who are still considering the matter, or whose letters from abroad have not as yet reached me.

Regarding fox farming as an occupation, I saw a perfectly beautiful description of a fox farm in an article appearing in a journal published overseas. You woke up in the morning to the sound of the cock's shrill clarion, so to speak, and there, amid scenes of the most wonderful country life, you sprang joyfully from your bed to go down and see how many cubs your pet vixen Ermyntrude had had during the night; the hens were all laying eggs, the cows were giving milk—and everything in the garden was lovely. Yes, I know; but there is another side for the man who comes home and tries to start this business with a few pairs of silver foxes. Here it is: He rises to a hopeless dawn, to go down to the fox kitchen to cut up chunks of great loving bullocks' hearts, and arrives at the ranch with the rain pouring down in sheets, and finds that confounded dog-fox is out in the ranch again, and he has to get busy with a net and catch the brute. This upsets the rest of the stock, and as a result, Ermyntrude has no cubs at all for the year. Then all the cleaning of the pens has to be gone through, and a horrid messy job it is, and a damp one, too, when it is wet. Even when the cubs have arrived, there are some which are weakly and have to have special consideration if they are to be reared to pelting age at all, and some of the best get themselves eaten by their mother; others kilkenny kat themselves and generally a good time is had by all for the first few years. I know, I have had some. It is a long weary job to begin a fox ranch, and it takes a lot of time, knowledge and MONEY. I have not created this undertaking without a lot of heartbreaks. I have had to fight criticism, ridicule, and above all uninformed foolish prejudice. A country life is all very well, and I have no doubt but that there are many now abroad who would like to give up the East and come home and attempt to run a fox ranch in England on a thousand pounds, but IT CANNOT BE DONE. I have consistently fought this belief, and I have given this advice in hundreds of cases to people who have written to me. It is AN EXPERT'S JOB. Otherwise I would not go to the trouble of bringing four men from Prince Edward Island, as I have done this year, to help us raise the finest foxes in the country.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



SCENES LIKE THIS (AT BRAEMAR LAST JANUARY) MAY BE EXPECTED BEFORE THE END OF THE MONTH AT THE SCOTTISH WINTER SPORTS CENTRES

WHY DRIVE CARELESSLY?

A New Year's Resolution for Motorists

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

THOUGHTLESSNESS is responsible for a large proportion of motor accidents, and I would commend the following New Year resolution to all drivers: "Make 1934 the turning point towards road safety by concentrating, always, on the task in hand."

An engine driver cannot afford to let his attention wander from the track ahead, neither can a motorist. Driving a car is a serious business, and should be treated as such. Silly little acts of thoughtlessness should be noted by the police, the offenders cautioned, and flagrant examples prosecuted.

As the law stands at present, the police only have instructions to deal with offences which come under the heading of dangerous driving, and their energies are for the most part concentrated on this in addition to watching out for cars left unattended for longer than the prescribed period.

I should like to see more attention paid to certain very dangerous practices indulged in by motorists, possibly from pure thoughtlessness, but none the less wrong. I have, for example, often found the road in front of me partly blocked by two cars which had been pulled up alongside one another on opposite sides of the road, while their drivers conversed. This is an extremely dangerous proceeding, and should be made a punishable offence. I have seen head-on collisions only just avoided by the drivers of two cars approaching such an obstruction from opposite directions.

Not long ago, I came over the brow of a hill to find the road in front of me completely blocked in this manner. I stopped and pointed out to the drivers the danger that existed, but all I received was abuse hurled at my head. Surely it would have been just as easy if one of the drivers had pulled up a little farther down the road before stopping, thus leaving the highway clear for other traffic.

Another very dangerous practice, even more frequently indulged in, is for a motorist to leave his car by the roadside on a sharp corner. A white line is often painted on the roadway at these points, and this means that the motorist who does this will have to cross over the line if he wishes to continue on his journey, thus putting himself completely in the wrong. To leave a car on a corner should, in any case, be looked upon as a serious offence, and dealt with accordingly, for only thus can a really selfish and inconsiderate driver be forced to think of others.

Nor should anyone be allowed to leave a car on the wrong side of the road, and if this ruling became compulsory we should be free from that constant nuisance of coming slap up against stationary cars at night, their headlamps glaring in the face of oncoming traffic.

Cutting in is another form of inconsiderate driving which should be curbed. After having waited for many minutes in a long queue, it is most annoying to have some selfish driver nose his way past the long stream of traffic in an endeavour to get off the mark before the others. In London I have found that taxi drivers are sometimes very bad offenders in this respect.

Recently, too, I have seen insufficient regard paid to the traffic light signals. Every driver should realise that it is necessary to stop the moment the amber light shows. There will be no value in these signals if a certain percentage of drivers disregard them, and if such drivers are not prosecuted others will follow their example. The police should watch these points occasionally, and take action against offenders.

I understand that at least 40 per cent. of the accidents that take place between motorists are caused primarily through skidding. With present-day knowledge it is a simple matter to surface the roads with a top dressing of granite chips, which, when properly prepared, becomes practically skid proof, no matter whether it is wet or dry.

On the other hand, many roads are still left with a smooth surface, which becomes so slippery when wet that even a car driven by the very best of drivers is liable at any moment to skid badly. Surely this could be remedied?

I have been told by a high authority that the reason for this is due partly to the expense, and partly to the fact that the Ministry of Transport can recommend local authorities to adopt certain measures, but cannot force them to do so. If this is the case, then legislation should be introduced so that matters of this kind can be settled by a governing body operating throughout the country.

A few years ago I was competing in the Irish Grand Prix, which took place in Phœnix Park. A portion of the road had been treated with a non-skidding surface, other parts had not received this attention. On the day of the race heavy rain fell, with the consequence that the non-dressed portions of the road proved veritable death traps, whereas the parts that had been treated were perfectly safe. We had to reduce speed on the dangerous points from 120 m.p.h. to about 60 m.p.h., and even then our cars were shaking about all over the road. In the following year's race the entire circuit had been treated, and I do not think a single skid occurred. This shows what can be done if sufficient trouble is taken, and where



A 1934 CAR'S BAPTISM OF FROST
One of the new cars introduced last autumn—an Austin Twelve-Six Ascot saloon—in a wintry setting

human life is in the balance the question of expense should not enter into the argument.

In conclusion, there is one respect in which the United States is far ahead of this country. This is the manner in which they deal with traffic using minor roads when these join a major one. Every minor road has, at the point where it joins a main thoroughfare, a notice board, on which is painted the word "Stop." A motorist, therefore, who is about to enter a main road, has to pull right up before proceeding. I am sure many accidents are thus avoided.

The law in this country is vague in the extreme on this point. The Highway Code states that all those entering a major road must exercise the utmost caution when so doing. It is obvious that the right of way should be given to those who are using the main road, and a law should be passed to this effect.

"P. N." OF ROLLS-ROYCE

A Great Record

To have been closely identified with the development of motoring from the time when a maximum road speed of four miles an hour only was legal, and then provided the car was preceded by a man with a red flag, is remarkable enough, but to have been a high official of a company such as Rolls-Royce over a quarter of a century ago, when that world-renowned name was quite unheard of, and to have continued that association until the present day, must surely constitute something of a record.

These thoughts passed through my mind on hearing that Mr. Percy Northey, universally known as "P. N.," will, from the beginning of this year, no longer be closely connected with the firm of Rolls-Royce, except in an advisory capacity.

"P. N." first became prominent in motoring circles when a four-wheeled electric dog-cart designed by him obtained the highest award in the Automobile Club Motor Show held

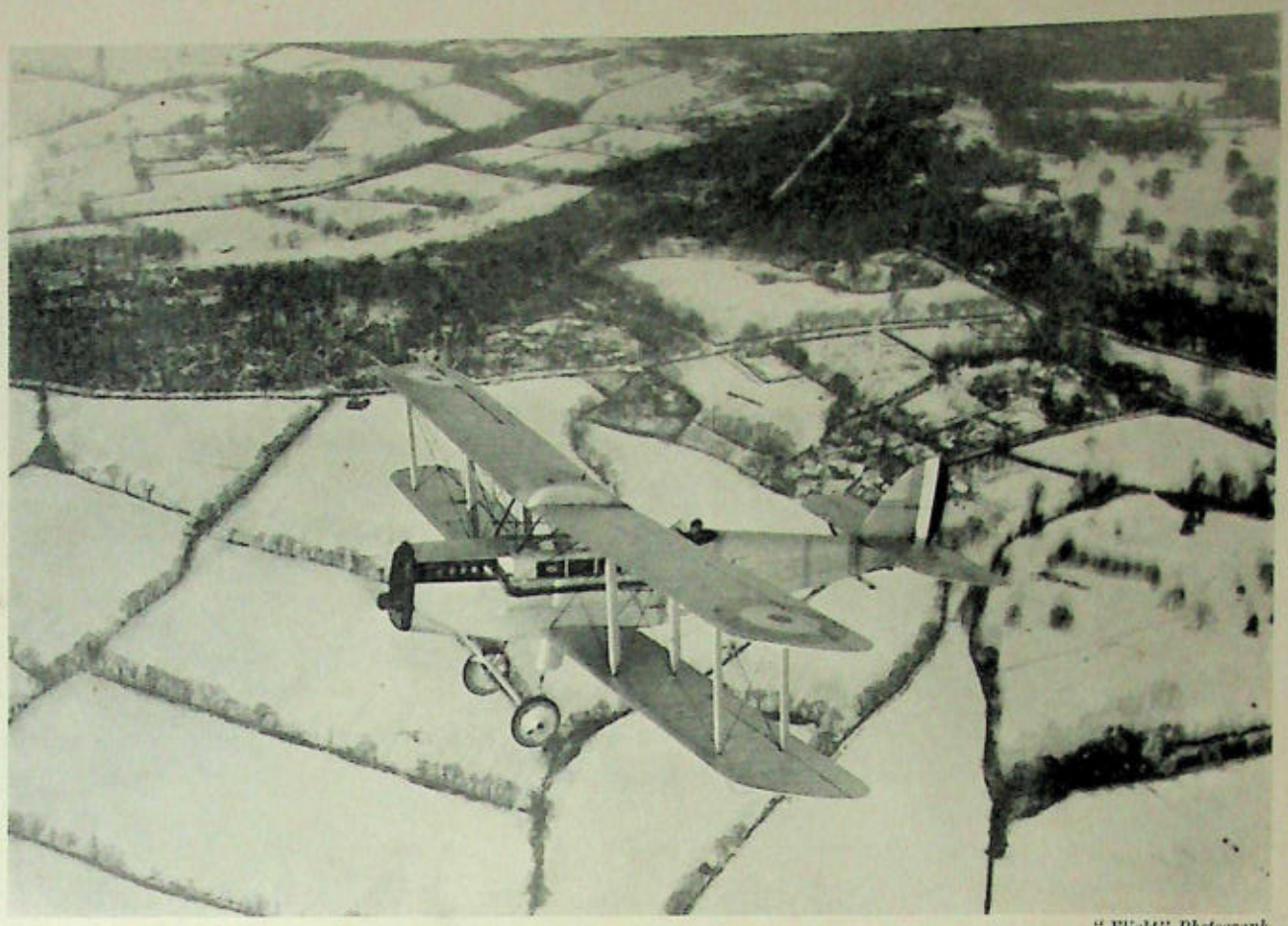


MR. PERCY NORTHEY

at Richmond in 1899. Subsequently he and Charlie Rolls raced sister 4-cylinder cars in the first Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man, when Northey failed to gain first place by only a few seconds, an interesting feature of the race being that the supply of fuel was limited.

From that time onward every new chassis which has been standardised, and every modification or change of practice, has found its way into Rolls-Royce production only after the closest co-operation with Northey, who spent much of his time both at Derby and in France in connection with experimental work and testing.

M. C.



"Flight" Photograph

AS ONE PLANE SEES ANOTHER WHEN REAL WINTER COMES TO ENGLAND

ALL-WEATHER FLYING

Growing Facilities For Winter Travel By Air

By THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

IN the early days of the light aeroplane movement winter flying was looked upon as something to be undertaken only by the exceptionally hardy and enthusiastic; but each year has seen a welcome increase in the number of hours flown by the clubs during the winter months.

The reports of flying activities during the past month or two reveal that this tendency to accept flying as an all-weather form of transport is still growing; and while it must be admitted that the freedom from heavy rain has helped the continuance of practical work this winter, the position is clearly that more and more people are coming to look on the aeroplane as something that is now practically independent of weather conditions.

Undoubtedly, the greatest impetus to winter flying has been the production of the enclosed cabin type machine. While the open cockpit aeroplane was the universal type it could not be expected that those who fly principally for pleasure would relish aviation on a cold winter's day. But just as the saloon car did more than anything else to rid motorists of the idea that they must lay up their cars for the winter, so the cabin aeroplane is the chief factor in the steadily increasing custom of winter flying.

No particular winter flying kit is now needed, for the cabin of a modern light aeroplane is as weatherproof as the bodywork of the ordinary car, and certainly warmer than even the most expensive motor cars, which are seldom provided with any special heating arrangement.

The well-deserved world-wide reputation of modern British aeroplanes is in no small measure due to the fact that they have been designed to give reliable and comfortable service in the varying climatic conditions prevailing in this country.

Another important factor is the improvement in aerodromes themselves, which has become fairly general. Greater use of the aerodromes enables their owners to pay more attention to drainage and upkeep, with the result that the majority are becoming more immune from the effects of heavy rain or snow.

This is a great gain, the more so since the increasing confidence of pilots in their own abilities, due largely to greater reliance on instruments, is causing many more to fly regularly in all weathers. There is a marked tendency, too, for aerodrome authorities to consider the installation of night-landing facilities—a big point in encouraging winter flying on account of the limited hours of daylight.

The knowledge that his destination aerodrome is properly equipped for night landing will encourage a pilot to commence a journey that covers the whole of the daylight period, and provides him with an assurance that he will be able to land without undue difficulty.

These, among other facilities, are helping to bring about an increase in winter flying; they indicate a great change of attitude towards aviation, which, not so long ago, was looked on purely as a fair-weather means of transport so far as the private tourist was concerned; and the benefits to be derived from popularising winter flying are so considerable, that with proper safeguards every encouragement should be given to it.

The great air lines have set a fine example and have led the way in all-weather flying. This fact is emphasised at this season, for we find that most of the operating companies duplicated their services to cope with the demand for air travel over the holiday period. The public who have become accustomed to use the airways know that they can rely on regular and punctual transport under bad weather conditions.

Till recently the established air lines have mainly catered for the air traveller leaving this country for destinations abroad, and a service which stresses the advantage of the aeroplane for winter transport has recently been inaugurated by a British company which proposes to maintain a regular service between Heston and a winter sports centre in the Italian Alps. The machine used is equipped with wireless and commenced the advertised schedule in spite of thick fog. Commercial operators have shown what can be done by these Continental services, and we may look forward to an expansion of inland airways working more and more on an all-weather basis.

The pilot, too, stands to gain immeasurably from the regular practice of winter flying. There is probably nothing better calculated to improve his navigational skill and judgment of meteorological conditions than flying when weather and visibility are not perfect.

In summer there is always a fairly large margin; long daylight hours enable errors in navigation to be corrected. In winter, however, the margin is reduced to the minimum, and if the pilot is to arrive at his destination at nightfall he must make sure that he keeps exactly on his course.

In a dozen different ways winter flying helps on the development of the first-class pilot, by which is meant one who is confident in himself, and who is able to make a sound decision—so vital in aviation—on what is a justifiable action and what is mere foolhardiness.

With improved aerodrome accommodation and other necessary facilities, winter flying will undoubtedly become as commonplace in the near future as winter motoring is to-day. When that stage of development is reached there will come the further realisation that air travel has actually many advantages over surface transport at this season. There can be little doubt that the aeroplane, with its great speed, and able to operate on a direct point-to-point route, is destined to become one of the most popular means of travelling in unfavourable weather.



SKIERS SETTING OUT FROM KITZBUHEL IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL
"All around Kitzbuhel are gentle slopes, and numerous mountain ascents may be made"

ROUND EUROPE'S WINTER SPORTS GROUNDS

Special Features of the Various Centres and a Survey of Snow Conditions

FROM most of the chief winter sports centres on the Continent come excellent reports of local conditions and a considerable influx of British visitors.

Several of the more popular Swiss centres, like Wengen and Davos, have been full over the Christmas holidays, and from practically all of the Swiss resorts good conditions are reported. Wengen at its best is, of course, delightful, and you are always sure of excellent ski-ing among the numerous snowfields made easily accessible by the mountain railway, which will carry you, if you wish, to the Jungfraujoch, 11,483ft. high.

Wengen has its usual attractive programme of events in all kinds of sports, including the Jackson Cup International Curling Bonspiel on January 22nd, the ice hockey tournament for the Wengen Cup on January 28th, and the International University Ski Races on February 8th–11th. Most of the other centres in the Bernese Oberland report, at the moment of writing, from 10in. to 16in. of snow, and choice is just a matter of individual taste.

Excellent ski-ing and "bobbing" may be enjoyed on the glorious slopes reached by mountain railway from Mürren or on those above Grindelwald, which now boasts the longest constructed bobsleigh run in Switzerland—three miles. At Kandersteg opportunities for skating and curling are usually particularly good, and several interesting curling competitions figure in its programme.

Reports from the Grisons indicate depths of snow varying from 20in. to over 40in. The most interesting development among these resorts is the increasing popularity of Davos as a ski-ing centre, resulting from the opening last winter of the Parsenn Railway, which now carries you to a height of 8,700ft., providing some of the finest of descents for skiers. The fact that some 83,000 passengers were carried on the railway last season showed how much appreciated it was, and ski-ing is now seriously challenging the old reputation of Davos as a skating centre. Ski-ing can usually be enjoyed at Davos until the end of April and the annual spring ski meetings are very jolly functions.

St. Moritz, which reports over 40in. of snow, is living well up to its reputation as one of the most fashionable and entertaining of Swiss resorts. The thrills of the famous Cresta Run vie with those of ski-jumping and horse-racing, with ice-hockey, skating, skate-sailing, ski-ing, sleighing and curling to fill the day with endless delights. The International Grand Prix horse race held on the frozen lake is a novel and picturesque sight, with runners from the best Continental stables competing.

An additional novelty in connection with it is being provided this year by Cook's Travel Service, who have chartered an Imperial Airways liner to take passengers for a flying visit to St. Moritz to witness the race, which takes place on February 4th. Similar arrangements are being made for visiting St. Moritz by air in connection with the international ski races to be held under the auspices of the Federation of International Skiers on February 15th to 17th.

Resorts in Austria are increasing in popularity among British visitors who do not mind going a little farther afield for first-rate ski fields. Places like St. Anton, on the main line from Basle to Innsbruck, may easily be reached from London in less than 24 hours. St. Anton itself is reached in 20 hours from London. It is the highest village in the Rosenthal, which provides a wonderful variety of ski-ing grounds. The famous Hannes Schneider Ski-ing School has its headquarters here.

Some of the ski-ing centres of the Tyrol are probably unsurpassed anywhere, and Kitzbuhel is a particularly charming resort well favoured by its proximity to the Hahnenkamm (6,000ft.), to the top of which there is an aerial railway. All around Kitzbuhel are gentle slopes, and numerous mountain ascents may be made.

Seefeld, to the north of Innsbruck, is growing in popularity because of the excellent ski-ing on surrounding mountain slopes. The long distance races of the Federation of International Skiers were held there last winter. Seefeld also has a good toboggan run and two good skating rinks, and curling competitions are this season being added to the sports programme. Recent heavy snowfalls are reported from Zurs, which, although a small resort, is being favoured more than ever this season by British visitors. No laborious climbs for ski-ing are needed here; you may enjoy excellent runs from the very doorstep of your hotel.

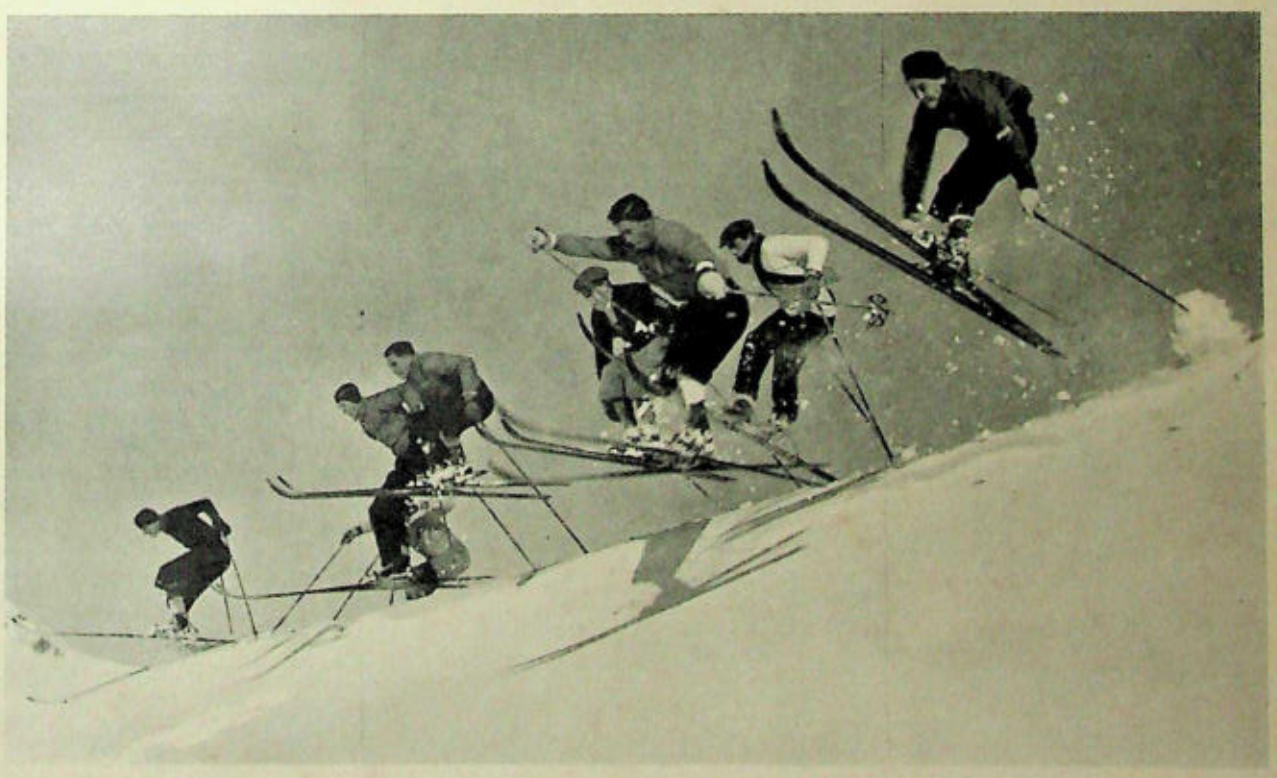
Some of the Italian winter sports resorts deserve to be better known than they are among British visitors. Cortina d'Ampezzo, in the Dolomites, is an admirable centre for ski-ing and other sports, usually enjoying an abundance of sunshine and snow (latest advices report 20 inches of snow). The snowfields of Pocol (5,072ft.) are easily reached by cable railway, and here are a well-constructed bobsleigh run and sleigh tracks as well as many fine ski-ing slopes.

The possibilities of Italy for winter sports have been well demonstrated by the sudden popularity of Clavières and Sestrières, which lie between Modane and Turin. The particular appeal of these resorts lies in their abundance of good snow and extensive ski fields where the expert and the tyro may equally find enjoyment. Being among the highest resorts in Italy, the snow lasts longer here than at other places.

Snow conditions are good in several of the French resorts this season, notably at Mont Genèvre, Font Romeu and Superbagnères, the last two being splendid ski-ing centres at high altitudes in the Pyrenees. Chamonix, with its wonderful mountain slopes and fine skating rink, is always attractive, and an increasing number of British skiers are favouring Mont Revard, which is reached by funicular from Aix-les-Bains, and in addition to extensive snowfields has a large skating rink, bobsleigh and huge runs.

W. F.

[*Winter sports in Norway and Sweden scarcely get properly under way until about the middle of February, and will be dealt with in a later issue.*]



"SOME OF THE ITALIAN WINTER SPORTS RESORTS DESERVE TO BE BETTER KNOWN"
Members of the Oxford and Cambridge ski team coming over a ridge at Sestrières during a practice run for the Inter-'Varsities ski-race, which took place during Christmas week-end

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Pike Feeding on Perch.—It used to be thought that the spines of a perch's dorsal fin made pike avoid it from the danger of the spines sticking in its throat, but there are plenty of instances of pike taking perch. In all probability pike get less opportunity of taking perch than of taking other fish, such as small roach. Pike prefer to lie in wait for their prey and are not, normally, nearly such active fish as are perch.—*C. B., Worcs.*

Why do Rainbow Trout Disappear?—This is one of the mysteries on which no one, as yet, has offered a really satisfactory explanation. In all probability it has something to do with the lack of suitable spawning facilities. In the Derbyshire Wye, and also in the Chess, where rainbows have established themselves, there are lakes or ponds where they grow well, and quick-flowing spring-fed feeders where they spawn.—*A. H., Lancs.*

How to Distinguish Fish in a Pond.—If the fish were roach you would probably recognise them by the red in the eye. Roach and rudd may be distinguished by the position of the dorsal fin which in the roach is almost over the ventral fins and in the rudd is distinctly further back towards the tail. Apart from roach and rudd the fish are most likely to be carp, chub or dace. The carp has a long dorsal fin extending from a point over the forward end of the ventral fins back to the anal. Chub and dace may be distinguished by the shape of the edge of their anal fins—in the chub it is convex; in the dace, concave.—*A. B., Hants.*

Country House

Testing a Gold Coin.—You ask what kind of acid does one use to be able to detect a real gold or fake coin. Nitric acid, if used on gold will have no effect. If the coin is other than gold it will turn colour and there will be strong fumes. With regard to your second query, how is one able to tell platinum from silver or any other silvery metal: platinum always retains its colour whereas silver, if left in a damp place, will invariably tarnish.—*J. W., Louth.*

Farm

Aberdeen-Angus Bulls.—The cross between a well-bred Aberdeen-Angus bull and a Dairy Shorthorn cow will almost invariably give a black polled calf. The full beef qualities may not be transmitted to the offspring. If, however, the cows carry good frames the calves should make useful beef stock.—*F. C. R. N., Surrey.*

English Canned Fruits.—Most of the chief provision merchants in the country towns as well as in London now stock English canned fruit and vegetables. In many cases these are packed under the guarantee of the National Mark, and Messrs. Chivers, of Histon, Cambridge, have a particularly high reputation for the quality of their products.—*C. S., Cornwall.*

Pig Feeding.—Soya bean meal is apt to make pigs scour, but when fed in proper proportions in a balanced ration, such as you are using, the trouble should not be serious. It is advisable in winter to reduce the amount of water fed to pigs and if possible to mix the slop with tepid water. The consistency should be like that of thick porridge. Large quantities of ice-cold water may be the cause of digestive troubles and scour. Marrow-stem kale, given in moderation, is a useful food for pigs.—*R. C. K., Norfolk.*

Size of Eggs.—Reports from the National Mark packing stations indicate that there has been little improvement, and indeed in some cases a definite decline, in the size of eggs passing through the stations in the past three years. Your own returns therefore are in line with those of others. We have no doubt that the packing station would allow you to inspect their weighing apparatus and methods of grading eggs. The root trouble is that the poultry industry has been expanding very rapidly in recent years, and birds have been used for breeding stock which had not first-class records for egg production and egg size. No doubt the county agricultural organiser can put you in touch with accredited breeders whose stock can be relied upon to produce a good proportion of large eggs.—*T. C., Berks.*

Garden

Seeds Wanted.—The seeds of *Vinca difformis* are obtainable from Messrs. Hillier, Nurserymen, Winchester.—*L. J., Beaconsfield.*

Yucca Flowering in December.—This is unusual, but this season yuccas have flowered as late as December in many gardens.—*C. M. W., Heswall.*

Hockey

Olympic Games Hockey.—Only three countries sent teams to Los Angeles in 1932 to take part in the Olympic Hockey tournament. These were: India, the victors at Amsterdam in 1928; Japan; and the United States. The opposition at Amsterdam was stronger, and yet the Indian team of that Olympiad went right through the tournament without having a single goal scored against them. At Los Angeles the holders of the Olympic title proved themselves invincible, but their defence was twice penetrated. In the first match, India defeated Japan by 11 goals to 1; in the next, Japan beat the United States by 9 goals to 2; and in the last match, India defeated the United States by 21 goals to 1.—*J. E., Merton.*

Kennel

Where to Obtain a Bulldog.—You should be able to get a bulldog of first-class breeding from one of the following: Mrs. Surtees Monkland, Green Gates, Datchet, Windsor, or Mrs. Palmer, Cloverley, West Hill, Putney, London, S.W.—*A. F. H. W., Washington, U.S.A.*

Lawn Tennis

Origin of the Davis Cup.—The Davis Cup, which Great Britain won from France this year after a lapse of 21 years, was given by Mr. Dwight F. Davis in 1902 for competition between nations. The value of the silver trophy is about £200, and the silver tray on which it stands about £220. It is interesting to note that the first year after the War five nations competed, whereas this year there were 33 entries.—*M. G., Tilbury.*

Library

Gardening in Malay.—The following books on gardening in Malay would probably suit your purpose, *Gardening in Malaya*, by Mrs. Harry Gough, and *Malay Gardens*, by Mrs. W. S. Gibson, published by G. Kelly & Walsh, Singapore.—*R. W. B., Co. Tyrone.*

Naturalist

Larva Identified.—The larva which you sent is that of the common cockchafer.—*R. F. C., Winchcombe, Cheltenham.*

Whinchat in Winter?—The small, robin-like bird with a short tail, perched on the topmost twig of a gorse bush, from which it made repeated short flights to the ground, was almost certainly a hen stonechat. At the date mentioned (mid-December) there are no whinchats in this country, and it must be borne in mind that although the cock stonechat, with its black head and white collar, and the cock whinchat, with its conspicuous white eyestripe, are strikingly different from one another, the females and immature birds are much alike, the easiest distinction being the white at the base of the whinchat's tail, which is present at all ages.—*P. H., Horsham.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Death of Seagull.—The bird showed no sign of injury or disease to account for its sudden death.—*Captain W. L. O'C., Dorset.*

Partridge for Examination.—The post-mortem findings indicate pericarditis as the cause of the bird's death. The heart sac was full of gelatinous fluid.—*C. G. D., Cheshire.*

Mortality Among Chicks.—The chicks' early death, and the post-mortem findings in those sent for inspection, indicate bacillary white diarrhœa (B.W.D.) as the cause of the mortality. The disease is due to germs which attack chicks during the first 48 hours of life. Attempts to cure B.W.D. are futile. All dead birds should be burnt and incubators and brooders thoroughly disinfected.—*J. D. F., Beds.*

Post-Mortem Examinations (*Continued*)

Tuberculosis in Fowls.—Examination showed that the fowl suffered from avian tuberculosis. Emaciation was very marked, and the liver and spleen studded throughout with tubercular nodules. The disease is caused by germs, and is very infectious, all birds exposed to infection being likely to contract the disease and die sooner or later.

An outbreak of this disease suggests the desirability of replacing the stock and running the new birds on other ground. An enormous number of the causative germs are passed with the fæces of an infected bird; the soil, food and water become contaminated, and from these sources healthy birds become infected. All birds that die or are killed should be burnt.—*Captain A. A. L., Sussex.*

Shooting

Contents of Pheasant's Crops.—Examination of the crop contents received showed that the hen pheasant shot on very swampy ground had been feeding on the buds of horsetail (*Equisitum*), but there were portions, also, of what appeared to be the buds of one of the cypresses.—*F. B. F., Ulster.*

——The pheasant's crop submitted for analysis contained grains of wheat and fragments of the seeds of (probably) one of the vetches.—*C., London.*

Cartridge Tests

Your cartridges contained 34 grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and a full ounce of No. 5 shot. The velocity recorded was high, averaging 1,140ft. per second, recoil being normal. A few of the patterns, which averaged 53 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40 yds. from a choke barrel, were inclined to be blown—not unusual with high-velocity loading. These cartridges, fired from choke barrels, should give excellent results against high-driven pheasants.—*A. S. M., Southport.*

Your cartridges contained a full 31 grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and 1⅛oz. of No. 6½ shot. The velocity recorded was 1,084ft. per second, and patterns averaged 58 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40yds. from a choke barrel. You will note that whereas the patterns are slightly lower than those obtained with your last cartridges the velocity is increased by 155ft. per second. These cartridges should prove most effective against game.—*H. E. W., Knowle.*

Your 2½in. No. 1 load cartridges contained 35 grains of Empire powder and 1oz. No. 6 shot.—The velocity recorded was 1,075ft. per second with normal recoil. Patterns which were rather blown averaged 50 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40yds. from a choke barrel. The 2½in. No. 2 load cartridges contained 36 grains of Empire powder and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. The velocity recorded was 1,075ft. per second with slightly higher recoil than No. 1 load. Patterns which were very regular averaged 63 per cent. Your 3in. cartridges contained 39½ grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and 1⅛oz. No. 3 shot. The velocity recorded was 1,050ft. per second. Patterns which were fairly regular averaged 53 per cent. Recoil was very heavy, and would be found unpleasant in a gun under approximately 7½lb. weight. All should prove effective against game.—*J. Sackvith.*

Stable

Period of Gestation.—The period of gestation in a mare is 340 days, though some mares go a little longer if they are carrying colt foals.—*R. S. T., Lincoln.*

What are Ermine Marks?—The term "ermine marks" are used to describe black points on white, which generally occur on the coronet of a horse. It is perhaps easier to refer to these markings as "black marks," although the earlier term descended from the Middle Ages.—*N. K. L., Staffordshire.*

An Appeal for the Horse.—Mrs. Doreen Tope, Withypoole, East Keswick, Leeds, made an appeal for the International League against the Export of Horses for Work and Butchery, in our issue of October 7th. All contributions should be sent to Mrs. Tope, at the address given.—*E. P., Castletown, Isle of Man.*

Turf

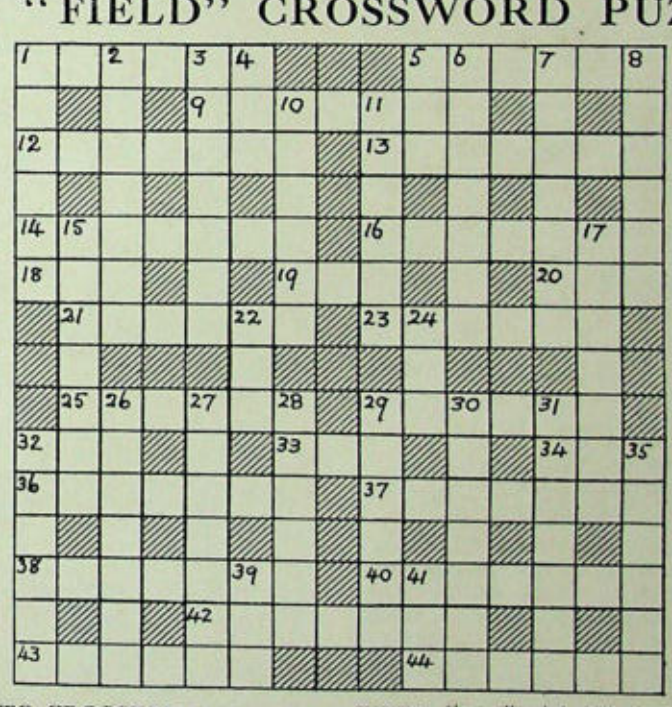
Insuring a Hunter.—If you wish to insure your hunter you should write to the Yorkshire Insurance Co., of 66, Cornhill, London, E.C. 4, as this firm cater for this form of insurance.—*A. W. F., Stratfield Turgis.*

Breeding of William.—William, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger in 1814, was by Governor by Trumpator, out of a daughter of Spadille. Trumpator was by Conductor—Brunette, and Conductor was by Match'em.—*Breeding Racehorses by the Figure System*, by C. Bruce Lowe, is now out of print, although you may possibly be able to obtain a copy from firms such as Messrs. Bumpus, Oxford Street, London, W.; or Messrs. Foyle's, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.—*C. L., Penrith.*

Shooting (*Continued*)

Shooting (*Continued*)

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

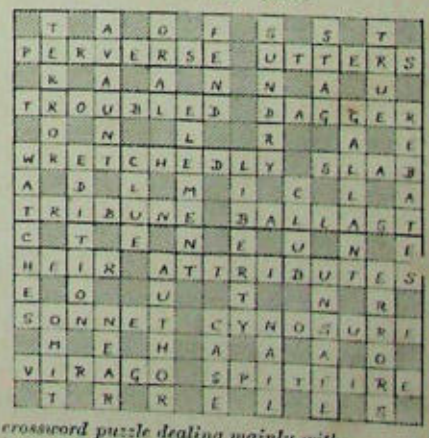


CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 255

ACROSS.—1, A domesticated animal with its relatives on a tree. 5, Comes out. 9, Clump of grass. 12, Food which, if not served up properly, may give you an ailment. 13, The time for repentance. 14, He has no stripes. 16, Courageous. 18, This surrounds us. 19, Repent. 20, "The light fantastic ——." 21, Golf clubs. 23, Long narrow hilltops. 25, Fruit unpopular with Mr. de Valera. 29, Seem. 32, Single. 33, Purpose. 34, Importune for payment of debt. 36, These people take a great deal of interest in business. 37, "A man so various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's ——" (Dryden). 38, Part between two choric songs in Greek tragedy. 40, Boadicea's is at one end of Westminster Bridge. 42, Excess. 43, Design (anag.). 44, Sunk.

DOWN.—1, 150 followed by serpents. 2, Either four or six—it's of little importance—are in a test. 3, Repeat. 4, Woman living in a convent. 5, Obviously not the mice that ran after the farmer's wife. 6, This labour should be well-paid. 7, Howl. 8, Lightly built. 10, Guides. 11, Roland's comrade. 15, Calculates. 17, Quack remedy. 22, Small barrel. 24, Mischievous child. 26, Social gathering of persons with a common interest. 27, Freckled. 28, This may easily be a teaser. 29, Fine. 30, 995 more in 14. 31, Worshipping. 32, Certainly not bulls. 35, Caught. 39, This has failed to go off. 41, "Heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'That's ——!'" (*The Ingoldsby Legends*).

SOLUTION TO No. 254. Published December 30th



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

THE FIELD

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EARL FITZWILLIAM. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SARGENT

This pencil sketch of Lord Fitzwilliam was made when he was Master of the Grove and the Wentworth Fitzwilliam. In 1927 he joined Mr. George Wentworth Fitzwilliam at Milton as joint-Master of the famous pack that has been in the Fitzwilliam family since foxhunting first began. (See "Families Famous in Sport," on page 72)

APOLLO

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RIGHTS OF WAY

WITH the New Year the Rights of Way Act has come into force, and the measure must now be taken into account by landowners. There must be few who have not some footpaths or bridle ways over their land which are used by the public as a right or as a privilege. The Act does not create any new rights of way, and the main purpose is to simplify the proof or disproof of claims. With this object no one is likely to quarrel.

Seldom has a landowner deliberately granted a path for public use. The right has grown from the continued use of a track by the public without demur or interruption from the owner of the land. Many costly law cases have been fought over disputed rights of way, and until now there has never been any definite rule. Indeed, it has been customary to call on the oldest inhabitants of the district to testify whether or not the path has been used throughout living memory, but such evidence is not always conclusive.

It is in order to get rid of this uncertainty in the administration of the law that the Rights of Way Act provides a simple rule. Henceforth when a path has been freely used by the public for at least 20 years and the land is freehold, it can be scheduled as a right of way. In the case of entailed estates, into which class the majority fall, there is likely to be some doubt about the intentions of those concerned with the ownership and the minimum period of user is to be 40 years.

To safeguard the interests of the landowner who does not object to the public walking over his land, but who has no intention of ever dedicating a right of way, it is provided that a notice posted to the effect that the path is private but the public may use it until further notice shall be sufficient proof of the position. It will thus still be safe for owners to allow ramblers and others to enjoy the privilege of walking through woods and private parks without incurring possible trouble later from claims that a public right has been created.

The foregoing provisions of the Act are likely to prove to the advantage of all concerned, but not all landowners will feel inclined to go the whole way with the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, the promoters of this measure, in their design to have a Domesday Book drawn up for each county to record all the footpaths and bridle ways to which the public can claim access as a right. Still less likely are they to concur with the suggestion that the county councils should take upon themselves the responsibility of sign posting all rights of way for all to use—and abuse.

Local people, who can generally be relied upon to have a sense of propriety, already know and use the footpaths. The so-called hiker who imports himself from the towns complete with beer bottles and snacks in paper parcels, is not a welcome guest when he leaves behind evidences of his presence which others have to endure or clear away. So long as people behave themselves no public-spirited owner minds people coming and enjoying themselves on his land, but when they are ill-behaved, leaving litter behind them or damaging crops, interfering with livestock or game, he is quite justified in holding that they do not deserve to be encouraged to use footpaths over private land. The purpose of a right of way is, it may be recalled, to enable someone to get somewhere by the shortest route.

The careless and exuberant need to be reminded that their behaviour will deprive their fellows of privileges which most of us have enjoyed freely from childhood without calling ourselves hikers. In their own interests and for the sake of the public generally, landowners are well advised to follow up cases of flagrant abuse of privileges freely given. It will make for the preservation of the amenities of rural England if owners take their responsibilities in this sphere more seriously by making clear to the public that they are welcome to use private footpaths and even to wander abroad at will, but that these privileges are accorded as an act of grace and will be forfeit if they are abused.

THE SOUTH DOWNS

IT is not yet certain that the South Downs must be invaded and despoiled by the promoters of a motor racing track. But even if, as we earnestly hope it will be, this project is abandoned, it is time for authority to survey and control the possibilities of such schemes in the future. The South Downs belong not only to Brighton; they are a national possession. So are other parts of England, other hills, and other woods. The Cotswolds, the Mendips, the Lake Country, the New Forest, Dartmoor, Exmoor—some of these are protected and others are as open to invasion as the solitary spaces above the Channel. And there is no reason, unless we take measures to-day, why other parts of England, to-day unspoiled, should not in the near future be made as hideous as, say, the bungalow-dotted acres of what was once bare turf east of Rottingdean.

We ought to look forward, in these cases, fifty or a hundred years. There must be new building, granted. But it should be in the right place. It is time to see that the money-makers do not have matters all their own way in choosing sites. It is time for Englishmen to survey England and keep what ought to be their own. The South Downs long ago ought to have been scheduled as untouchable.

ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS

Magnificent and comprehensive, the display of British Art at the Royal Academy is in one aspect matchless, the art of no other nation can approach its water-colours.

England is a water-colour country. Only the glory of a Constable might persuade us that its countryside, its fields and woods and streams, the misty bloom of its horizons, could be rendered as well in any other medium. It conveys to perfection as it seems the poetry and tenderness of the English scene.

When the golden age of English oil painting was drawing to its close in the eighteenth century, the early English water-colourists took up the tale. Turner, who dipped his brush in light and air, is not here alone. With him are Tom Girtin, whom he declared to be his only rival, and whose "Durham Cathedral" and "Chelsea Reach" justify the praise. There also is the "Cotman of Mousehold Heath" and "The Waterfall," the David Cox of wind-blowing skies, the De Wints glowing and serene, the lyric poetry of Cozens, and in support the Varleys, the Calverts, the Sandleys, who belong most truly to the age of the Little Masters.

CRAZY CRICKET

No doubt the Australian umpire who recently no-balled a bowler for "bowling with the intention of intimidating the batsman" has earned a transient fame as being the first to enforce a new rule adopted in Australia to restrict leg-theory bowling. But he has also shown how ridiculous the rule is, for the report states that the bowler had only two fieldsmen on the leg side. If a batsman under those circumstances were not prepared to enjoy all the long hops that could be bowled to him it would surely be time for him to give up the game.

On the other hand, if this absurd rule—which depends for its application purely on the opinion of the umpire—is to be enforced in Australia, one of its consequences will be that batsmen will get little practice against leg-theory bowling, and it was their inability to play it that encouraged Jardine and Larwood to persevere with it on the last tour. A similar weakness in the Australian visiting team this summer would present a chance that English bowlers could hardly be expected to ignore.

TESTS IN INDIA

Unexpectedly, India has fought the second match to a draw, and her cricketers deserve the highest compliments payable to courage and skill. With half the side in the second innings out for 129, and 27 still needed to save the innings defeat, matters must have looked desperate, but the Indian batsmen, headed by Dilawar Hussain and Major C. K. Naidu, were equal to the occasion, and England were left the hopeless task of making 82 in half an hour. We look forward to a great battle in the third Test on February 9th–12th, at Madras.

AN INTERNATIONAL RUGBY JUMBLE

Rugby football really seems to be getting worse and worse. Rarely have we seen such scrambling inept play as that in the final English trial match at Twickenham last Saturday. Chiefly the game consisted of protracted mauls among the forwards, scrummages and touch kicking. Attempted passing movements by the backs were nearly always swallowed up in the maelstrom of fresh forward struggles, and only a few flashes of individual brilliance relieved the game from absolute boredom as far as spectators were concerned. It may perhaps be significant that the match attracted nothing like as large a crowd as usual.

Though England won by the apparently convincing margin of 20 points to 5, the Rest were very little inferior once they had settled down. Some of the new discoveries were shown to have shortcomings, and scarcely a player stood out as an obvious choice for the England team against Wales. The selectors might, in fact, have been justified in putting all the players' names in a hat and drawing for places. We can only hope that inspiration will come to the chosen team on the day.

THE LATE LORD CHURCHILL

For many years the late Lord Churchill acted as Steward for Ascot, an office which was once filled by the Master of the Buckhounds, and one which required considerable tact and charm. His task, in deciding who should or should not receive one of the coveted vouchers for the Royal Enclosure, was certainly no enviable one, but he fulfilled it in the most courtier-like manner. Practically all his life Lord Churchill had been connected with the Royal Household, and his passing removes another outstanding personality who was universally beloved by everyone who came into contact with him.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a popular Sunday pictorial paper:

"When hounds meet at the *right* place and the rugged old three-bottle farmers start the hunt breakfast with a pint of nutbrown ale or a swig of sauce. Then a deep, deep draught of sparkling champagne, a cheery word, and into the saddle! Ten or twenty miles across country! Funking nothing! And bringing off a couple of good horse deals with the swells from town before the last fox of the day is pulled down.

"Your hunting farmer is as clever as a gipsy at making a bad horse look good."

AMERICA'S WALKER CUP TEAM

That the United States Golf Association believe in taking time by the forelock is evidenced in their early choice of nine players to represent America against Great Britain in the Walker Cup golf match due to be played at St. Andrews on May 11th and 12th. For this important biennial encounter the teams are eight a side, and usually two reserves are chosen as well, so there is still one place vacant. The nine selected are: Francis Ouimet (captain), G. T. Dunlap, H. Chandler Egan, J. Fischer, J. Goodman, L. Little, M. R. Marston, G. Moreland, and J. Westland.

Ouimet deserves the honour of leading the side for the second time in succession. He is the only player, British or American, who has taken part in every match of the series. To British golfers the composition of this year's team will be very surprising. Ouimet, Marston, Dunlap and Westland are the only members who have a knowledge of our courses.

Surprise has been caused by the selection of H. Chandler Egan, who is over 50 years of age, and won the American Amateur Championship as long ago as 1904 and 1905. Last year he defeated J. Goodman, the Open Champion, in the match-play stages of the amateur event, and this proof of his consistency no doubt earned him his place. Max Marston, another "veteran," returns to international golf after an interval of ten years since he was runner-up to Dunlap last autumn. Goodman, Fischer and Little are the three "leading lights" of the younger school; so it will be seen that the selectors have blended youth with experience and given this country a definite lead.

THE SALMON SEASON ON THE TAY

Few opening days on the Tay can have approached to the accompaniment of such gloomy forebodings as the one which arrives next Monday. A drought most of last summer, more drought in autumn, still drought in winter as far as it has gone—and hard weather before Christmas to be added to the tale of woe. No wonder the cry of "go up and conquer" has been stilled this New Year. Will the winter-running fish have faced the low water? Last year the conditions on the opening day were perfect, sunshine overhead and a good "taking" level in the stream; but the outcome of the season which opened so favourably was—well, better forgotten, perhaps.

This year the choice seems to be between external flood and internal gloom; but even low water will hardly have kept fish out of the river at this time of year (we have news that in one Scottish river, at least, a good run has come in), so the lower beats should be peopled in time for the opening, and surely the long overdue spate cannot be much longer delayed. Also in salmon fishing it is always the unforeseen which happens.

FLOWERLESS JANUARY

Not for years has winter begun so early as in the closing weeks of 1933. We expect to get the coldest weather of the season after the New Year, and it may still be waiting for us. But we have already had one of the coldest pre-Christmas spells within living memory, and the garden and the woods tell their tale. Snowdrops and aconites are often abundant in bloom in early January in ordinary years, but there are few flowers to be seen this year. Primroses can often be gathered before Christmas, but the woods are bare to-day. As for bird song, thrushes will not sing without food, and the soil has been frozen. Only the woodpigeon, for whom the trees have been heavy with fruit, coos the promise of spring.

DURHAM

Any verses chosen for the County Palatine must be of its cathedral and castle, which have stood for nearly ten centuries impervious to change. Walter Scott's lines, carved on the Prebends' Bridge over the Wear above the Cathedral, were written in 1816:—

"Grey Towers of Durham,
Yet well I love thy mixed and massive piles,
Half Church of God, half Castle 'gainst the Scot,
And long to roam these venerable aisles
With records stored of deeds long since forgot."

Nearly a hundred years later Noel Hodgson, while a boy at Durham School, wrote from a spot only a few hundred yards away:

"The Deathless Mother, grey and battle-scarred,
Lies in the sanctuary of stately trees,
Where the deep Northern night is saffron-starred
Above her head, and thro' the dusk she sees
God's shadowy fortress keep unsleeping guard."



Crowding round the decoy pond

WATER TESTS AT RETRIEVER FIELD TRIALS

A Suggested Remedy For Artificial Methods

FOR the benefit of those who are not able to see many field trials, I will briefly state what happens at the various meetings all over the country as regards water tests.

These tests in certain cases are absolutely natural; that is, nothing is done other than that which might be done in any ordinary day's shooting. The dogs in the stake are tested throughout the day's shooting in retrieving game shot across water or on to water while they are in the line, either after a drive or during walking up, and are not called into the line for the sole purpose of being put into water. This kind of test took place at the 1932 Championship Retriever Trials at Sir Ernest Wills's shoot at Littlecote, and never was there a better trial, the dogs being in and out of water at all times during both days. There is another excellent water trial at Lilford, but, unfortunately, it is very rare indeed that such a water test can be provided, and elsewhere it may happen that artificial tests have to be "made up."

Such tests generally involve resort to a pond, lake, or river, sometimes large, sometimes small. The owner or keeper of the shoot knows it will be impossible to bring game to the guns so that they can shoot it into or over the water. So the keeper takes a bag full of dead birds to the water's edge, and possibly 50 to 200 spectators crowd round, sometimes very near the edge, sometimes held back; press and other cameras get ready; and judges call on handlers to have their dogs—perhaps numbering from 12 to 20—ready in number order close at hand. When ordered the dog is taken off the lead and told to sit. A bird is then thrown into the water and the dog is sent for it. Sometimes, even, birds are scattered about in the water before the dogs arrive on the scene. No shot is fired, unless asked for by a handler in order to encourage his dog, when one of the guns looses off into the sky or on to the water near the bird; sometimes stones, etc. are illegally thrown in by handlers.

Alternatively, there may be a combination of the natural test and the artificial test. At times an attempt is made to have a purely natural test; this fails, and perhaps only two or three birds fall right for a water test, so others have to be thrown into the water by hand. In all three cases the water has to be deep enough for dogs to swim in.

Now as regards the purely artificial test, or the combined artificial and natural test, those in favour of these might say that a dog shows he will go into water when ordered to do so, no matter whether he is at a shoot or not. This proves obedience, and shows whether he is a good swimmer or a bad one; from this it can be seen if he will retrieve in or across water correctly; and often a judge will learn from such a test whether a dog can be directed by signal to any given point in the water or on the land beyond it, and he can gain some knowledge of the quality of a dog's intelligence and nose in the water. Finally it will show how much he will persevere, and how long he can last, especially if swimming among thick sedge and reeds.

But now to take the arguments against the purely artificial test. The whole thing is a "fake," and the wise dog knows it. So that all the good points about it, mentioned above, should count nothing, because none of it can possibly occur in the real shooting field. The real performance in the shooting field is for a dog which has either seen or had reason to believe that a bird or game has been shot over or across water, to go in and fetch it out. And I contend that you can't blame a dog if he will not carry out the latter part of the performance without the shooting part. Some will say: "But your dog must pick up if required after a shoot." I can only reply here, for want of space, that if you use a good shooting dog for picking up after a shoot he will not long remain a really first-class retriever, or very rarely so.

It is surprising to me that many more dogs don't refuse water in this test. They are suddenly taken off from the excitement of the shooting field to a dull cold performance, told to fetch a bird they have seen thrown in, which is probably cold and manhandled, and as often as not there is a good crowd of people all round the edge of the water. All this combined *does* occasionally cause a really good retriever, and one known in his district to be an excellent water dog on a shooting day, to refuse water, so he has to be put out of the awards, however well he may have done out shooting.

I do not mean to convey the idea that many retrievers refuse water, for astonishingly few do; but I have personally known several good water dogs refuse this test. I can't say definitely why, but I believe it is because they know they are being fooled and that it is not the real game. The crowd round and the special anxiety of a handler performing before a crowd also probably have something to do with it.

Generally speaking this test is of little use to a judge, because it is not real shooting and is, therefore, likely to cause false awards to be made. Under this test judges often openly admit that they only require to see whether a dog will swim to order; if they do so even the worst of swimmers are allowed to pass the test and so get into the awards. In some cases they are obviously very poor water dogs and could never last long in water.

I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that if the purely natural test cannot be provided it would be much better to eliminate altogether any water tests where acts never performed in the shooting field have to be employed.

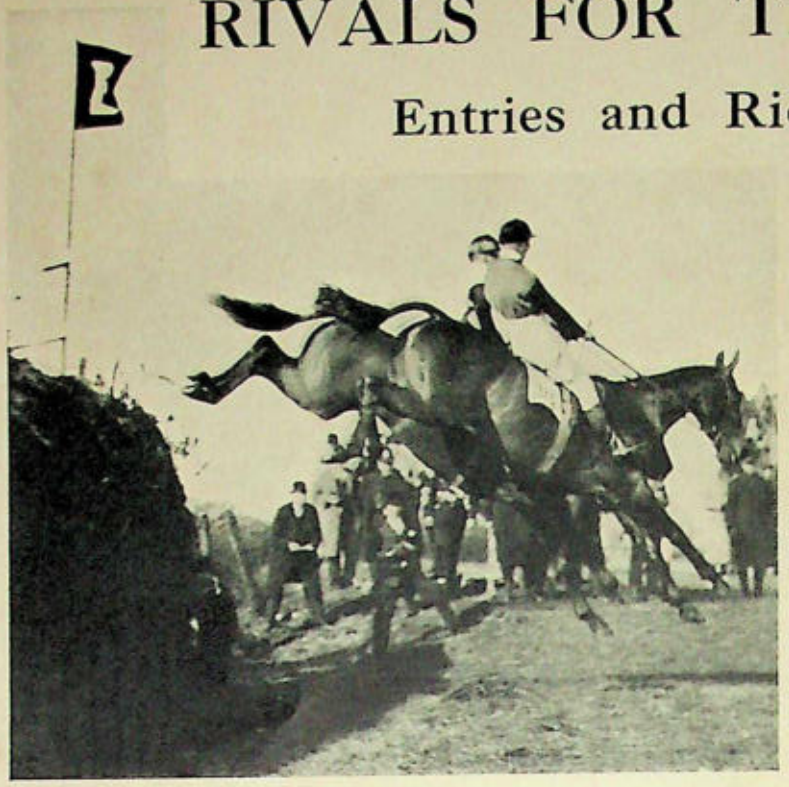
It would be much more satisfactory for owners of shoots, who so generously provide ground, for judges, for those responsible for trial arrangements, and probably for most competitors, but above all for the welfare of retrievers.

As to a remedy—all retrievers should if possible be proved to be good shooting dogs in water—could not water test trials, for water testing only, under absolutely natural conditions, be held at suitable places in different parts of the country? At such meetings dogs destined to run in ordinary field trials could have the chance of obtaining a life water certificate to be produced when awards at field trials were made. And these permanent water certificates might also be gained at any trials if conditions were available.

W. S. MEDLICOTT.

RIVALS FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL

Entries and Riders for Aintree's Big Race



FORBRA, THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER OF 1932, TAKING BECHER'S BROOK WITH EGREMONT, WHICH FINISHED SECOND

SOMETIMES the question is raised of whether it is really to the advantage of steeple chasing that the Grand National should so completely dominate all the other events of the National Hunt season. It certainly is the race of all others on which attention is focussed from the early days of the jumping campaign. In one sense it is even more important to steeple chasing than the Derby is to flat-racing, for while there are four other classic events in which an owner may compensate himself for missing the Derby, the Grand National stands alone, and can be properly described as a unique event of English racing.

So many unexpected things may happen in running that the race assumes the character of a lottery. You may see only two or three horses complete the course without mishap. On the other hand, you get an extraordinary race like that of last year, when no fewer than nineteen of the competitors got past the judge's box, two of them having been remounted after falling.

It would be pleasant to say that the comparative lack of grief in the race last spring can be taken as a sign that we are producing an improved lot of jumpers. Unfortunately, it would be untrue. It will be a most agreeable surprise if nearly as many get round on March 23rd as was the case last year. The pace on that occasion was terrific, and the steady old plodders soon found themselves lagging far behind. But most of them kept on jumping, even though a quarter of a mile behind the leaders. Thus we had the amazing spectacle of 27 out of 34 starters jumping the water. That alone easily eclipsed all records for the Grand National. When watches came to be compared at the finish of the race it was found that another record had been established. The so-called official time was 9min. 28sec., but one highly-skilled timekeeper made it ⅘sec. less. In any case, the general accepted return easily eclipsed the best previous time on record for the Grand National, Grakle's 9min. 32⅘sec. in 1931.

The exceptional speed of Kellsboro' Jack's race can be accounted for by the perfect conditions underfoot. The fences were just the same as they had been twelve months previously. Thanks to the sound ground on either side of the jumps there were singularly few casualties. Not one jockey or one horse was seriously hurt. May the field encounter similarly good luck when they take the big fences next March.



MISS DOROTHY PAGET'S FINE STEEPLE CHASER GOLDEN MILLER
A seven-year-old, and favourite last year

The 73 entries for the race next March include a large proportion of horses who have already been round the Liverpool country at one time or another. When Mrs. Ambrose Clark said that she would not enter Kellsboro' Jack for the race again she really meant it, so it came as no surprise not to find the name of last year's winner in the entry.

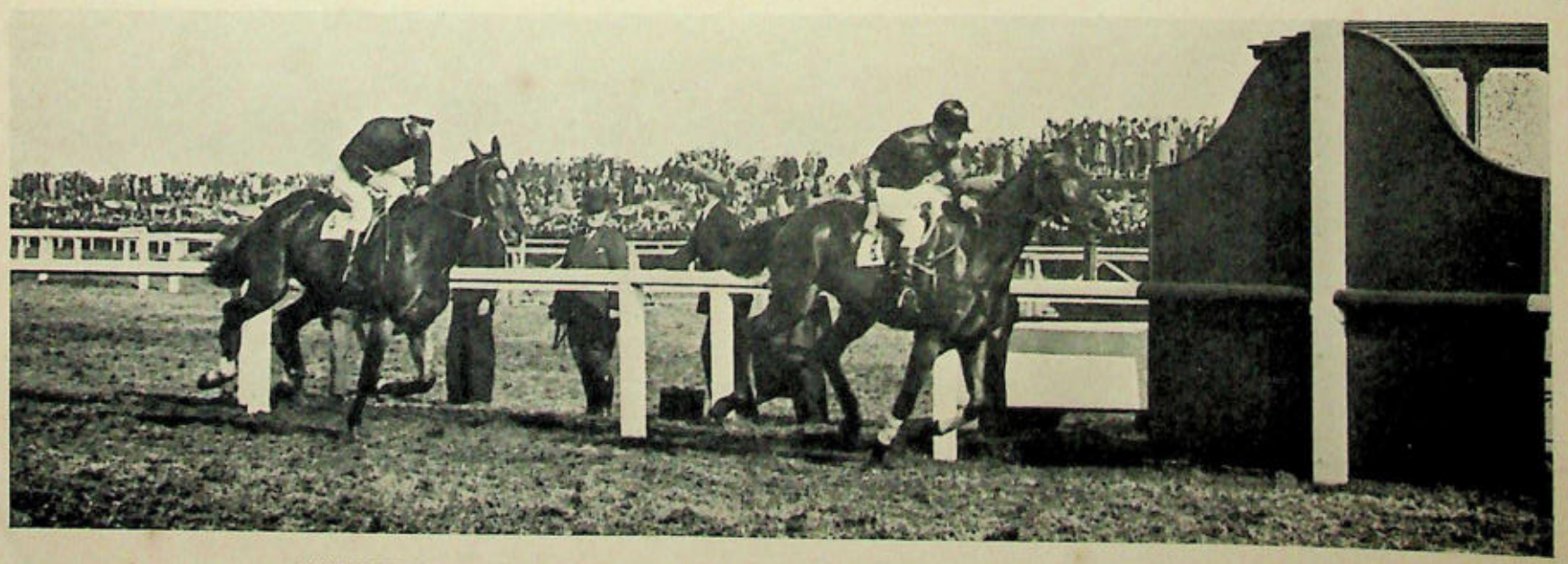
But the winners of 1929, 1931 and 1932 are there, namely, Gregalach, Grakle and Forbra. The first two, are twelve years old, Forbra being their junior by three years. Gregalach showed sprightliness when winning a two-mile race at Newbury recently: but will he stand the strain of another National? Last year he broke a blood vessel after being one of the leaders over the water, and Grakle after having met with a mishap in the National of 1932 has only just reappeared. Forbra has not deteriorated in any way since his success at Aintree. Last year he was sixth, those which finished between him and the winner being Really True, Slater, Delaneige and Alpine Hut. All these are in the entry again.

Perhaps the most interesting among the newcomers to the Grand National entry is Kilcash Hill, trained by Frank Hartigan for Lady Helen McCalmont. His reputation is greatly enhanced this winter by his successes in the Grand Sefton and a three-mile race at Newbury. He is clearly a 'chaser of genuinely high class, and if all goes well with him he may be as good a favourite as any on the day of the premier steeple chase. Mrs. C. Leyland does not consider Half Asleep too old at fourteen to be entered for the Grand National. The veteran showed his ability to jump and stay the country when carrying off the Foxhunters' 'Chase at Aintree last year, though the pace in that race was much slower than in the Grand National.

French form suggests that the best of the entries made by French owners is Millionaire II, though the success of Mr. J. Fribourg's eight-year-old gelding in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris last June came as something af a surprise. He was not so well fancied for the Auteuil race as El Hadjar, but he scored by four lengths from that horse. During the past month El Hadjar, now the property of Mr. E. Robson, has gone from France into Percy Woodland's stable at Cholderton and will have two or three outings in this country before he competes for the Grand National.

No doubt Millionaire II will be set to give El Hadjar a few pounds at Aintree, and in that case there will be practically nothing to choose between them so far as their public form is concerned. Yet neither may prove as formidable in the Grand National as Trocadéro, whose performance in the race last year in the hands of a French jockey inspired us with respect for him. Another of the French entries, Le Fils de la Lune, was the winner of the Grand Steeple Chase at Auteuil in 1930, but it is doubtful whether he is as good as he was a few seasons back.

American owners are well represented in the entry.



GREGALACH, THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER OF 1929, FINISHING CLOSE UP TO GRAKLE IN 1931



MR. G. H. BOSTWICK (NO. 8) ON FLAMING, A BRILLIANT AMERICAN RIDER, LEADING THE FIELD OVER HURDLES IN LAST YEAR'S IMPERIAL CUP AT THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING







THREE PROMINENT LADY OWNERS OF GRAND NATIONAL ENTRIES: LADY HELEN McCALMONT (LEFT), WHOSE KILCASH HILL IS A NEWCOMER TO THE GRAND NATIONAL; MRS. GEMMELL (CENTRE), OWNER OF GREGALACH; AND MISS DOROTHY PAGET, OWNER OF GOLDEN MILLER

Mr. F. Ambrose Clark hopes to repeat his wife's success of last season. Probably he will place chief hope in Sorley Boy, who has graduated from the hurdles since last season and seems a likely sort. Jack-o' Day, a Jackdaw gelding in the same ownership, shows plenty of promise. Both these horses have journeyed across the Atlantic and back. Mrs. C. S. Bird's Heartbreak Hill is also American-owned. This smart mare, a disappointment in the National last year, has been sent into the hands of Mr. Eric Stedall at Lewes, and if she gets through her preparation without trouble she should give a good account of herself. One cannot forget the great promise she showed when winning the Sefton.

Mr. J. H. Whitney's entries are Thomond II and Lone Eagle II, the former of whom will probably be handicapped 3lb. or 4lb. behind Golden Miller. Whereas Thomond II has won two of the minor races at Aintree, his ability to get the full Liverpool course is uncertain, and we are inclined to accept Golden Miller as the better stayer of the two. Miss Dorothy Paget's seven-year-old was favourite for the race last year, and public faith remains strong in him despite the fact that he was not at all at home with the Aintree fences at the first attempt.

Nearly as many amateur riders as professionals took part in the big 'chase last season, and the chances are that there will be much about the same proportion this time. Mr. F. C. Furlong, 9th Lancers, who rode Really True into second place, is still trengthening his riding reputation, and is as good as any horseman over the Liverpool country. Some of his most pleasant rides this season have been on his father's handsome horse Reynoldstown, who has been invincible in long-distance hurdle racing, and should do well over the bigger jumps in the second half of the season.



SIR PETER GRANT LAWSON

One of the most successful of soldier riders who may join Mr. F. C. Furlong and Mr. P. Payne Gallwey among amateurs who have also competed at Aintree

Another young Army rider who has displayed great ability under National Hunt Rules during the past season or two is Mr. P. Payne Gallwey, 11th Hussars. The horse he rides in the Grand National will be well favoured, as this amateur possesses fine judgment as well as dash, and he usually contrives to have his mount beautifully balanced for a culminating effort on the flat. Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Royal Horse Guards, one of the most successful of gentlemen riders, is certain to be among those performing at Aintree, and no doubt Lord Haddington will again take the mount on gallant old Merriment IV.

Mr. E. C. Paget, an enthusiastic young Stock Exchange member, who loses no opportunity of taking a mount over the fences, expects to be on Egremont, who carried him so close to victory two years ago. The greater ambition of that brilliant American amateur, Mr. G. H. Bostwick, is to ride a Grand National winner, and he will probably be on his own horse Chenango.

Captain C. N. Brownhill, Mr. P. V. Cazalet, Mr. Frank Cundell, Mr. G. Elliott, Mr. R. P. Harding, Mr. F. E. McKeever, Mr. A. Marsh, Captain O. Prior Palmer, Mr. W. F. Ransom, Mr. G. P. Shakerley, Mr. H. Lloyd Thomas and Mr. F. T. Walwyn are a group of capable riders who can find their way round the Liverpool course with the right material beneath them.



PART OF A QUORN FIELD TO-DAY MOVING OFF AFTER A MEET AT ABB KETTLEBY

A GREAT RUN WITH THE QUORN

Ever-Fresh Memories of Forty Years Ago

By LORD BAYFORD

IF I were asked which run in which I have taken part stands out most in my memory, I would give the palm to that of the Quorn on Friday, December 14th, 1894. My wife and I were then hunting from Kibworth, in the middle of Fernie's country. Two Oxford friends of mine were staying with us, both Hertfordshire men, "Tony" Gilliat and George Smith Bosanquet, the latter of whom has for many years past been a well-known M.F.H. We had a good day with Fernie on the 13th, but our two guests were very keen to see the Quorn. That was in the days of Lord Lonsdale and Tom Firr.

I doubt if a Hunt was ever better done. There were said to be 100 or more chesnuts with hog manes and long tails in the Hunt stables. The servants were turned out in leathers. In fact, everything was of the best.

But it was not all show. Very few men have ridden better over Leicestershire than Lord Lonsdale. Very few have kept a field in order so efficiently. And as to Firr, to the best of my belief he was as good as his reputation. He had the most wonderful control of his hounds, and it was said he never really wanted a whipper-in. A light-weight and a first-class horseman, he nearly always tried forward first when hounds checked, and with a hard-riding field behind him it was his best chance. Incidentally, it may be said only those in front knew whether hounds were running or not. But his tactics were generally successful. He certainly killed his foxes and showed first-class sport. A Leicestershire field is a critical assembly, but no one criticised Firr.

The meet was at Barkby Holt. We drove on and my two friends were met by horses from Leicester, supplied, of course, by Sam Hames. He merits a word in any reminiscences of that time. As a rider over Leicestershire he was hard to beat, and whatever horse he rode seemed to go kindly with him. As a horse dealer I can only say he always treated me well. No doubt, like others of his kind, he had his detractors. There was a story of a client who said to him, "Well, Sam, you are the greatest liar I ever knew!" "Ah, Sir," was the reply, more in sorrow than in anger, "you never knew my father!"

Having found our horses, we took our place in the crowd. No capping in those days. One member of a neighbouring Hunt, and two complete strangers were made welcome. The draw from a meet at Barkby Holt is, of course, the covert of that name. And it did not belie its reputation. A fox went away pretty soon. Things, however, did not go very well at first. We hunted slowly for a bit in rather an undecided way round Keyham and on to South Croxton. Then hounds settled down to run, and I believe were never cast again throughout. And they ran over the cream of the Quorn, which is a rider's Paradise. But the fences are high and stiff, and you must keep jumping over the top of them; if your horse omits to do that you come down. I did so once, I think Tony Gilliat did twice, but we were young then, and were soon up and on again.

We hunted steadily through Lowesby Park, then on to John o'Gaunt and over Wadboro' Hill. Here we got into Cottesmore country, running just past the corner of Owston Wood and into Launde Big Wood. That is not a nice place for a tired horse, but right through it we went, and on towards Belton. Short of that we swung to the right and found ourselves in Fernie's country. We passed between Alexton and Vowe's Gorse, and into Stockerston Wood. There at last we marked to ground.

We had been running for two hours and 40 minutes, and the point was said to be fourteen miles. Of course, those who had not been out declared, next day, that we had changed foxes several times, and that the fox marked to ground was one that Fernie had been hunting in the morning. Such things cannot be proved either way. I know no reason why we should not have run one fox all through. Anyhow, it was a very great hunt. Our horses realised that. We were a long way from home, and they had done enough and a little more. But we were no longer in a strange country. Hard by lived Mr. Bankart, one of the keenest and hardest of Fernie's followers. To his house Gilliat and I led our weary steeds, where an excited groom provided the best of everything for them when he heard where we had come from.



MRS. RICHARD GOOCH, WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED HER BIRTHDAY IN THE HUNTING FIELD



MRS. R. FARQUHAR TALKING TO MRS. GORDON COLMAN AT THE NEW YEAR MEET OF THE QUORN



THE HON. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR WITH MRS. VAN RENSSELAER AT THE ABB KETTLEBY MEET

The groom told us that Bankart was laid up with an influenza cold, but insisted that we must go in and tell him all about it. We did so, and found him looking very sorry for himself. But I never saw a man wake up more quickly than he did when he heard we had run from Barkby Holt. Maps out and questions as to exactly how we had come. Nor was refreshment forgotten, or unappreciated. A message to the local station secured a horse box. Gilliat's horse went straight back to Leicester, mine to Kibworth, and we went back in the same train.

We were a little anxious about George Bosanquet, but expected to find him waiting for us. However, when we got home there was no news of him. There was nothing to be done, as it was before the days of telephones. Dinner was put off as long as hunger would allow, but at last we fed, and then lingered over our port in the hope of his turning up.

When it got to 10 p.m. we were really anxious, but about that time we heard the noise of wheels in the drive. There at the door was George in a hansom cab. He had taken a toss, lost the hounds, wandered about for some time, then ridden back to Leicester. As it was then pretty late he had dined there and then hired a hansom cab to drive the ten miles out. All's well that ends well. And we went to bed with that feeling of happy content that comes after a really good hunt.

Such are my recollections of a great day. If I have got any details wrong I apologise to my readers; but I would ask the younger among them to make notes of the best run they have this season and then try to write the story of it 40 years on.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life.

RULES.—1. *The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, January 27th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4.* 2. *Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete.* 3. *Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned.* 4. *No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final.* 5. *Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.*

IN CHARGE OF THE ZOO'S SNAKES

Interesting Discoveries made at Regent's Park

By DR. BURGESS BARNETT

(Curator of Reptiles, Zoological Society of London)

SYMPATHETIC care of the large number of snakes exhibited in the Reptile House at the London Zoological Gardens occasionally results in the unexpected discovery of facts in the natural history of these reptiles which may have been hitherto imperfectly realised.

A case in point which has elicited several interesting facts relates to a brood of African rock pythons (*Python sebæ*)—best known, perhaps, to the majority of people as one of the commonest sources of snake-skin leather for ladies' shoes. The Zoo was very fortunate in acquiring these snakes because they were caught by the side of the eggs from which they had just emerged, and their exact age was consequently known. They were hatched in February, 1929, and reached the Zoological Gardens in May of the same year.

The following year they all suffered from an infection of the eyes, which resulted in the permanent total blindness of one of them. Prior to this they had become sufficiently tame to feed from the hand, and had been fed regularly on dead mice. Later, as the snakes grew larger, rats were substituted for mice, but the blind snake, which, of course, recognised its food entirely by scent, constantly refused to change its diet, and to this day has only once—by accident—been induced to accept a rat. Consequently, although it is perfectly healthy, it has grown to barely half the length of its companions.

Another apparent instance of the importance of smell among the senses of certain snakes was provided when fresh, dry bracken, which has a strong, aromatic scent, was employed in the dens of the large constricting snakes. All the occupants went off their feed for several weeks, the largest of the pythons, a monster of 27ft., refusing all food for nearly two months.

To-day, at the age of almost exactly five years, the largest of the 1929 brood measures a few inches less than 8ft., and they have only now reached the size desired by reptile-skin dealers for manufacture into shoes. This point has some bearing on the question, recently suggested in the Soudan, of the possibility of breeding pythons in captivity for their leather. It seems from these observations that a python requires five years to reach a minimum marketable size, and, at our one feed per week, about 250 mice and rats. At their present value undressed python skins of this size would be worth less than 5/ each, so the scheme would not appear to be a commercial proposition.

These same snakes have recently demonstrated the age at which they become mature, for pairing among them was first seen last week—that is, at five years old. So far as the writer is aware, this is the first data recorded on breeding age in relation to any snakes; indeed, as breeding in captivity is not common, and the age of snakes cannot be determined by inspection, it is probable that no such observations have been made hitherto.

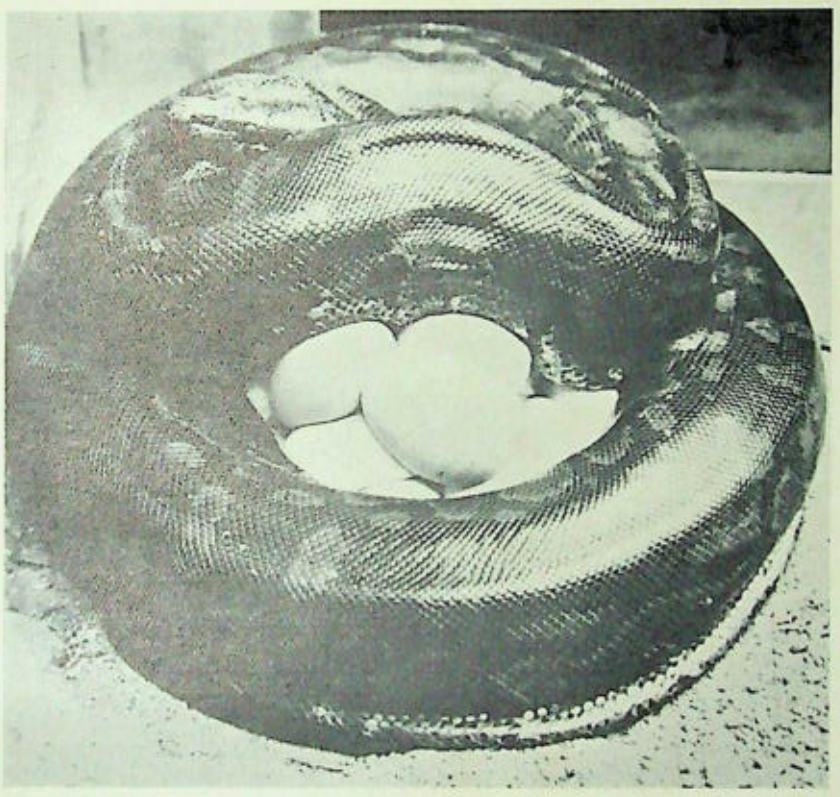
The fact that the snakes which paired are sexually mature will not, of course, be established unless or until fertile eggs are laid, and for this reason the female has been removed from her companions and the public gaze in the hope that she will not only lay but incubate the eggs if she is undisturbed.

That pythons "sit" on their eggs during incubation is fairly well known, and many careful experiments to determine the increase in the temperature of the brooding snake's body during this time have been performed. It was due to over-inquisitiveness on this subject that the last batch of python's eggs laid in the Zoo failed to hatch. The mother, which was never very tame, was so much disturbed by the necessary interference that she scattered the pile of eggs about the cage and took no further interest in them.

There is unquestionably an increase of several degrees in the temperature of a python while she is coiled round her eggs, but it is doubtful whether, in most cases, the added warmth is essential to the eggs hatching. Probably her presence as a guard, protecting them from egg-eating animals, is more essential than her warmth.



DR. BARNETT WITH ONE OF HIS CHARGES: A MARINE LIZARD FROM THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS



HOW A PYTHON "SITS" ON HER EGGS

"Probably her presence as a guard is more essential than her warmth"

However that may be, the mother-python takes no further interest in her progeny as soon as they are hatched: the young snakes, which are quite capable of looking after themselves, promptly scatter, climbing into bushes and beginning an independent existence.

The problem of artificially hatching snakes' eggs frequently recurs at the Zoo, and more often than not proves insoluble. A batch of eggs which, deposited under natural conditions, will hatch without any care from the parent, only too often "goes wrong" under laboratory conditions. Being covered with pliable, parchment-like shells, they either shrivel from lack of moisture or go mouldy and rot.

On several occasions snakes' eggs have been removed from cages, carefully washed in sterilised water, lifted with a sterilised spoon on to sterilised wool, and kept under a bell-jar over more sterilised water, only to develop a luxurious crop of blue mould in a few days. On the other hand, a clutch of 23 eggs laid by an English grass snake in a hollow log of decaying wood, in a crowded cage about a yard square, produced 23 youngsters before their presence was discovered.

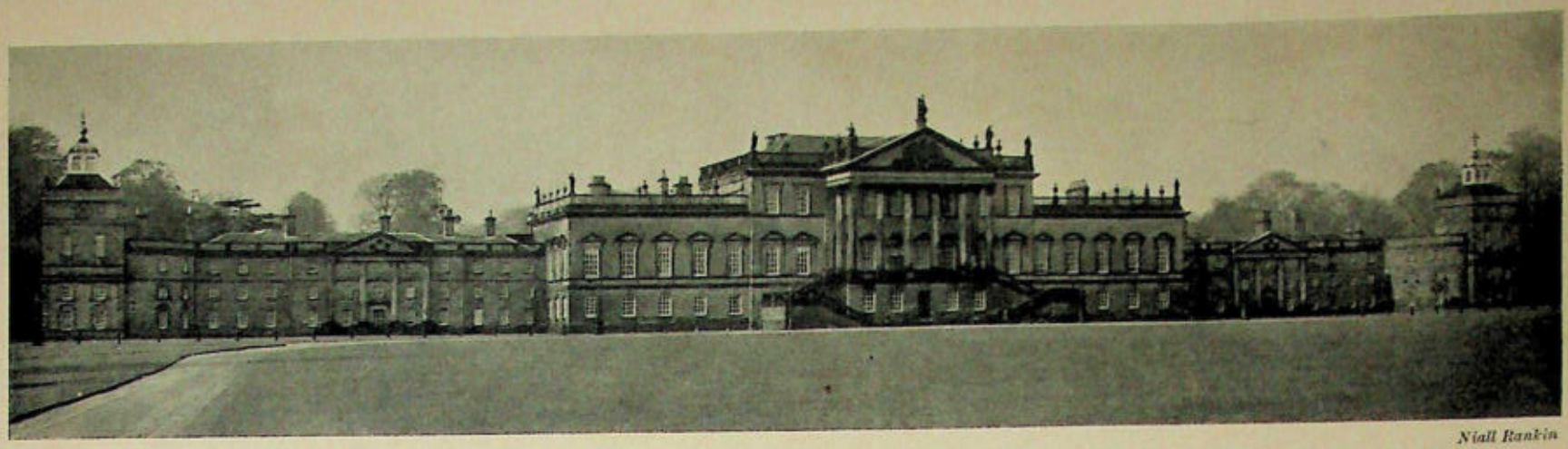
After a good deal of experiment it was found that all soft-shelled reptile eggs hatch almost as well as in the natural state if they are treated as a gardener would treat spring bulbs in forcing them for early bloom, but with a higher temperature. They are placed an inch or so deep in a bowl of moistened "bulb fibre," consisting of peat and charcoal, and left to their own devices at a temperature of between 80 deg. and 90 deg. F.

Some interesting observations have been made, too, in feeding young snakes, following the general practice of the Zoo, on dead food. It was found possible to rear vipers from birth by giving them strips of frog-meat on forceps, but that they would only feed if their feeding-reflex was stimulated at the same time by the sight of a living frog beyond a glass partition in the cage. The frog had, however, to be *almost* small enough for the little creatures to swallow; if it were too large the fear reflex was excited, and several hours had to elapse before they could be induced to feed again.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the frogs which were compelled to act as *aperitifs* were quite unconscious of the role they played!



ONE OF THE ZOO PYTHONS CONSTRICTING ITS PREY *Neville Kingston*



Niall Rankin

WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE, FORMERLY THE HOME OF STRAFFORD, PASSED INTO THE FITZWILLIAM FAMILY THROUGH THE MARRIAGE OF THE FOURTH EARL FITZWILLIAM WITH ANNE, SISTER OF THE LAST MARQUESS OF ROCKINGHAM

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 14

The Fitzwilliams at Wentworth and Milton

THE Fitzwilliams are one of the most ancient families in the Kingdom. They trace back to William Fitzwilliam, cousin of the Conqueror, to whom he gave a scarf which is still at Milton and which is one of the few authentic Norman relics in this country. It is used at the christening of every succeeding Fitzwilliam, and the present Earl was brought specially back from Canada, where he was born, so that he might be christened in it. In 1499 John Fitzwilliam became possessed of Milton, which has been in the family ever since.

The name of Fitzwilliam will always be connected with foxhunting, for hounds have been kept at Milton for at least 200 years, and the Fitzwilliam, with the Badminton, Belvoir and Brocklesby Hunts are one of the few old family packs that have never passed from the hands of their owners, and which have so greatly influenced the science of English foxhunting and the breeding of English foxhounds. The fourth Earl Fitzwilliam (the earldom had been created in 1716, and the Irish Barony of Fitzwilliam in 1620) is supposed to have founded the present pack as it exists to-day, and from whom the famous Milton strain is derived. But undoubtedly there were hounds kept there many years before, whether for hunting the hare, the fox or the deer, or a combination of the three forms of hunting. These hounds were purchased by the fourth Earl in 1768. It is not possible here to trace the interest of his earlier predecessors in sport. There are no earlier records in existence; a still older pedigree booking having been burnt in a fire at the kennels. But we may be certain that from the influence the family had in the countryside in earlier days the Fitzwilliams of Milton must have been men pre-eminent in the pursuits of rural life.

Some hounds were added to the pack in 1768, and soon made their mark. They came from Mr. Foley and Mr. Child, and with them came their first huntsman Will Deane. It is interesting to note here that in the next 120 years the Fitzwilliam hounds had only three huntsmen, for Will Deane lasted till 1822, a period of 54 years, which must surely be a record; while Thomas Sebright, who succeeded him, carried the horn till 1861, and George Carter till 1888. It was not long before Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds made their mark, and a test was arranged for them with the hounds of the famous Hugo Meynell himself. Ten couples of each pack were to be taken to Hunts Closes and were to be stopped after a fast 40 minutes. This was done, and the Fitzwilliam were declared the winners, their Darter and Druid being first up.

He had succeeded in 1782 to the great estates of the last Lord Rockingham, whose sister Anne had married his father. Through this marriage the huge house at Wentworth and the great estates in Yorkshire which had descended to the Rockinghams from the great Strafford came into the Fitzwilliam family. Lord Rockingham was not actively connected with foxhunting, but he was an ardent patron of racing and deer hunting. He was an instance of the politician with a love of the Turf and sport, and, like Lord Rosebery, he had won a classic race and held the position of Prime Minister, for he won the first St. Leger Stakes with Alabaculia in 1776, and in 1778 he gave to the Doncaster classic the name of his friend and neighbour, Colonel St. Leger of Park Hill. He had brought from Sir William Middleton the famous Whistle Jacket, and the picture of this horse by Stubbs is hung at Wentworth. Lord Rockingham had signed the Jockey Club's first public document, and may also lay claim to fame as the owner of Bay Malton, which won the Whip at Newmarket in 1768, of Sampson and of Solon, which he afterwards used as a charger.

At the end of the eighteenth century the fourth Earl was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but on his return he devoted himself entirely to foxhunting. He owned not only a very large property in the country which he hunted, but he also acquired a large number of the fox-coverts with a field all round them, so it may in truth be said the owner of Milton, besides having possession of the family pack, has also a unique control over the country. He showed really first-class sport, and the fame of the pack became known throughout the country. In 1822, Will Deane retired and was succeeded by Thomas Sebright, the best known of the Fitzwilliam huntsmen. He came from Squire Osbaldeston with a strong letter of recommendation, which is still preserved at Milton. "I have this moment received your letter, and as I am particularly anxious



MR. GEORGE WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM
A portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings



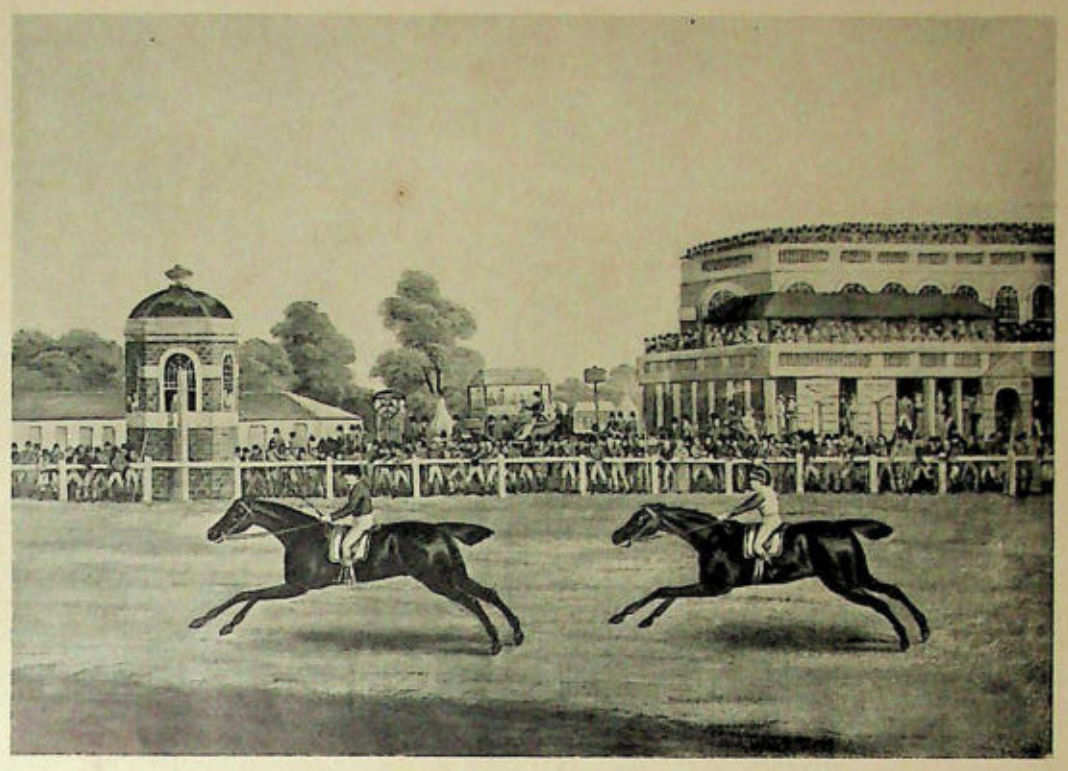
MILTON, NEAR PETERBOROUGH
The home of the Fitzwilliam family since 1499, *and one of the strongholds of foxhunting*

that you should have the best servant and huntsman in England I lose no time in answering it to say that Sebright is at your service whenever you may send for him. He will arrive with my small pack near Beverley on Saturday next from Hampshire, and I will tell him that there is a probability of his getting your place. I most sincerely hope that he will go to you, for *he* will not get another such situation, and I am sure *you* will not get another such man (altogether)." Tom Sebright lived up to his reputation. He hunted hounds for the fourth and fifth Earls and the Hon. George Wentworth Fitzwilliam, father of the present owner, and was described as the perfect huntsman.

All through this period there were kept at Milton the very comprehensive hound records which are the most complete in England, and which show every hound entered since 1768 in a book on whose first page is inscribed: "A Regular Book of the Breed of Robt. Child Esq.'s Foxhounds, which will give an account of how they are bred is rote bye the hand of Will Dean, in ye year of 1769, and so continewed to where you find it."

The fifth Earl continued in charge of the family pack at Milton till 1857. During this time there is no actual record of hounds at Wentworth, but it is highly probable that both the fourth and fifth





TWO PICTURES IN LORD FITZWILLIAM'S COLLECTION

On the left is the famous Whistle Jacket by Stubbs and, on the right, "the race won by Orville" on the old Doncaster racecourse

Earls hunted there, as their passion for hunting was well known. Drafts are known to have been sent from Milton, and it is supposed that a pack was formed there, though much of the subsequent Wentworth Fitzwilliam country would appear to have been hunted by the Badsworth.

On the death of the fifth Earl his property was divided. Wentworth went to his eldest son and Milton and the hounds passed to his second son, Mr. George Wentworth Fitzwilliam, who showed excellent sport till his death as the result of a hunting accident in 1874. George Carter followed Thomas Sebright as huntsman in 1861, and the combination showed excellent sport. George Carter went from Milton to Wentworth to assist in planning the gorse coverts which the new Earl began to plant when he succeeded and when he re-established the Wentworth Fitzwilliam pack on succeeding to the property. Like his predecessors he was an enthusiastic foxhunter, and he and his brother at Milton helped to show first-class sport with their respective packs. They had established a reputation among hound breeders with Belvoir, Brocklesby and Badminton. The "Druid" had written of the Milton Feudal and Foreman that they were "resolute hard-working hounds, rather savage with their foxes, and with beautiful tongues. Belvoir and Brocklesby owe them much as Milton Solomon brought Brocklesby a most valuable strain."

When Mr. George Wentworth Fitzwilliam of Milton died he was succeeded by his son, who was not then of age, and, though his father had left him the family pack, his trustees could not see their way to making provision for feeding them. Here the sixth Earl (his uncle) stepped in and guaranteed to make good this sum to the estate should it become necessary. This sporting action is typical of the very genuine friendship which has always existed between the two branches of the family. Mr. George Fitzwilliam has remained the owner of the family pack to the present day. During the greater part of that time he has been Master himself, including 24 years single-handed, up to 1919. In 1927 he was joined by his cousin, the present Lord Fitzwilliam, thus bringing the two branches of the family into even closer union. The position of the Milton pack is almost unique. It is not strictly a "fashionable" pack, but the fact that it has never passed out of one family, that the owner of Milton besides being a large landowner also owns most of the coverts, and, further, that Mr. George Fitzwilliam has held the estates for nearly 60 years, gives the family an influence in the country which is enormous, especially among the very sporting set of farmers. He is at present helped in the Mastership by his younger son, while his elder son is well known to many *Field* readers as secretary of the Field Sports Society.

The sixth Earl Fitzwilliam in the meantime had firmly established the Wentworth pack. Like his father, his interests were in foxhunting, not in racing. The fifth Earl was once told that one of his horses was "well enough bred to win the Derby." "And well enough bred to carry my huntsman," he had replied. Those were the sentiments of his son. He had bad luck at first, for dumb madness broke out, and he had to destroy his whole pack, but with the aid of drafts from Milton he soon re-established it. He had not the same opportunities as there were at Milton, for he had a smaller country beginning to be spoilt by industrial development. We are told that when a new inhabitant came to the Wentworth neighbourhood, after a suitable time the agent would inform him that his Lordship would be pleased to see him at dinner on Mondays in November, and to warn him to expect no further invitation. Entertaining on this scale was possible during those more spacious days.



COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM, BY LÁSZLÓ

He died in 1902 and was succeeded by his grandson, the present Earl. His son had predeceased him and had been an ardent explorer, having essayed the N.W. Passage overland. The present Earl Fitzwilliam has been one of the most ardent foxhunters of his generation, having at one time been in control of two packs—the Grove and the 20 couples at Wentworth Fitzwilliam. He continued to be Master of the latter till they had to be given up in 1929 owing to the country being so much built over. He is also a keen yachtsman, was one of the pioneers of motoring, and keeps a number of horses in training, as also does Lady Fitzwilliam, the daughter of that fine sportsman the late Marquess of Zetland.

R. M.



THE SIXTH EARL FITZWILLIAM

A picture from the Wentworth Collection of the founder of the Wentworth Fitzwilliam pack





"A WARM PEAT FIRE IS DEFINITELY PREFERABLE TO STUMBLING DREARILY THROUGH SNOW WITH THE TEMPERATURE BELOW FREEZING POINT"
On the left is a picture of a party choosing the hinds to be shot, and on the right the venison is being dragged to the ponies

WINTER'S TOLL OF THE RED DEER

Some Difficulties of the Hind Shooting Season

By THE HON. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE SKEFFINGTON

ON the average it will be found that men who may have stalked in Scotland for longer than they care to admit, have yet never done a day's hind shooting. If hind shooting lacks anything in quality, it admirably retaliates in the form of adverse weather conditions and quantity. In severe weather it is possible on some forests to motor along a road and shoot from ten to twenty hinds within 400yds. of the car. I personally think this method unfair. The wretched animals have enough to do preventing themselves from starving without motor cars being employed to help in their destruction. The curse of hind shooting is how to get the venison home. If, for instance, fifteen hinds have been shot in a day, it is no small problem how to get them back. In consequence one is very apt to shoot the hinds that are nearest a road or loch, so that they can be brought home by car or boat, irrespective as to whether they are the most suitable ones to shoot.

Much more importance is attached to hind shooting with a view to improving the heads of a forest than is generally realised. A great mistake made by most owners of forests is that of allowing their stalkers to shoot the hinds. The stalkers are ordered to shoot a certain number and distribute the venison to the surrounding countryside. Accordingly, all the hinds shot have to be yeld hinds. In other words, hinds which did not have a calf last June but will have one next summer, milk hinds and barren old hinds being no good for eating purposes.

We therefore see that the chief object the stalkers have in view is to get passable venison to distribute to their employer's tenants. The effect of this system is that a great many of the best breeding hinds get shot, instead of old barren, toothless ones and the weedy milk hinds. Also, 80 per cent. of the yeld hinds seem, strangely enough, to have stag calves inside, which makes the idea of always having to pick a yeld even more fantastic. If improvement is desired for the stock, it is infinitely more sensible to shoot off the old milk hinds and old barren hinds. With milk hinds it is kinder to shoot the calves also, except in the case of a well-grown stag calf, which stands a perfectly good chance of surviving the winter. Of course, there is no harm in a quarter of the hinds shot being yeld, but shooting nothing except yeld hinds is obviously entirely wrong.

The right time of year to shoot hinds for venison is from the middle of November to the end of December. After the New Year their condition gets poorer and poorer, while they are almost universally attacked by the warble fly. There is really no reason why hinds should not be shot in July and August; their condition, as far as venison goes, is then excellent. Another advantage would be that any hind shot would not have a calf inside her, as is the case after the rut in November; but one might as well try to make time go backwards, as ever live to see such a reactionary method approved of.

On most forests the proportion of hinds to stags is three times too great. Take a forest where 50 stags are shot annually, which means that the average stock of stags is 500—a stag reaching his prime in ten years; therefore ten live stags being required for every shot stag. On such a forest the correct number of hinds is 2,000, but the probable number would be anything from 6,000 to 10,000. The right proportion is four hinds to one stag, in which proportion the master stags will have from ten to twenty hinds. The evils of a too great proportion of hinds concentrate, like unemployment and taxation, into a vicious circle. The master stags cannot possibly serve all their hinds, half of which are either served by a weakling of an old stag when their lord and master's attentions are centred elsewhere, or more likely are not served at all.



RED DEER IN WINTER
In a hard season like the present the red deer will come right down to the cottages and farmsteads in search of food

The causes of this overstocking of hinds are not far afield. A warm peat fire with a comfortable chair and something to drink is definitely preferable to stumbling drearily through snow with the temperature below freezing point; at least, so most sane mortals think. A stalker is, strange to say, no exception; having supplied all the necessary tenants with venison, he relies on a cruel winter to do the rest. As it happens, the "cruel winter" very rarely does do the rest. Sometimes if the young grass in spring comes on too suddenly and luxuriantly, the deer feast over-well on empty stomachs after a hard winter, with disastrous results. As regards the actual cold and hardship of winter the hinds stand up to it better than the stags, the latter not having had time to recover from their activities in October. Another cause of this amazing increase of the hind stock, as compared to a hundred years ago, is the increased value of stalking rents: in view of which owners of low-ground shootings marching with deer forests never shoot any hinds wintering in their woods, in the hopes that they will stay all the year round and thus decoy stags down from the high ground in autumn. These strips of hind ground, or so-called late forests, act as sanctuaries to thousands of hinds.

It can be extremely amusing and profitable to play an occasional trick on old Mrs. Hind. They soon get to know the car or shooting brake used for hind shooting, and the moment anyone attempts to get out he is the centre of a hundred eyes. Their suspicions can be dulled provided the whole party, say three people, walk in full view for about 300yds. and disappear behind a knoll. Then one of the party being sent back to the car, the deer will suspiciously watch till he drives the car away. Immediately the car is out of sight they commence feeding, which proves that deer cannot count. The other two members of the party can then begin the stalk with everything in their favour.

Where deer are used to shepherds with collies or parties shooting grouse over dogs, one can get amazingly close by disguising oneself as being employed in either of these pursuits. On one forest I know of, the postman passes through one of the best bits of ground every day, the deer not taking the least notice. Remembering this, somebody tried to be clever and dressed up as the postman, expecting to be able to shoot countless hinds from the road. On his appearance the whole glen was cleared of every four-footed mammal. He had made the mistake of setting out in the morning, when the post had always, since Adam, come in the evening: which evidently points to the fact that though deer cannot count, they must have a sense of time.



Bracken straight-running in the style advocated by Schneider : a low crouch, hands in front of the knees, weight well forward, ski tips approximately level and close together



A faultless exhibition of a stem-Christiania turn. Note the power which Bracken has put into his hip and shoulder swing and his perfectly controlled hands

W. R. BRACKEN, FORMERLY BRITISH SKI CHAMPION, WHO HAS STARTED A SCHOOL AT DAVOS BASED MAINLY ON THE ARLBERG METHODS

SKI-ING MADE EASY

The Arlberg School and Its Methods

By T. S. SYDENHAM CLARKE

PEOPLE who go to the Alps in winter can usually be divided into two classes : those who want purely to have a gay holiday in the sun and to whom winter sports are really incidental ; and those who go with the idea of concentrating on ski-ing and definitely improving their technique.

The latter class should at all costs make sure of being well-grounded from the start, and they could not do better than take some form of Arlberg course. These courses, which were originally started by Hannes Schneider at St. Anton, now exist not only in the Arlberg but at practically every ski-ing centre. Former pupils of Schneider have been invited all over the Alps to start schools based on the Arlberg methods, and such is their present predominance that it appears as if the Schneider theory of ski-ing after years of bitter controversy is the one which has carried the day.

Ever since downhill ski-ing became popular in Central Europe, prominent skiers have been disputing over the best methods to be taught. The British have had the reputation of favouring the upright and telemark-position method, which is ideal for slow-speed touring but is not steady enough for racing. The Swiss were not until recently by any means united in their opinions, but on the whole they too favoured upright running.

Then came Schneider with his encouragement of a low crouch and emphasis on the necessity of having one's knees and weight well forward, of raising and lowering the body from the knees in every turn, and of dispensing with all turns but the stem and Christiania. By insisting on these main points he has, as is now at last generally admitted, struck at the roots of a really sound ski technique. For there is no question that a forward knee is the most vital essential of ski-ing : if you always force your knees well forward you should never fall. The rise and fall of the body in making a turn gives steadiness and control, and tends to prevent you from catching an edge, besides being æsthetically most satisfying. The emphasis on stemming (the position where the ski points are turned inwards and the skis "edged" for braking) leads to control and steadiness in all kinds of snow and on any slope.

A telemark is admittedly less tiring than a stem turn in deep soft snow, but it is never steady at high speed. The lifted stem, which is encouraged by the British school, is easier but less steady than the pure stem, and leads to bad habits which are not easily lost.

Above all then, learn to stem really well from the start and you will never find snow so difficult or a hill so steep that you cannot cope with it. Having once been thoroughly grounded in stemming and stem-turning, by all means learn any other turn which you may find easier in certain types of snow, but when in difficulty always revert to your stemming.

Now, the reason for Schneider's enormous success is twofold : first, that he discovered before anyone else these essential principles of ski technique ; and, secondly, that he has evolved an inexpensive, efficient and attractive method of expounding his theories. People soon found that he was turning out capable skiers under a mass-production system far more quickly than anyone else ; they found that they themselves improved very rapidly under his instruction, and more and more skiers adopted his methods, until there is to-day hardly a single first-class skier who does not in all essentials follow Schneider's methods.

His schools are arranged in the system of graded groups of ten to fifteen pupils under each instructor. These young Austrian guides are not only themselves invariably experts, but are also very skilled teachers and extremely patient. About five hours' instruction is given at 3/6 per day—a very favourable comparison with charges elsewhere—and every three days pupils are taken on a tour. On these runs they have the joy of going as fast as they can with a really expert guide to chase, a very different matter from the average run, which consists too often in long periods of waiting linked by short bursts of ski-ing.

Hence an Arlberg course is of benefit to expert and beginner ; for there is no longer any question that Schneider's methods lead to the steadiest possible ski-ing under all conditions.



PUPILS WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION

The guide shows very clearly on a steep slope the pure stem turn, emphasising shoulder swing and the unweighting of the upper ski. Members of the course watch the demonstration and then carry out the turn themselves



CARRYING OUT INSTRUCTIONS

A member of the course who has learnt his lesson well and is following Schneider's maxim of "chin, knee and toe in the same straight line"



LEEDS—"THE ENCHANTED CASTLE." THE *PONS GLORIETTAE* CONNECTING THE TWO ISLANDS
From the "Country Houses of Kent," by Arthur Oswald. "Country Life," Ltd.; 12/6

New Books

THE REAL AMERICAN TROUT FISHING

New Methods from Over the Water

TROUT fishing, it has been said, is trout fishing all the world over. As the general preamble to a proposition that may be true, but in England, and particularly in the southern counties, the sport has taken on such an individual complexion that the capture of trout in other countries has largely ceased to interest anglers who are accustomed to regard the problem of the chalk streams and other "difficult" waters as an integral part of their sport. At least on the printed page it has ceased to interest them. There must, for example, be a number of fishing books published every year in America, but few of them seem to find their way into English libraries, in spite of the constantly expanding bookshelves. Apart from the late Dr. Henry Van Dyke, whose charm will always command an audience, there have been perhaps only two American authors of recent years whose books have been much studied by fishermen over here—Mr. E. R. Hewitt and Mr. G. M. L. Labranche. To these must now certainly be added the name of Mr. E. V. Connett.

Field readers may remember some articles on American stream fishing which he wrote for us a few years ago, and since that time he has visited England and spent a summer on our own chalk streams—some of them. On the Wye and the Kennet among others—also on a Hertfordshire stream which he disguises (thinly) under the name of Nie Wade.

It is partly that visit to England, probably, which has enabled him to write a book that will surely take an honoured place on the trout-fishing shelf. He writes from the point of view of the man who has "been to see," and in consequence can make us understand his own familiar streams with their lack of weed and lack of wind (what a blessing that must be!) almost as well as we know our own water meadows with their ever-present breezes and their winding weed-grown river.

The first part of his volume is devoted to the minutiæ of tackle and method. Mr. Connett modestly suggests that the experienced angler may skip it; it is uncommonly well done, nevertheless; but it is the second part, where he comes to deal with the problem of trout fishing, which will be read with most pleasure. Everywhere one is delighted with the solid common sense of his views. Take, for example, his remarks on that much-debated question "exact imitation," as it is called for want of a better term: "Evidently a trout considers that some objects should be taken in his mouth and others given a mere nosing or exterior examination; otherwise he would take them all into his mouth," and goes on to develop the theory that the thing to aim for is not so much to make an imitation of the natural insect seen by the human eye as to make an artificial behave in the manner of an insect which the trout normally tests by taking it into its mouth.

There, of course, is a difficulty. We do know more or less how the floating dun or the spent spinner behaves, but who can tell us about the behaviour of the bulk of a trout's food—the larva or nymph under the surface? How much of the success of dry-fly fishing is due to the resemblance of an artificial fly to the natural, and how much to the way it sits, or rather stands, upon the water? There are great possibilities awaiting the man who can make an artificial fly which behaves like a natural nymph.

Though the book breaks no new ground, it presents many of the well-known problems from a new angle, and should find a welcome—a ready welcome—awaiting it in the modern trout-fishing library.

H. D. T.

Any Luck? By Eugene V. Connett. (Windward House, New York; $3.50 net.)

A BORN TEACHER'S BOOK

Lawn Tennis Simplified

MRS. HAZEL HOTCHKISS WIGHTMAN'S *Better Tennis* is the book of a born teacher. "The quality of trueness comes first," says Mrs. Moody in her foreword, "and goodness follows." It is Mrs. Wightman's object to write to inculcate that quality, and she succeeds. Her readers appreciate the force of Mrs. Moody's statement, that while winning the doubles championship at Wimbledon in 1924 the author was the little general and herself the youthful lieutenant. Mrs. Wightman was United States singles champion from 1909–11, and again in 1919; she won the doubles title six times—first in 1909 and sixth in 1928; and the mixed four times. Her hobby has been teaching; she now reduces her experience to paper, aiming at the simplicity of expression which she has found to be essential.

Mrs. Wightman holds that the basis of the international language of lawn tennis is rhythm and balance, and proves it in plain terms. Like a modern language master introducing a tongue-shy Englishman to foreign speech, she advocates getting the sound of it before tackling the drier technicalities. Her readers will realise part of the process which has turned out her best pupil, Mrs. Moody, with an accent nigh perfect, an easy diction and a habit of so few solecisms. The rest of the process is summed up in the words, trite enough in themselves, which close the book: "Champions are made through perseverance and the application of sound principles."

Primarily Mrs. Wightman writes for women, and that is what every girl learner wants. Boys' needs, like their physical structure, differ materially. But most of what she says has a general application, and much of it would do the average tournament player a world of good. For example, she expounds the grammar of the relation of the shoulders to the feet, of the left arm to the right, and of the body in action to the flight of the ball—all in such easy reading that it seems easy doing.

There are some things about which many will not agree with Mrs. Wightman; as when she recommends a chop for return of service to advance a safety first theory in doubles, or when she is averse from the use of the thumb up the handle for the backhand in certain circumstances, or when with delightful boldness she declares: "A foot-fault is an infringement of the rules and should be considered cheating."

The unimaginative may disbelieve her when she writes "anticipate changes of speed. Your ears should help you there. I am always conscious of the different sounds of shots." But it is true. Next time you are at Wimbledon, shut your eyes and listen.

J. E. C.

Better Tennis. By Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman. (Allen & Unwin, Ltd.; 5/–.)

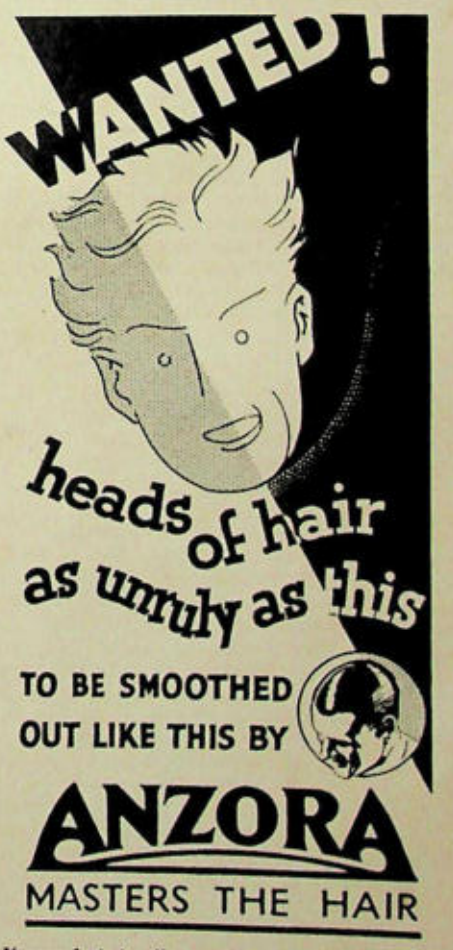
IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

THIS excellently illustrated book has been written as much for laymen as for students of architecture and is packed with interesting information. The ground is fully covered, for the "country houses" range from the castles of Kent, the mediæval and early Tudor houses to the Kentish yeomen's dwellings. In the list of English castles, compiled by Sir James MacKenzie, Kent comes fifth of all the counties of England and easily first among those in the South. All the more famous houses have been included—Penshurst, Knole, Ightham Mote, Cobham Hall, Charlton, Groombridge Chevening and Mereworth, but to many "men of Kent" and "Kentish men" the most interesting chapter will perhaps be that entitled "The Kentish Yeoman's Dwelling." For the substantially built timber-framed houses that survive testify to the old prosperity of the Kentish yeomen. Of the characteristic "hall-houses" of Kent, Wardes in the lovely village of Otham, Synyards, Stoneacre, Sole Street, The Old Hall, Sundridge, Link Farm near Egerton, Kite House, Monks Horton and Wilsley House, Cranbrook, are described and illustrated.

Of these the last named is one of the most interesting. Although built in early Tudor times, probably by one of the master weavers of Cranbrook, the earliest owner whose name is known was John Weston, a seventeenth century clothier. The hall is remarkable for its panelling. On the large panels Biblical scenes are represented, while, by way of contrast, below the dado a continuous procession of harriers are shown pursuing a hare. On a small panel in the corner next the door John Weston himself is shown in the sporting attire of the period—wide black felt hat, green suit and white neckcloth.

E. S. R.

The Country Houses of Kent. By Arthur Oswald. (Country Life, Ltd.; 12/6.)



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Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS

SIR,—Is it not a little late in the day to say, as you do in your article of December 23rd, that "the *Field* does not try to prevent anyone from keeping birds in cages"? Lord Buckmaster's original Bill did exactly this—it did forbid the keeping of the scheduled birds in cages, and I am not aware that the *Field* raised any objection. And the present Act has the same effect, for if the scheduled birds cannot be sold they cannot be bought, and if they cannot be bought, they cannot be kept as pets, either caged or loose. Except, of course, by the well-to-do, who can get birds without buying them. Believe me, it is no use talking about canaries or budgerigars. The fact remains that the Act renders it practically impossible to keep the ordinary British cage bird as a pet.

You tell me now that the little owl is unprotected because it is a nuisance, whilst you told Lord Tavistock—whom I thank for his letter—that it was sufficiently protected already. These reasons are mutually destructive and until a better one is discovered the public will continue to believe that it was denied protection in the interests of the game preserver. By the way, my experience, which is not inconsiderable, is not the same as yours, for I never found the brown owl a serious danger, and certainly should never have thought of having it destroyed.

Lastly, let me assure you that, in spite of what you say in your article, bird-keepers are just as humane, and often just as good naturalists, as those who possess leisure, access to the country and a pair of Zeiss glasses. Let me remind you also that the great Lord Lilford got much of his knowledge from British birds kept in confinement. A future Lord Lilford would, of course, be untouched by the Act, but the Act renders such observation practically impossible for the humbler naturalist.

Yours faithfully,
13, Cowley Street, Westminster, S.W. 1. JOHN W. HILLS.

[On February 25th, 1933, a signed editorial article was published in the *Field*, suggesting that Lord Buckmaster's Bill would have been better if its principal clause had been drafted so as to run: "Any person who sells, offers for sale, or has in his possession for sale any live bird, being a bird to which this Act applies, shall be liable on summary conviction," etc.

Major Hills is incorrect in his quotation of our reply to Lord Tavistock's letter in our issue of December 16th. We have replied to Lord Tavistock below. We have never asserted that bird keepers are less humane than other persons. We have been concerned throughout in attempting to prevent the recognised cruelties involved in the trapping and snaring of wild birds.—ED.]

SIR,—Your reply to my criticism of the discrimination shown in the Buckmaster Bill between the two species of owls is surely evasive and illogical. The original aim of the Bill was to protect British birds from the suffering or loss of happiness which its promoters believed to be inflicted, in varying degrees, by all forms of confinement. In its amended character the Bill is intended to protect birds from cruelty at the hands of trappers and dealers. You say that the Bill, by excepting the little owl, does not deny that bird "protection from bad treatment in captivity." If the existing laws relating to the prevention of cruelty to animals are adequate for protecting the little owl from bad treatment in captivity at the hands of trappers and dealers, what need was there for a Bill to give further protection to other species of owls, which are hardly ever caught for sale? If, on the other hand, the existing laws do not confer adequate protection, how, on grounds of humanity, can the exception of the little owl be justified? The bird's feeding habits have nothing to do with the issue. If its presence is undesirable, that is an argument for its humane destruction only.

Yours very truly,
The Place House, Peasmarsh, Sussex. TAVISTOCK.

[Lord Tavistock continues to be concerned with the fortunes of the little owl. We wish that it had been included in the schedule of Lord Buckmaster's Bill. We should object just as much to any cruelty involved in the trapping or snaring of little owls as we do to the cruelties involved in trapping and snaring British wild singing birds.—ED.]

FAMOUS HUNTING SMITHS

SIR,—Smith is a common name and, of course, must be common in connection with hunting. We have Thomas Assheton Smith, known as "le grand chasseur Smith"; why I do not know. There was Tom Smith, the famous huntsman to the Bramham Moor, and Tom Smith, sometimes called "the other Tom Smith." This latter was really the most famous, and a recent reprint of his *Life of a Fox* should be read by all aspiring huntsmen; also his *Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman*. Both these are text-books without boredom, technique "without tears." The idea of putting, as Smith does, the value of his own experience and keen observation into the mouth of the fox as he does in *The Life of a Fox* is attractive and makes the book most readable. Any hunting man cannot fail to benefit from a study of this marvellous portrait of the habits of the most astute of wild animals. Smith's intuitive knowledge of the run of a fox assisted him in killing the large number he did; he once killed 90 in 91 days out, and that in a country carrying no great scent. "Nimrod" finds fault with Tom Smith's hunting of hounds, but "Pomponius Ego," brilliant writer as he was, always seems to have been a poor judge of real hunting.

Yours faithfully,
Yorks. WETHERBY.

MONSTERS AND SCEPTICS

SIR,—The question has been raised, why have witnesses been reticent and delayed coming forward with their testimony with regard to the appearance of the Loch Ness Monster?

The tone of recent letters in *The Times* supplies the answer.

The great majority of Highlanders, whatever be their station in life, are gentlemen, and resent having their statements of fact doubted and being made the subject of feeble witticisms, so that owing to the regrettable objection in modern days to the former use of the Skean Dhu as an effective reply to charges of mendacity, they prefer to maintain a dignified silence rather than lay themselves open to the discourteous ridicule of ignorant Sassenachs.

Those who know the Highlands and the Highlanders will be familiar with this unwillingness to discuss loch monsters or waterhorses with unbelieving Englishmen and women, who class them as superstitions and legends.

However much the unbelievers scoff there is no doubt that from time to time monsters do appear in the larger and deeper Scottish lochs, and in some of the Irish lakes also. In the Highlands they are referred to as waterhorses or "beesties," sometimes in Gaelic, as *Each Uisge* or *Tarbh Oire*.

It is nearly 40 years since I was told of one in Loch Assynt in Sutherland, of which the late Lord Ellesmere has written a description with the evidence.

Mr. Osgood Mackenzie mentions one being seen in the 'fifties in a loch near the Gairloch.

The late Mr. Ellice in his book on Glen Quoich, describes and quotes evidence of one seen in Loch Quoich, Inverness-shire. This is near the Sea Loch Hourn, where its existence was vouched for some few years ago.

In 1931, two ladies, staying at Canisp Lodge, Lochinver, their gillie, a keeper and a crofter, saw one in Loch-na-gainimh, and their description tallies in many respects with that of the Loch Ness Monster, the existence of which has been reported by over 53 witnesses this year.

Evidence with regard to monsters in Irish lakes was reported in the *Field* in 1931.

I have no doubt that much reliable evidence could be collected from many who are silent, to avoid giving opportunity for the questionable display of taste by those who prefer to distort Scotch names into Mac Ness and Montquharson, to facts.

For similar reasons I sign myself,

Yours faithfully,
8, Suffolk Street, London, S.W. 1. C. B. E.

THE DROUGHT AND RIVER POLLUTION

SIR,—Moved by the death of one child and the serious illness of several others through drinking polluted water from the River Lambourn, the committee of this society would be grateful for space in which to reiterate a warning to the general public.

Many rivers are used for the disposal of untreated sewage and offensive and occasionally poisonous trade waste effluents from chemical, textile, paper, dye, beet sugar and other factories, which in recent years have industrialised rural areas. Under normal conditions when rivers are in full flow these effluents are diluted, and beyond frequently causing a wholesale destruction of fish life, or a mild epidemic, the injurious properties are unknown to the man in the street, who at this time is adequately supplied with drinking water from the usual sources.

In addition to drying up wells and springs the recent prolonged drought has had the effect of seriously lowering the rivers, and reducing the dilution of the toxic effluents and rendering what water remains in the beds of the rivers dangerous for drinking and washing purposes.

The Newbury fatality is a sinister reminder of warnings issued by this society, and emphasised in the report of an eminent water research authority two years ago. It was then intimated that spring and well sources of supply for drinking purposes were becoming exhausted, and that ultimately, or in the event of a serious drought, we should be more dependent upon the rivers.

If the River Lambourn is to be regarded as an instance of what may be expected in this eventuality the Minister of Health would be rendering an urgent and valuable public service by extending the circumscribed provisions now contemplated for rural needs to the nation's water supplies.

Closer examination of this problem will show that the advent of the drought has merely served to disclose more unmistakably the presence in our rivers of noxious elements and an alarming absence of pure water at a moment when the rivers may be most urgently needed for the purpose for which they were intended.

To those engaged in combating the grave menace of pollution the Lambourn disaster affords no satisfaction for saying "we told you so," nevertheless the consequences which were certain to arise from the glaring anomalies and inadequacies of existing laws which enable users of the rivers to dispose most conveniently and economically of millions of gallons of deadly waste effluent and crude sewage have been given the widest publicity by this society.

Yours faithfully,
THOS. W. GOMM.
Hon. Secretary, The Pure Rivers Society,
1, Lincoln's Inn Fields,
London, W.C. 2.

THE STRENGTH OF A PHEASANT

SIR,—While shooting pheasants a few days ago, my stand was in a garden completely surrounded by four brick walls. There was another gun on my right. A high cock pheasant came in between us, and we both fired. The bird crumpled like a dead bird, hit the wall behind me 40yds. away about half-way up and bounced back, as I measured it, 8ft. By the noise of the impact, it sounded as if every bone in the body must have been broken, besides the fact that it fell like a dead bird. However, after a period of about three minutes, the bird got up and ran quite strongly into a tool shed. When my dog brought it to hand, it was still capable of running strongly. The strength of this bird seemed to me miraculous.

Yours faithfully,
Cowley Barracks, Oxford. W. A. R. AMES (Captain).

BREAKING TWIGS

SIR,—In a recent number you have a most interesting letter concerning the question of animals "freezing" after making what your correspondent so delightfully calls a "faux pas." May I add to this my own experience?

I learned years ago that, when stalking as opposed to mere "hunting," as it is called out here, it is absolutely essential to "freeze" for at least two minutes after snapping a twig or noisily displacing a stone, and, what is more, to relax while "freezing." My theory is two-fold: in the first place, the snap of a twig warns the object of the stalk—always provided that it is within hearing—with the result that its ears are more than ever on the alert, and time must be given for its sound-searching ears to revert to normal; in the second place (and I fear that this opens up a very wide field of argument) I am quite certain that the intent, tense "freezing" emits an "aura" or circle of electro-animal-magnetism which counteracts the silence of the "freeze," and that it therefore behoves the "freezer" to relax. Personally, I go so far as to close my eyes and try to think of the "pen of the gardener."

I have twice seen animals in search of prey "freeze" for a full two minutes after a false step; in both cases the hunters seemed to fall into a depth of lethargic nonchalance.

"Silent freezing" does not seem to be necessary in the case of mountain sheep, and, of course, it is only efficacious in the case of noises which might well have been made by an animal in the woods.

Yours faithfully,
R.R.I., Vernon, B.C. PATRICK F. HOWDEN.



AN UNCOMMON BUT NOT UNHEARD OF OCCURRENCE
(*See Letter "Were They Caught by the Tide?"*)

WERE THEY CAUGHT BY THE TIDE?

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may possibly interest you. The creatures portrayed—54 in number—were found early on the morning of December 2nd, stranded at high-water mark on Mtoni beach, some three miles north of Zanzibar town. The three largest measured 17ft. long and 9ft. in girth.

Yours faithfully,

English Club, Zanzibar. H. WATERLAND.

[Mr. F. C. Fraser, of the Natural History Museum, identifies these Cetaceans as being False Killers (*Pseudorca crassidens*). One hundred and fifty of these creatures were stranded in Dornoch Firth in 1928, similar occurrences having since taken place near Cape Town and on the Island of Velanai, Ceylon.—ED.]

"FAITHFUL SERVICE"

SIR,—Your correspondent, "R. M.," quotes the record of the Smith family of four generations of hunt servants. This record, though undoubtedly a fine one, is eclipsed by that of the Maiden family. I believe the present representative, W. Maiden, first whip and kennel huntsman to the Meynell, is the sixth generation in a direct line of hunt servants. His father, who lives at Lytchett Minster in Dorset, was a hunt servant for 46 years, the last



"INTELLIGENT, KEEN AND OBEDIENT"
(*See Letter "A Retrieving Cairn"*)

22 with the South Dorset as first whip and huntsman, and is grandson to the famous Joe Maiden, who hunted the Cheshire some eighty odd years ago. Apart from the direct line there were many other members of the family who were hunt servants.

Yours faithfully,

Post Green, Lytchett Minster, Poole. J. V. E. LEES.

ANOTHER MONSTER SUGGESTION

SIR,—The so-called "Loch Ness monster" having achieved the dignity of a B.B.C. broadcast, and therefore being presumably a matter of national interest, may I, as a firm believer in it (or them) and also as a one time local resident, venture a theory that at least has the merit of being novel?

Some years ago prominence was given in the *Field* to exceptionally large eels existing in certain Irish loughs, the skeleton of one being, if I remember correctly, in a Dublin museum. Why should not the much greater depth of Loch Ness (700ft. in parts) as compared to Irish loughs, coupled with the fact that it is fed by hot springs, a common phenomenon in the West of Scotland, have evolved an even larger breed of eels, attaining, say, a length of 20ft. or more, with a girth in comparison?

Presumably like their smaller cousins, they would spend their lives on the bottom, but at times, stimulated by some breeding urge, or disturbed, as this year, by thousands of tons of rock falling into the loch, consequent on the extensive blasting operations—they might occasionally come to the surface.

Again, it has been overlooked by most of the Press that the "monster" is no new visitor to the loch, large "things" having been regularly seen for very many years back by local residents, and it is just the local people who are unlikely to be deluded by floating tree trunks, as they mainly follow occupations connected with nature, such as gamekeepers, etc.

In conclusion, I feel sure that eel fishing in the loch, with the necessary lengthy and strong tackle, would at least yield some surprisingly large eels, if not an actual monster one.

Yours faithfully,

London, E.C. KELPIE.

A RETRIEVING CAIRN

SIR,—I send a photograph taken near the Zhob river of an imported Cairn terrier which has been trained to become a useful gundog. The dog, Simple Simon, is shown retrieving a sand-grouse. Simon is intelligent, keen and obedient. He is a year old, and has in his first season retrieved chikor, si-si and sand-grouse in good style. He is too small a dog to take on whole-day shoots, especially over hilly ground; nevertheless, his performance is perhaps worthy of record.

Yours truly,

Fort Sandeman, Baluchistan. H. A. STEVENSON (Captain).

MONKFISH TAKING GULLS

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Guy de Maupas's letter in the *Field* of December 16th. Two local fishermen were on the look out for shoals of fish when I went down to see if they had any luck. One told me he had just seen a monkfish take a gull; the gull struggled and the fish was some time on the surface; eventually it disappeared with the gull. This happened about six weeks ago. I verified this statement by asking the fisherman about the matter before posting this letter.

Yours faithfully,

Cornwall. G. A.

ROAD DEATHS STATISTICS

SIR,—The letter from the Daimler Co. in your issue of December 23rd is interesting, but if influential firms would go one step further and persuade the Ministry of Transport to publish detailed statistics, such as the make of car or cycle that was involved in accident, age of car and age of driver, it would help to solve a problem. In other words, if a car kills anyone or the occupants are burnt out, the name of the faulty car never appears.

With 3,025 road fatalities it must be possible to sort out a type of car or cycle to be avoided.

Yours faithfully,

Oundle, near Peterborough. E. B. LUDLOW.

WEIGHTS OF PHEASANTS

SIR,—If Mr. F. S. Newbould will refer to my last book *A Norfolk Naturalist* (Methuen), he will find several instances of very heavy pheasants. In December, 1925, I singled out of a number of these birds hanging in a poulterer's shop in Norwich, one which turned the scale at 4¾lb., two others ran it very close, but the average weight of a couple of pheasants is from 6lb. to 6½lb. Stevenson (*Birds of Norfolk*) made reference to a hybrid pheasant-game-dorking, which weighed 7¾lb. A fat Dorking fowl, he averred, averages 8lb.

The late George Chamberlain, of Norwich, and a great sportsman, wrote me that he once singled out a cock bird at 4¾lb.; and, commenting on a "record" bird, scaled by Admiral Houston Stewart at 5lb. 15oz., he made remark: "That it sounds to me rather like a fisherman's tale."

I take it that the food inside the bird's crop is reckoned in with the pheasant.

Yours truly,

Ibis House, Yarmouth. A. H. PATTERSON.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—With reference to Mr. H. A. Bryden's letter in a recent *Field*, piebalds and skewbalds have not always been rare or unfashionable. In the T'ang period of Chinese art (A.D. 600 to 900), horses are represented as spotted. In Persia, no horse is ever foaled pure white, but white with red or brown spots, *i.e.*, skewbald. This was a favourite colour, as can be seen in Persian miniatures of polo; the Shah, as stated in the poem "Gui u Chaugan," rode a skewbald called "Abrash-i-Shah."

Skewbald appears to be a common colour among the Argentine horses of the Pampas. Tschiffely, in his ride from Buenos Aires to New York, rode a pinto, or skewbald, which he, and his reviewer Compton Mackenzie, call a "piebald."

There was three skewbalds to be seen regularly in the Row this past season. One of them was painted by Lavery some years ago in his "Diana of Hampstead," and two of them were ridden by Tschiffely and Mr. Cunningham Grahame in the Park lately.

Yours faithfully,

London. ABRASH.

EARLIEST TROUT IN KENYA

SIR,—In the *Field* of December 2nd is a note on the introduction of trout into Kenya, with a question as to the date of their arrival.

I saw a good deal of Mr. S. L. Hinde in 1904 at Fort Hall, and we came home together on the same ship. He told me that he hoped to introduce trout into Kenya, so this must have taken place either in 1905 or 1906. This information may be of use if the exact date cannot be ascertained.

Yours truly,

Poplar House, St. Davids, Pennsylvania. GEORGE L. HARRISON.

A YOUNG STALKER'S TROPHY

SIR,—I have pleasure in sending you a photograph of a very fine ten-pointer shot in Braemore Forest, Ross-shire, by Mr. P. C. Mitford, a youthful stalker, on September 23rd last. He is only fifteen-and-a-half years of age, and it was his first stag. I think very few people have secured so fine a trophy on their first stalk; indeed, many sportsmen have stalked all their lives without securing such a grand head. The stag scaled 16st. 7lb., and the beam measurement is 4¾in., with rough horns 29½in. long. He was killed with a splendid shot, clean through the heart at a range of 170yds., from a ·303 bore Mauser rifle.

Yours faithfully,

Beauly. A. ROSS.



HIS FIRST STAG
(*See Letter "A Young Stalker's Trophy"*)

THE LIGHTNING STRIKE

SIR,—In your issue of December 16th there is a small article under this heading by W. Carter Platts in which he states that "In response to the upward stroke at the butt the rod tip appears to dip."

In his book, *The Scientific Angler*, the late David Foster deals with this at some length, and comes to the conclusion that the rod tip does actually dip a considerable amount. He also states that a greenheart rod does this to a much less extent than one of built cane.

I entirely agree with Mr. W. Carter Platts in his method of striking with the line in his left hand as well as with the rod in his right. I have used this method for some considerable time, and when the fish takes the fly properly have not known it to fail.

I have also found it helpful when casting among bushes and overhanging trees, to pull the line out as far as possible with the left hand and only release it when the actual cast is made. This has the effect of shortening the line considerably, thus avoiding objects it might otherwise catch, but in no way curtailing the length of the cast.

Yours faithfully,
BASIL R. WOODS.

159, Burton Stone Lane,
York.

DEATH FROM COLLISION

SIR,—I was shooting in Norfolk recently, and in the course of a partridge drive, two birds came over a rather high hedge close together, and as they cleared the top of the hedge, they apparently struck each other and both fell dead on the ground in front of me.

There was no wire or any other impediment, and I presume that as they cleared the hedge and saw me, the birds must have made up their minds to go in two different directions, which caused a collision, and apparently broke their necks.

Neither the other guns who were shooting with me nor the headkeeper had ever seen a similar incident, and I therefore thought it might be of some interest to your readers.

Yours faithfully,
LOUIS PEARSON.

Lenton Grove,
Near Nottingham.

[Many instances of colliding grouse and partridges have been recorded from time to time in the *Field*. —ED.]

SALMON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

SIR,—In reply to Sir T. Lawson-Tancred's query in your issue of December 23rd, I beg to state that "heck" is a North Country name for a door—"heck wan" refers to a fixed engine or trap for taking fish. A "ran web" is a running net, *i.e.*, not a fixed engine—a movable net.

Yours faithfully,
ALBERT WADE.

Lancashire.

OLD COACHING INNS

SIR,—There have been many references in the *Field* to old inns, and your readers may be interested in the old hostelry at Cobham, formerly called "The Leather Bottel," and one of the oldest inns in Kent, ranking in beauty with the "Bull" at Dartford. It is sacred to the memory of Charles Dickens and the immortal Pickwick. The rooms are full of sketches taken from Dickens' works, and it was here that Mr. Tracy Tupman came, after his beloved had been carried off by Jingle.

Dickens wrote practically all the *Pickwick Papers* here, and, like its famous rival "The Marquis of Granby," it was probably a coaching inn many years ago. The building is believed to date back some six hundred years, but judging from the style of architecture and the low-beamed ceilings, with the open brick grates, it was probably rebuilt considerably in the Tudor period. Not so long ago the inn was stucco-built, and after the plaster had been removed the wonderful old beams were exposed.

The furniture is in keeping with the rest of the inn and is worn smooth with age and much usage.

Yours faithfully,
A. S. GRAY.

London, S.W.



THE FENERBAHÇE SPORTING CLUB'S BAG ON NOV. 27TH, 1933
(See Letter "Boar and Bear Shooting in Turkey")

BOAR AND BEAR SHOOTING IN TURKEY

SIR,—The Fenerbahçe Sporting Club is one of the best known organisations of this nature in Turkey, and it has a strong shooting section.

Two parties have recently been out among the Katirli Hills on the coast of Marmora near Yalova, about two-and-a-half hours by motor boat from Istanbul. Bears and wild boar are hunted in this district with hounds, and also driven. The latter abound in our forests. Hunting on November 7th, 1933, in Yalova, nineteen boars were shot in five hours. In this district, where boars are to be found in great quantity, on November 27th, 1933, some members of the club succeeded in shooting four bears and two boars.

Yours faithfully,
SAIT SELAHADDIN.

Istanbul.

FOXHUNTING IN ROUGH COUNTRY

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may interest some of your readers, showing a fine big dog fox killed after a four hours' hard run over the roughest of land. At the end the fox had enough left in him to put up a good scrap, giving my hounds some nasty bites.

My pack (?) are direct descendants from imported English stock, brought out some time before the war years. I am, unfortunately, left now with but a bitch and a dog, mother and son, and must needs breed from these.

Despite the size of my pack, they give me fine sport, on occasions getting divided, each taking a fox, but the bitch only is capable of killing; the dog will run its fox to a standstill and awaits the arrival of the bitch to kill. Their ages are, bitch four-and-a-half and dog three years.

Yours faithfully,
G. A. WODEHOUSE.

Fundo "El Valle,"
Tinguiririca,
Comuna San Fernando.



KILLED IN THE "OPEN" AFTER FOUR HOURS' HUNTING
(See Letter "Foxhunting in Rough Country")

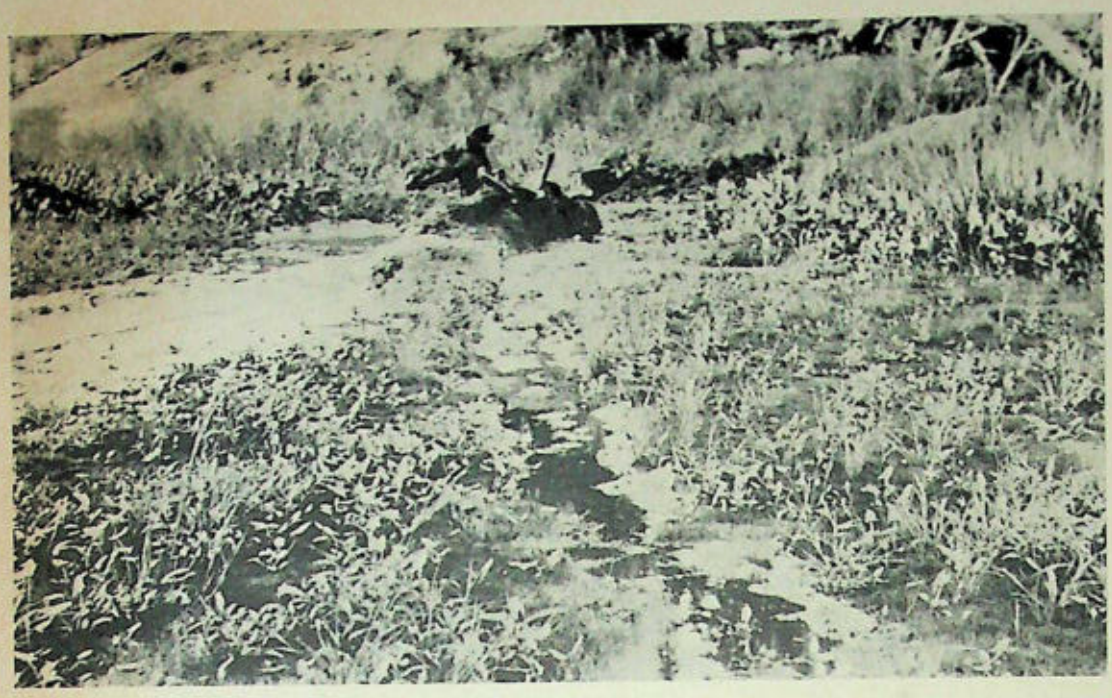


Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S

THE ONLY MATURED

DRY GIN



THE COW MOOSE BEFORE ASSISTANCE CAME TO HER
(See Letter "A Timely Deliverance")

A TIMELY DELIVERANCE

SIR,—In the month of August, a cow moose was stuck in the muskeg for three days, when Charles Merril of Wabigoon, Ontario, decided to take a photograph of her. Note her tracks in the muskeg on the left and the bull moose's track on the right. The bull moose saw the trouble the cow was in and helped her out by pushing against her. Mr. Merril has two separate pictures—one of each animal just after they got out on the hard ground.

Yours faithfully,

30, Wineva Avenue, Toronto, Canada. R. ANSON-CARTWRIGHT.

SNAKE-EATING ANTELOPE

SIR,—I should be interested to learn whether any of your readers have come across a case of a snake being swallowed by an antelope. A few days ago in the Karamoja District of Uganda I shot a very old bull eland. The natives who skinned it reported that they had found a snake in the stomach, partly decomposed in the centre, but with both ends of the body in good condition. They described the snake as being about 15in. long, dark on top and light green underneath, and the next day I killed a snake with a green belly and longitudinal black stripes on the back, which they said was the same kind. The Karamojans themselves said that it was quite common to find snakes in the stomach of eland, but that they had never found them in other animals.

Yours faithfully,

Government House, Entebbe, Uganda. B. H. BOURDILLON, K.B.E., C.M.G.

CINEMA GOLF LESSONS

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Ernest Tipple's article on the use of the cinematograph as an aid to better golf, I had an interesting conversation with Mr. John de Forest the other day when he was filmed at the Portman School in Baker Street. Mr. de Forest told me that he attributes his success in the 1932 Championship to the film. Playing in practice Mr. de Forest was really "off" and in order to forget his golfing shortcomings went to Edinburgh. There he visited a picture house where Bobby Jones was being shown on the screen. He went on to say that for the first time he realised that the hips led the down swing and that the whole of the right side did not turn to the ball from the top as he had imagined. Followed intensive practice and a quicker turn of the hips which gave results which every golfer will remember.

Yours faithfully,

1, Baker Street, Portman Square, London, W. 1. DAVEY LAVENDER.

PAAVO NURMI

SIR,—In the issue of the *Field* for December 2nd it is stated, in "Answers to Correspondents," that Paavo Nurmi is now debarred from taking part in any amateur athletic meeting.

Surely, what was decided by the International Amateur Athletic Federation, when that body met at Los Angeles on July 29th, 1932, was that the case of Nurmi must remain *sub judice*, but, meanwhile, he would not be allowed to take part in the Xth Olympiad. Nurmi may be debarred from the Olympic Games, but, to the best of my belief, he is still competing as an amateur at Sports Meetings in his native Finland.

Yours faithfully,

Kings Close, Biddenham, near Bedford. F. A. M. WEBSTER.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

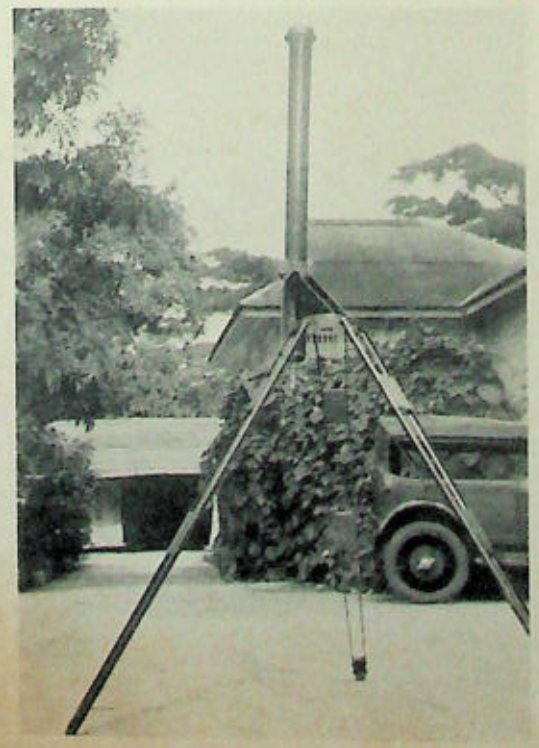
Late Swallows.—A correspondent, in your issue of November 25th, mentions seeing a swallow at Witham, in Essex, on November 7th. I saw a single swallow here near the sea on November 19th. They are always seen in the Isle of Wight very late; possibly they are birds from Norway or Sweden.—H. M. BIDDELL, The Vicarage, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

Striped Hawk Moth.—An excellent specimen of *D. livornica* (the striped hawk) was captured on Southampton Common on November 10th, a somewhat late appearance.—H. G. HARRIS, M.D., Southampton.

Early Drumming of Woodpecker.—On December 18th, 19th and 23rd, I heard a woodpecker "drumming." I believe this is the term, though it is a moot point. Our keeper was with me on the 19th and heard it also. Previously I have only heard it in the breeding season, and always believed it to be a spring call. Of course, it may be quite usual at this season.—Mrs. M. HARDY, Denton, Feltwell, Norfolk. [Both greater and lesser spotted woodpeckers may occasionally be heard drumming in mid-winter, but it is unusual.—ED.]

Strange Vermin.—While hunting the other day in Norfolk I came upon a keeper's collection of his "vermin," which consisted of a stoat, a kestrel, a hare and two green plovers! Surely this is not efficiency in gamekeeping?—AUBREY BUXTON, 12A, Brompton Square, S.W. 3.

A Travelling Observatory.—This 4in. astronomical telescope was designed and made (with the exception of the lens) by Mr. E. C. Buck, an enthusiastic amateur astronomer of Trinidad, British West Indies. Within two minutes it can be fitted into Mr. Buck's Sunbeam touring car.—FRANK FOX, London, W. 1.



COMPACT AND EFFICIENT
(See Letter "A Travelling Observatory")

IN THE CITY

A SELECTED LIST OF INVESTMENTS—I.

AN attempt is made below to indicate the kind of investment policy which may be considered as most suitable in the light of the current situation as briefly reviewed in this column last week.

It has been assumed that the writer has been asked to set out a list of those securities which, to him, appear the most attractive for investment purposes at the present time, and to indicate the most prudent method of spreading £10,000 among these securites, assuming that this sum represents the total invested capital of the beneficiary.

The list that appears below purports to be the answer to this imaginary inquiry.

Amount.	Description.	Offer-to Price	Approximate Cost.
CATEGORY I.			
£1,500	North Eastern Electric Supply 3½ per cent. Debenture stock, 1936–64	£97½	£1,470
£1,500	Australia 3¾ per cent. stock, 1946–49	£99	£1,490
CATEGORY II.			
£1,000	L. & N.E. Railway 4 per cent. First Guaranteed stock	£96½	£980
10	Whitbread & Co. 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £100 each	£103½	£1,050
650	Imperial Chemical Industries 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares	30/3	£1,005
CATEGORY III.			
250	Harrison & Crosfield Units of 10 per cent. Preferred Ordinary stock	39/–	£500
500	Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa 6 per cent. Second Preference shares	22/–	£565
£500	Crosse & Blackwell 6½ per cent. Debenture stock	£97	£490
CATEGORY IV.			
200	S. Smith & Sons Preferred Ordinary shares	55/–	£560
100	Zinc Corporation Preference shares	85/–	£435
CATEGORY V.			
400	British Celanese 7½ per cent. Participating Preference shares	13/3	£270
250	British & Dominions Film Corporation, Ltd., £1 shares	18/9	£235
350	B.S.A. Company £1 Ordinary shares	13/9	£245
800	Surprise Mining & Finance Co. 4/– shares	6/1½	£255
700	El Oro Mining & Railway Co. 5/– shares	6/7½	£240
30	General Motors Common shares	$35 (London)	£210
			£10,000

On a conservative basis the annual income to be derived from the above investments is estimated at about £445 per annum gross, which represents an average yield of nearly 4½ per cent.

The aim of the writer has been to indicate a list of investments which yields a satisfactory rate of immediate income return and which offers substantially more scope for appreciation than for depreciation. The six securities included in Category V. must, of course, all be regarded as speculative, but there is only £1,455, or 14½ per cent. of the total capital, invested in this category. It cannot be said that any of these shares are standing at extravagantly high price levels, and since none are market favourites their quotations are more likely to be governed by considerations of intrinsic merit than by market sentiment. Neither do the current prices of the two shares included in Category IV. rely, for their justification, on prospects in the distant future.

The S. Smith & Sons Preferred shares give the investor an interest in an already flourishing British Industrial Company, and the Zinc Corporation shares supply an interest in the future value of lead and zinc. The first three shares mentioned in Category V. could be described as "recovery" holdings, since the records of the three companies in question are not so satisfactory as their future prospects seem to be. The Surprise Mining shares supply an interest in the South African gold mining industry, the El Oro shares in silver, and the General Motors Common shares in American industry.

It will be seen, therefore, that the suggestion is that approximately 30 per cent. of the investor's capital should be invested in first-class fixed-yielding investments; another 30 per cent. in sound fixed-dividend-bearing securities, yielding between 4¼ and 4¾ per cent., about 15 per cent. in relatively well-secured but high yielding-investments, 10 per cent. in sound equity shares, and the remaining 15 per cent. in definitely speculative securities that offer substantial scope for appreciation.

The merits of various stocks and shares taken individually, and the reason for their selection as representing their respective industries, or type of investment, will be discussed in a subsequent note.

PACTOLUS.

QUEER BAITS

When Fish Prefer Unnatural Food

By T. C. BRIDGES

THE American black bass is an admirable fish both for its fighting and its table qualities. At times it will rise to a fly and at others take a spinning bait. But by far the best way of collecting a good basket is by live baiting.

I shall not easily forget my first effort to catch bass. I was eighteen years of age, and practically all my previous fishing had been in Herefordshire brooks for trout and grayling. I found myself alone in a boat on a mile-long Florida lake with my English trout rod, English flies and a couple of artificial minnows. All day I fished, but fished in vain. I did not catch a single fish, but I lost both my minnows on sunken snags.

I was living with a Yankee orange grower, whose ignorance of fishing was only matched by his scorn for such a childish amusement. "I guess you better ask Major," was all he could say when I complained of my ill-success. Major was the old darkey who worked the grove at a dollar and a quarter a day.

"Sawyers, dem's de bait fo' bass," was his pronouncement. Sawyers, I learned, were large white grubs found in rotten pine logs, and by dint of hard work with a heavy axe, I collected a dozen or so of the loathsome objects and tried again. My float soon bobbed. I struck, and up came a wretched little red-throated bream of about 4oz. I caught several bream that day, but no bass.

Luck changed. I fell in with an old Southerner, who instructed me in the matter of "shiners." Shiners are a form of minnow peculiar to these lakes and live in small shoals in bays in the saw-grass. They are caught with a fine line and a tiny hook baited with paste. There are no earth-worms in Florida. Live-baiting with shiners produced a first basket of fourteen bass ranging from ½lb. to 2lb., and many others later.

In these lakes live gar fish, pike-like creatures which grow to a length of 5ft. While perfectly useless as food, they fight finely, but a wire trace is essential, for their teeth are like those of the African tiger fish and will sever any gut, however strong. The best bait for gar is raw beef, and when fishing for them we often caught hard-shell turtles, the flesh of which is most excellent, though rather difficult to extract from the shell. One friend of mine, an elderly lady, was fishing for turtles in Lake Sylvan when she hooked a 4ft. alligator. Luckily help arrived before the reptile pulled her off the bank into the water.

Coloured folk in the South are fond of catfish, which grow to an enormous size. I hooked one in the St. John's River, which must have weighed 40lb., but, unfortunately, the monster got the line round a snag and broke me. The bait used is "white meat," which is the darkey's name for cheap salted bacon. Incidentally, bacon rind can be used for bass and pollack fishing off British coasts.

In a recent number of the *Field*, Mr. C. R. Brutey wrote of catching fish with figs in North Borneo. Fruit seems an extraordinary bait for fish, yet, as we all know, chub will take cherries. An American friend told me that he had caught trout with wintergreen berries, putting two or three together on the hook. One wonders whether any other fish are fruit eaters. Carp, of course, will take a parboiled potato as well as green peas and cheese.

Some sportsmen regard prawn fishing for salmon as a form of poaching. If such is the case I confess to being a poacher, for I have caught more salmon with the prawn than with the fly. What beats me completely is that the salmon prefers a boiled prawn to a fresh one. The redder the prawn, the better the fish like it. The best prawn of all is one that has been boiled in brine and packed in salt. This I am definitely certain to be the case, for fishing some years ago in the West of Ireland, the late Mr. John Bickerdyke and I experimented with fresh and cooked prawns, and found that salmon which refused a fresh prawn would take a well-boiled one.

In prawn fishing the prawn should, of course, travel along the bottom, and it is rare that a fish takes a prawn in mid-water. Yet there are exceptions. Very early one August morning I was fishing in the Costello River in Galway and saw a big fish rise near the head of a large pool. I cast over it several times and changed my fly more than once. It paid no attention whatever. I then decided to try a prawn, but found I could not get the prawn to it. It was a long cast, and there was a troublesome patch of weed between the place where I stood and that where the fish had been moving.

I decided to try an experiment. I took the lead off the line, made a float out of a cork I found in my case, and leaving about 2ft. of line below the float, managed to cast this queer contraption into the current *above* the weed patch. The stream drifted it slowly down over the exact spot where the fish had been rising, and almost instantly down went the float. I struck and hooked my salmon. After nearly half an hour of wild excitement I landed a cock fish of 21½lb., the biggest taken from the Costello for many a year.

There was a local fisherman on the Tavy who used to catch eels with slugs. He told me that, on several occasions, he had taken trout with this curious bait. I remember, as a small boy, when I ran out of worms and the ground was too dry to find a fresh supply, using all sorts of flies, caterpillars and grubs. I once caught several trout with leather-jackets, which are the grub of the daddy-longlegs. The little cow-dung beetle is, of course, an excellent bait, but the most killing of all is the fern-web beetle, better known as the coch-y-bonddu. I have seen a trout take a butterfly which had fluttered down on to the surface of a quiet pool, but never could bring myself to impale a butterfly on a hook.

We really know very little of the senses of fish or how much they depend upon the sense of smell in feeding. It is, however, very certain that some fish like their food high while others have an equally strong preference for a perfectly fresh bait. Conger, for instance, will not look at any bait that is not perfectly fresh, while such fish as perch and bream refuse to touch a hook baited with a worm that has been dead for some time. Experts in the art of coarse fishing declare that one rotten worm will ruin a whole batch of ground bait.

On the other hand, that very sporting fish, the sea bass, seems to prefer gamey food, and is often caught with a hook baited with the entrails of a chicken or rabbit or with other offal.



ON THE TAY JANUARY 15TH

Boats at Kenmore moving off for the first day's salmon fishing

"WHERE TO FISH"

Some Features of the 1934 Edition

THE new edition of the *Field's* guide to the fishing obtainable "in the United Kingdom and beyond" is now on sale. In our last edition, which came out in the spring of 1932, there was a breakaway from the old form of the volume. It was printed in larger and more readable type, and the matter was arranged in a somewhat different order; but the main novelty was in the section devoted to English fishing. There the information, instead of being given under counties was given under river systems to correspond with the "map of the rivers" included in the volume.

This re-arrangement has been so generally approved by our readers that we have decided to apply it also to Scotland and Ireland. In the present edition, therefore, Scottish and Irish rivers have been treated in the same way. The advantage of the system is that a glance at the map will show just what main river covers the part of the country which the inquirer wishes to visit, and the details of fishing obtainable there will then be found complete under the name of the river.

In order to facilitate specific inquiry both as to rivers and places, separate indexes are also provided for the rivers and streams in England, Scotland and Ireland, and also for all the towns and villages mentioned in this part of the book.

Another section which has been entirely re-written is that devoted to Spain. Since the formation of the Republic conditions have naturally altered very considerably, which made the former information unreliable. We have reason to believe that Spanish authorities are making a real effort to preserve salmon and trout fishing in the north of the Peninsula, and that the streams there are in the way to become of considerable interest to anglers seeking fresh waters to exploit in "foreign parts."

The new edition, which is distinguishable externally from that of 1932 by its green colour and decorative jacket, is published at 5/- net as before (postage 6d.), and can be obtained from any bookseller or direct from this office.

THE MUCKLE HART OF BENMORE

A Notable Stalking Centenary

By ADMIRAL GERALD ST. JOHN, C.B., M.V.O.

THE Muckle Hart of Benmore was well known a hundred years ago for its wonderful size and cunning, and was supposed to bear a charmed life, being unapproachable and invulnerable. Charles St. John resolved to break the charm.

On a Monday morning, at sunrise, St. John started with Donald, his keeper, and his staghound Bran. He saw a lot of deer that day, and that night the shepherd, at whose shealing they stayed, reported having seen the Muckle Hart's tracks, and that they were the size of a good-sized heifer. This was cheering news. On the Tuesday they started at daylight, and after a long day of searching, in the afternoon came across the full, fresh footprint of the largest deer they had ever seen. They traced the track as far as they could, and then searched the valley with their telescopes, and at last spotted a stag lying down with only his horns showing. The stag soon after rose, and at last St. John saw the great Hart of Benmore. He was about one-and-a-half miles off, and they then planned their stalk.

St. John got within 300yds., when the stag became startled and stood for a moment or two snuffing the wind. He looked a noble beast, with a mane like a lion and a remarkable spread of antler. He then trotted directly towards St. John, but shortly afterwards, before he was within shot, he spotted him and was off like a flash. While clattering up the hill he was joined by two other stags. They were full-grown deer with good heads, but looked like fallow-deer alongside the Great Hart.

The next day they were out one hour before daylight, and found the tracks of the three deer on top of the hill. They followed them, but after searching corrie after corrie saw nothing, and slept that night in the heather.

On the Thursday they again searched for the Great Hart, and kept on finding his track, but no sign of the stag, so slept that night at a smuggler's whisky booth.

The next day, Donald having had too much whisky the night before, St. John started out alone in his search for the stag. There was no sign of him until, late in the day, just as he was skinning a grouse for his supper, he came across the track again. He slept in the heather that night.

On the sixth day (Saturday), St. John followed the track he had found the previous evening, and it led him back to where he had started three days before, and there he found the hart lying in an almost unapproachable position.

He started to stalk it, and after watching the stag for an hour about 200yds. off, the beast rose and walked to the burn where St. John was, took a drink, and then lay down. He crept cautiously up the burn opposite to where the stag was lying, and inch by inch placed his rifle on the bank and carefully looked over.



A SIDE VIEW OF THE GREAT STAG'S HORNS

He could see his horns easily within shot, but was afraid to move further up the burn where he could see the stag's body. So he took a deep breath, cocked his rifle, and with finger on trigger, kicked a stone. The stag immediately sprang up, but exposed only his front. Still, he was very near—scarcely 50yds. off—and St. John fired at his throat. The stag dropped on his knees at the shot, but was up in a moment and staggered up the hill.

Although he kept on at a mad pace he was becoming too weak for the hill, so swerved and turned back to the burn, and coming headlong down within 10yds. of St. John toppled into the burn, apparently dead. St. John threw down his rifle and went up to the stag with his hunting-knife, laying hold of its horn to raise its head to bleed it. He had scarcely touched the stag when it sprang up, flinging him backwards and nearly stunning him.

It was an awkward position.

Behind St. John a steep bank, 7ft. high, before him a bleeding stag with levelled horns, cutting him off from his rifle. In desperation he moved, when the stag immediately charged, but fortunately tumbled over 'ere it reached him. Then it drew back like a ram about to butt, and stood with its head lowered, its eyes bloody and swelled, glaring at St. John. So they remained for some time until St. John, recovering himself, suddenly jumped out of the burn, and from the bank dashed his plaid over the stag's horns and eyes.

There followed a frightful struggle, the stag foiling St. John's attempt to stab it, and at last it made off, tumbling St. John down, but lamed from a stab itself. He ran and picked up his rifle and then raced after the stag, which took to the water and went to bay up to its chest. St. John then started to load his rifle, but to his dismay found the bullets too big, so started to scrape one to the right size, an operation that seemed interminable. He then loaded his rifle and went up to the stag, who, during the time, had remained perfectly still, and shot him through the head. The Muckle Hart turned over and floated, perfectly dead.

He weighed 32st., probably gralloched, and had ten points, a nice wild head.



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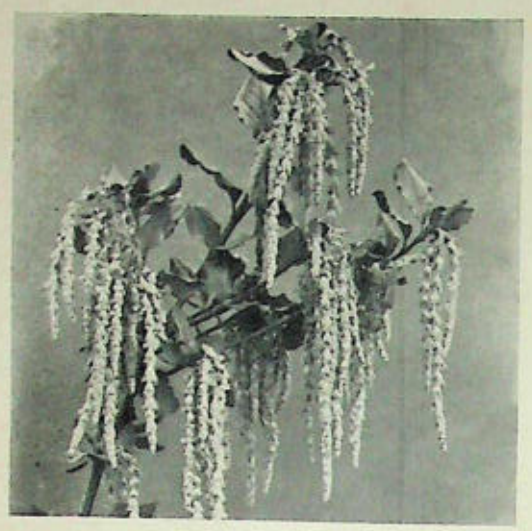
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GARRYA ELLIPTICA, ONE OF THE LOVELIEST GREEN FLOWERS IN BLOOM AT THE PRESENT TIME

The Country House

GREEN FLOWERS

An Interesting Revival

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

GREEN flowers have a peculiar fascination, and the revival of the cult for them is interesting, for they seem to have been much admired in the seventeenth century. It is noteworthy that the majority of green-flowered plants are early flowering or shade-loving, and only in the cold light of the early months of the year or the half-shade of their natural surroundings is it possible to appreciate to the full their quiet, cool beauty.

Amongst the loveliest green flowers in bloom now are those of *Garrya elliptica*. The catkins elongate and show their dainty stamens with charming swiftness when brought into the warmth of a sitting room. It needs a magnifying glass to appreciate the beauty of the flowers. I cannot draw, but I derive a great deal of pleasure from trying to draw flowers, especially minute flowers as seen under a powerful glass. I think the chief pleasure consists in the fact that while drawing them one observes so many features that passed unnoticed before. The flowers of *Garrya elliptica* might have been designed by a fairy architect.

Then there are the green snowdrops. Unlike other snowdrop species these have their outer petals conspicuously blotched or striped green. The best-known green snowdrop is *Galanthus Sharlokii*, which has large green blotches on the outer petals. It is also remarkable for the fact that the spathe consists of two separate leaves, and before these separate widely the flower looks as though it were shielded by a double spathe. One of the most curious green snowdrops is *G. caucasicus virescens*. The inner segments of this snowdrop are quite green, and the outer are striped green.

In a few weeks' time nearly every florist's shop will be exhibiting bunches of *Iris tuberosa*, the Snakeshead iris. Although the dominant colour of the flowers is the softest olive green, they are so striking that they put in the shade all the showy colours of the earliest forced tulips and other flowers near them. Even people who as a rule take little interest in flowers are arrested by the remarkable beauty of these flowers. The pale but rich olive green of the petals, the handsome dark green veining, and the curious blackish velvety tips of the falls catch the eye of the least observant. There is no word whereby to describe the colour of the falls. They are too rich and beautiful to be described as black, they are not a deep sepia, and there is no trace of dark purple. This iris, which is a native of the Mediterranean, is easy to grow and in southern parts spreads rapidly. In very sheltered parts it may flower as early as January, but not till March in most parts of the south. This iris likes a sunny spot in rich soil, and can be increased either by seed or dividing the tuberous root after flowering, dividing so that each bit has a tuft of leaves.

Several of the spring-flowering hellebores are remarkable for the beauty of their green flowers, notably two of the native species (*Helleborus viridis* and *H. fœtidus*), *H. corsicus* and *H. odorus*. *H. viridis* is the earliest of our native species to flower, and to appreciate the beauty of the apple-green flowers they should be seen in their natural woodland surroundings. In candlelight they are curiously effective, for in this light the green flowers appear so cold, and the foliage so dark that they suggest cold gardens on the moon. In olden days this plant was called "bear's foot" by country folk. Other old names were ox-heal and setter-wort, for though poisonous to human beings the plant was used medicinally for cattle. The sweet-scented hellebore (*H. odorus*) is a native of Hungary and was introduced in 1817. It was a favourite plant in Victorian times, but rarely grown now.

Green primroses are not unknown nowadays, but they were apparently more commonly grown in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Both the single and double green primroses are described and figured by Parkinson in his *Paradisus*.

Of early summer-flowering plants with green, or rather, greenish flowers, Solomon's Seal is the favourite. Only in part shade is this plant seen to perfection, for it needs half-light to appreciate the beauty of its green-tinged flowers, in perfect keeping with the colour of its fresh young foliage. Were these flowers white, or even cream coloured, they would not be nearly so attractive. They owe their loveliness to their greenish colour and wax-like appearance. Another early summer-flowering plant with green-striped flowers that might be more commonly grown is *Ornithogalum nutans*. Its long spikes of green-striped silvery bells look charming in contrast to the gay colours of most spring flowers. The colour of the bells is difficult to describe, but even from a short distance they look almost metallic—silver bells striped green. This *Ornithogalum* has to be planted with discretion, for not only is it a rampant grower, but it works itself down so deeply. I do not know how it behaves on clay soils, but on a sandy soil the bulbs work themselves down quite 2ft., and clumps once established are difficult to eradicate.

Dondia epipactis is a gem. It is a hardy herbaceous perennial about 6in. high. The flowers appear first (in May), the petal-like green bracts in a whorl round the minute umbels of yellow blooms in the centre. The leaves are a peculiar



HELLEBORUS CORSICUS, WHICH IS REMARKABLE FOR THE BEAUTY OF ITS GREEN FLOWERS

colour and three-lobed. This little plant is slow growing and resents disturbance; it likes a rather moist position and plenty of leaf mould.

Astrantias are too old-fashioned and not sufficiently showy for modern taste, but these plants (said to have been introduced by the Romans) have a quiet charm of their own. Most people prefer *A. Biebersteinii*, with pinkish flowers, but I think *A. viridiflora* is far the most pleasing. There is something very refreshing about its peaceful green beauty.

Two of our lesser-known green-flowered native plants are *Aceras anthropophora* and *Asarum europæum*. The former, which country folk used to call by the descriptive name of "Green Man," is now a rather rare wild orchid. It grows in parts of the eastern counties on chalky soil, and in early July bears greenish flowers on foot-high stems. From a short distance the flowers look like green hoods, but glance within and you will see why country folk call it "Green Man," for under the hood hangs a caricature of a pygmy only half an inch long. "Green Man," one of our wild plants that does not take at all kindly to cultivation. It needs chalky soil and a sunny spot, but resents root disturbance so keenly that in gardens it is a rarity. *Asarum europæum* (snakeroot) is more tolerant of cultivation and does well in part shade or in woodland. It has conspicuous kidney-shaped leaves and greenish-purple flowers in May.

A humble green flower highly esteemed in the seventeenth century was the rose plantain. This "flower," which is really a malformation that appears not unfrequently on the plantain we so industriously eradicate from our lawns, was much appreciated in olden days for its quaint appearance.



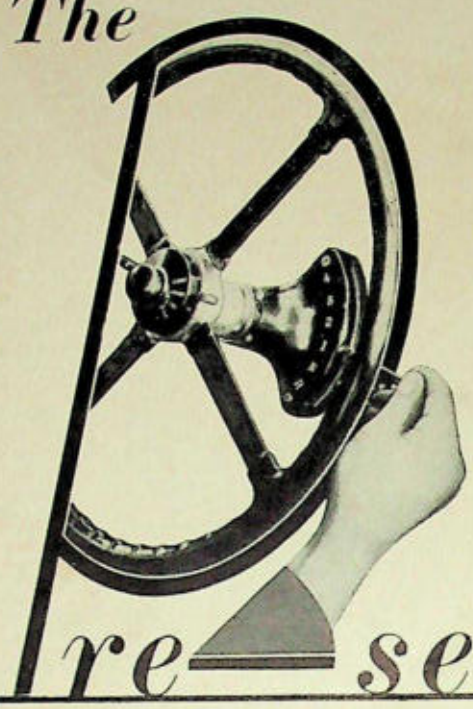
The Nithsdale system of silver fox farming on the absentee ownership basis is having a very great success. The end of the past year saw the expiry of the period during which foxes could be purchased to rank for a full twelve months' interest, and any animals bought now, under this scheme, will carry nine months only, except as regards those who have already written to me who are still considering the matter, or whose letters from abroad have not as yet reached me.

Regarding fox farming as an occupation, I saw a perfectly beautiful description of a fox farm in an article appearing in a journal published overseas. You woke up in the morning to the sound of the cock's shrill clarion, so to speak, and there, amid scenes of the most wonderful country life, you sprang joyfully from your bed to go down and see how many cubs your pet vixen Ermyntrude had had during the night; the hens were all laying eggs, the cows were giving milk—and everything in the garden was lovely. Yes, I know; but there is another side for the man who comes home and tries to start this business with a few pairs of silver foxes. Here it is: He rises to a hopeless dawn, to go down to the fox kitchen to cut up chunks of great loving bullocks' hearts, and arrives at the ranch with the rain pouring down in sheets, and finds that confounded dog-fox is out in the ranch again, and he has to get busy with a net and catch the brute. This upsets the rest of the stock, and as a result, Ermyntrude has no cubs at all for the year. Then all the cleaning of the pens has to be gone through, and a horrid messy job it is, and a damp one, too, when it is wet. Even when the cubs have arrived, there are some which are weakly and have to have special consideration if they are to be reared to pelting age at all, and some of the best get themselves eaten by their mother; others kilkenny kat themselves and generally a good time is had by all for the first few years. I know, I have had some. It is a long weary job to begin a fox ranch, and it takes a lot of time, knowledge and MONEY. I have not created this undertaking without a lot of heartbreaks. I have had to fight criticism, ridicule, and above all uninformed foolish prejudice. A country life is all very well, and I have no doubt but that there are many now abroad who would like to give up the East and come home and attempt to run a fox ranch in England on a thousand pounds, but IT CANNOT BE DONE. I have consistently fought this belief, and I have given this advice in hundreds of cases to people who have written to me. It is AN EXPERT'S JOB. Otherwise I would not go to the trouble of bringing four men from Prince Edward Island, as I have done, to help us raise the finest foxes in the country.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.

There is something else between HERE AND THERE



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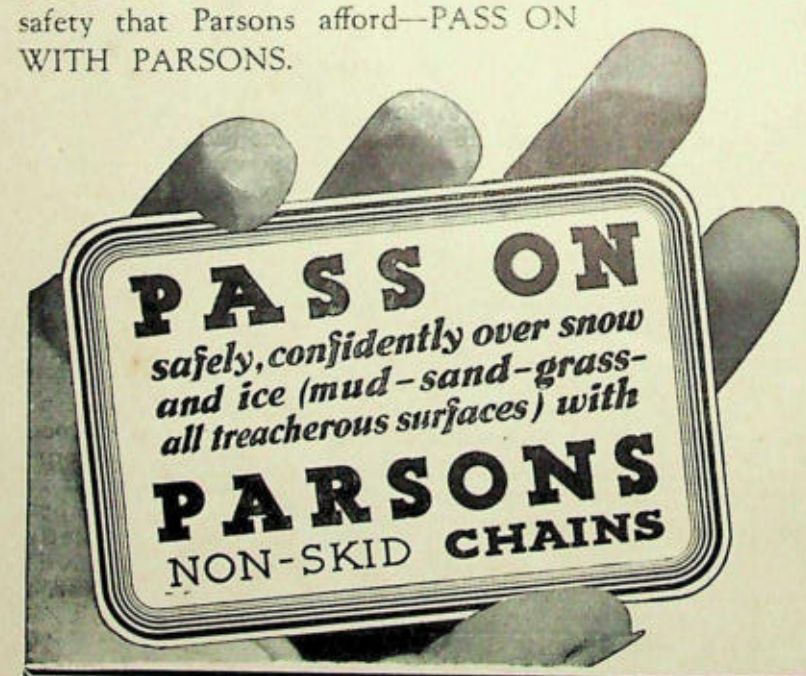
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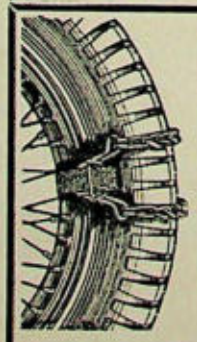
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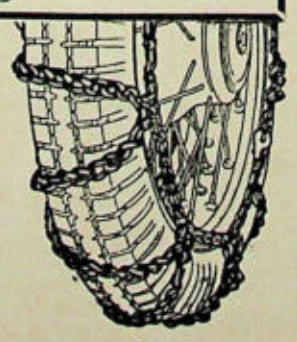
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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



AN INDUCEMENT TO GREATER SPEED IN OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT RACING DURING 1934

For the third year in succession the "Field" Gold Trophy for outboard motor boats has been won by C. H. Harrison, piloting one of the well-known "Non Sequitor" series of craft owned by Mr. J. W. Shillan. (*See next page*)

THE NEW TRAFFIC SIGNS

Are They What Was Wanted?

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*Holder of the World's Land Speed Record*)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

NEW regulations giving effect to the recommendations of the Departmental Committee on Traffic Signs have now been issued to all highway authorities. The regulations specify the size, colour and type of traffic signs that may be used, the idea being — quite rightly — that a uniform system should be adopted throughout the country.

It is pleasing to note that one of the new signs which will shortly be erected throughout the kingdom is the "Major Road Ahead" warning. This sign, of course, will be erected in minor roads, a short distance before they join the main thoroughfare, and in addition to the words "Major Road Ahead," will show a thick black line crossed by a thin one, with the word "Slow" in large letters at the top.

This is excellent, so far as it goes, but it does not throw the whole responsibility of avoiding a collision on to the motorist who is emerging from the side road into the main thoroughfare, as it should. The law as it stands states that no vehicle has a "right of way" at cross-roads, but that it is the duty of a driver on a minor road, when approaching a major road, to go dead slow and to give way to traffic on the more important highway.

It is obvious that a driver, having slowed down when entering the main road, and having endeavoured to get out of the way of an approaching vehicle, has conformed to the law, yet in reality, if an accident does take place, it is pretty certain to have been due entirely to his not having waited until the main road was clear.

The word should be "Stop," not "Slow." In other words, the motorist entering the main road should pull his car up to a dead stop before entering the main thoroughfare. It is, in my opinion, a great pity that the Minister of Transport did not take the bull by the horns and insist that every motorist should come to a dead halt before entering a main road. Those using the major road should automatically have the right of way, and those emerging into it should only do so when conditions permit.

Ever since I first took up motoring, many years ago, I have always taken the greatest care when entering a main road, and if the corner has been a blind one, I have always pulled up until I knew that the road was clear in front of me. If all motorists would take these precautions, there would not be nearly so many accidents.

Of the other new signs which will shortly be seen on our roads, one shows two black lines, slightly out of parallel, which are meant to indicate that the road ahead is narrowing. This sign is certainly a good one, as it will warn a driver that he must not overtake another car until this danger spot has been passed.

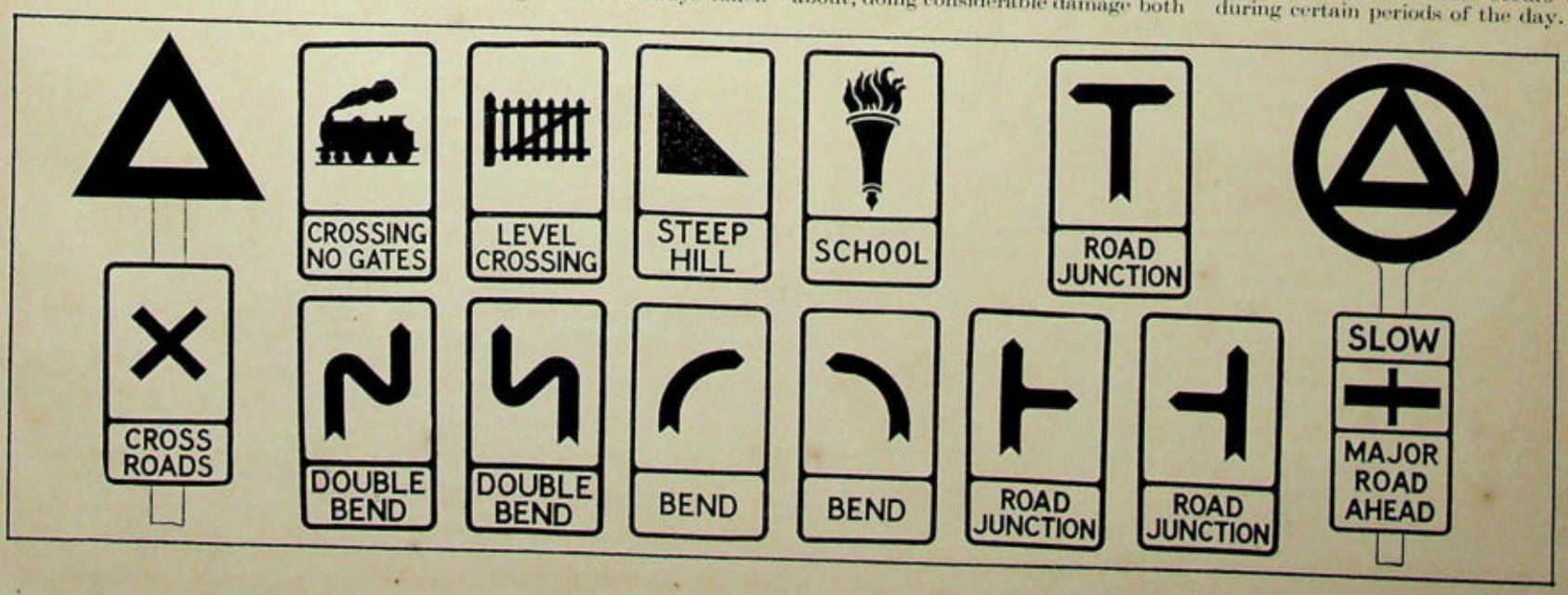
Another warns the motorist that there is a traffic roundabout ahead, and this, too, is an indication that has been badly needed. Often these roundabouts are not visible until the car is nearly on top of them, and as the angle of approach is often very acute, the driver may have the utmost difficulty in dealing with the situation, if he happens to be travelling rather fast. In quite a few instances cars, taken by surprise in this way, have ploughed right through the centre of the roundabout, doing considerable damage both to themselves and to the posts by which the central space is usually surrounded.

A circular letter has been sent to the local highways authorities, pointing out that signs which are already in existence and which differ from those now recommended, need not be removed immediately unless they conflict in principle with the Committee's recommendations, but that, as it becomes necessary to renew them, they should be replaced by standard signs.

It is also pointed out in this letter that warning signs should not under any circumstances be erected except where necessary. If they are used only where they are really needed, and are limited to the standard types, drivers will respect them. Otherwise, if signs are erected in great profusion, motorists, not knowing how much attention to pay to them, will tend to ignore them altogether.

The one exception is the new "Major Road Ahead" signal which, it is recommended, should be erected at all road junctures.

There is, in my opinion, one road sign which still badly needs improving, namely, the one which deals with schools. A hundred yards or so on either side of a school is placed a warning on which is written the word "School." But the existence of a school is obviously no reason for caution except when the children are entering or leaving the building, or while they are on their way to and from their homes. This occurs only during certain periods of the day.



These signs should, I think, be illuminated and controlled by a switch fitted up inside the school itself. The light could then be switched on by a teacher, say, five minutes before the children are dismissed, and should remain alight for a further quarter of an hour or so, by which time the youngsters will have reached their homes. Then, again, fifteen minutes before they are due to reassemble, the light should be turned on once more.

If this suggestion was put into practice, a motorist approaching a school, and seeing the illuminated sign, would know that at any moment children might come rushing out into the road, and would reduce his speed accordingly. At present, unless he is fully conscious of the time when the schools open and close, he may easily be taken unawares.

MOTOR BOAT SPEEDS

Competition for the "Field" Trophy

ONE of the most coveted prizes open to contest with outboard motor boats is the *Field* Gold Trophy, which is presented for competition at home and abroad throughout each year. The trophy is held annually by the entrant of the boat which achieves the highest speed over a twelve-mile course.

The various trials are run under official observation, but otherwise the only limitation imposed is in regard to the size of the engine, which must not exceed a cylinder capacity of 1,000 c.c.

For the information of those who are not familiar with this particular class of craft, it should be explained that an outboard engine is a detachable motor which is fixed to the stern of a suitable craft by means of thumbscrews. The type of hull used for racing purposes is usually a hydroplane by which resistance is reduced, and speeds so high as 60 m.p.h. have been recorded under the most favourable conditions with specially designed hulls and engines so light that they can be lifted from the boat by one man. An outboard craft capable of attaining a speed of over 30 m.p.h. can be purchased complete for under £100.

For the third year in succession the *Field* Trophy has been won by C. H. Harrison, who ran his trials with four other competitors during the Rochester Motor Boat Rally on Friday, August 11th. Harrison completed the course in 20min. 22sec., driving one of the well known "Non Sequitor" series of craft owned by J. W. Shillan, who is well known for his work in the production of Britannia outboard motors.

The result represents a speed of about 36 knots, which is less than that at which the trophy was obtained in 1932, but the weather was mainly responsible for this reduction in speed, the conditions being far from ideal for lightly-built boats capable of attaining a high maximum speed.

C. H. Harrison has now won the trophy in 1929, 1931, 1932 and 1933. During the 1930 season the highest speed was attained by a French competitor.

It is a striking commentary on outboard motor boat racing generally that practically no other trials were organised at home or abroad during the past year. The fact is all the more remarkable in view of the widespread interest which was taken in fast outboard engined craft three or four years ago.

It may be that race organising secretaries have not sufficiently realised the value of the spectacular element which they have at their disposal. Whenever the venue is accessible, and offers an unobstructed and fairly close view of the boats over the whole length of the course, there has been little lack of that public support which is essential to a renewed interest in outboard motor boat racing.

M. R. H.

FLYING IN 1934

Directions in Which Progress is Likely to be Most Marked

By THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

PROPHECY is proverbially risky; nowhere is it more so than in connection with aviation. Nevertheless, it is always worth while to look ahead, and at no period is it more appropriate than at the beginning of a new year.

It is no enthusiast's optimism that enables one to take a cheerful view of what the next twelve months in aviation may bring forth. From 1919 to 1931 civil flying may be said still to have been in the various stages of infancy; the aeroplane was being adapted to new commercial uses; and the transition from the "performance-at-any-price" machines of the war to types having definite commercial characteristics had to be made—a development that inevitably called for intensive experiment. The whole technique of air-line operation had to be learnt, and private flying had to be popularised.

The years 1932 and 1933 saw the harvest of these developments. The air lines, both British and foreign, carried passengers, mails and freight in excess of all previous figures; in this country internal air lines were inaugurated on an encouraging scale in spite of the view often advanced that there was no scope for them in Great Britain. Private flying made great strides, and much-improved machines for the private owner made their appearance on the market. One cannot, perhaps, say that the aviation boom has started, but one can with confidence claim that during 1933 the public began to accept commercial and private flying at its true value.

Finally, at the close of the year, the Prince of Wales made his memorable speech urging the vital need for aerodrome development as the basis of aeronautical progress, and calling attention to the need for higher cruising speeds. There can be no doubt that that appeal, made by one who has done so much for aviation, will fall on receptive ears, for the country has had an opportunity in the past year of seeing some of the advantages of high-speed internal air communications.

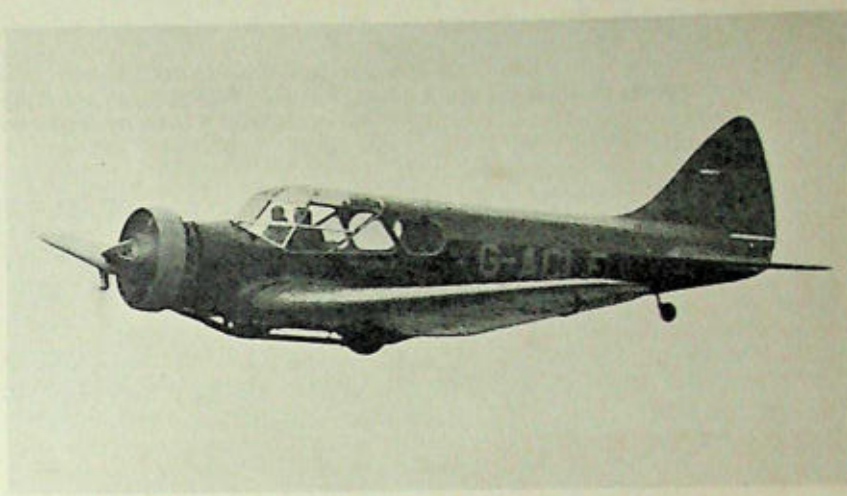
There is a firm basis, therefore, for predicting a definite advance for commercial and civil aviation during 1934; and the plans already approved or projected are highly satisfactory.

In the field of Empire air services the long-hoped for extension of the eastern route to Australia is virtually assured during the year; and this will not only provide a great fillip to trade but cannot fail to stimulate the development of internal services in the countries served. Connections with the Continent will certainly be improved with the summer time-tables, and some striking examples of time saving between London and the capitals of Europe will be seen when the summer schedules are put into operation.

The experiments with specially designed air-mail machines will be eagerly watched by those who believe that the separation of mail traffic from passengers is desirable in the present stage of development, and the performance of Imperial Airways' new four-engined Short machine will be another object of close study. From the point of view of British prestige, the success of the fast air liners introduced by foreign air lines makes it essential that we should make further advances in the design and production of aircraft of higher cruising speeds—though the safety, comfort and silence of Imperial Airways' large passenger machines of the Handley Page 42 type has done as much as any single factor to popularise long-distance air travel.

After the experience of 1933 it is clear that there will be a considerable development in internal services. The railways are planning to stabilise the experimental air services conducted during the past year, and others may be inaugurated. Now that technical progress has made available machines capable of being operated on a more economic basis, private concerns will show an increasing willingness to enter the field of internal air transport, and possibly that of short-distance Continental travel.

Technical progress is likely to advance consistently in the direction of greater aerodynamic efficiency. Among developments of special significance that will be tried out further during 1934 are the new direct control autogiro and the heavy-oil engine. The performance of the sleeve valve radial produced by the Bristol Aeroplane Co. will also be a focus of interest. The light aeroplane will probably continue its progress towards greater all-round efficiency and comfort and easier handling; an increasing number of two-engined machines may also make their appearance.





A LIKELY BRITISH ENTRANT IN THE LONDON—MELBOURNE RACE

The use of a retractable undercarriage which reduces wind resistance to a minimum, and so enables a great increase in cruising speed to be obtained, is an important new tendency, and is shown here in use on the Airspeed "Courier." The lower picture shows the machine taking off, the other was taken after the undercarriage had been drawn in

A general lowering of costs is likely to help the development of sporting aviation. One of the chief events in this country will, of course, be the King's Cup race, and on the Continent the Rundflug will hold a premier place. Great enthusiasm will certainly be aroused by the London-Melbourne race, which, in the interests of our national prestige, it is highly desirable that a British machine shall win.

The industry continues to make satisfactory progress, as the result of the increasing use of aircraft all over the world. There has been a notable rise in production, and the position in the world market held by British machines and engines—particularly the latter—will, it is confidently hoped, be more than maintained. Not only are British light aeroplanes in demand, but military types are being exported in considerable numbers.

All phases of aviation, then, may be expected to make good progress during the coming twelve months; and it is most encouraging to be able to look forward to British enterprise being well to the fore in forthcoming developments. We cannot rest on our laurels, and we must not forget the value which accrued to our national reputation and to our aircraft industry from the possession of the most important air records. These have now passed from us, but it is sincerely to be hoped only for the time being. We must concentrate on their recovery.

Prince George's Tour.—The three Austin cars for use during Prince George's forthcoming tour in South Africa have already been shipped, and will await the arrival of His Royal Highness at Cape Town. The cars comprise two Austin Twenty Whitehall Saloons and a Twenty Ranelagh Limousine.

A CHOICE OF CRUISES

Outstanding Voyages From Late January Until April

FOR the obvious reason that they offer opportunities to meet summer sunshine and warm sea breezes before such luxuries reach these shores, spring cruises ought to be among the most popular of the season; and preparations for early voyages indicate that the shipping companies look forward to at least as great a vogue for cruising holidays as in the last two years.

Most of the companies begin, as usual, with extended cruises, ranging variously from a month to four months, to tropical or sub-tropical lands, where the most congenial conditions are sure to be found. New features this year include a cruise to Honolulu and another to South America — both notable for their variety and their ample opportunities for seeing the places visited by means of specially organised shore excursions.

On the cruise to Honolulu the Arandora Star, leaving Southampton on January 24th, will cover more than 21,000 miles in 75 days. Three days will be spent at Honolulu, which, with its stalwart surf-riders and wonderful beaches, its picturesque fields of sugar cane and pineapple, and its beautiful native dancers, is quite as fascinating as it is reputed to be. On the voyage out and home the Arandora Star will stop at such places as Teneriffe, Trinidad, Grenada, the Panama Canal, Hawaii, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Barbados and Madeira.



Blue Star Line

ON THE CRUISE TO HONOLULU
A moonlight scene off Waikiki

The Atlantis, leaving Southampton on January 26th, will cover 14,700 miles in 55 days on a round voyage, including South and West Africa as well as South America and (weather permitting) the islands of Tristan da Cunha and St. Helena. Two days at Rio de Janeiro and ten hours at Pernambuco will permit a good deal to be seen of these characteristically Brazilian cities, set amid luxuriant scenery. Nearly four days will also be spent at Cape Town, and two days at Sierra Leone, with shorter stops at Gambia, Casablanca, Lisbon and Madeira.

One of the most inexpensive of the longer spring cruises is that by the Ulysses, which will leave Liverpool on February 24th on a voyage out to Australia via the Suez Canal and home via South Africa, spending well over four months at sea. The minimum fare for the complete voyage works out at little more than £1 a day. Here again specially organised shore excursions enable passengers to make the most of their time at the ports of call, which include Port Said, Colombo, Singapore, Batavia, Bali, Thursday Island and the Great Barrier Reef, Brisbane, Sydney, Hobart, Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle, Durban, Cape Town, and Las Palmas. This cruise, which is made twice a year, has become extremely popular.

The West Indies are always particularly attractive for an early spring cruise. Each of the islands has its own peculiar charms, and the climate until March is perfect. Apart from the Arandora Star four cruising steamers will be leaving for the West Indies this month—the Laconia on January 20th, the Orontes on January 23rd, the Duchess of Richmond on January 26th, and the Homeric on January 27th.

The Orontes will call at most of the chief islands, spending a day at Port of Spain, Trinidad, two days at Kingston, Jamaica, and shorter periods at other islands; and as she will also visit Madeira, the Canary Islands, Morocco and Gibraltar the cruise will certainly not lack variety. The Laconia and Duchess of Richmond cruises will also include visits to Gibraltar and Madeira; while the Homeric will make calls at Panama and Colombia and Venezuela in Central America, as well as Madeira and the Canary Islands.

In February the Mediterranean begins to come into its own, and one of the most comprehensive cruises will be that of the Britannic to Egypt, Palestine and Syria, with visits also to the beautiful Balearic Isles, Villefranche (offering the chance of a drive along the Grande Corniche to Nice), Sicily (unsurpassed for natural beauty in the spring), Athens, Rhodes, Cyprus, Naples (where the ascent of Vesuvius should on no account be missed) and Tangier.

Four days will be spent at Alexandria, giving ample time to visit Cairo, and nearly two days at Naples, the cruise extending altogether over 32 days. A shorter cruise (18 days) by the Duchess of Atholl will extend as far as Naples, with visits to Cadiz, one of the most beautiful of Spanish cities, Barcelona, Monaco, Palermo and Palma—a very attractive selection providing plenty of variety.

March sees the Mediterranean cruising season in full swing, and we have a considerable choice of cruises of from 14 to 24 days. Early in the month the Duchess of Atholl makes a round voyage to Tangier, Naples, Morocco, Barcelona and Palma in 16 days; the Voltaire includes Ceuta, Barcelona, Naples, Palermo and Lisbon in an 18 days' cruise, and the Orontes sets off on another very comprehensive voyage of 24 days to Gibraltar, Malta, Rhodes, Cyprus, Beirut, Jaffa, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples and Tangier. There is also a 16 days' cruise by the Laconia to North Africa, Madeira and the Canary Islands.

Easter cruises promise again to be especially popular, with the Mediterranean as the favourite objective—and no better choice could be made, for there is invariably plenty to see and do on a Mediterranean cruise of any sort. Visits to Corsica—always a fascinating island—and Algiers figure in the Homeric's Easter Mediterranean cruise of 14 days, and in addition the White Star Line will run a scholars' cruise of 14 days in the Doric to Lisbon, Palma, Barcelona and Ceuta. Another distinctive Easter cruise will be that of the Atlantis to West Africa (Sierra Leone and Gambia) as well as Madeira, Canary Islands and Lisbon.

April cruises will be almost wholly concentrated on the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and the difficulty is to choose between the many different itineraries planned. It is just a question of individual taste, whether it be for the Oriental atmosphere of North Africa, for the picturesque scenes of Portuguese or Spanish life, for the natural charms of the Dalmatian Coast, or for the subtle beauties of Greece or Cyprus.

A special cruise to Gallipoli in April by the Montrose is being organised under the auspices of the Royal Naval Division Association to enable those who took part in the Gallipoli campaign of 1915-16 and others to revisit the scenes of that historic episode.

A. M. B.

(Full particulars of the above and other forthcoming cruises will be found on the inside back cover of this issue.)



"IN FEBRUARY THE MEDITERRANEAN COMES INTO ITS OWN"
The Flower Market at Menton

SKI SCHOOLS IN SWITZERLAND

In Switzerland children learn to ski before they go to school, and in many schools ski-ing has replaced gymnastics as a school subject. It is scarcely surprising that such nation-wide proficiency has produced a dependable system of ski-teaching, available for visitors as much as for residents.

A very readable little booklet (*The Ski Schools of Switzerland*) explains how the system of tuition works. The basic principle of the schools is that the pupil must possess not merely a nodding acquaintance with, but a complete mastery of, each manœuvre before he proceeds to the next stage. Each case is studied individually, and nervous, unathletic or elderly pupils receive special consideration.

The booklet, which is well illustrated and contains a regional list of the Swiss ski schools, can be obtained, free, from the official agency, Swiss Federal Railways, 11B, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Salmon Fishing in the North of Scotland.—P. D. Malloch, of Perth, could give you particulars of rods, if any, available on the Thurso. For the Hallodale write to Mr. Keith Murray, solicitor, Thurso. The Hotel Forsinard has some salmon fishing there also. Bettyhill Hotel and Altna horra Hotel have fishing on Loch Naver (among other waters). These are all early rivers.—*C. J., Berks.*

What is the Object of a "Sneck" Bend in a Hook?—The idea is that when a fish takes a fly the hook turns flat in its mouth and that, in consequence, a side bend given to the point will give less chance of the hook slipping out on the strike. Such hooks have the objection that the direction of the point is at an appreciable angle with the direction of the pull in striking, so that they have poor penetration. Their value is a much-debated point on which opinion seems to be about equally divided.—*J. D., London.*

Golden Carp Dying in a Small Pond.—If you kept the ice well broken there should have been no accumulation of dioxide gas, as we suggested to *B., Surrey*, below; but are there any weeds growing in the pond, which you describe as having a concrete bottom? It looks like a case of asphyxiation or of the gradual reduction of oxygen to a point where fish slowly succumb. If any more die, and you can send us a fish quickly (but not so as to arrive on Saturday), our biologists will examine and report.—*F. W. V., Surrey.*

Carp Dying in a Frozen Pond.—No disease could be found in the specimens you sent. Only the gut and gills seemed to be affected in any way, though not enough to indicate the cause of death. It seems probable that lack of oxygen caused the trouble. There is, we presume, weed in the pond? During daylight hours weed gives off oxygen, but during the night it gives off carbonic acid gas. When a pond is frozen for long it may happen that this gas, being unable to escape, makes the air in the water too "used up" to support life, much as an oil stove will do in a small ill-ventilated hut.—*B., Surrey.*

Farm

Jersey Cow Record.—The world's record Jersey cow is Brampton Basilua, owned by Messrs. B. H. Bull & Sons, Brampton, Ontario, Canada. Her yield was 1,312.8lb. butter fat from 19,012.3lb. milk in 365 days.—*P. S., Rudd-ll.*

Buckwheat in Scotland.—Buckwheat is very sensitive to frost and consequently is not sown until the second half of May. The occurrence of late frosts must govern the date of sowing, but it should be possible to obtain an adequate crop in Perthshire in a favourable summer. The seed is drilled at the rate of one to two bushels per acre after the land has been ploughed and cleaned. Mustard also makes useful holding cover for partridges both on account of the stems and seeds, which remain into the autumn.—*G. D., Perth.*

Preserving Estate Timber.—Information about the preparation of softwood trees for estate purposes can be obtained from the British Wood Preserving Association, 166, Piccadilly, W. 1, who will be able to give you full advice about the most effective means of treating estate fencing by creosoting under pressure or by absorption. In recent years a good deal of valuable experimental work, backed by practical experience, has been done in this country, and it would certainly be a sound policy to seek full advice at the outset.—*G. B., London.*

Celery Disease.—The cause of the trouble was undoubtedly leaf spot, which occurs in all parts of the country. The foliage becomes discoloured and eventually the black spots may increase until the whole leaf withers and rots away. Outbreaks of leaf spot are attributed to infected seed, and every effort should therefore be made to obtain clean seed free from the fungus spores. One precaution is to soak the seed before sowing in a weak solution of formalin (1 part of 40 per cent. strength to 300 parts of water). Spraying the crop with Bordeaux mixture has also proved effective. A leaflet (No. 38) dealing specifically with celery leaf spot can be obtained free of charge from the Ministry of Agriculture, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. 1.—*T. L., Cumbs.*

Garden

Where to Obtain Rose Species.—The rose species mentioned in the *Field* of December 30th are obtainable from any of the leading rose growers. We suggest Messrs. Hillier, of Winchester, or Messrs. Bunyard, Maidstone.—*J. E. B., Great Shelford.*

Hunting

Cost of Hunt Establishment.—The cost of a hunt establishment which you mention will not vary a great deal to a similar one in 1927. The cost of forage and meal may be a little higher, but wages, clothes, licences and fuel would be approximately the same. We should recommend you to write to the British Field Sports Society, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W. 1, upon this interesting point, as it is possible they may have figures for the two years.—*J. H. S., Warwickshire.*

Kennel

Labrador at Stud.—Dr. Humphry, Grosmont, Hereford, has working Labradors at stud. This is the nearest address to you of which we are aware.—*G. D., Criccieth.*

Labrador Puppies.—You would probably be able to get a Labrador puppy of working parentage from one of the following: Hon. J. A. Joicey, Barclees, Cornhill-on-Tweed; Mr. Dinwoodie, Falford Kennels, Waterbeck, Dumfriesshire; Captain J. Steel, Kirkwood, Lockerbie; Mr. J. D. Harrower, headkeeper, Coltness, Wishaw; or Mr. K. Dobie, Ingleston, Dumfries.—*J. D. B., Peeblesshire.*

Legal

Game Increase.—In 1885 a well-known judge held that "a person is entitled to bring on his land any quantity of game which can reasonably and properly be kept on it, so that nothing extraordinary and non-natural is done; but the moment he brings on game of an unreasonable amount, or causes it to increase to an unreasonable extent, he is doing that which is unlawful." This must of course, be read subject to sect. 11, subsect. (1) of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1923, which provides in effect that where a tenant of a holding has sustained damage to his crops from game which he has not had permission in writing to kill, he shall be entitled to compensation from his landlord if the damage exceeds 1 per acre of the area over which it extends. Any agreement to the contrary is void. The landlord may claim to be indemnified by the sporting tenant or other person in whom the right to "kill and take" is vested.—*W. R., Axminster.*

Library

Books on Beagling.—If you wish to study the breeding of beagles we should advise you to read *The Art of Beagling*, by J. Otho Paget (Witherby); and *Beagles and Beagling*, by the same author (Hutchinson).—*J. T. L., London.*

Juvenile Learning to Ride.—A most suitable book which will help a small girl to learn the rudiments of riding and stable management would be *From Ratcatcher to Scarlet*, by Cecil Alden (Eyre & Spottiswoode), and also *Elements of Horsemanship*, published by the Field Press at 7/6 net.—*W. D. H., Plymouth.*

Naturalist

Black Redstart in Bedford.—The bird you saw flying about the railway sidings at Bedford on December 11th was undoubtedly a black redstart. Your description is excellent, noting, as it does, the distinctive characters of sooty black head and breast, soft bluish-grey back, dark wings with conspicuous white patch, and rusty red tail. In winter the black redstart occurs regularly in the south of England, especially in Devon and Cornwall, but is only occasionally met with in the Midlands.—*A. E. A., Bedford.*

Bird Identified.—The bird shot (in mistake for a snipe) in a water meadow near Newbury on December 19th, and sent to us for identification, was, as you suspected, a green sandpiper. The sooty black undersurface of the wing is a sure distinction from the somewhat similar wood sandpiper, in which it is greyish-white. From other waders it may be told by the white upper tail coverts and broadly barred tail. On the wing the green sandpiper appears conspicuously black and white—the pure white underparts, rump and tail coverts contrasting sharply with the dark green back and wings.—*G. M. G.-H., Newbury.*

Naturalist (*Continued*)

Post-Mortem Examinations

A Pheasant Found Dead.—The lungs of the pheasant showed signs of pneumonia, and the first part of the intestinal tract was inflamed, but the cause of the latter condition was not apparent.—*H. N. C., Beds.*

Cause of Rabbit's Death.—The rabbit was affected with coccidiosis (intestinal), an infectious disease caused by small parasites known as coccidia, many spores of which were discovered by microscopic examination of the contents of the small gut. The disease attacks both wild and domesticated rabbits.—*C. A., Hants.*

Mortality Among Fowls.—Examination of the Rhode Island Red hen sent as a specimen of others revealed definite evidence of avian tuberculosis, a disease caused by the *bacillus tuberculosis* (germs). Tuberculosis is most infectious, and in all probability the deaths that have occurred among your flock of birds from time to time have been due to this disease. In birds, the organs most frequently affected are the liver, spleen and intestines, and from the lesions in the gut enormous numbers of the causative germs are discharged into its lumen, and passed with the fæces of the bird thus contaminating the ground, food, and water, and spreading the disease to healthy birds.

An outbreak of tuberculosis suggests the desirability of replacing the stock and running the new birds, on fresh ground as all birds that are exposed to infection are likely to become diseased and sooner or later die.

The houses and all utensils should be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected, the contaminated ground well limed, and not used again for poultry for at least six months. The carcases of all birds that die or are killed should be burnt.—*M. C., Petersfield.*

Shooting

Pigeon Shooting at Monte Carlo.—Pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo continues throughout January. Only clay birds are now used. Cartridges can be obtained locally. There is no difficulty in taking a shot gun through France, but we advise you to take up the question of customs with the French Chamber of Commerce, 111, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.—*Q. K., Tatsfield.*

Management of Heather.—For advice on the management of heather you should refer to *The Grouse in Health and in Disease*, published by John Murray, 50, Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, at 12/6.—*A. T. B., Belgrave Square.*

Shooting (*Continued*)

Stable

Riding and Stable Management.—If you wish to study riding and stable management from a woman's point of view you cannot do better than read Miss E. V. A. Christy's *Cross Saddle and Side Saddle Riding* (Seeley Service) and *To Whom the Goddess*, by Lady Apsley and Lady Diana Sheddon (Hutchinson & Co.).—*W. H., Ledbury.*

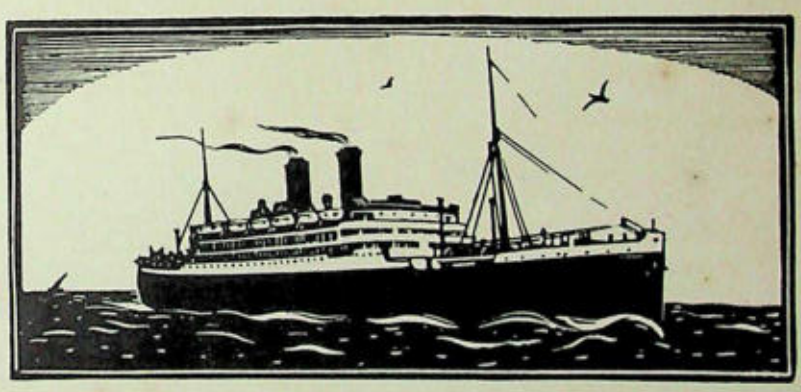
HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

THERE was only a short catalogue of 86 lots at Messrs. Tattersall's first sale of the year, held at Knightsbridge last Monday. Blue Grass (1930), a bay colt by Phalaris—Blue Ice, winner of the Ruckley Maiden Stakes, Birmingham, May, 1933, and sold to dissolve a partnership, made the top price of the day, 260gs. Of the hunters submitted Mr. R. Streather accepted a bid of 86gs. for Chouseas (1928), a bay gelding by Jackdaw—Ardennes; Mr. W. Smithers, M.P., sold Gambler, a black gelding by Fortune's Wheel, for 81gs.; Mrs. Strettell's Sir Oliver, a bay gelding by Sir Rowland, realised 80gs.; and The Alderman II., a bay gelding by The Alder, the property of Brig.-General E. J. R. Peel, changed hands at 62gs. The next sale at Knightsbridge will be held on Monday, January 22nd.

Leicester

MESSRS. WARNER, SHEPPARD & WADE, LTD., held their first sale of the New Year on Saturday last, when the catalogue was a full one. There was a good demand for hunters, and capital prices were realised. The top figure was paid for Mr. and Mrs. C. Pym's chesnut gelding Juggler, who changed hands at 340gs. The principal lots sold were as follows: Property of Mr. G. Dickinson: Cark Cute Fox, br g, 60gs. Property of Mr. Hugh Adamthwaite: Jack Stroud, 100gs.; B g, 105gs. Property of Mrs. Gordon Canning: Hotsand, br g, 180gs. Property of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pym: Luxury, b g, 200gs.; Juggler, ch g, 340gs.; Wings, b g, 150gs.; The Jester, b g, 80gs. Property of the Earl of Carnarvon: Drage, br g, 125gs.; Exchange, b g, 210gs.; Joyce, b m, 115gs. Property of Captain the Hon. M. Pelham: St. Swithin, b g, 70gs. Property of Mr. R. W. Jay: Fantan, br g, 50gs. Property of Mr. R. Cargill: Ch g, 68gs.



SPRING CRUISES
IN THE
MEDITERRANEAN
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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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Charles E. Brown

MARSHAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE SIR JOHN SALMOND WITH HIS DAUGHTER JOY AT MÜRREN

Miss Joy Salmond is Sir John's daughter by his first marriage. He married, secondly, in 1924, Lord Desborough's daughter, the Hon. Monica Grenfell

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS FOR CONNOISSEURS & COLLECTORS

Published First of Month, 2/-

BRITISH ART

Master Crewe as Henry VIII. by *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*

Georgiana, Countess Spencer and her daughter, by *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*

Viscount Althorp, by *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*

Miss Crewe, by *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*

Sketch for Mrs. Robinson (as "Perdita,") by *Thomas Gainsborough.*

The Paterson Children, by *Sir Henry Raeburn.*

The JANUARY Issue contains magnificent colour plates of the above

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

RURAL WATER SUPPLIES

A WINTER drought following on an exceptionally dry summer and autumn, has caused inconvenience and even hardship to a good many country dwellers. The situation in some villages, where the wells ran dry in early December and water has since been hawked round from cottage to cottage in a cart, provided some heart-rending stories of deprivation for the newspapers, but, making due discount for the sensationalism of the age, there can be no question that the problem of water supplies needs to be tackled now in many rural areas. The promise of Government grants, totalling £1,000,000, to assist local authorities in carrying out necessary but costly schemes is a recognition of an urgent problem.

Why, it may pertinently be asked, has this problem of rural water supplies become so acute now? Did not the existing wells suffice for the requirements of past generations, and have we not heard much in late years of the drift of population away from the villages to the towns? Everyone knows that 1933 was an exceptionally dry year, but few people seem to have recognised that the rural areas have vastly increased their consumption of water during the past decade or two. Every big house now has several bathrooms, whereas in the old days one sufficed for the whole household. There are now cars to be washed every day. But these extra domestic demands on the water supply, considerable though they may be, are insignificant compared with the additional water requirements of the farming industry. Dairying is now the mainstay of many thousands of farms where formerly corn growing was the chief concern. The cow herself is a generous drinker, and large quantities of water are used daily in flushing down the cowshed and dairy, in the milk cooler, and so on. It would be no exaggeration to say that the arable farm converted to grass and dairying has increased its water consumption a hundredfold.

When the local farms are using more water the council cottages have water laid on and the big house has a swimming bath. We need not look farther for one of the chief reasons for the water shortage of 1933. The towns, too, have become more greedy for water, and there are some cases of municipal water schemes poaching seriously on the reserves of neighbouring villages. But the rainfall in this country is sufficient to provide for all requirements if we learn how to conserve the usual abundance of water against the occasional dry spell. When Parliament meets we may expect to hear more about the Minister of Health's proposals and the use which can be made of the grant of £1,000,000 that is to be made available for promoting rural water supply schemes. Sir Hilton Young has stated that it is intended that grants shall be made in aid of approved schemes where the cost, after allowing for fair contributions from the county councils and rural district councils, and the income from proper charges on water consumers, would involve a deficiency rate on the parish greater than the parish could reasonably be expected to bear. This is the sum of the information yet available, but a good many villages are already taking preliminary steps to ensure that they, at any rate, are not denied the benefits of such assistance as may be forthcoming from the local rates and the Ministry of Health. On their own account, with a small rateable value, they could not, however urgent the necessity, face the expense of providing a public water supply, which, in many cases, would have to be brought from a distance.

There will be many animated discussions such as arose at the meeting of the Salisbury Rural District Council last week, when one speaker declared: "We have millions of gallons of water poured on us by the Almighty which runs down gutters, and yet about six months afterwards we are all wanting it. A public supply of electricity is welcome, but water is the first necessity." When the Government's grant is available it will rest with the local authorities to turn to full advantage the opportunity which has come out of adversity.

ACCIDENT BY PYLON

ONCE more disaster has overtaken air travel. The wreck of the French air-liner Emeraude, carrying a crew of three with seven passengers, including M. Pierre Pasquier, the Governor-General of Indo-China, has been added to the year's air fatalities. The statement that the accident was due to collision with a high-tension cable pylon while the pilot was attempting to land lacks substantiation, but that suspicion should centre on this possible cause once more draws attention to this overhead danger. A pylon wrecked an Imperial Airways liner leaving Belgium in a fog. Always it has been clear to men of vision that these huge pylons must be one of the chief dangers awaiting the development of flying in this and every other country. Always the immediate claim of electric power, to be supplied with cheapness as the final condition, has overcome all other considerations of human existence. The time will come when it will be realised that the first need of civilisation is safe travel by air. Then, and not till then, will electric cables be laid as they should have been from the beginning—underground.

BRITISH SPORTING PRINTS

Visitors to Burlington House who are interested in British sporting art will do well to visit the exhibition of prints and drawings at the British Museum, which forms a most valuable addition to the larger exhibition. Till quite recently there were practically no sporting prints in the museum collection, but there is now a representative, if small, collection of first-class prints and drawings, indicative of a peculiarly native talent, and one in which British craftsmen are supreme.

The "Hunter's Annual" series, published by Richard Barret, son of George III's huntsman, and a set of Alken's earliest aquatints are of special interest. F. C. Turner, Samuel Egbert Jones (with "The Royal Mail Starting"), James Howe, T. Blake Francis Barlow, Sartorius, Philip Reinagle, Samuel Howitt, Pollard, Adam Buck and Ben Marshall are other artists represented in the collection. Finally, no visitor should leave without seeing the bound copy of the very rare *Orme's Field Sports.*

TILDEN THE TITAN

Ellsworth Vines' first essay as a professional lawn tennis player was to have been beaten easily by W. T. Tilden before a great gathering at Madison Square Gardens. A similar fate befell Henri Cochet a little while ago. Allowing for the suggestion that it is part of the present platform of exhibitionary professionalism that Tilden should pose not only as fosterfather but also as chief by ordeal of battle, it must yet be argued that everything is in favour of three set victories before large paying audiences being straight affairs in both senses of the adjective. The phenomenon of Tilden at the age of 41, a Titan still erect, is a tribute to the game he professes.

THIN END OF A WEDGE?

Our amateur officials are perhaps overconfident about the inroad Tilden's professional business schemes may be able eventually to make upon their cherished sources of income. The public mind (educated or perverted as your prejudices will) by the conditions prevalent in other games, no longer clings with nineteenth century ardour to the idea of the impeccable. Governing bodies since the war have been compelled, unfortunately, to advertise feet of clay by a gradual increase of restrictive legislation. This is not attack but defence. Meanwhile in lawn tennis, professional and amateur must not meet. Up to date this has not mattered. Will it ever begin to matter?

WELSH RUGBY TROUBLES

How deeply the activities of Rugby League agents have bitten into the amateur game in Wales, and how energetic the selectors have been in looking for talent outside Wales, is evidenced in the Welsh Rugby team which to-day meets England in the first international match of the season. Doubtless there are some heartburnings in the Principality at the choice of several players of very slender connection with Welsh Rugby, and the presence of as many as twelve new players in the side must be a record, as also the choice of a newcomer as captain. Both England and Scotland have lost valuable players to the League this season, but are not yet as seriously threatened with losses as heavy as Wales. But both have introduced more new players than at one time seemed likely, and the season may be notable for the establishment of several new regulations.

WELL DONE, INDIA!

The M.C.C. team in India met with their first defeat last week, and we are sure that they were the first to congratulate the victorious Vizianagram team. The match was notable for low scoring on both sides, and a win by only 14 runs suggests a splendid finish, as indeed it was, with D. R. Jardine and his men fighting every inch of the way. No doubt this victory will have given a great fillip to enthusiasm in India and renewed hopes for the third Test match. The growing popularity of the game has been one of the most impressive features of the tour.

AUSTRALIA'S CRICKET TEAM

Forecasts of the probable composition of the Australian cricket team to visit England this year leave little room for doubt that great reliance will again be placed on the old guard—such as Woodfull, Ponsford, Kippax, Oldfield and probably Grimmett, with Bradman, of course, the chief inspiration in batting. It is generally conceded that few new players are expected to set the Thames on fire, though O'Reilly is evidently the type of bowler who may do extremely well here. England at the moment looks, indeed, to be better off for really promising young players than Australia, and bowlers like Langridge, Verity and Clark should have gained in skill from their experiences in India this winter.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From the adventures of the Loch Ness correspondent of a daily paper with a mammoth circulation: "He kicked a box [he is described as "a cheery soul from the wilds"] and a number of adders jumped at him. 'You will scarcely believe me, but I had to run for safety,' he continued. 'If I'd had a stick I'd have stood. When I looked back I saw them, each one 4ft. in length, hopping through the grass after me.'"

INDOOR BOWLS

In London and the Home Counties more than a dozen municipal authorities or private individuals are laying down indoor bowling "greens," for which a charge of 6d. per hour is made. This, incidentally, has been found to be remunerative, and to cover the cost of laying these "greens" inside a comparatively short time. There are now being made carpets over which the bowls are delivered, costing as little as 2/8 per square yard, with an underfelt at 1/3 per square yard, and the charge for laying is infinitesimal. The carpet can be made in widths up to 12ft., and the underfelt is made in widths of 6ft., and is seamed without showing any ridge. This is a carpet for full-sized "greens," but smaller rooms can be adapted for play. It has been found that constant play at indoor bowls improves outdoor form by a good 25 per cent. The playing surface of the carpets is exceedingly fast, and "timing" the delivered bowl becomes a fine art.

THE TURF'S LOSS

The racing world has lost a keen supporter by the death of Lady Cunliffe-Owen, wife of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, who won the Derby with Felstead in 1928. Although she followed the fortunes of her husband's horses very closely, Lady Cunliffe-Owen was a well-known owner on her own account. Her colours were carried prominently by Mount Royal, which won the Goodwood Cup in 1920. Later on, in partnership with Mr. Sidney Beer, she purchased Venturer as a yearling, but disposed of her half-share, however, before that horse won the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park in 1932. Lady Cunliffe-Owen will be sadly missed by a large circle of friends, many of whom she and her husband entertained at their Berkshire residence, Sunningdale Park, where each bedroom was named after a horse which had made Turf history.

SALMON—A BIG FISH YEAR ?

It is wonderful what a drop of rain will do for the most unpromising outlook should that outlook chance to embrace a salmon river. The stormy interval has raised hopes even higher than it has raised the rivers, for it means, if the Fates will only fit their spinning with the angler's, that many rivers this year will open on a falling water, and sport and season start together.

Prospects even then are not too bright, as our prophets' guarded forecasts, appearing in this issue, show. But there is, at the least, what to some men is the best of all prospects, a fair chance for the "fish of a lifetime"—fish for which ordinary scales provide no counterpoise; fish of more than two-score pounds. Fifty-pounders have been almost unknown in home waters these two years past and 40-pounders but little more than chance acquaintances. Even in the last disastrous season, though, the five-year-olds, bred from the bumper 1927 crop, made a brave showing, so who can say that their brothers who have held the sea for twelve months more will not make fishing history this year ?

FEBRUARY CAMELLIAS

One of the consequences of the long hours of last summer's sunshine has been the budding of flowering shrubs. Never have the camellias been fuller of promise of blossom. It is interesting to reflect that a past generation regarded these shrubs as hothouse plants which could only successfully be grown under glass. To-day we know them as some of the hardiest of harbingers of spring. True, their white and coral-pink blossoms are likely to be seared by frost, but with good fortune in the weather there is no more lovely opening of the year than the camellias offer in February.

TWILIGHT ON TWEED

Who are the poets of rivers ? Which are the best poems of rivers ? Of no river, perhaps, has more good poetry been written than the Tweed, and who has written more charmingly of his favourite stream than Andrew Lang ?

"Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

"A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow,
The air is full of ballad notes
Borne out of long ago.

"Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Plashed in the golden stream."



Taking the first fence at Aintree

CAN GRAND NATIONAL CONDITIONS BE IMPROVED ?

An Analysis of Schemes for Fairer Chances

EVERYBODY interested in steeple chasing is anxious that the Grand National should maintain its reputation as the greatest race of its kind in the world. At present there is no fear of its enormous prestige suffering any appreciable diminution. But some lovers of high-class 'chasing are inclined to wonder whether the conditions of the race could not be improved upon. The following points or propositions have been suggested as being worthy of consideration in connection with the Grand National of the future :

1. Every horse worthy of the name should be able to carry 12st. round the National course.
2. Why have a handicap when there is only 2st. between the top and bottom weights ?
3. The National should be the same as the Derby, in which every colt carries 9st.
4. Such a scheme would give every horse a fairer chance ; there would be no grumbles at too much weight, and none because horses have too little.

Let us examine these items in detail in order to ascertain whether they are of practical value. Those who formulated the suggestions are clearly under the impression that it would be better to discard the handicap so far as our premier steeple chase is concerned. To do this would be to return to the earliest days of the Aintree race. A coincidence in connection with paragraph 1 is that one of the conditions of the first race in 1839 was that competitors should carry 12st.

The race at that time was confined to gentlemen riders, and was "four miles across the country." There were no fewer than 55 entries, which indicates clearly enough that steeple chasing enjoyed plenty of popularity nearly 100 years ago. This was further evidenced by the fact that the crowd which mustered to see the first Grand National was so large that the keeping of the course had to be entrusted to a body of special constables collected together for the occasion.

That race was won by Lottery, ridden by Jem Mason ; and in the following year he was set to carry a 7lb. penalty. He was expected to win again in spite of the extra weight, but this time Lottery breasted the wall and fell heavily. In its third year the Grand National included the condition that the winner of the Cheltenham Steeple Chase in the preceding season should carry 18lb. extra. Apparently this clause was inserted into the conditions for the "benefit" of Lottery ; but in spite of the fact that he was carrying no less than 13st. 4lb. this horse started a good favourite for the race, only to find the burden all too much for him.

After tinkering for several years with the scale of penalties, the Aintree people made the Grand National a handicap in 1843, its official title at that time being the "Liverpool and National Steeple Chase." Thus the race has now completed 90 years as a handicap, and we imagine it improbable that its character will ever be altered.

The question as to whether the Liverpool handicapper should be granted a wider range of weights for the Grand National is one of considerable interest. The present maximum and minimum weights are supposed to be an improvement on former conditions. The limit of 12st. 7lb. was fixed because of the widespread impression that this is as much weight as any horse should be called upon to carry over the full Liverpool country. In the old days, when the handicapper was not bound down by any maximum, horses were given up to 12st. 10lb., but few of them figured among the competitors, and in one memorable instance a leading owner struck out a 12st. 7lb. horse the moment he saw the weights because he believed the chaser had been given an unfair burden.

The 10st. 7lb. minimum was imposed much more recently as a precautionary measure. A few years ago the fields for the Grand National had become colossal. In 1929 there were no fewer than 66 competitors—a preposterous number. It was thought that something should be done to prevent the race becoming a farcical affair by reason of there being too many runners. It was decided, therefore, in 1931, that no horse should carry less than 10st. 7lb., and at the same time conditions were drawn up to preclude the entry of 'chasers which had not disclosed a standard of merit on the racecourse.

Nobody will claim that the present system of handicapping horses for the Grand National is ideal, but other systems tried in the past have been less successful. The smallest weight carried to victory in the race in modern times was 9st. 7lb., under which Sunloch made practically all the running in 1914 and won from the French horses Trianon III and Lutteur III. Great performers who have won under 12st. 7lb. include Manifesto, who had that weight when carrying off his second Grand National in 1899. This achievement had been preceded by the wonderful feat in 1893 of Cloister, who not only set up a new record for the race by winning under 12st. 7lb., but came home an easy winner by 40 lengths from Æsop ; what is more, Cloister started a stronger favourite for his race than Why Not, who finished a moderate third. His victory, after making all the running, aroused unparalleled enthusiasm at Aintree, and many old-time racegoers still declare that they have never seen the great steeple chase more brilliantly won.

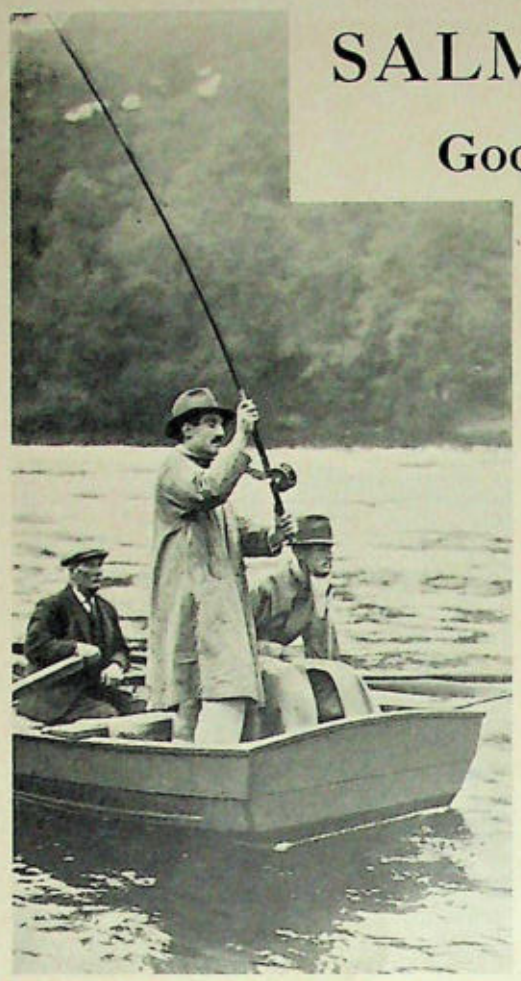
The next winner of the race under 12st. 7lb. was Jerry M. in 1912, and it indicates the faith of the public in the ability of the best 'chasers to place weight at defiance that Jerry M., like Cloister, was favourite in spite of his burden. After the war, Poethlyn, following his success in the substitute race at Gatwick in the preceding year, had little trouble in carrying 12st. 7lb. to victory. Since then the best weight-carrying performance has been that of Sprig, who had 12st. 4lb. on his back in the year of his success at Aintree. If the suggestion that every horse should carry the same weight in the Grand National were carried out it would assuredly mean that interest would be chiefly confined to three or four of the competitors, and perhaps even to only two. It is true that the present margin between the top and the bottom weight does not look to be quite wide enough ; on the other hand, it has to be remembered that every pound counts over this long gruelling course.

There are many reasons why the conditions of the Derby cannot be reproduced in the Grand National. In the first place, the steeple chase field must necessarily be composed of horses of different ages. This year the ages of the Grand National entrants range from six years up to fourteen years. The oldest winner of the race in our time was the thirteen-year-old Sergeant Murphy. The race under National Hunt rules which comes closest to the classic ideal is that for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, in which there are no penalties or allowances excepting to five-year-olds, who are entitled to receive 9lb. from older horses. In this event we get a highly attractive struggle among the most brilliant 'chasers of their time, but the horse who does well over park courses Park is not necessarily a Grand National horse.

SALMON FISHING IN SCOTLAND

Good Hopes for Grilse and Summer Fishing

By W. J. M. MENZIES



A PRELIMINARY CAST ON THE WAY OUT TO HARL

OF the major problems presented by the prospects for the coming salmon fishing season the solution of one is reasonably certain, those of the others are by no means in the same category. The season is naturally divided into three parts, the Spring, the Summer and the Autumn, and each, whether by racial character or other cause guiding the life of the fish, falls to be considered by itself; each also, except perhaps the last, contains two or more components.

The year that has just passed began, continued and ended on a note of increasing pessimism. We should perhaps first learn what lessons we may and continue that note, so far as is necessary, into the coming season. Last year small springers were scarce everywhere, not only by reason of lack of water but also by actual lack of fish. The scarcity was practically universal, and I fear that a corresponding deficiency of large springers (16lb. to 30lb. which have spent three winters in the sea) is inevitable between now and April. As some compensation, however, these large springers were exceptionally plentiful in 1933, so that those of us who are sufficiently lucky to fish the right rivers may hear of an exceptional number of 40-pounders, even if we are not actually prepared for a battle with one of them on every day that we may be out.

It is the small springers, however, which are the mainstay of the spring fishing in most rivers, and it is they about which prophecy is much more difficult. They have no convenient younger generation running in the previous year with which they are directly connected and which can be used as a sure foundation for future prognostication. It is true that they are the direct followers of the grilse, but they are not of the same race, habit, or what you will, and no invariable positive correlation has ever been established between the size of a grilse run in one year and that of the small springers in the following year.

It has, in fact, been quite clearly demonstrated on more than one occasion recently that a really bad grilse year may be followed by a first-class spring fish season, but normally a good grilse year is not followed by a bad spring fishing. It is as if the adverse factors affecting grilse need not necessarily affect spring fish but that favourable factors usually react normally on both. For instance, grilse ova might hatch out too early in the warmer middle reaches where they are commonly shed, but the spring fish ova might be retarded in the colder upper tributaries until a little later, with the result that the food supply for the fry was available for the one but not for the other.

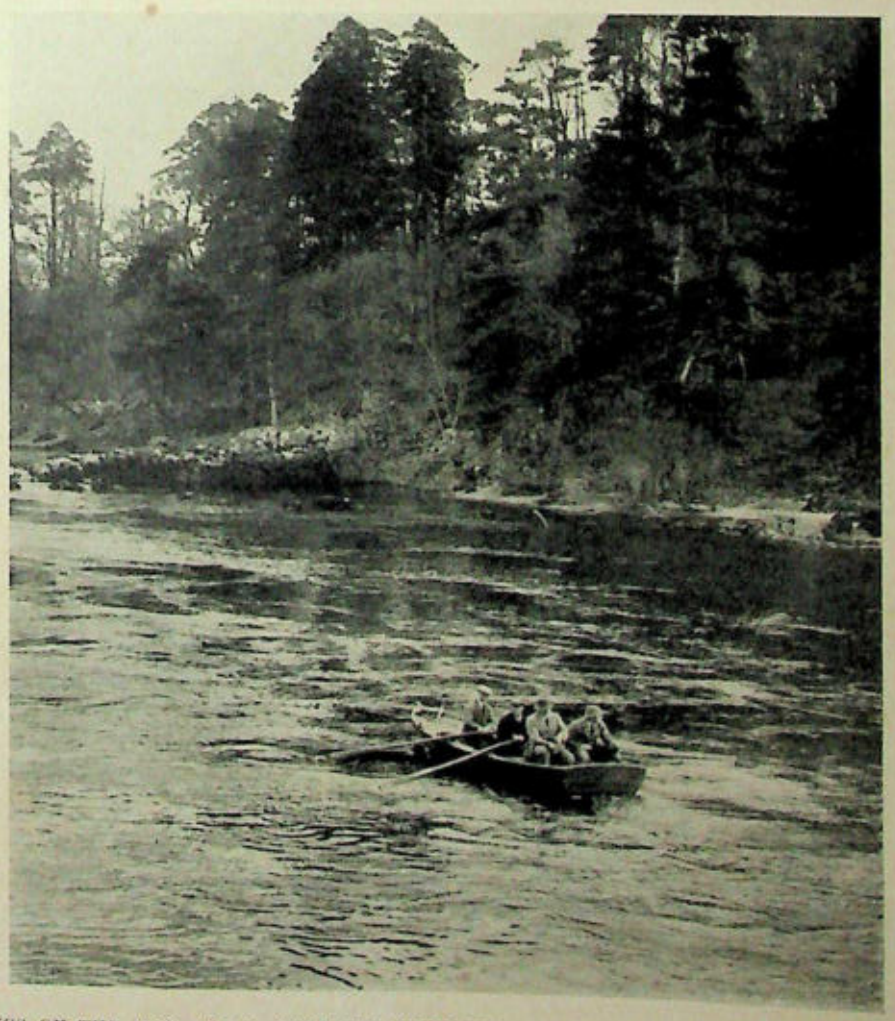
For the small spring fish of 1934 we have therefore one favourable augury, not of definitely proved connection as in the case of small and large springers in successive years, but yet of a certain amount of weight. Grilse during 1933 in many districts of the east coast of Scotland and, although not to such a marked extent, in certain parts of the west coast and of Ireland also, were a remarkable crop which was not perhaps generally of benefit to, or appreciated by, the angler, owing to the prevailing weather, but which was of profit to the netsmen. The chances are, therefore, that their successors who have waited some six or more further months in the sea enjoyed at least equally favourable conditions for their early river and sea life. No reason exists for us to suppose that the favourable circumstances have been counteracted by excessive trials, tribulations and losses in the subsequent comparatively short period of time.

One positive factor of an actively favourable kind is that the normal December run of clean fish into the Aberdeenshire Dee has been greater than for at least many years past. The migration at this time is not, of course, as considerable as that of later date, but it is the beginning of the building up of the stock, and to many would be surprising in its quantity and concentration as well as in the activity the fish display in proceeding above the tidal waters in spite of the low temperature. It is always followed by a second and even more considerable run in the first half of January, which however will arrive too late to be of service in this forecast.

When we come to look forward to the grilse in the summer months we are on less secure ground, and frankly have to admit that any real attempt to forecast the probable result is impossible. In certain rivers last spring the migration of smolts was reported to be phenomenal, but whether this was owing to exceptional numbers or exceptionally favourable conditions for them to show on the surface it is impossible to say. However, it does not give rise to pessimism for grilse this year. The last two or three seasons in general have on the whole provided quite a fair number of grilse, and no great change in the state of weather and water during the relative period of the river life of the parr has occurred, so that we need not fear any unduly unfavourable result now.

On the other hand we may look forward with some confidence to a good season for the older stage or small summer fish. They are of the same hatching as the grilse of last year, and they were





SUMMER SALMON FISHING IN ABERDEENSHIRE IN BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS ON THE DON, AND A FAMILIAR SPRING-TIME SCENE ON THE TAY

The second picture shows the Benchill water of the Tay, a favourite stretch for such fine anglers as the Duke of Portland and the late Lord Knaresborough

hatched in very much the same places so that, except in their final year, conditions of life for them, about which we know as yet nothing definite, must have been very similar to those for the grilse which have already been proved to be abundant over most of the country.

As for autumn salmon, perhaps the less said the better. For many years now they have been a disappearing race in, with one or two very marked exceptions, all rivers, and at present no sign or portent of any change exists.

THE TAY AND THE SPEY

More Water Than Was Expected

OUR correspondent on the Spey writes that "during the months of August and September the river was abnormally low and fears were raised as to the possibilities of a bad spawning season. These fears were swept aside by the end of October, for the river came down in heavy spate and rose to a higher level than for several years. The water gradually subsided but did not reach summer level again, and a week ago obliged again by rising 30in., and kept rising to 42in. before again beginning to subside.

"In the first spate the fish went up in shoals, and when the water had cleared sufficiently they were observed spawning in the river itself and in every tributary from Fochabers to Dalwhinnie. Water was then wanted to take the fish back again and to keep some of the early spawning beds covered, otherwise the fisherman might again be worried with "kelt" fish, and severe frost would have affected any dry spawning bed. Fortunately this last spate has put these fears at rest; there are certainly no dry beds and the steady volume of water will take the fish back and has brought on a fresh run of fish which even now can be seen rising occasionally in the pools on the lower beats.

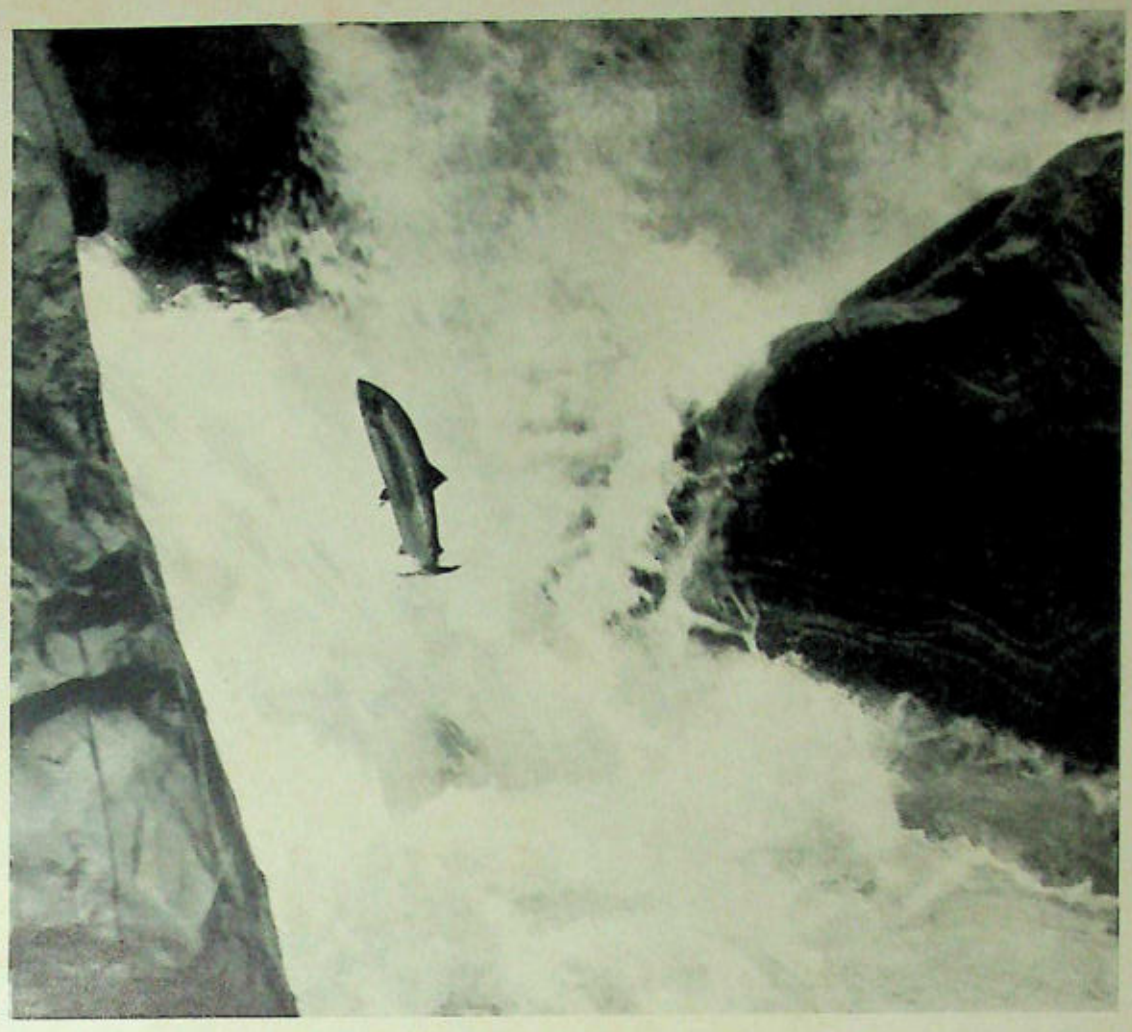
"This last spate was brought about more by the wind blowing down the lochs than by heavy rain, and the hills having now got their coating of snow, and more to come, there is every prospect that there will be a sufficiency of water to keep the fish running this spring."

Support is given to Mr. Menzies' remarks by reports from the North. Mr. P. D. Malloch sums up the Tay as follows:

"Weather conditions play such an important part in salmon angling that prophecy has many pitfalls. A good stock of fish may be the precursor of an excellent season, but without suitable conditions results will fall far short of expectation. On the other hand, a stock well under average, if accompanied by favourable conditions, may afford sport of the highest order.

"Two factors chiefly contributed towards last year's failure. The long protracted drought accompanied by unseasonably low temperature was probably the main cause, since the stock of the older and larger class of spring fish was well up to average. There was, however, a definite shortage of the small spring fish which make their appearance in the later spring months, and this, together with the attenuated state of the river, completed the season's debacle. The one redeeming feature was the unusually bountiful crop of grilse, characteristic almost of bygone palmy days.

"Keeping these points in view, one is inclined to hold that the stock of large spring fish of the five-year-old class will be, if anything, under average; the class above that age ought to be comparatively numerous, and the small class well above average. Conditions have not been altogether unfavourable for the ascent of fish. The weather has been comparatively open, and although the river has been generally somewhat low the temperature of the water has been such as to encourage a good run of fish. It is fully expected, therefore, that the fish have by now become well spread over the various reaches, and that the upper stretches will have their share of what is going. The comparative lack of snow in the hills is a little disconcerting, since, in the absence of snow water to keep the river in ply and the temperature moderate, fish are not inclined to rest sufficiently long in the pools. It is to be hoped, however, that this deficiency will be made up before the month ends. At the moment of writing the river is high, and if nothing untoward happens should by now be in good ply."



A FINE SPRING FISH ATTEMPTING A DIFFICULT OBSTACLE

Note the flip of the tail in the culminating effort



Horace Nicholls

THE FIRST CAST OF THE DAY

Fishing the waters of the Ayrshire Doon, near Dalmellington

REBUILDING THE HORSE SHOW

Organisers of the New Olympia Show and What They Are Doing

DRASTIC reorganisation, standards of high efficiency, and modern methods of advertisement, are to be the keynote of the revival of the International Horse Show at Olympia. The date of the opening of the new show is fixed for Saturday, June 23rd, in the afternoon, but on the previous evening there will be a dinner at Olympia, followed by a dress rehearsal.

Under the presidency of the Duke of Beaufort, whose name is so well known in all matters connected with the horse, the aim of the new committee of management is to present a show of action and



W. A. Rouch

MR. CLAUD GODDARD

A well-known coaching man, and a member of the new Board of Directors for the International Horse Show

variety. To this end a representative Board of Directors has been formed. Its personnel is composed of Mr. Philip E. Hill, who has had so much to do with the establishment of the modern Olympia; Mr. J. V. Rank, one of the best supporters of the horse, whether hunter, hack or steeple chaser; Sir Ian Walker, of polo-playing fame; Mr. Claud Goddard, renowned as a whip and a fine judge of a harness horse; Mr. S. Palmer; Lady Yule, who is an Arab enthusiast and racehorse owner (she owns the useful Within-the-Law, a daughter of the sensational Lincolnshire Handicap winner, White Bud); General W. H. Marchant, of that excellent



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

The new President of the International Horse Show

body, the Institute of the Horse; and Mr. R. G. Heaton, who started the International Horse Show in 1907, after a meeting at the Badminton Club.

To assist the activities of the board of directors, a show committee has been chosen, the members of which include a strong representative body of horse-lovers. Among them are Miss Gladys Yule, well known in the show ring and hunting field; Lady Hunloke, who hunts her own pack of harriers, and who last year judged hacks and hunters in Canada; Lord and Lady Fortescue, who are well known in the Shires and as hunter judges; Lieut.-Colonel P. E. Bowden Smith, one of the leading hack judges of the world; Major V. D. S. Williams, sometime Master of the Grafton and owner of the famous mare Wait and See; Mr. H. H. Nelson, who likes to see his colours carried under rules of racing; and Mr. J. V. Rank and Mr. Claud Goddard, who serve in a dual capacity as directors. Here is a committee which will cater for the best interests of the horse and the public alike.

As foreshadowed in the *Field*, there is to be a Members' Club with well-equipped clubroom and a promenade, although it is not yet quite decided upon which side of the Grand Hall the latter will be situated. The membership subscription is to be a nominal one, some 2 or 3 guineas.

It has been definitely decided that practically all the judging will be done in the morning, but no competitor will know the judges' decision until he parades in the main ring in the afternoon or evening, when each will be handed a sealed envelope containing the ticket or rosette of merit. The suggestion has been taken up that there should be a running commentary on every class by an expert for each division, who will describe the finer points of horsemanship and driving, and explain how prizes are won and lost.

Jumping classes will be curtailed as to time, and there will probably be eliminating bouts in the morning; but it still is the proud boast of the International Horse Show that many of the jumping contests are open to the world.

These events will allow ample time for popular exhibitions of horsemanship, and it is proposed to provide an interesting exhibition by the French Cavalry School from Saumur. It is also possible that there will be a series of episodes in which horses have figured in a prominent way throughout the centuries.

It is expected, with confidence, that the Pony clubs will assist in adding to the attractions, probably on the lines of the remarkable hunting pageant given by the members of the Meynell Hunt Club at the Royal Snow last year, which portrayed a day's foxhunting of a hundred years ago. Everything seems set fair for the revival of the great



W. A. Rouch

SIR IAN WALKER, BART.

Well known in the polo-playing world, Sir Ian is one of the Directors of the International Horse Show

show in June, and the organisers would be grateful if all those who promised their assistance, either by way of cups or financial support, will communicate with the Managing Directors at Olympia. There must also be many cups and trophies still in the hands of former winners, both in this country and abroad, and it will help matters considerably if they would return them as speedily as possible.



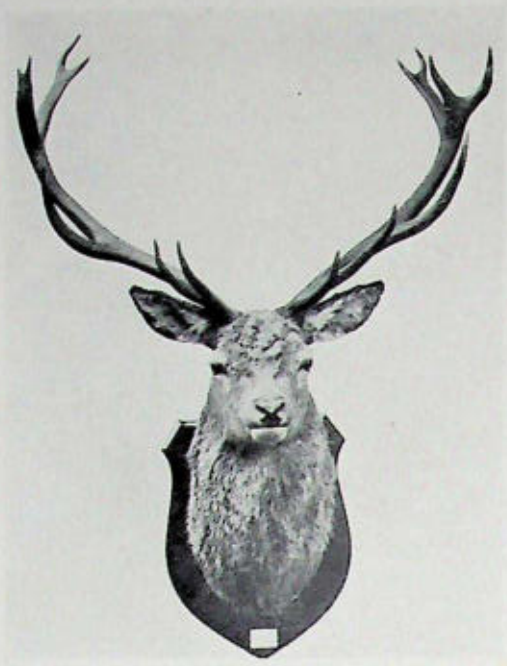


W. A. Rouch

WELL KNOWN IN HUNTING FIELD AND SHOW-RING

Major V. D. S. Williams, sometime Master of the Grafton, and a well-known judge of hacks, and (right) Miss Gladys Yule, who will represent her mother on the Show Committee, and who has won many prizes at International Horse Shows


DUNLOP
C.F.H.



THE 14-POINTER FROM WYVIS



ROYAL FROM STRATHVAICH



TEN POINTER FROM BARRISDALE

Measurements and details of the heads shown in the photographs are given in the table at the end of this article

RECORDS OF THE STALKING SEASON

The Best Heads From the Forests in 1933

By FRANK WALLACE

IN the stalking season of 1933 weights were down and deer went out of condition very rapidly after the middle of September. Many stags were not fit to eat quite early in October. The average length of horn was slightly inferior to heads obtained in 1932. All this may be accounted for by the dry summer, and is more or less what might have been expected. Had it not been so fine, a really first-class head might have been killed. The beam of the horn was not so uniformly good as last year. The weather during the season was the best for many years, and added enormously to the enjoyment of stalkers, but the last week or so was stormy and wet.

The 14-pointer from Wyvis, whose measurements I give, has a history which is worth recording. A friend of mine who was stalking there wrote to me saying that he had seen one of the best stags he had ever spied on the hill. Lord Mountgarret had stalked the stag, and one top, the right, being rather weak—both back points, as may be seen in the photograph, fail to come up to the standard set by the lower points—he decided to leave it for another year. Not many stalkers, it may be added, would have denied themselves a head of this class in the hope of it improving. His forbearance was ill-rewarded. The morning after he had left Wyvis the stag, which had been seen in the evening feeding peacefully with his hinds, was found lying dead by the roadside. His skull was pierced in many places, one of his ears was hanging by a strip of flesh, and he was battered to pieces. Had the victor in the fight conquered him elsewhere, his body might never have been found. The fact that he was slain close to the road was the only piece of luck about the whole business. Now his head, at least, is preserved. But if I were Lord Mountgarret and saw another 14-pointer, I think I should be tempted to run no further risks!

Another stag with an interesting history is a royal killed by Captain Combe on August 19th. He had been known for several years as a 14-pointer, but successfully evaded all attack. Yet some people say that deer stalking is an easy matter, with no skill required! That a stag of this class should survive for four seasons unharmed is more a tribute to his watchfulness than to lack of skill on the part of his pursuer. This season his luck was out, and he fell. Unfortunately the head had gone back; his lower points have weakened, though the magnificent back points remain.

Two incidents from Monar are worth recording: On October 4th, late in the evening, a good stag with hinds was wounded. He was very sick and lay down. A small one-horned stag remained with him, trotting round and roaring. At length he put down his head, ran at the big stag, and compelled him to rise. He galloped after him, striking at him with his horns. When, after going for about 100yds., the wounded stag lay down, the small beast repeated his attack. On three separate occasions he did this, until the approach of the stalkers put him away. Was he a fag trying to get his master away from danger, or was he taking a chance as the big stag was wounded? He was seen, later, on several occasions with the same party of about 20 hinds.



ROYAL FROM BLACKMOUNT

The second incident, which is not common, was the finding of a dead stag on the hill, which had been killed in a fight. He had not long been dead, and had two injuries, one in the neck, and one on the rump. I have only once found a stag dead which had been killed in a similar manner. Curiously enough, a nice royal was found dead at Dundreggan, which had also been killed in a fight. The skull was broken behind the horns. It is not often that three stags are found in one season which have been victims of their own species.

Even as I write I see an account of two stags found dead with interlocked horns on the shores of Loch Monar!

Levishie and Dundreggan, among several other forests, were not let, and only rubbish was killed. No really good heads were seen. Weights were good, the heaviest 18st. 7lb. All good heads were spared. Stags cleaned early.

At Alvie only bad stags were killed—24 in all. Some fine heads were spared, which should improve.

Dumbeath, Inchbae, Deanich and Alladale were unlet. At Glenfeshie Mr. Whitelaw killed 139 stags. He set out to kill rubbish. Of the total, 104 were switches or had switch tops. My correspondent who brings this to my notice, writes: "I am fully aware that owners can do nothing to encourage this sort of thing, and one can hardly expect a man who takes a forest for one season only not to try for a good head or two; but I think it is of interest as showing what can be done towards improving heads."

ABERARDER.—The Earl of Leven killed 26 stags, averaging 14st. 7lb. The two heaviest were 16st. 6lb. A 13-pointer, an 11- and an 8-pointer were the best heads.

ABERNETHY.—Mr. R. D. Holt killed 53 stags, averaging 14st. 10lb. The heaviest were 18st. and 17st. 4lb. A royal, an 11-pointer and a 10-pointer were the best heads.

ACHDALIEU.—Mr. H. R. Burrows Abbey killed 45 stags, averaging 14st. 5lb., two being over 16st. A 9-pointer and two 8-pointers were the best heads. Weights were not good, but heads much better.

NORTH ACHNACARRY.—Twenty-two stags were killed, averaging 15st. 2lb.; heaviest, 17st. 2lb. and 16st. 2lb. A 10- and a 9-pointer were the best heads.

SOUTH ACHNACARRY.—Forty stags averaged 15st. 5lb.; heaviest 18st. 10lb. and 18st. 8lb. A 13-pointer and a royal were the best heads.

ACHNASHELLACH.—Mrs. Noel Wills killed 35 stags, averaging 14st. 6lb. Three stags were over 16st. Two 10-pointers and an 8-pointer were the best heads. Deer were late.

AFFARIC.—Mr. Warren Swire killed 80 stags, averaging 15st. 4lb., as against 15st. 6¾lb. in 1932; heaviest 19st. 9lb., 17st. 9lb., and 17st. 6lb. No outstanding heads were killed. Wind S. to E. the latter part of September and October. Deer wintered well and were mostly clean by the end of August. Bad heads were killed and there were fewer switches seen. Roaring began on September 9th.

ARDLAIR.—Captain Wallace killed 9 stags; heaviest, 17st. 12lb. Two 10-pointers and an 8-pointer were the best heads. Deer remained on the high ground.

ARDLUSSA.—Mr. W. Hargreaves Brown killed 70 stags, averaging 15st. 5lb., the two heaviest over 17st. A 13-pointer, a royal, and an 11-pointer were the best heads. Some stags shot were found to be suffering from fluke.

ARDNAMURCHAN (GLEN BORRODALE).—Lord Trent killed 54 stags, averaging 15st. 7lb. clean; heaviest, 18st. 10lb. and 18st. 7lb. Two 13-pointers and a royal of 17st. 9lb. were the best heads. Deer were very early and stalking finished on September 27th. August was wet and misty but very mild. September was the driest for many years.

ARDTORNISH.—Mr. Owen H. Smith killed 56 stags, averaging 15st. 10lb. The two heaviest were 21st. and 19st. Two 10-pointers and an 11-pointer were the best heads. One of these had horns 36in. long with a beam of 5¾in. Deer were late.

ARDVERIKIE.—H.H. the Maharajah of Alwar killed 60 stags, averaging 15st. 5lb.; heaviest,



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18st. 3lb. and 17st. 7lb. A 13-pointer and three royals were the best heads.

ARNISDALE.—Commander J. B. Kitson killed 28 stags, averaging 15st. The two heaviest were 17st. 2lb. Only bad heads were shot. Stags went off badly in weight in the middle of September and weighed about a stone less than last year.

BARRISDALE.—Major Bell Irving killed 37 stags, averaging 15st. 2lb. clean; heaviest, 17st. 8lb. and 17st. 5lb. In addition to the two heads of which I give measurements, an 11-pointer was killed, 34½in. by 4in. by 26½in. First clean stag seen on August 4th. Stags early to hinds. No young stags shot, and a number of good stags left with hinds.

BENALDER.—Captain C. G. Reid Walker killed 62 stags, averaging 15st. 1lb.; heaviest, 19st. 4lb. and 16st. 8lb. Best heads, a 13-pointer and two royals. Deer were early.

BENMORE (ISLE OF MULL).—Lord Massereene and Ferrard killed 56 stags, averaging 15st. 9lb.; heaviest, 19st. 3lb. and 18st. 12lb. The three best heads were: 12-points, length 32⅞in., beam 4⅛in., span 27in.; 10 points, length 30in., beam 4⅝in., span 28⅜in.; and 9 points, length 29in., beam 6⅛in., span 25in. With exceptions deer kept their condition until far into October, the rut being late. The average weight was good, and would have been better, but many bad young stags were shot on purpose. The length of horn was not up to the usual standard, but the beam was very good. Five royals were shot. A hummel was seen, a rarity in this forest. Deer were much troubled by flies and hikers.

BENULA.—Thirty-six stags averaged 15st. 4lb.; two were over 18st. A royal, a 10- and an 8-pointer were the best heads.

BLACKMOUNT.—Mrs. Robert Fleming killed 88 stags, averaging 15st. 7lb. clean; heaviest, 20st. 8lb. and 18st. 10lb. A 14-pointer and two royals were the best heads.

BRAEMORE.—The Duke of Portland shot 45 stags, averaging 14st. 7lb. The two heaviest were 22st. 10lb. and 21st. 8lb. A 13-pointer and two 11-pointers were the best heads.

BRAEROY.—Mr. John Edwards Moss killed 50 stags, averaging 14st. 12lb.; heaviest, 17st. 7lb. and 16st. 12lb. Best heads, two royals and an 11-pointer.

BRAULEN.—Sir Eastman Bell killed 85 stags. The average of heads was the best for some years.

BRODICK (ISLE OF ARRAN).—The Duke of Montrose killed 35 stags averaging 15st. to 16st.; heaviest, 19st. and 18st. 10lb. Two royals and a 10-pointer were the best heads.

CAENLOCHAN.—Mr. Sharp killed 80 stags, averaging 15st. 3lb. The best weights were 18st. 4lb. and 17st. 10lb. A royal, an 11- and three 10-pointers were the best heads. Stags remained on the slopes and in the sanctuary till the middle of September.

COIGNAFEARN.—Mr. H. G. Latilla killed 66 stags, averaging 15st. 8lb.; heaviest, 19st. and 17st. 6lb. A royal and two 10-pointers were the best heads. Deer were a fortnight earlier than usual. Stags were roaring by September 10th and were with hinds ten days later. Stags were out of condition by October 10th, which is very early for high ground.

CORRIEVARKIE.—Mr. R. H. Style killed 25 stags, averaging 14st. 6lb.; two over 16st. A 14-pointer, a royal and a 10-pointer were the best heads. Stags roared on September 10th.

CORROUR.—Mr. Niall Rankin killed 69 stags, averaging 14st. 3lb. clean. The two heaviest were 16st. 9lb. and 16st. 6lb. Three royals were the best heads. Deer were early. Condition of deer not so good as in a wet season.

Sir John Stirling Maxwell killed over 1,100 brace of grouse.

COZAC.—Mrs. Millburn killed 20 stags, averaging 14st. 13lb.; two heaviest, 16st. 11lb. each. A royal, a 10- and an 8-pointer were the best heads.

CRAIGANOUR.—Thirty-eight stags averaged 14st. 8lb., the two heaviest being 17st. Two 11-pointers and a 10-pointer were the best heads. The measurements of the latter, shot on August 22nd, were 31½in. by 5in. by 31in. Stags remained on the tops till the end of September. Bad heads were shot and no good heads stalked after September 20th.

DALNESS.—The Hon. Lovel Coke killed 28 stags, averaging 16st. 2lb.; two heaviest, 20st. 2lb. and 18st. 10lb. A 13-pointer, a royal and a 10-pointer were the best heads.

DIBIEDALE AND GLENCALVIE.—Mr. Dyson Perrins killed 56 stags, averaging 14st. 4lb. The heaviest were 17st. 7lb. and 16st. 11lb. A 10-pointer was the only good head. Deer were early and the weather was good—too good for sport and wind too persistently in the south. Adjoining forests not being stalked affected the sport here. Practically no calves were born this year, though there were plenty of hinds on the ground.

DRUMRUINIE.—General Dalby killed 31 stags, averaging 14st. clean; two heaviest, 17st. and 15st. 8lb. Best heads, a royal, a 10- and a 9-pointer.

DUBHGHARADH.—The Duke of Montrose killed 10 stags, averaging 15st. to 16st.; heaviest, 19st. 11lb. and 18st. 2lb. Best heads, a royal and two 10-pointers.

FANNICH.—Mr. Oliver Watney killed 79 stags, averaging 15st. 11lb. Two nice royals and a promising 14-pointer were left, and heads did not fulfil their early promise.

FASNAKYLE.—Mr. P. M. Stewart killed 57 stags, averaging 15st. Two were over 18st., and a royal and two 10-pointers were the best heads. Stalking ended October 11th.

GAICK.—Eighty-one stags were killed. The average weight of 60 was 14st. 12½lb. The two heaviest were 20st. and 19st. The best head was a 9-pointer, 32in. long, with a spread of 33½in. A very large number of eagles upset the deer continually and ruined the grouse.



SIXTEEN-POINTER FROM BRAEMORE



TEN-POINTER FROM GLENETIVE

GARRYGUALACH.—Baron J. Van der Stratan and Baron Henri de Potter killed 35 stags, the heaviest being 17st. 2lb. The best head was a 10-pointer and the general average of horn very good. Baron J. Van der Stratan killed a nice royal with a broken top, and Baroness Françoise Van der Stratan a nice 11-pointer.

GLENCOE.—Mr. Leslie Garton killed 85 stags. The average was as follows: Black Corries, 28 stags, 16st.; Altnafeadh, 40, 15st. 10lb.; Home Beat, 9, 15st. 8lb.; Caolasnacon, 8, 15st. 12lb. The two heaviest were 19st. 12lb. and 18st. 10lb. Two 14-pointers were killed, but the best heads were a 13-pointer and two royals.

GLENDESSARY.—Messrs. A. J. Charrington, Ashley Cowan and Captain Godman killed 35 stags, averaging 14st. 6lb. The two heaviest were over 16st. No outstanding heads were killed.

GLENFINNAN AND GLENALADALE.—Mr. H. T. L. Young killed 49 stags. The two heaviest were over 17st. A 10-pointer was the best head.

GLENFORSA (ISLE OF MULL).—Lord Sands killed 16 stags, averaging over 16st., with only two under 15st. The two heaviest were 19st. A 10-pointer and two royals were the best heads.

GLENKINGIE.—Lord Belper killed 49 stags, averaging 15st. 3lb.; heaviest, 17st. 12lb. and 17st. 10lb. Two 10- and one 9-pointer were the best heads. There was no rain from September 1st to October 9th. Stags lost condition very quickly in October.

GLENKINGLAS.—Mr. V. Balfour Browne killed 29 stags, averaging 14¼st. The heaviest was 16st. 4lb. A 10-pointer, three royals and a 13-pointer were the best heads, of which the 10-pointer was the best. The first stag was seen with hinds on September 23rd, and stalking stopped on October 7th.

GLENMAZERAN.—Captain Higson killed 31 stags, averaging 15st. 7¾lb. The heaviest was 19st. and three were over 17st. A 13-pointer, a royal and an 11-pointer (33in. span) with good lower points and rather weak tops were the best heads.

GLENMOIDART.—Miss Lees killed 28 stags, averaging 15st. 9lb. The two heaviest were 17st. 7lb. and 16st. 8lb. Two royals and an 8-pointer were the best heads. Deer remained on the tops till late.

GLENMUICK AND BACHNAGAIRN.—Sir Victor Mackenzie killed 92 stags, averaging 14st. clean. Two weighed over 16st. Two royals and a wild 11-pointer with strong, rough horn were the best heads.

GLENQUOICH AND S. CLANIE.—Mr. C. Williams, M.P., killed over 100 stags. The best head was a royal 35in. long, thick and with good points.

GLENSHERO.—The Earl of Radnor killed 50 stags, averaging 15st. 3lb; heaviest, 18st. 3lb. and 17st. A royal and two 11-pointers were the best heads. Heads have much improved during the last two years.

GLENSHIEL.—Colonel Hardcastle killed 33 stags, averaging 14st. 6lb.; the two heaviest were 17st. 2lb. Best heads, a royal, an 11- and a 10-pointer. Weights were at least a stone below the average.

GUISACHAN.—Mr. Colin Black killed 40 stags; heaviest, 18st. 3lb.

HARRIS, N. AND MORSGAIL.—Sir Samuel Scott killed 115 stags (90 and 25), averaging 13st. 2lb.; heaviest, 15st. 4lb. and 15st. Heads generally were better than usual and more royals were killed than for many years. Weights were good.

INCHRORY.—Mr. Leopold Lonsdale killed 87 stags, including nine royals, averaging 14st. 8lb.; the heaviest was 18st., and two were 17st. 7lb. and 17st. 6lb. The best head—very pretty and short—was a royal with good cups killed by Mrs. Lonsdale.

INVERCAULD.—Sir Alexander Roger killed 48 stags, including some heavy beasts and five royals.

INVERINATE.—Captain the Hon. G. B. Portman killed 18 stags, averaging 15st. 10lb; two heaviest, 18st. 3lb. and 17st. 4lb. Two 11-, one 10- and an 8-pointer were the best heads. Deer were early and went off quickly. One day an eagle was seen to chase three lots of deer, trying to get a calf.

INVERMARK.—The Earl of Dalhousie killed 67 stags, averaging 13st. 8lb. 10oz.; heaviest, 16st. 5lb. and 16st. A royal and two 10-pointers were the best heads.

KILDALTON (ISLE OF ISLAY).—Mr. Morrison and Mr. H. de V. Clifton killed 24 stags, averaging 14st. 10lb.; heaviest, 17st. 9lb. and 17st. 7lb.

KILLIECHONATE.—Colonel Chamberlain killed 55 stags, averaging 15st. 7lb.; the two heaviest were over 17st. Best heads, four royals.

KINGAIRLOCH.—Mr. Minto Wilson killed 50 stags averaging 14st. 10lb.; heaviest were 17st. 8lb. and 17st. 5lb. A very good 11-pointer, well over 17st., and two 10-pointers were the best heads.

KINLOCH.—Mr. C. S. Clarke killed 41 stags, averaging 15st. 3lb.; the heaviest were 17st. 11lb. and 16st. 5lb. An 11-, a 9- and an 8-pointer were the best heads.

KINVEACHY.—Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, Bart., of East Borne, killed 29 stags, 27 averaging 13st. 5lb. The two heaviest were 16st. and 15st. 8lb. A royal, an 11- and four 10-pointers were the best heads. Deer were very early, and by the end of September they had lost about 20 per cent. of their weight. Stalking began on September 18th, and roaring began very early. The majority of days were very still with shifting winds, and many stalks were spoilt by caper, roe, golden plover, grouse and eagles.

KNOYDART.—The Hon. R. Nall Cain, M.P., killed 86 stags, averaging 15st.; the two heaviest were

20st. 6lb. and 18st. 2lb., both royals. These and a 9-pointer were the best heads. Stags remained on the high ground until late. Switches and bad heads were killed, and a number of promising young royals were spared. Part of the ground was let to Lord Glanusk and Major Aubrey Fletcher, who killed 30 stags of the above total.

LANGWELL.—The Duke of Portland killed 102 stags, averaging 15st. 11lb; the two heaviest were 22st. 4lb. and 21st. 6lb. Two royals and an 11-pointer were the best heads.

LEDGOWAN.—Lord Latymer killed 34 stags, averaging 15st. 6lb.; heaviest, 19st. 6lb. and 17st. 2lb. No good heads were killed. One good stag was lost as two eagles put him off during the stalk.

LETTEREWE.—The Marquess of Zetland killed 89 stags, the two heaviest being 19st. and 16st. 6lb. Three 10-pointers were the best heads. Stalking started on September 4th and ended on September 29th.

LOCH CHOIRE.—Lieut.-Colonel Benskin killed 50 stags, averaging 15st. 9lb.; heaviest, 19st. 11lb. and 18st. 5lb. A royal and two 11-pointers were the best heads.

LOCHLUICHART. — The Marquess of Northampton killed 46 stags, averaging 15st. 11lb.; two weighed over 18st. and two royals were included.

MAMORE.—Mrs. F. Brian Bibby killed 93 stags, averaging 15st. 3lb.; heaviest, 18st. 8lb. and 17st. 10lb. Best heads, a 14-pointer, a royal and a 10-pointer.

MEOBLE AND LETTERMORAR. — Sir Berkeley Sheffield killed 62 stags, averaging 14st. 6lb.; heaviest, 19st. and 18st. 3lb. Best head, an 8-pointer. Many old stags of small weights were shot.

MONAR.—Forty-four stags were killed by the Hon. Ian Leslie Melville (during the early part of the season), and Captain J. H. Walford and J. E. Stirling (during the latter part). Weights averaged 15st.; heaviest were 16st. 12lb. and 16st. 10lb. Best heads, a royal and two 12-pointers. A roar was heard on September 9th.

MOY (LOCH LAGGAN).—Mr. C. Satterthwaite killed 25 stags, averaging 14st. 10lb.; heaviest, 17st. 2lb. Two royals and an 11-pointer, with a length of 33½in. and spread 32½in. were the best heads.

PAIT.—Colonel Oliver Haig killed 19 stags, averaging 14st. 7lb.; the two heaviest were over 17st. Two 11-pointers were the best heads. Stalking only started regularly on September 23rd, and ended on October 10th. Heads have improved.

RANNOCH.—Mr. J. M. Pease killed 46 stags, averaging 13st. 5lb. clean. Two stags of 15st. 7lb. were the heaviest. Two 10- and an 8-pointer were the best heads.

RHIDORROCH.—Mr. Rose and Captain Heath killed 54 stags, averaging 14st. 6lb., heaviest, 17st. and 16st. A royal and two 10-pointers were the best heads. One of the 10-pointers shot by Mr. Rose measured 36in. by 5in. by 35in.

SHERRAMORE.—Mr. Cyril Dennis killed 20 stags averaging 14st. 12lb. A 13-pointer, a 10- and a 7-pointer with a span of 32in. were the best heads.

STRATHCONON.—Captain Combe killed 94 stags. Two weighed over 19st., and among the best heads were two 13-pointers, six royals and a very attractive 8-pointer. One of the royals had brows of 12in. Weather was bad, with too much south wind and mist.

STRATHMASHIE. — Mr. Mervyn Soames killed 17 stags. Eleven averaged 15st. 5lb. The two heaviest were 16st. Best heads, an 11- and two 10-pointers.

TARBERY (ISLE OF JURA).—Lord Astor and the Hon. W. W. Astor killed 59 stags. The two heaviest stags were shot by the Hon. W. W. Astor, and weighed 20st. 3lb. and 18st. 13lb. The best heads were: 14-pointer shot by the Hon. W. W. Astor; a 13-pointer shot by Lady Priscilla Willoughby; an 11-pointer shot by the Hon. H. L. Astor, and a 10-pointer shot by Viscount Harcourt. Many young royals were seen.

TALLADHABHEITHE.—Colonel Briggs killed 31 stags, averaging 14st. 9lb., two over 17st. A 12- and two 10-pointers were the best heads.

TORCASTLE.—Mr. Melville Balfour killed 14 stags, averaging 15st. 10lb.; heaviest 18st. 8lb. and 17st. 2lb. A royal and a 10-pointer were the best heads.

WYVIS.—Lord Mountgarret killed a 7-pointer, with a length of 36¾in. and a span of 32½in. I have not seen this head. 63 stags were killed, with an average weight of 14st. 11lb. The two heaviest were over 17st. Grouse were good.

At Messrs. Spicer's, Leamington, I saw the roe head of which a photograph appeared in the *Field* of November 18th, 1933. It was a good example of a "perruque" head of which specimens are more frequent on the Continent than in Scotland. It was probably caused by some injury to the genital organs. I have come across one or two previous specimens in Scotland, but this is one of the most perfect I have seen.

During the last few years it has become increasingly difficult to make this article complete. To those owners and tenants of forests who wish details included, I shall be grateful if they will send them to me not later than the end of October. I am indebted to all those who have helped me, including Mr. Spicer, Mr. Macpherson, and the staff of W. A. Macleay & Son. Mr. Wells, of Leamington, and Mr. White, of Inverness have kindly supplied me with the photographs.



MISS SUSAN NOEL

Woman Squash Rackets champion of England and the United States

MEASUREMENTS OF THE BEST HEADS

Points.	Locality.	Length.	Beam.	Span.	Owner.	Remarks.
4+4	Eilanreach	37¾	4¼	27½	Captain R. Stirling-Stuart	A symmetrical head with long horn.
6+6	Strathconon	37¾	5¼	25½	Captain C. Combe	Thick horn. Very long back points, but obviously going back.
5+4	Knoydart	36½	4¾	27½	Hon. R. Nall-Cain	Good brows. Very good horn, but narrow.
7+6	Glencoe	35¼	5¼	29½	Mr. Leslie Garton	The brows are bent to the right. Good shape. Thick horn with long points and fine tops.
6+6	Glenborrodale	35½	4¾	27½	Lord Trent	A symmetrical head.
*5+5	Glenetive	35	5¼	29	Major J. G. Struthers	Misses 6ft. bay. Three left top. A well-shaped head with thick horn.
6+6	Barrisdale	35	4½	29½	Major J. Bell Irving	Misses a bay.
6+6	Strathconon	34½	4¾	32½	General Sir A. Cameron	Weak bays, but good length and span.
*6+6	Stathvaich	33½	4¾	27½	Mr. J. C. Williams	Beautiful shape, very good quality horn.
*7+7	Wyvis	33¼	4¾	30½	Lord Mountgarret	Magnificent lower points. The appearance is marred by the right top.
4+6	Glenkingie	33½	4½	28½	Lord Belper	Very good brows; 13in. Misses R. tray. Good quality horn and good shape.
*6+6	Blackmount	32¾	4½	24	Miss Hermon Hodge	Weak bays; nice wild tops.
*5+5	Barrisdale	32½	4¾	28	Major J. Bell Irving	Nice even head. Very good trays.
*7+6	Braemore	31½	4¾	29⅜	Mr. T. Calder	Beautiful brows. An attractive head, which looks better than the measurements.

* Photographs of these heads are illustrated.

WOMEN SQUASH RACKETS PLAYERS

An Invasion from America

ON Saturday last the Jesters' squash rackets team, which is to tour the United States and Canada, sailed from Southampton. Six days later from the other side a team of American women under the captaincy of Miss Eleonora Sears, set out to visit England on a similar mission.

Until this team actually arrives it seems impossible to be quite certain of the names of all its members. The six players originally selected were: Miss Sears, Mrs. Howe, Miss Anne Page, Mrs. Stewart Green, Mrs. Madeira and Miss Bowes; while it was expected that Mrs. Banks, who is resident in England, would join them on arrival. It is now declared, however, that Mrs. Madeira will not be able to travel, and that Mrs. Banks will be unable to play, while it is expected that their places will be taken by Miss Anderson and Mrs. Lamme.

The withdrawal of Mrs. Banks and Mrs. Madeira will be a serious handicap, for last year, when the British women were in America, Mrs. Banks, then Miss Hall, was the only American to give Miss Noel any serious opposition, and Mrs. Madeira was also one of the strongest members of the side. Much will depend upon the ability of Miss Page to adapt herself to the strange conditions of lighter rackets and balls, for she is a much improved player who recently defeated Miss Cecily Fenwick of England in the Atlantic Coast championship. Miss Sears we have welcomed in the past to Wimbledon, and under her able generalship the team will no doubt give of its very best.

Strong as this team from America appears to be, and representative of their best strength, it is unlikely that it will be able to win the Wolfe-Noel Cup from England or carry off any of our championships. The English and American champion, Miss Susan Noel, is playing as well as ever, while the team should be even stronger than the one which won practically all its matches in America last year. Besides Miss Noel, Mrs. S. McKechnie, the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke, Miss M. E. Lumb and Mrs. Pittman have all been playing very well, so that even if Miss N. Cave and Miss Fenwick cannot play they will form a strong team in themselves. Mrs. G. Bryans-Wolfe will be non-playing captain of the English side, and it is expected that the onus of selection will fall upon her alone.

THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP

There was a record entry for the South of England championship, and, as usual, there was a sprinkling of the old and the very young among the competitors. E. Snell, the holder, was unable to defend his title, as he was already on his way to America with the Jesters' team. In his absence victory went to E. E. Harrison, the hon. secretary of the Rump Club, who has been playing extremely well this year.

He reached the fourth round of the Amateur Championship last December and was only defeated then in the fifth game by G. O. Jameson. Harrison beat D. F. Hill, the Cambridge fourth string in the final by three games to one (9—1, 2—9, 9—6, 9—3).

The whole championship was a triumph for youth, although the veterans' match staged in the second round between G. J. V. Weigall, who is 63, and S. M. Toyne, who captained the first English team to visit America exactly ten years ago, was good to see. Weigall won by three games to love, proving himself to be as fit as he is said to be.

Favourite for the championship was N. W. D. Yardley, the St. Peter's schoolboy from York, and the young Northern champion. But he was defeated by Hill in the third round, almost at the same time as O. C. Browning, who did so well in the Amateur Championship, was beaten by N. E. Hooper. Hooper was beaten in the semi-final by Harrison after an excellent match in which he won the first game at 9—7, and lost the next three, 10—8, 9—5, 9—6.

Hooper is still at school at Marlborough. He is a splendid rackets player and excellent at lawn tennis, and as long as he does not overtax his strength we may look to him as a future champion of one of these three games. Altogether the South of England Championship for 1934 must be regarded as an event of great importance, and much promise for the future of squash rackets.



ON THE FRISIAN COAST OF THE IJSELMEER

This wildfowler has built himself a novel hide, though one that is possibly a little conspicuous. His decoys, too, are not very well placed, and he made a bad error in not covering up his boathook

PARTRIDGES IN SCOTLAND

Methods Which Went to Make a Record Bag

By THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE

As early as 1870 Scotland proved itself capable of producing a large bag of partridges in one day. On September 20th in that year, at Panmure, Angus, in three consecutive days, walking up, 753, 533 and 687 partridges were killed.

This, while being a record for Scotland, does not come up to the biggest English bags, but it does show that Scotland can, in places, carry a large stock of partridges. That is to say, a large enough stock to be driven backwards and forwards over the guns and broken up, which is probably the main factor in securing a big bag of partridges.

Before going into a comparison of Scotch and English partridge shoots, I would like to say that I know none of the big English partridge shoots well, but I have shot on some of them, seen others from a motor car, and had still others described to me by friends.

Compared to England, Scotland is not fully developed, for there are places which could be made to produce a big bag of partridges, and are at the moment scarcely shot over at all. This can be accounted for by the fact that partridge shoots in Scotland do not fetch a big rent, and in many partridges are the second consideration—grouse being the first. Therefore, keepers are fewer and even non-existent in some places, and poaching and vermin are more plentiful in consequence.

Then where there are partridges you may be shooting them in the foothills of a mountain range with heather and grouse at the top of the hill, with steep-sided burns or rivers flowing through your beat and large expanses of whins or heather jutting in. Even near the sea there are as often as not deep steep-sided burns, and partridges fly down or up but seldom across them, usually to the detriment of the bag as they are invariably lost. These features sometimes help, but generally they are a disadvantage, and are apt to curtail a day's shooting. They certainly make driving more difficult than in Norfolk or Cambridgeshire, where the ground has been laid out and developed for years. Strips and hedges are right down then, and owners and keepers know what they can do with their partridges and when they can put them over guns without losing them before the next beat. In fact, they have reduced partridge driving to the same science to which the Scotch keeper has reduced grouse driving.

In my native county of Angus good partridge driving ground varies considerably. One extreme is the country round Edzell, on the foothills of the Braes of Angus; the other is Panmure, situated on the coast between Arbroath and Carnoustie. At Edzell the soil could not be better. The rotation is usually corn, roots, corn, hay and two-years-old grass, so that one-third of the arable is under grass every year. I believe this is rather different to the English shoots. At Panmure most of the land fetches between 20/- and 30/- per acre, and there is an occasional field of old grass.

Although it is a potato-growing country, the land is, in places, rather heavy. To-day there is no doubt that Edzell is the better of the two, but it has been more carefully looked after and has not been let, as is the case of Panmure. This year, 136 brace of partridges were killed on the best day on Panmure, but I am convinced this bag can be increased, although the birds there are more liable to disease and other troubles than those nearer the hills. Also a wet summer affects them more because of the rankness of the crops.

I have looked up the bags made in a day on the two beats at Edzell, and one at Brechin. These beats go with the Brechin Castle shooting. The Edzell beats are separated by a wood, the village of Edzell and a bend of the river North Esk, and it is not possible to drive the same birds on both beats. The Brechin beat is quite separate.

It should be noted that the acreage applies to arable land, all pasture and old leys, exclusive of roads, buildings and woods. The following figures may be of interest:

Beat.	Acreage.	Partridges killed in 1908	1909	1910	1911
No. 1. Edzell ..	1,692	546	426	441	539
No. 2. Edzell ..	980	326	321	432	283
No. 3. Brechin .	—	281	374	503	467

Since the war 200 brace have only been killed once on beat No. 1, and it really looked as if, for some reason, partridges were getting scarcer or people did not shoot so well, or something. 1932, however, produced 175 brace on beat No. 1, and a big stock was left, and the summer of 1933 gave them the best chance they ever had.

In four days' shooting, in 1933, the bag was as follows:

Beat.	Partridges.	Acreage.	Average birds per acre.
No. 1. Edzell ..	986 ..	1,692 ..	.58
No. 2. Edzell ..	970 ..	980 ..	.99
Total	1,956	2,672	.78

The average of birds per acre does compete very favourably with almost any English partridge shoot as recorded in *Record Bags*, by Hugh Gladstone. The 806 partridges day took place on Beat No. 2, the smallest day in acreage.

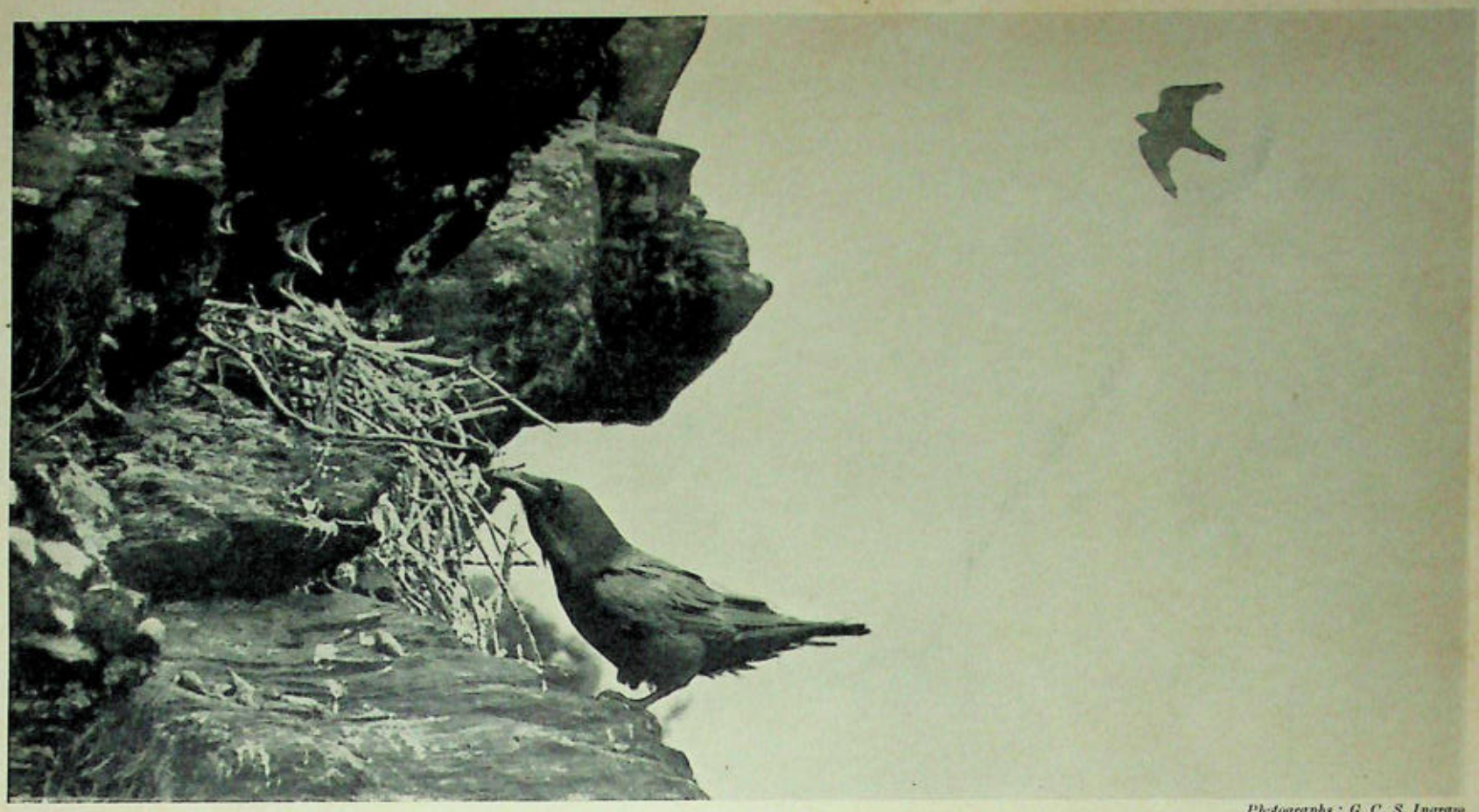
Vermin can be more troublesome in Scotland than in England. On Beat No. 1 the keeper tells me that there are at the moment what he calls a "big hawk" (probably a falcon), also a sparrow hawk working. Between them they levy a toll of a brace of partridges a day, and they are probably not on the beat for more than an hour or so, but retire to the comparative safety of the hill or a big wood after having made a kill. Families of stoats also come down from the hills in spring and summer, and they work havoc in a short while if unchecked.

In conclusion, I know of three different shoots in Scotland where over 200 brace of partridges were killed in a day this year, and I see no reason why bigger things than this should not be done when people leave a big stock. But I do believe that that most necessary thing, a really dry summer, from which derives a good partridge year, comes seldomer to Scotland than England.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, January 27th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, 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.



Photographs: G. C. S. Ingram

THE FALCON SHOWS OFF AFTER CHIVVYING THE RAVEN HOME TO ITS NEST
An actual incident reconstructed from two different negatives exposed at the "hide"

THE EARLY BIRD

February-nesting Ravens and Their Tussles with the Peregrine

By G. C. S. INGRAM

A HARDY outlaw is the raven, now practically confined to the wild, hilly country of the north and west, where it builds its nest upon some rocky outcrop or cliff ledge absurdly early in the year. Eggs are often laid before the end of January, and certainly during February or early March.

It is not until you have visited their haunts among the mountains in February and March, or even April, and spent many hours in a hide built on the face of a cliff opposite a nest, that you can really appreciate what hardy birds ravens must be to rear a family successfully in the face of the varying extremes of weather met with in the early year.

Few nests have a more solid construction, and the deep, wool-lined cup, from which only a beak and a tail can be seen emerging, makes a snug and secure harbour for the incubating bird towards the end of February, and affords a warm and sheltered home for the newly-hatched young ravens some three weeks later. And they need it, when they have to endure weather such as we experienced while photographing them and their parents a year or two ago.

Building the hide in the early days of March, a foot of frozen sods and stones at each visit, chilled to the bone by a wind that seemed to blow right through us, was a self-inflicted torture only to be endured by the steadfast contemplation of the possible "masterpieces" to be obtained in the future by its aid.

The middle of March that year was fine and warm, but a week later saw sleet falling in the lower country with a strong north-easterly wind, while in the hills a blinding snowstorm was raging when we reached the foot of the cliff below the ravens' nest. Wheatears, the first we had seen that season, were huddled into refuges under the lee of the stone walls, but the trilling, bubbling love-songs of the curlews, sounding strangely from across that snowy waste, still came to our ears.

On April 11th the weather was fine and warm again, but the following day turned dull and wet, with a thick blanket of mist blotting out everything. From the hide you looked down into a misty nothingness from which rose the hoarse voices of the ravens, while from time to time the black form of one of them showed for an instant as it drifted by, to be swallowed up again immediately.

The clearing away of the mist was an unforgettable sight, for long after the rising wind had torn it from the lower slopes, the deep valleys leading up to the summits were full of it, and looking out across miles of country the picture presented was of black and barren summits, against which the white smoke of some great conflagration rolled and trailed away.

April 19th was showery, with a tearing north-easterly gale and snow falling upon the higher hill-tops. We got down to the nest in the teeth of the wind that blew straight on to the face of the cliff, and found the young ravens snugly lying low in the nest out of the wind. Their parents were very bold and very annoyed as usual, sailing overhead giving expression to their displeasure by all sorts of queer, hoarse grunts and croaks.

The fierce wind seemed to cause them considerable trouble and made them adopt most ungainly flying postures in their efforts to maintain their equilibrium. At one moment they hung overhead with only slightly opened wings, bodies directed almost vertically downward, and then, letting themselves go, the violent up-draught from the cliff-face hurled them aloft in an instant 50ft. or 100ft. above the cliff-top, a tangled bunch of feathers to all appearance, but making a marvellous recovery whenever they wished to, sailing calmly out and landing at the nest as though it had been a quiet day.

They shared the cliff with a pair of peregrines, and was amusing to study the relations that existed between these birds. The falcons, of course, chivvied their neighbours unmercifully whenever they trespassed upon their territory, and in return the ravens kept a watchful eye upon the movements of their tormentors. Whenever the coast was clear one or other of them would depart upon a raiding expedition, visiting the various plucking stations where the peregrines broke up their prey, and carrying off whatever they could find.

Usually it was only a few bare bones, but occasionally a good square meal was picked up in the shape of half a pigeon, or the decapitated corpse of some small bird. We often speculated upon what would have happened if one of the falcons had returned and caught a raven red-beaked!



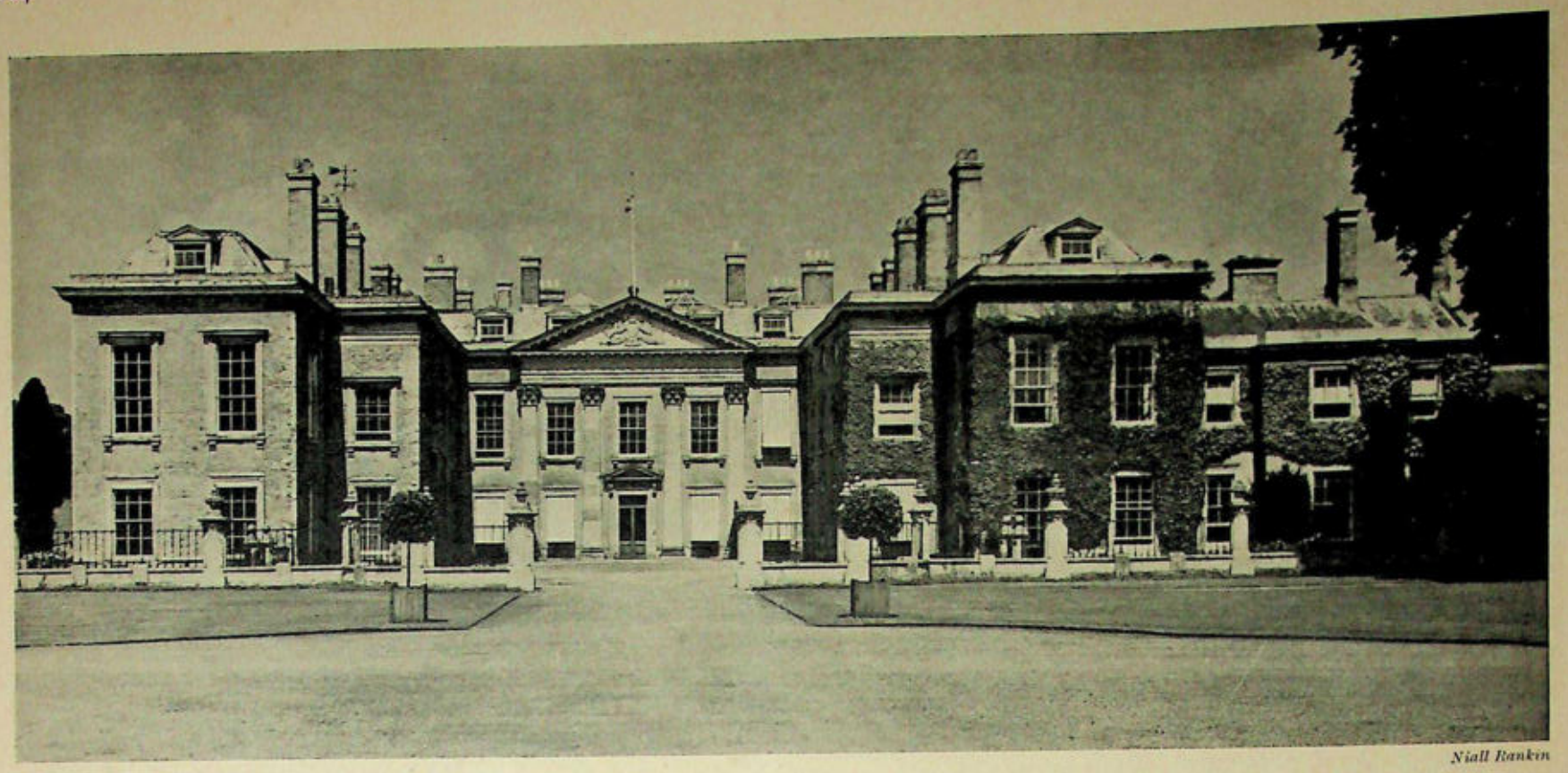
THE RAVEN'S NEIGHBOUR
A peregrine on the lookout

A RARE BIRD IN DANGER

WHAT may be described as an S O S on behalf of the few remaining pairs of kites still existing in this country has been issued under the signature of the Duchess of Portland, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Glanusk, the Earl of Lisburne, Lord Dynevor, the Earl of Plymouth, and others.

For years the efforts and resources of private individuals and of such bodies as the R.S.P.B. and B.O.C. have been spent in fruitless endeavours to protect this interesting bird-of-prey from the depredations of egg collectors and other marauders in its last refuge in the Welsh hills. Precautions can be, and are, taken for safeguarding nesting sites and eggs, but when the breeding season is over, the birds and their young fly far afield, and often perish in remote places.

The time has now come, it is felt, for a wider appeal, and all landowners, gamekeepers, farmers and all shooting men are urged to be on the alert to spare the kite, which is easily distinguishable from all other large British birds by its long, deeply cleft tail, long, pointed wings and rufous plumage.



Niall Rankin

ALTHORP, NORTHAMPTON, THE HOME OF THE SPENCERS

This famous property belonging to the Earls of Sunderland, a title at present borne by the Marquess of Blandford's son, passed by a family arrangement in the eighteenth century to a younger brother of the fifth Earl who was the heir of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 15

The Spencers at Althorp—Part I

By EARL SPENCER

SPORTS and pastimes of the English countryside have undergone many changes during the last few centuries, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries all the fashionable world went "out-hawking" with herons as their quarry. These birds were much more numerous than they are at the present time, and the country was very little drained, so was more marshy and also was mostly unenclosed.

Robert, first Lord Spencer, was no exception to this rule and has perpetuated his love for this form of sport by building in 1610 a "hawking stand," or "standinge," as he called it, in Althorp Park; and it was from here that those friends who did not wish to join in could view the sport. It is built of the local brown stone, and the arches, which are now fenestrated or enclosed, were originally open; there were also frescoes in the interior depicting sporting scenes.

A huntsman formed part of the establishment at Althorp, for his room is described in the inventories of those times, though what he hunted we are unable to determine. We know, however, that the second Lord Spencer's hounds must have been well known, because a letter to him exists in which a friend begs him to let him have "2 couple of younge unentered hounds, well bredde, 3 of them bitches; a gentleman whoe came with the Extraordinary Embassador fro' France (for whome they are,) brought me such a letter to begge this favour of your lo: . . . Within this fortnight this Embassador meanes to returne; therefore if it be possible I would faine gett these whelpes heere before. . . ." And on April 30th, 1635, the following entry occurs in the Household Accounts: "Paid—To the man that led the houndes to Mr. Samwells and for ther charges by bill——00.07.04." This Lord Spencer did not follow his father's example of taking part in public business, but preferred to lead the life of a country gentleman. He was, however, the pioneer of the horse races on Harleston Heath, which were afterwards transferred to Northampton.

His son was created Earl of Sunderland by Charles I during the troubles, but was killed at the battle of Newbury in 1643, aged only 23.

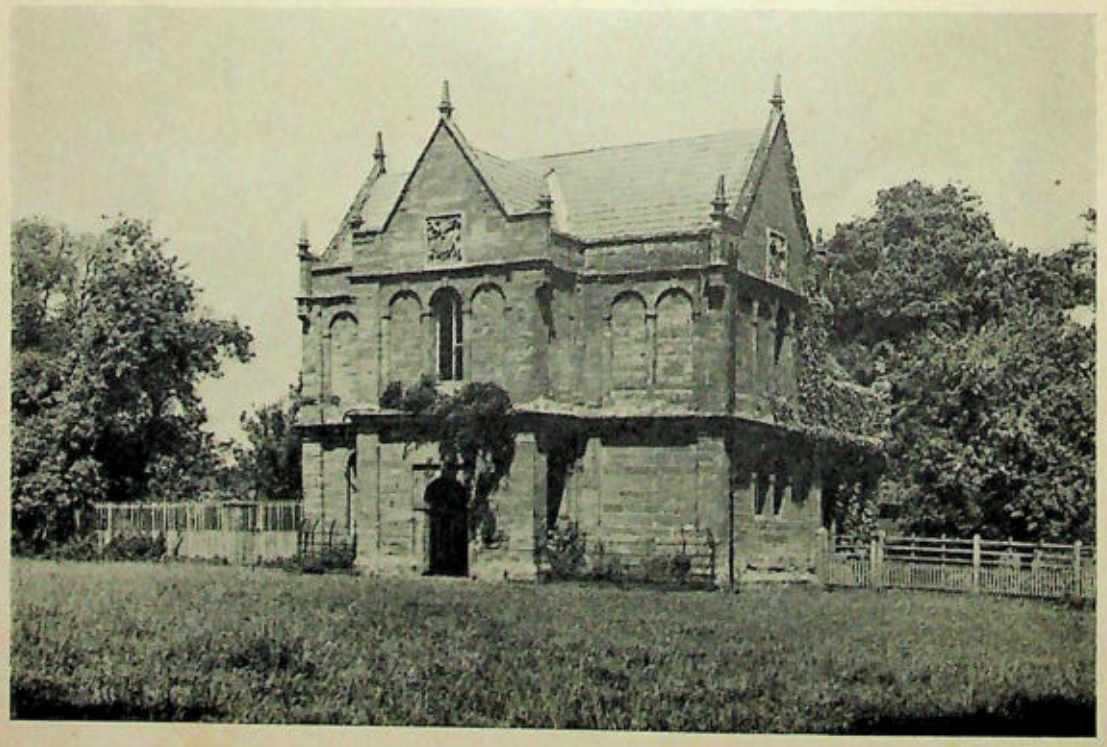
The second and third Earls of Sunderland—whose careers in the times of the later Stuarts and George I are notorious—were constantly at Althorp, despite the fact that they tried permanently to remain in office and despite the fact that the former was several times in exile.

When we arrive at Charles, fifth Earl of Sunderland's time, we are now on surer ground, for we know that his were foxhounds. He succeeded in 1729, and began the erection of the present stables, which are a copy of St. Paul's Church, in Covent Garden, designed by Inigo Jones. He also redecorated the entrance hall, the frieze being composed of heads of Diana, the goddess of hunting, and foxes' masks; and it is interesting to note that the hall at Houghton was being done at the same time for Sir Robert Walpole with the same frieze, except that hare's heads are there substituted for foxes' masks.

To cover the walls of this hall he employed John Wootton to paint pictures of his horses, his hounds and his friends. These nine vast canvases were all painted in 1733; four of them depict his favourite hunters—Brisk, Sore-heels, Craftsman and Romulus—but the two most full of interest are The View and The Death, which represent the whole paraphernalia of the Althorp Hunt. In the former the fox is seen just about to be killed, being hunted by an almost innumerable number of hounds. Lord Sunderland, riding Craftsman, is seen in the centre leading the field with his friends behind him. The hunt-servants are John Robinson and Tom Johnson, upper and lower huntsmen, with the first and second "horns," Richard Salisbury and John Waggoner, who carry large circular French horns. Tom Johnson afterwards became the Duke of Richmond's huntsman and lies buried in Singleton Church near Goodwood, where the Duke put up a memorial to him. The other picture represents the same people a few minutes afterwards; Robinson is throwing the fox to the hounds; Lord Sunderland has dismounted and Craftsman is being led away by a groom.

Altogether these pictures show Wootton at his best, for the grouping, colouring and liveliness are remarkably good; and the smaller figures of these works are so much more successful than the huge life-sized horses. Some of these hounds will have been drafted from the Cottesmore, for Mr. Noel's Houndbook contains the names of two-and-a-half couple "to Lord Sunderland."

But in the following year Lord Sunderland became Duke of Marlborough, and so by a family



THE FALCONRY BUILT BY ROBERT, FIRST LORD SPENCER, 1610

From this "hawking stand" his friends who did not take part in the sport watched the birds working

arrangement had to give up Althorp to his younger brother, John Spencer, who later inherited all Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough's wealth. He was also Ranger of Windsor Great Park, and is to be seen among the friends of Frederick, Prince of Wales, hunting there, in the pictures by Wootton, which hang in the corridor at the Castle.

The large picture of him with a gun, by George Knapton, also depicts his son, afterwards first Earl Spencer, and his negro servant, "Cæsar Shaw," holding his dog; he died, however, in 1746, aged 38, "merely because he would not be abridged of those invaluable blessings of an English subject brandy, small-beer, and tobacco."

John, first Earl Spencer, who was "remarkable for riding vastly well," never enjoyed robust health, so had to spend much of his time on the Continent; but nothing impaired his passion for foxhunting, as is exemplified by himself in a letter to a friend after a winter in Italy, for he says: "I have taken up again my hunting rage."

He greatly improved the pack of hounds he had inherited by purchasing Mr. Darley's pack for 500 guineas in 1765, and in 1770 Lord Townshend made him a present of his entire pack. His chief friends were the fourth Earl of Jersey (the father of the Meltonian at the beginning of the nineteenth century) and "Joe" Smith, of Sholebrook Lodge, Towcester. The former spent the whole winter between Althorp and Pytchley or Wakefield Lodge and Euston, and it is to him that we owe the "Althorp Chace Books," which are journals of each day's sport, minutely described with the names in the margin of those who were out as well as any incidents, such as falls, which were considered worthy of notice. The first day described is October 16th, 1773, and each evening Lady Spencer wrote it up at the dictation of Lord Spencer or Lord Jersey—it was the latter who was called "Historiographer to the Althorp Hunt." The following is the account of one day:—

"*Thursday, Dec. 9th, 1773.*

"It was appointed to meet at Althorp, from whence they went with the old hounds to Nobottle Wood where a fox had been seen in the morning, but they could not find him. They then went to Harpole Hills, where in the farthest part of the Cover they got a good drag but could make little of it, the hounds afterwards struck a scent into Harpole field where whilst the Huntsman was trying through the brakes, Mr. Skipwith view'd a fox coming from the earths upon the Hills; the hounds were laid to him & run him into Harpole Hills thro' that cover & out at the end of it next Harpole town & down the open field, but as from the moment the hounds came out of cover they never could own the scent, it was imagined the fox was headed back into the furze & they gave it up & tried for a fresh one over Harleston Heath & Blackthorn Spinney, but did not find till they came to a Spinney under Althorp Park Wall by the turnpike road side adjoining to Holdenby grounds call'd Hopyard Spinney where they unkennell'd & immediately went away at the brush of the fox, leaving the park wall on the left, up to Great Brington & cross the grounds between the Church & the Park Gate thro' the Willow Beds to Nobottle Wood thro' the Wood left Nobottle Town just on the right, from thence to the earths on Harpole Hills next to the field where he was headed, thus far it was a severe burst, he then went over Harpole Field crossing the turnpike road from Daventry to Northampton & pass'd the river to the left of the Mill, cross Kislingbury field towards Thorpe, turn'd over Thorpe field for Gayton grounds, went up two of them the hounds pushing as if they were running for the fox, but he turn'd short back & then made up to Gayton town where near the Church the hounds came to a check, & whilst the Huntsman made his cast a few of the forward ones struck the scent & went away with it without being perceived till they were going forward up the hill to the left, the other hounds were immediately hallo'd after them they then turn'd to the right & went by the left side of Gayton Wood over Tiffel Lees, thro' Nun Wood (where the whole pack got together) down to Shuttlehanger between that place & Lord Pomfret's Avenue crossing the end of it & over the water into Heavencot field. The fox was headed at the Windmill & turn'd short to the right, over the Westchester road by a public house call'd Plumb-park-corner, cross the field to Paulersperry, there he was seen among the gardens & the notion that he had staid there detain'd the hounds so long that when they struck the scent again it was much gone & they could only follow him a cold hunting, over the field to Mr. Smith's Lawn, crossing that into Whittlebury Forest. There Mr. Stanley of Boughton view'd him & thought it to be the hunted fox but after pursuing him thro' the coppices & woods as far as those which lye next to Lord Temple's Park the pack divided into so many different parts on different scents that the Huntsman was obliged to whip off, it being also past four o'clock. To this time the chace lasted about 3 hours & a half.

"Out.—Ld. Spencer, Ld. & Ldy. Chas. Spencer, Ld. Torrington, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Crewe, Col. Mordaunt, Mr. Skipwith, Mr. Hatton, Mr. Knightley, Mr. Val. Knightley, Mr. Samwell, Mr. Yeo, &c.

". . . Lady Charles Spencer twice broke her stirrup in Kislingbury field but did not fall from her horse, & notwithstanding these delays, & the being oblig'd to be carried over a brook by Sam the Whipper-in, she was very near hounds the whole day & staid out to the last. . . . The Hunters & Hounds could not get home that night but lay at Towcester. It was look'd upon as a remarkable pleasant chace, being over fine grounds with few difficulties."

Until about 1778, Lord Spencer's huntsman was Mr. Richard Knight, who must not be confused with his whipper-in and more famous successor, the Dick Knight of Lorraine Smith's aquatints, who hunted the hounds until 1796. Lord Spencer used to send his hounds to Fermingwoods—near the present kennels of the Woodland Pytchley—for the spring and summer hunting, and to lend them to the Club at Pytchley for several meetings during the season proper; and the Althorp and Pytchley countries were treated quite separately during this time and for many years afterwards—so rigidly was this rule kept that when at Pytchley they would never draw a covert in the Althorp country, even if they ran into it, and the same from Althorp. In 1780 Lord Spencer's health began really to fail, but he continued to pursue his favourite sport whenever he was able.

(To be continued)





FROM THE ALTHORP COLLECTION

On the left is John, First Earl Spencer and Cæsar Shaw, 1745, by George Knapton, and on the right his brother-in-law, William Poyntz, by Thomas Gainsborough

Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

RUGBY AND ITS FINANCES

SIR,—I have only just seen your correspondent's letter with the above heading.

I take exception to his statement that gate-money will, in some way or another, finds its way to some of the players in the Rugby Union game. In my playing days Rugger was run entirely by enthusiastic amateurs of a type unknown in any other game or sport, except perhaps rowing.

We were all very well out of pocket over it, and no one had the courage to offer us money for playing a game that was, to most of us, I am afraid, the most absorbing interest we knew. This enthusiasm is more than a part of the game, it is of its very essence. The "gate" was nothing to us, except as some slight security that the club would continue and prosper.

We who hold this faith will not be troubled by League Rugby in London. The distinct improvement in the game which your correspondent claims has given it no distinction. It has been introduced by people who hoped to make money out of it. Except for those players of slender means and considerable skill it will have no appeal. Amateur and professional players of cricket, tennis, etc., form no kind of comparison. Apart from any difference in rules, the Rugby Union will see to it that there is no contact. Some of us are old enough to remember the halcyon days of the Corinthians and Casuals. We cannot but admire the vigorous skill of the modern professional soccer player and the vast organisation he controls. But it has killed Amateur Association football of international class. The "game," on this standard of performance, ceases to exist. Rugby is quite safe.

Yours truly,
FORWARD.

[The purport of the article which has given rise to this correspondence was not that players are making money directly out of the game, but that money is beginning to have too large an influence on it. The question was raised why clubs which at one time almost scorned the presence of paying spectators should now be so anxious to attract them.—ED.]

SALMON IN THE SEA

SIR,—In your issue of October 14th, 1933, appeared a letter from Dr. Knut Dahl, in which he says: "The actual depth at which the fish have been caught is, as a rule, uncertain, beyond the fact that they have been caught generally in comparatively shallow water (within a few fathoms of the surface). The only definite and sure records on the actual depth at which they have been caught in the sea are the records of salmon caught in herring drift nets," and so on. In this case the habits of European salmon must vary greatly from those on the Pacific coast.

There it is a daily experience through the summer to catch salmon at a depth of 500ft. with a troll spoon on a line 600ft. long with about 20lb. of lead to sink it, which, with the very slow trolling speed of the boat, causes the bait to sink almost perpendicularly; allowing for the slight angle the depth must be well over 500ft. A common custom in this "sport," if one can so term it, is to have one deep weighted line and a lighter one for fishing near the surface, say 20ft. to 50ft. down. The general result is that slightly smaller fish are caught on the shallow line, and on the heavy ones fish up to 50lb. at times. The average depth of the particular inlet to which I refer is round 600ft., and I assume that, as salmon took our bait at those depths, they were feeding down there on something or other.

Yours faithfully,
H. LECKIE-EWING.
Oak Bay,
Victoria, B.C.

WATER TESTS AT FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—May I ask for a small space to comment on the article by my friend Mr. W. S. Medlicott, "Water Tests at Retriever Trials"?

Everyone will of course agree that a natural water test is infinitely preferable to an artificial one, but I feel sure that many will share my view that the latter is better than none at all.

As an advocate for many years of a water test at all trials, retrievers and spaniels, I have endeavoured, when I have spoken on the subject, to drive home the point that if a dog is exported with the title of field trial winner, the purchaser (more particularly perhaps in America, where duck shooting, with that wonderful water dog the Chesapeake retriever, is so popular) will naturally grouse if his purchase won't wet his feet.

Mr. Medlicott says an artificial test is a "fake," and that "the real performance in the shooting field is for a dog which has either seen or had reason to believe that a bird has been shot over or across water to go in and fetch it out."

I would retort that many and many a time in the shooting field I have been asked to bring my retriever or spaniel from a long distance to retrieve a bird from or across water, and I have been able to convince my dog that I am not sending him in for a swim. Out of the shooting field, when training a dog, I have been equally successful. I may have to fire a shot or throw stones to show him direction, and I take strong exception to Mr. Medlicott's term of this being illegal. If this be so, I and many other judges will have to plead guilty. I have always told handlers at a water test that they can throw potatoes or anything handy to show the dog where the bird is.

As to birds being cold in the artificial test, are not birds at the pick-up after duck flighting invariably cold after lying in the water for an hour or more? As to the remedy suggested, I was more or less responsible for this very suggestion two or three years ago, but it was turned down. I hope a better fate awaits it in the future.

Yours faithfully,
LEWIS D. WIGAN.
Brandon Park, Suffolk.

SHOW BENCH TERRIERS

SIR,—May I be allowed to voice a protest—and a strong one—against the fashion of breeding dogs (I refer especially to foxterriers and collies), not for points of utility, but inanity!

I continually meet people who entirely agree with my point of view; yet I neither see nor hear any objection made to the type of dog which gains the champion prizes: they are nothing less than grotesque abortions.

What cleverer dog was there than the foxterrier of years gone by? He had a well developed brain-pan, deep chest and girth, and made the bravest, staunchest and most intelligent of companions. What a contrast to the brainless toy now being bred!

The cleverest gundog I ever owned was a Tweed-side collie—he was setter, worker and retriever all in one.

The prize collies of the show bench—with their large snouts and diminished brainpans, have lost all the mental qualities of their ancestors.

We need a real crusade against this senseless fashion in dog breeding: if public opinion would express itself the judges would soon be weaned from their decisions.

I hope you will allow this matter to be raised in your columns.

Yours truly,
A. J. CAMPBELL-COLQUHOUN.
Ballaig,
Crieff,
Perthshire.

CAN RICHARDS AND ARCHER BE COMPARED?

SIR,—I was much interested in the article in your issue of November 11th, 1933. Your answer is no doubt correct, but I suggest that there is one point on which comparison can be drawn, and that is their respective seats in the saddle, more particularly the way in which Archer used to shift his weight according to the ground over which he was riding. For example, on coming down the hill from the Bushes he would have his legs straight out, with his toes turned up in front of his horse's shoulders, the effect being to take the weight off the shoulders. On the other hand, on reaching the rising ground, immediately after leaving the dip, he threw his body forward, his legs were thrown back, toes down, and the weight was placed on the horse's shoulders.

As a rider of sluggish horses I doubt if any other jockey has ever equalled Archer.

I well remember the finish of the Two Thousand of 1885, in which a desperate finish was fought out between Tom Cannon on Crafton and Archer on Paradox, and I have often thought that if it were possible to personify energy, it should be Archer's finish in that race.

I once went to the start of a sprint race at Epsom, and I have not forgotten Archer's "Now, sir," to the starter, and the way in which he got an old horse named Sulphur off well in advance of the rest of the field.

And the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket in 1886. Archer unplaced on Saraband in the Two Thousand, and not a winning favourite until the last race on the Wednesday, when Beaulieu, belonging to Tom Jennings, won, and there was general cheering from all parts of the stand, far more so than there was after the Two Thousand.

Yours faithfully,
AN OLD TIMER.
British Columbia.

A LONG AND VARIED CAREER

SIR,—The following might interest your readers. In 1898 I bought a Barb horse in Gibraltar, named Garibaldi. He was certified as "aged" then. I won several races with him, and on leaving the Rock in 1899, I sold him to Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox.

The latter won several races with him. Subsequently from time to time I heard news of the horse, and Lord Roberts rode him when he reviewed the garrison on his return from the South African War in 1901 or 1902. Garibaldi eventually became the property of Mrs. Egerton, who brought him back to enjoy the rest of his days in her paddock near Winchester, and no doubt to prevent any chance of the horse eventually finding his way to the Bull Ring. I have just heard that he died in 1932, and am being sent a pair of his hoofs.

I hold the certificate that he was an "aged" horse in 1898, so that he must have been at least 40 years old when he died. I wonder if this is a record? I have copied the following two races from the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, dated October 25th, 1898.

"Third race. The Auction Stakes of 500 pesetas. Result: Mr. L. Lavios' b. A. h. Landrail, a., 9st. 6lb. (Mr. C. Lavios), 1st; Mr. C. H. Bunbury's B. h. Garibaldi, a., 10st. 6lb. (Mr. Stansfeld), 2nd; Dr. Rodriguez Lopez's A. h. Pelota, five years, 9st. (Alderive), 3rd. Four runners.

"Sixth race. Consolation Handicap of 600 pesetas. Mr. C. H. Bunbury's B. h. Garibaldi, a., 8st. (Goodman), 1st; Colonel Dundas's A. h. Ben Ecidga, a., 12st. 2lb. (F. Saut), 2nd; Mr. N. J. H. Hopkins's A. h. Baron Marbot, a., 10st. (Benseery), 3rd. Six runners. Won in a canter by eight lengths."

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES H. DE ST. P. BUNBURY
(Lieut.-Colonel).
Conservative Club.

[There are many records of horses having lived until their fortieth year. Records are not wanting to prove that horses can live up to sixty years of age.—ED.]

SIR GEORGE THURSBY'S RETIREMENT

SIR,—Owing to the resignation from the Mastership of the New Forest Buckhounds of Sir George Thursby, Bt., it is felt that his friends in the Forest and elsewhere would like to present him with a testimonial as a mark of their appreciation of the sport he has shown over the past 25 years.

I have been asked by the New Forest Hunt Club to undertake, with Mr. R. S. Freeland (hon. secretary, New Forest Buckhounds), the treasurership of the testimonial fund.

The amount subscribed is not so important as that all Sir George Thursby's friends shall be able to take part in the presentation. Subscriptions from 1/- to £1 will be received by me at the address below.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE FERGUSON
(Hon. Sec., New Forest Hunt Club).
Coppithorn Hill,
Copythorne,
Southampton.

EXPORT OF HORSES FOR BUTCHERY

SIR,—The Press has widely quoted the statements of Mr. Fred Fox, the well-known jockey, regarding the use of British horses in Spanish bull rings.

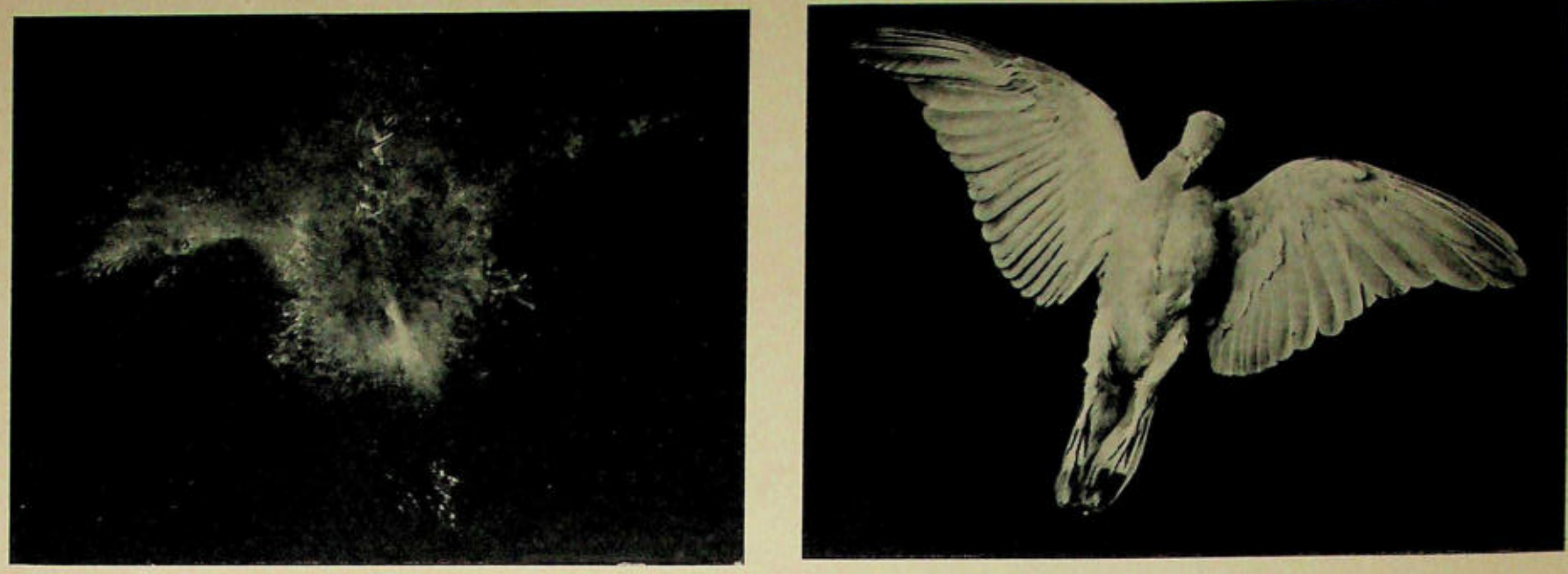
The Ministry of Agriculture has since pointed out "that during 1933 only one horse was exported to Spain, and that was an Arab mare valued at £200, and during the year 1933 no horse has been shipped from this country direct to Spain."

Although British horses were not sent *direct* to Spain, may I draw the attention of the horse-loving public to the fact that this does not prove that British-bred horses have not been subjected to the horrors of the Spanish bull ring. Irrespective of the trade in breeding-stock of various types, cast racehorses and hunters, especially poor ones on the "border line," can under present regulations be exported from Great Britain to the Continent. It follows that these horses either for work, breeding or bull rings can pass into Spain.

The kindly concern shown by Mr. Fred Fox for British horses abandoned to suffering proves how necessary it is to hasten the passage of the Exportation of Horses Bill into law.

It is essential that cast British horses should be humanely slaughtered in Great Britain, and their carcases only exported abroad.

Yours faithfully,
M. P. ROPER-LUMLEY-HOLLAND.
19, Wilton Crescent,
Belgrave Square, London, S.W. 1.



IMPRESSION MADE BY A PIGEON FLYING AGAINST GLASS AND THE BIRD AS FOUND DEAD BELOW THE WINDOW.
(See Letter "Curious Marking on Window Pane")

CURIOUS MARKING ON WINDOW PANE

SIR,—I wonder if the enclosed photographs would be of interest to your readers? I was asked to photograph the impression on a window pane made by a pigeon which was lying dead on the ground below. This I did, and then pinned up the bird in the same position as the impression and photographed it. The impression was powdery and white, and showed extraordinarily clearly the shape of the bird, even to the tips of the wings and beak and claws. The occurrence took place at the Manor House, Ecclesall, Sheffield.

Yours faithfully,

239, Glossop Road, Sheffield. ETHEL M. EADON.

SIR,—With reference to my letter under the above heading, published in your issue of December 16th, I have received the following from Mr. G. H. Armstrong which I thought might be of interest:

"I was interested to read in a recent issue of the *Field* of the bird-shaped mark on your window.

"About a month ago, when motoring home from Edinburgh late one night, an owl flew suddenly up from a low fence at the side of the road right in front of my windscreen, and I struck it with considerable force.

"Its mark, in white, on the screen was clearly visible afterwards, and it took a lot of rubbing next morning to get it off. It appeared to be a white greasy substance which dried on overnight."

Yours faithfully,

C. F. G. R. SCHWERDT.

Old Alresford House, Alresford, Hants.

WHEN DO SALMON SPAWN?

SIR,—Might I venture to modify a reply which you gave to a correspondent, "W. J. M., Scotland," in your issue of December 23rd, 1933, on the times at which different runs of salmon may spawn. All the "spring" fish, whether they come up in the autumn (October) or winter or spring, spawn early, many of them in the latter half of October, and practically the whole of them have finished spawning in the first ten days of November. Very few, if any, of the autumn fish spawn before the middle of December, and the greatest number spawn about Christmas time and early in the New Year. Some exceptionally late fish which come in during November may not spawn until even the end of January or early in February.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. M. MENZIES.

Fishery Board for Scotland, Edinburgh.

RIDING WITH A LOOSE REIN

SIR,—With reference to a letter in your issue of November 11th, 1933, calling attention to Colonel Melville Jackson's letter of September 3rd, 1932, after considerable experience of both English and Western horses, it would seem that the practicability of riding with a loose rein depends so much on the temperament and training of the horse, also the circumstances, that it is hard to lay down any hard and fast rule on the subject.

Prairie or forest bred horses have learnt all their lives to be on the look-out for holes and pitfalls in the ground and also have much more common sense, with a less excitable temperament, than horses that have only known level paddocks and the inside of a stable; to try the loose rein theory with a spirited English horse over rough ground would only be asking for trouble, whereas nothing could be pleasanter or safer than loping over the same ground with loose rein on a good cow-pony, probably the most perfect hack in the world.

I cannot agree with Colonel Jackson's statement that there is no steady feel on the horse's mouth even with a loose rein; owing to the fact that very heavy reins are used (in the case of Colonel Jackson's illustration they are made partly of chain) one has a distinct feel, even though the reins are apparently hanging quite slack.

I quite agree with letting go the horse's head over rough ground, the usual procedure of pulling up the horse's head tight and shouting "hold up" rarely having the desired effect. Hacking a mile with thread reins is a good test of "hands," and hacking a mile with a snaffle and reins, but no headstall, on a light-mouthed horse is another.

Yours faithfully,

San Juan, Argentina. SHADOW.

FAITHFUL SERVICE

SIR,—Living in the heart of the Brocklesby country I was greatly interested in your correspondent's letter "Faithful Service," which appeared in your issue of December 23rd, 1933; also in the photographs taken from pictures in the Earl of Yarborough's collection. As your correspondent points out, this record of a century and a half of



IN MEMORY OF A GREAT HUNTSMAN
(See Letter "Faithful Service")

unbroken service by four generations of the Smith family, as huntsmen to the Brocklesby, must be almost unique in foxhunting circles.

It may interest those of your readers who do not already know of it, to hear that in the picturesque village of Barnoldby-le-Beck, which lies between Brocklesby and Grimsby, a monument stands in a corner of a field; it marks the spot where "Will" Smith fell, on April 11th, 1845. This "Will" Smith was the last of those four huntsmen Smith who hunted the Brocklesby pack for 150 years. As the monument records: "While Smith was cheering on his favourite hounds his horse fell over a small leap, throwing Smith upon his head; he was carried to the house of his friend, Richard Nainby, of Barnoldby-le-Beck, and died from his injuries on the 16th day of April 1845. He had been huntsman to the Brocklesby from the year 1816."

I enclose a photograph of the monument, which is supposed to be the only one of its kind in the world; as to that I cannot say; I do not know of any other in England. I wonder if any of your readers know of any such? It is most appropriate that William Smith's memorial should stand where it does.

Yours faithfully,

127, Pelham Road, Immingham, near Grimsby. H. S. VICKERS.

A MALE YEAR?

SIR,—I should be glad to know if any of your correspondents have reported a great excess of cocks among grouse and partridge this year.

On the ground over which I shot (Banffshire) I personally never picked up or handled a female bird, and the keeper averred that 170 cock grouse were shot in succession without an intervening hen!

Among partridges the proportion seemed, roughly, to be three cocks to every two hens. Of pheasants I cannot speak, as we only had a few in the woodlands round the house. But even here cocks predominated among the 30–40 shot.

Yours faithfully,

The Mount, Batheaston, Bath. FRANK SAVILE.

DROUGHT RECORDS

SIR,—In a recent issue of the *Field*, it is asked if anyone remembers such a drought preceding Christmas as that we have recently experienced.

Although I, personally, do not remember one (as I was not born early enough) the records kept at this observatory by my predecessor show that in 1879 the rainfall for each of the last three months was as follows: October, .83in.; November, .76; December, .91. Total, 2.50. This is only 28 per cent. of average, whereas here, October was wetter than usual in 1933. Nevertheless 1933 has been easily the driest year since 1921.

Our record of rainfall began in 1818. No new records were established in 1933, but August has only once been drier (in 1880) and November had not been less rainy since 1851. As regards December, its low rainfall was beaten as recently as 1926, whilst the month has been drier in four other years.

The 1879 figures given above have been overlooked by the Press generally, probably because no ill-effects resulted from that dry spell, which succeeded one of the worst summers on record—a period of six months wet and cold weather.

Much has been written about the brilliant summer. We have had several brilliant summers since the war, *e.g.*, 1919, 1921, 1925, 1928, 1929; but what has been passed over is the unprecedented brilliance of the first quarter. Winter sunshine is so precious, and its abundance so unusual that I am surprised no reference has been made to the extraordinary sunshine record of early 1933. In western England it was very marked, and here in Ross-on-Wye we had 91½ hours in January (almost the best total in the British Isles) and 95¼ hours in February—both totals being the best for those months since our record began.

Yours faithfully,

The Observatory, Ross-on-Wye. FREDERICK J. PARSONS.

RETRIEVER FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—A reviewer has drawn attention to an omission in my *Book of the Golden Retriever* in the absence of the Utility Gundog League from the list of societies who run Field Trials. I should like to express my regret for this omission which was quite unintentional, and to pay a tribute to the Utility Gundog League, of which I have the pleasure of being a member, by saying that their meetings are amongst the most enjoyable which I attend, and, in my opinion, it has done, and is doing, an immense amount to improve the working qualities of gundogs.

Yours truly,
W. M. CHARLESWORTH.

Herons,
Buckhold, Pangbourne.

WOODPECKER AND BEEHIVE

SIR,—We have an orchard of four acres, surrounded by a spinney, and had lately been hearing a curious tapping noise going on at intervals during the day. On December 22nd we investigated and found a green woodpecker working at the back of a bee-hive, which was full of bees. He had made a hole about as big as a halfpenny, and we put a bit of tin over this. Next day (the 23rd) he began making a new one, and if he comes again I am afraid he will have to be shot.

The board was quite sound, and would make an excellent sounding board for the lesser spotted woodpecker in the spring. Has anybody ever come across such a depraved bird before?

Yours truly,
E. H. DE WINTON.

Hatherley Court,
Gloucester.

"MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN"

SIR,—I have only just read "Memories of a Huntsman," by Bert Thatcher, which appeared in the *Field* of December 9th.

Surely he is wrong, when speaking of Frank Freeman (late huntsman to the Pytchley) and William Freeman, whom he succeeded as huntsman to the Zetland, when he states that their father, "Dick of that ilk, was for many years huntsman to the North Durham."

The father of these two renowned huntsmen was William Freeman, himself a most capable huntsman, with an exceptionally beautiful voice, which he used freely when drawing big woods. He was huntsman to the South and West Wilts hounds for many seasons, when the kennels were at Sutton-Veny, and retired in the late 'nineties. He was succeeded by his first whipper-in, Jack Stratton, who was followed after a few seasons by Sam Gillson, who married William Freeman's daughter, and afterwards went as huntsman to the Cottesmore.

Yours truly,
E. H. POPE.

Boreham,
Warminster, Wilts.



NATIVE TRANSPORT ON THE JHELUM RIVER
(See Letter "The Family Afloat")

The tree is a weeping wellingtonia, and I do not know of another specimen.

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD BEALE.

Stoneydeep House,
Teddington.

WHITE ADMIRAL BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—In reply to Major Heneage Wheeler's enquiry respecting the occurrence of the white admiral in Sussex, it may interest him to know that during the last few years this elegant butterfly has from some mysterious cause rapidly extended its range over the southern counties, and now occurs in most of the localities where it was formerly common about a century ago. Within the last two years it has made its appearance on the southern borders of suburban London—both in Surrey and Kent, where in certain places it is fairly plentiful. In some parts of Surrey and Sussex it is now abundant.

It is interesting to note that Major Wheeler reports the occurrence of a large tortoiseshell in Sussex. This butterfly has been exceedingly scarce of recent years throughout the country, but last year about half-a-dozen specimens were seen in Dorset. It would be interesting to learn if this fine insect was seen anywhere else last year by any reader of the *Field*.

Yours truly,
F. W. FROHAWK.

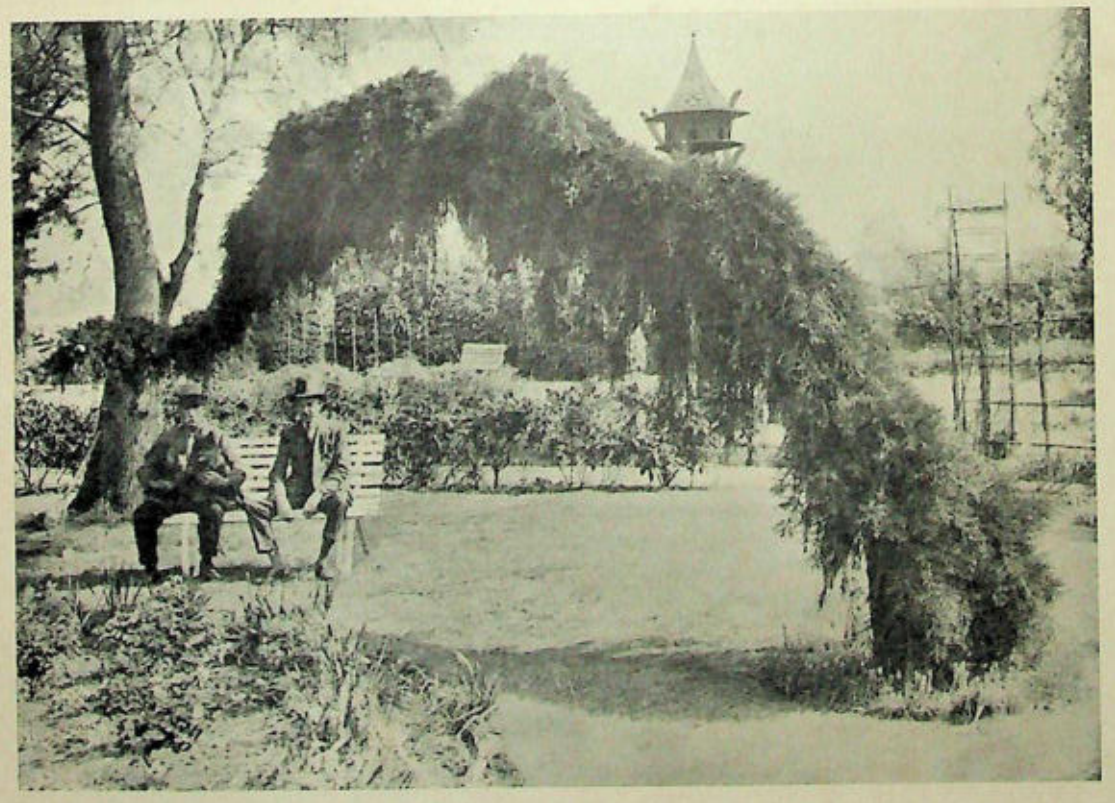
Sutton, Surrey.

THE FAMILY AFLOAT

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a rice boat floating down the Jhelum River, in India, may be of interest. As may be seen, the family cow is included in the party, while all the family belongings are stowed away under the Noah's Ark-like structure built over the main portion of the boat. Progress, though probably not rapid, should at least be easy and pleasant in this one man power craft.

Yours faithfully,
W. P.

Appleford,
Porthkerry, Wokingham.



COMPLETE WITH HUMPS AND HEAD-LAMP-LIKE EYES
(See Letter "A Land Monster")

A LAND MONSTER

SIR,—As monsters of one sort and another are taking rather a prominent position in the news nowadays, possibly the enclosed photograph of the Stoneydeep Monster may interest your readers.

It is about 50 years old, and for want of a better name we call it the "Highcockalorum Collywobbler."

A Beautiful Skin and Soft White Hands,



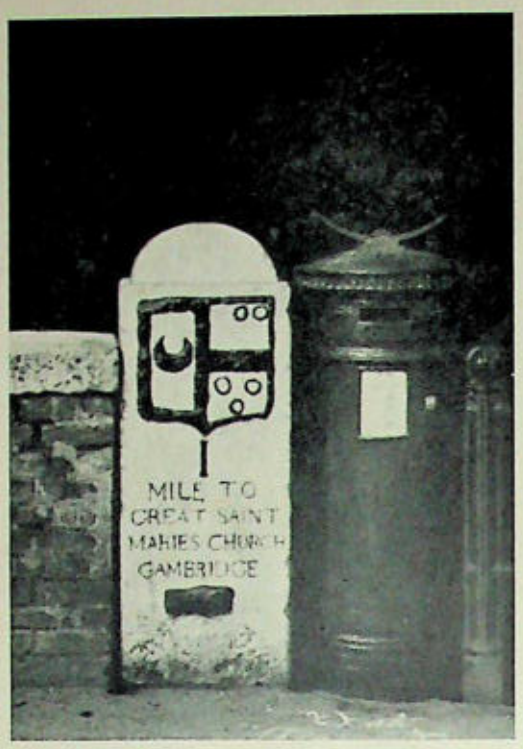
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ERECTED BY TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
(See Letter "An Ancient Milestone")

AN ANCIENT MILESTONE

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence concerning ancient milestones in recent issues, the Romans used to erect milestones, and some of these, I understand, are still in existence, although not in their original position, as the Roman mile was 1,000 paces or approximately 1,618yds.

After the Romans left there appears to have been a gap in the erection of milestones, as the English mile varied very much. For instance, the old Cornish mile was ten furlongs or one-and-a-quarter miles. The Scotch and Irish also had different miles, and it was not until 1593 that the mile was standardised as eight furlongs.

There is mention in some records of milestones being erected in 1633 along the Canterbury—Dover road, but the oldest English ones are supposed to be the sixteen from Cambridge to Barkway, when, at the end of the sixteenth century, Trinity Hall received a bequest, of which the interest was to be devoted to the upkeep of those sixteen miles of road.

I enclose a photograph of the first milestone on this stretch, beside which has been placed a modern pillar-box.

Yours faithfully,
Bottisham House, Bottisham, Cambridge. C. G. M. HATFIELD (Captain).

DISAPPEARANCE OF RAINBOW TROUT

SIR,—There would seem to be one obvious explanation for the disappearance of the rainbows in Mr. T. C. Bridges's article: If the fish cannot have escaped, have not been killed by enemies, and are not there, then they must be dead. I cannot give chapter and verse, but I have heard of other such cases, and I had a similar experience myself.

Surely the crux of the whole matter is lack of spawning facilities? If trout which are ripe for spawning cannot do so they will die, I imagine.

I had some rainbows in a small pond in the garden. They flourished and waxed fat, growing at a great pace, and the warmer the water—and in summer the temperature was over 70 degrees for days on end—the better they seemed to like it, judging by their activity and their appetite. In cold weather they would hardly feed at all. After two years trouble began. Odd fish would sicken, go almost black—one turned a deep blue—lie about like logs in the shallowest water and eventually die. By the end of the third year—the same period as that mentioned in the article—I had lost the lot. There was no sign of disease, and although I did not examine the dead ones internally, I imagine that lack of spawning facilities was the cause.

In a big pond or lake these deaths would not have been observed as they occurred, but I have little doubt that this is what happened.

Yours truly,
Devon. WEST COUNTRY.

FLOWER-COLLECTING

SIR,—Inasmuch as the time is at hand when the committees of horticultural societies and of agricultural shows hold their meetings to formulate their programmes for the forthcoming year, it is an opportune moment to appeal to them to omit from their future plans children's classes for collections of wild flowers. Although one cannot avoid a feeling of regret at the need for hindering children from plucking wild flowers, yet experience has shown that such classes are but too often the means of still further depleting the dwindling store of our native flora, especially some of the scarcer species. The real object of the children's classes can quite well be met by collections of cultivated flowers grown by the exhibitors.

The menace to the more beautiful wild flowers is often so grave that the effect of a few score children picking them and trampling over the plants may be very serious. It may, perhaps, be added that in most of the English counties a by-law is in force to prohibit the uprooting, without permission, of wild plants growing on public property. My board, however, feels that few would indulge in this practice if they were to realise the mischief that inevitably accrues.

Yours faithfully,
G. F. HERBERT SMITH (Chairman).
The Council for the Preservation of Rural England, Wild Plant Conservation Board, 17, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

A White Fox.—My mother and I were walking on our farm in Surrey the other day, when we saw what appeared to be a white dog curled up asleep in some loose straw around a rick. When we had approached to within 30 yards it got up with a small stretch and made off, and at once we recognised it as a fox, entirely white. I should be interested to hear if cases of albinism are common in foxes.—M. G., Oxted, Surrey.

[Albinism in foxes is rare, and it would be interesting to know if others have seen the animal. —ED.]

Hind's Extra Ribs.—My stalker has lately killed a hind which had fourteen ribs on each side. Isn't this very unusual? The customary number is thirteen, of course.—LATYMER, Ledgowan Lodge, Achnasheen, Ross-shire.

Late Butterflies.—When shooting near here on November 23rd, on a hillside at an altitude of over 1,000ft., two peacock butterflies were seen, in brilliant sunshine, and apparently unharmed by the sharp frosts of the two preceding nights.—Lieut.-Col. GEO. D. HALE, Coston Manor, Aston-on-Clun, Salop.

HORSES AND SPORT

FIRST AID HINTS FOR THE HORSE OWNER A Veterinary Note Book 7s. 6d. net.
By **Major W. E. Lyon**, Editor of *In My Opinion*. *Many illustrations by* **Humphrey Dixon.**
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With an appendix on Shippers and a Map. 5s. net.
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MADEIRA: WINES, CAKES AND SAUCE
By **Elizabeth Craig and André L. Simon.** 5s. net.

*** These are two volumes in CONSTABLE'S WINE LIBRARY. Other volumes, also by acknowledged experts, will follow; details will be sent on application.

10 ORANGE ST. Constable LONDON W.C.2

IN THE CITY

A SELECTED LIST OF INVESTMENTS—II.

THE list that appeared in this column last week represented an attempt to indicate the most prudent method of investing the sum of £10,000 with the following *desiderata*:

(1) A satisfactory average rate of income return.
(2) Substantially more scope for capital appreciation than for capital depreciation.

It was estimated that the income to be derived from the list would amount to £445 per annum gross, or about 4½ per cent. on the £10,000. This estimate was arrived at without allowing any return by way of income from the 400 British Celanese 7½ per cent. participating preference shares or the 350 B.S.A. Co. ordinary shares. It was estimated that a dividend of 25 per cent. would be paid on the Zinc Corporation preference shares against 22½ per cent. paid for 1932. As an *interim* dividend of 5 per cent. has already been paid on the ordinary capital (as against 5 per cent. paid for the *whole* of 1932) it seems only reasonable to suppose that at least as much will be declared as a final dividend in June next, making 10 per cent. for the year for ordinary stockholders, and 25 per cent. for the preference stockholders. In no other case did the estimate of income rely on an increased dividend over and above that paid for the last completed accounting period, although it is not at all improbable that S. Smith & Sons will pay more on their preferred shares than the 14 per cent. distributed in respect of the year ended August 1st, 1933, or that the El Oro Mining & Railway Co. will again increase its dividend in view of the record profits earned during November and December last. It was estimated that the British and Dominions Film Corporation (to which reference was made in these notes on December 30th last) would pay a dividend of 8 per cent., and that the Surprise Mining & Finance Co. would again distribute 5d. per share, as it did in respect of 1932, although in this case some increase could be considered as more of a probability than a possibility when the dividend for 1933 is announced at the beginning of March next.

A STRANGER

The only shares mentioned in last week's list which have never previously been mentioned in these notes were the £1 ordinary shares of the Birmingham Small Arms Co. This concern has paid no dividend on its ordinary capital for the last three years, and trading for the year ended July 31st, 1932, resulted in a loss of £682,406. In respect of 1932–33, however, this loss was converted to a profit of £253,189, and during the current year the company is understood to have experienced more profitable trading conditions than for some considerable number of years past. In particular, sales of the 15 h.p. Daimler car and the 10 h.p. Lanchester car have brought much grist to the B.S.A. Co.'s mill. Since the company manufacture rifles, guns, cycles, motor cycles, steel, tools, aluminium forgings, motor cars, and has an interest through subsidiary concerns in the production of commercial cars and aeroplane engines, it stands to benefit, more than most, from improved trade in this country. Had it not been for the arrears of preference dividend and for the debit on the carry forward item, the profit earned in respect of the year ended July 31st, 1933, would have sufficed to pay a dividend of about 5 per cent. on the ordinary capital.

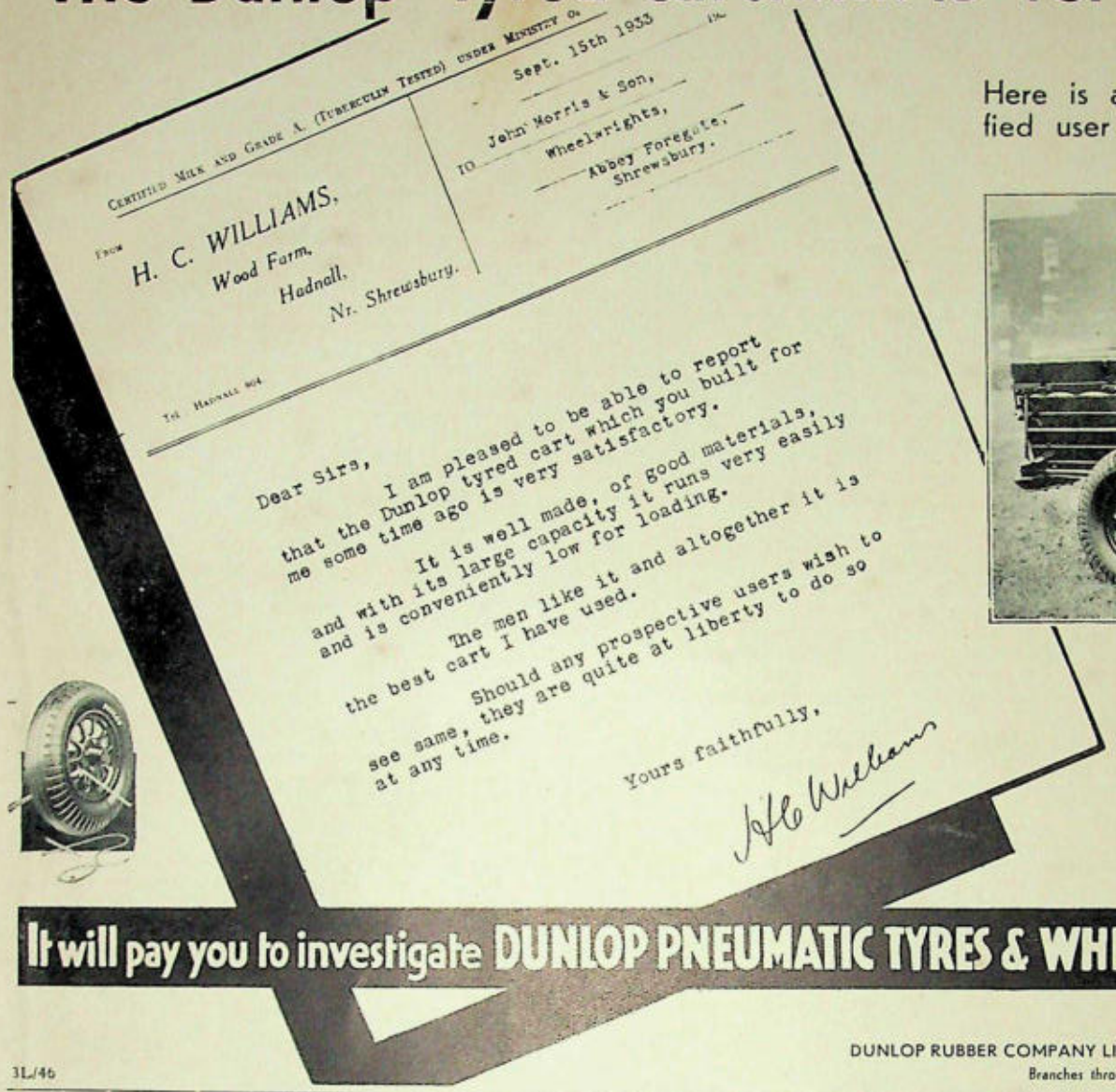
No reference has been made to the 4/– shares of the Surprise Mining & Finance Co. since May last year, and although the shares command a very small market they represent, in the writer's opinion, the cheapest entry into the South African mining market. The business is similar to that carried on by the other and better-known South African finance companies, and at the price mentioned last week of 6/1½, the yield is nearly 7 per cent. on the basis of the 5d. per share dividend paid for 1932. Although the shares can no longer be bought under 6/9, a purchase might still be considered as worth while at any price up to, say, 8/6, since there are very good reasons for supposing that the "break-up" value of the shares is now in excess of this latter figure. For 6/9, therefore, a speculative investor is able to obtain more than 8/6 worth of the shares of the best South African mining companies, and this fact, combined with the probability of an increase in the rate of dividend, seems to justify the deduction that if the shares were better known they would command a substantially higher price.

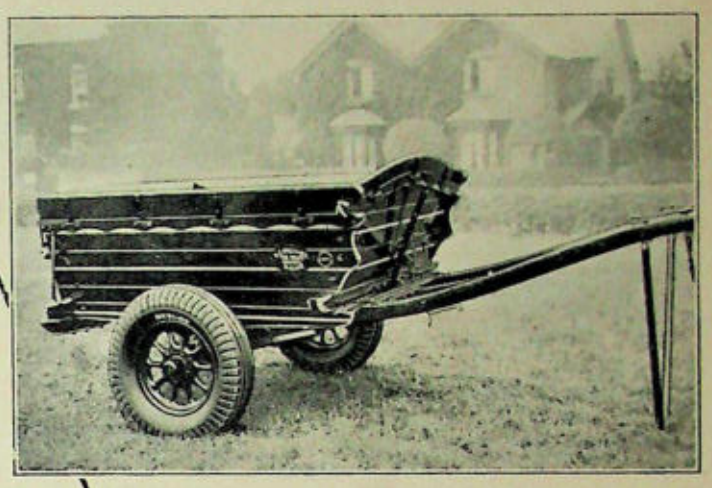
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A SCENTED POPPY FROM CALIFORNIA
Meconopsis heterophylla, *which has orange-red flowers*

The Country House

ARISTOCRATS AMONG POPPIES

Himalayan Flowers Which Remain Unaltered

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THERE are certain plants which one feels even centuries of cultivation will never affect, plants that will always appear wildlings from far-off parts, and which, like the lilies, will remain for ever almost immune from the art of the hybridist. Of such are the Himalayan poppies. Great drifts of them, especially those with sky-blue flowers, bring into our gardens the music of high altitudes, of rugged parts seldom trodden by the foot of man and the quiet refreshment and abiding peace of an unsullied atmosphere.

One of the loveliest sights I have ever seen in a June garden was a vast expanse of *Meconopsis betonicifolia* growing in the part shade afforded by a nut grove. Hundreds of the sky-blue, golden-anthered flowers, their silken loveliness enhanced by the foliage and boughs of the nut trees beyond them, shimmered in the subdued light. How strange it seems that these glorious flowers and many another treasure rarely seen by human eyes until the last few decades are now amongst the denizens of our gardens!

It is, unfortunately, wellnigh impossible to give the Himalayan poppies the conditions they require in any herbaceous border, for their beauty is perfectly set forth growing semi-wild in part shade. The trees or shrubs afford them not only part shade but protection from wind. Where these conditions are impossible they frequently do well in the shelter of a north wall.

Meconopsis betonicifolia, commonly called *Meconopsis Baileyi*, is a true perennial, though on poor soil the plants make only one crown, and when this has flowered the plant dies. Well-grown, vigorous plants make several crowns and live three or four years. The soil they like is a rich, light loam with plenty of leaf mould and some well-decayed manure. When the seedlings are large enough they should be planted out 2ft. apart, and every precaution taken against slugs. Overcrowding the plants will result in a very poor display of flowers. The plant is deciduous, and the leaves disappear entirely in autumn.

Plants can be bought fairly cheaply nowadays, or they can be raised from seed. Seeds of this and other meconopsis are usually sown in summer in shallow boxes in a compost consisting of half sandy soil and half well-decayed leaf mould. They frequently fail to germinate and, as with primula seed, the boxes are left out exposed to frost. When brought under glass in spring they usually germinate very soon. As soon as large enough to handle, the seedlings are planted out in a cold frame in shade, until large enough to put in their permanent positions. Seed has to be obtained from a good strain, for this plant has always a tendency to produce mauve and washy claret flowers.

Meconopsis Wallichii lacks the fairy-like loveliness of *M. betonicifolia*, but it is statelier, for it frequently grows quite 5ft. high. Its pale blue flowers have orange stamens, and the flowers have a characteristic droop. This meconopsis is a biennial, and seeds are sown in shallow pans in a cold frame in spring. The compost is the same as for *M. betonicifolia*. When large enough to handle the seedlings are pricked out and in summer put into their flowering quarters. Like *M. betonicifolia*, *M. Wallichii* needs part shade and protection from wind, light, rich, loamy soil, and plenty of well-decayed leaf mould. Given the conditions they like, the rosettes of leaves covered with brown hairs should be fine handsome specimens by October. The finer the rosettes of leaves, the finer the display of flowers the following summer.

Meconopsis nepalensis is a stately "poppy" closely allied to *M. Wallichii*. It attains between three and four feet, and the flowers are a deep plum purple. It flowers usually late June or early July. *Meconopsis aculeata* from the Himalayas is also a biennial. Its beautiful blue flowers are produced on 18in. stems. This biennial requires the same treatment as *M. Wallichii*. It is still rare in cultivation, although seeds are easily obtainable.

Farrer's exquisite harebell poppy, *Meconopsis quintuplinervia*, is a true perennial. Its delicate silken bells with cream-coloured anthers hang solitary on 15in. stems, which rise from crowns rather suggestive of those of the Iceland poppy. *Meconopsis quintuplinervia* likes a light soil rich in well-decayed leaf mould, protection from midday sun, and plenty of moisture in summer.

Meconopsis latifolia, with its handsome rosettes of leaves and crinkled sky-blue flowers is one of the most beautiful of the blue poppies, but seldom grown. It is a biennial, and seedling plants are not expensive.

Meconopsis Prattii (one of Farrer's introductions), a foot-high plant with bristly leaves and stems and crinkled blue flowers, is a gem for the rock garden. There is a lovely white form, very rare in cultivation, but seeds are obtainable. *M. rigidiuscula* resembles *M. Prattii*, is also rare in cultivation, though seeds are obtainable. So is Farrer's "Lampshade poppy," *M. integrifolia*, a poppy with soft grey leaves and huge pale yellow flowers borne in June. This meconopsis is easily raised from seed. The seed is sown in spring in a cold frame in light soil with plenty of well-decayed leaf mould and sand. When large enough they are pricked out and grown on (also in a cold frame). They must never suffer for lack of moisture. When large enough they are planted out in their permanent positions. Well-grown plants attain quite 2ft., and are amongst the most striking flowers in the June rock garden.

Meconopsis regia is generally considered the finest of the yellow-flowered species. It grows at an altitude of over 14,000ft. in Western Nepal, and was discovered in 1928. It was given the Award of Merit in 1931, and since then has won the First Class Certificate of the R.H.S. This perennial belongs to the evergreen section; throughout the winter its rosettes of silvery leaves are very striking. The yellow short-stalked flowers are borne on 3ft. stems in early summer.

M. punicea (from Tibet) was introduced in the early years of this century, but is still very rare in cultivation. It was first discovered by the late Mr. E. H. Wilson. This remarkable red-flowered meconopsis grows at an altitude of over 14,000ft. The drooping flowers hang solitary on foot-high stems.

The only known scented meconopsis is *M. heterophylla*, with orange-red flowers. It is also the only known annual meconopsis. This charming treasure comes from California. Seed (difficult to obtain!) should be sown thinly in full sun where it is to flower in the rock garden.



SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT

We did not bench the Show Champion this year, but my farm at Snow Belt bred it. We did not breed the Cub Champion either, but Mr. Thouron, the G.M. of Nithsdale, has everything set to do it this year; but we did breed the Show Challenger, being the finest vixen in the Show, and we then held the Cup for the second successive year, and we also took the Reserve with a Snow Belt vixen.

I was talking to one of my clients in the Mess here to-day, who came to us from the South, having seen these announcements in the "Field." His home is about four hundred miles from us, and there is another fox farm just round the corner from him. I asked him why he travelled so far from home, and his answer was that he was attracted by these advertisements. All very right and proper and most grateful and comforting.

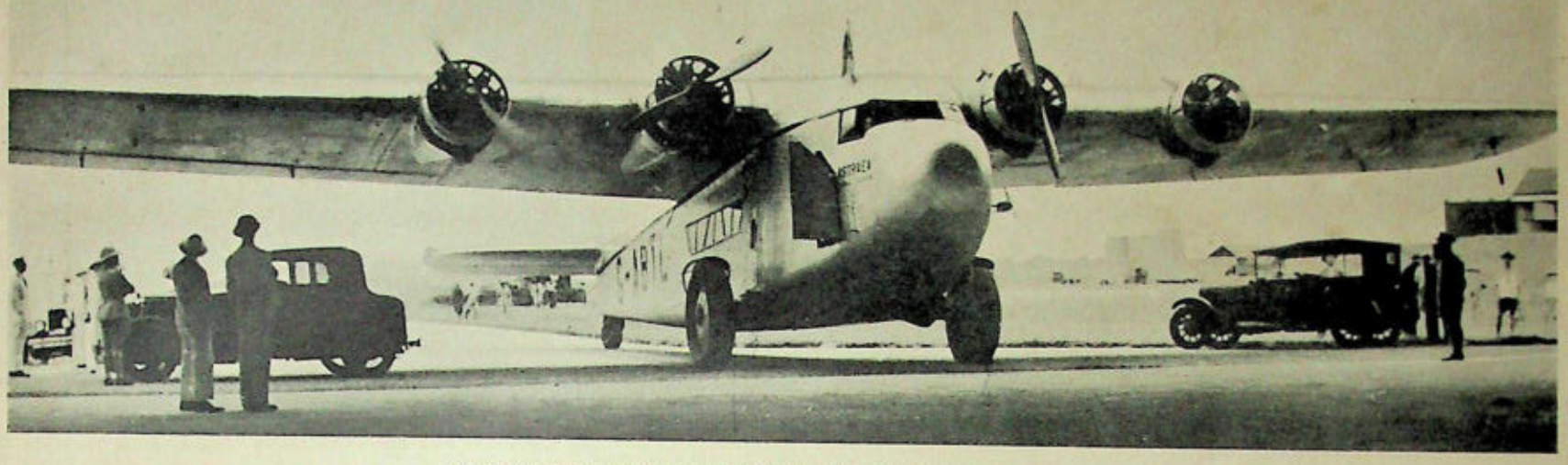
I had a letter a little while ago from an advertising periodical, and they asked me if I would tell them how I did it. Their remarks were, on analysing my methods, that I seemed to use an unrelieved, reader, type of advertisement, and that it was all very unscientific, from an advertising point of view—and all provokingly successful.

I only advertise in four journals—the "Field," "Truth," "The Investor's Chronicle," and "Blackwood's," and I write advertisements such as would attract myself, and by this means I obtain the interest of people with whom I can work in harmony—all very unscientific. . . . After all, I do think that too much stress is put on the winning of prizes. An award at the Official Show certainly does demonstrate that the owner has a good fox, but that is all. You cannot take a red rosette to the Bank and get an overdraft on it. And furthermore, I do think that for one of the major awards the prizewinner should have been bred by the exhibitor. I am financially able to buy the finest fox in the world, and if I won the Show Championship with it, that is not to say that I am capable of breeding other champions from it, or that the brute itself would breed prizewinners. Listen to this: "A certain amount of capital is naturally required (a good pair of foxes will cost anything from £120 to £150) but free instruction can always be obtained from the sellers of the stock. NO GREAT AMOUNT OF TRAINING IS REQUIRED. A man who has raised dogs will find his experience most useful, and with average common sense, a copy of "The Silver Fox," by G. G. Catchpole, and an elementary knowledge of Mendel's Law, A FEW MONTHS SHOULD SUFFICE TO ACQUIRE THE NECESSARY EXPERIENCE." There is a lot more of this in an article which appeared in a journal recently, and this is the kind of thing which makes practical people, who know that it is impossible to learn any business connected with livestock in a few months, fight shy of the publicity which silver fox farming gets. Two years is now the smallest period for which a man is required to remain with us studying the industry, unless he is prepared to employ a manager trained by us. A few months . . .!!! And the foxes cost from £120 to £150!!! But you will be quite qualified to look after them . . . expecially if you have raised a few dogs, and have Mr. Catchpole's book, and know about Mendel. I wonder if my friend Mr. Catchpole would approve? He might feel flattered, but I doubt if he would agree that anyone who knew his book by heart and had only a few months' practice could raise silver foxes successfully and commercially. IT CAN'T BE DONE.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



ANOTHER STEP FORWARD IN THE CLOSER LINKING OF THE EMPIRE
The Imperial Airways liner Astraea, photographed on arrival at Singapore with the first air mail flown direct from London

REAR LAMP OR REFLECTOR?

A Motorist's Views on the Cyclist's Problem

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

I HAVE never really understood why, when the last Socialist Government was returned to power, they should have thought it necessary to rescind the law which had previously made it obligatory for the cyclist to carry a properly illuminated rear lamp on his machine at night.

That the repealing of this law was entirely wrong has been definitely proved by the number of fatal accidents which have taken place during the past few years after dark, in which cyclists have been involved. During the first six months of last year, 520 cyclists met their deaths on our roads, and I am given to understand that a very large percentage of these accidents took place at night.

Although the law now states that every machine must be equipped with an efficient red reflector mirror, this ruling is never really enforced by the police. Every night, on my way home, I pass countless machines carrying no reflector light at all, while others are equipped with lenses which are absolutely useless for the purpose for which they were designed.

What is more, I contend that the very best reflector is of little value, unless a really bright light is brought to bear upon it. And as it is not practicable for a motorist to use his headlights except when he is travelling on open country roads, the reflector-carrying cyclist is in constant danger. One has only to drive out of London or any other large town about 6 p.m. during a winter's evening, when all the other workers are returning home, to realise the enormous risks which the unlighted bicycle presents.

Some little while ago, I put forward the suggestion that if the rear mudguard of a bicycle was painted white (as is obligatory in Denmark), there would be far less risk of cyclists being run into from behind, since the paint would show up splendidly at night. Recently, I have been glad to see quite a number of bicycles on the road finished off in this manner, and it is certainly very helpful.

If I took up cycling again, nothing would induce me to ride a machine at night unless it was equipped with a properly illuminated rear lamp, if only for my own protection. Why all cyclists do not see the force of this is difficult to understand.

Articles I have written on this subject have brought me many letters from habitual cyclists, most of them abusive. A few start off by describing me as the worst enemy the cyclist has, while others take up the hopelessly illogical position that since a rear lamp was not compulsory in the early days of cycling, long before the advent of the motor car, there is no reason why it should be necessary to-day.

In their opposition to the compulsory fitting of rear lamps, cyclists are influenced, I believe, by the fear that, if this became law, the onus of looking out for any cyclist whose lamp might accidentally have become extinguished would no longer rest upon the motorist.

This point of view hardly seems logical, since if a collision does take place between a motor car and a bicycle, it is always going to be the cyclist who is most seriously hurt. If a lamp is going to lessen this risk, cyclists, in their own interests, should see that one is carried on every machine.

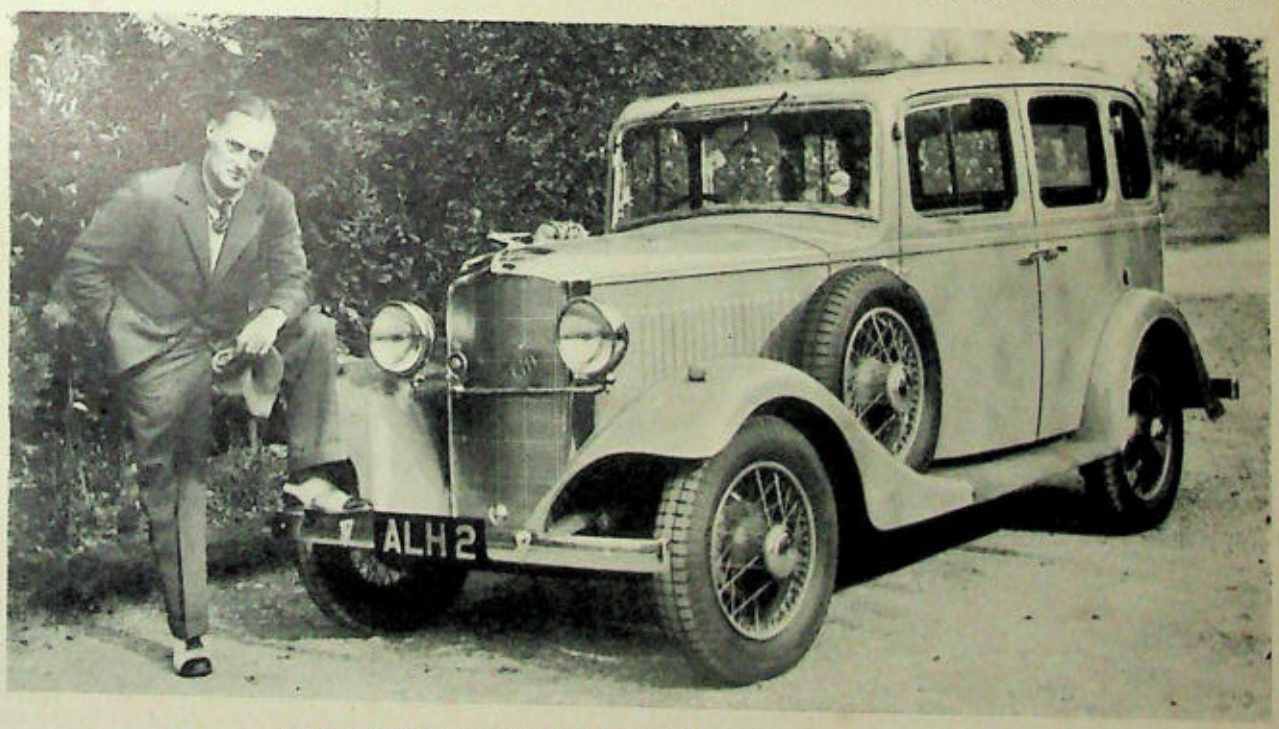
I believe, also, that the cyclist fears that if the compulsory fitting of rear lamps becomes law again, he will be in continual danger of prosecution, because he contends that there is no lamp on the market which will keep alight under windy conditions. And, again, other correspondents have pointed out that they, and many like them, cannot afford to buy a lamp.

Taking these two objections together, I feel sure that once the demand was created it would not be long before a practically non-extinguishable lamp was forthcoming. In any case, there are already many different kinds of electric lamps on the market. Some of these obtain their light from a small dry battery which is attached to the machine; others get it direct from a small dynamo which is driven off the back wheel. I believe the former sets only cost about 2/6, while the latter range in price from 10/- to 15/-. An oil-burning lamp, or one using acetylene, costs considerably less than this.

It is, in this connection, interesting to note that Messrs. Rudge Whitworth, Ltd., among the largest producers of bicycles in this country, are now including a rear lamp in the equipment of all their machines without any additional charge. If their example is followed by other manufacturers, there will no longer be the excuse that the extra cost of a lamp is prohibitive.

It is very regrettable that the Government cannot be induced to adopt a strong attitude and bring in the necessary legislation to make it compulsory for all vehicles to carry a properly illuminated rear lamp at night.

If a motor car—which is obviously the swiftest moving vehicle using the roads, and which overtakes all other forms of transport—has to carry a rear lamp, surely it is imperative that the bicycle, with a maximum speed on the level of about fifteen



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL WITH HIS NEW VAUXHALL LIGHT-SIX CAR

miles per hour, should be made to conform to the same rule.

I have discussed this matter on many occasions with those in authority, and have been told that any legislation of this nature would meet with considerable opposition. If, however, it is for the public good, and is going to be the means of saving many lives—as I am positive it would—a Government that is worthy of the name should take the risk.

THE BOOM IN BRITISH CARS

Some Interesting Figures

HOW many motorists in this country listen and respond to the slogan "Buy British"? Or put another way, how many British motorists drive British cars?

Some figures shedding light on this problem are provided by the R.A.C. through its engineers' department. This department of the club carries out examinations of cars for members in various connections, and the number of cars inspected each year numbers many hundreds. The membership of the R.A.C. is made up of every type of private user and may be said, therefore, to be representative of the general body of motorists in this country. The same applies to the cars used, and the figures given below, therefore, can almost certainly be regarded as proportionate to the total number of private motor cars in use in this country.

A record has been kept showing the country of origin of cars examined by the R.A.C. engineers during 1933, and for the sake of comparison the figures for 1925 (the earliest available) are also shown. Two principal facts emerge from these figures—first, that more than 86 per cent. of the cars are British, and secondly, that the percentage of British cars has risen by 20 per cent. in eight years.

The figures are as follows:

Country of origin.	1925.	1933.
Britain	66.2	86.3
America	13.9	9.5
France	8.5	2.2
Italy	7.2	1.4
Belgium	1.9	0.6
Spain	0.9	—
Austria	0.9	—
Germany	0.5	—
Per cent.	100	100

THE R.A.C. RALLY

ALTHOUGH entries for the R.A.C. Rally do not close until Monday, February 5th, over one hundred had already been received by the beginning of this month. The maximum number that can be accepted is 400, and not more than 100 may start from any control. Well over 50 entrants have already selected London as their starting-point.

The final check at Bournemouth will be at the Ramp Garage, Westover Road. This is a large modern building with accommodation on nine floors, five of which will be placed at the disposal of the R.A.C. The floors are all connected by ramps, and so simple will be the parking of the cars this year as they arrive that it is proposed to group them in classes. It will then be possible to run off the eliminating test in classes instead of as hitherto with all three sizes of car mixed.

The Rally Ball, to which the Corporation of Bournemouth is inviting all competitors, will be held on Friday, March 16th, at the New Pavilion, which will also be the venue of the Mayor's Reception on the day of arrival at Bournemouth on Thursday, March 15th.

Numerous other functions are being arranged in the town during the Rally for the benefit of competitors.

SOLVING THE AIRMAN'S LANDING PROBLEM

Some Significant Lines of Development

By THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

WONDERFULLY improved though it has been during its 30 years' existence, the aeroplane has not yet entirely freed itself from what has remained a problem since the Wright Brothers first demonstrated the practicability of heavier-than-air flight—the difficulty of landing.

Every flying pupil knows that it is simple to master the controls of a machine during straight flying; the problems arise when the machine has to be put down; and it is to this that he has to devote the greatest amount of practice. It may be noted in this connection that the largest number of minor accidents at the clubs are due to bad judgment on landing.

This difficulty of landing is the direct outcome of the fact that an aeroplane sustains flight only when it has a forward movement above a certain velocity known as the "stalling speed." It is clearly a matter demanding much practice to ensure that this can be accurately judged, and the machine made to lose speed at exactly the right moment. It is no less clear that landing at an unnecessary speed is likely to have serious consequences for the machine, or at any rate for the under-carriage.

There is no doubt that the difficulties of landing were materially increased by the practice that became popular during the war of piling on more and more power for the purpose of improving performance. Every advance in maximum speed brought with it an increase in landing speed; and the same tendency was observable in the commercial machines of the years immediately following the war. Even to-day, high landing speeds that would be frowned on in this country are permitted overseas, notably in the United States.

Aerodynamic progress is evident in all recent British designs with the result that the speed ratio has been very much improved. Practically, this means that a high top speed does not necessarily imply an excessive landing speed.

This landing-speed problem has undoubtedly exercised a strong restraint on the development of aviation. Aerodromes have to be fairly large—the standard provision is for a 600 yards clear run in all directions—and that means that they must usually be situated at some distance from the centre of big towns and cities. More than that, however, the knowledge that a machine cannot be landed safely, even with the greatest skill, in a field of less than certain dimensions leads pilots to choose courses that are often not the most direct between his terminals. Thus, the free movement that should be the basis of air traffic is restricted.

Ideally, the flying machine should land at a speed so low that the forward movement of the machine after touching is negligible. This is the aim that most modern designers are keeping before them, not only for private machines, which, it has to be assumed, will be operated by relatively unskilled pilots, but for commercial aeroplanes, since the lower the landing speed the greater the safety in emergency.



AN AUTOGIRO IN FLIGHT OVER HANWORTH
"Undoubtedly the autogiro represents the biggest advance yet made towards the solution of the landing-speed problem"

Speed range is being increased, and effective means of controlling the machine after the stalling point has been reached are also being very actively investigated. These include the researches with wing slots, trailing flaps, and so on, referred to in a recent article, as well as the use of variable camber wings. The Handley-Page Gugnunc, designed for the Guggenheim safety competition some years ago, is an example of what can be done with the conventional aeroplane under extreme conditions.

Undoubtedly, the autogiro represents the biggest advance yet made towards the solution of the landing-speed problem, though it is as yet far too early to be able to predict that it will supplant the normal fixed-wing machine for general purposes. The earlier autogiros suffered from the defect that they required a very long run for their take-off, which offset—from the practical point of view—their extremely low landing speed.

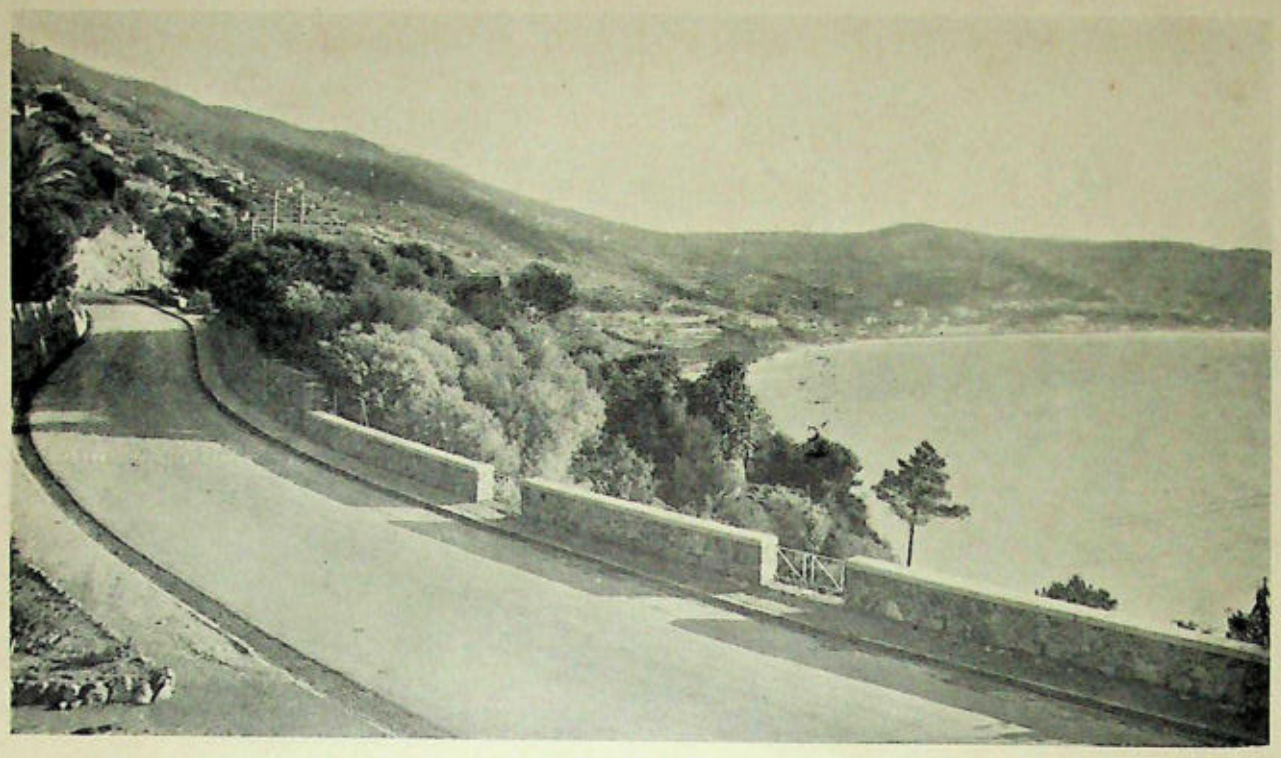
This difficulty has now been overcome to a great extent, and the performance has so much increased that the latest designs have a maximum performance comparable with that of a normal aeroplane of equivalent power.

Attention is now being turned in Germany and the U.S.A. to the so-called "paddle-wheel aeroplane," which has been described by the American National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics as the "cyclogiro." In this machine, the lifting surfaces rotate round a horizontal axis on either side of the fuselage. Little can be usefully said of this type beyond indicating that it does seem to hold out very interesting possibilities, and its further development will be closely watched.

There are two types that seem always to have exercised an irresistible attraction for the inventor—the helicopter and the ornithopter. The former is a direct-lift machine, differing from the autogiro, with which some confuse it, in that the engine is connected direct to the rotating surfaces, and is not dependent for lift on the forward motion of the machine. Despite a large amount of experiment over many years, little practical success has been achieved, and it seems unlikely that the type will develop in the near future. Its grave disadvantage is that, as so far conceived, in the event of engine failure, all lift ceases.

The ornithopter, or flapping-wing machine, is another type that seems to hold out little promise; and designs have rarely progressed beyond the paper stage. It involves many serious engineering problems; and here again it is doubtful whether any practical success can be expected.

What is encouraging is that everywhere there is evidence of a big attack on the landing-speed problem. No one can say whether the fixed-wing machine will be supplanted, or to what extent the machine of the future will incorporate the various strong features of the aeroplane, the autogiro, or the cyclogiro. This much is certain, however: that the production of a flying machine safe to land in all circumstances and having a fine performance is not very far off. The landing-speed problem cannot remain much longer unsolved.



THE APPROACH TO SAN REMO

SAN REMO IN EARLY SPRING

An Outstanding Resort of the Italian Riviera

NOT far from Ventimiglia, the Riviera border town between Italy and France, the magnificent harbour of San Remo lies basking in the sun between the little promontories of Capo Verde and Capo Nero. Though it is but a few miles from the French Côte d'Azure, there is a distinct difference in the general atmosphere, and there is no mistaking that one is in Italy.

Both France and Italy have their devotees, but as compared with the French coastline the Italian rivieras provide a greater change of atmosphere. It is one of the strangest things that, on crossing the frontier from France to Italy, the division is felt as though the two countries were cut off with a knife. Your French is useless once you have crossed the borderline; national barriers admit of no bilingual distinctions.

And the towns carry on the national atmosphere, they are Italian rather than International. This is one of San Remo's charms.

The place has achieved its outstanding popularity among the resorts of the Italian Rivieras for the same reason that the surrounding districts, particularly to the eastward, have developed a flourishing scent and flower export industry. San Remo has perhaps the most equable and kindly climate to be found on the north Mediterranean shores of Western Europe. The summer heat is tempered by cool sea breezes, and cold winds from the north are warded off by the inland range of the Maritime Alps; the average mean temperature throughout the year is in fact over 60 degrees.

It will be noticed that mention is made of the Italian Rivieras, the word being in the plural. This is done advisedly, for the Italians like to draw a distinction between the sea coast lying between the French frontier and Genova, which they call the "Riviera Ponente" and the stretch south of Genova, which they call the "Riviera Levante." The two coastlines are, indeed, quite different in character, the western being less wild and rugged, with more gentle slopes fading into the sea, whereas the eastern coast is extremely indented and more precipitous.

San Remo itself is generally approached by travellers from England by way of Marseilles and the French Riviera, though it is worth while to make a slight extra detour by travelling through Switzerland and down to the plain of Lombardy by way of the Simplon or the St. Gotthard Tunnel. This has a curious psychological advantage, for, in a manner of speaking, the journey acts as an appetiser to the warmth and sunshine of the Mediterranean, unless of course one has the bad luck to strike an unfortunate day.

Both tunnels are high in the mountains, and the trains speed down thousands of feet into the plains of Lombardy. Minute by minute, almost, the warmth of less elevated regions increases and cheers one up, telling one the whole time that northern fogs, dreariness and cold are being left behind. Spring gradually dawns.

Then, when the downward slope has come to an end, there are the blues and vivid colours of the Italian lakes to charm the passenger gazing out of the window, putting him in the right mood for his ultimate destination.

The Italian rivieras are dotted with innumerable townlets, each with its hotels and organised entertainments. Some of them have developed a veneer of cosmopolitanism, but only a very few. Most have maintained unspoilt their national characteristics. Italy is steeped in tradition and history, yet with the exception perhaps of Quorto, such associations are almost forgotten in favour of the enjoyment of nature's best efforts to please humanity.

It was at Quorto that Garibaldi embarked with his thousand warriors for Sicily, a fact that the town duly commemorates in sculpture.

The town of San Remo is, like so many sea coast pleasure resorts, of dual aspect. There is the modern town with its hotels and broad maritime esplanade, bordered by palms and made colourful by a profusion of flowers, and the old-world town straggling up the hillside. Narrow lanes and gaily painted houses give plenty of local colour here for the visitor who desires a change from the attractions of the sea front.

Although the Italian riviera in general does not feature its social and sporting amenities as its chief appeal to visitors, there is none the less ample opportunity for these. International lawn tennis tournaments, yacht races, and aquatic and equestrian events are regularly organised. The new eighteen-hole golf course at San Remo is one of the best in Italy. It is but a quarter of an hour from the centre of the town and approached by a special motor road. The club house is of the American Country Club variety, and pleasantly situated among olive trees and vines.

In early spring carnival takes place, and the local authorities have their own ideas as to decorations for carts and motors in the procession. The profusion of flowers and their cheapness makes the flower-battles, in which all participate, a sight to be remembered.

San Remo is very proud of its Casino, and not without justification. Gambling, frequently with large stakes, takes place, but many other events and entertainments are organised, including concerts and even operas. G.



PALMS AND FLOWERS ON SAN REMO'S ESPLANADE

CUNARD CRUISES

This Year's Programme

FROM January to October the Cunard Line will make nearly 40 cruises from this country and the United States. The itineraries embrace over 42 countries and calls at nearly 100 ports in every quarter of the globe, including places as remote from each other as Reykjavik in Iceland and Tahiti in the South Seas, Istanbul in Turkey, Wellington (New Zealand), Diego Suarez (Madagascar) and San Pedro on the western seaboard of America.

Altogether the ships will steam some 250,000 miles. There will be cruises which can be made for as low a figure as 9 guineas, and cruises like the Franconia's world trip, in which a luxury suite costs 2,540 guineas. The Aquitania is to make two extensive cruises in the Mediterranean in February and March, the Laconia is to make three cruises from this country between January and April, whilst the Carinthia leaves Liverpool this month to begin a series of cruises from America.

During the holiday season between March and October, the Lancastria and the Samaria will make a series of no fewer than 25 cruises to Spain, Portugal, the Mediterranean and Baltic, Germany, Holland, Sweden, the Norwegian Fjords, Iceland, Sardinia, Canary Isles and Madeira. Fifteen of these cruises will be by the Lancastria from Liverpool, and the remainder by the Samaria from London. The rates are from 9 guineas, and the cruises will vary in length from six to seventeen days.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Mending Split Cane Rods.—Tackle makers nowadays can usually make a very good job of a broken split cane rod, particularly if if it is only one of the tops. For a temporary splice on the river bank split a few quills lengthwise and lay one piece on each of the six surfaces and whip well in position. This splice, if well done, will, in fact, last a long time, but we should certainly suggest that the rod be returned to the makers for a more permanent repair during the close season.—*C. J. T., Som.*

Trout Fishing in the North of London.—If you want to be able to get down for the evening fishing, which means, presumably, that it must be within some 30 miles odd from, say, the centre of London, there is not a very wide choice. Several rather exclusive clubs have trout water in Hertfordshire. You will find mention of some of them in *Where to Fish*. For a "rod" or odd days' fishing you might write to Mr. G. W. King, Digswell Fishery, Welwyn, Herts. His water is on the Mimram and an attractive reach.—*A. W. D., London.*

Athletics

Principal Fixtures for 1934. The following is a list of the chief athletic fixtures for this season. March 10th, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, White City; June 23rd, Midland Championships, Birmingham; July 7th, A.A.A. Junior Championships, White City; July 13th–14th, A.A.A. Championships, White City; August 3rd–6th, Empire Games, White City; August 9th–11th, Women's Olympiad, White City.—*J. L. B., London.*

Badminton

Badminton Titles.—R. M. White, of Bristol, beat D. C. Hume by 15—10, 15—5 in the men's singles All-England final last year. Miss A. Woodroffe, of Paignton, beat Miss T. Kingsbury in the ladies' final, 11—7, 11—5. It was 33 years previous to this that both titles were won by West Country players, and not 30 years as you suggest. The finalists then were J. H. Smith and Mrs. D. R. Larcombe (then Miss E. Thomson).—*G. B., Crewe.*

Farm

Silver Fox Farming.—You will be able to obtain leaflets giving information about the silver fox industry from the Secretary, Silver Fox Breeders' Association, 1, Oxford Court, Cannon Street, E.C. 4. Articles on the industry also appear regularly in the *Field*.—*R. H., Whitehaven.*

Cabbage-Planting Machine.—The machine for planting out cabbages which was awarded the silver medal at the R.A.S.E. Show in 1932 is the Robot Planter. It was exhibited by Transplanters (Holding Co.) Ltd., 41, Moorfields, Moorgate, London, E.C. 2. Bloodless castrators, which have proved satisfactory in use, are manufactured by the Holborn Surgical Instrument Co., Ltd., 26, Thavies Inn, London, E.C. 1.—*T., Kenya.*

Value of Meadow Hay.—In the rick, well-made meadow hay with a good "nose" and not fibrous is worth about 45s. a ton at the present time. The price will vary according to local circumstances and the relative abundance of supply and the demand. The quality of 1933 hay was generally extremely good, and the feeding value is high, but crops were very short in the districts which suffered from the early summer drought. A fair charge for cutting out the hay, trussing and delivering to a distance of one-and-a-half miles would be 10s. a ton.—*R. L. T., Hants.*

Potato Marketing Scheme. All farmers who grew more than one acre of potatoes in 1933 are invited to register and vote on the potato marketing scheme, which has now been approved by Parliament. The necessary forms are obtainable from The Potato Marketing Board, Thames House, Millbank, or from the county secretary of the National Farmers' Union, which is promoting the scheme. The scheme applies to England, Wales and Scotland and will be enforced if a sufficient majority in favour is obtained at the poll of producers.—*K., Durham.*

Red Polls in the West Country.—A first-class herd of Red Poll cattle in the West Country are owned by Captain Alan Richardson, Seven Springs Farm, Cheltenham. Seven Springs Quebec, a home-bred bull, secured the reserve championship at the 1931 Royal Show. Another Gloucestershire herd is owned by Mr. J. N. Kendall, at Brimpsfield Park, Glos. Most of the leading herds are situated in the eastern counties, the home of the breed, but the Secretary of the Red Poll Cattle Society, 29, Warrington Road, Ipswich, will be able to give you a full list.—*N. C., Wores.*

Garden

Apple Identified.—The apple sent for identification was a Newton Wonder.—*G. B. S., London.*

Hunting

Bequeathing a Pack of Hounds.—We would advise you to apply to the Secretary of the Masters of Foxhound Association, at 8, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, who no doubt will be able to assist you in bequeathing a pack of hounds.—*W. F., London.*

Hunting in the South of England.—You would probably find Eastbourne a suitable centre if you wish to hunt in the South of England. Here you may hunt with the East Sussex and Southdown, and no doubt Messrs. Newman & Andy, Grange Road, Eastbourne, would assist you with a good horse.—*N., Brussels.*

Kennel

Breed of Dog.—We cannot recognise the dog, whose photograph you send, as belonging to any definite breed. It has the appearance of being a cross between a Welsh corgi and one of the terriers, or it might be a corgi of sorts. Can you give us something about its history?—*W. H. S., Aberystwyth.*

Legal

Ditch Width.—In the absence of evidence to the contrary there is a presumption that a ditch belongs to the owner of the adjoining hedge; but if there is no ditch or sign of a ditch there is no presumed right to "ditch width" of 4ft., or of any other width, in favour of the owner of the hedge.—*A. M. F., Warwick.*

Overhanging Trees.—You may lop at the boundary line branches of your neighbour's trees which grow over your land and cut roots which grow into it. This may be done without notice, though notice is usual as a matter of courtesy. All fruits, branches and roots belong to the owner of the tree and not the owner of the land over or into which the tree has, so to say, trespassed.—*G. J. H., Southall.*

Library

Diary for a Horseman.—You can obtain a copy of a diary suitable for a horseman or horsewoman from Messrs. Webster, Dover Street, London, W. 1, who annually publish the *Badminton Diary* at a very nominal price, or from Messrs. Walter Goldsmith & Co., 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. 2, whose *Hunting Diary and Guide* is published at 5/- net.—*F. A. H., Reading.*

Publication of Sheet Calendar.—The Sheet Calendar of the *Racing Calendar* is published weekly byMessrs. Weatherby, of 15, Cavendish Square, London, W.C., at a cost of 1/9. The bound volume of *Races Past* is published annually by the same firm at a cost of 18/6 net. Notices of the decisions of the National Hunt Committee are to be found in the Sheet Calendar, and the record of meetings held, etc., is published in *Steeple Chases* annually, at a cost of 12/6, by Messrs. Weatherby.—*L. J. D., London.*

Naturalist

Grubs in a Carpet.—The grubs sent for identification, which were found in a carpet, were the larvæ of a very destructive species of clothes moth known as the brown house moth (*Borkhausenia pseudospretella*). There is hardly any dried material, whether animal or vegetable, that is immune from the attacks of these grubs.—*L. C., London.*

Naturalist (*Continued*)

Care of Ferrets.—Where ferrets are found to be suffering from the attacks of small blood-sucking insects it is very necessary to clean hutches out with a blow-lamp. If disinfectant is used it would probably not get into the various cracks which can only be reached by the aid of a blow-lamp. Also all litter must be destroyed and a fresh supply used before the ferrets are replaced in the hutch. One or two drops of vinegar used in places where the insects collect will cause them to let go, and they can then be removed with a tweezer. If you continue to be troubled with these insects use Spratt's mange lotion, giving a thorough dressing all over. This can be obtained either locally from Spratt's agents or direct from their London address, which is Cereal House, Mark Lane, London, E.C. 3.—*H. J. P., Exeter.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Tumour from a Dog for Examination. Portions of the growth are being prepared for microscopic examination, the result of which we will let you know later.—*Dr. C. L., Alverstoke.*

Poor Condition of a Shot Partridge.—The bird's poor condition was apparently due to an infestation of large tapeworms, several of which were found in the duodenum, or first part of the intestinal tract. We could find no evidence of partridge disease.—*G. N. W.*

Cause of Woodpigeon's Death.—The post-mortem findings indicate that diphtheritic roup was the cause of the pigeon's death. The bird's throat was filled by an accumulation of cheesy material which obstructed the passage of air to the lungs. The disease attacks chickens, turkeys and geese. Pheasants, and various wild birds are also susceptible. All birds found dead should be burnt.—*R. W., Hants.*

Shooting

Fit of Gun.—We regret that from the details you give it is impossible to estimate what stock measurements would be suitable to a sportsman of your build. Gunmakers have by years of experience established certain stock measurements which suit the majority of sportsmen, but to shoot with comfort and confidence it is most necessary to have a gun built to your special requirements. If you give a reliable English gunmaker the following particulars he would be able to fit you, but, needless to say, for the finer details a visit to a gun-fitting range is a *sine qua non*. Information required: (1) Do you shoot from the right or the left shoulder? (2) Do you shoot with one eye open or both, if one, state which? (3) State width across shoulders. (4) Chest measurements under armpits. (5) Height from heel to shoulders. (6) Total height. (7) Length under armpit to tip of trigger finger. (8) Weight. As a general rule, Under and Over guns shoot higher than guns with barrels side by side, and, in consequence, should have slightly more bend.—*W. F., Molo, Kenya Colony.*

Shooting (*Continued*)

Stable

Jumping Records.—Heatherbloom jumped 8ft. 1in. at New York in September, 1902, and is said to have beaten this in private. The record for the English high jump in public is that of Confidence, which cleared 7ft. 5½in. at Olympia in June, 1912.—*N. R. H., Kentucky.*

Information Wanted

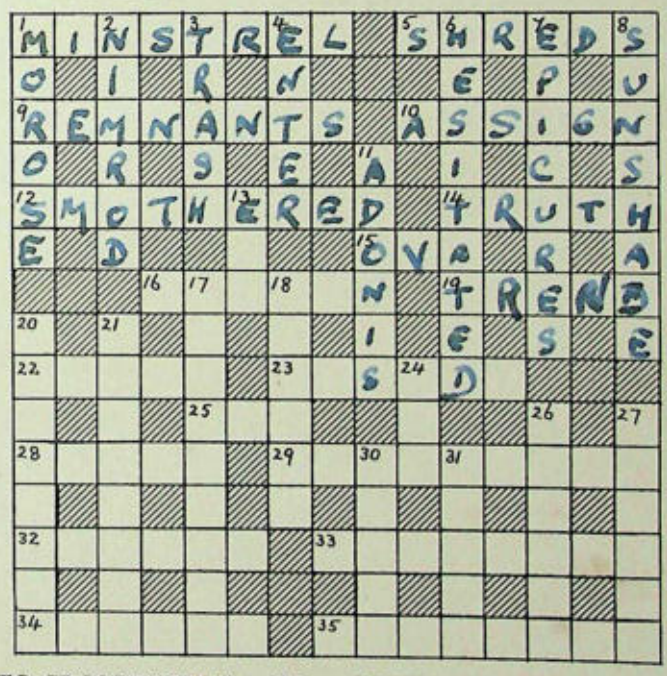
I understand that a firm recently advertised in the *Field* a sporting dog whistle, I believe of the name of Dalton, which did not attract the human ear but that of the dog. If anyone can give me the address of this firm I shall be obliged.—*G. E. L., Northumberland.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

QUITE good prices were again realised at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester Repository on Saturday last, and a large number of horses were sold. Lord Nunburnholme sent up a stud of eighteen, twelve of which changed hands at an aggregate of £1,822 16s., the best prices being Dad's Horse, b g, 260gs., and Oxendon, br g, 230gs. Four out of Mr. G. R. Wheeler's stud of five found fresh owners, his b g Jack going for 220gs. Two well-known hunters—Valhalla, b m, and a b m by Loch Lomond, the property of the Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps, went for 250gs. and 280gs. respectively. Appended is a list of the principal lots sold: Property of Major Evelyn Fanshawe: Nortoft, b g, 280gs.; Nazeby, ch g, 120gs. Property of Mr. John Carson: Master Drin, ch g, 65gs.; Big Boy, ch h, 130gs. Property of Mr. G. R. Wheeler: Ever Ready, ch g, 105gs.; Stokes, b g, 72gs.; Jack, b g, 220gs.; Silver Crown C, bl g, 200gs. Property of Lord Nunburnholme: Holderness, b g, 150gs.; Tiny, b g, 76gs.; Oakley, br g, 170gs.; Nobby, br g, 200gs.; White Face, br g, 145gs.; Mohawk, b g, 200gs.; MacIlwaine, ch g, 105gs.; Oxendon, br g, 230gs.; Cock Robin, b g, 88gs.; Hill, b g, 70gs.; Dad's Horse, b g, 260gs. Property of the Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps: Valhalla, b m, 250gs.; B m, 280gs. Property of Mrs. O. T. Hanlon: Kildare, b g, 64gs. Property of Captain B. J. Fowler: Hy Brazil, bl g, 125gs. Property of Mrs. Carr: Cark Silverspark, br g, 100gs.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 256

ACROSS.—1 and 5, "A wandering —— 1, A thing of —— and patches" (*The Mikado*). 9, These may make a man stern. 10, Allot. 12, Stifled. 14, "'What is ——?' said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer" (Bacon). 15, Fifty have been lost at the Oval. 16, Load. 19, General direction. 22, A baby one would not need feeding. 23, If one is this oneself, one's out of one's wits. 25, This is out of gear. 28, From him the Cockney buys his socks. 29, High degree. 32, Our kingdom. 33, A girl between father and mother. 34, Rented (anag.). 35, You can take a great deal of this in your business without being an usurer.

DOWN.—1, Sullen. 2, A mighty hunter. 3, Rubbish. 4, Sometimes the reply to a knock. 6, Showed indecision. 7, A mixture of spice and rue. 8, Useful last summer. 11, Youth loved by Venus. 13, "To —— is human; to forgive, divine" (Pope). 17, Enter upon work not necessarily connected with a funeral. 18, Who would have thought that brides might be wreckage! 20, Uninformed. 21, Fixture on a cricket ground. 24, This will help to entice you, particularly in hot weather. 26, Long, vehement speech. 27, Oppressive ruler. 30, Retinue. 31, "Like ——, all tears" (*Hamlet*).

SOLUTION TO No. 255. Published January 6th

C	A	T	K	I	N				I	S	S	U	E	S
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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

AID FROM THE TOTE

The Racecourse Betting Control Board has earned the thanks of horsebreeders for, in response to an urgent appeal from the Hunters Improvement and the National Light Horse Breeding societies, the Board has agreed to make a grant of £2,000 towards the award of Premiums for thoroughbred stallions in 1934. This is one of the purposes for which it was constituted, and the news, which comes as a surprise, is more than welcome. The contribution enables the society to offer 60 Premiums of the value of £100 and eight Super Premiums of an additional £25 at the annual show to be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall on February 27th to March 1st. The light horse breeding industry should respond to such timely aid.

INCIDENTS OF FIELD TRIALS

Apart from the records of performances of particular dogs, the Field Trial season, which has now come to a close, was remarkable for two pleasant incidents. One of these was the success of Lord Knutsford in the Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Retriever Trials, at which he won the Non-winners Stake with Munden Squeezer, and gained a certificate of merit in the Nomination Stake. Lord Knutsford is in his 79th year, and handled his dog himself. Besides handling, he still shoots as brilliantly as ever, and everyone was delighted with his success.

The second incident was the presentation, on January 17th, of a gift to Lorna Countess Howe. The occasion was the first afternoon of two days' Field Trials of gamekeepers' dogs at Idsworth, and the gift was a chiming clock surmounted by a silver model of Dual Champion Bramshaw Bob. This was presented to Lady Howe "as a token of appreciation and affection by the 5/- members of the Labrador Retriever Club." Those words express the feelings of all her friends for one who, as worker and hostess, has done more for dogs and for Field Trials than any other person living.

DRUMMING WOODPECKERS

Early bird song is always an interesting topic among naturalists, and this year there have been records of drumming woodpeckers given with commendable accuracy as regards dates. Miss Richenda Bland, for example, sends to *The Times* her memoranda of the first dates on which she has head the Greater Spotted Woodpecker drum for the first time in recent years in West Norfolk: 1930, Jan. 14th; 1931, Jan. 22nd; 1932, Jan. 8th; 1933, Jan. 27th; 1934, Jan. 9th.

Most people do not have the good fortune to hear woodpeckers drumming until March. What a queer thing it is, by the way, that so good an observer as the late W. H. Hudson should have stated in print that the green woodpecker drums. It is only the two spotted woodpeckers that drum—and cause controversy as to how they do it.

ROSES IN JANUARY

It is a strange winter. One of the longest pre-Christmas cold spells in living memory was followed by a break with winds from the west, and then by another spell of frost. Snowdrops and aconites in South Country gardens have been slow in coming into bloom, and there is hardly a primrose bud to be seen in the woods. Crocuses are still only peeping, and only in the third or fourth week of January did the hazels begin to shake out their catkins.

Yet the garden roses behave as if it were nearer June than February. Their sap runs strongly, and from different parts of the country comes the news that buds are opening into bloom. With roses at Christmas, are we going to have snow in May?

TWEEDSIDE

Of the Tweed Andrew Lang has written in English and Scots: English in the lovely lines of "Twilight on Tweed," Scots in "Ballades in Blue China":—

"There's mony a water, great or sma',
Gaes singing in his siller tune,
Through glen and heugh, and hope and shaw,
Beneath the sunlicht or the moon:
But set us in our fishing-shoon
Between the Caddon-burn and Peel,
And syne we'll cross the heather broun
By fair Tweedside at Ashiesteel!

Deil take the dirty, trading loon
Wad gar the water ca' his wheel
And drift his dyes and poisons doun
By fair Tweedside at Ashiesteel!"



"Efforts were made to 'film' the 'monster'" *Wardour Films Ltd.*

SUMMING-UP THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

Facts *versus* Visions—An Analysis of the Evidence

By MARTIN A. C. HINTON

(Deputy Keeper of Zoology, British Museum—Natural History)

NO zoologist would deny the possibility of discovering a large creature, of "prehistoric type" (whatever that may mean), hitherto unknown to Science, in vast ocean solitudes, in imperfectly explored foreign lands, or even in the limited and completely surveyed waters of Loch Ness. But for more than 200 years zoologists have been busy ransacking the world, and the chance of finding a large vertebrate animal of a type entirely new to Science living anywhere, either on the land or in the sea, grows smaller and smaller every day.

The larger animals of the North Atlantic and the North Sea are fairly well known, and the chance of making a sensational addition to the list is now small indeed. To establish such a discovery to-day the zoologist would be required to furnish rigid proof based upon a personal examination of at least some characteristic portion of the alleged new animal. Without such proof Science, whose first business is the collection of cold facts, could not recognise such a claim, even though supported by an infinity of eye-witness stories, photographs and alleged "spoors." With good faith all through, such substitutes for real evidence could do no more than make every scientific man very eager to go and collect satisfactory material for himself. Bad faith showing through, here and there, would arouse his suspicion of the whole story, and would merely tend to divert him from the inquiry.

We may accept the 51 eye-witnesses interrogated by Commander Gould and the score or more later witnesses who have made statements describing what they have seen of the Loch Ness "monster" as witnesses of truth; that is to say, each of them has done his best to describe, without addition, subtraction or embellishment, what he thinks he saw on the loch or on its shores. Accurate observation, even of familiar stationary things on land, is a very difficult art; and accurate description of the impression left by the observation is still more difficult. These difficulties are enormously enhanced when the observation concerns an unfamiliar object seen at some considerable distance in motion in the water, where light, reflections, ripple, wind and haze change from second to second.

Considerations such as these would lead us to expect many discrepancies of detail in the stories of the witnesses; so that no adverse criticism could be based upon the variable nature of their accounts. The more honest and uninstructed the witnesses the more they will differ from each other and the more difficult it will be for the zoologist to find out what it is they are all endeavouring to describe. One fact alone does emerge from this great mass of testimony, namely, that for some months the loch has been inhabited by one or more large animals not usually there.

Accepting the statements of two or three of the witnesses, we find that the intruder is not confined to the water but comes on shore from time to time, crossing the road, and ascending the slope beyond. One observer surprised the creature on the roadside at night nearly 40 yards ahead. "As he approached, the creature moved, turned a small head in his direction, and then with great bounds crossed the road and plunged into the water." Further, "it had . . . large oval-shaped eyes set almost on top of its head . . . a big heavy body, and there were two flippers in front. It seemed also . . . to have two legs behind, and they appeared to be webbed."

From other witnesses we learn that the "monster" chases the salmon, and that it is most frequently seen round the mouths of the streams flowing into the loch or near the exit of the Ness by which the salmon enter from the sea. Several mauled salmon have been found, including at least one "kelt," important as showing that the injuries were sustained in the loch and not on the upward run of the fish.

Now all these facts, looked at broadly, are in harmony with the view that the loch has been invaded by one or more grey seals. They are common in the Dornoch Firth and by no means infrequent in the Beauly Firth. They prey upon the salmon, and probably one or more followed the salmon up the River Ness last year. Seals have been seen in the loch on previous occasions. The river presents almost insurmountable obstacles to any large marine vertebrate other than a seal or a salmon; but to the grey seal, capable as we know of doing a journey of 30 miles over rough country, the ascent would be easy. The general description of the individual seen on land and of its progress across the road into the water, quoted above, fits the grey seal to perfection if we make allowance for an excusable over-estimate of size.

Great attempts have been made to lead zoologists to a more romantic conclusion. Much stress has been laid upon the supposed colossal length of the "monster," its small head, long outstretched neck, and serpentine body indicated by humps visible above the water. Each description of the swimming animal is a simple summary of the impressions made upon the mind of each observer by a longer or shorter series of continually changing images. In no one of them could we put implicit trust. The very agreement of the more sensational stories among themselves tells against them. The observers, despite their good faith, appear to have been influenced subconsciously by three things, singly or in combination, namely, the Kelpie tradition, the sea-serpent myth, and by the picture postcards of the "monster" on sale in Inverness.

The *Daily Mail*, with customary enterprise, sent investigators. These included a big-game hunter, who eventually found two impressions of a large foot upon the shore. Photographs and a cast of these were submitted to the museum, where the impressions were found to have been made on a heaped-up bank of fine shingle with the help of a stuffed foot of a hippopotamus. A wag had been busy—had he used a living hippopotamus the impression would have been different and the big-game hunter would not have been deceived. On the other side of the loch the animal which bounded across the road, described above, left a trail. In that trail was an obscure footprint of which a cast was also made. At the museum it was found that this footprint was also the work of a joker—but this time he used the mounted foot of a rhinoceros.

Efforts were made to "film" the "monster." Some of the first pictures were reproduced in various newspapers, and two slides made from one of them were shown to the meeting of British zoologists on January 6th. They showed nothing that could be positively identified as an animal.

Although apparently not of great scientific interest, the "monster" is of considerable importance to local industries and to the great world of advertisement. In gratitude business men are asked to address it privately as "ministering angel," reserving "monster" for public occasions.



MISS MARIBEL VINSON
An American competitor at Oslo who has beaten all comers in her own country



ERNST BAIER OF GERMANY
One of the Continental rivals to Graham Sharp, Britain's sixteen-year-old hope



MADAME GABI CLERICETTI
A French competitor for the Ladies' World Title, in a Fancy Dress Exhibition

RIVAL CHAMPIONS OF THE RINK

British Girl Skaters who Aspire to World Honours

By GEORGE GRAHAM

WITH the European Championships in figure skating in progress and the World's Championships at Oslo and Stockholm in February not so far off, interest is concentrated on the leading exponents.

For the past four years one has heard the same remark on all sides: "This has been a boom season for skating." The present winter is no exception, in fact so far it has been more then usually kind to the skater, having provided two weeks' continuous frost during December when open-air skating was possible for eleven days in some parts of England. Judging from the number of children who have been skating at the various indoor rinks during the holidays it is quite evident that skating has now become a favourite pastime, if not a national one, in Great Britain.

The main theme of speculation in the World events seems to be "What chance have our girls?" The truly meteoric rise of young British skaters to the front rank in such events as World and European titles has caused a stir throughout the skating world. It will be remembered that the thirteen-year-old Cecilia Colledge was second to the famous Sonja Henie, the World Champion, in the European Championships last year. Can she or Megan Taylor, also thirteen but already twice champion of Great Britain, beat Sonja?

Possibly they may not have a chance this year, but it is more than likely that Megan Taylor will secure third place, which would be the best performance by a British skater since Mrs. Syers won the championship in 1906/7.

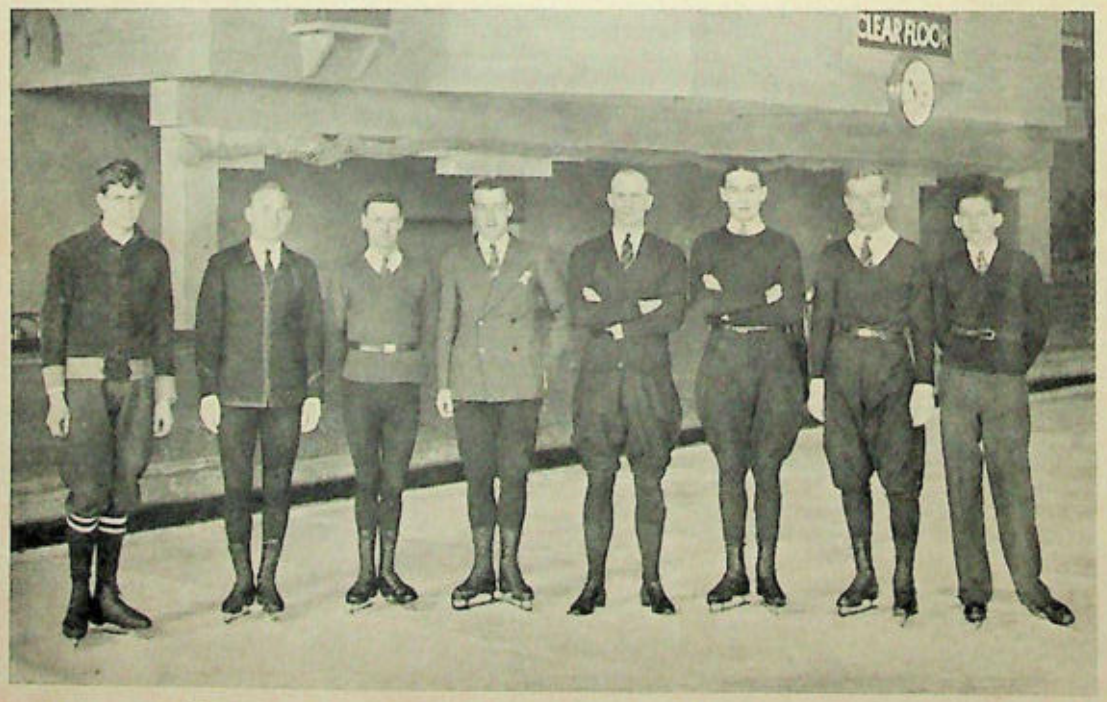
Let us review the participants in the Championship. First there is Frk. Sonja Henie, who has now been Champion of the World seven times. Her great experience, and supreme technique should win the title for her again. Should any other skater equal her performance, it is extremely unlikely that she would be marked above her. One must be a good deal more than "just a little better" than the champion to wrest a title from her, and so I think Sonja will win again.

The second place will probably go to Vivi-Anne Hulten, the little Swedish girl, pretty, artistic and quiet, who combines not only perfect figures with unusual strength, but has ideas all her own on how the free skating should be done, and is fearless enough to introduce something new.

The tussle for third place is bound to be very severe. The two British girls are fairly evenly matched, but the "question mark" will be Frl. Lisselotte Landbeck of Austria, who, it will be remembered, holds the world speed skating record for 500 metres. Frl. Landbeck did not show any great promise at figure skating last year, but this season she has already beaten Fritzi Burger and by doing so gained the Figure Skating Championship of Austria. This is no mean achievement, as Fritzi Burger has several times run Sonja Henie very close in World title events. Hilde Holovksy, the fourteen-year-old Austrian girl, who showed so much promise last year, unfortunately died in the summer she had promised to rise to championship rank.

Among other entrants for the world title is Mme. Yvonne de Ligne, champion of Belgium and a very popular and capable skater. It is extremely unlikely, however, that she will carry off any of the honours as her free skating is a little too slow when compared with Sonja. Frl. Michaelis of Germany, although extremely good in many respects, is also unlikely to be placed. Mme. Gabi Clericetti, Mlle. Henriques and Mlle. Jeanine Garanger-Hagnauer of France, are unknown quantities to those who have not seen them skate since last season, but judging from their style then they are unlikely to make an impression.

Last but not least among the ladies is Miss Maribel Y. Vinson of the U.S.A. Miss Vinson has been in England since the beginning of the season specially to train here for the World events. On a previous visit in January, 1931, she took the N.S.A. gold medal, which is no mean test of her ability. Since then, however, she has improved considerably in her free skating, and has beaten all comers for the American championship. This feat should not be overrated, as figure skating is not essentially taken as seriously in America as in Europe. She has, together with our girls, a good chance of securing third place.



LAST YEAR'S COMPETITORS IN THE MEN'S BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP
From left to right: G. B. Leyton, H. L. White, H. Constantine, J. F. Page, L. G. Cox, J. E. Dunn, P. C. Low and H. G. Sharp, who ran Page very close for the British Championship last season

In the men's events Karl Schäfer of Austria is, like Sonja Henie, a certain winner, since he has held the title for four years and has exceptional experience. The "dark horse" here is young Graham Sharp, who will be the sole representative of Great Britain in the men's events. This sixteen-year-old schoolboy has made amazing progress. Three years ago he could hardly skate, but since then he has become so keen and worked so hard and quietly that to everyone's surprise he ran J. Fergusson-Page very close for the British Championship last season.

He has now improved yet another 50 per cent., and will probably put up a very good show. His easy style and spectacular jumps will probably help to win the British title for him this year. Marcus Nikkanen of Finland and Ernst Baier of Germany will, with Graham Sharp, contend for the second place, and it is hard to say who will succeed. Erich Erdos of Austria and Jean Henrion of France are also very good, but it is extremely doubtful that either of them will succeed in securing even a third position.

Finally, in the Pair Skating Championship, Frl. Papez and Herr Zwack of Austria and Frl. Rotter and Herr Szollas of Hungary will compete for the first place, providing M. and Mme. Brunet-Joly of France do not enter. That is as yet uncertain. The British pair, Miss Mollie Phillips and Mr. Rodney Murdoch, although excellent in many respects, it would seem, cannot aspire to more than third place this year.

The European Championship in Figure Skating for Men was decided at Innsbruck, in Austria, last Saturday and Sunday. It might be better to say "undecided," as there seems to have been either a misunderstanding or a disagreement amongst the judges. At the time of writing very little information is available beyond the fact that the title has once again been awarded to Karl Schäfer, of Vienna, who thus becomes Champion of Europe for the sixth time in succession. It is also known that second place has been given to Pataki, of Hungary, who so far has been little known in international skating.

When it came to the third place the judges seemed to be undecided. There is a rumour that young Jackie Dunn, of London, will secure it, but this is as yet unconfirmed. It is also said that the documents, such as judges' cards, etc., in connection with this championship, are being forwarded to the headquarters of the International Skating Union at Stockholm, whence the final markings and positions will eventually be published. This is an unprecedented state of affairs. Mr. H. M. Martineau, of London, was the only English judge on the panel.

It is a point of interest that the European championships are often looked upon more as training and experience for the world's title than as an end in themselves. Yet some contend that it is unfair for Sonja Henie, holder of the world title, to compete in these Championships,

Figure skating is divided into two classes, that of the International style and that of the English style. The former, of course, is the accepted style used abroad and has now become recognised here, but the latter has been handed down to us from the days when our grandfathers and great-grandfathers used to skate in top hats and multi-coloured tailcoats.

The International style is easier to acquire and has greater flexibility, being easily interwoven with acrobatic "stunts" and therefore appealing more from the spectacular point of view, whilst the English style, with its rigid regulations, shoulders square, knees stiff, hands stretched downwards, appeals more from the purely technical side. The most spectacular side of English skating is the combined fours, when teams consisting of four persons skate various figures to a centre, usually an orange placed on the ice. The figures are called by the leader or "caller."

The British championships in the "English style" will be held at Birmingham this year on March 12th. The Challenge Shield (the oldest competition of its kind except the Davos Bowl) will probably be won again by the Royal Skating Club. It is interesting in this connection to remember that it was only in October, 1932, that the King, who is patron of the National Skating Association, commanded that the name of the Skating Club, Wimbledon, should be changed to the Royal Skating Club.

The Club's only serious competitor will be Manchester, though it is possible that the Bear Club will enter a team. It is also quite on the cards that Birmingham will enter as the event is taking place in that city. The Birmingham Skating Club was founded in 1850, but although its members have appreciable technical knowledge, none has yet succeeded in passing the N. S. A. Gold Test in the English style. Three of the team entered by the Royal Skating Club are already known. They are Mr. R. S. Hewett (caller), R. W. Bristow, and A. J. Davidson. The fourth has not yet been chosen.

The figures for this event have been set by Mr. J. L. Prescott, who has had to eliminate all "out-figures" owing to the narrowness of the rink. The holders of the hand-in-prize, Dr. E. A. Johnstone and Miss K. M. Whyatt of Manchester, will defend their title at the same time and they will have to face formidable rivals in Mr. and Mrs. K. Ord Mackenzie, who two years ago won the pair-skating championship in the International style. Dr. E. A. Johnstone, the holder of the single title, may have a serious rival in R. W. Bristow, but it is quite likely that he will remain unbeaten





OUR LEADING GIRL SKATERS

Left: Cecilia Colledge placed second to Sonja Henie in the European Championship last year. Right: Megan Taylor, twice lady champion of Great Britain



THE GREAT SONJA HENIE

Norway's Olympic Champion of the Rink

SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF SCENT

Experiments Which Have Shown How it is Possible to Forecast Good or Bad Hunting Conditions

By H. M. BUDGETT



A SCENT INDICATOR CONSTRUCTED BY MR. H. M. BUDGETT IN 1928

This instrument registers the difference in temperature between the air and the ground. From carefully worked out data an electrically operated needle automatically records whether scenting conditions are good or bad. The apparatus has been tested with success for four seasons

This instrument is supplied by Messrs. Griffin & Tatlock Kemble Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

THE chief mystery connected with scent lies in the fact that although throughout the ages so many people have devoted a large proportion of their lives to the sport of hunting, no one has taken the trouble to discover what enables a hound to follow the track of its quarry, and there is still a popular belief that the vagaries of scent are inexplicable. The only satisfactory way of approaching a problem of this nature is to dismiss all unproved theories from one's mind, and to start with simple known facts connected with the case.

If a quarry, such as a man, fox, stag or hare walks, or runs across a grass field, it is an undisputed fact that a hound can hunt the track after a few minutes, and the question is, what does the hound follow? Does the scent float about in the air, or does it arise from the grass? In the former case, the air must have remained stationary since the quarry passed, and as the hound can still hunt the line in a wind this supposition is at once ruled out, because a gentle wind moving at five miles an hour would have carried the scent through a distance of over 700 yards, in five minutes!

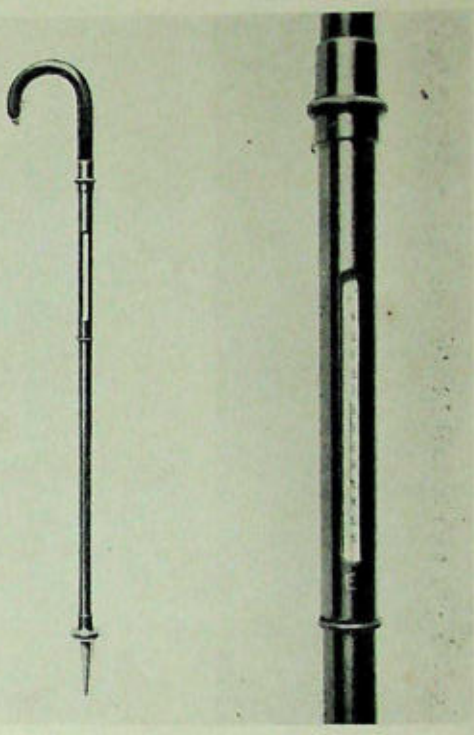
It is, therefore, obvious that the scent must come from the grass, and next the problem is to discover why the grass should smell after the quarry has touched it. Is some smelling matter deposited upon it by the feet of the quarry, or does the grass itself give off scent after it has been crushed by a weight? It is obvious that any particles of matter deposited by the feet of the quarry must be extremely minute, as the trail may extend for miles before scent begins to fail. It is evident that these particles cannot be detected except under a high magnification, and we are unable to see them if we examine a blade of grass under the microscope, so let us try to obtain an impression from the foot of a quarry upon a clean glass microscope slide.

If we press the sole of a shoe upon a slide it is impossible to detect anything except mud and dust, even when the impression is examined with a high magnification under the microscope; but should the shoes and socks be removed and the bare foot placed upon the slide, a film will be seen, which, if examined under the microscope, will be found to consist of a multitude of globules of an oily liquid. However often the foot may be applied to the slide this film will be present; and not only the foot but also the hand and other parts of the naked body yield minute traces of moisture when pressed upon glass. We find that this liquid is of such an oily nature that it is still deposited on the microscope slide after the skin has been washed with soap and water.

Is this liquid responsible for the scent track of a man, and does it find its way through the leather soles of his shoes? The answer to both these questions is "Yes," but space does not allow a description of the experiments by means of which these conclusions were proved to be correct. The next step is to discover whether this liquid, which we may refer to as "scent oil," is present on the feet of other quarry, such as the fox, the stag and the hare. If we press the pad or slot of one of these animals upon the slide immediately after it has been killed, we obtain no more result than we do by pressing our shoe upon the glass, but further investigation proves that the scent oil is there, although it is difficult to find. Scent oil is, in fact, present upon the feet of any quarry which can be tracked by scent, and it has been proved to be responsible for the trail of scent which it leaves.

We have now shown that a strong-smelling liquid is deposited upon the grass by the feet of the quarry, but we have yet to determine whether the grass itself gives off scent after it has been crushed by a weight. The obvious way to test this is to drag a weight across the grass and to see if a hound can follow the track thus formed. If we carry out this experiment we find that some hounds can hunt the line with ease, whilst others refuse to do so. The trail is there clearly enough, and it is only a question as to whether the hound has been entered to hunt the scent of crushed grass or whether it thinks that it is doing wrong in following any but the individual scent oil of its quarry. The scent track of crushed grass is very lasting, and it is the power of hunting this line which enables bloodhounds to follow their man when he wears rubber boots or even rides a bicycle over grass.

Having proved that scent tracks are due to odoriferous particles of matter on the ground, we have yet to explain why the scent of these particles may vary so enormously, even when the track is laid by the same quarry at different times of the same day across the same field. The question is whether the hound smells the particles themselves



PORTABLE WALKING STICK SCENT INDICATOR

By inserting this stick into the ground, earth and air temperatures are recorded on separate thermometers. Mr. Budgett in his book "Hunting by Scent" (Eyre & Spottiswoode) describes how the readings affect scenting conditions

These instruments are supplied by Messrs. Griffin & Tatlock Kemble Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



BLOODHOUND FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF AN EARTHENWARE HOT-WATER BOTTLE DRAWN ACROSS GRASS BY A WIRE WOUND ON A DRUM

One of the many interesting experiments carried out by Mr. Budgett. It showed how crushed grass yields scent and demonstrated how frost affected the scent produced in this manner. Reproduced from "Hunting by Scent" (Eyre & Spottiswoode)

or the air which has come in contact with them? The classic experiment of Sir William Ramsay in 1882, proves that scent is carried by air currents and not by the particles themselves, so that all we have to discover is what changes take place in the air currents!

Let us imagine that we are testing scenting conditions ourselves and are standing over the grating of a shaft through which a current of air can be forced either up or down by means of a reversible fan. The grating is strewn with violets or roses, the scent of which we are investigating. Will the smell be more noticeable if air is blown upwards through the flowers to our nostrils or if it is sucked downwards so that the air is drawn through the flowers away from us into the shaft? It must be perfectly obvious that the scent will seem stronger in the former case, whereas, in the latter case we shall probably be unable to smell the flowers unless we put our noses right in amongst them.

Experiments show that the earth breathes, and at times gentle currents of air are rising from it, whilst at other times air is being drawn down into it. When the earth exhales, hounds can hunt well, and scent is often breast high; whereas, when the earth inhales, hounds have to press their noses right down upon the ground in order to catch any scent. The conditions which control this "breathing" of the earth have been investigated, and are described in my book, *Hunting by Scent*. The result has been that scent-indicating instruments are now obtainable, and it is possible to ascertain with certainty whether scenting conditions are favourable or unfavourable for hunting.



KELT POOL ON THE GRIMERSTA
"Many times have we looked down from the high rock at fish lying in layers like sardines"

A GREAT SALMON RIVER'S RECORD

Fishing the Famous Grimersta Waters

By MAJOR G. L. ASHLEY-DODD

As one who has known the River Grimersta in the Island of Lewis for well over a quarter of a century, I have been asked to write a descriptive article embracing some of my own experiences, and also of others for which I can vouch, but it is a difficult task without being dubbed an Ananias specialising in fish stories; however, I must either abstain from writing at all, or run this risk. I will start by introducing my reader to the mouth of the river where it enters the long estuary of Loch Roag, on the upper part of which Grimersta Lodge is situated.

One of the most wonderful sights I have ever seen in European waters can be observed here year after year in the right season; that is when the salmon are collecting in the estuary, running up and down with the tide, waiting for some fresh water to entice them up the river; even in low water a few fish run every night, but the bulk of them can be seen jumping continuously like bars of silver, running up with the tide and dropping back as it falls.

At times, large or small shoals of them come right on to the surface, cruising along the top with their back fins and tails showing, looking like tiny yachts, or a convoy of nautilus. Once a spate comes they pour up the river in hundreds, and it is a wonderful sight seeing dozens of salmon together running up the shallows, making a spray as they charge through the broken water.

The first real pool in the river is the Kelt Pool, and many a time have we looked down from the high rock on the east side at fish lying in layers like sardines in a box, waiting for a dull or cloudy sky ere they leave the pool on their progress up the river.

There is a mile and a half of river between the sea and the first loch, which on occasion can be very good indeed; it was on this stretch that my wife, terrier, and myself sharing a rod (the dog encouraging our efforts by barking and licking each salmon's nose when landed), got 23 salmon in a short day, and we lost several more; but the story of that red-letter day has already been published in detail.

The first loch is divided into two beats, and has the distinction of having produced the bulk of the biggest bags; it was here that Naylor caught his 54, the record for Scotland, and since then big bags of over 30 to a rod in a day have been made; in 1925 my wife got the lady's record for Scotland of 24 salmon in a day.

She and I sharing a rod on this loch one day had a great adventure. She was in the act of playing a fish when another salmon not only jumped into the boat, but into the basket amidships; it is one of the few occasions when I have heard our usually silent and reserved gillies break into loud laughter.

It was at the top end of this loch, where the river flows into it, known as the First Stream, that I hooked and landed eleven fish, averaging about 7lb., in 45 minutes, using a 12ft. 6in. rod and a grilse cast, the fastest performance I have ever accomplished. Oddly enough, after this magic 45 minutes not a single salmon would look at my fly until half-past two that afternoon, when I got nine more before 6 p.m., making a total of 20 in the day. One day at the Pentacle, another part of No. 1 Loch, a rod had just taken off his old cast, and had uncoiled a new one preparatory to joining it to the line; he trailed it over the stern of the boat to see that the flies had a good appearance, when suddenly a salmon came up and took the whole thing out of his hand. He was annoyed—and said so!

The year 1925 was our best season since the formation of the present syndicate, and we got 2,276 salmon, besides many sea trout. During that season, in three *consecutive* days, an angler got 32, 13 and 36 fish in No. 1 Loch and the river.

Coming next to No. 2 Loch, most of this is not usually particularly good, though in the year 1926 it was the star turn. At the top end of this loch there is the most certain taking place in the whole of the Grimersta water, Macleay's Stream; it is very seldom that it fishes blank, while anything up to half-a-dozen salmon may be reasonably expected in that 60yds. of stream on a good taking day. Last July on two occasions I hooked two salmon at a time there, but in each case one broke away. Apropos of this, it is quite common to rise or hook two fish at a time, but very often they are not both landed, especially if they come together; usually one is sure to break away, and sometimes both. This feat is, however, occasionally accomplished, on one occasion by a lady.

For my own part, if I know I am fishing over a lot of fish (called a "company" on the Grimersta), I usually take off my dropper fly, as, being Lowland Scottish, I cannot bear to lose flies unnecessarily!

Next we come to a charming bit of river, which fishes well in high water after it flows out of No. 3 Loch, which all belongs to No. 4 beat. At the top end of this loch, is the celebrated Ford Stream, which has many adventures to its credit. It was here that we once caught a gang of poachers, and seized their beautiful new net, the catching of which gang is an epic of the Grimersta records; the story was published in the *Salmon and Trout Magazine* a short time ago.

This stream was the scene of a great fight a year or two ago, when a rod hooked a 29lb. fish by the back fin, using a 12ft. 6in. rod, and landed it 1,000yds. away, near the lower end of the loch.

I had a curious experience here myself; I hooked a very wild fish from the bank on the west side. In its first rush it went nearly 100yds. straight down the centre of the stream, spoiling the whole water. Having got to the tail of the stream, it added insult to injury by a magnificent jump, returning me my fly. As I wound up to recover the slack, I felt a sudden tug, and raising my rod point, found I was into another fish, hooked by the tail; this fish I duly landed after a ding-dong battle.

Above the Ford Stream there is another section of river, the best pool in which rejoices in the unsavoury name of the Skunk, possibly originally christened on account of the presence of a very dead deer or sheep. Above this is No. 4 Loch, a very big loch, entailing a long row up to The Basin at its head, and is No. 5 beat. This loch is full of good lies at all seasons of the year, but especially in the early season, when the fish have run fast and are checked there by the shallow Langabhat River at the top end. Big bags have often been made on McPhail's Weeds, the Northern Bays, and The Basin.

Above the Langabhat River is the enormous loch of that name, but we do very little fishing in it, as it is a long way from the lodge, and not a regular beat. It is also rather like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay; it is full of very good brown trout.

We have quite a lot of sea trout on the Grimersta, but no one treats them seriously, otherwise good bags could be made in most seasons. On a nice evening after dinner, a rod or rods may go down to the Kelt Pool, which is only half a mile from the lodge, to get a dish for breakfast, with the chance of a grilse or two to add to the excitement. A rod who fished steadily one evening last July from 9 p.m. to midnight got 56, and our total was 999 (please note that I do not claim a thousand!).

The season is a long one, from April 1st to October 15th, so not only can the members of the syndicate get all the fishing they want, but there are always a few rods to spare if an early application is made to the secretaries, Messrs. Clunie & Scott, 25, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh. Needless to say, a personal introduction from a member of the syndicate is of advantage to an aspirant for a rod.



WATCHING THE GAMEKEEPERS' DOGS AT WORK AT THE LABRADOR RETRIEVERS' TRIALS AT IDSWORTH LAST WEEK

LESSER LAND MARKS OF THE SHOOTING SEASON

Some "Back End" Reflections

By PATRICK CHALMERS

THE shooting season is almost over for all men who are not wildfowlers. For the past month most of us have refrained from hen pheasants, paired partridges, and, I hope, woodcock. No man can look forward to finding, in the first few days of March, four buff-red mottled eggs in the bracken by the holly bush if he shoots the "lang nebbit" layer in Christmas week. Nor, for the same reason, could he hope to see her, later on, carry her chicks, clasped to her "trail." Once I saw this sight of a summer morning, and so I know it to be a greater matter than any crying of "Mark 'cock!" Thus with a looking forward I look back—a not unnatural proceeding in these days of Janus, who also faces both ways. I am, I think, always glad when a shooting season ends. Invariably the season of killing with the gun lasts at least three weeks longer than it should do. For shooting in late January has two disadvantages. If the weather is wintry it is so cruel wintry that to hold a gun is an agony. And, if it is not wintry, April is in the air and a gun is an outrage.

What is salt to a season? For some seasons are better than others. I do not mean better in the sense of shooting weather, the stock of game or the absence of disease, but in enjoyment of the actual shooting days. Five hundred pheasants quite often give less fun than 50 because the smaller day possesses some memorable incident to make it noteworthy, more noteworthy than mere numbers could make it. And it is often that the small happenings are the "saltiest"—that bulk biggest in memory. I see from my diary that on the 22nd of last August I was one of six guns who shot 111 brace of grouse upon the braes of Angus. That day, a day of Arcadian weather and "the hill" a patchwork of purples and blues, a day of dim distances and grouse that came continually and at all angles, is red-lettered on account of a single pack of red grouse. The wind was getting up in the late afternoon, and I stood with my back to it in the lowest butt for the last drive of the day. A purple cloud, tattered and fringed with evening colour, sailed splendidly over against Hunt Hill. A grouse pack, aloft from some high rigging across the march, overtook the dark galleon and, wheeling upon it, the sun caught the reverse of a hundred pinions and turned them to sudden silver. The great pack was a mile up in air, and it made the wildest, free-est, most unforgettable sight that you could wish to remember.

And the day, big or small, that has the salt of a laugh to it? That shooting day, also, goes into those weeks that make the seasons remembered. One more incident then from the green strath of South Esk. There is a strip of spruce fir that flanks the tripper-haunted high road. It is a fine September day and, in the laigh, the harvest of the late wonder-year has been "led." At the north end of the strip stands a posted gun or so. There is also a gun on the flank. A handful of beaters advance through the quiet wood, which is the refuge of such "various" as woodpigeons, blackgame, and perhaps a capercailzie. There is a nonagenarian with the beaters, but he walks upon the road, for he is no longer, save in heart, the lad he was in 1860. He is a pensioned gamekeeper who has come out to criticise the estate personnel of 1933. He is short-sighted and rather deaf, but otherwise he is well enough for his years. But, hard of hearing though he be, his ear is still attuned to the wild and at a sudden surmounting *whir*: "Caperkelly!" he cries excitedly. "Caperkelly forward!" And then, a second later, *sotto voce* and disgusted, follows the sequel: "Ach, it's a motor-beecycle!"

For a further smile I will go to Berkshire. Last week I caught a fragment of the general conversation at a shooting lunch. The speaker described a barren covert by which, as a guest, it seemed it was his frequent lot and the lot of him whom he addressed, to be posted. He said: "I asked a beater if they *ever* killed anything out of The Wilderness, and the fellow answered stolidly that, 'Last August some 'un had killed a snake outen't.'" These then are of the odds and ends that are zest to a season, the tags by which one labels it before filing it away. By its minor triumphs, too, it shall be remembered—since the triumphs of most shooting men are minor ones—the unlooked for left and right, or the unusual good form of Edwin in the presence of Angelina. I do not think that great triumphs exist for the shotgun. The rifle can claim 20 stone of stag and a royal head. The 12-bore—in the proper hands always a more artistic article than the rifle—can only claim averages and numbers of exactly similar grouse, pheasants and partridges. And the man who excels with the gun—one gun or two—does so as a matter of daily course, and things that are things of course cannot be triumphs. So possibly the triumphs of the manor are matters of driving—which is, as a rule, the personal triumph of the gamekeeper—or of dog-work. And triumphs of dog-work are matters of nose, courage and possibly breeding.

Training will give a dog rock steadiness, will win him marks for that quality at trials. Steadiness is, however, a virtue that is not always transferable. I mean that a dog sold (perfectly truthfully) as steady will arrive at his new home, sum up his new friend at a glance and say to himself, "Quite a good chap; he and I will hit it off nicely, *but* I shall run in." And he does. Moreover, all the steadiness in the world will not find for you a pinioned cock pheasant with five minutes' start. And to score thereon is the personal triumph of the dog, not of the man, who, though he glow like a peony, is flushed not with triumph but with pride of possession.

Before me is a letter from Mr. A. of A——, who writes of the sire of my personal Labrador. I will illustrate myself by a quotation: "I bred and trained Scaltback Don for Mr. C. Mr. C. once told me Don brought him eighteen grouse at Moorhouse after everybody else had cleared off: he will gallop all day long and every day. I have never seen him refuse or attempt to give in. I have seen him duck flighting, his coat one mat of ice, and then go over the river and find ducks in the dark. At a covert shoot or partridge drive he never comes back empty mouthed, and I would love for you to meet Mr. C. He will tell you about Don finding runners, some of them that had gone a mile, and a winged teal which everybody said was impossible, but Don got it. I would sooner see a good dog work than shoot."

Yet these triumphs are the triumphs of Don. This season I saw the initiation of a granddaughter of Don. She is, by some cantrip, as cream-coloured as butter. Two good dogs (one her own sire) were insistent that a running pheasant was in a reedbed. Presently, said I, "Oh, well, try the puppy." Jane's mistress enlarged her. Forgetting Jane, I concentrated once more upon my own dog. The minutes lapsed, four or five of them. Then I heard, "Oh, look, look!" I did. Down the hedge, 200yds. away, the white puppy was approaching. She carried the cock, clumsily enough she carried it, but carry it she did. When I come to think of it this triumph of Jane looms large in the making of my past season. It is the little things that count.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

The Straits of Magellan and Tierra del Fuego

THERE is some really excellent shooting to be had in this the most southern part of Patagonia, and it contains some of the best snipe marshes in the country.

The snipe arrive in Southern Patagonia very suddenly about the beginning of January. They appear to arrive at night, for one day there will be none in the marshes and the next day they will be there in hundreds. The shooting season opens in February, by which time all the young birds are fairly strong on the wing; but in the middle of March the snipe commence to collect in large numbers preparatory to their departure to the north, and all the migratory ones have left by the first week in April.

On proceeding through the Magellan Straits from the eastward, the first place of note from the shooting point of view is Kimeri Aike, ten miles north of Punta Delgada, on the mainland. The Patagonian Sheep Farming Company has an enormous camp here, extending over 400,000 acres, which includes some very good duck lagoons and snipe marshes. The snipe here are frequently found in bunches, which are in the habit of rising together, there being sometimes as many as 20 or 30 in the air at once. The waterfowl to be met with are the crested duck, brown pintail, wigeon and the yellow-billed teal, and there are also many slender-billed plover. Attagis are also very numerous on this camp, and large bags may be got here in April and May. This pretty bird is locally called a partridge, but actually belongs to the seed snipe family, although in appearance it is more like a large quail.

Kimeri Aike is the best centre for visiting Condor Camp, which is some 35 miles away, just over the Argentine border, where there is a magnificent series of lagoons which extends from Condor to the sea.

Pecket Harbour, 50 miles to the westward, should be the next port of call, where Reedy Lagoon will be found to be teeming with wildfowl, including the black-necked swan. This lagoon is somewhat different to most others in South America, as it is very shallow, sometimes the water only covering the soft mud to a depth of one or two inches, which makes progression through the reeds and over the water extremely arduous.

There are several other lagoons in this vicinity, two of which separated from each other by a causeway some 20 miles away, will probably provide a record bag. Hides are built on the causeway in which the guns are stationed while the two lagoons are driven up to them. Oazy Harbour, a few miles to the eastward, also provides wildfowl and snipe in the marshes and lagoons around Black Hill.

The country round Gente Grande and Phillip Bay, in Tierra del Fuego, possesses some magnificent snipe marshes where, in addition to the common variety, Strickland's snipe are fairly numerous. This bird is roughly the same size as a woodcock and is very similar to it in appearance. On making acquaintance with them for the first time they will most certainly be taken for this bird, but they are not, and, furthermore, it can be confidently asserted that there are no woodcock at all in the whole of South America.

PINTAIL.

FIELD TRIALS

GAMEKEEPERS' LABRADORS AT IDSWORTH

LADY HOWE kindly again had these trials at Idsworth, on January 17th–18th. The weather was not good on either day, though the scent was decidedly good on the first day. Seventeen out of the eighteen entries were present, and it speaks highly of the keepers' dogs at the present day that only one should have run in, and that not a very serious offence. There was plenty of game—some 140 pheasants the first day and 90 the second, as well as a few hares, were shot.

As usual, keepers were well represented from England and Scotland. The winner, Mr. A. McCrindle's Labrador dog Rab of Cardrona, showed very good nose and a nice retrieve, and is a clever dog. He marked the fall of birds in thick well, and is very steady withal, but with plenty of go in him. This dog also took both special prizes.

Second, Mr. H. Goodall's bitch Siddington Judy. This bitch behaved well throughout, got a difficult pheasant out of a thick bramble clump at one stand, showed good nose and retrieved up nicely to hand.

The judges took a long time at the end of the trials in trying to separate the other prizewinners, and finally decided that it was an impossible task. They solved the difficulty by placing the four dogs they had left in equal third, whereby the owners divided up £15 prize-money.

Mr. J. Dinwoodie's dog The Plodder, an old veteran at trials, did some very good work the first day in the big wood, getting an active pheasant in the bracken, and worked well on other dead birds.

Mr. Lightfoot's bitch Snowflake (yellow Labrador) showed excellent nose, found dead birds well in bracken, and worked out the line of another which had run and died.

Mr. A. Card's bitch Betty Brown (yellow), a very fast worker, ranged well, has a very good nose, which she needs at the pace she moves when out searching for unknown and unseen birds, and has a good delivery.

Mr. R. Sharpe's bitch Yellow Jess, born May, 1933, showed good nose, is sensible, and has a nice retrieve and soft delivery. She appears to need a little more time.

The tests all the dogs got were exactly what one gets when shooting at the end of the season, and it was a pleasure to see so many good dogs well handled by their owners. Writing from memory, one thinks the first prize has always gone over the Border.

At luncheon on the first day Mr. R. Sharpe and Mr. C. MacKay Sanderson presented Lady Howe with a very nice chiming clock, which had a model of her Bramshaw Bob on the top, as a mark of appreciation from the keeper members of all the hospitality and kindness she has shown them ever since these gamekeeper trials were initiated by the Labrador Club.

Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. T. Rough's b Alcester Juno, Mr. E. Dawson's b Raquet, Mr. W. McCall's d St. Mary's Daniel, Mr. J. Dinwoodie's b Lochar Betty, Mr. S. A. Jackson's d Swanthorpe Major, Mr. T. H. Rough's b Alstar Jess, Mr. E. Dawson's b Ready's Seal, and Mr. W. T. Turner's d Don of Fullers.



MAJOR BONHAM CARTER TAKING A HIGH PHEASANT AT THE GAMEKEEPERS' TRIALS AT IDSWORTH

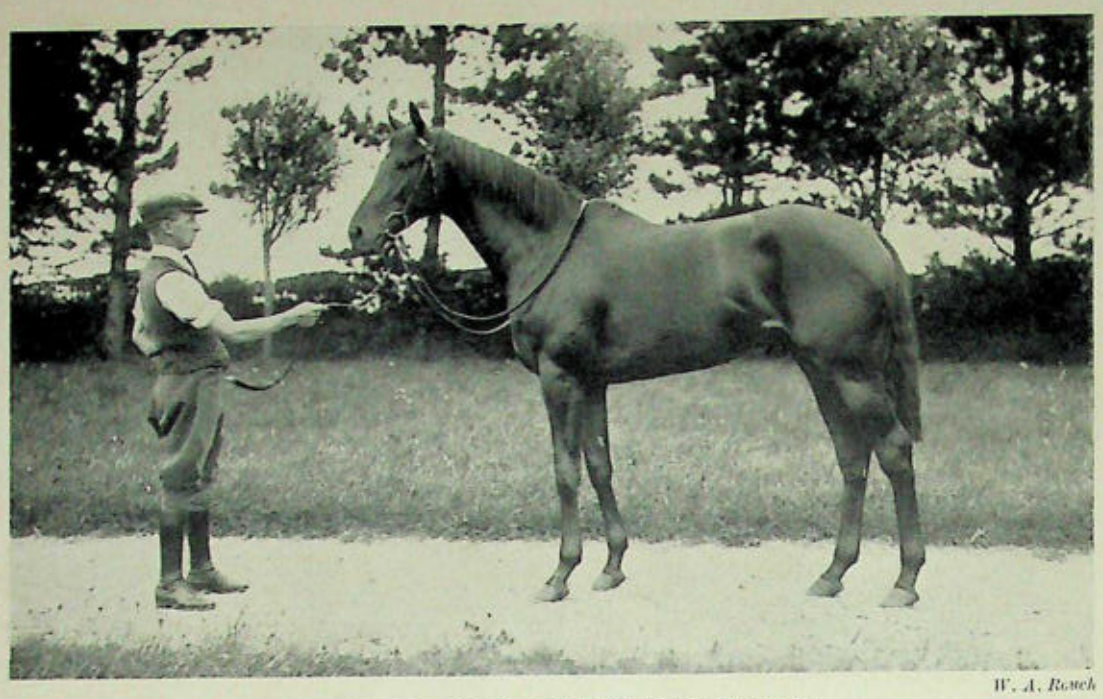
Mrs. Bonham Carter is seen seated, and in the centre of the group in the rear is Mr. J. H. Hulme, one of the judges. Beside him is A. McCrindle, the winner of the Stake with Rab of Cardrona



LORD KNUTSFORD WHO, IN HIS 79TH YEAR, SHOOTS AS WELL AS EVER



COMPETITORS WAITING THEIR TURN. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE MESSRS. F. A. REDMOND, RICHARD SHARPE, AND W. T. TURNER



W. A. Rouch

WILL HE FOLLOW IN CAMERONIAN'S FOOTSTEPS?

Medieval Knight (Gay Crusader—Hasty Love), owned by Mr. J. A. Dewar, which won five races as a two-year-old, and was never out of a place

OUTSIDERS AND THE DERBY

Formidable Rivals to the Favourites

WILL this year's Derby be won by Colombo or another of the prominent colts of last season? Or will the great race fall to a three-year-old who has not yet made his mark in public? At present the chances seem to be all in favour of Lord Glanely's young champion, but it must not be forgotten that the Derby is just as productive of surprises as the majority of other races. In the past many winter favourites have failed to fulfil expectations when put to the test at Epsom.

It is interesting in this connection to recall the experiences of the past six seasons. In the winter of 1927–8 nobody would have been bold enough to predict that Felstead would win the Derby. Overgrown and backward, he had failed to win any of his races in his first season in training. The best fancied Derby colt at that time was Fairway, who, however, failed completely at Epsom, and victory rested with Felstead at 33 to 1.

In the following year almost a similar situation presented itself, Trigo winning at exactly the same odds. Few people had taken him into their winter calculations for the simple reason that his two-year-old efforts were confined to Irish racecourses, and he was not sent to Whatcombe until the end of the season. A year later Diolite was favourite for the Derby, Blenheim being obviously among those who threatened danger to him.

It so happened that confidence in the Aga Khan's colt weakened before the date of the race. His stable companion Rustom Pasha was thought to have much the better chance of the two, the result being that Blenheim's starting price was no less than 18 to 1. The Derby of 1931 was won by a colt which made only one appearance at two years old. The winter favourites were Jacopo and Portlaw, both of whom were to prove markedly inferior to Cameronian.

April the Fifth resembled Felstead in his failure to score at two years old, and those who had backed Orwell and Mannamead in the winter had sharp disappointments to encounter. Last year Hyperion was not so strong a winter favourite as Manitoba.

These facts indicate that winter favourites for the Derby are liable to prove broken reeds more often than not. We are emboldened, therefore, to suggest that the supremacy of Colombo, the undisputed champion of last season's youngsters, may be seriously challenged next summer by a colt who is not yet known to fame. On the book the most formidable of the Derby favourite's probable rivals appear to be Umidwar and Medieval Knight, but it is by no means impossible that another Felstead or April the Fifth will be found among the three-year-olds who have not yet won a race.

Those which have never run (or perhaps have been out only once) may be properly described as "dark" colts. Most of the leading trainers have three-year-olds of this type up their sleeves, as it were. When a batch of more than a dozen youngsters go into training there are inevitably one or two among those who do not come to hand as quickly as the others. Some are too big to be given a strenuous time in their first season in training, especially if the ground is firm, as it was for the most part throughout the whole of last season.

Minor mishaps or leg troubles, like that which kept Cameronian back, may be the cause of the absence of some promising two-year-olds from public life. In the Manton stable—and the practice holds good in other leading training establishments—the custom is to give its two-year-olds at least one race. Alec Taylor's rule (which is followed by Joseph Lawson) was to give every sound colt or filly at least one experience of the "real thing" in their opening season. It is believed that it helps the youngsters tremendously in their after careers to have their eyes opened in this way.

A glance through the list of Manton three-year-olds will disclose quite a number which are comparative novices to racing. Probably the one most likely to distinguish himself this year is Law Giver, a brown colt by Phalaris out of Book Law. He showed promise when brought out at Ascot, and he must then have encountered a set-back, as he never ran again. Rather less promising, but likely winners all the same, are Lord Astor's colts Caracol and Adept, the first of which is by that good French horse Kantar out of Popingaol, and the other by Gainsborough out of Pennycomequick—a great pedigree. The same owner should also win with his maiden fillies Grey but Gay and Cattewater.

Among "dark" colts entitled to respect when the Derby is being discussed we have one whose pedigree is interesting in that one of his brothers has won the Derby and St. Leger, another has captured the Irish Derby and St. Leger, a third has won races like the Kempton Jubilee and the Doncaster Cup, while a fourth brother gained a substantial two-year-old success in Ireland. The colt we have in mind is Mr. W. Barnett's Primero, which compares well in appearance with the earlier produce of that remarkably successful mare Athasi. Obviously she has found an ideal mate in Blandford.

Although Primero failed to win any of his four races last season, we were sufficiently impressed with the promise he showed, especially in his first race, to suggest that he will do good service for the Whatcombe stable this year.

Several other maiden two-year-olds by Blandford should be getting into the money in the approaching campaign. One is the Aga Khan's Balruddin, a grey who may prove to be the best of the produce so far of Mumtaz Mahal. Then there is Mr. W. Murray's Solicitor-General, in whom we are specially interested from the fact that he is own brother to Statesman. Mr. J. de Rothschild hopes to win races with his Blandford colt Sunderland, particularly as he is the produce of Reine Lumiere, the filly with whom this owner won the Grand Prix de Paris six years ago.

One marks down Pharillon as a typically "dark" colt for the Derby. No conclusion can be drawn from his only outing excepting that he was as green as grass and hopelessly backward. But make a note of the fact that this is a colt by Phalaris out of Scapa Flow. Thus he is own brother to the celebrities Pharos, Fairway and Fair Isle. Incidentally, he differs in colour from those high-class three, being a chesnut, like Pentland, Spithead and Fara from the same mare.

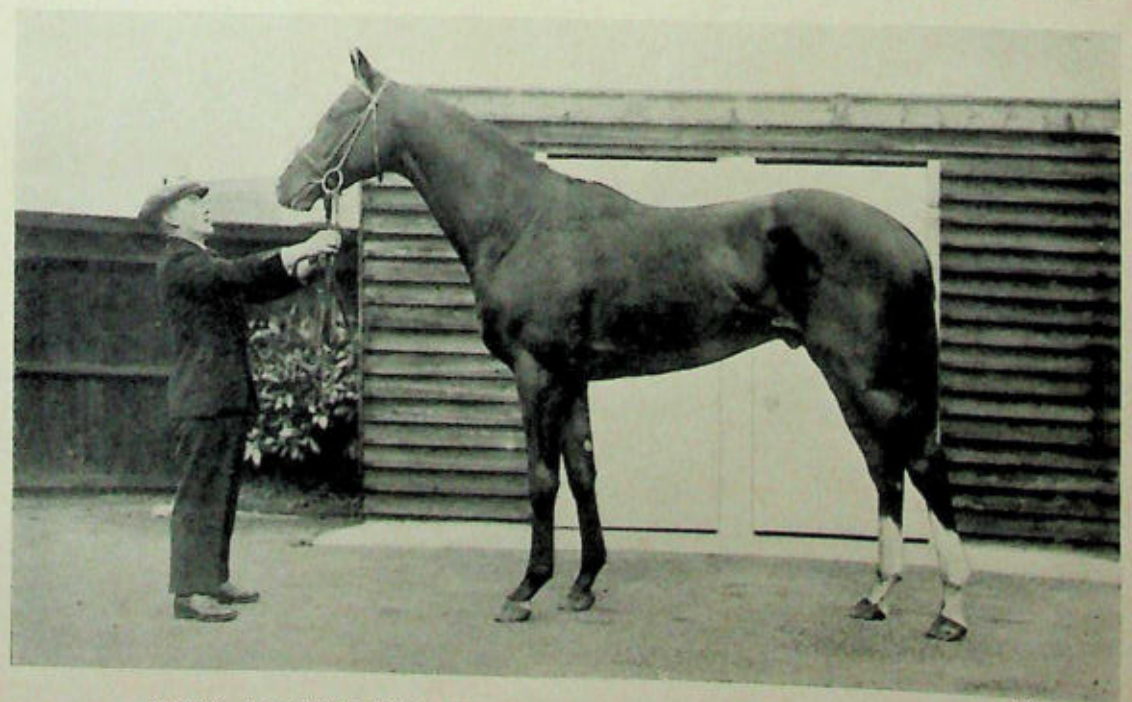
A colt called Bondsman, owned by Mr. William Woodward and bred in America, is expected to improve on his two-year-old performances, and the same has to be said of his less experienced stable companion Black Devil. Two maiden youngsters in Jack Jarvis's stable are likely to pay their way even if they fall rather short of the classic standard. One is Sir L. Philipps's Phaleron Bay, who is certainly bred in the right way, being by Phalaris out of the dam of Miracle.

The other is Lord Rosebery's Papyrus colt Paper Cap, who in the long run is likely to prove a better stayer than many of the colts figuring high on the Free Handicap.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life.

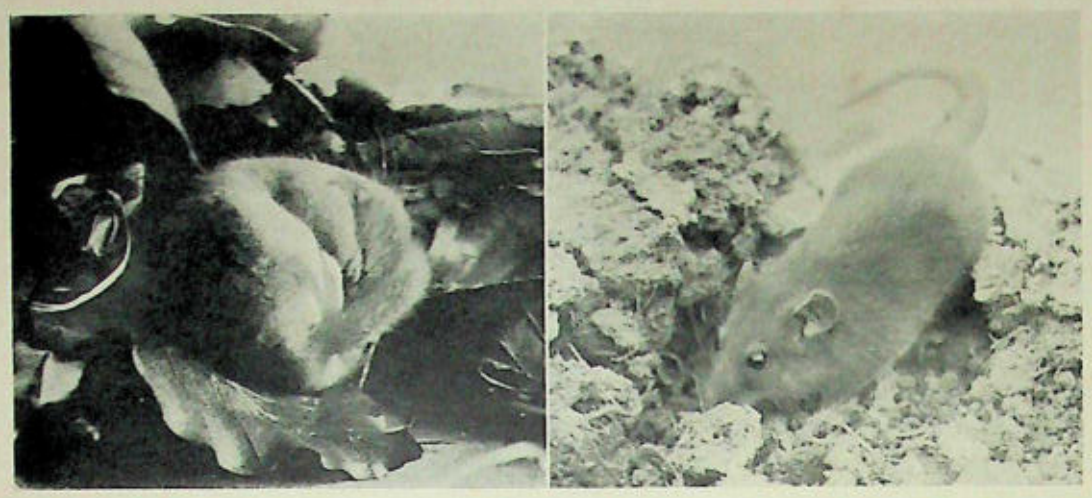
RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, February 24th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.



W. A. Rouch

LIKELY TO CARRY THE "GREEN AND CHOCOLATE HOOPS" PROMINENTLY

Umidwar (Blandford—Uganda), which should prove to be a vital force in the classics this season



A SLEEPER DISTURBED BY UNSEASONABLE WARMTH
The dormouse spends the winter curled up in a ball, but mild weather often awakens it too soon, with disastrous results

A GOOD WINTER FOR BIRDS

But a Bad Season for Hibernating Animals

By FRANCES PITT

LAPWINGS stand in their ranks in the fields, greeny-bronze plumage catching the sunlight, or repelling the raindrops as they fall from the dark clouds hurrying up out of the west ; woodcock get up to fly off on owlish wings from the coppice, and snipe rise from the marshy ground in the valley, for up to date there has been no weather so severe as to drive them from their accustomed winter haunts.

It is true we have had some frost, that there were days when the east wind blew with Arctic blast and the ploughed fields became as hard as iron and the lapwings began to move. I saw several big flocks flying steadily in a south-easterly direction, but the frost did not last and was not hard enough to really inconvenience any creature, so they soon came back.

Birds such as lapwings, woodcock and snipe, also blackbirds and thrushes, will journey off under pressure of severe weather, but these movements seem totally distinct from the great ebb and flow of bird life in autumn and spring.

But about this winter of 1933-34, there is no doubt that the dry time has been beneficial to bird life, and that so far it has been an easy season for the feathered creatures. Even yet there are hips left on the wild rose bushes, haws on the hawthorns, and the hollies are still scarlet with berries, which is a sure sign that the birds which appreciate such fare have not been pressed for food.

Whether an open winter is a boon to *all* creatures, I question—in particular those that hibernate, such as the dormouse. This little mammal used to be plentiful in my home county of Shropshire, but its numbers have shrunk sadly of recent years. Not having seen one for several seasons, I began to fear it was exterminated, but last autumn I did find a recently made though empty nest.

I believe that in open seasons such as we have enjoyed during recent years the dormice wake up too frequently and take too much exercise at a period when food is hard to find, hence their trips are at the expense of their internal reserves of fat ; they get thinner and thinner and succumb to starvation.

By the way, it is not everyone who is aware how the dormouse appreciates insectivorous fare, but in fact it eats all sorts of grubs, a fact that was brought home to me when a pet dormouse escaped from its cage, got into a box in which I was rearing a fine brood of privet hawk moth larvæ and demolished some 150 of the caterpillars. The little wretch only left one or two !

In truth, the dormouse, though one of the most charming of small mammals, is not the innocent nut-eater of popular imagination. It will eat the eggs of small birds. I once caught a couple in the act of robbing a long-tailed tits' nest. The sight of a pair of these birds fluttering frantically to and fro in a blackthorn bush drew my attention, and I peered into the bush to see what was the matter. There was the tits' exquisite domed nest, woven of moss, lichen and spiders' cocoons, and on the top sat a dormouse with a tiny egg in its paws, while from the entrance hole peeped forth another mouse. They were, indeed, caught red-handed !

For a moment I thought my eyes might be deceiving me ; perhaps the culprits were long-tailed mice—which, like other small rodents are quite willing to enjoy new-laid eggs when the opportunity arises—but they bolted into the nest. I put my hand over the entrance hole and captured both, so the question of identity was confirmed beyond doubt.

Getting back to the effect of severe weather on wild life. No bird feels a prolonged spell of frost and snow more than the one just alluded to, the long-tailed tit, for it is a truly insectivorous species, and is hard put to find food when the cold weather retains its iron grip of the countryside. The other familiar tits of the countryside are not nearly so particular ; indeed, when watching a score or more feasting upon suet the other day, I spoke of them as "carnivorous little wretches," but this adaptability serves them well during a cold spell, and they do not disappear from the land as the long-tailed tit did in 1916-17, when the cold weather kept coming and going until late in the spring. It was many seasons before the long-tailed tit returned to the Midlands in its old numbers and became once more a common bird of the coppices and bushy places.

Although hard weather may set in late and be all the more disastrous for that, it would seem that we can safely dub this season a green and open one ; we can hardly have a prolonged cold time now, and it would seem that certain early nesting optimistic birds must be safe in their go-aheadness.

The crossbill, for instance, is breeding by now, having already built a nest of fine twigs high up on the outer branch of some tall pine, and that whether it be a member of the British race in the Scottish fir woods or one of the more recent Continental immigrants that have established themselves in our Eastern counties and elsewhere.



CHIEF SUFFERER IN A HARD WINTER
A fine study of a long-tailed tit at its nest, from the exhibition of natural history photographs by Mr. Eric J. Hosking at the Ilford Galleries, High Holborn



Arthur Brook

"THE CROSSBILL IS BREEDING BY NOW"
The cock bird near the nest



Niall Rankin

THE STABLES AT ALTHORP

These stables were begun by Charles fifth Earl of Sunderland in 1729, and the portico is a copy of St. Paul's Church in Covent Garden, designed by Inigo Jones

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 15

The Spencers at Althorp—Part II

By EARL SPENCER

THE first Earl Spencer's death in 1783 made little or no difference to the Althorp Hounds, for his son, George John, second Earl Spencer, had already had the management of them for several years. We know the exact day on which he commenced hunting, for there is an entry in the Chace Book on December 15th, 1773, which is as follows: "This was the first time Lord Althorp was out regularly a-foxhunting and he rode gallantly over the fences of all kinds." This is when he was fifteen years old.

Dick Knight continued as huntsman, and it was a few years later that his wager that he would outride the "Quornites" on Contract was illustrated by Lorraine Smith. This forms a series of aquatints, one of which shows Knight jumping a wooden paling with a brook on the landing side. This won him his bet, as none of the "Quornites" dared face this obstacle. Another shows him finishing the hunt on a borrowed cart-horse. Contract, which Knight is riding, was a grey hunter bred by the first Earl by Lord Torrington's Contract out of a mare by Infant.

In these days it was not etiquette for anyone except the huntsman to be in front of Lord Spencer, but he rode very hard, so it probably did not matter very much. One account of his exploits can be quoted from a letter to his mother, dated March 14th, 1784: "On Friday last we had a most famous day; Mr. Meynell and a great many other people met us and we had a prodigious chace which tired every horse in the field, though there were, I believe, above an hundred people out, and at last after I had tired my two hunters, I got on my hack who had followed us about all day and was left entirely alone with the hounds, whom, after having killed and cut up the fox (which operation I was obliged to perform myself) I collected as well as I could and took part of their way home to an ale-house where I left them till Dick Knight and the Whipper-in could get their tired horses to them."

Lord Spencer continued spending the winters between Althorp and Pytchley until 1794, when he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty by Pitt, which meant that he could seldom leave London, therefore two years later he gave up his hounds, Dick Knight retiring at the same time. And so the first series of Chace Books comes to an end, the last entry being on December 31st, 1793. After his retirement from office in 1801, Lord Spencer hunted in a milder way, but no longer had the zest and passion for it which had distinguished him in his youth.

The second Earl's régime has been eclipsed in the eyes of posterity by that of his son, but there can be no doubt that his hounds stood high in the minds of the foxhunting world of that date and that with Dick Knight the reputation of the Althorp and Pytchley countries was fully maintained.

John Charles, third Earl Spencer, better and for longer known as Lord Althorp, purchased John Warde's pack of hounds for £1,000 in February, 1808, and immediately began to improve them with the help of Charles King, whom he had engaged as huntsman. He also revived the glories of the club at Pytchley, which had rather lapsed in Warde's time.

He was thorough in all that he undertook and spent most of the summers in a cottage at Brigstock with his young hounds, much to the annoyance of his family, who considered this an almost insane proceeding. He also followed the example of his forbears by keeping a Chace Book, in which are not only minute descriptions of each day's sport but also the names of the hounds he had out, mentioning those who had distinguished themselves or who had not.

He was a very hard rider, though not a polished horseman, and frequently had falls, which rendered the socket of his shoulder so loose that it was always being dislocated—he even put it out once in opening a window, so he had his whipper-in taught at the Northampton Infirmary how to replace it.

Althorp used to attend the House of Commons and ride down the 72 miles after the division in time to go out hunting the next morning, having a relay of hacks posted every ten miles along the road; and it is said that he sometimes returned to London in time for the division that same evening.

Though in after years he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and led the House of Commons, he owned to a friend that the passion of his life was to "see sporting dogs hunt"; and his hunting friend, though political enemy, Sir Charles Knightley, said: "No one knew more of hunting than he did."

After a bad fall and the death of his wife in 1818, he never hunted again; this concluded the period when the whole establishment was as perfect as possible and the sport shown by Althorp is supposed never to have been surpassed before or since.

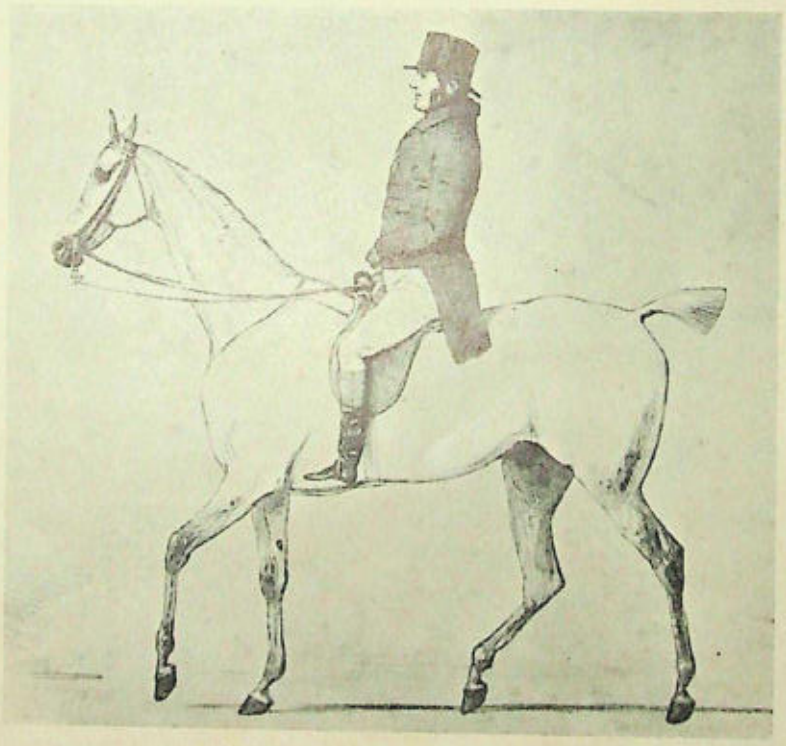
Both Althorp and his father were very keen shots and spent many days with their guns both at Althorp, Wimbledon and in Norfolk, where they made a tour every autumn with Holkham as their headquarters. They both kept minutely accurate journals of each day—what they shot and what they missed, which shows that neither of them were good shots—but the most surprising thing is what small bags pleased the sportsman of the early nineteenth century.

Althorp, after he gave up hunting, took up the breeding of Shorthorn cattle, and was one of the founders of the Royal Agricultural Society and the Smithfield Club. He had two farms—one near Althorp and one at Wiseton, his wife's place in Nottinghamshire, where he spent much time and money in improving the breed. He took this up so keenly that he always opened the letters from his bailiff first, even when he was in the Cabinet. He was taken ill at Doncaster Races in 1845 and died soon after.

His nephew, John Poyntz, fifth Earl Spencer, succeeded his father at the age of 22 in 1857 at a time when the Pytchley Hunt seemed unable to keep a Master for more than a season or two. At the beginning of 1859 he was approached, as there was again no Master, but though he offered to subscribe up to £1,000 he said: "I should some day much like to have the Hounds again at Althorp, but I feel that in a few years I shall be able to do the thing better for the county and for myself than I could now; and if such a difficulty should now arise that I must take the Hounds at once, I confess I should be very sorry."

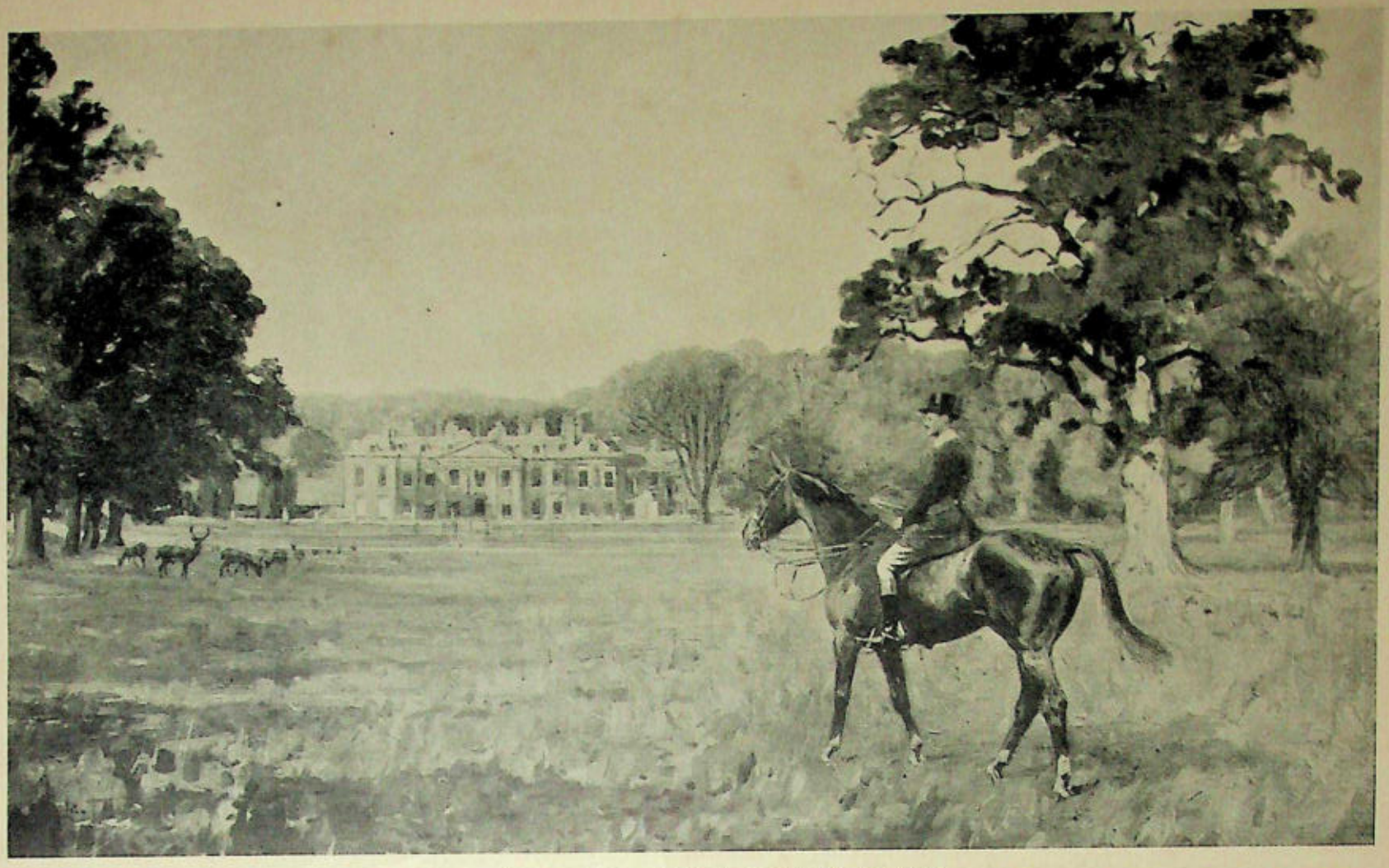
Everything worked out as he hoped; for he took the Hounds in 1861, and the agreement states that he should hunt the country four days a week and that the sum of £1,000 be subscribed by the country to defray the following expenses: Rents and repairs of coverts, keepers and earth-stoppers, repairs of kennels, stables, etc.

The country seemed to be very pleased at this arrangement, and the Speaker, Mr. Denison (afterwards Lord Ossington), writes on February 25th, 1861: "I hear it is settled that you take the Pytchley Hounds. I am sure you are quite right in the mode of taking them without a subscription—



JOHN CHARLES, THIRD EARL SPENCER

Though his reputation with the sporting public is perhaps not as great as that of the "Red Earl," nevertheless the third Earl was probably the most enthusiastic foxhunter that the family has produced



EARL SPENCER ON MISS MACTART, BY LIONEL EDWARDS

The present Lord Spencer succeeded in 1922, and like so many of his predecessors takes an active part in the affairs of the Pytchley Hunt

it would never have done for you to become the agent of the Northamptonshire squires."

Lord Spencer had the advantage of having as huntsman, Charles Payne, who had been at Brixworth since 1846, and it was very lucky for a young Master to commence with such an experienced servant.

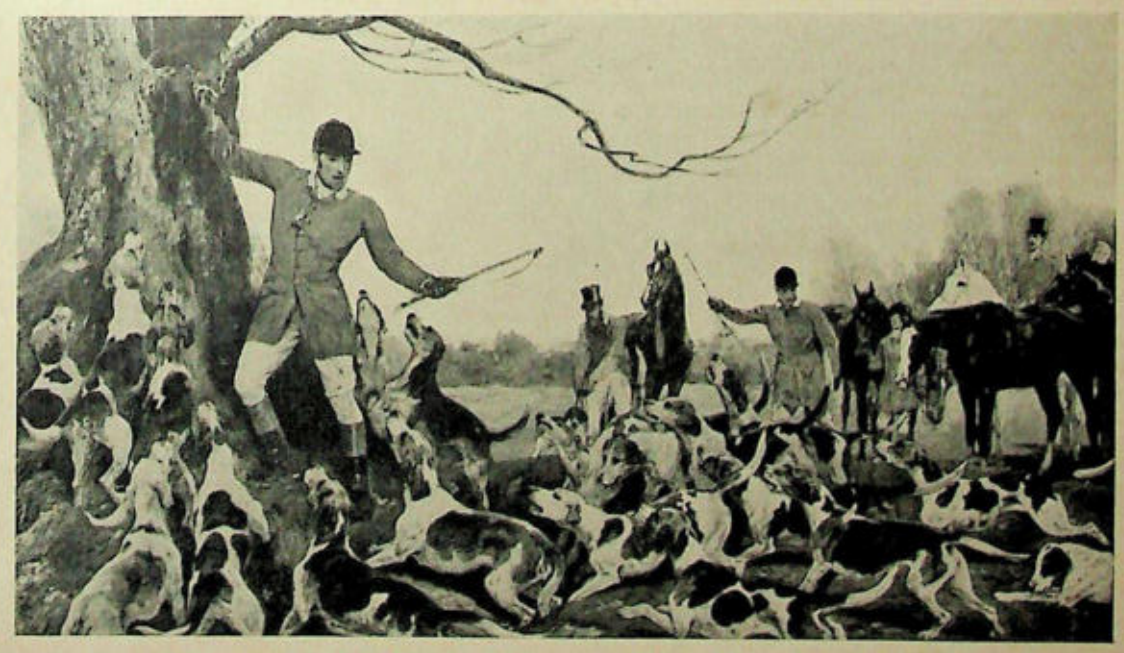
All through his three Masterships he kept a journal, and one day may be quoted: "Monday, Feb. 23, 1863. Holdenby House. Rode up with the Prince of Wales, Charlotte (Lady Spencer) Sarah, Lady Cecilia Molyneux, and all the Gentlemen. There was a dense crowd arranged on the terraces of the old Castle; horses in a line below and foot people and carriages above—the Hounds being at the end. The House was covered with people. Lord Cardigan, Lord Westmorland, etc., out. Found at once at Cank, went off in direction of Sanders' Farm, turned to the left over Merry Tom and back to the Covert—could do nothing with him. Went on to Buckby Folly, found and ran a smart ring towards Ravensthorpe back to Covert; then pointed towards Althorp but turned back and went to ground on the East Haddon and Ravensthorpe road. Tried to bolt him but did not succeed till we had left. The Prince rode Pale Ale; he got a fall from the horse slipping in taking off—a cut down tree—but was not hurt. I rode the grey and Freemason. Went to Vanderplank. Found at once, went away towards Percival's very fast, turned there and made a ring to the right before crossing the Turnpike; went away between West Haddon and Ravensthorpe to Winwick; turned there to the right to Thornby Spinnies over the road and left the Village on the left over the bottom and Turnpike to Cottesbrooke on to Purser's Hills and on to Maidwell Dale to ground. We had two foxes on foot at Thornby, and two or three at Cottesbrooke; our hunted fox was reported dead beat at Purser's Hills. The Prince rode Firefly in the last run; it was fast at times; all through a good hunting pace—eleven miles from point to point. Bolter got a bad fall. Rode Shamrock. Charles—Parchment and Orange Girl. George—Wellington and Y. Ochre. Richard—Scotsman (got a fall)."

Unfortunately, as Lord Spencer's health gave out, he had to spend the winter of 1863-4 abroad, and his Mastership ceased at the end of that season. Between this and his second term of office he spent over five years in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, and was able to enjoy himself during his exile with the Meath and Ward. When he again took the Pytchley Hounds in 1874 he found that many reforms were required—the chief one being a new huntsman, so he selected Will Goodall, who remained at Brixworth until his premature death 20 years later, and became the friend of all, including his Master, who greatly mourned his loss. On the advice of that great expert, "Squire" Chaplin, Lord Spencer purchased the Duhallow pack of hounds, but these were not a great success, though a change of blood was urgently needed.

During this time the strain on his physical powers became even greater than before, for he hunted the Woodlands himself two days a week, driving from Althorp to Brigstock in a specially light brougham. His health again broke down, and he was forced to give up the Hounds and spend the winter of 1879-80 at Algiers. Lord Spencer was in the Cabinet for much of the next decade, when Sir Herbert Langham was Master, but was compelled to take a prominent part in managing the affairs of the Hunt, which were often chaotic. He resumed the Mastership for the third time in 1890 and held it until 1894, combining it for the last two seasons with the office of First Lord of the Admiralty.

During the time that Will Goodall was laid up with a broken leg in 1876 the "Red Earl" hunted hounds himself, and he also hunted the Woodlands after he gave up the Pytchley proper in 1878-9; he proved himself to be a first-rate huntsman. It is doubtful whether anyone has ever enjoyed the sport of foxhunting as much as Lord Spencer did—it rendered him either quite oblivious to everything else around him or so excited that he did not know what he was doing. As Master he ruled his field with a rod of iron, but he was never known once to use strong language—instead, biting sarcasm would be poured upon the unfortunate offender. His seat on a horse was a loose one, and he had the habit of holding on to the back of the saddle when jumping a fence; but he had perfect hands. He continued hunting and riding to the last, and died in August, 1910.

[*Previous articles in this series have been the Dukes of Beaufort at Badminton, the Dukes of Richmond at Goodwood, the Dukes of Rutland at Belvior, the Wingfield Digbys at Sherborne, the Dukes of Roxburghe at Floors, the Lane Fox's at Bramham, the Earls of Yarborough at Brocklesby, the Earls of Berkeley at Berkeley Castle, the Luttrells at Dunster, the Wyndhams at Petworth, the De Greys at Merton, the Dukes of Northumberland at Alnwick, and the Fitzwilliams at Wentworth and Milton.*]



BREAKING UP THE FOX

This picture, painted by John Charlton in 1878, shows Will Goodall, the huntsman, on the left, the "Red Earl" in the centre, and Tom Goddard on the right



ONE OF THE FEW OCCASIONS DURING THE GAME THAT THE WELSH PACK HEELED. FRY, THE ENGLISH WING FORWARD, IS SEEN MOVING UP ON TO JONES, THE WELSH FLY HALF

DISAPPOINTING WELSH RUGBY

Big Changes Needed for the Match with Scotland

ACCORDING to custom Wales and England opened the International Rugby season with their game at Cardiff last Saturday. The date was memorable in the annals of Wales for the opening of a new stand, a double-decker on the Twickenham model. It was crowded for the game itself, and 10,000 additional spectators found comfortable standing room under cover, though the brilliant weather for once made this convenience unnecessary.

The second experiment, the playing of thirteen men new to international Rugby, a large proportion drawn from clubs outside the Principality, was not so fortunate, in fact the record crowd was bitterly disappointed at the standard of play of their team, which lost the match by three tries to nil.

The great weakness was in forward play. The Welsh pack never got together in the tight scrums, and were badly outplayed at the line outs and in the loose. Supporters of the Rugby Union's circular advocating the abolition of fixed positions may have been pleased at the Welsh adherence to this principle, but even the most rabid adherent of England must have regretted the painfully weak attempts of the Welsh eight against a by no means powerful English pack picked for definite places.

Loss of possession was not the only weakness of the Welsh eight, they failed to back up in attack and in defence. The latter omission threw the burden of holding up the English forwards on the diminutive halves, Evans and Jones, and what hope they had of developing a partnership was crushed by the spoiling tactics of Fry, Hodgson and Hordern. The former forward allowed his enthusiasm to carry him often into an offside position, and it was fortunate for England that he escaped penalties until later in the game when Wales lacked the reserve power to stage a revival. The centres at times showed promise, but stultified their good work by blunders in transfers and in neglecting their wings.

At full back B. Howells, a last-minute substitute for Jenkins, fielded and kicked well, but gave the impression of unreliability in close work. Finally, the tackling of the whole side contributed to their downfall, and gave the work of the English centres a superficial polish that they did not possess.

It is obvious that the English selectors cannot have learnt much about the merits of their side. Despite the supremacy of the pack (with the exception of the hooking ability of Gregory) there was much to find fault with in actual scrummage work. The middle row often seemed to be packing high, while on many occasions the wing forwards were content to bend their heads instead of getting right down to the actual shoving.

Gadney had a good match, but Elliott again showed his weakness as an international stand-off half. His game was patchy and uneven. Meikle and Warr did all that was asked of them in attack, both early establishing a supremacy over their opposite members that flattered their skill. Warr's defence was shaky and his practice of blindly throwing a pass inside when hemmed in on the touch might easily have led to disaster against stronger opponents.

Owen Smith at full back was a success. The Welsh crowd is quick to recognise ability, and, failing to find anything to enthuse over in their own players, applauded the South African generously.

The actual scores provided the high lights of the match.

After fifteen minutes' play Gerrard nearly broke through, and from the loose scrum a passing movement put Meikle in full flight for the corner flag. Cowey and Howells seemed likely to intercept him as they came diagonally across. He stopped, half stumbled, so that his would-be tacklers overran him, and, turning inwards, he scored. Five minutes later a series of weak tackles put Cranmer in a good position, and he transferred to Warr, who went over with a man hanging on to him.

For the last few minutes of the first half Wales staged a rally that promised better things for the second half, but on play being resumed this was not borne out. After six minutes' play weak tackling let Cranmer and Gerrard through, and Meikle took the final low pass magnificently at full speed and scored far out. The three kicks at goal were taken by Meikle; one was in a definitely good position, but all three attempts were miserable failures.

Wales are due to play Scotland at Edinburgh on February 3rd and many changes in the team are to be expected. H. D. L.

AMERICA'S WALKER CUP GOLFERS

Our Delay in Team Selection

By E. R. TIPPLE

ALTHOUGH the Walker Cup golf match is not to be played until early May, interest in this important international event is exceedingly keen at the moment.

It has been said that this year's American representatives are not so powerful a body as those who have visited us before. I do not altogether agree with such an opinion.

In comparison with the team that won so easily at Brooklyn two years ago, only Ouimet, Dunlap, Westland and Moreland remain in favour. Perhaps it is because the selectors have fallen back on Chandler Egan and Max Marston that some in this country consider the team as a whole not up to past standards. It must not be forgotten that both these players have earned their places by their performances last year. Egan, one of the pre-war school of golfers, is also one of the most consistent players in the United States to-day. And Marston apparently has struck the form that enabled him to win the Amateur Championship so far back as 1924. As the match is to be played at St. Andrews, experience may prove to be a better asset than raw youth.

It is rather remarkable that both the present Amateur champion and the Open title-holder are members of the side. A problem to decide who will play No. 1! Dunlap British golfers know and respect—but young Johnny Goodman has yet to be seen over here. The latter first achieved prominence by beating Bobby Jones when the championship was held at Pebble Beach in 1929. Having accomplished the seemingly impossible, he himself was beaten in the next round by Lawson Little, who will also be one of the invaders. Fischer, who is still at college, has proved himself a superb card and pencil player, but information is lacking as to whether he is as good in match play. Westland, who won the French Open Amateur event in 1929, and Moreland are the other two young people chosen.

If opinion is divided as to the wisdom of the United States Golf Association's experiment in selecting such a team, all interested in the game are agreed that it was a sound policy to announce the decision early.

The position in this country unfortunately is not the same. To date not even a list of probable players has been issued, though one or two individuals appear to be certainties, at least to the ordinary club-man.

Here are some personal "fancies." As the holder of the chief amateur title the Hon. Michael Scott should come first on any list. Although he is a "senior" I maintain that that should not be taken into account. It is his game that matters, and as he showed last year he can still produce wonderful form—over 36 holes as well. And he particularly enjoys playing an American—his victory over George von Elm at St. Andrews five years ago is not forgotten yet. Jack McLean's name deserves second mention. For some time he has played exceedingly well, and if he has had a few unexpected reverses, he has achieved much of note. Dale Bourn, runner-up in both British and English events last season, and one of the most beautiful swingers playing to-day, should receive the recognition long overdue. He is a fighter and the type for such a match.

Cyril Tolley, hero of many a struggle, is home again, and his presence will strengthen our forces. L. G. Crawley, the only Britisher to score a full point at Brooklyn and another who revels in a tight game, seems a definite probable. Then the claims of the young Lancastrian, H. G. Bentley, warrant attention. So far I have named six players. The choice for the other places is both wide and difficult. There is Woollam, the English champion, then Eric Fiddian, the brothers Hartley, J. A. Stout, S. C. McKinlay and T. A. Torrance, the captain of the last team. All of them, I imagine, are well in the running for places.

The British record in the foursomes part of this contest does not make good reading. Only once has a victory been recorded—at St. Andrews in 1923; is that an omen? Yet we pride ourselves on our ability to play this type of game and the Americans do not, indeed they vigorously express their dislike of it. From the six I have included in my own list I would like to see the following partnerships playing: Scott and Tolley, Bourn and Crawley, McLean and Bentley. I fancy those three pairs would give an excellent account of themselves. The brothers Hartley have a reputation for foursome golf which their record does not substantiate. Nevertheless they must be regarded as one of the country's best combinations. But, as I have said, it is easier to pick the first five representatives than the last five.

Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

THE BARKBY HOLT RUN

SIR,—The above run which Lord Bayford so graphically describes forms the subject of one of a series of famous runs appearing in *Baily's Hunting Directory*, of which I possess a copy published in 1902–03. The meet was actually at Barkby Hall, where a field estimated at 350 met Lord Lonsdale and the bitch pack. Several foxes were afoot in the Holt, and it was over half an hour before Tom Firr got his hounds away on the line of one which had gone more than ten minutes. They ran close up to Barkby Thorpe and wheeled to the left, and as Lord Bayford describes, galloped on with an improving scent towards Baggrave, where the fox was headed, raced to Lowesby across the park by the hall door, until, the pace increasing, the fox appeared to be seeking the shelter of Owston Wood. The distance to this point was just short of fifteen miles. Still untired he skirted Owston, ran right through Launde Wood (the first covert he had entered), and was here viewed a field ahead by Master and huntsman after crossing the Loddington Road. Horses were now stopping in every field, and the end was near. Evidently too blown, says the chronicler, to try the main earth in Stockerston Bolt Wood, he cut across the top angle, ran down to Stockerston Village, where he turned and retraced his way up the Bolt and so to ground in a rabbit earth only half a minute in front of hounds.

The line measured by men who rode every yard of the run is 27 miles on a six-inch Ordnance Map, the extreme point being sixteen-and-a-quarter. Time from breaking covert, 2 hours and 5 minutes, with 35 minutes in the Holt before breaking. From near Baggrave there was not a single check and not a foot was off the grass the whole way. Lord Lonsdale and Firr, who had frequently seen the fox during the run, are confident that hounds never changed after leaving Barkby Holt.

Yours faithfully,
Shillingstone, Dorset. H. R. TATE.

THE POTATO MARKETING SCHEME

SIR,—I write in order to correct an inaccuracy in the otherwise well-written article on the Potato Marketing Scheme, which appeared in your issue of January 6th.

Your contributor writes: "It is an evident weakness of the scheme that growers' sales direct to retailers, etc. . . . are free from the riddling provisions."

This is not the case. All sales will be subject to the riddling provisions, with the exception of sales by those growers who are exempt from the scheme, viz., growers of *less* than one acre.

Your contributor appears to have confused the exemption granted to sales to retailers in regard to the *agency* through which sales may be made, with the other provisions of the scheme which relate to the *terms* and *conditions* of sale.

Yours faithfully,
Oakwood, Hay-a-Park, Knaresborough. JOHN MOLLETT, Chairman, Potato Marketing Board.

BROWN OWL AND PIGEONS

SIR,—In a letter published in your issue of January 13th, Major Hills refers to the brown owl as not being a danger. Fond as I am of birds, my own experience recently does not bear that out.

For many years we kept a small flock of white fantail pigeons, and during that period lost very few. Two or three years ago, however, we noticed that they were gradually disappearing. Their numbers came down to two, and these I placed in a dovecot in front of the house; two days later I found one pigeon entirely eaten and the other killed. These I traced to a brown owl. It is, on the other hand, rather curious that for so many years our pigeons were comparatively immune from brown owls in the neighbourhood.

Yours truly,
Muir of Ord, N.B. A. F. MACKENZIE.

GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—The time has now come when the problem of the grey squirrel menace must once more be faced. Their numbers are again definitely increasing.

Chiefly due to disease, but in some measure also as a result of the national campaign, the pest was considerably reduced twelve months ago, when every effort was made to induce the public to take such steps as might conceivably make a definite impression on their then comparatively small numbers. The more optimistic of us even went so far as to visualise complete, and not too far distant, extinction: but, alas! public interest proved to be directly proportional to the grey squirrels' numerical strength—and now the pendulum has started to swing back again. Unless something is done the menace will continue to grow once more, as it has done in the past.

What are we to do about it? That the menace is a very real one is admitted on all sides. Since the National Campaign was initiated letters have poured in from people whose opinion is worth having. Naturalists, bird lovers, farmers, gamekeepers and others, all agree that the grey squirrel is a most undesirable alien, on whose behalf the only argument which can be advanced is that its antics amuse the children.

Now is the time for action. Natural food is plentiful this winter, and nothing is more certain that unless *all* owners of woodland take the necessary steps *now*, the normal periodic increase will take place, and in a few years' time the pest will be as numerous as it was before our campaign was started.

Yours faithfully,
Moorlands, Boxmoor, Herts. L. W. SWAINSON, Hon. Secretary, The National Anti-Grey Squirrel Campaign.

TO AID HUNTER BREEDING

SIR,—Can nothing be done to arouse public opinion and remedy a serious state of things before it is too late? Motor cars can be turned out with great rapidity, but horses take years to mature. It is not to be expected that owners of high-class sires will continue in this trade without a hope of reasonable recompense. The Government grants were of great assistance in this respect, though they did not compare with what other countries were, and are still, doing, though they are far less well placed financially than ourselves.

If these Government grants are not going to be renewed, I am of the opinion that it is up to influential members of agricultural societies to take the matter up and see what can be done by voluntary efforts.

Suggestions of plans to assist the industry have been made from time to time. One of these was that each member of a Hunt should subscribe half-a-crown a year to the Hunters Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, and as there are nearly 200 packs of foxhounds in England and Wales this would produce a useful sum.

Another suggestion, and to my mind a more practical one, is that each county agricultural society should subscribe a yearly sum to a premium fund. This has already been done in some cases, for in 1933 the Yorkshire Agricultural Society gave one additional premium of £100 and five of £50 each, whilst the Peterborough, Royal Norfolk, Dorchester and Lincolnshire Agricultural Associations gave premiums ranging from £25 to £50.

Nor must it be forgotten that it was due solely to the energetic work of the Hunters Improvement Society that the 1933 Hunter Show was held; they went so far as to draw upon their very slender reserve funds to the extent of £5,000. This cannot be repeated unless more support is forthcoming.

Yours faithfully,
Leamington. CHAS. BEAMS.

EXPORT OF HORSES FOR BUTCHERY

SIR,—In response to my letter, published on Dec. 2nd, I have received over £50 in donations from your readers, who, like myself, are concerned with the fate of worn-out horses. I have sent receipts to those donors who gave their names and addresses. May I also acknowledge donations from the following anonymous donors: Anon, Ilfracombe; Anon, London; Anon, Abergele. On the other side! The following letter reached me this morning. It is not without pathos:

"Dear Madam,—I have a pony which is very old (22 years), and I must part with her. I *do* want to know the last of her. I shall be pleased if you will consider this case as my business has gone. I have had her two years and much attached to her, but owing to money matters I must make a little of her.—Yours truly, ——."

Upon investigation I found that the man had been offered £4 for the pony by a dealer who wished to export her. She was fat and sound and "fit to travel and to work"—but she was old, and she had done her work! The poor man was torn between his duty to his family and his love for his pony. I gave him £3 10s. for her and told him he could have whatever he could make from the sale of the carcase, thus making up the £4. She was shot immediately, and there were sad tears when she was seen lying dead, but they were partly tears of relief and joy in the knowledge that she was secure from further suffering.

In conclusion, may I thank you most sincerely for the publicity you have given to the Horses' International League and to my scheme for buying old and useless horses for humane slaughter. It is largely owing to your kindness in publishing my letters and to the generosity of your readers that I have been able to rescue eight horses during the last six weeks, and that I am able to look forward to the merciful release of many others in the near future.

With my most grateful thanks, I am,
Yours truly,
Withypoole, East Keswick, Leeds. DOREEN TOPE (Mrs.).

THE ALTHORP HUNT

SIR,—With reference to the article in last week's *Field*, the following list of members of the Althorp Hunt may be of interest. It included Lord Spencer's most favoured friends, who were allowed to wear the uniform of the Hunt:

"Lord Spencer, Lord Althorp, Lord Jersey, Mr. Poyntz, Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. Varey, Sir W. Boothby, Mr. Minchin, Duke of York, Mr. St. John, Mr. Knightley, Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Crauford, Mr. Stuart, Lord Ch. Spencer, Lord R. Spencer, Lord R. Cavendish, Lord G. H. Cavendish, Mr. Bouverie, Col. Mordaunt, Captain Bellew, Prince of Hesse, General Kock, Mr. Garrick, Lord Palmerston, Lord Torrington, Mr. Skipwith, Lord George Cavendish, Mr. Robinson, Lord Pembroke, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Grenville.

LADIES.—Lady Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Harriet Spencer, Lady Jersey, Mrs. Poyntz, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Bouverie, Lady Clermont, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Garrick, Miss Shipley, Miss Poyntz, Lady Charles Spencer." Yours faithfully,
Althorp, Northampton. SPENCER.

WHAT WAS THE STONE FOR?

SIR,—In your issue of January 6th Mr. E. Mitford describes a pebble he found in the stomach of a ¾lb. chalk-stream trout in 1906, and refers to a larger one in India. He asks why the trout swallowed the stone, and I venture on the following suggestion:

I also removed a chalk pebble as large as the last joint of my thumb (1¼in. by 1in. by ¾in.) from the stomach of a rising trout caught on the dry fly. It weighed ¾lb. and should have been 1¼lb. The stone occupied almost all the stomach, and was not eroded by the presumably acid gastric juice. Probably, therefore, it had not been long in the stomach. Perhaps it was capable of being vomited; certainly it was too big to pass on into the gut. I suppose the trout had not taken the chalk as a cure for acid dyspepsia!

I have seen a trout digging up the fine chalk gravel with its lower jaw, shovelling it into its mouth, spitting out the stones and doubtless retaining any shrimps or snails. Now, suppose our trout had eaten the big stone when its lower surface was thickly encrusted with little snails. This surface would have tasted on its tongue like one large snail mass, and may well have excited the reflex to swallow the lump, especially if it was hungry. For a trout's conduct is determined by reflexes, not by thought.

Thus another reflex which misleads the trout is the sight of an artificial fly—sufficiently resembling the real thing to excite the reflex to eat it. By experience, an old trout learns a "conditional reflex"—to refrain from eating imitation flies with gut and barb attached. But a large stone nicely encrusted with snails below would be too uncommon and tempting an object for this to work.

Yours faithfully,
14, Albion Street, Hull. F. C. EVE (M.D.).

INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE MATCHES

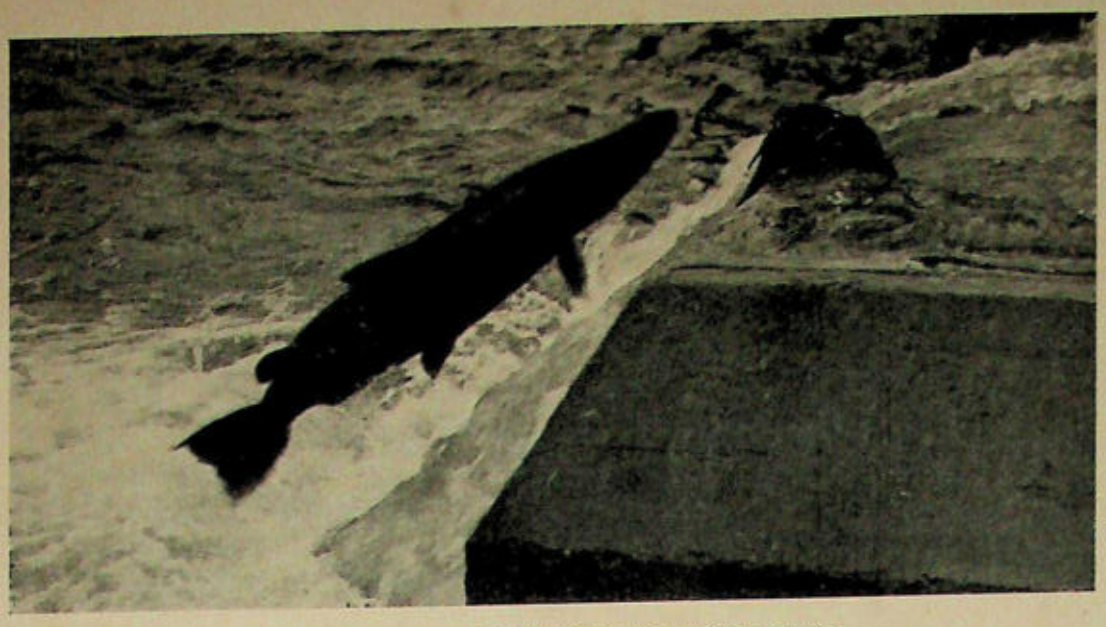
SIR,—As you are aware, the Centennial Celebrations of this State will be held during the latter months of 1934, and many thousands of your readers in the Mother Country are sure to be numbered among our visitors for that occasion.

Of such visitors some, at least, are certain to be keen bridge players and would welcome the opportunity of competing with our leading exponents of the game.

Under the patronage of the Centenary Council, the Victorian Bridge Association is endeavouring to arrange International Bridge Matches as an official feature.

I desire, therefore, on behalf of my association, to invite any of your readers interested in the above to communicate with the Victorian Bridge Association, Howey Court, Melbourne, Australia.

Yours faithfully,
Victorian Bridge Association. F. D. SMITH.



KEPT FROM THE SPAWNING BEDS BY LACK OF WATER
(See Letter "Late-Spawning Salmon")

LATE-SPAWNING SALMON

SIR,—The enclosed photograph was taken at Ringwood Mill on the Hampshire Avon on December 30th last. One of the (presumed) effects of the drought is that salmon have been running up to spawn a month later than usual. It is surprising that salmon, heavy in spawn as these must be, can surmount such obstructions.

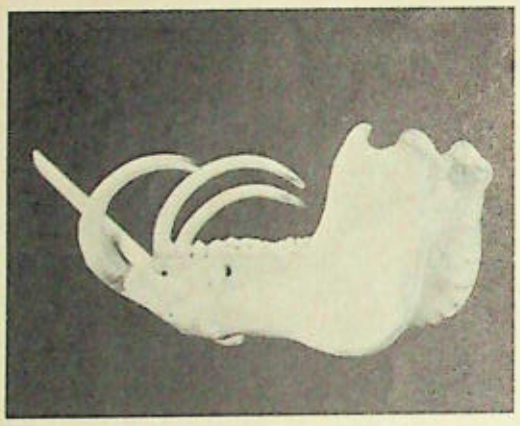
Yours faithfully,

2, Ampthill Road, Freemantle, Southampton. L. A. J. FRIEND.

A FOUR-TUSKED BOAR

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows the head of a boar shot by Mr. R. G. Hill last September. As will be seen, the beast possessed four tusks—a very rare occurrence. The right two bedded in such a way that one laid tight against the other, although they laid in separate sockets and one grinder sharpened the two.

The straight tusk on the left was rubbing on the roof of the beast's mouth; the photograph shows how much it was worn. The pressure exerted caused it to



A CURIOSITY FROM NEW ZEALAND
(See Letter "A Four-tusked Boar")

be forced down and out through the jaw bone underneath, the protuberance being clearly shown. The boar itself was in good condition, and the tusks were about 9in. long.

Yours faithfully,

Wellington, N.Z. H. THORNTON.

WHALE INVASION AT ZANZIBAR

SIR,—In connection with the extraordinary incident on the coast of Zanzibar, when several dozen lesser killer whales were found stranded in the shallow water, perhaps the enclosed cutting may be of interest.

Yours truly,

Nairobi. HUGH COPLEY.

[The cutting, from the *African Standard* of December 11th last, reads: "Several theories have been put forward to account for so unusual an occurrence. The fact that most of the beached animals bore scars or small circular wounds gives rise to the likely theory that the 'school' was being chased by sword-fish or other voracious deep sea monsters, and taking refuge in the shallow waters were caught by a fast receding tide. In length they varied from about 12ft. up to a maximum of 18ft.

"The animals lay motionless throughout the hot hours of the morning. By two o'clock the tide was again returning and as it began to lap the bodies many of them revived considerably. The larger ones, especially, lashed about with their tails. With the help of strong poles, used as levers, it was possible to get a number into deeper water where they gradually recovered some of their strength and swam out to sea. Others were roped by the tails and towed out by motor boats.

"The spectacle attracted enormous crowds of people. The scene along the main road from Town to Mtoni resembled, in numbers, an English football crowd. Buses did a roaring trade, making numerous trips to and from the Town. The road was congested with buses, private cars, bicycles and many pedestrians.

"Although the majority of the animals were got back out to sea again some sixteen or so had succumbed to the long day's heat and still lie on the beach." See also the letter and photograph published in our issue of January 13th.—ED.]

ROOSTING STARLINGS

SIR,—Referring to your correspondent's trouble with roosting starlings in his coverts, I would advise him to procure two tin canisters of fair size and then get a supply of red and green fire powder (as used at firework displays), then fill the canisters with the powder, one containing the red, the other green, hanging these on low branches of the trees some distance apart under the place where the birds gather together most. When they arrive in the evening and finished "chattering," and about to settle down for the night, ignite the powder. The strange glare will give them a fright and they will rise and take wing. If troubled by stragglers later on, repeat the dose.

Yours faithfully,

Stroud Green, London, N. A. A. FLASHBOURNE.

INCREASING PIKE

SIR, The following pike have been taken on Oulton Broad within 100yds. of my lawn during the last four days. Water like a sheet of glass.

Mr. James, Gunton Lodge, Oulton Broad, 16lb. and 17½lb. Two strangers caught fifteen pike, largest 12½lb.; average weight of others, 9lb. Major Courtney, two small 6lb. The fish were all taken in middle of broad, deep water; not in reeds.

One local angler hooked a very large pike and could not get fish off the bottom. Fish was eventually lost. Several times this season I have seen a very big pike feeding just off Sir John's Beale's garden. This fish must weigh close on 40lb. One day it took a roach which weighed a pound and came right out of the water within 10yds. of my boat. Looks to me as if the above angler got this gentleman on.

Yours truly,

Bremen House, Oulton Broad, nr. Lowestoft. H. BARLING.

THE LIGHTNING STRIKE

SIR,—Mr. Carter Platts's "Lightning Strike" observations in a recent issue are interesting, especially the suggestion of gathering the slack line in the left hand and making the strike with it, independent of the rod, in still water, to eliminate the lag.

The action is naturally done with running tackle, down a long swim from a punt. I have had to consider this point, and have two methods of beating the lag, which is pretty extensive, because of my liking for a rather whippy 11ft. split cane rod.

The first is to tap the rod about 18in. above the right-hand grip, with the left hand; the whippier the rod, the greater the response from the tip. The roach pole and tight-line fisherman can quicken his strike with a tap; even when the rod is out of his hands on the bank, in supports, it is sometimes quicker than picking up the rod.

The second whippy rod trick is to strike *down* and there is no lag at all, and the split second is saved. This can be proved by suspending a 6in. float to several feet of line (say, about 5ft.), allowing the float to touch the ground and incline slightly, but without any gut below. In the upward strike, the float will lie down on the ground first, as a result of the lag, and on the water this will sometimes mean losing the present-day educated fish. In the downward strike the float will lift at once, without lag.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES E. VARNEY.

36, Abbotsford Road, Goodmayes, Essex.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Webster's letter on the above subject, it may interest him to know that I breed piebald and skewbald blood horses. I have two skewbald (brown and white and bay and white) hunter stallions, 16 hands and 16.1. The older horse is sired by Ilston, who won the Champion Steeple Chase at Liverpool and is, I believe, the last surviving stallion in tail male from Hermit, the Derby winner. His dam is a mare by Berrill, who won the King's Cup at Islington. Two of this odd-coloured sire's stock have won good Point-to-Points. The younger horse is sired by the above out of a thoroughbred mare, by the imported Great Scot of Carbine blood out of a mare by the late Duke of Portland's Johnny Morgan, from Countess, a winner of many steeple chases.

As regards the uncertainty of getting spotted horses, I may say I put thoroughbred mares, black, brown, bay, chesnut or grey, and the resulting foal is always skewbald or piebald by these two stallions. Two gelding own brothers to the younger horse have both won Point-to-Points. The stallions run loose with the mares and foals all season, and are beautifully quiet with them and hardly ever leave one barren.

Yours faithfully,

Longdon Hall, Tewkesbury. FREDERIC H. UNWIN.

HOW DID IT FLY?

SIR,—I thought, perhaps, the enclosed cutting from the *Evesham Journal* might interest some of your readers.

"This fine specimen of a drake mallard was shot in full flight by Mr. J. Smith, of Offenham, after being roused with three others from the Avon near the Fish and Anchor Hotel.

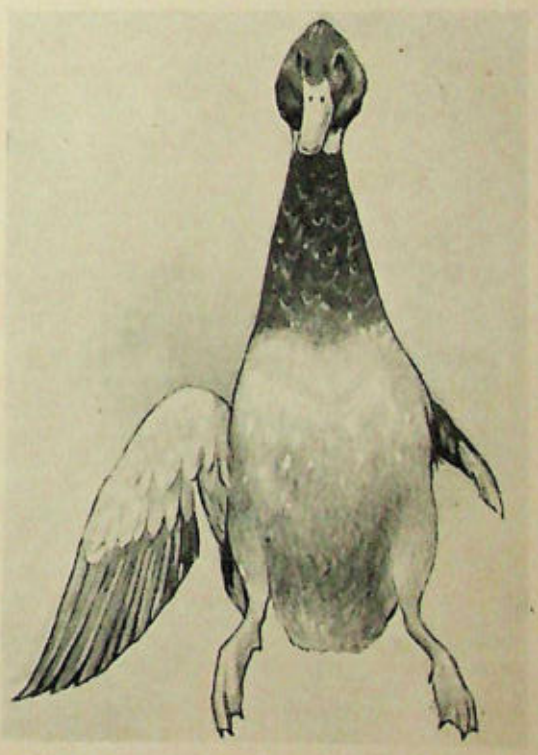
"It will be noticed that it has only one wing, and that irregular, the normal position of the missing wing being occupied by about four feathers with no wing joint, muscle or skin.

"The flight, says Mr. Smith, was so ordinary that he did not notice anything unusual about the bird until he arrived home, when the fact that it had only one wing was pointed out to him. There was no sign of any injury near where the missing wing should have been and it appeared obvious that the bird had been hatched without it.

"It was in remarkably fine condition, with splendid plumage, and very plump."

Yours faithfully,

Burmington Leys, Shipston-on-Stour. AUBREY SEYMOUR.



"THE FLIGHT WAS SO ORDINARY THAT HE DID NOT NOTICE ANYTHING UNUSUAL."
(See Letter "How Did It Fly?")

SEALS ON THE COAST OF WALES

SIR,—With reference to the letter published under this heading in your issue of December 23rd, may I suggest that the animal mentioned is far more likely to have been a grey seal than a common seal.

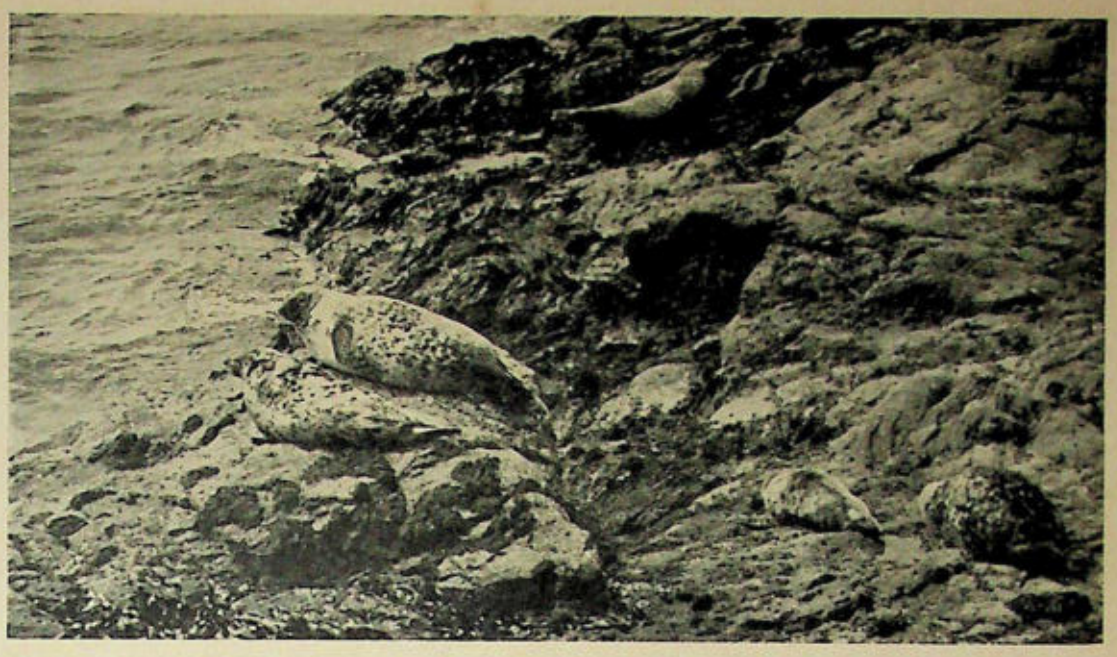
It is extremely doubtful whether the latter species occurs at all on the Welsh coast, except perhaps as a rare visitor. It haunts and breeds on sandy shores, and on the east rather than the west coast, *e.g.*, The Wash.

The seal which is common and breeds along the rocky Welsh coast is the Atlantic grey seal (*Halichœrus grypus*). This is a larger species, which breeds in caves and produces its young in August and September. There can be little doubt that the animal seen by your correspondent was a female which had her pup in the cave. It is improbable that she would have attacked a bather, though naturally a beast of this size in its own element would appear somewhat fearsome. Her behaviour would be due to anxiety for her offspring rather than to mere truculence; but grey seals are often inquisitive and will swim close up to a boat or a person on the rocks out of curiosity.

Yours faithfully,

Skokholm Island, Pembrokeshire. R. M. LOCKLEY.

[We still maintain that the common seal (*Phoca vitulina*) is resident as a breeding species on the west coast of Wales, and mates in September; this is substantiated by very good authority.—ED.]



GREY SEALS AT THEIR BREEDING HAUNTS ON SKOKHOLM ISLAND
(*See Letter "Seals on the Coast of Wales"*)

EELS ATTACKING SALMON

SIR,—Having read the letter published under the heading of "Eel attacks Salmon," in a recent *Field*, the following account might be of interest. Last September, while standing on Beauly Bridge looking down into the Beauly, which was very low and clear at the time, I saw several salmon jumping. Then I noticed that there were a number of eels about, and that in each case the eel appeared to attack the salmon, causing the salmon to leap. It would be interesting to know if any of your other readers have seen a similar occurrence of



A WOODCOCK'S MENDED FRACTURE
(*See Letter "Nature's Splint"*)

eels attacking salmon. Personally, I should say that an eel could not kill a salmon, but would certainly feed off a dead fish, as must have been the case in "Constant Reader's" letter.

Yours truly,

Craig Ellachie, Scotland. S. S.-M.

NATURE'S SPLINT

SIR,—I am enclosing the leg of a woodcock which was shot in Garvagh Demesne on December 19th, and in which you may observe an old fracture bound up by the bird with mud and feathers. Have you seen anything like it before?

Yours faithfully,

Lizard Manor, Aghadowey, Co. Londonderry, Ulster. C. E. STRONGE.

[In such cases the "binding" is usually accidental, the mud and feathers having stuck to the blood on the wound.—ED.]

A 10FT. INDIAN ELEPHANT

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested to know that through the courtesy of Raja Probhat Chandra Barua of Gauripur, Assam, official measurements were recently taken of his tusker, Jung Bahadur, which was found to be 10ft. 2½in. high at the withers. This elephant was caught when quite young and presumably would have considerably exceeded this height in a state of freedom.

Sanderson, as the result of his experience in Mysore, was sceptical of the existence of 10ft. Indian elephants, but colossal wild elephants are met with occasionally in Assam, apparently much bigger than Jung Bahadur.

Claims to possess very large elephants are sometimes put forward, and I have no doubt that Jung Bahadur's equals have before now been kept in a state of captivity.

Yours faithfully,

Shillong. A. J. W. MILROY (Conservator of Forests, Assam).

"EARLIEST DAYS OF HUNTING"

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of January 6th, entitled "Earliest Days of Hunting," the following extracts from the churchwarden's accounts of Eling Church, which is now just outside the New Forest boundary, may be of interest.

1675	pd to my Lord Sandis his man for 2 ffox heads	2.0
1682	gave to Sir John Coventrys huntsman for 6 foxheads	6.0
1683	to Sir John Coventrys huntsman for 2 foxheads	2.0
1683	to Sir John Mills huntsman for 1	1.0
1685	do. do. do. 6	6.0
1686	do. do. do. 5	5.0
1688	pd Henry New for 3 foxheads which Sir William Goorcing killed when he lay at Lindhurst which foxes were killed about Langley and Ipley	3.0
1691	to Mr Cromwells huntsman for 1	1.0
1724	pd Lord Duke's man for 9 foxheads	9.0
	to Sur Richd. Mill man for 5	5.0
	to the Lord Duke's man for 2	2.0

The first half-dozen of these entries, as you see, put the date even farther back than that referred to in Lee's *History of Tetbury*.

Yours faithfully,

Coppithorn Hill, Copythorne, Hampshire. GEORGE FERGUSON (Hon. Sec. New Forest Hounds).

A HUMMING BIRD IN MINIATURE

SIR,—During last summer one read many reports of a peculiar insect which had been seen hovering over flowers in the garden, and which looked like a humming bird. Time and time again I have seen this question asked, and the answer given that it was without doubt the humming bird hawk moth (*Macroglossa stellatarum*). This in itself vouches for the increase of this delightful little insect throughout England, and I have also had reports of it from Ireland. The unusual warmth of the summer perhaps accounted for the increase in numbers.

In Malta we are lucky to have the humming bird hawk with us throughout the year, and scarcely a day passes without one being seen in the gardens passing quietly from flower to flower. The beginning of June sees an enormous increase in its numbers, and there may be half-a-dozen in view at one time. With such an opportunity I thought it would be of interest to take some photographs, and perhaps one of them may be of interest to you. It shows, more or less, the characteristic position of the humming bird hawk moth in flight, and gives some idea of the markings and shape.

Yours faithfully,

H.M.S. Cyclops, Malta. F. A. PEARSE (Surgeon-Lieutenant, R.N.).



ALMOST TOO QUICK FOR THE CAMERA
(*See Letter "A Humming Bird in Miniature"*)



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S

THE ONLY MATURED

DRY GIN



THE GARRICKS AND DR. JOHNSON: FROM THE PAINTING LENT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART BY THE EARL OF DURHAM

(See Letter "David Garrick at Hampton")

MOVEMENTS OF WOODPIGEON

SIR,—Can any reader suggest why pigeon should depart from a wood of four to five acres close to my house, which they have frequented to my personal knowledge for the past fifteen years, and, I believe, for many years previously? Up to October this year there have always been from 50 to 100 birds in constant occupation, and occasional shooting to prevent them becoming too numerous has never driven them away. This year they had not been shot at at all, but they appear to have cleared off for the past two months, and there is not a pigeon about the place. Nothing has happened in the environment or otherwise to account for this, and no hawks or other birds of prey have been in the vicinity. A neighbouring proprietor informs me that the usual number of birds are around his shoot, so pigeon have not apparently left the district.

Yours truly,

Acre Valley, Torrance, Stirlingshire. — G. S. SIMPSON (Lieut.-Colonel).

WORN-OUT WAR HORSES

SIR,—With reference to the letter of "Horse-lover" in your issue of December 9th on the subject of "Worn-out War Horses," unfortunately it is not in the power of every sympathiser to pay the price of the rescue of even one of these poor victims: but if every Hunt would organise a cap at one of its meets, and thus give the opportunity for small as well as large contributions, the necessary amount to purchase all the survivors would easily be raised.

We have just had a very successful collection in the Essex and Suffolk Hunt, and as pamphlets (obtained from the Assistant Secretary of the Old War Horse Fund, Miss Gibson Craig, Sanctuary, Seaford) were first distributed to the members with the request that they pass them on to friends, one hopes the results will not stop here.

Yours truly,

Ipswich. — A. M. FISON.

PILOT FISH AT LOWESTOFT

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent, Mr. Patterson, whose letter appeared on December 30th, to know that this fish is described as follows in Yarrell's *History of British Fishes*, 1841: "The Pilot Fish has been so often seen, and occasionally taken on our Southern Coast, as to be entitled to a place among British fishes."

Yours truly,

Riversleigh House, Langport. — HUGHES C. LOCKYER (Captain, R.N.).

DAVID GARRICK AT HAMPTON

SIR,—One of the most interesting of Zoffany's conversation pieces is the painting showing Dr. Johnson at tea with the Garricks by the riverside, and an angler who is evidently more interested in the learned guest than in fishing.

Is the setting the lawn at Garrick Villa by the Thames at Hampton? It revives memories of the days when that lovely stretch was used to accommodate spectators at up-river regattas and a gay crowd cheered crews to victory. How changed the scene is to-day! For years a copper-domed temple adjoining the lawn was a picturesque landmark for all who used the river for pleasure or exercise. Now its beauty has been spoiled by a building being grafted on to the side of it.

Yours faithfully,

London. — R. N. ROSE.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Three-Antlered Stag.—I am sending you a photograph of a very remarkably formed red deer's head which I shot in New Zealand recently. I have never seen a head so malformed before. This head has three separate antlers, the third of which is 27in. long, growing from between the eyes. I should be very pleased if anyone can explain this very unusual formation.—P. H. DE B. STEPHENS, Bonaer, Hayle, Cornwall.



STAG AND UNICORN IN ONE

(See Letter "Three-Antlered Stag")

A Grey Phalarope Year.—With reference to the various letters published in the *Field* concerning the possibility of 1933 being a "Grey Phalarope Year," I should like to add the following information. At the end of September, 1933, when sea-fishing off the Manacle Rocks near the Lizard, about a mile from the shore, I saw several grey phalaropes flying by in a westerly direction. Some of these birds actually landed on the water to feed, or rest, where, owing to their white colouring, they looked very conspicuous. In all I estimate seeing at least eight of the phalaropes during that day.—P. Z. MACKENZIE, 8, The Grove, Highgate, N.

Mr. Henry Williams.—Many of his friends in many branches of sport will hear with regret of the death of Mr. Henry Williams at his home, Dellside, Heswall, for he was in every sense an all-round sportsman. A keen Rugby enthusiast, he had played for Gloucester and Birkenhead Park, while he was well-known as a breeder of racehorses at his stud farm, Wirral, one of the best-known of which was Last of the Dandies. He was long associated with the Mersey Rowing Club, being a member in its early days and coach to the club until last summer.

IN THE CITY

FOREIGN BONDS

AN interesting letter has been received from a correspondent writing under the pseudonym of "Anglo Scot," from which letter the following is an extract: "I have for a long while taken the view that the best kind of foreign bond is undervalued as a long-term security. If one reads carefully the speeches of the chairman of the best investment trusts one finds the opinion repeatedly expressed that the value of foreign bonds must recover when world trade and confidence return. This proposition, if examined, seems unassailable, for defaulting States would find it impossible to obtain further credit. On the other hand, one finds that small stockbrokers persist in regarding all foreign Government bonds as rubbish. While no sensible person, who was dependent on investment income, would invest more than a small proportion of their capital in foreign bonds, they appear to be the type of security which, if bought at present day values, afford a better medium for obtaining future capital appreciation and income than the vast majority of the industrials being recommended and bought at the present time."

The views expressed in this letter approximately represent those of the writer of this column. There are, however, a few remarks that might be added, and in particular the importance of differentiating between those bonds that entail a risk that is primarily political, and those that entail a risk that is primarily economic. With politics anything may happen, and political happenings can depress the value of a country's obligations for a long time, and perhaps for ever, whereas economic difficulties are not likely to be of such long duration. There can be no two opinions, for instance, regarding the reasons that led to the adoption of the scheme in 1931, under which the interest on Brazilian Government bonds (with the exception of the two funding loans already in issue) was to be paid in funding scrip instead of in cash until October this year. Brazil was then definitely incapable of obtaining the necessary amount of foreign exchange to continue the full service of her external debt in cash. Her incapacity was due to the fall in the price of coffee and other primary products, and her politicians could not be held to blame for that. The politicians of certain European countries could not, however, be considered as entirely guiltless for the sufferings of the bondholders of the countries in question.

BRAZIL FUNDING SCRIPT

Brazil 5 per cent. 20-year funding bonds of 1931 can at present be bought at £57½ to yield about 10½ per cent. allowing for redemption at par in 1951. Brazil's export surplus for 1933 is expected to be between seven and eight million pounds, and during the last seven weeks the price of coffee at Santos has risen to such an extent that, on the basis of the export of fifteen million bags of coffee per annum, the improvement in price would increase the export surplus by about £2,500,000.

The service of the 1931 20-year and 40-year funding bonds ranks as a charge on the available amount of foreign currencies immediately after the service of the two older funding issues (the 5 per cent. bonds of 1898 and 1914), and the service of these four loans together will require about £2,500,000 per annum from October this year onwards, when the issue of further funding scrip is due to cease. Although it seems improbable that Brazil will then be able to resume full cash payments on her external debt, the amounts of the 1931 funding scrips are definitely limited, according to the original prospectus, and thus any further issues of scrip should rank as definitely junior securities.

The sinking funds on the 1931 funding bonds are due to operate for the first time in March, 1935, and the operation of these sinking funds should have a considerable effect on the market quotations for the bonds. It can, in fact, be calculated that provided the bonds are then still obtainable below £60 per cent. the sinking fund would retire about 7 per cent. of the total amount of the 20-year bonds during the first year of its operation. In addition to the regular sinking funds the Brazilian Government is putting aside in milreis the amount of the interest which is now being funded, and portions of this blocked milrei account will be employed as an additional sinking fund as and when considered possible.

The relatively satisfactory degree of security, together with the possibilities of capital appreciation on account of the operation of the sinking fund, seems disproportionate to the yield of about 10½ per cent. at present obtainable on these Brazil 20-year 5 per cent. funding bonds, which might perhaps be standing at a higher price were it not for the disfavour in which nearly all foreign bonds are now regarded.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

IN LANDS UNKNOWN

Bird's-eye to a Continent—Planning a Landscape

MOTIVES which impel man to seek out untrodden paths in unknown lands and beyond uncharted seas vary. Most often, perhaps, he is driven forward by the desire to unloose his corded bales, or to use the modern phrase, exploit new markets. Some times he is driven out from his own home and forced to seek a new one. Sometimes he goes purely for the love of adventure. Sometimes he goes as a missionary and sometimes as a conqueror. But always, or nearly always, he goes as the questing beast, fired by some spark of romantic inquiry which will face hardship, hunger, and even death for a gain which he knows is not always commensurate to the effort.

That would seem to be the only common link which unites the many explorers whose journeyings Sir Percy Sykes—himself an explorer of note—has collected together in a volume of great authority and unflagging interest. The author considers—possibly a little sweepingly—that with the journeys of Bertram Thomas and Philby in Arabia, land exploration in the old sense is finished. Would Sir Aurel Stein, for instance, agree with him? And what of the hinterland of Borneo and the interior of Brazil? But he has chosen out of the great mass of explorers a very representative selection, arranged with the greatest care; nor has he made the mistake of giving a little information about a large number of people that it must have been a temptation to include; but fortunately none of his portraits, except, perhaps, the very early ones, and some of the Roman and Chinese figures, lack personality. A standard work stands or falls on this point. Its figures must be flesh and blood, and not merely pivots in a chronological table. Sir Percy Sykes has never failed to make his heroes live, especially the Asiatic explorers, with whom, as is natural, he is most in sympathy. And it is a significant comment on his selection that it includes Gertrude Bell, but not Lady Hester Stanhope or Rosita Forbes.

The great age of exploration was probably the Middle Ages, for then, besides the calling in of the new world to redress the balance of the old (to antedate Canning by 300 years) with the journeys of Colombus, Vasca da Gama, Magellan Diaz, Cabot, Hudson, Baffin, and the many others, we have many notable journeys in Asia, the greatest of which are those of Marco Polo, whose book remains one of the greatest and most readable ever written. The latter-day discoveries—if we except those of our contemporaries, which must always have a great appeal, for one can better live for oneself the feelings and sufferings of a man still living—seem to lack the extraordinary daring of those early navigators. After all, it is something to sail out into a world that is thought to be square and over whose edge one's bark may precipitate itself!

The author has given us a great deal of new information, or rather information that must be new to the majority of his readers, on such voyagers as Josafa Barbaro and Athony Jenkinson, who travelled in Persia and Central Asia; Matteo Ricci, a Jesuit explorer in China; Ippolito de Desideri, another Jesuit who reached Lhassi via Leh; Ferdinand Mendez Pinto and William Adams, early visitors to Japan; and many of the early explorers in America whose names are little known on this side of the Atlantic.

From that date to the present time the story is better known—Captain Cook, the scramble for Africa, the opening up of Australia, modern travels in Central Asia, Tibet, the Burmese triangle, the Poles, Arabia. It is a story that can hardly fail to stimulate, and Sir Percy Sykes has earned our gratitude for the manner of its telling. R. M.

A History of Exploration. By Sir Percy Sykes. (George Routledge; 25/–.)

SILENT OVER AFRICA

An Airman's Odyssey

A BOOK that is both interesting and amusing is always popular. The same cannot be said when the book is merely instructive and interesting, since the majority of readers prefer amusement to instruction, even at the expense of interest. Wherefore I stress the fact that *Something New Out of Africa* is interesting right through, and often amusing, yet affords valuable instruction to airmen, big game hunters or photographers, and all civil servants whose lot may call them to those parts of Africa of which it treats.

Its main theme is a series of flights from Cairo south to the great lakes, a transcontinental return trip from Port Sudan on the Red Sea to Fort Bathurst in the Gambia—a Red Sea to Atlantic flight—and an intensive reconnaissance and air survey of the Western Littoral of the Red Sea from Suez eastward to Aden, together with many detours and divergencies from these main routes.

All these flights were done by stages, so that during the halts "H. W." had opportunities for studying the peoples among whom he landed, wherein these journeys differ materially from non-stop flights. Pleasantly written, often in humorous or racy vein, full of intelligent observation and shrewd comment, the book should appeal to a very wide public. It is difficult to check travellers' tales, and in the case in point there may be some who might question the accuracy of "H. W.'s" observations and consequently discount the soundness of his judgments or forecasts, arguing that he has spent too little time in the countries over which he has flown. For the benefit of such doubting Thomases I spent a considerable time in Northern Nigeria, and know a good deal about the country, and I was amazed to find how thoroughly "H. W." had



HERNANDO CORTEZ
From "A History of Exploration." (*Routledge*)

grasped the characteristics of this great colony and the problems and modes of life of its various peoples. Consequently I am prepared to accept what "H. W." has to tell me about those parts of Africa which I have not visited personally.

The book is full of the Imperial spirit, a most refreshing departure at a time when politicians are more ready to apologise for the Empire than to rule or develop it. The adventurous side is not overemphasised, but it needs little imagination to realise that disease, disaster, and even death were seldom far from "H. W." and his companions during their odysseys.

The flights they made, the risks they ran, the difficulties which they overcame, were undertaken upon their "lawful occasions" as officers of the R.A.F., with no eye to publicity but as a matter of service routine. It is impossible to do more than refer to a few of the many interesting incidents locked within the covers of *Something New Out of Africa*.

The respective Colonial administrations of France and Great Britain are compared. A wounded leopard is followed up with a tyre-lever. Aeroplanes land in the Sudd, putting their crews to peril of crocodile and watersnake, and camel flies which draw blood when they bite. The dhows of Arab smugglers and slave traders dodging for shelter among the coral reefs and islands of the Red Sea are located and searched. The pros and cons of "Juju" are discussed, and examples quoted, both amusing and tragic. Apropos of "Juju," I have seen enough of it to be inspired with a lively desire to see no more. But that by the way. Fascinating, too, are the accounts of repairs carried out in a tropical climate with a minimum of tools and skilled assistants. The generous hospitality of French military posts is both enjoyed and its after-effects deplored; while the thumbnail sketches of many tribes and their customs would seem to indicate that a potential administrator was lost when "H. W." took to the air.

The maps are clear and easily read, but especially do I commend the 108 photographs which illustrate the book. Nearly all are works of art, my favourites being the Bor herd of elephants in a swamp, and two others showing the deserted town of Suez. D.

Something New Out of Africa. By "H. W." (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., Parker Street, Kingsway, W.C. 2.; 15/–)

AN ARCHITECT OF THE GARDEN

Views Various and Varying

MR. SUDELL takes a surprisingly wide view of what the term "landscape gardening" includes, and his book would have been of greater value had he concentrated on the subject of his title in the strict sense of the word. Instead, he has wandered so far afield as to give a brief history of gardening in these islands, a chapter on formal gardens, another on the orchard and kitchen garden, to say nothing of chapters on town and roof gardens, factory and hotel gardens, airport development, and gardens of other nations. All this in one volume leaves the reviewer breathless.

The best parts of this book are those devoted to the processes of construction and the illustrations, which are not only excellent in themselves but illustrative of the text. The publishers have been generous in the matter of illustrations, for there are eight plates in colour, 200 photographs and 100 plans.

Mr. Sudell describes "knot" gardens as "little beds edged with dwarf box and arranged in patterns. They sometimes contained no plants, but were filled with coloured earths." This gives a poor idea of those delightful old gardens; nor does he give any indication of the fact that knot gardens are once more a vogue. At the last International Flower Show held at New York, the gold medal was awarded to a knot garden laid out with remarkable skill. With all the modern introductions in dwarf evergreens and conifers a knot garden laid out as at the New York Show would be a charming midwinter garden. It is true that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the interstices were sometimes laid out in coloured sands, but Bacon condemned the custom, and it certainly can have found no favour with flower lovers. The interstices were usually planted with flowers, not all of one colour, in modern fashion but in various colours, the effect being a posy. In this matter we are also learning from our ancestors, and in many modern gardens flower beds are planted in this attractive way. It certainly requires skill.

This book is valuable for the numerous ideas and suggestions it offers. Mr. Sudell rightly advocates the greater use of fruit trees. The absence of fruit trees in thousands of small suburban gardens is lamentable, and yet considerable space is frequently wasted in these gardens on inferior and uninteresting shrubs. Fruit trees are beautiful in flower and still more beautiful in fruit. The author urges upon every town councillor who peruses this book the importance of planting streets with fruit trees. "They would add considerably to the beauty of the neighbourhood and would incur upon the heads of the wise councillors the blessings of generations to come." He cites as an instance the wonderful cherry orchards on the Roman Road from Canterbury to Chatham: "It has been a wonder to me every time I pass along that road during cherry-blossom time that the cherry has not been more widely used for roadside planting. The sight is too wonderful and beautiful for description." E. S. R.

Landscape Gardening, Planning, Construction, Planting. By Richard Sudell. (Ward, Lock & Co.; £1 1s.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A well-known Turf novelist, J. Fairfax Blakeborough, has brought his great racing experience into play in such works as *Nat Wedgewood, Jockey*; *A Non-Trier Wins!* and *Who Maimed Spurt?* Each of these is brimful of thrills, untoward experiences, and deeds of daring in face of the greatest villainy, and each is worthy of perusal. (Philip Allan; 2/6 each.)

The new issues for 1934 of those indispensable handbooks *Kelly's Directory, Debrett's Peerage* and *Whitaker's Almanack*, are now ready and cost 30/–, 75/– and 6/– respectively.

FARMERS' PIG CONTRACTS

Looking Ahead to the New Period

WITHIN the next few days, probably during the course of next week, farmers will know the terms of the new contracts to be made between them and the bacon curers under the pigs marketing scheme. The second contract period, on which we enter on March 1st, will run until December. It is no easy matter for farmers to plan their output of bacon pigs for so long ahead, but the contract method is essential to the proper balancing of home and imported supplies, which will ensure a steady bacon market without price fluctuations at the expense of either the consumer or the producer.

It cannot yet be said that the quota method has worked with perfect smoothness or with the most advantageous results. When the marketing scheme was in its initial stages in October and November, there was still a heavy influx of imported bacon which kept wholesale prices below the level required to enable bacon curers to pay the stipulated contract price and now—in January—the import restrictions have been made effective and the curers are short of pigs from home sources to enable them to take full advantage of the higher price for bacon. These irregularities can, however, be adjusted, and with the exact knowledge of the number of bacon pigs contracted for as the home supply for several months ahead it will be the business of the Market Supply Committee to see that total supplies are balanced more evenly throughout the year.

The Board of Trade returns show that last year the imports of bacon and hams were valued at £33,000,000, so there is still plenty of scope for increased home production. The rate of expansion in the home bacon quota, is, however, limited to 24 per cent. in the coming year.

Going round one of the bacon factories and seeing the pigs graded leaves the impression that the immediate concern of farmers must be to perfect their production and consign more Grade A pigs, which bring in 13s. a score, and fewer Grade E pigs, generally faulted because of excessive back fat, which bring in no more than 9s. or 10s. a score. On an 8-score pig the difference between the top grade and the lowest may mean as much as 30s. to the producer, and it means even more to the home bacon industry in its endeavour to wrest the market from the Dane.

We have to recognise that although there is a substantial demand for "stout" sides, the new market being created by the gradual exclusion of foreign supplies is for ultra-lean bacon. The Londoner will buy English bacon readily enough if it is of the same quality as the Danish to which he has become accustomed. Danish bacon may be no better than very lean pickled pork, compared with the matured product for which Wiltshire is famous, but if the public wants the Danish type of product farmers and curers must cater for the demand whatever their personal preference may be, or whatever they may think the consumer should like.

Payment by grade as well as weight, which is now the universal practice at the bacon factories, is bringing home to farmers the necessity for overhauling their breeding stock and feeding methods. A sow may be a good breeder and "do" her pigs extraordinarily well, but if they turn out to be Grade E quality she is not worth keeping. The boar may also be at fault by breeding pigs which are too thick over the shoulders or too thin in the flank. The Large White boar with fine bone is generally considered ideal for breeding the perfect baconer, but he can give pigs that fail in the flank. It is only by carefully checking the grading results that the farmer can eliminate the unprofitable traits in his pigs and obtain a full share of the quality bonus payments that are provided under the scheme.

Farmers are certainly much more careful than they formerly were in the feeding of their pigs. One all-round ration for every class of pig from in-pig sows and weaners to finishing baconers does not give satisfactory results at the most economical cost. Good advice on feeding can always be had for the asking from the agricultural organisers employed by the county councils.

Housing also plays its part in making or marring the quality of bacon pigs. Although no definite measurements are available, from authoritative sources, it seems that animals which have to put up with cold and draughty sheds are protected by Nature from chill by the growth of an extra layer or two of fat over the back. This is at the expense of the farmer's food bill and means ungraded carcases at the bacon factory—altogether wasteful production. In this country, where the range of temperature is not very extreme, it may not be necessary to provide the central heating in winter and the fan ventilation in summer, which are features of the large-scale pig-feeding houses commonly seen in Sweden and Denmark; but it is economy to make the sheds free from draught and to ensure as far as possible that the pigs have comfortable dry quarters which will not call forth special protective measures from Nature.

Farmers have already learned a good deal of valuable experience under the marketing scheme, and so also have the curers. If the right type of pig can be supplied regularly to the factories, and if the curers will swallow their pride in matured Wiltshire bacon and turn out the lean pickled pork, requiring no more than eight days' treatment instead of a month in cure, there is no reason why English bacon should not replace the imported product to the satisfaction of all concerned in the industry, and that important person, the consumer, on whose goodwill the future maintenance of the scheme rests.

It may be expected that the new contract will contain provisions for sharing the profits which will accrue from bacon production if the Government is as good as its work in restricting imports. Until now producers have had nothing but the bare cost of production guaranteed to them, and the curers have had to contend with an uncertain bacon market.

It is clearly necessary now that the Market Supply Committee should be charged with the duty of watching supplies and prices from week to week so as to ensure that prime English bacon fetches its true market value of 85s.–90s. per cwt., so leaving a margin of profit to be shared between the two partners in the industry—the pig farmers and the bacon curers.

The experience of the past three months, when imports have been an irregular factor depressing and raising the market, that the Government must take a firmer hold on the licensing system to ensure fair terms for the producer and the consumer. Wild fluctuations suit neither, and are unnecessary if the powers of the 1933 Marketing Act are used as they should be. BROADLEAZE.



PLOUGHING FOR SPRING CORN IN THE SHADOW OF THE OLD MILL
Improved market prospects are likely to result in an increased acreage of barley and oats

DESTRUCTION OF MOLES

Trapping in Winter

A GOOD deal of superficial damage can be done by moles to both pastureland and arable crops. Tunnelling under the surface, they interfere with normal root growth and throw up heaps of soil that are a nuisance and must be levelled down in pastureland to maintain an even sward. It is claimed that some of the moles' activities are beneficial as they feed mainly on earthworms, insect larvæ and slugs. But in the balance they are to be tolerated in reasonable numbers but not to be encouraged. All that is generally desired is to keep down the numbers but not to eradicate moles completely, except, of course, in gardens, where they can be exceedingly troublesome.

In their normal habits of living, moles are solitary, each having its own winter "fortress," from which tunnels are burrowed in search for food. In spring the moles leave their own runs and join the females for pairing. The litters of young born during April, May or June generally number three or four.

Trapping is the usual control method adopted, and is generally the special job of professional mole catchers, who use a special kind of trap that needs very skilful handling. Poisoning is also practised by professionals at times when the skins are of little value.

Experiments have shown that baits prepared with a standardised red squill powder are suitable for poisoning moles, and since this poison is comparatively harmless to larger animals the procedure can be recommended. The Ministry of Agriculture's recipe is as follows:

Worms are cut into 2-in. strips and are coated with a mixture of equal parts of fine flour and red squill powder in the proportion of 20 per cent. by weight of the mixture to any given weight of worms. Shreds of meat can be soaked in a liquid extract of red squill for 24-36 hours before using.

Fumigation can be used for the eradication of moles in suitable places, and is particularly recommended in connection with drainage banks, pastures, etc., in which case it is possible for both rats and moles to be dealt with simultaneously. Certain gaseous substances have been found quite satisfactory for this purpose.

Deterrents are occasionally used to drive moles away from a particular area. For this purpose petroleum, one part to 2,000 parts water, poured into the runs, or rags soaked in paraffin or in a 2 per cent. solution of carbolic acid, have been successfully employed.

A FAMOUS SHORTHORN COW

SIR WILLIAM HICKING'S white cow, Brackenhurst Jean, has recently died, which is a severe loss to the Dairy Shorthorn breed in the show ring. Brackenhurst Jean first appeared at the summer shows in 1927 and two years later she was generally acclaimed the queen of the show ring. In 1929, when she gave over 1,000 gallons of milk, she won the female championship for the breed at the Harrogate Royal Show, and reserve championship in the following year. In May of last year she produced her eighth calf, and leaves some promising progeny behind her at Brackenhurst.



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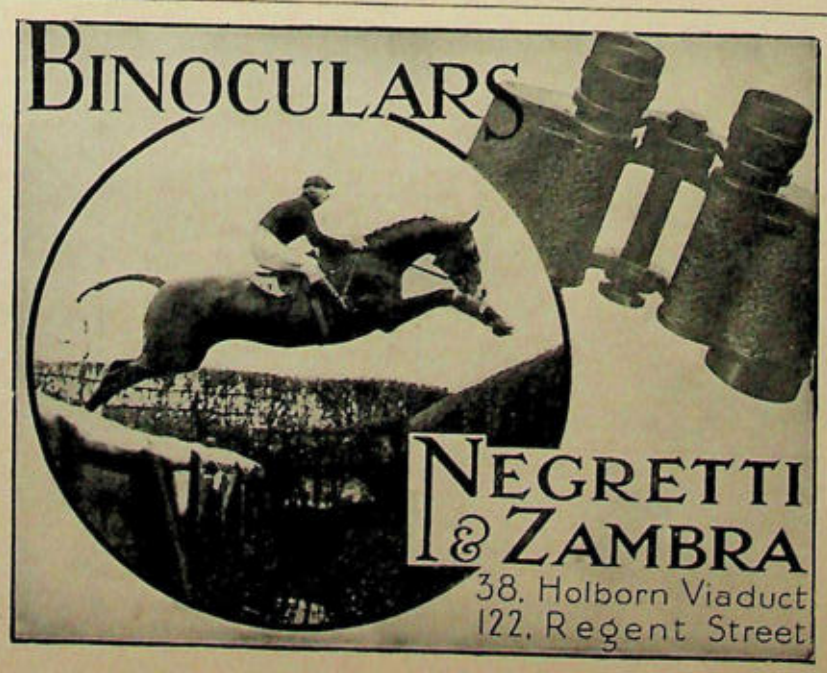
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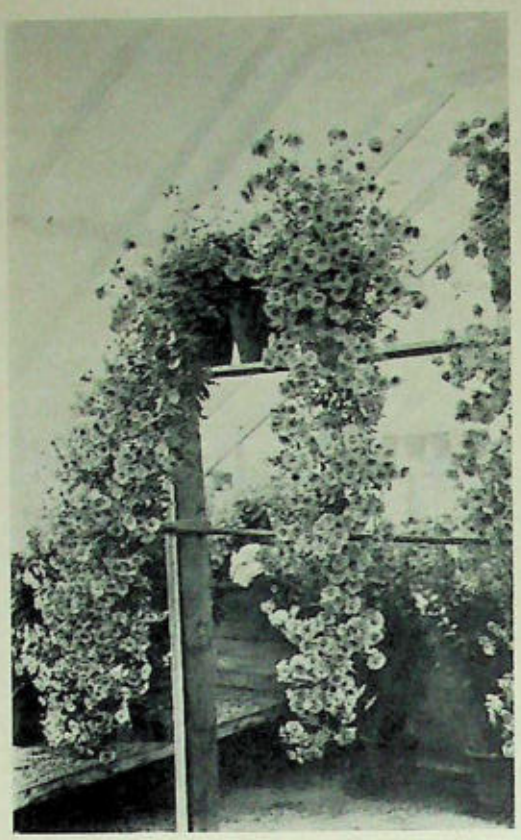
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AN ATTRACTIVE CHRYSANTHEMUM

Messrs. Sutton's new cascade chrysanthemum growing in a conservatory

The Country House

ANNUALS TO SOW NOW

New Types of Sweet Peas, Dahlias and Chrysanthemums

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

TOWARDS the end of this month many seeds are sown in heat, amongst the most important being those of sweet peas, hollyhocks, antirrhinums, gaillardias, verbenas, Dahlias and chrysanthemums.

In bleak districts, or where mice eat the seeds sown in the open, sweet peas are usually sown either in a greenhouse or in a cold frame. Many growers prefer a cold frame, even if a greenhouse is available, on the principle that the less artificial warmth hardy plants are subjected to the sturdier the seedlings will be. But naturally those started in a greenhouse come into bloom earlier. The night temperature should not exceed 45 degrees, and the day 50 degrees or 55 degrees. Sweet peas are worth any trouble, and the rough-and-ready system of sowing several seeds in a 5-in. pot is never so successful as sowing them singly in thumb pots or in thick turves. Root disturbance is a serious matter with sweet peas, and planted singly they can be moved with the minimum of disturbance. Also it is essential to pinch and transplant before they grow lanky. Two parts fibrous loam, rubbed through a sieve, and one part sand and leaf mould, is a good compost. Pots must be scrupulously clean and dry, and there must be sufficient drainage.

Seeds sown in a greenhouse can be soaked in water that has stood for some hours in the same temperature, but this should not be done with seeds to be sown in a frame. Dark and seeded varieties and picotee-edged varieties are usually chipped. Chipping seeds is not so easy as it looks. The chipping should be done near the little excrescence, for the root emerges near this point. If a knife is used it should be small and sharp. Some prefer a file. In using a file stop the moment any white is visible. The seeds should be sown an inch deep. The surface of the pots should be covered with fine sand, and sheets of glass put over the boxes. The glass has to be turned and wiped daily on account of the moisture. Some growers exclude light with brown paper till germination has taken place, as this encourages strong root growth.

Coddling sweet peas does them a lot of harm, and as soon as possible they should be transferred to harden in the cold frame before being planted out. Sweet peas sown in the open in the autumn need a good deal of attention now. Damp is a far worse enemy than any amount of hard frost, and continual aeration of the soil is essential. A small hand fork should be used and the utmost care taken not to disturb the roots. On soils inclined to be heavy it is a good plan to put soil quite ½in. deep and 6in. broad along the rows, and to draw up sand to the stems. Sometimes we get bitter cold spells in February, and the seedlings are benefited by giving them the protection of light brushwood as well as twiggy supports.

This year we shall probably see the new Fantasy sweet peas at all the shows. These flowers are veined, but the backs of the standards are self-coloured. Every shade is represented, and the raisers assert that these new sweet peas are not only very strong growers, but also fragrant. It sounds too good to be true!

Nowadays antirrhinums are nearly always treated as annuals. Sowing the seeds under glass late this month or early February, they need a temperature of 55 degrees to 60 degrees. The compost should be two parts fibrous loam rubbed through a sieve, one part finely crushed mortar rubble, sand and leaf mould, and they are usually raised in shallow boxes. Thin sowing is very important, and the seeds should be only partly covered with the finely sifted soil. Covering with glass and brown paper hastens germination. As soon as large enough to handle, the seedlings should be transplanted and placed 2in. apart in rather deeper boxes with the same compost. Good drainage is essential. The seedlings should not be in a temperature higher than 45 degrees to 50 degrees. In April they can be transferred to harden off in the cold frame, though in bleak parts this may not be possible till the end of the month. If bushy plants are required the seedlings have their tops pinched off when 3in. high, but some people prefer tall plants. Antirrhinums are lime lovers, and never do well in a soil where lime is lacking.

Hollyhocks can be treated as annuals by sowing the seed now in a temperature of 60 degrees to 65 degrees, transplanting the seedlings as soon as large enough, hardening off in a cold frame and planting out in May. There is also the useful strain of genuine annual hollyhocks, which, if sown in March, under glass, blooms splendidly late July and August. The new Mammoth hollyhocks with immense frilled flowers, measuring sometimes 5in. to 6in. across, are doubtless impressive, but I prefer the old single hollyhocks to any modern variety.

Gaillardias frequently perish on heavy clay soils, and in any case even the perennial kinds are not long-lived. They can be treated as annuals by sowing under glass in a temperature of 50 degrees. A compost of two parts fibrous loam and one part sand and leaf mould suits them. When large enough to handle, seedlings should be transplanted to separate pots and the plants put out where they are to flower early in May.

There is a new variety of *Gaillardia grandiflora*—Firebrand—which is an exceptionally vigorous grower. It has strong erect stems and big self-coloured orange flowers.

The cheapest method of securing a large stock of the Mignon and Charm varieties of dahlias is by sowing seed early in February. The plants bloom from July till cut by the frosts in autumn, and together with pentstemons and chrysanthemums are amongst the most valuable subjects in the autumn border. The new dwarf hybrids, which are the result of crossing the Coltness Gem, Charm and Peony-flowered dahlias, have the dwarf habit and floriferousness of the Coltness Gem strain, together with the lovely range of colours of the Charm and miniature peony-flowered strain. Seeds are sown in shallow boxes in a compost of well-sifted sandy loam and in a temperature of 55 degrees to 60 degrees. Cover the boxes with glass and brown paper to encourage germination. The glass must be turned and wiped daily. When the seedlings are 2in. high they are potted singly in a compost of fibrous loam and leaf mould. In May they can be hardened off in the cold frame and planted out in June.

The new cascade chrysanthemums exhibited at one of the autumn shows by Messrs. Sutton attracted everyone's attention, and these delightful plants are easily raised from seed sown early next month. The seed is sown in shallow boxes of sandy soil in a temperature of 60 degrees. The boxes should be covered with glass and brown paper until the seedlings appear. When large enough to handle they are transferred to 5-in. pots and kept in a temperature of not more than 50 degrees. In June they are potted in the 8-in. pots in which they will bloom.

In these the compost should be as above, with the addition of a little well-decayed manure and bone meal. After hardening off, the plants are put out of doors until brought in to bloom in September. All the single-flowered chrysanthemums can be raised from seed sown now.



SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT

We did not bench the Show Champion this year, but my farm at Snow Belt bred it. We did not breed the Cub Champion either, but Mr. Thouron, the G.M. of Nithsdale, has everything set to do it this year; but we did breed the Show Challenger, being the finest vixen in the Show, and we then held the Cup for the second successive year, and we also took the Reserve with a Snow Belt vixen.

I was talking to one of my clients in the Mess here to-day, who came to us from the South, having seen these announcements in the "Field." His home is about four hundred miles from us, and there is another fox farm just round the corner from him. I asked him why he travelled so far from home, and his answer was that he was attracted by these advertisements. All very right and proper and most grateful and comforting.

I had a letter a little while ago from an advertising periodical, and they asked me if I would tell them how I did it. Their remarks were, on analysing my methods, that I seemed to use an unrelieved, reader, type of advertisement, and that it was all very unscientific, from an advertising point of view—and all provokingly successful.

I only advertise in four journals—the "Field," "Truth," "The Investor's Chronicle," and "Blackwood's," and I write advertisements such as would attract myself, and by this means I obtain the interest of people with whom I can work in harmony—all very unscientific. . . . After all, I do think that too much stress is put on the winning of prizes. An award at the Official Show certainly does demonstrate that the owner has a good fox, but that is all. You cannot take a red rosette to the Bank and get an overdraft on it. And furthermore, I do think that for one of the major awards the prizewinner should have been bred by the exhibitor. I am financially able to buy the finest fox in the world, and if I won the Show Championship with it, that is not to say that I am capable of breeding other champions from it, or that the brute itself would breed prizewinners. Listen to this: "A certain amount of capital is naturally required (a good pair of foxes will cost anything from £120 to £150) but free instruction can always be obtained from the sellers of the stock. NO GREAT AMOUNT OF TRAINING IS REQUIRED. A man who has raised dogs will find his experience most useful, and with average common sense, a copy of "The Silver Fox," by G. G. Catchpole, and an elementary knowledge of Mendel's Law, A FEW MONTHS SHOULD SUFFICE TO ACQUIRE THE NECESSARY EXPERIENCE." There is a lot more of this in an article which appeared in a journal recently, and this is the kind of thing which makes practical people, who know that it is impossible to learn any business connected with livestock in a few months, fight shy of the publicity which silver fox farming gets. Two years is now the smallest period for which a man is required to remain with us studying the industry, unless he is prepared to employ a manager trained by us. A few months . . .!!! And the foxes cost from £120 to £150!!! But you will be quite qualified to look after them . . . especially if you have raised a few dogs, and have Mr. Catchpole's book, and know about Mendel. I wonder if my friend Mr. Catchpole would approve? He might feel flattered, but I doubt if he would agree that anyone who knew his book by heart and had only a few months' practice could raise silver foxes successfully and commercially. IT CAN'T BE DONE.

T. Mulross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.

FINANCING THE AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDER

Difficulties the Syndicate Had to Overcome

LAVISH America of 1929–30 could spend $2,000,000 in building her four defenders: Enterprise alone cost well over $650,000. But for next year's race only one boat is in sight—for the first time since 1903, when Reliance alone met the challenge. Before Christmas, lead for the new racer's keel was brought to Bristol to "Nat" Herreshoff's famous yard, where all Cup defenders since 1893 have been constructed. Steel was hurriedly ordered, and the work of bending the frames begun by veterans to whom this job is all too familiar. For, strange to say, when Sir Thomas Lipton saw his fifth hope blighted in 1930, even American yachtsmen found in Harold Vanderbilt's victory a queer savour of regret.

At such a time as this it was not found easy to procure perfect pine for the new yacht's deck. As regards a "trial horse" for her, the owner of that beautiful sloop Weetamoe—Mr. F. H. Prince, of Boston—came to the rescue. It will be remembered that this boat was to have been the defender in the last race, but was finally passed over in favour of the Enterprise. Mr. Prince has ordered costly alterations in his yacht so as to conform with the stringent rules made in 1931.

Weetamoe is to be fitted with full cabin quarters. Her keel will be recast, in order to give her a deeper forefoot, with more lateral resistance and a quicker righting movement from the keel on one tack to that on another. She is greatly admired, and has long been considered the fastest Class J, or Cup-size, yacht in the United States. True, the old Vanitie outsailed her more than once last summer; but, then, Vanitie could not compete for the Cup on account of her excessive sail area.

No sooner were the new rules made than Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt turned his attention to a new defender, in spite of the bad times. Accordingly, Mr. W. Starling Burgess, who designed Enterprise, was asked to prepare two sets of plans. He had models made, and these were tested in his tank. One of them proved by far the better, and was laid aside to await events.

The question of funds became a delicate matter for the America which an anxious President found "dying by inches" only ten months ago. Mr. Vanderbilt now stood out in the dual rôles of syndicate manager and skipper of the defender-to-be. His first idea was to raise $400,000 from ten subscribers, and with this to build an effective yacht with all due economies. His own Enterprise lay propped on the beach at Bristol, R.I., and movable parts of her, it was considered, might be built into the new boat—her centreboard, rudder, steering-gear, after-cockpit, with some of the winches as well as the rigging and sails.

Strange hearing was all this for the once opulent members of the New York Yacht Club; but, then, the incredible wealth of 1929 seems now as remote as the Declaration of Independence itself. Subscriptions were *not* forthcoming. Mr. Vanderbilt then reduced the "shares" to $4,000, and still they lagged. Finally, word was passed round that even $500 would be acceptable.

The "manager" himself put up a full $40,000, so did Mr. J. P. Morgan, whose family connections with the race reach back for many years. Other "major" subscribers are Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, who had charge of the Enterprise syndicate, and the owner of the Vanitie, Mr. Gerard Lambert, an active member of the Weetamoe syndicate.

Plans for the big racer were passed to the Herreshoff's, and preliminary work begun in the mould-loft at Bristol. Then came a halt, pending a more definite order, either to the designing firm of Burgess & Donaldson, or to the building yard itself. But this also hung fire—such was the general anxiety and languor in a stricken land. At long last, car-loads of timber were sent to Bristol and the frame constructed for the lead keel. All this cheeseparing is new to an America which has always risen to this great event, as we do to the Derby or the Grand National.

When Mr. Vanderbilt went south to spend Christmas at his winter home in Lantana, Florida, the curtain dropped on his "mystery boat." Neither was any statement made by the Cup Committee. And though all dispatch is being used in construction it is doubtful—unless night shifts of workmen are put on—whether this new defender will slide off the ways before the end of May at the earliest.

What seems certain is that Mr. Vanderbilt will again use the "slide track" boom which was so great an asset to his Enterprise, but in a less exaggerated form, as the new rules ordain. The motive is, of course, to gain more windage in the foot of the mainsail, and with it a more advantageous curve. Thus it aided materially in driving the defender to windward, in which point she handily worsted the fifth of Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrocks in the 1930 races.

Under the newer ruling for cup yachts, the extreme width of the boom must not be more than 6 per cent. of its length, nor its depth more than 4 per cent. Any excess is to be multiplied by the length, and added to the measurement of the sail area. Therefore the boom of America's defender will be a modified form of the one that the Enterprise had.

The top of this contraption was a sort of flat "walk," with horizontal slides to lead the mainsail to leeward. It was after that race that Mr. Charles E. Nicholson decided upon Velsheda's flexible boom as an advance upon that of the Enterprise—which, by the way, caused heart-burning among the defenders themselves.

Mr. George Nichols, as skipper and manager of the Weetamoe, filed a letter with the New York Yacht Club's Committee on Racing Appeals, questioning the legality of that Vanderbilt boom. For under a rule as to sail-area limits was a clause which explicitly barred "contrivances"—though without any clear definition of what that term might imply, or whether this boom came under that head. In a true sporting spirit, Mr. Vanderbilt offered to abandon his curious spar: but the Cup Committee approved it, and it was duly used.

All things considered, our chances in this year's race for "the trophy which England has never won" are unusually favourable under the amended rules, and a British victory would not be unpopular in the United States.

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Statement of Accounts, December 31st, 1933

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	415,474,036
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	10,176,005
Engagements	5,657,399
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes and Balances with Bank of England	42,233,852
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	13,821,540
Money at Call and Short Notice	21,035,289
Investments at or under Market Value	118,086,369
Bills Discounted	62,828,431
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	164,440,337
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	15,833,404
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	9,540,378
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,106,063
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,605,078
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,995,737
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,377,688
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	401,286

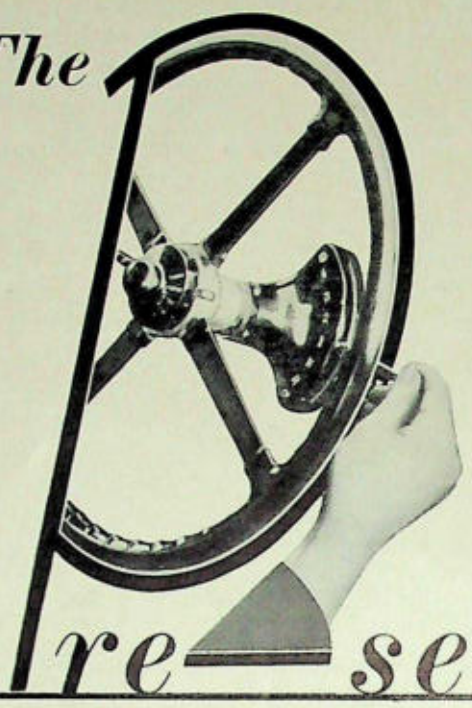
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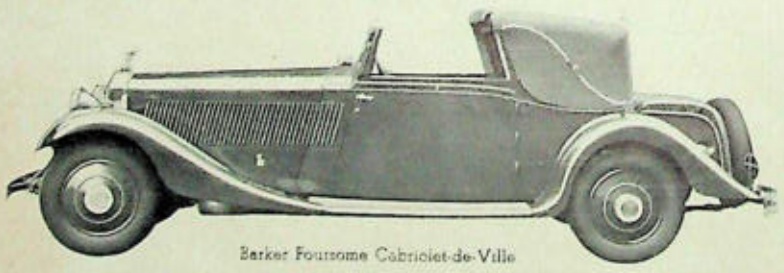
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"Float-on-Air" is not expensive. The upholstery of the cars listed can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at the prices shown. A body by Barker may be an unfulfilled desire, but the upholstery that Messrs. Barker & Co. use on their designs can be fitted to your car.

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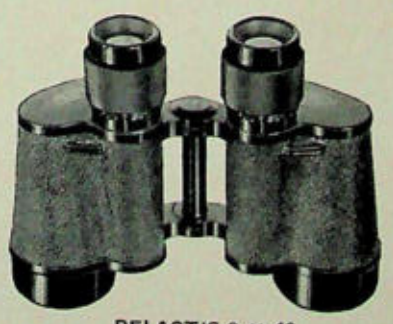
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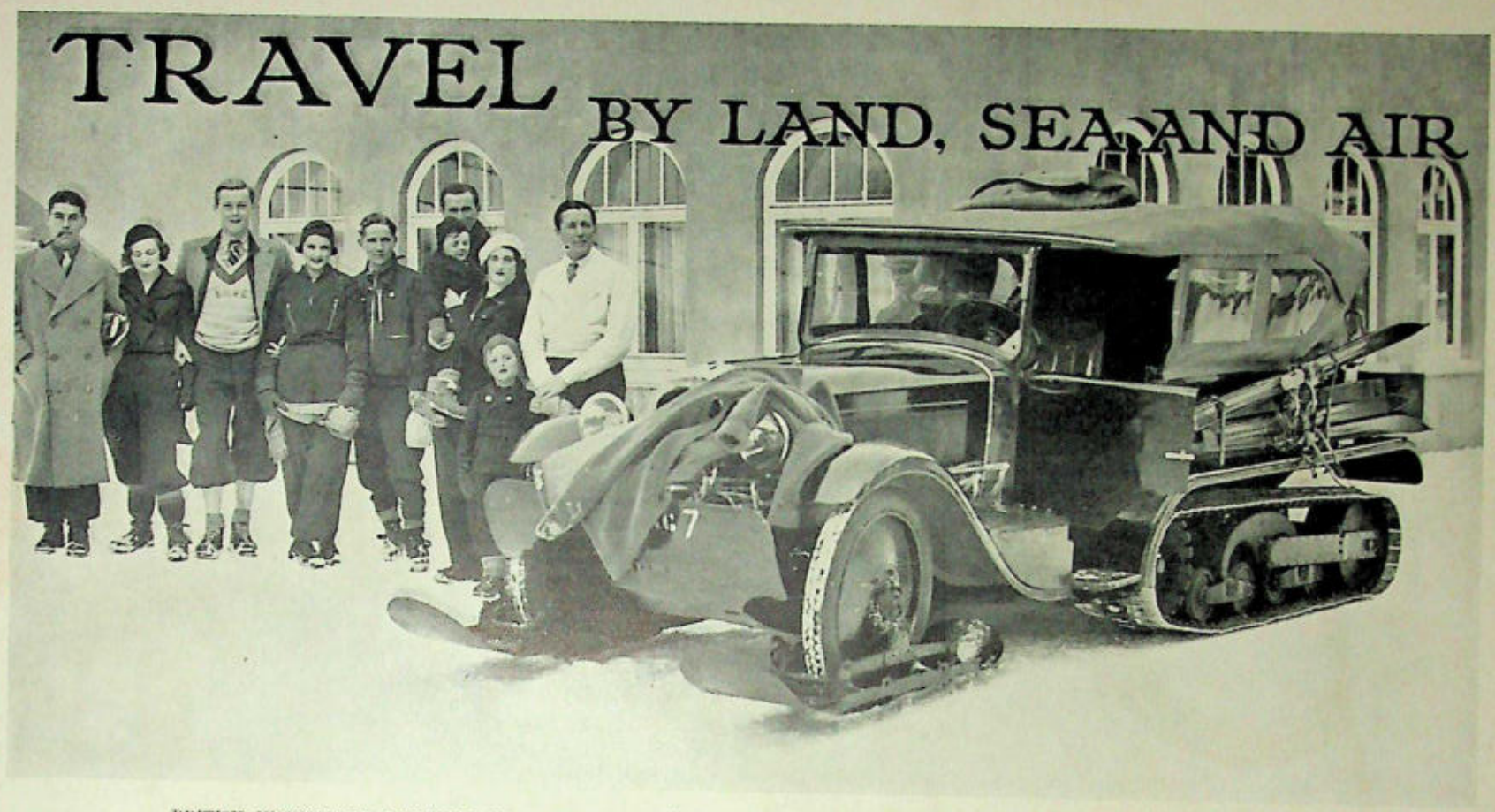
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BRITISH VISITORS TO SWITZERLAND WITH A CITROËN CAR SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FOR THE WINTER SPORTS GROUNDS
The party, seen leaving their hotel at Klosters, includes Miss Ursula Horlick, Mr. Wagg, Mr. O. Darrell, Mr. C. P. Green, Mr. Fontes, Mrs. Bailey (formerly Miss Diana Churchill) and Captain and Mrs. Cunningham Reid with their two children, Noel and Michael

MOTORING AS A FINE ART

My Definition of a Good Driver

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

OPINIONS differ, apparently, as to what constitutes good driving. I have sat beside drivers who are considered by their friends to be experts, but, after watching the manner in which they have handled their cars, have come to a very different conclusion.

My definition of an expert driver would be "he who can drive from one place to another in the shortest possible time without in any way stressing the car, and without taking risks of any kind." I would add the further proviso that the comfort of passengers should not be disturbed by jolting or that feeling of uncertainty produced by undue speed.

Anyone can drive fast, but it is only the expert who knows just how fast he can travel, at any given time, without taking risks. I have known men who with a clear road ahead and a good surface, appear to handle their cars faultlessly, but who would drive in just the same manner and at the same speed, no matter whether the roads were wet or dry. I have known, too, that it was only a question of time before they were involved in an accident. In every instance a crash did take place.

Such people, however good they may be at "getting the most out of a car," cannot be considered expert drivers for, even if they escape disaster, they have shown that they have no real consideration either for the comfort of their passengers or the well-being of their cars.

Thought for one's car is, indeed, one of the most vital ingredients of good driving. There are a great many motorists who are perfectly safe, who drive fast, and who never frighten their passengers, but have heavy feet when working the clutch and brakes, and are ham-fisted with the steering and the change speed lever. Quite a few racing drivers of repute are unable to change gear properly, and in ordinary motoring can be classified only as second-rate drivers, even though they have been successful in road races and on the track.

There is, however, a great deal of difference in style between a racing driver and one whose experience is limited to high-speed touring.

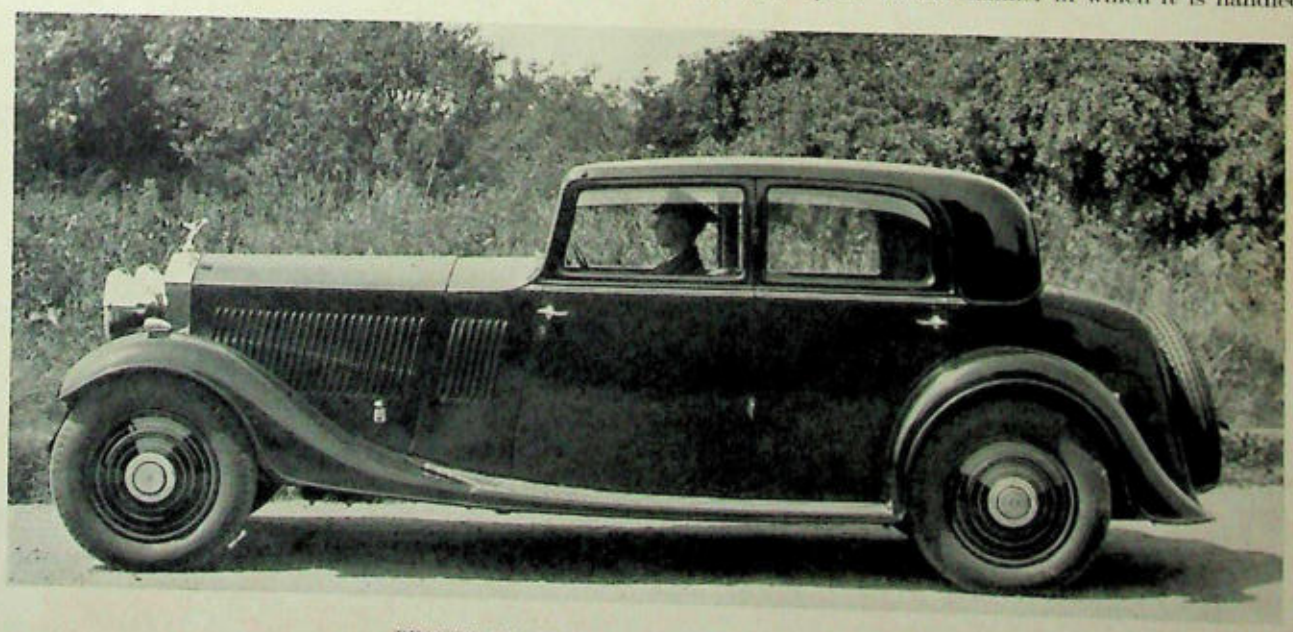
The finer points of driving are not studied as a rule by the racing driver, whose ambition is to win races at all costs. His instinct is to drive at as fast a pace as is possible without risking his car's complete destruction. What may happen to his car, so long as he is able to finish his race, is of little account.

As soon as he arrives on the course, the racing motorist proceeds to practise the circuit, with a view to becoming intimately acquainted with every bend of the road, and by a process of deep concentration he is able to save a second on one corner and a couple of seconds on approaching or leaving the next. Gears are slammed home, brakes are applied mercilessly, and the battle resolves itself into a fight against the clock.

The expert driver of a touring car handles his mount in a totally different manner. There is no violent braking as he approaches his corner, no locking of wheels and no skidding, but all the same, that bend is taken at a pretty high speed, and without any fuss or bother.

It is certainly a great joy to sit beside a really fine driver—his judgment is perfect, and the handling of the car leaves nothing to be desired. Take that same car, and place another at the wheel who does not possess the gift of touch and judgment, and what appeared a few moments before to be almost a living entity is transformed into a mere senseless piece of mechanism.

It is really extraordinary how a car's performance will vary according to the manner in which it is handled. I have seen cars positively leaping forward from a standstill, when the clutch has been engaged, producing the idea in the observer's mind that here was an awkward, unwieldy car; but remove the driver, and put in his place one more experienced, and a very different picture will be unfolded.



BEAUTY OF LINE IN A RECENT PRODUCTION
A Thrupp & Maberly Touring Saloon on a 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce, seating five passengers, with ample luggage space in container at rear. A sunshine roof is included

There are some people who will never be able to handle a car in the correct manner, merely because they have no sense of touch. That is all-important, and makes just the difference between a perfectly smooth get-away, and a start punctuated with short and unpleasant jerks. Uncomfortable as the latter may be to the occupants of any vehicle so handled, it is far worse for the mechanism of the unfortunate car. The strains imposed on the transmission and tyres are enormous, and if such treatment is continued for long, it is only the local repairer who will benefit.

Gear wheels, brakes, and clutch mechanism are other parts which will soon show signs of the rough treatment they are receiving, and in a very short space of time what was once a very fine car will be heading towards the scrap heap.

Great care should be taken by the beginner to acquire this sense of touch, which is so essential to good driving. No strength is necessary in the handling of a car—the wheel should not be held in a grip of steel: neither should the change speed lever be grasped tightly in the hand and wrenched back into position. The really experienced, expert driver uses his fingers only when shifting his gears, and unless he is driving at speed the steering wheel is held lightly between finger and thumb.

No movement should be jerky, the application of the brakes should be effected gently, with a firm but decided pressure in the event of the car having to be pulled up quickly. To jam the foot down suddenly denotes a nervous driver, and if this practice is continually indulged in, it will not be long before the passengers are reduced to a similar state of nerves.

One golden rule should always be borne in mind. Never, under any circumstances, take any chances which may place you and others in an awkward position. If you are uncertain whether you can overtake another car before an approaching vehicle draws level, do not attempt to do so.

Never let your car get out of hand by driving at a faster speed than that you have been accustomed to, and never take any risks on a wet or slippery road.

The beginner should be content to do things by gradual stages, and should not attempt to emulate his friends who have many years of driving experience behind them.

PROBLEMS OF AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL

Facts That Must Be Faced

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

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

A NEW system of Zone Control for aircraft flying within a defined area near the air port of London at Croydon in foggy weather came into force on November 19th last. This is the system that had been foreshadowed by Major R. H. S. Mealing (Chief Technical Advisor to the Director of Civil Aviation at the Air Ministry) in the paper on air-traffic control which he read before the Royal Aeronautical Society on October 12th, 1933. It has aroused a good deal of controversy, particularly in its implications for the private owner, and is worth examining in some detail.

The official description of the scheme is contained in the Air Ministry's Notices to Airmen Nos. 81 and 82 of 1933, to which readers are referred for complete information. For the purpose of this article it will be sufficient to state that the regulations define a zone in south-eastern England in which pilots of aircraft come under strict orders from the control tower at Croydon when conditions of bad visibility—*i.e.*, when the base of the cloudbank is below 1,000ft. above sea level, or horizontal visibility is less than 1,000yds.—obtain.

Within this defined zone, aircraft may fly below the clouds only along specified routes, some of which introduce the principle of one-way traffic, in that they may be used only by aircraft flying in a certain direction. Aircraft so fitted intending to enter the zone must make wireless contact with Croydon and give a clear indication of the route they propose to follow, when they will be advised whether this or an alternative route is safe, in view of traffic conditions existing, or whether they should remain outside the zone until the air is clearer.

Chief discussion has centred round the regulations governing the procedure of aircraft not equipped with radio, the great majority of private aircraft coming under this head. Aircraft fitted with wireless will be notified by a "bad visibility notice" broadcast from Croydon when the zone is under control. When bad conditions no longer obtain pilots will be informed in a similar manner.

Machines not so equipped may obtain the requisite information from several aerodromes outside the controlled area which are notified direct, and at some landing grounds near the coast special ground signals are displayed, particularly to assist those aircraft arriving from the Continent.

When aware of the fact or if he has reason to believe that conditions of poor visibility as defined exist, an airman otherwise unable to receive instructions must land before entering the zone and make telephonic communication with Croydon for the purpose of ascertaining which is the best route to follow. Once a route has been decided upon nothing but the gravest emergency must be allowed to alter it.

The object of this scheme is to ensure safety to the increasing number of aircraft of all types that converge on London's airport. It is aimed at keeping a check on the routes of all approaching and departing machines, in order that collision in the air may be avoided; it is held by some that the provision in regard to aircraft not equipped with radio is harsh, but such regulations may prove to be needed only as a temporary measure.

The aim of those who draw up air regulations must be to study consistently the safety not only of aviators themselves and their passengers, but of the general public. It cannot be denied that the presence of even one uncontrolled aircraft in fog within a much-used area may seriously endanger the occupants of many machines, for it must be remembered that an aeroplane in flight under such conditions of low visibility would almost certainly not be detected until too late.

What these new regulations show clearly is that the Air Ministry is seeking to discharge, in as wise a manner as possible, the duties that fall upon it as the result of the growth of air transport. It has a difficult task to perform in this connection, but those responsible for the control of our civil aviation can be relied upon to use every endeavour to solve this problem.

With improvements in machines and instruments for thick weather flying, together with the production of lighter and cheaper wireless equipment leading to its more general use on aircraft of all types, the situation we are facing may prove easier to handle than at the moment seems possible.

It is very necessary that we should clearly visualise future conditions. The whole safety of air transport must depend upon the soundness with which traffic regulations are drafted and the readiness with which they are observed. Growing congestion in the air must bring increasing dangers; the foundation of a wide and adequate scheme must be laid at once, for already the volume of traffic using Croydon is sufficient to call for extreme care on the part of aircraft approaching the airport in anything but good visibility.

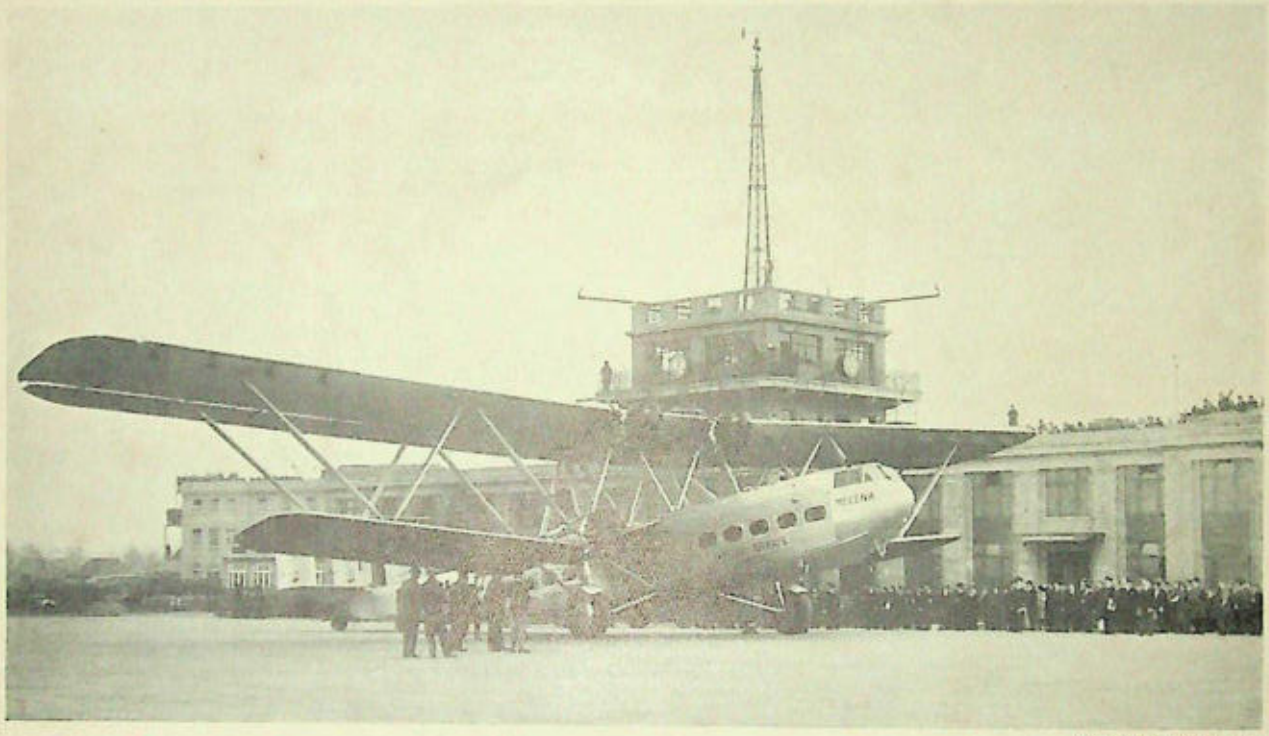
There is no excuse for taking risks in this sphere; and the slipshod conditions that prevailed till recently in the motoring world must be avoided. In this latter connection antique laws were in force until the passing of the Traffic Act three years ago; the regulations then existing, which were quite unsuited to modern requirements, were scarcely regarded at all, and the law was a dead letter.

Not until public opinion brought pressure to bear was the motoring law amended. If that state of affairs were to exist in the aviation world serious disasters of a magnitude great enough to set back development by several years would almost inevitably result.

In emphasising that the closest watch must be kept on air-traffic regulations and that provision must be made for future development, no plea is advanced for increasing the number of rules that now apply to aviation generally.

On the contrary, there is a strong case for the contention that some of those in force should be relaxed; certain restrictions exist which undoubtedly add to the difficulties of design and manufacture of aircraft, and it is a happy augury for the future of British aviation that the necessity for a revision of existing regulations is becoming more generally recognised in official quarters.

All the issues involved might well be reviewed so that such regulations as are out of date or have proved irksome may be amended or set aside. The future of air travel and of our aircraft industry is immense, but they will only flourish if given reasonable freedom of action.



"Flight" Photograph

THE CONTROL TOWER AT CROYDON, WITH THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINER HELENA, ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR CAPE TOWN, IN FOREGROUND

FLYING WITHOUT PASSPORTS

A New Facility for Week-end Air Travellers

AIR passengers making week-end trips between London and Paris will no longer require passports: such is the effect of a decision which has been reached by the British and French authorities.

"This new facility," said an official of Imperial Airways, "will be appreciated very greatly by the air travelling public, and it should have a considerable effect particularly during the summer months in stimulating aerial traffic.

"We are now making final arrangements for regular non-passport air trips between London and Paris. Week-end tickets at reduced rates will be available, passengers being able to leave London or Paris on a Friday, without passports, returning at any time up to the following Tuesday."



SOUNDING THE ADVANCE

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN HUNGARY

Where "No Bag, No Rent" is the Rule

A GREAT many of those who used to take a Scottish or a Yorkshire moor for the season no longer do so because it may be such a lottery.

Bad nesting seasons, snow and thunderstorms or disease so often take such a toll of the young birds that the shooting tenant frequently finds himself, having paid a couple of thousand pounds or so for a moor, faced, soon after the 12th, with the fact that he has made elaborate arrangements for his successive parties of guns, engaged his beaters, transported his family and servants north at considerable expense, and that he has absolutely nothing to offer his guests to shoot, whilst his outlay is often completely lost.

He may fortunately be in the hands of a landlord generous enough to offer him the moor for the following year at a reduced rent, which is cold comfort—particularly as, with such a small breeding stock, it is unlikely that the moor will recover in one year.

It was owing to a friend's repeated experiences of this sort that I was invited to go and shoot partridges in Hungary.

Here we have quite another proposition. The tenant in Austria or Hungary pays by results. No bag, no rent.

This article is meant to give *Field* readers some idea of the sport to be got for a very limited outlay in comparison with the rents paid for moors in the British Isles. I shall not attempt to argue that it is possible to get as much pleasure out of taking an Austrian or Hungarian shoot as is to be had in a good year on a first-class Scottish moor, but I think it will be conceded that there are distinct advantages to the keen sportsman in the Continental shoots.

I will first give some idea of the bags to be obtained. The late Baron Hirsch and his party once killed 2,870 partridges in one day in Hungary, one gun getting 240 birds at one drive. The record bag of partridges in England is, I believe, 1,671 in the day.

These figures will probably not appeal to the type of sportsman who says that he does not like these battues and laughs at this slaughter as too easy. "Give me my gun and my dog, and let me go out on my little rough shoot and return with a brace of pheasants, a hare and perhaps a partridge and a snipe."

This is certainly a very sporting outlook, but there are many who know that these large bags are not made without a great deal of skill and endurance, and that there is great pleasure to be got out of having such a show of birds, that every imaginable shot can be obtained during the day—swerver, curler, overhead, and that very elusive bird that goes away from you rather low and which is so often missed.



THE GENDARMERIE—NEVER FAR AWAY

I was fortunate enough to be one of a party of four guns who went out to Hungary in September. Being very much older than the rest I was on occasions almost a passenger, and at all times a very poor shot in a quartet who had no pretensions to top-class form. In spite of this our daily bags of partridges on five separate days were 395, 491, 451, 379 and 528, and our aggregate for the five days, including quail, a few hares and some flighting duck, reached 2,309 head.

These bags were obtained at an inclusive cost of £260. This figure is exclusive of board, lodging and cartridges, but includes licences, beaters, keepers and so on. Cartridges in Hungary can be obtained at £1 per 100, and permits for taking guns through the various frontiers are easy to obtain. The lodge expenses are £1 a day per head.

The majority of the best partridge shoots are on the Austro-Hungarian frontier. The territory over which shooting takes place is mostly that of the Archduke Frederick, but strangely enough the best beats are not to be found, as in England, on the land held by the big landowner, but on that of the smallholders, who pool their farms into the hands of the mayor of the district, who lets this communal shooting to the highest bidder.

This advantage of communal over feudal land is due to the fact that the large landowner has his maize, the staple food of the partridge, in large "tables" in which the partridges are apt to run, hide and disappear; whereas the communal maize or "Kukuruz," as it is called, is laid out in strips, and so are the rye crops as well as the roots.

As the acreage over which we shoot is enormous, the beaters are lined up much as in England, but in much greater numbers and on a far wider front, as there is hardly any question of boundaries or marches and the cost of a beater to the lessor is not more than 1/- a day. Marshalled by underkeepers at regular intervals the line moves forward at a given signal from the Ober Jäger to the sound of the advance from the bugler and to shouts of "Vorwärts Langsam!" from the underkeepers, who are generally each controlling (*sic*) a nondescript but thoroughly efficient retriever, a rough-haired pointer with a short tail.

Zero hour having struck, we enter the first strip of "Kukuruz," which in a normal year grows to a height of about 5ft., and is planted wide enough to make it possible to walk down or across the rows quite comfortably.

By now the reader may begin to think that shooting here, owing to its being walking up, is mere plugging. Such is not the case. On these Hungarian plains there is generally a good wind, and when walking against it, or even across or down wind, the partridge rises, curls, and then comes back over the guns and gives one every imaginable shot often in the space of a minute or two.

In one half-hour on our last day on the communal shoot we must have flushed well over a thousand birds, and our "pieces," though three of us shot with two guns, were soon very hot, the "Patronen" were being quickly used up and the loaders, dogs and game carriers were as busy as bees. The air rang with shouts of "Tira!" and "Bravo!" from the cartridge carriers and beaters as the birds rose in clouds and were brought down—by some of us.

The heat is often intense, so on hot days we shot in linen suits. Owing to the excitement of the chase, the rapid shooting and loading or changing of guns and walking in and out of "Kukuruz," over rye, stubble or through beetroot, turnips, swedes or sugar beet, when eventually, at the end of five miles or so, we reached the Austrian Frontier, the railway line or some such landmark, we were very glad to get into the dogcart to drive to another beat.



LOADERS ON THE EDGE OF THE MAIZE

And the mention of driving reminds me that the reader will no doubt be thinking, "Why all this walking; why not drive the birds?" We did try a few "beatings," as our delightful Austrian host called them; but, owing to the lie of the land—almost as flat as the proverbial pancake—the absence of all landmarks and the fact that there is cover everywhere, it is almost impossible to guess in what direction the birds will break or fly.

And though once or twice one of the four guns did get his gun hotter than usual and may have got a high partridge coming a little faster than ever, the only real advantage we found in driving was that we were able to get our pleasure, as it were, sitting instead of standing—surrounded by our innumerable "staff"—loader, cartridge carrier, underkeeper, dogman and whatnot.

I will only add in conclusion that, if the reader is at all taken with the idea of shooting under the conditions described in this article and would like to see something of a country where on the one hand all the pleasanter side of feudalism still exists and on the other partridge disease is absolutely unknown, he will find a visit to these vast plains of Hungary well worth while.

SCOLOPAX.



UNDERKEEPER WITH DOG—BOTH MOST EFFICIENT

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Goldfish Dying.—Our biologist suggests that it may be due to an attack of the parasite *Argulus*. From the exhaustion of the fish it certainly looks as if they were being irritated by some external parasite. Your best plan would be to clean out the aquarium, sterilise the bottom and replace with clean sand. It might be advisable also to give the fish a salt bath, say 5 per cent. common salt. Immerse the fish until they show signs of distress and then return them immediately to fresh water.—*F. K. B., Ozon.*

Cards

Contract Bridge

Insufficient Bid.—You ask: "(1) In the event of an insufficient bid having been made what is the procedure? (2) Can the partner of the insufficient bidder take part in further bidding provided the bidding continues? (3) Has the present rule on insufficient bidding been altered recently?"

Answer.—Law No. 40 deals with all the points you mention. No change has been made in the laws since the International code of 1932.—*D. N. B., Campbeltown, Argyllshire.*

Incorrect Bidding.—You ask: "Who was most to blame? Contract Bridge. Score: game all, love all. Y, dealt and holding ♠ A, K, 7, 6, 5. ♡ 9, 8, 7. ◇ A, 4. ♣ K, J, 8, bid Two No Trumps. A No bid; Z, holding ♠ 8. ♡ Q, 6. ◇ Q, J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5. ♣ Q, 6, 4, bid Three Diamonds; A No bid; Y Three Spades; B No bid; Z Five Diamonds; A Double. All passed. A opened with a small Spade, Y won with the King. Z then led out the Ace of Spades from Dummy and discarded his Queen of Hearts. He next led the Queen of Diamonds, which B won with the King and led a Heart. A and B later made Ace of Clubs and Z was one down. There was a difference of opinion between Z and Y as to the bidding.

Answer.—Y's opening bid of Two No Trumps was entirely wrong. His proper opening was One Spade. Z should then say Two Diamonds and Y Three Diamonds, at which bid the declaration should be left. Z is too weak to advance. Y was entirely to blame.—"*Postmortem.*"

Farm

New Implements at the Royal Show.—In the case of an entry of a "new implement" for the society's silver medal the entry, specification in duplicate and working drawings must be delivered by March 1st. Full particulars of the conditions of award can be obtained from the secretary, the Royal Agricultural Society, 16, Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.—*C., Paris.*

Bacon Pig Prices.—It has been stated by the Pig Marketing Board that the average price realised by pig breeders for their baconers under the grading scheme was 11.9½ per score in November. More recent figures are not yet available. The returns show that 18 per cent. of the contract pigs came into grade A; 14 per cent. in grade B; and 23 per cent. in grade C.—*C. H., Suffolk.*

Imports of Poultry Produce.—About 40 per cent. of the eggs and about 40 per cent. of the table poultry consumed in this country are imported. The present duties imposed on foreign eggs are at the rate of 1/- per great hundred on consignments not exceeding 14lb. in weight per great hundred, ranging up to 1/9 per great hundred on consignments weighing 17lb. per great hundred. The duty on dead poultry is at the rate of 3d. per lb., and on turkeys at 6d. per lb.—*T., London.*

Rabbit Catching.—The Ground Game Act gives the tenant farmer the inalienable right to take and kill ground game—*i.e.*, hares and rabbits—although the shooting rights may be reserved to the landlord or let separately. He can exercise the right himself or through persons duly authorised by him in writing, but such persons must be either members of his household or persons in his ordinary service, or one person *bona-fide* employed for reward in taking or killing ground game. Only the occupier himself and one other person, as mentioned above, is entitled to kill ground game with firearms.—*C., Northumberland.*

Hunting

Hunting Near Andover.—Andover, in Hampshire, lies in the Tedworth country, which consists of downs on the east side and the Pewsey Vale on the west. The Tedworth Woodland, a private pack, also hunt in this neighbourhood. There is a lot of wire, but in nearly every wire fence there is a jumping place. The days of meeting with the Tedworth are Wednesday and Saturday, with an occasional bye day. Neighbouring packs within easy reach are the Craven and the Vine, the former hunting on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, and the latter on Tuesday and Saturday, with an occasional bye day.—*G. W. B., Four Oaks.*

Kennel

Dogs for Hot Countries.—Your Cocker should do very well in a hot country; at any rate, plenty are kept in the East, and they are not necessarily taken to the hills in the hot months. They often have their coats clipped, however. Of course, it is more trouble to keep them free from ticks, but a native dog boy can be had for very little money who will perform the duty of deticking them, as it is called.—*H. W. K., Norwich.*

Breeder of Scottish Terriers.—The nearest breeder to you of whom we can think is Captain G. de Bohun Mowbray, Firdene, Redlynch, Salisbury. If he has not a suitable puppy he might be able to tell you where to go for one.

Eczema may be a very troublesome complaint, but attention to the feeding and general health will often bring about a cure. Dogs that suffer from it should have plenty of raw meat, and it is necessary to see that they are kept free from worms.—*M. J., Bournemouth.*

Library

Welsh Pony Stud Book.—*The Welsh Pony Stud Book* is published by the Welsh Pony and Cob Society, at Queen Building, Queen Street, Wrexham. The secretary of the society is Captain T. A. Howson, to whom we should advise you to write.—*M. H., Knowle.*

Miscellaneous

Women and the Veterinary Profession.—The veterinary profession is now open to women, and there should be good prospects for those prepared to specialise in small animal practice, or in research work. Full particulars as to courses of study, etc., may be obtained upon application to the Principal, Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, London.—*M. B. O., Bucks.*

Naturalist

Birds Flying in Formation.—It is quite wrong to say that gulls never adopt the V formation. They habitually do so when undertaking a long journey overland, such as when flying to their roosting places on the London reservoirs at dusk. The two small lots of birds seen flying slowly in the direction of the Welsh Harp towards the end of December were no doubt either black-headed or common gull.—*T. H. W., London.*

Butterflies Out of Season.—The small tortoiseshell butterfly found in the dressing room of a London club on December 18th had been awakened from hibernation either through unusual warmth or because it was disturbed. In autumn these butterflies often enter houses when searching for suitable sleeping places, and frequently select the ceilings or walls of cold rooms or attics for this purpose. On the other hand, in this case the butterfly may have been brought in to some nearby flower market with the Christmas supplies of holly, mistletoe or fire logs and thence found its way into the club itself, where the warmth of the room would thoroughly awaken it. Round about Christmas time butterflies flying about in the vicinity of Covent Garden are often recorded in the Press.—*A. W. L. F., Kensington.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Cause of Budgerigar's Death.—Examination revealed definite evidence of inflammation of the lungs (pneumonia), both lungs being extensively diseased.—*Major M. N. W., Clitheroe.*

Post-Mortem Examinations (*Continued*)

Cause of Woodpigeon's Death.—Your opinion as to the cause of the pigeon's death was confirmed by examination. The disease with which the bird was affected is very infectious, and all birds that are found dead should be burnt.—*A. F. M., Muir of Ord.*

A Pullet for Inspection.—The post-mortem findings indicate that the pullet suffered from peritonitis (inflammation of the membrane lining the abdominal cavity and covering the intestines) associated with a diseased ovary (the gland in which the eggs develop). The ovary was much enlarged by a new growth.—*J. P., Hunts.*

Shooting

Partridge Driving.—There is no agreed upon date as regards the time when partridge driving should cease. Generally speaking, the main date for driving in the Eastern Counties is about the second week in October, but of course dates vary on different shoots. Most people agree nowadays that to shoot partridges in January is a mistake, but otherwise there is no custom which forbids driving up to any date to the end of December.—*T. G. B., Woking.*

Grit on Grouse Moors.—The grit contents of the grouse crop which you have sent me appear to us a satisfactory indication of the state of your moor. The grits are well up to the average in quantity and quality. Your moor would appear to be well supplied with grit, but at the same time there are few moors which in time of deep snow supply the amount of grit which grouse need, and only good can result from placing supplies of grit in situations where snow would not be likely to lie.—*B. G. K., Ayrshire.*

Pheasant Coverts.—One of the quickest ways in which to provide covert in the open and spaces which are not too much in the shade under trees is to sow broom. But your best course as regards these coverts would be to study the chapter devoted to planting pheasant coverts, which you will find in Aymer Maxwell's *Pheasants and Covert Shooting*. Pheasants, of course, like plenty of natural food, and some of the plants which Aymer Maxwell recommends will in time provide quantities of berries and other fruit.—*A. T. C., Willingdon.*

Woodcock Pin Feathers.—The pin feather should be present in the wings of every woodcock. But it may occasionally happen that owing to a deferred moult the feather is absent at a particular date. Just as the moulting of grouse is often irregular owing to incidence of disease, it is probable that in the case of other birds moulting may be irregular occasionally from other causes. This subject has not yet been fully studied, and any observations which you may make as regards the absence of pin feathers in a particular woodcock at a particular time would be of interest if you collect them for reference.—*T. H.-P., Filey.*

Shooting (*Continued*)

Stable

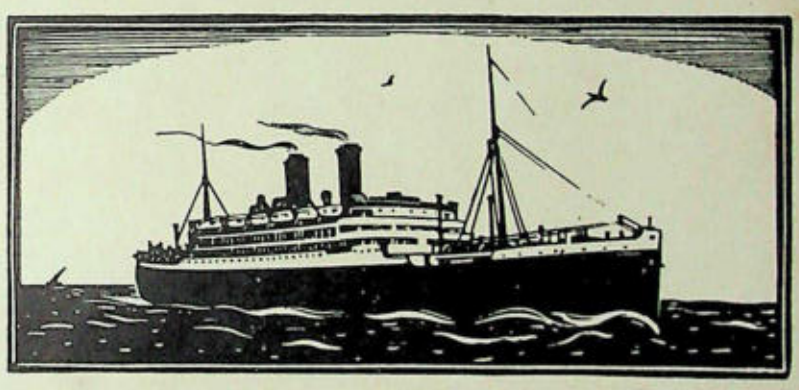
Photographs of Arab Horses.—You can obtain photographs of Arab horses from Messrs. W. A. Rouch, 161, Strand, London, W.C. 2.—*F. A. L., Boston.*

Cleaning a Saddle.—After hunting, all mud, hairs, etc., should be removed from girths and saddle flaps by washing in warm soapy water. Then the saddle should be dried with a wash-leather, and saddle soap well rubbed in until both girths, saddle and saddle flaps are supple. As regards steel irons and bits, your best plan would be to wash in soapy water, then dry thoroughly and afterwards use a burnisher. If you desire to keep steel bits and irons bright hang them up in a dry room and oil each one thoroughly before you do so. If the wash-leather has been used properly and the saddle soap well applied there should be no soap marks on your saddle. It is certainly a mistake to use a leather to clean either bridles or saddles; a sponge dipped in soapy water is quite sufficient. We should not recommend you to use polish at all, as this does not benefit the leather, and a polished saddle is dangerous when you are on a fit horse.—*N. C. F., Bures.*

Turf

Pedigree of Determination.—Determination was a chesnut horse, foaled in 1915, by Cocksure II out of Storm Finch, by King's Messenger out of Storm Queen, by Edward the Confessor out of Petrel, by General Peel.—*M. J. P., Salisbury.*

Value of Purse.—It is possible that the old velvet purse to which you refer may have held the guineas won by Young Traveller at Newcastle, in 1758. In the olden days a "Purse of 100 guineas" meant literally a purse containing that amount. Young Traveller was bred by Mr. William Osbaldeston and was by Old Partner out of a daughter of Almanzoz, by the Darley Arabian.—*H. S., Kendal.*



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THE FIELD

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THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

(FROM A PORTRAIT BY DE LÁSZLÓ)

As President of the Ivory Cross Society and the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the activities of the Duchess of Portland are well known. She has given an enthusiastic lead in the work of helping the unemployed in the Midlands, and in many other charitable undertakings

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TSETSE FLY AND ANIMAL LIFE

IT is a justifiable statement to say that there is no more pressing question in the greater part of Africa to-day than that of tsetse fly. Its activities embrace the interests of all classes, creeds and colours, and its suppression will bring a happiness and prosperity which no political formula can hope for. It is impossible for anybody who has not lived in the vicinity of a fly belt to realise its significance. The name tsetse is one attributed indiscriminately to the eight species of the two-winged fly *glossina*, which disseminate tsetse fly disease (*nagana*) and sleeping sickness. The bite of this animal introduces these diseases into domesticated animals such as goats, pigs, horses and cattle and into human beings, thus effectively preventing settlement of a fly area. Great parts of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda, and even larger areas of West Africa, are under fly.

Wild animals of Africa are impervious to the ravages of the disease. It is upon the blood of these animals that the tsetse fly feeds, and there is a widely held theory that if the source of food is removed the fly will disappear. In proof of this it is pointed out that in South Africa the disappearance of game has been followed by the disappearance of fly. In accordance with this idea the Government of Southern Rhodesia have issued orders for a wholesale slaughter of game in belts on the borders of certain fly areas. More than 15,000 ungulates perished in this holocaust in the year 1931 and the fly areas have increased.

Before starting on such a policy three things should surely be ascertained. Firstly, is the wholesale destruction of game a prevention of tsetse? Secondly, is the wholesale destruction of game a feasible proposition? And thirdly, are there no other methods of equal efficacy? To none of these questions can an uncompromising affirmative be returned at the present time. In the first connection, an extract from a paper in the *Bulletin of Entomological Research*, by Mr. C. N. Jackson, of the Tsetse Research Department of Tanganyika Territory, is of interest: ". . . the tsetse is not an animal the increase of which is limited by its food supply. Broadly speaking, if food supply is adequate to support permanently a few tsetse it is adequate for any number. . . . Individual animals will be of more value to fly if scattered through the bush than if aggregated into herds."

As regards the second contention we would suggest that, though it is possible to slay most of the larger antelopes, it will be extremely difficult to get rid of the lesser mammalia, pig, duiker, and the like. The third point is one for general—not local—scientific investigation. The best way to get rid of fly would be to uproot the forest areas in which it lived. This is a practical impossibility. The burning of bush and grass is another excellent method, though not one which, unfortunately, is of great use in Southern Rhodesia, owing to the shortness of the grass in most fly areas. The use of traps has been found promising in Tanganyika.

If the destruction of animal life is proved to be of undoubted permanent value to human progress in Africa, we would in default of other cures bow to the inevitable. Man's interests must come first. But for a single African Government to come to a decision, whose practical application has already failed, on a subject which should be approached by all the governments of the continent in the co-operation of close scientific study seems to us to be a very grave mistake. The day may come when Southern Rhodesia will bitterly regret the disappearance of its wild life. That, of course, is an affair for the electorate of that self-governing dominion, with whose affairs it would be grossly ill-judged for the people of this country to interfere. But we earnestly hope that the new Government of the country will consider this question with the utmost care before the larger wild life of the country at present so abundant is further sacrificed, and possibly sacrificed in vain.

ACCIDENTS BY ROAD

IN that they have decided to introduce legislation to deal with the subject of road accidents the Government are to be congratulated. What is the nature of their legislation remains to be seen. No prediction as to its nature was made by Mr. Oliver Stanley, Minister of Transport, in his carefully worded reply to a question in the House of Commons on Monday night. Mr. Stanley said that, apart from any legislation proposed, he should appeal for help and work to the Press, the B.B.C. and the film industry, and that he had made a contribution from the Road Fund towards a special campaign to be undertaken by the National Safety First Association. But there was no hint as to change in the law.

We trust that this means that the Government contemplate drastic action. In particular, we hope that they are considering the practical application of some scheme of test certificates for private persons driving on the road, such as is imposed on drivers of public vehicles. That any private person, no matter whether he or she be able-bodied or level-minded, or possess any skill in driving, should be permitted by merely buying a licence to take a dangerous engine out on the public road, is a public scandal.

THE LATE MR. SPENCER GOLLAN

There are few sportsmen who can claim such all-round distinction in sport as the late Mr. Spencer Herbert Gollan, whose friends in many parts of the Empire will have heard with deep sorrow of his death in a London street accident at the age of 74. Nothing came amiss to him; he was the Admirable Crichton of sport, for he excelled in running, rowing, sculling, swimming, boxing, billiards, fives and golf, and also with gun, rifle and revolver. His successes on the turf were numerous in Australia, New Zealand and England. In 1904 he won the Grand National with Moifaa (subsequently sold to King Edward), his horse Australian Star numbered the City and Suburban and Sandown Grand Prize among his victories in this country, Ebor and Norton were two of his well-known steeple chasers, and The Blimkin and Saxon distinguished themselves over hurdles.

With George Towns and Tom Sullivan, Mr. Gollan made a record journey of 13hr. 56min. in a triple sculler from Oxford to Putney. As a golfer he was twice amateur champion of New Zealand, and at St. Andrews won the Jubilee Vase and Calcutta Cup. His rowing and sculling prowess he passed on to his heir, Mr. D. H. L. Gollan, who after the war was for years a formidable rival to scullers over the Henley and Championship courses, and a powerful oar in many a winning Thames eight.

AN ENTERPRISING CHAMPION

Len Harvey has not followed the common fashion of champions and rested on his laurels. He has, instead, chosen the foremost heavyweight in Europe—and one of the best in the world—as his next opponent at the Albert Hall next Thursday. He deserves success for his courage. Gains beat the present world's champion, and is not likely to secure another meeting with the giant Italian.

On paper the odds are overwhelmingly in favour of Gains. He has immense physical advantages, and is at no disadvantage in the matter of experience. Age alone is on the side of Harvey, but he is an exceptionally powerful man and it may well be found that in the ring Harvey's strength will affect Gains's advantages. Indeed, should Harvey manage to survive half-a-dozen rounds — a somewhat doubtful contingency—he might well go on to prove himself capable of defeating a first-class heavyweight.

DUSTLESS ROADS

Many crimes are set at the door of the motorist, and seldom are any thanks offered to him by the pedestrian. What of the roads? There used to be an old proverb, that a peck of dust in a March wind was worth a king's ransom. It would be worth much more to-day, for there is no dust. The winds of March may blow as shrewdly as they please, but they will stir no road surface, and from the moment when the hedges first thrust their buds in April they will continue green till autumn. It takes a man of middle age to remember the sight of dust-laden hedgerows. Here at least one blessing has been strewn before the public by the motorist.

PERRY'S AUSTRALIAN TITLE

Perry's victory in the Singles Lawn Tennis Championship of Australia, at Sydney, is entitled to the epithet "great," and his success with G. P. Hughes in the doubles championship gives it additional lustre. A few details are enough to mark it as an achievement of the highest class. During the tour Perry has shown uneven form. On the Friday of the championships he played two five-set matches—98 games in all; first in the semi-final of the singles, beating V. McGrath to a standstill at 2/6, 5/7, 6/4, 6/4, 6/1; then in the final of the doubles with Hughes, who had a strained arm, he beat A. K. Quist and D. P. Turnbull, 6/8, 6/3, 6/4, 3/6, 6/3, rounding off the final set with tremendous service deliveries. The next day, not only with no reaction but with increased fire, he disposed of J. Crawford, who had had a day's rest, in three sets with a score of 6/3, 7/5, 6/1. The excuse of physical and mental weariness put forward for Crawford when Perry beat him for the American championship has been tentatively advanced again, but it does not, in the circumstances, sound seemly. Crawford was well enough to compete and to reach the final.

"ANSWERS TO THE NAME RAB"

Everyone will sympathise with Lord Knutsford in the unhappy plight in which he finds himself, as described in our advertisement columns. At the field trials of the 5/– members of the Labrador Retriever Club last week he bought from Mr. McCrindle his winning dog, Rab of Cardrona, and took him home. He used him for several days' shooting, and then one day suddenly missed him. The dog had no collar, and no stranger finding him would know to whom he belonged. We hope that before these lines appear in print Rab will somehow, somewhere, have answered to his name.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an Indian paper: "As the leading candidates were passing the packed stands, Sans Ame, who was running third, dropped down and died while being carried out of the weighing-out enclosure."

LONDON'S RIVER

To Londoners, Lord Desborough's address to the Thames Conservators has come to be regarded almost as a matter of family history. By it the behaviour of their river is gauged, its performance during the previous twelve months weighed and measured up, from it a forecast may be made of the effect which alterations—to some old familiar landmark, perhaps—will have on its enjoyment as a pleasaunce. From the current report one gathers that its behaviour during 1933 was exemplary. In spite of a rainfall lower than any except 1921 for 35 years, its springs, deep in the chalk, kept it supplied through all those months of drought without a drop in level sufficient to obstruct the traffic. It was only in the autumn when the springs failed that the pinch began to be felt.

Rain in winter is the arbiter of fate for the Thames, which makes for uneasiness in viewing next year's prospects. Thames drainage has held the field for many years. Conservation of its water, as so often urged in our columns, seems now to be an even more urgent problem. Let us hope the conservators will be as successful in holding a sufficiency as they have been in getting rid of a surplus.

THE FUTURE OF FRENCH RUGBY

What is the truth about French Rugby football? Since the break between the British Unions and the French governing body, rumours and counter-rumours have been rife. Recently two reports, flatly contradictory, have been in circulation—one to the effect that France would join up with a new Continental Federation, the other to the effect that W. W. Wakefield, the famous old English international, had definitely foreshadowed in a French newspaper the early resumption of relations between French and British Rugby. Mr. Walter Pearce, past president of the Rugby Union, has stated that the position remains unchanged.

The Rugby Union has so far been content to adopt an attitude of complacent indifference to all rumours and conflicting impressions of the real situation have got abroad. It is surely time that an official statement were made indicating the present position and the prospects of reviving the international matches against France.

ANOTHER LOVELOCK?

Schoolboy athletes do not always redeem their promise, but Timaru High School, New Zealand, which produced J. Lovelock, looks like furnishing another first-class performer on the track. The *British Olympia Journal* announces that V. P. Booth has smashed Lovelock's school record of 4 minutes 44⅘ seconds by running the mile in 4 minutes 26⅘ seconds, as well as having lowered his 880 yards record by doing that distance in two minutes dead. As a sprinter in the school sports he was clocked at 13 seconds for 120 yards and at 52⅕ seconds for 440 yards. With careful training we may hope that another New Zealander has been found to uphold the Empire in the International arena.

FEBRUARY WINTER

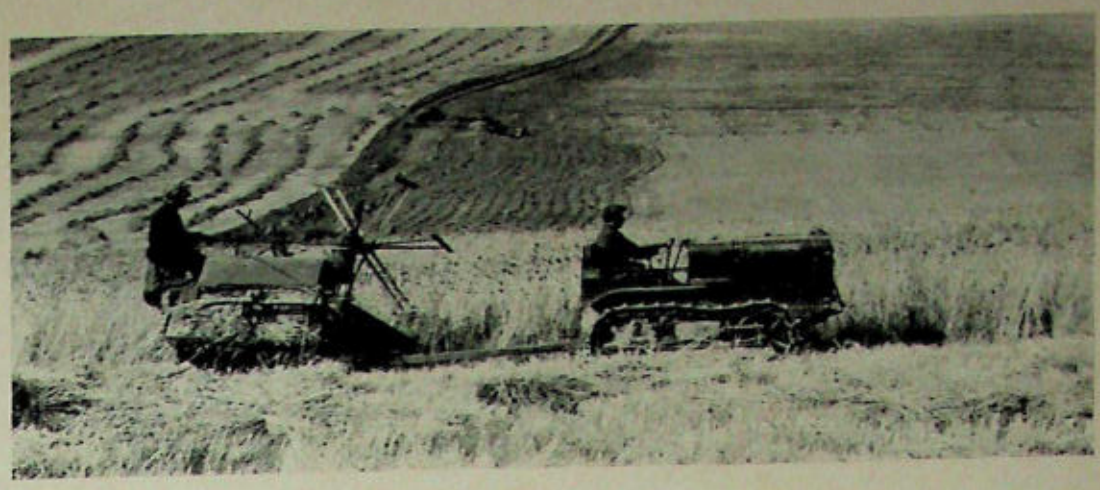
Not since 1929, the year of the great February frost, has winter held back for so long the spring. In the gardens sparse snowdrops hang their bells, and aconites shoulder shyly through icy mould, but neither flower draws quick sap from the earth, and day after day goes by with little change or growth of stem. In the woods primrose plants thrust crinkly spikes of leaf, but the buds are low and hidden, and frosty hedgebanks still lack the gold of the celandine. As for the birds, larks mount to the sun over quiet fields, but the chaffinches wait for a west wind, and because the air is calm at sunset the blackbirds are silent, recognising the coming frost of the night.

BRAES OF YARROW

Next to the Tweed, has any other Scottish river been a poet's theme more often than Yarrow? Wordsworth, William Hamilton of Bangour, Thomas Tod Stoddart—each has written of Yarrow in his different mood. Hamilton's is of an almost melancholy affection:

"Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

"Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow."



IS OUR AGRICULTURAL POLICY ON SOUND LINES?

Effects of the Beet and Wheat Subsidies

By VISCOUNT ASTOR

BROADLEAZE, writing in the *Field* of December 16th, wondered whether the policy of "handsomely subsidising" wheat and sugar beet would prove wise in the national, and ultimately in the agricultural interest. He added that "Lord Astor condemns these uneconomic developments, but that actually to-day all agricultural production is uneconomic if price is taken as the criterion."

Assuming for the sake of argument that *all* food production in Britain is uneconomic, would there not still be a question involving policy in the degree to which various commodities have to be subsidised or protected? Some branches of food production are so expensive as to be "uneconomic," whilst others are by comparison "economic."

If money were no object, if it did not matter how much money the public was forced to spend on stimulating food production, then, I grant, no one need condemn the wheat and beet subsidies. If, further, the revival of our industries and foreign trade, of our shipping, of employment in our factories and shipyards were no longer of any importance, then perhaps we should be justified in cultivating even the most extravagantly uneconomic foods instead of importing them and shipping in exchange British-made goods.

Let me illustrate my meaning. A small subsidy would stimulate apple-growing here; it would be relatively cheap to increase the production of English apples. On the other hand, though we could grow bananas, the cost would be enormous. It would be absurdly extravagant to provide the public with English instead of foreign bananas. Apple-growing is relatively economic, and therefore more worthy of support.

My complaint is that through lack of wise planning we are, as a part of our *permanent* programme, stimulating at vast cost to the public uneconomic branches of farming, and that in consequence the major branches of agriculture must suffer since *there is a limit to the amount to be spent in helping the farmer*. This criticism applies mainly to the sugar beet and wheat subsidies.

English beet sugar can never compete with cane sugar, whilst the yield of sugar per acre of beet in Britain is 20 per cent. less than in France, 33 per cent. less than in Germany, and 34 per cent. less than in Czechoslovakia. Yet £40,000,000 has been spent in ten years to establish this crop, only half of which has gone to the farmer, and it is now generally admitted that if the subsidy were withdrawn there would be very little sugar beet grown. At a huge price it has benefited some 30,000 to 40,000 farmers in the Eastern Counties, but it has not helped British farming as a whole. From the national point of view, examination shows that there has been practically no net increase in farm labour, since sugar beet has merely replaced other crops with high labour requirements.

Every pound's worth of English-grown sugar represents 12s. of subsidy and 8s. of sugar. In other words, the equivalent of a tariff duty of over 100 per cent. is needed to produce sugar here. The most expensive scheme for assisting livestock must be cheap in comparison.

The wheat quota last year cost about £5,000,000, and the acreage increased by about 400,000, while the barley and oats acreage declined by about 320,000, a net gain of about 80,000 acres. Five per cent. of the subsidy went to Scotland, which normally produces about 20 per cent., by value, of the agricultural output. This year, owing to the continued fall in the world price of wheat, the subsidy may cost over £7,000,000. Most of this will go to the Eastern Counties, where the sugar beet subsidy goes.

I do not maintain that there should be no wheat grown in this country, but only that the money is being doled out unfairly and on a wrong principle. A subsidy of £7,000,000 to beef production instead of to wheat would add 7s. per live hundredweight to fat cattle prices. In lieu the most recent action is to restrict the imports of Irish stores, the Midlands grazier's raw material, while providing little or no guarantee of better fat stock prices. Such a subsidy, levied and distributed much in the same manner as the wheat quota, would be a surer way of helping the beef man than the uncertain, unstable, and complicated import restriction policy with its legacy of international friction and ill-will.

The present quota payment of 4s. 6d. per sack of flour represents a charge of over ½d. per loaf. Meantime beef production is in difficulties owing to the low purchasing power of the consumer. Every ½d. extra spent on bread diminishes the purchasing power of the consumer for other foods. The wage-earner, in particular, prefers to buy the imported bread wheat. If bread prices were reduced the home beef-producer might obtain the advantage of this preference. The same argument applies to many of the products (fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, etc.) for which British farming is specially suited.

The whole controversy turns on whether we have a limited or an unlimited amount of money to spend on farming, and whether if the money is limited we should spend it in such a way as to help the largest number of farmers as cheaply as possible; or alternatively whether we should use the money to help a restricted number of producers at a heavy burden to the public, with little hope of reducing this cost as conditions return to normal.

Can it be in the interest of agriculture and of the nation to spend vast sums on the more costly, uneconomic, and (to most farmers) the less valuable branches (cereals and beet) in these hard times, and thereby lessen the money available for the more important and economic branches?

Surely wise planning should give the public the cheapest necessaries (bread, sugar, milk, possibly bacon), but ask them in return to pay a bit more for semi-luxuries (butter, fresh beef, poultry, etc.).

Such planning would have the added advantage of benefiting more food-growing districts. Being more economic this plan could count upon a more lasting support from the vast majority of electors (consumers, industrial workers) who foot the bill, and ultimately will decide the tune.

If vested agricultural interests compel us to continue as a permanent policy protecting the more uneconomic crops then the Nation's farming operations must inevitably be restricted. These vested interests will profit, but the industry as a whole will not expand to the same extent.



HOUNDS, HORSES AND RIDERS MIRRORED IN THE STILL WATERS OF THE POND AS THE MIDDLETON (EAST) MOVE OFF FROM THEIR HELPERTHORPE MEET

HUNTING AS A BUSINESS OR A PLEASURE?

Gloom and Bad Temper Which Spoil Everybody's Sport

By LORD DORCHESTER

A SHORT time ago I wrote an article on hunting manners wherein I laid down a rather high standard of deportment—an ideal which few of us achieve, be it said. Whether or not my remarks prompted Major Carlos Clarke to carry the subject a step farther I cannot say, but I admit that he has inspired me to a further effort by his amusing demolition of an anonymous correspondent.

For the benefit of those who did not read his remarks I must explain that their gist called attention to the fact that most of us take our hunting too seriously. He is quite right, we do!

Primeval man hunted for food, we hunt for fun. Necessity bred up a line of great hunters, men skilled in every form of woodcraft, masters of their weapons, cunning in every device whereby game might be taken or wild beasts destroyed. So the hunting instinct gradually developed, for to hunt was a serious business, and skilful or unskilful, hunting might mean the difference between life and death. Even to-day if the Esquimaux fail to kill their annual quota of seal and salmon, so shall they starve.

The Esquimaux compared to ourselves are still primeval men to whom hunting is serious business. We, on the other hand, have advanced centuries beyond that stage and to us hunting is a mere winter diversion, or ought to be. Foxhunting is joy pure and unalloyed, it is a happy pursuit under delightful and cheery surroundings and should go with a holiday spirit from find to finish. But often how different is reality!

To paraphrase Major Carlos Clarke, some are frightened, most are cross, many uncomfortable, and nearly everyone anxious about something—their start, the scent, the country, the crowd. A hunting field as a whole seems to lose all humour and sense of proportion as soon as hounds begin to draw, little things annoy us and only the other fellow's falls or mishaps can bring a smile to our lips. We sympathise in a real disaster, but such humorous pleasure as we extract from the chase is limited to what the Germans call "Schadenfreude," literally "Joy in disaster" (to others). The reason being that we take ourselves and our pleasure too seriously.

The Master, the huntsman and his staff must of necessity take matters seriously, because it is their job, but if they can find time for a smile or joke on occasion so much the better; a word spoken in jest is a wonderful lubricant to the wheels of sport. I cannot go quite as far as Major Carlos Clarke in attributing so much blame to the M.F.H., his temper or his manners, nor do I believe that the majority of hunting folk become temporary mental cases while engaged in their favourite pursuit. But certainly a big field waiting for a "Gone-away!" or held up during a check is composed of highly combustible material. Wherefore the Master, who is but human, may, and very probably is, forgiven many of his peremptory commands. Indeed, a general commination service addressed to all and sundry is much less likely to give offence than the picking out of an individual for a personal sermon, however politely phrased.

But even a Master can take things too seriously. Two of such I shall always remember as object lessons of how not to do it.

The first was a charming man to meet anywhere except in the hunting field, and consequently fit to talk to on but three days a week during the season, and on the evening before hunting, a delightful and really witty host, courteous and solicitous for your comfort and entertainment.

At breakfast next morning the cloven hoof would begin to appear, and never a word would he vouchsafe. I did not mind this because I hate company at that particular meal. The gloom of breakfast, however, would develop into smouldering wrath during the drive to the meet. Every augury was evil, he noted the horses and grooms we passed on the road, and commented viciously on their employers and owners. He cursed anybody and everybody at a hint of obstruction and arrived at the rendezvous in a blaze of rage. Once he had mounted his horse he became impossible for the rest of the day.

My other object lesson was of a more stolid type, who took it out in sulking the night before hunting, and, like Mrs. Sanders in Pickwick, worked himself up to a very decent pitch of misery by the time he got to the meet. He spoke to no one—field, farmers or keepers—he ignored them all. Moving off from the meet, he would head the procession silent and morose. On arriving at the draw he would put someone in charge and disappear into the covert, only to emerge to hold up an exasperated field much longer than was necessary. His trouble was anxiety for his hounds, and he was never happy until he had them all back safe in kennel. He snatched at any excuse to cut short the day, and



FOLLOWERS OF THE GARTH

Mrs. Rickman, Miss June Hargreaves, Mr. Hargreaves, and Major Rickman at the Easthampstead Park Meet



AFTER THE HUNT BALL—THE CHESHIRE FIELD IN THE WOODS AFTER A MEET AT CALVERLY HALL

would rather see his hounds on the flags than in the field.

Now, what pleasure could two such men obtain from their favourite sport? None whatever! And what is worse, they annually spoilt the pleasure of hundreds of other people.

These are extreme cases I admit, but daily one sees foxhunters with similar tendencies. To sum up, I think, in effect, that Major Carlos Clarke and I hold similar views, which are set forth in tablet form in the chorus of the "Fine Hunting Day," namely:

"Let us join the glad throng,
That goes laughing along."

This is the spirit that should animate us on a hunting day.

NEWCOMERS TO AINTREE

Promising Jumpers Who Are Making a First Attempt

MANY horses engaged in the Grand National have not previously had the opportunity of going over the full Liverpool country. From these let us select a few who seem to possess the necessary qualifications for the big task in front of them. One of our first choices would be Ready Cash, who is not only a splendid jumper but appears to stay well. He is full of stout Irish blood, and his dam goes back to Derringer, a son of the redoubtable Musket, who stood in this country for some years without leaving anything of much account behind him.

It is interesting, however, to find his blood in a good steeple chaser, especially as the Grand National winner Forbra and several other smart jumpers are descended from Musket through Carbine. Thus we regard it as a good line to have in a steeple chasing pedigree. Ready Cash is by Knight of Kilcash, the sire of Knight of Knockeevan and the short-lived Kilcash Hill. Let us hope that the trouble which caused the death of Lady Helen McCalmont's horse is not shared by any other members of the family.

The first time Ready Cash came strongly into prominence was at Newbury little more than twelve months ago. At that time he was trained at Epsom by William Payne, who thought a good deal of the horse. After a great finish for the Sefton 'Chase he was beaten a head by Insurance, who was giving him 5lb. The performance was good enough to cause Captain C. A. Cartwright's then six-year-old to be a hot favourite for the Cotswold Steeple Chase at the big meeting at Cheltenham. Even money was taken about him, and he won tolerably easily.

At his next outing Ready Cash saw the Liverpool fences for the first time, and was a strong favourite for the Stanley 'Chase, which Kellsboro' Jack had carried off twelve months previously. We followed the jumping of the Epsom horse with special interest in that race. He was travelling like a winner until he pecked on landing at the fourth fence from home, pitching his jockey out of the saddle. W. Payne was quick to remount, but by this time Southern Hero was practically a fence in front and he proved the only competitor to complete the course without falling or refusing. We can excuse Ready Cash a mistake which may not occur again when he runs at Aintree.

He was beaten there in the Becher 'Chase in the autumn, but he has since won in attractive style at Newbury and appears to be doing well in the hands of George Beeby, who now trains him in Leicestershire. This able young trainer also has charge of Delaneige, fourth in the Grand National last year, who is now to carry an additional 3lb., his weight being 11st. 6lb. In this way the handicapper's opinion is registered that Ready Cash is a trifle in front of his stable companion.

Beeby is further responsible for Coolinolagh and also for Zag and Cantillius II, two of the 22 who were given the minimum weight in the Grand National. Having in mind his success at Cheltenham last season the last-named has a chance not to be despised. Reverting to the prospects of Ready Cash it will be observed that he has been given 11st. 9lb., the weight which Kellsboro' Jack carried to the front.

Another young horse on the same mark is Thrumster, who is in the able hands of George Poole, trainer years ago of Shaun Spadah. No horse of his age has improved in his jumping more than this son of Free from Pride, who was by Charles O'Malley out of the dual Cambridgeshire winner Hackler's Pride. After starting his career over fences promisingly enough, Thrumster struck a curiously bad patch in the winter of 1931-2, and it was not until the end of that campaign that he gained his maiden success. Then he promptly won three races off the reel.

His introduction to the Aintree course took place last spring, when he was a 10 to 1 chance for the Champion Chase. Lo and behold! Thrumster jumped those fences as to the manner born, and was a good winner from the much more experienced Inverse. On that form alone Mrs. V. G. Harmsworth's gelding is assuredly entitled to our respect when Grand National prospects are under discussion.

Incidentally, the only seven-year-olds with which the handicapper had to deal in the premier steeplechase were Chenango, Golden Miller, El Hadjar, Ready Cash and Thrumster, a strangely small proportion of the original entry of 73. The suggestion is that seven years old is too early in life for many steeple chasers to compete for the National. Yet within the past five years three seven-year-olds have proved successful: Gregalach, Forbra and Kellsboro' Jack. Troytown and Covertcoat won at the same age, while Ally Sloper was six years old and Lutteur III only five. The French winner of 1909 would have been ineligible to run under the present age restrictions of the race.

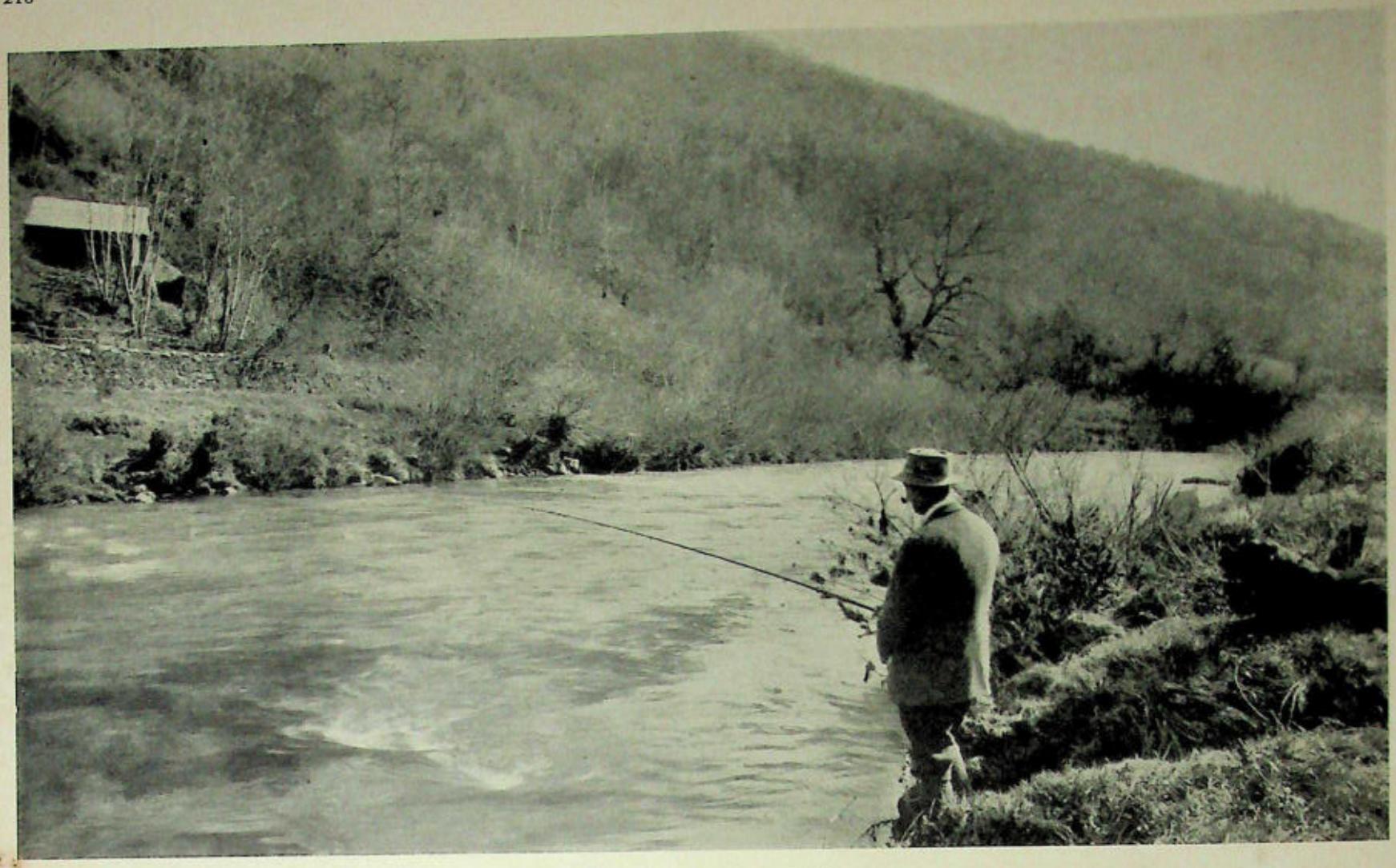
Only one horse of the minimum age was entered this time—Buck Willow. The compiler of the weights did not overlook his merits when giving him 11st. 5lb., a stiff burden for a horse of this age, especially for one who has never seen an Aintree fence. On park courses Buck Willow has performed most consistently.

Surely this is the first year in the history of the race that we cannot put "trained in Ireland" after the name of any entrant for the Grand National. The last of the Irish-trained National horses to leave the country was Heartbreak Hill, the property of an American sportswoman, Mrs. C. S. Bird, jun. The mare is now in the hands of Mr. E. Stedall at Lewes. Her form of the preceding season was sufficient to show her quality, and many of her Irish and other admirers will be backing her again next month.



IN UNSPOILED SUSSEX

A picturesque setting for the Storrington Foot Beagles when they met at the old Swan Hotel, Fittleworth



SPRING FISHING ON THE TAVY

The angler is using a 9ft. light spinning rod—a contrast to the weapons formerly used for spring salmon

SALMON FISHING—THE NEW WAY

Ten Years of Change

By WEST COUNTRY

THE whole art of salmon fishing, tackle and methods, has been revolutionised in the last decade, and we now land our fish on gear which even immediately before the war would only have been deemed adequate for trout. Gone are the gigantic 18-footers which our fathers thought essential for spring fishing, and the sale of rods over 16ft. must be very limited.

The trend for shortness and lightness has gone even farther in the case of spinning rods and tackle, and salmon are caught regularly on rods weighing no more that 6oz. to 8oz., and lines of which the breaking strain is but 4lb. to 6lb.

All this is well known, but what is not so universally recognised perhaps is that the technique of salmon fishing has undergone considerable modification, and it is curious and interesting that the changes seem to have been adopted about the same time by both fly fishers and spinners.

Older generations of salmon anglers, whether they used fly or bait, cast at a varying, but usually considerable, angle down stream, so that for the most part their lures were presented to the fish tail on, as it were.

Modern salmon fishers, on the contrary, cast, as a general rule, except in very heavy water, straight across, or at a very slight angle up or down stream, so that the flies or baits on the way across show to the salmon a broadside view, except possibly for a short distance at the end of the cast.

Probably one of the first to use this new method was the late Ernest Crosfield, who died in 1925, for, writing in *Fisherman's Pie*, he described the plan he used in low water. He cast straight across stream and at once began to pull in line with the left hand, so that the fly never had time to sink far, and presented a side rather than a tail view to the quarry.

This in essentials is the present-day practice, both of the greased-line fly exponent, and the man who spins with one of the fixed spool reels. Mr. A. H. E. Wood, the originator of the "greased line" method of fishing for salmon which has aroused so much interest, says that he first started, more or less by accident, in 1903. When he began to use it regularly, even for spring fishing when the air is warmer than the water, I do not know, but it has only become common property, as it were, within the last few years.

Greased-line fishing really differs little at bottom from the practice described by Ernest Crosfield, for although Mr. Wood likes his fly to drift across on a loose line and not be pulled, yet the result is pretty much the same. The fly is kept high and broadside on instead of being allowed to sink and travel more or less tail first over the lie of the fish, as was the earlier mode.

Light spinning has the same objectives. The old-fashioned bait was either heavy in itself, or was used with a lump of lead as a sinker. This had to be fished down stream because only then would the pull of the current keep it off the bottom unless it was spun far too quickly to be effective for salmon as a general rule. For the modern mode a light bait which can be worked slowly, even though it is cast directly across, or even up stream, is essential. A very light bait cannot be thrown fishing distances with a heavy line, and so the present-day line of silk or gut substitute with a breaking strain, maybe as low as 2lb. for trout and 4lb. for salmon, came into being.

Like most new ideas this fine-line business has in some cases been carried to excess, and it is now becoming more generally appreciated that thread-line fishing in its extreme form—that is, with 4lb. to 6lb. lines—is not suitable for all rivers.

It is, I think, accepted by experienced anglers that when playing a salmon or other big fish on an ultra-fine line it is of the utmost importance to keep always below the fish, so that the pull of the stream is not added to the strain of the fish on the line. To do this successfully a great deal of room may be needed, and one writer mentions that he has had to follow a salmon a quarter of a mile down stream before he could land it.

On many rivers it is often impossible to follow one hundred yards, let alone four hundred, and once a salmon gets below him the thread-line angler, in any sort of current, is helpless. Letting up all strain may induce the fish to come back—or it may not. If the quarry is pretty well played out the chances are that it will not. Then a break is almost inevitable, a very regrettable happening when it means leaving a triangle in the fish's mouth or gullet.

Other rivers quite unsuitable for extreme thread-line methods are those of the rocky type where most of the pools are studded with boulders. Whatever may be said of gut substitute as a reel line, I do not think its most fervent admirers will claim that it will stand much rubbing on a rock. When wet it becomes so soft and flabby that a very slight contact with an underwater boulder will chafe it through almost immediately.

Fine silk is almost, but not quite, as bad, and as there are pools where it is practically impossible to play a salmon without the line touching rock at some time or other, it is asking for trouble—with the certainty of getting it—to use such gear.

On waters of this description the angler who hates losing fish, both for his own sake and that of the quarry, will eschew ultra-fine lines. Ten or twelve pounds breaking strain is as low as it is safe, and fair, to go. Unfortunately in the past even such lines of silk have not been too satisfactory. By the mere fact of getting wet they lose 10 to 15 per cent. of their dry strength. They also wear very rapidly, and even if the end is tested periodically there is a feeling of uncertainty when one gets into a fish as to whether the test has been stringent or recent enough.

Last autumn I wrote for the *Field* an article "Wanted—A New Spinning Line," pleading for fine lines of flax or linen, because this material has some manifest advantages over silk. First, it actually increases in strength from 20 to 25 per cent. when wet; second, it wears far more slowly than silk; and third, it is much cheaper.

Since then I have received samples of linen lines of 5lb., 10lb. and 12lb. breaking strains from a firm which has specialised in making braided flax lines of 15lb. to 200lb. breaking strains for many years.

These lines look excellent, and I hope to try them this season. The 10lb. line, I am told, when it is placed on the market, will be sold at about 3/2 per 100yds. against 10/- to 12/- for an undressed silk line of similar length. As the linen will certainly last much longer, the saving is quite considerable, apart from its other advantages.

"LOCH NESS MONSTERS" AT THEIR SOURCE

Where the Grey Seals are Born

By M. G. S. BEST

GREY seals have been much in the news of late, a wanderer of this description having, it is said, been masquerading in Loch Ness as a "monster." My experiences last year in a grey seal nursery have, therefore, a certain topical interest.

During the third week in October I was able to visit one of the small islands of the Outer Hebrides. Only a few acres in extent, boasting a grassy top, large enough to support a small flock of sheep, which are the sole inhabitants for most of the year, until they are joined in September by the grey seals, and a little later by the barnacle geese. The island is surrounded by a rampart of rocks, running in a series of wide ledges down to the sea, the lower strata covered up to high-water mark with a thick carpet of seaweed.

The grey seal cows congregate here in late summer, and in mid-September the first of the seal babies arrive, their mothers choosing for their nursery the higher level of rocks, bordering the grassy plateau on the top. High and dry at all tides, with upstanding boulders to give shelter from wind and sun.

Here the baby seals lie all day, clad for the first six weeks of their existence in a thick coat of pure white hair. Looking at you wonderingly with their large black eyes, with a gentle and most appealing expression, quite friendly if left alone, but capable of much noisy indignation when disturbed.

It seemed that even at this early stage the babies were quicker to detect the presence of a stranger by their sense of smell than by their sight, though that was keen enough. While standing a little way from a very young baby, a friend approached noiselessly to a ledge above the seal, standing there motionless for a while. Although the youngster had us in full view, it was far more interested in the one of us it could not see, sniffing anxiously, moving its head in all directions, looking worried and distressed.

The little fellows at this stage sleep the greater part of the day, till high water brings their mothers back again. They are only able to visit their babies at high water, when the sea rises in the channels and brings them to as high a level on the rocks as possible. A seal's progress on dry rock is a slow and most laborious proceeding, heaving itself along with the aid of the flappers, and often finding it a hard matter to land at all, if there is any sea running. It is no wonder that so many of them show deep scores and scratches from their passage over the rocks.

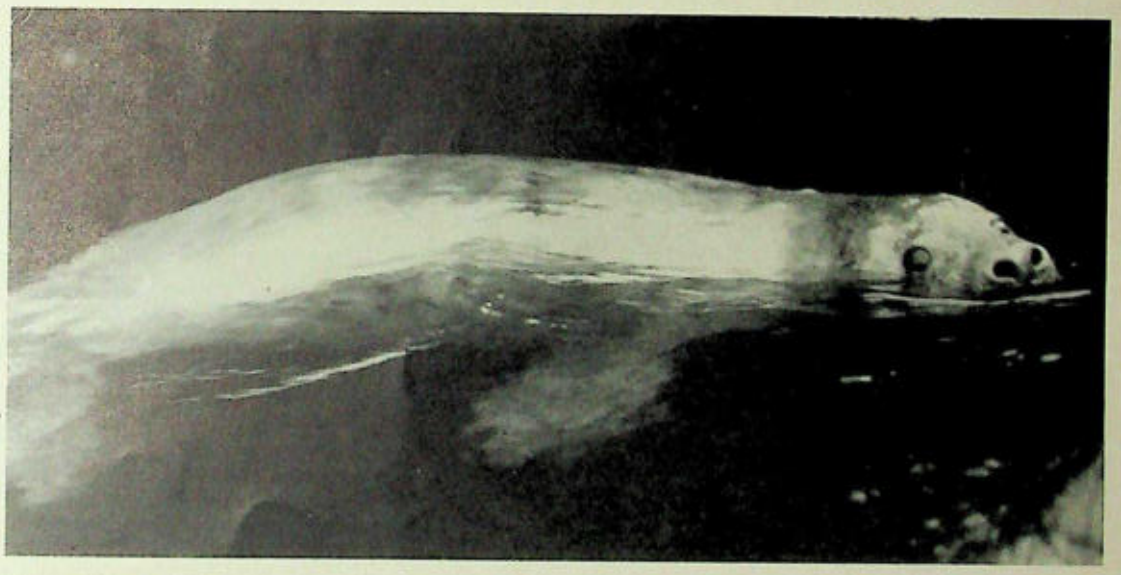
Twelve hours between the tides is a long time for the young seals to wait for their next meal, and at this time one often hears sounds of distressed crying as of a hungry, neglected child, which is answered from the sea by a deeper note, as if the parent was never very far away. At times, their voices sound like those of human beings talking to each other; often have I answered, thinking someone was calling, and sometimes there are long-drawn howls and moans of a most heartrending description, which will continue for some minutes.



IN THE WHITE COAT OF INFANCY
A baby grey seal of eight or nine days old

While the babies are still on land one often sees the head and shoulders of the adult seals appearing in the sea around the rocks, and even in the channels amongst them, never very happy about their youngsters if strangers are about.

One is told that baby seals will not take to the water naturally, but require much encouragement from the mother. For the first three or four weeks they are always found on dry rocks well above high water, but after that, and some time before they change their white coats, which they do at about six weeks old, they are playing about in the water with evident enjoyment.



A LITTLE OLDER—AND VERY MUCH ANNOYED
This youngster is three or four weeks old but still in thick white coat

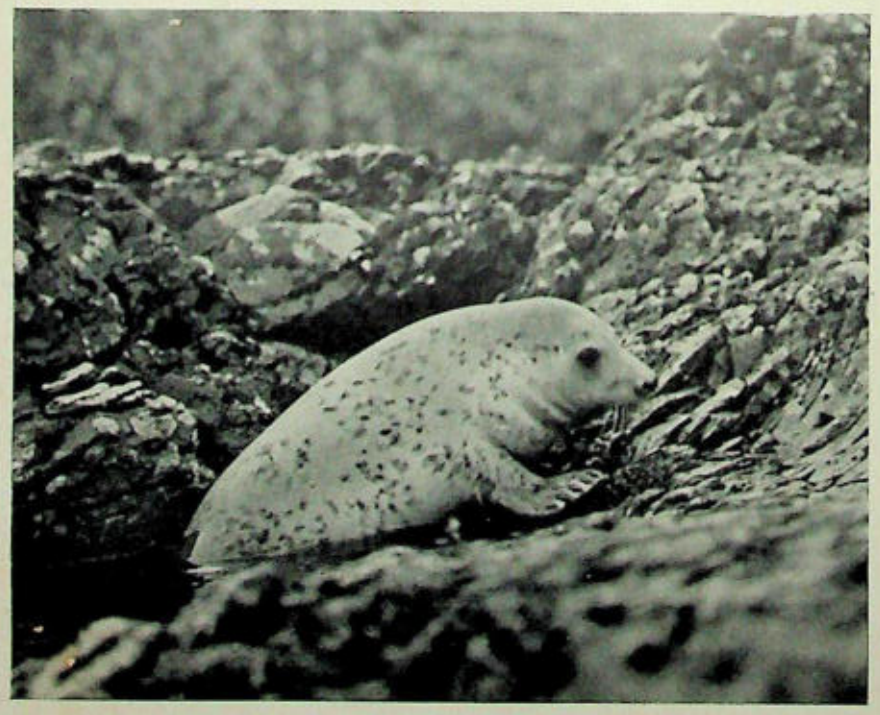
Always, or almost always, alone, we once found two together in a cleft in the rocks, but one was playing in a deep pool of water just outside, while the other was asleep on the shingle bed.

This one was showing bands of dusky colour on his white coat, the last stage before losing it altogether. He rolled over on his side, waving a black flapper in the air, then over again, diving under water, splashing vigorously with his tail.

When they think they are observed, they will lie for any length of time with their bodies afloat and heads under water, never appearing to need a breath of air. Presumably they can see as well under water as they can when out of it, and they can certainly hear just as easily.

Early in October we found one youngster on a dry ledge above high-water mark, trying to get rid of his white coat. The hair lay in large handfuls on each side of him, rubbed off by rolling and scrubbing up and down on the rock, no doubt urged thereto by considerable irritation of the skin.

Over the seaweed-covered rocks we discovered a double trail of white hairs, marking the passage to the sea of a seal losing its coat. It seems to take some little time for them to shed it, as the back of the baby we saw was still covered with a very thick coat, rumpled and dishevelled certainly, though as it seems impossible for a grey seal to turn right over on its back, either on dry land or in the water, as I have seen a common seal do, it remains a problem how this part of their coat is removed at all.



A YOUNG SEAL OF EIGHT OR NINE WEEKS
It has now lost the white coat and is dressed in lavender grey with large black blotches

The babies of an older age had mostly found large deep pools of salt water in which to disport themselves. These pools were fairly plentiful amongst the upper ledges, and here they seemed content to remain all day, although if they felt so inclined they could make their way down over the seaweed to the sea. These young seals were probably from seven to eight weeks old. They had very dark lavender-grey coats, thickly blotched with black. Watching us and our attempts to photograph them with quiet interest, till in a sudden fit of shyness they put their heads under water, only to raise them again when some slight sound or movement on our part attracted their attention.

One seal in a pool, who had not yet lost his white coat, was most vociferous in his expressions of dislike at his visitors, not only shouting at us, but filling his mouth with water and blowing it out through his nostrils with much force. After we left him he scrambled out of the pool, and made his way seawards in a desperate hurry.



THE ACTION SHOP AT MESSRS. JAMES PURDEY & SONS

"A BEST LONDON GUN"

Parts and Stages in Producing a Triumph of British Craftsmanship

(Photographs by Niall Rankin)

I BELIEVE the technical name for the product of a known gunmaker is a "best London gun." Most of us know that it merits the epithet "best." Most of us agree in a vague sort of way that it is far better than anything that anybody else can turn out in the same way. We extract from that idea a vague and pleasing pre-war Kipling sort of feeling; but in spite of this fine old English sentiment, we now and then cavil at the fine old English price. £260 for a pair of guns! I know they are excellent, but——

Well, how many of us know exactly what work there is put into a best London gun, and just what value for money it represents? I for one never did till the other day I had the good luck to spend a day in Purdey's showroom and workshops. I saw, in part at least I comprehended, and as a humble apology for words carelessly spoken in the past of the unnecessarily high cost of good guns I offer this account. Let me add that what I write here is in nowise intended to vaunt that very famous gun-making establishment at the expense of others. Purdey's are by no means the only first-class London gunmaker, no one acknowledges that fact more readily than they. What I say of them must in principle be taken of other gunmakers in London whose names are only too well known in the shooting world, though Purdey is the doyen of English craftsmen, and a name which is known all over the world since the days of Joe Manton.

Let us take ourselves, therefore, to the well-known shop in South Audley Street whence it is that the gun originates. Let us imagine that our customer has arrived rather frightened at the shop; after all, he hasn't much of a knowledge of guns, and nobody likes laying bare their ignorance to an expert. He is taken into the "Long Room" by one of the brothers Purdey (more often than not by both), and here his nervousness, if anything, deepens a tone. The pictures of the great shots of the past—and of the present—which cover the walls of the "Long Room" do little to prevent inferiority complex. However, his fears are baseless. The family of Purdey, even the fourth generation, know better than most that a man nervous with a gun or shy of his lack of knowledge needs bringing out, and better than most, they know how to do it.

The first thing to be decided—and, after all, the rawest of us has usually made up his mind on that point—is what sort of a gun we want. Is it a pair? Is it for England or for abroad? What is the bore to be? Are variations, such as choke barrels for high pheasants needed? Stock is taken of the customer. Is he large—is he small? Has he long arms or a long neck, or *vice versa*? Let us imagine that he—or even possibly she—is a more or less normal sort of person. A weight is suggested of, say, 6lb. 4oz. The customer, who has not yet entirely recovered his self-command after the signed pictures of the crowned heads and the mighty dead, agrees. However, his case is soon diagnosed with the confidence of a Harley Street specialist, and barrel length and fitting are then considered. He has reasonably long arms, and is fairly strong. We give him 28in. barrels. We try him with two or three different guns for handling. Which is easier—this, or this? Confidence is returning. *This*. Definitely this. Then there is the question of the boring. Here, of course, every man has his own views. This is not the place where such opinions can be discussed at length. Our friend (for we have all become very friendly by this time) agrees to take a normal right barrel improved cylinder and the left barrel modified choke. It is dull to be conventional, especially when the convention dates from the days of walking up birds; but, broadly speaking, it is surprisingly fortunate how well the same convention holds good to-day.

But the end is not yet to the questions that have to be answered. It has all the variations which mean the difference between "off the peg" and "Savile Row," and a good deal more. What type of action? "Ordinary," says our friend. A top lever? "Yes." The engraving? The guards and triggers? Double or single trigger mechanism? The cartridge and the charge? The engraving in the oval in the stocks? Heelplates on the butt or not? All these questions have to be answered, and every customer can please himself as to them.

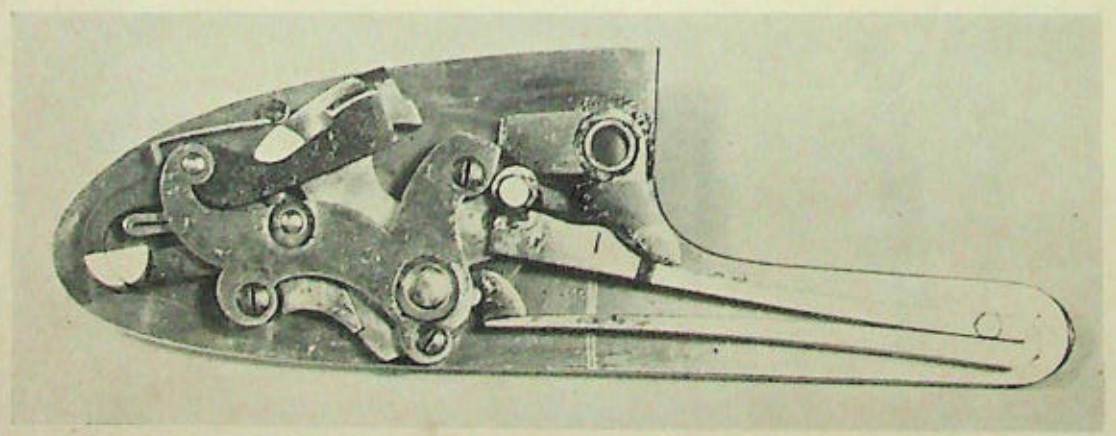
But the most important part of the fitting has as yet to be described. At Purdey's they have not only the most elaborate try guns of their own make, but also an electrical flash-gun to show the shooter his error. Broadly speaking, this gun throws a spot of light on the target where the centre of the pattern would be. This gun is tried against an excellent scale model picture of driven grouse, and is instrumental in bringing to light a number of interesting facts about "master eye" and other details which were not always known previously to the shooter. The necessary variations in cast-off are then taken, and the exact measurements of the stock, the amount of bend at the "bump" (the heel), and the face, the length of each part and the cast off, which varies in different parts of the stock are all calculated.

Now all these permutations and combinations may be considered finished, and our friend is now talking sixteen to the dozen about the triumphs of that right and left at Caldecott's Spinney two years ago. One might think we could get on with the business. Not a bit of it. We have tried the gun "dead," now we have got to try it again with live rounds. The whole process of measurement has to be checked and adjusted at the Shooting School, and this is another reason why your best London gun costs more than the "off the peg" variety. As the purchaser can pay two or three visits to one of the most up-to-date shooting schools in the world, under the best instructors, fire a hundred cartridges or so, and depart, free of charge.

Now let us remove ourselves to the salubrious neighbourhood of Paddington. There we will see the gun in the making, piece by piece and step by step, according to the measurements and instructions supplied by South Audley Street. We must meet Purdey's foreman, Mr. E. L. Lawrence, who has been with the firm many years, and of whom it is not an exaggeration to say knows as much about the building of best guns as there is to be known. First of all, a calculation must be made of the weight of every part of the gun so that the whole may come up to the required weight. First, let us consider the barrels. They come direct from the steel manufacturers as tubes in the rough state shown in the illustration, made of fluid-pressed steel. They are extremely clumsy to look at—neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever. Next, they have to be cut to the required length, trued up to be alike, straightened and turned so that the walls are round. This appears and is a most complicated operation for the layman to understand.

Next comes the question of turning the barrels to the required thickness. It will be seen that in the second stage there are a number of ringed gauges round the barrel. These gauges have been cut in to show how much the barrel is to be struck down to reach the weight required, while the special choking needed for each individual is dealt with later. They are, of course, calculated to a factor of safety which is in fact a great deal higher than that demanded by the London Proof House. The amount of filing down done is naturally different at different points in the barrel according to the pressures which are known to be produced. The third stage is the brazing together of the barrels, after which the ribs are fitted. In all this procedure there is not one component that is a standard one, except the tubes as they come from the steel makers. All this work that we have seen is done by one man, and it takes him at the very least a week's work.

So much for the barrels. Now we are shown the action. The first thing you will see is a large and more or less shapeless piece of metal. It looks like the "blunt instrument" of the Law Courts, if it looks like anything at all. This is handed over to one man. You can see the men in the picture



THE LEFT LOCK

This lock represents the lockfiler's craft at its best. Making a lock is entirely an art unto itself, and the completed part is shown ready to be worked on by the actioner

on the right and by the window. They are all making separate actions for individual customers. Each action takes from two to three weeks to make. The men on the left are making the ejector mechanism. Each of these will take from three to four days. Now this article, which I am writing, as any reader who has borne with me so far will have realised all too well, is not a technical one. I have not the knowledge to make it so. If you wish for the details and the working of the ejector and the action, go to *The Modern Shotgun*, the classic work on its subject; but I saw this "blunt instrument" take its form from the rough forging to the finished action and fore-end iron, perfect examples of the craftsman's skill as seen in the illustration, and after seeing the beginning and ending, I was like the Queen of Sheba after viewing Solomon's treasure house. And I once thought I had a fair working knowledge of guns! When the action and the barrels are ready, the gun is sent to the London Proof House in the Commercial Road, just outside the City, to be proved. This is merely a form of protection to the public. It in nowise exonerates the gunmaker at a later date. There it is marked with the necessary proof marks which most of our readers must know—a hall-mark as rigid as the lion on silver, and which were described in the *Field* not long since.

Now there is the question of stocking. The best gun stocks are always cut from French walnut and come from France in rough unshaped blocks. No other wood has proved to be so satisfactory. It is seasoned for six years in France before being exported, and then for at least another three years in Purdey's factory. The firm are now using, in some cases, wood that is 30 years old. The stock has to be carved and hollowed or weighted accordingly to the weight which it is to be. This process takes nearly a fortnight, and the polishing and engraving will take another month at least. As to the engraving, that is a fine art in itself, and Purdey's head engraver has been 50 years with the firm. The choice of the pattern is a matter for individual choice. Purdey's are catholic in what they offer. You can have the chased design in a flower pattern shown in the picture, you can have rocketting pheasants or driven grouse, you can have ivory apes and peacocks, you can have your stock studded with diamonds or your action inlaid with gold if you choose to pay for it.

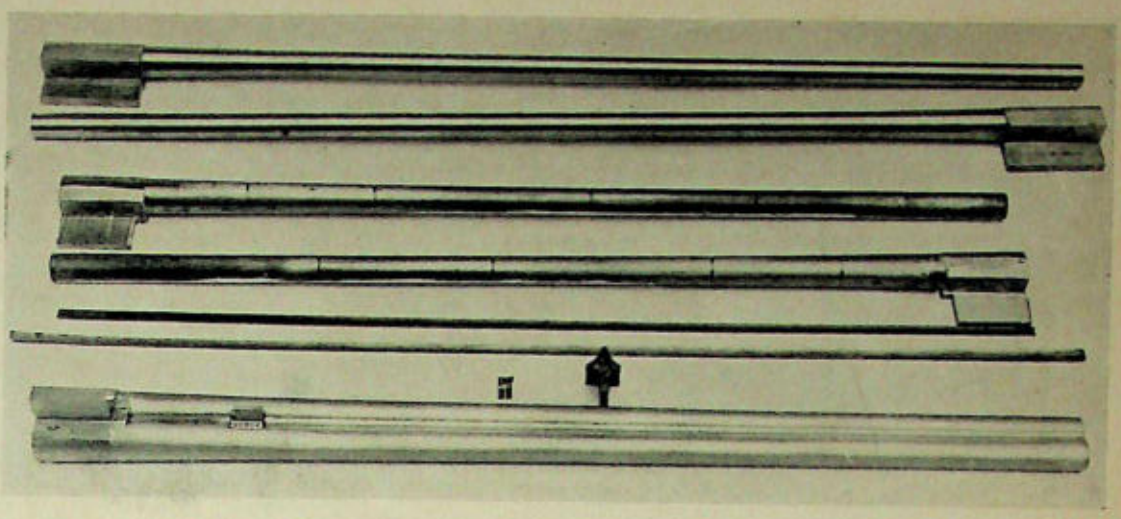
At each stage in the completion of the gun the work is "viewed." It is formed slowly into the completed self. It is viewed again by the works manager, it is altered and improved. The balance is a little out, or perhaps the engraving not quite perfect. Then it goes to South Audley Street and is viewed again by either Mr. Jim or Mr. Tom Purdey, and then as like as not, they send it back for further alteration.

That is the story of a Purdey gun, but it is only half the story, and the part that impressed me most during the day I spent in the factory is yet to come. One cannot be in these works for five minutes without seeing the extraordinary good temper and happiness of everybody in them. I have never seen men working with such interest and good will, and I have seen a good many. This is not eulogy, it is not exaggeration, it is a plain statement of fact.

Every man employed by Purdey is a craftsman in the sense that Chippendale was a craftsman. He takes an extraordinary interest in his work, in the actions for a pair of guns that may take six weeks to make. One hazards the opinion that those men follow those guns in their imagination all over the world. What a thing to have made the King's gun, or Sir Harry Stonor's, or Lord Ripon's! These men belong to no trade union, and at 6 o'clock they are often forced to leave their work! Lawrence told me that they are training and turning out as good workmen to-day as at any time in their history—so much for the decay of British craftsmanship.

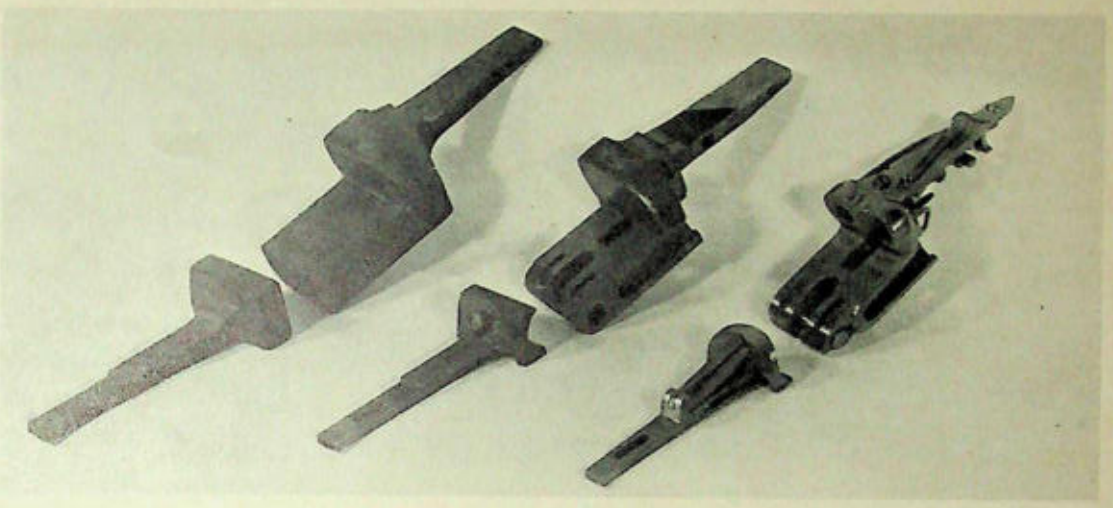
Beyond this, of the hundred odd employees the majority have come into the business on a father-to-son basis, and all of them feel personally that they share its great reputation. I saw one man hardening an action after engraving, who had been in the service of the firm for 45 years. His great uncle was doing just the same work at the age of 91 and was 67 years working for the firm. Incidentally, the process of hardening the action, etc., to the right tint, is almost a family one, and practically speaking is carried out by the members of two or three families, the only craftsmen of their kind in the country. The firm carry out their own browning of the barrels, and are one of the few private firms in the world to do this. Browning is very much a family concern, too, being a semi-secret process.

That is why you pay your £130 for the best gun. That is why its manufacture has 30 stages for its 125 different parts, and that is why it represents possibly the finest British craftsmanship of to-day, and that is how I, once faintly sceptical, came and saw, and understood. R. M.



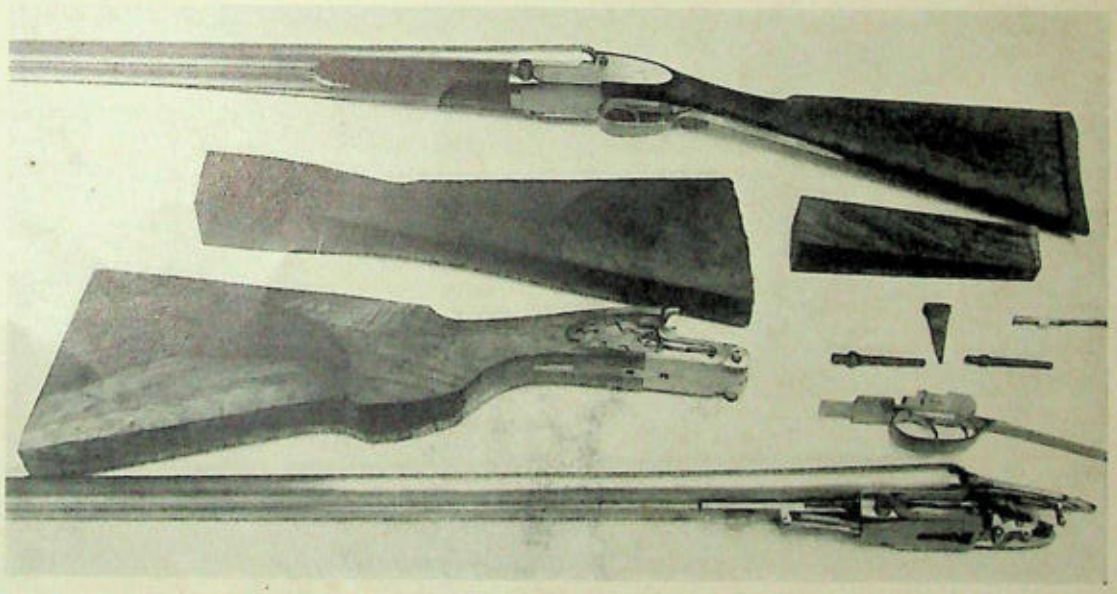
THREE STAGES IN MAKING A PAIR OF BARRELS

This picture shows the barrels in three stages. First, as they come from the steel manufacturers; secondly, after they have been gauged to the required thickness; and thirdly, after they have been joined and the ribs fitted. Ribs shown separately between the second and third stages. The small object above the centre of the completed pair is the loop



THE ACTION AND FORE-END

The rough forging—machined action—and the finished action and fore-end



STOCKING AND STRIPPING

This photograph shows the stock in the rough, the action partly stocked, and the gun stocked and stripped



THE FINISHED "PURDEY" GUN

LION AND BUFFALO: AN AFRICAN BAG



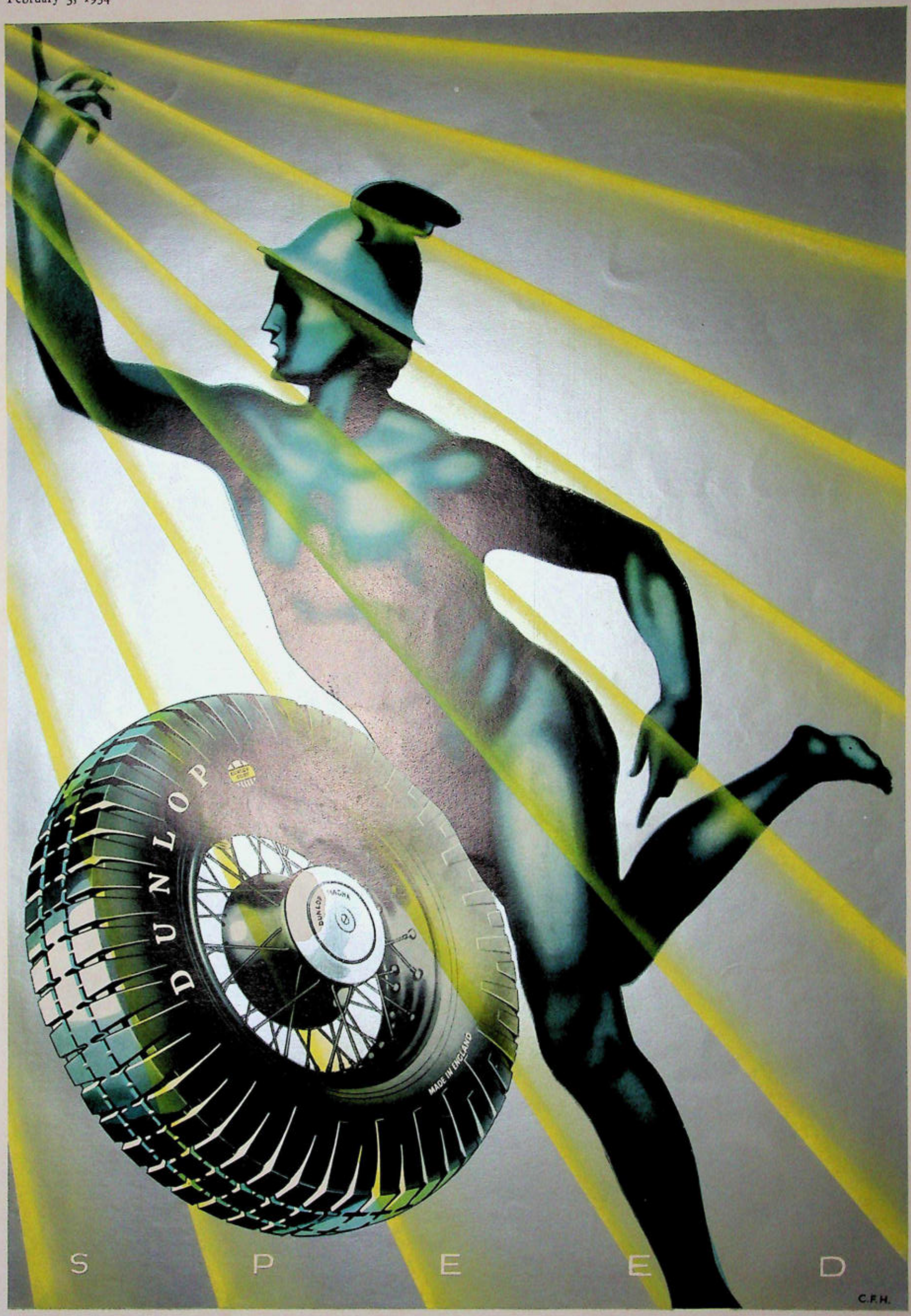
DAWNING SUSPICION

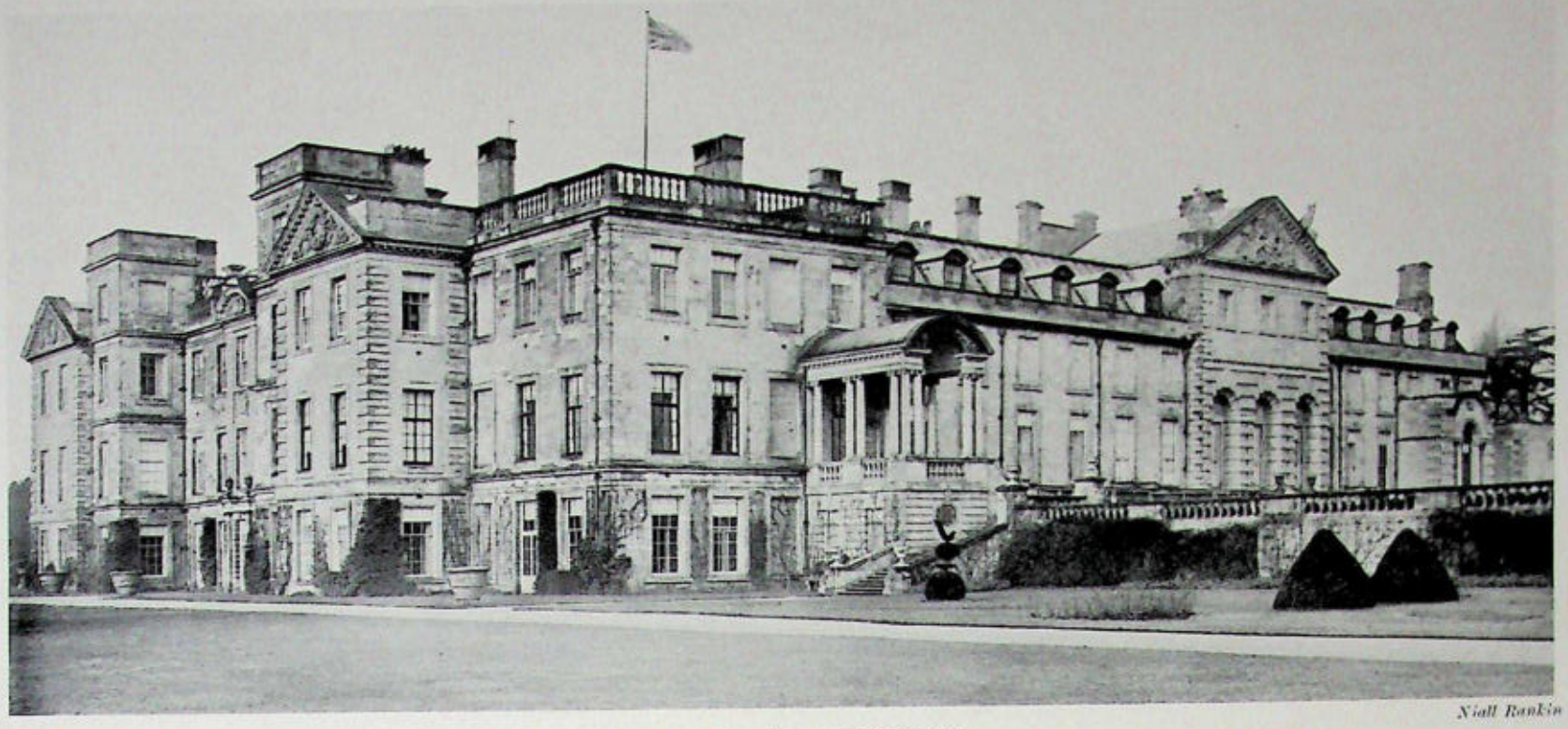
This picture by Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell was taken during a motor tour in Kenya, and was only obtained after a great deal of trouble. Buffalo are possibly as hard to photograph as any of the dangerous game, and when the successful exposure was made the herd was already restive



A FAMILY BREAKFAST PARTY

This photograph was obtained on a recent African safari undertaken by the Heir Apparent of Bikanir, when a fine collection of trophies and photographs was secured. The Serengeti lions are well known for their sophistication, and in his subjects and their setting the photographer has achieved a happy result


DUNLOP
MADE IN ENGLAND
S P E E D
C.F.H.



Niall Rankin

WELBECK ABBEY: THE GARDEN FRONT

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 16

The Cavendish-Bentincks at Welbeck—Part I

NO family in England has produced a greater number of men who have made their marks in various and varying forms of sport than that of Bentinck, the Earls and Dukes of Portland. Many of our great families have been remarkable for a long succession of holders of title and estates, who have hunted a family pack, or made their mark by upholding the traditions of sport on land or water. But few, if any, can show such achievements by younger sons as well, and by the members of cadet branches of the family.

The Dukes of Portland descend in the male line from the family of Bentinck in Holland, one of the most ancient families in Europe. The Bentinck who accompanied William III to England was his confidential friend and adviser, and was subsequently created Earl of Portland. His life was not that of a sportsman, although he fought with William of Orange in Scotland, but it was essentially an open-air one, for he was constantly employed in the campaigns that made him famous. But the ancestors of the Dukes of Portland (and previous owners of their home at Welbeck) were taking their place in English country life many years before this, as Welbeck passed to the 2nd Duke (the 1st Earl's grandson) through a line of heiresses, beginning with the famous Bess of Hardwick.

Bess of Hardwick was the daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire. She was married when she was still a girl to a young neighbour, Robert Barlow, who died quite soon, and left her his estates in the neighbourhood of Hardwick. She remained the Widow Barlow until she was 28 or 29 years old. She then married Sir William Cavendish, who was a widower, and had children. He had been employed by Henry VIII in the sequestration of the monasteries, and had presumably enriched himself in the process. She had three sons by Sir William Cavendish, and three daughters. When Sir William died, he left her Chatsworth and his other estates. Her second son, in due course, was created Earl of Devonshire, and the present Cavendish family, of which the Duke of Devonshire is the head, is descended directly from him.

Her third son, Sir Charles Cavendish, whose picture is in the Gothic Hall at Welbeck, married Catherine, Baroness Ogle, heiress of the Ogle family in Northumberland and owner of Bothal Castle and other estates, which now belong to the Dukes of Portland. Sir Charles Cavendish and this lady had a son, William Cavendish. In due course he was created Earl and Marquess of Newcastle-on-Tyne by Charles I, who gave him the command of his armies in the North of England. He fought the battle of Marston Moor, near York, and had the best of the encounter at the beginning; but Prince Rupert appeared on the scene, and making a wild charge, carried his offensive too far, which gave Cromwell time to come up and turn the rout of his army into a victory, killing nearly the whole of Newcastle's own regiment, the White Coats. Newcastle then had a disagreement with Prince Rupert as to the conduct of the campaign, left the country, and lived in France and the Netherlands until the Restoration. When he came back to England, his estates, including Welbeck, Bothal and Bolsover, were restored to him, and he was created Duke of Newcastle-on-Tyne by Charles II.

He was, as far as can be made out, the first holder of Welbeck who specially occupied himself with sport; for during his exile he wrote two treatises on horsemanship and the way to break in young horses, which were regarded as standard works for many years. Newcastle's autograph drafts for these books are still in the Library at Welbeck.

They both contain many interesting features, including "Englishe Names for Horses proper for huntinge and runninge horses." Among others are "Grass-Hopper, Crikett, Robin Red Breste, Puddinge, Blewe-Berye, White Riben, Puppeye, Spouter, Cutt Buttock, Playe Fellowe, Bones, Spotts, Connie Skins, Hobler, Willeye with the Lashe, Breake Neck, Crack Raynes, Buskins, Meggeye with the Lanterne, Gineye [? Jinny] with the Wispe, Goldeye Loxe and Peggeye Brigg." The following is an extract from his instructions in the riding school:

"Now I muste te'l you of that weh everybody speakes of and no body tells what it is, for they say a horse may gallope with the wrong legg before weh is imposible, for iff the hinder legg of the same side followes it is a righte gallope, so that rather it is the wrong legg behinde. But that weh they call the wrong legg before is thus a true gallope. That legg weh leades before the hinder legg of the same side muste follow itt, & as the horse falls with his two fore legges, his hinder legges followes them before his fore legges touches the ground so that att that very time all the horses fowre leggs are in the ayre, so that it is a leepe forward. Now that weh they call the wrong legg before is this: When the horse is upon the motion uppon the swiftnes of a gallope hee changes his legge: crosse weh



Niall Rankin

THE OLD STABLES AT WELBECK

Stubbs' portrait of the 3rd Duke of Portland on a white horse, now on exhibition at Burlington House, was painted at the end of this building



"It's raining, and bitter cold outside"

"Yes John my dear, you must have your

DEWAR'S

THE FAMOUS "White Label" CONQUERS THE COLD

is the action of a trott, wch is cross two legges in the ayre and two upon the ground wch is so contrary to a gallope, as then itt is such a cross motion as makes the horse ready to fall, and this is one way of that wch they call the wrong legg before."

There are several pictures of him at Welbeck, two undoubtedly by Vandyck. There is also a very fine picture in the dining room of Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford, which, according to papers at Wentworth Woodhouse, was specially painted by Vandyck as a gift from Strafford to his friend and neighbour, the Earl of Newcastle.

The Duke of Newcastle drew up rules and regulations for a race meeting which was held near Welbeck.

In these we read that "His Grace is pleased to give a Silver Cup of five pounds price" to be competed for monthly between April and September, "the best horses being at this time of the year usually set down, it was first intended only for Buck Hunting Naggs." The race was run in three heats, with half an hour between each (during which the riders "are allowed to drink what they will and as much as they will, and have their horses rub'd for the space of halfe an hour"), and the winner of the most heats took the cup. If different horses won each heat, then the winner of the last heat took the cup. Weights were to be declared at 10st. "by the weights commonly called Aver-du-pois," with 2lb. allowed for wastage, while "if any Rider shall whip or strike annother rider, or his horse on the Face, or pull back his bridle, in every of these cases the Offender shall lose the Cup." The Duke's rules end with a long paragraph pointing out that the course is set up "onely for the pleasure and recreation of the gentry" and that "though he never yet knew any publique thing which some would not find fault with," yet he "is very confident he shall find nothing of this humour amongst those Noble Persons whom herein he desires to serve."

Henry Cavendish, 2nd Duke of Newcastle-on-Tyne, only left daughters, the third of whom married John Holles, Earl of Clare, who was subsequently created by William III Duke of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He again only left daughters, the eldest of whom, Lady Henrietta Cavendish-Holles, married Edward, 2nd Earl of Oxford, eldest son of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer during the reign of Queen Anne.

Lord Oxford certainly interested himself in horse breeding, because there is a picture at Welbeck of the Dun Arabian, from whom it is believed directly descended West Australian, and from him the Duke of Portland's Donovan, who won the Derby in 1889. There is also another interesting picture at Welbeck of another Arabian with a roan mark down his shoulder, about which there is also a letter from Nathaniel Harley, who was then at Aleppo, in which he tells Lord Oxford that he is sending over a very beautiful Arabian, and draws his attention to the fact that it has a red or roan mark all down its off shoulder. He goes on to say that the owner of the dam of this animal was riding her when he was attacked by someone who wounded him, and his blood ran down the shoulder of the mare. She was in foal at the time, and when the foal was born it had this roan or red mark on it.



THE 6TH DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G.
From a drawing by de László

Lord Oxford and his wife were great followers of hunting and hawking. There are two pictures by John Wootton in the house library at Welbeck showing them both occupied with these sports, in the neighbourhood of Wimpole, near Royston. He was a great patron of John Wootton. The bills for these pictures are at Welbeck.

One of them reads as follows: "Pictures for my Lord Harley. The Dunn Horse 26 : 05 : 00. The Dog and Buck 26 : 05 : 00. The Landskip taken from Richmond Park 08 : 08 : 00. The Picture of the Horse called Roddy 12 : 12 : 00. My Lady's Picture on Horseback 08 : 08 : 00. The Picture of ye Horse watering 15 : 15 : 00. Reed. of the Right Honble ye Lord Harley the sum of 40 pounds and some shillings upon account. Signed John Wootton."

They left an only child, Margaret Cavendish-Holles-Harley, who married the 2nd Duke of Portland, thus bringing Welbeck and Bolsover into the Portland family. During the Countess's lifetime, the Bentinck family lived at Bulstrode, near Slough, and did not make their home at Welbeck until her death. The eldest son of the 2nd Duke of Portland and Lady Margaret Harley was the 3rd Duke of Portland, who married Lady Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of the 4th Duke of Devonshire, and in 1801 added the name of Cavendish to that of Bentinck.

When he was a young man he was twice painted by George Stubbs. In one picture he is standing by a jumping-bar in company with his brother, Lord Edward Bentinck, and the other shows him mounted on a grey horse close to what was then the stable and riding school at Welbeck, which was built in 1623. There are two hounds which look rather like harriers. This picture is extremely well known, and has very often been exhibited; it was reproduced in the *Field* for January 6th this year. Both these pictures are included in the British Exhibition at the Royal Academy. Later in life, the rider of the grey horse was Home Secretary, Viceroy of Ireland, and twice Prime Minister, in 1783 and 1807.

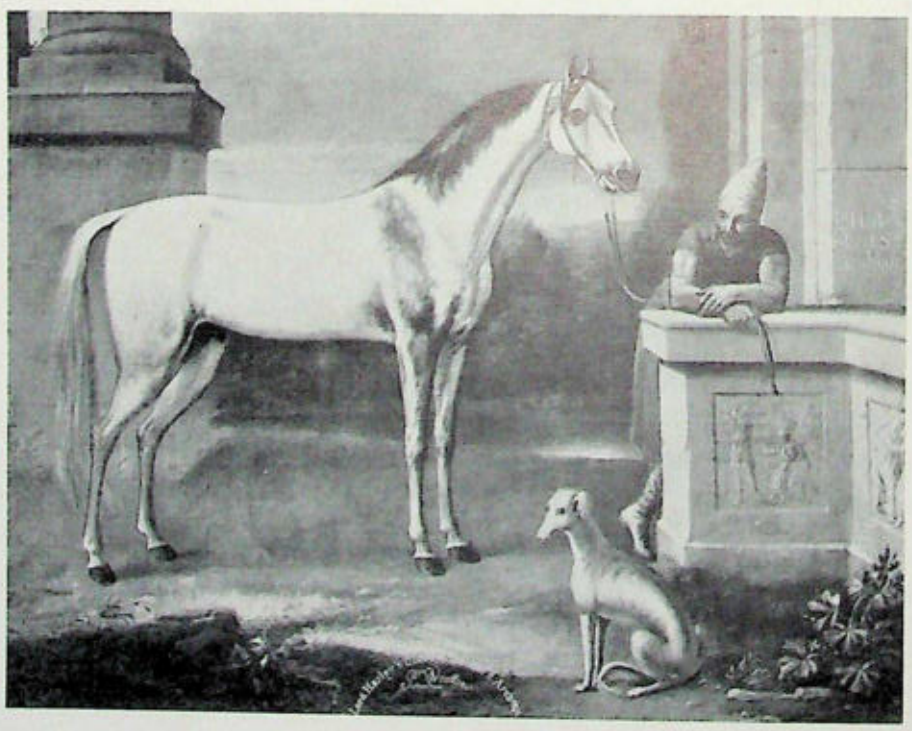
His son, the 4th Duke, was long known as "Old Leather Breeches," because for very many years his ordinary costume was leather breeches and top boots. When the present Duke succeeded, there were some old people at Welbeck who could remember him in that dress.

He was a breeder of thoroughbred horses, and in 1819 his three-year-old Tiresias, by Soothsayer—Pledge, won the Derby. It was trained, I think, by Prince at Newmarket. Tiresias stood for many years at the village of Cuckney, just outside Welbeck. William Lindley, who was stud groom to the present Duke when he succeeded, remembered the horse and said that he became very vicious. The late Lord Falmouth declared that this was a very good strain of blood, and that one of his brood mares went back to Pledge. The Fourth Duke's horses were trained at Newmarket, but except Tiresias, he does not appear to have owned any horse of outstanding merit. It is believed that he ran his horses only at Newmarket and Epsom.

The Duke for a short time took an active part in politics. As Lord Privy Seal, it fell to him to move the vote of thanks in the House of Lords to the Duke of Wellington after the Battle of Waterloo. He then became a leading agriculturist and lived chiefly at Welbeck. His eldest son, whose picture by Sir Martin Archer Shee is at Welbeck, met with a carriage accident at the age of 27, which subsequently caused his death. His next brother was Lord John Bentinck, who never married, and who was the present Duke's predecessor in the title. He was born in 1800, and died December, 1879, at Harcourt House in Cavendish Square. He was an exceptionally fine horseman, a man of slender figure, and celebrated for his beautiful hands. In fact, both his brothers, Lord George Bentinck and Lord Henry Bentinck (who was himself a famous horseman), always declared that their brother John was the best man on a horse they had ever seen. On one occasion he rode in a flat race at Croxton Park and beat Lord Wilton, who was said to be the finest gentleman rider of the day. He hunted a good deal in his youth, and once distinguished himself by jumping over a canal lock at the end of a run. He subsequently met with an accident, and retired from hunting and participation in field sports.

R. M.

(*To be continued*)





TWO PICTURES FROM THE WELBECK COLLECTION

On the left is Wootton's picture of the "Bloody Shouldered Arabian," and on the right is one of a curious set by van Diepenbeck painted for William Cavendish, 1st Duke of Newcastle, author of the "Nouvelle Methode de dresser les Chevaux," 1688

Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

SHOW BENCH TERRIERS

SIR,—I was delighted to read Mr. A. J. Campbell Colquhoun's letter in the *Field* of January 20th. For a long time past I have been making my protests against the degradation of many terrier breeds, and of the so-called "collies." This debacle is most noticeable where wire-haired fox-terriers are concerned.

As founder of the Foxterrier Club, and now an Hon. Life Member, who, in his time, bred, exhibited and worked both smooth and "wire-hairs" with conspicuous success, I am able to endorse most fervently the strictures of your correspondent.

Whenever and wherever I am in the company of sportsmen and genuine amateur dog lovers, I find that the outcry against modern show terriers grows more and more intensive.

Goodness only knows how or when "fashion" insisted upon wire-haired foxterriers having a fore-face out of all proportion to the balance of points (as at one time recognised) when head-properties were to be appraised!

It was generally accepted that the length between the occiput and the corner of the eye should be the same as from the latter point to the extremity of the muzzle.

But what do we see among the show-bench "champions" of to-day? Why, a long, weak muzzle, two-thirds the length of the head, and consequently a narrow skull, contracted between the ears; which, in many cases, are "semi-erect."

In the good old days close-dropped ears were insisted upon, and quite rightly. If a terrier is used for his proper purposes—namely, going to ground—it is essential that the orifice of the ear should be protected from the incursion of earth and rubble. But there is no hope for reform unless an organised protest against the degradation of a grand and typically British breed is launched by all interested in reactionary measures, such as may restore its prestige and utility in face of the myopic "Fashion-Fad" which has brought about this most regrettable state of things.

The breeders and exhibitors of so-called "collies" are in the same unstable boat. Protest they never so vehemently, nothing will induce me to believe that the Borzoi cross has not been, at one time or another, introduced; otherwise whence those snipey muzzles and narrow skulls? Very severe strictures can be levelled against the breeders and exhibitors of other terrier breeds; notably the Dandies, the Bedlingtons and Red Irish.

To revert to "collies," why does not the Kennel Club add "Working Sheepdogs" to its schedule of breeds? There is now a distinct type, whilst the extraordinary intelligence and resourcefulness of these little creatures is the wonder of all beholders.

The Garrick Club, Yours truly,
W.C. 2. HARDING COX (Major).

SNECK-BEND HOOKS

SIR,—I noticed a reference to sneck-bend hooks in your "Answers to Correspondents." I have written on the subject elsewhere, and still give full marks to the genuine Pennell snecks for hooking and holding large sea trout, which are notoriously tender in the mouth when fresh-run.

It is not, to my mind, that there is any special virtue in the point being turned to one side; that is a question which I am willing to "take or leave." But these hooks possess one advantage at least—a "gape" in excess of that provided by other types, the Limerick in particular. In addition they are made of fine wire, have long, slender and very sharp points and an unobtrusive barb.

I am speaking principally of comparatively large sizes, such as 5 (new scale), lower than which I do not care to go (except in the calmest of weather) when large fish are known to be about, the loss in "holding power" being proved to be too great below this size in any make of hook. The "Pennells" are ideal for light fishing, but I should hesitate to recommend them to an angler who wields a powerful rod and is a "coarse" striker; he would break them. But with light handling their reliability record in South Uist, during some ten seasons, has been little short of marvellous, as many regular anglers can testify.

Owing to this success, and the fact that a certain friend of mine (who introduced me both to snecks and South Uist) now invites me to share his rod on the Grimersta, the same principle has been applied to light salmon fishing with a 12ft. rod. All our loch flies are snecks—up to size 11, if necessary—and the result is admirable; just a touch puts the hook home. The truth of this was brought home to me on my first visit to Grimersta. I was fishing the neck of a stream, throwing a long line with the previously mentioned rod. I lost two fish in five minutes; they both "took hold" under water. I just held on without any great "strike" and started to "walk them up" into the loch. Too late did I realise the lightness of the rod, the elasticity of the long line, and the fact that I was using a *standard* salmon fly (albeit of small size) and not a sneck, with which a kill would have been a certainty.

Nowadays we use a 13ft. rod for the streams: a rather elderly possession of my own which has lost most of its "guts." It may be news to anglers that there was a real big spate in Lewis on August 28th, 1933, and accordingly fish congregated in the streams between the lochs. Standard salmon flies up to 2in. became necessary, but with such a comparatively light rod the weight of the water, plus the weight of some unusually heavy fish (up to 17½lb.), was not sufficient to drive these large coarse hooks home, and some fish were lost. Incidentally I had to resume an old bad habit of "striking" hard, the sole result of which was to drive me to mention to a well-known firm that I should require a new rod for this season, and it had better be 13½ft., but light and *powerful*.

To me the whole delight of angling is taking on big fish on light tackle; I do not consider that the present-day conventional salmon fly is any practical use to me. Cannot something lighter in the hook be evolved, even in large sizes, which are sometimes necessary? Something which does not entail the use of thick gut, plus a 16½ft. rod, in order to hook the fish gently and comfortably.

Yours faithfully,
Sussex. C. TROUT.

[A hook which would seem to have many of the characteristics desired by our correspondent has been designed by Mr. W. S. Jackson—wide gape, fine wire, small barb. We understand it is being made by Carter, of South Molton Street, London, W. 1.—ED.]

FAITHFUL SERVICE

SIR,—In the *Field* of January 20th H. S. Vickers gives an interesting account and photograph of a monument to a huntsman who was killed at that spot, and concludes by asking if any reader knows of another or similar memorial. In Singleton Church, Sussex, there is a monumental tablet to a huntsman which reads as follows:

"Near this place is interred Thomas Johnson, who departed this life at Charlton, Dec. 20th, 1774.

"In the knowledge of his profession, he had no superior, and hardly an equal. The last Master whom he served was Charles Duke of Richmond, who erected this monument to a good and faithful servant.

"Here Johnson lies; what human can deny
Old Honest Tom the tribute of a sigh.
Deaf is that ear which caught the opening sound,
Dumb that tongue which cheer'd the hills around.
Unpleasing truth: Death hunts us from our birth
In view, and men like foxes take to earth."

Yours truly,
Rugby. T. WILSON.

MALFORMED ROE HEADS

SIR,—In your issue of December 9th I was interested to note the two letters regarding my "Perruque" roebuck head by Mr. Edgar N. Barclay and Mr. H. Stuart Tegner, and their notes and comments are appreciated. It may interest your readers to know that the head has now been returned to me by Messrs. Spicer, and they have been most successful in preserving and setting up the specimen, which can be seen along with my rather unique collection of heads at Kingussie. I note that almost every letter received and published on the subject contains the suggestion that some wound, more particularly a wound in the region of the generative organs, is the cause of the abnormality. While I quite subscribe to the fact that wounds of this nature are responsible for malformed or freak heads, it may be interesting to state that I particularly examined the buck for signs of this nature, without result; the only discovery I made was that the liver was very much diseased.

I was speaking to a well-known stalker the other day, and he remarked to me that this season "for the first time he got a stag showing signs of tubercular disease." I asked him to describe the symptoms, and was struck by the similarity of the description of his stag and the findings I had made on my roe. I cannot definitely state that the disease in either animal was tubercular, but I think it interesting that it was recently told me of a certain herd of cattle that because they had never been "inside" they were immune. My point is that if cattle for this reason are immune, deer must surely be immune also. Provided that it is understood that herds living always in the open are immune (even more or less) from tubercular disease, and that those two deer (stag and roe) were so infected, might it not be of great advantage now to institute some research into the matter to stop what might be a growing menace. Yours faithfully,

Ardchoile, Kingussie. A. M. WOLFENDEN.

ALBINISM AND EYESIGHT

SIR,—A white blackbird flew into the radiator of my car at Ewhurst Green on January 20th. It attempted to fly across the road among a flock of sparrows, none of which was injured. We were slowing down because of a cross-road and could not have been going more than fifteen miles an hour. The bird was a male, in perfect condition. The beak and cere were pale yellow, the legs and feet pinkish white. With the exception of a slight pigmentation on the edges of two primaries, the bird was pure white. The eyes, however, were of the normal colour, so that it was not a true albino. Despite this, I think that it must have had defective vision, which would account for the accident.

Yours faithfully,
Somersbury Manor, Ewhurst, Surrey. G. SECCOMBE HETT.

A LAKE VICTORIA "MONSTER"

SIR,—Mr. A. Blayney Percival in his work *A Game Ranger on Safari* mentions a creature in Lake Victoria which seems to have some of the characteristics attributed to that in Loch Ness. A short reference to this is included in an anthology of big game, *From Shikar and Safari*, which I edited a few years ago. This African mystery is reported to be carnivorous, whereas the Loch Ness attraction appears to be too shy for anyone to discover its habits.

When we realise that nearly three-quarters of this planet's surface consists of water, and that we do not thoroughly understand all that exists on the one-quarter of dry land yet, it is not impossible to think that there are many marine animals unknown and not even suspected by modern science. We have no satisfactory explanation of several mysterious creatures reputed to be in the great hunting grounds of the Old World.

Yours faithfully,
South Cave, East Yorkshire. E. H. BAXTER.

[In *Eighteen Years on Lake Bangweulu* Mr. J. E. Hughes advances the theory that a prehistoric animal probably existed in that lake till recent years. It was locally called the Chipekwe.—ED.]

WATER TESTS AT FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—I quite agree with Mr. Medlicott that something should be done to alter or improve the existing method of water tests at field trials.

As an instance of the fallibility of the artificial test, I give my own experience at the F.T. Championship meeting a year or two ago. Spectators, judges and handlers gathered round a large pond surrounded with trees. The dogs (retrievers), handlers and judges divided into two parties, more or less out of sight of each other. My number was presently called out and I was told by the judge to make my dog sit down on the edge of a steep, slippery bank. A keeper was then sent round to the far side of the pond, about 80yds. away, where he threw in a pheasant. I was then told to send my dog for it. My dog had taken no interest in the keeper and had not seen the bird thrown, as she was wondering what all the people and dogs were doing and why she was there. Under the pitying eyes of the crowd, I ran up and down trying to persuade my dog that there was a reason for her to have a swim. Finally, she slipped and fell in over her head. The judge then said: "You can take her round to the other side, if you like." Of course, when she saw the bird she went in and fetched it.

Now, shortly before this trial, this little bitch had landed several sea trout for me out of the River Faxford, and from puppyhood had been a wonderful water dog. I ought to add that the judge in charge of the other party at the pond threw the birds in from where the handler stood, thereby giving a sensible dog a reason.

In these days judges must try dogs pretty high, and the animal which will go out and across a river for a bird it has not seen is most useful, but that same animal might be too sensible or nervous to have an icy swim in public. Yours truly,

C. H. KENNARD.

P.S.—My bitch would never have won that trial, as she made other mistakes, but she has gained many certificates since then and has been hard on the heels of some of the star performers.



A PIGEON MAKES AN IMPRESSION
(See Letter "Curious Markings on Window Pane")

CURIOUS MARKINGS ON WINDOW PANE

SIR,—With reference to the letter, "Curious Marking on a Window Pane," in your issue of December 16th, I have a record of a similar thing.

In August, 1919, I was asked to go to see a window at the Angel Hotel, Cardiff, then in occupation as Government offices.

A pigeon had flown with considerable force against this window (it was of plate glass, on the first floor), and had left a complete outline of its plumage. I have turned up the negative of my photograph and made the enclosed print, which you may care to reproduce.

The outline of the bird on the glass is, of course, in the "powder-down," which is a feature of the plumage of a number of groups of birds, notably the herons and bitterns, pigeons, some parrots, etc.

Though there is no definite clue to the bird which flew against your correspondent's window,



A BADGER'S PREDICAMENT
(See Letter "Trapped in a Swimming Bath")

in some owls, and especially the barn owl, the presence of some form of "powder-down" is, I believe, particularly noticeable in juvenile birds just attaining their first winter plumage, and less so in adults. Yours faithfully,

Penylan, Cardiff. H. MORREY SALMON.

ROOSTING STARLINGS

SIR,—With reference to Lieut.-Colonel Swinfen Brown's letter in the January 6th issue of the *Field*, he does not state the size of the coverts attacked by starlings, but a fox covert on this estate, about six acres in area, was similarly attacked by starlings early last year, and though it could only have been occupied some few days was already badly fouled when discovered.

However, the unwelcome visitors were satisfactorily and rapidly expelled by smoking out at roosting time by means of half-a-dozen bonfires lit on the windward side, on which were thrown old motor tyres, waste gear oil and any rubbish that produced a pungent smoke.

This smoke screen was accompanied by a fusillade of dust shot in the covert to keep the birds moving. The following night a few stragglers returned, but the main flock, numbering some thousands, did not appear again.

Equally satisfactory results might be obtained by substituting sulphur powder for the tyres and oil, but this, naturally, would be rather more costly, and in our case farm cottages on the lee side prevented its use.

Markham House, Yours faithfully,
Badminton, H. V. PHELPS.
Gloucestershire.

TRAPPED IN A SWIMMING BATH

SIR,—I enclose a photograph that might be of interest to your readers.

This badger was found in the empty swimming bath of the school next door to my own. It must have inadvertently fallen in, and as the bath at the shallow end is 4ft. high it could not get out.

The photograph shows a somewhat ragged hole in the wall, and the raggedness was caused by the badger biting away the concrete.

King's Mead, Yours faithfully,
Seaford, D. L. S. SHILCOCK.
Sussex.

INCREASING PIKE

SIR,—It is interesting to note with regard to the recent suggestions about allowing pike fishing during the hitherto close season that Bickerdyke, in his book, *Angling for Pike*, second edition, writes about the possible extinction of pike if some sort of preservation efforts were not forthcoming: "Pike, though found in a large number of rivers and lakes in the United Kingdom are, I am very sorry to say, getting scarcer every year."

He then discourses on the improvement of tackle and adds: "Is it surprising that pike are becoming scarce? Something must be done, or soon there will be none left, which would be almost a national calamity. . . ."

The changed state of affairs seems extraordinary. Is it fatuous to suggest that the increase of pike and decrease of other fish bear relation?

Yours faithfully,
Holmleigh, J. FARMER.
Rossett,
Wrexham, Denbighshire.

[Considering the greatly increased number of anglers we doubt whether there is any decrease in the number of fish as a whole found in our freshwaters. Individual catches may have suffered.—ED.]

LONGEVITY OF HORSES

SIR,—With reference to the question raised by Colonel Bunbury in your issue of January 20th, it may be of interest to your readers to know that a relative of mine possesses an oil painting, by Towne, of a horse, by name Old Billy, who died November 27th, 1822, in the 62nd year of his age.

He worked as a "gin" horse for the Liverpool and Irwell Canal Company, and when retired, my great-grandfather, who was a director of the company, gave him a home, and had the picture of him painted at the age of 56.

I believe that Old Billy's skull is now in the Bedford Modern School Museum.

Yours faithfully,
Llanddulas, J. W. ASHTON.
Abergele, North Wales.

FOX AND DOG FIGHT

SIR,—While motoring with my two aunts on the Bath road about 8.30 a.m. about two miles east of Calne, we came across what looked like three dogs fighting; but, to our amazement, one of the animals was a fox. The dogs were chasing the fox, who had a chicken in his mouth. The dogs were a sheepdog and a lurcher. They were actually on reynard when we came across them, but we think the fox must have bitten the dogs or they would have killed him.

We followed along quite two miles. The fox crossed the road two or three times, and we think that he must have gone to ground in the end. The old sheepdog did not follow all the way. Was this not an unusual fox hunt?

Yours truly,
Dene Farm. ANN GIFFARD
Lockeridge, Marlborough. (age nine years).
Wilts.

EARLIEST DAYS OF HUNTING

SIR,—In reply to Mr. E. Henry's note under the above title, I may say that the entries in the old churchwarden's accounts does not refer to "hunted" foxes but to payments made for the killing of foxes, as well as other animals and birds which were then classed as vermin. Under a statute of Henry VIII., extended by further statutes of Elizabeth, churchwardens were empowered to make these payments and to keep a record of same.

The earliest entry I have found was in the Childwall (near Liverpool) accounts, and is as follows: (Under date of 1594) "Item for two Foxes 0–2–0," which is 93 years earlier than that quoted by Mr. Henry. Yours faithfully,

Liverpool. ALBERT WADE.

BEWICK'S SWAN IN SURREY

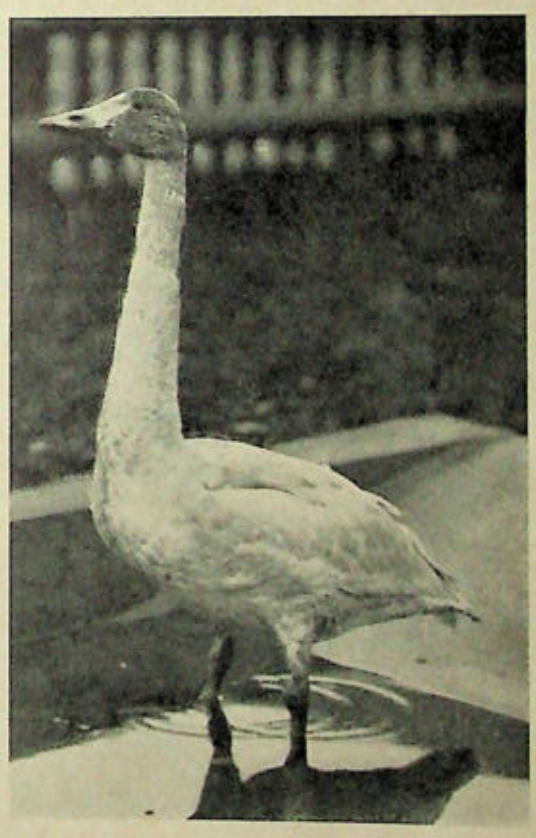
SIR,—On December 17th, when paying a visit to some friends near East Grinstead, I was shown a swan which had arrived a few days before and was consorting with a number of mute swans on the frozen lake at Felbridge. The birds were very hungry and were being fed with grain, for which they readily left the small portion of the lake which they had kept free from ice, and more or less mingled with the skaters.

As we approached the group of swans, mostly adult, but some in the dingy cygnet plumage, I noticed one that was entirely different from the rest. Its plumage was buffish white, becoming a dirty brown on the head and neck, and its bill was pinkish flesh-colour with a whitish patch from its base to the eye, which was very dark and surrounded by a ring of yellow skin. The legs and feet were blackish.

Never having seen a whooper or Bewick's swan in this stage of plumage I was at a loss to determine to which species it belonged, or whether in fact it was either of these, though it was difficult to see what else it could be. It was shyer than the mute swans, but readily ate the grain that was thrown to it. I suggested that it might be possible to capture it and was promised that an endeavour would be made if it was still there the next day.

On the 19th I received word that it had been caught with very little difficulty, for so tame had it become that it allowed itself to be taken by hand. When it arrived at the Zoological Gardens we were able to examine it and take measurements, and it proved to be a young example of Bewick's swan, a species that is, to say the least, of very unusual occurrence in such a situation as that in which this bird was found. Yours truly,

Curator's House, D. SETH-SMITH.
Zoological Gardens, N.W. 8.



NOW AT THE ZOO
(See Letter "Bewick's Swan in Surrey")

SPEED OF TEAL IN FLIGHT

SIR,—Flying over the Solent on Jan. 19th I turned and chased four teal which passed me going in a southerly direction towards the Isle of Wight. On my approach the wing beats perceptibly quickened and they broke up into pairs. As I came within 30yds. or 40yds. of one pair they turned and flew in a large circle. Keeping close behind and slightly below them I saw that without gaining on them my airspeed was 60 knots exactly—68 miles per hour.

When they were at their fastest I tried to count the number of wing beats per second, but it was not easy. I would put it at about five downward beats a second.

These results are by far the best that I have been able to obtain for teal. At that height the lessened air pressure should cause the indicator to under-read by about one knot, and the instrumental error can be guaranteed to be less than two knots.

The birds obviously went "all out" for the first half-minute, and during that time their speed could not have been less than 67 m.p.h., and may have been as high as 70. This confirms previous results mentioned in an article in the *Field* of February 28th, 1931, when I said that several moderately good results show their speed to be nearly 70 m.p.h.

Yours faithfully,
R. W. WICKS, Lieut. R.N. (F/Lt. R.A.F.).
Royal Air Force Base, Gosport.

A SWORDFISH FROM MAURITIUS

SIR,—I enclose photograph of a black marlin, or swordfish, killed by my son recently off the Island of Mauritius. Length, 9ft. 7in.; girth, 44in.; width of tail from tip to tip, 35in.; weight, 231½lb. Bait, a Hardy herring spoon. It is said to be the largest specimen of its kind taken from those waters with rod and line.

He writes that it gave him marvellous sport for an hour and a quarter, jumping six times out of the sea, a wonderful sight in the tropical sunshine.

Yours truly,
Woolhampton, Berks. J. BLYTH CURRIE.



"GAVE MARVELLOUS SPORT FOR AN HOUR AND A QUARTER"
(*See Letter "A Swordfish from Mauritius"*)

FAMOUS WILTSHIRE ATHLETES

SIR,—In your issue of December 20th, 1933, mention is made of a proposed erection of a tablet or fountain in Calne, Wiltshire, so that townsmen and others may ever bear in mind the fact that the brothers W. G. and A. B. George, the great runners, were born there.

I have known "W. G." for many years, and when we last met in London he was asked how he became a runner. His reply was after the manner of the modest small-town country boy, to whom the sound of the hunting horn and the cry of hounds would be almost as familiar as the rattlebox of his babyhood or the church bells in the village steeple.

"When the hounds came by the school doors were flung open and we were given a holiday. Like the other boys, I ran after the hounds, and was always in the lead of the others. Anyhow, one day the Master asked me who I was—my first name and that of my father. Then he enquired if he might speak to my father and let him know what a good runner I was. Anyway, he called to see my parent, and then I was encouraged to go in for pedestrianism."

The country around Calne is hunted by the Duke of Beaufort and it was the present Duke's father who encouraged, or rather picked out, Walter George as a likely or prospective runner with speed and endurance.



"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF?"
(*See Letter "Cat and Wolf"*)

Readers of the *Field* will be interested to learn that "W. G." is a field naturalist and collector. We often used to talk about the Hudson River, and its beautifully wooded or forested banks, where bird-life is generous—especially so in the spring. It was north and west of Yonkers, N.Y., where he made his collection, part of which, I think, may be seen in his home to-day. It seemed from "W. G.'s" conversation that he was well acquainted with the Speedway or Harlem Trotting in its palmiest days. Another of his hobbies is chess. Perhaps the runner's greatest charm is his modesty.

Yours faithfully,
New York City. F. L.

CAT AND WOLF

SIR,—I send a photograph showing a cat feeding from the same saucer as a young timber wolf.

This picture would seem to upset the theory that all animals show signs of fear at the "wolf smell."

A cat's nose is surely very sensitive, but on the other hand, does the "wolf smell" only make its appearance when the animal is full grown?

Windrush, Yours faithfully,
Moor Park, NEVILLE KINGSTON.
Northwood, Middlesex.

RETRIEVING CAIRNS

SIR,—I can support Captain Stevenson's letter regarding retrieving Cairns. I have a seven-year-old dog (Bonnie Prince Charlie) who is very keen, although when he was four months old he accidentally received such a "peppering" that three of the pellets can still be felt under his skin. He lies outside the gunroom door for hours on the chance of being allowed to accompany me for a rough shoot here, with the chance of finding grouse, snipe, rabbits and an occasional hare. The first three he finds and retrieves beautifully, but a big hare is too much for him, and he just sits beside it and barks until I get up to him and lift it; of course, he is of no use in rank heather, but I wish for no better companion on ordinary ground. I have had three Aberdeen terriers before this dog, but they were all gun-shy. There is nothing makes my little Cairn livelier than to hear shooting going on. He seems to become 50 per cent. younger. After a day's shooting there is nothing he likes better than to go out on the sea in the evening and watch me fish for mackerel or pollack. In fact, he is an out-and-out little sportsman. He will trot alongside me on a "push-bike" for miles.

Yours faithfully,
Cava, Orkney. "SCAPA FLOW."

AN ANGLER'S STRANGE CATCH

SIR,—One day last summer, while fishing from a boat on the reservoir at Daventry, I hooked what I thought must be a monster specimen, judging from the play. I was fishing for perch, with a worm, in some 7ft. or 8ft. of water. My colleague was waiting impatiently to net the catch, and on bringing it to the surface promptly netted. But to our amazement the catch flew out of the net and dived again. After a few more exciting moments, for I was fishing very light, I again brought it to the surface, and this time made no doubt of capture.

Examining our catch we found it to be a fully grown great crested grebe, firmly hooked. This bird appeared to have come from nowhere, for although we were within easy distance of weeds we were also less than 60yds. away from scores of bathers.

Yours faithfully,
Daventry, Northants. H. TEBBUTT.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—It may be of interest to Mr. H. A. Bryden that the Tehuelche Indians, here in Patagonia, much prefer parti-coloured "manchado" or "overo" horses to any other; one reason, no doubt, being that they are easily distinguished at a distance.

Some years ago I had a troop of these horses, eleven geldings, all skewbald or piebald, and the bell-mare, whose colour was dark brown.

Yours faithfully,
Estancia Sarita, HUGH DENNISTON.
Santa Cruz, Patagonia.

A FINE ROE DEER HEAD

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a roe head may prove of interest to roe stalkers. The particulars were sent to me by Baron T. van der Stratan, who saw it in a taxidermist's shop in Brussels. It was killed with a shot gun during a drive at Dave. I have seen most of the best Belgian heads, but never anything so good as this. Though narrow, the points are magnificent, the horn thick and rough and the coronets large. The measurements are as follows:

	Right.		Left.
Length	13¼in.	.....	13in.
Beam	3⅞in.	.....	3⅞in.
Brows.....	4¼in.	.....	3⅝in.
Back points.....	3⅝in.	.....	3in.
Tops	4⅞in.	.....	4¼in.
Round both coronets	11⅛in.		

No roe have been imported into this district, nor have they been fed artificially.

Yours truly,
Staffs. H. F. WALLACE.



STRENGTH AND SYMMETRY
(*See Letter "A Fine Roe Deer Head"*)



A RELIC OF OTHER DAYS
(See Letter "Miller's Wheat Stone")

CAN FISH REASON ?

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent, Mr. H. Barlow, who writes to you on this subject in your issue of December 30th, to hear an account of an experience I had with a salmon when fishing the Laerdal in Norway some years ago.

I hooked this fish at the top of a long pool in heavy water. It ran straight to the tail of the pool (about 150 yards) and to the far side, where, apparently, it proceeded to lie up, though only after taking out a surprising amount of line—an amount out of all proportion to the depth of water and the distance. This all seemed to happen in about ten seconds.

On taking the strain the line seemed very dead, and conveyed a bobbing sensation—caused, I discovered, by the fact that it was over and round the centre of a log. This log was the sole remaining one of an old dam, its upstream end being fixed to the bed of the river, while the other end could just be made out bobbing on the surface. The log was within a yard or two of the far side of the river—a large river at that—the fish had made straight to it, crossed over it and come back under, and was now lying in very heavy water in mid stream—slightly upstream of where it had crossed the log.

I went some way down stream, and after 20 minutes was fortunate enough to get the line worked over the end of the log—the fish having obligingly remained stationary 30 yards on my side of the snag deep down in turbulent water. On a little pressure it came down the rapid and was gaffed without much further effort.

This action of the fish might have been chance, but looked very like reason indeed.

Yours truly,
Pitt House, P. M. CAMPBELL.
by Appledore, N. Devon.

BULL MASTIFFS

SIR,—I wrote some years ago in your columns deploring the breeding of Alsatians and in some cases my propheey of them being at times savage and unsafe was amply justified. I have also expressed the same opinion as to the breeding of a cross between a bulldog and a mastiff, corrupting two famous English breeds to get a useless mongrel with probably all the vices but none of the virtues of his or her parents. But this crossbred animal apparently has now a class to himself. The enclosed cutting from a daily paper shows the danger of tampering with special breeds—as a bull mastiff, said to be mad (though I doubt if it was rabies) and nearly 4ft. high ! showed great ferocity against its owner though eight years old. I do not believe, however, that there ever was a dog 4ft. high, or nearly so.

Before the dawn of civilisation in the dog world it was considered that no dog, even the American giant dog, had reached 3ft. in height. But in late years I know this has been exceeded by the so-called Irish wolfhounds.

Yours truly,
Woodford Green. FRANK PEARCE.

[We should scarcely call show bull mastiffs mongrels, since they come from strains that have been bred among themselves for a sufficient number of generations to merit being classed as a distinct breed. Judging from his picture, the dog that savaged his mistress is altogether unlike the show bull mastiffs, which are not nearly as tall, as long in the body, or as heavy as the genuine mastiff. They are more compactly built and more active. In appearance the dog that misconducted himself takes more after the Great Dane, both in shape of head and body. At one time the so-called Bull Mastiffs often had blood in them different from either bulldog or mastiff. It is said that Great Danes and bloodhounds were sometimes used to help in the production of an animal that would be a protection to keepers on night duties, and it is possible that these crosses may still be used by those who are not breeding pure bull mastiffs for the show bench. A number of our breeds, now recognised as distinct, have originated in crosses, such as the bull terrier, the Airedale, and the Sealyham.—ED.]

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Miller's Wheat Stone.—I enclose a photograph of one of the fast-disappearing sights of the countryside—the miller's wheat stone. While the ordinary granite stone from Derbyshire is still frequently seen, the wheat stone is made up of pieces of French Buhr stone; these can only be obtained in small pieces, and are fitted together and cemented with plaster of paris, the whole then being bound with iron bands, the necessary weight being made up by lead.—L. P. V. VEALE, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Indian Terrier Man.—I enclose a photograph I took in India, which might interest your readers, of the terrier man of the Ootacamund Hunt.—ELEANOR PARKINSON (Miss), New Milton, Hants.



STYLE AND LUXURY
(See Letter "Indian Terrier Man")

MR. HUGO WOOD

MANY will hear with great regret the news of Mr. Hugo Wood's death. In 1893 he joined the Indian Forest Service, working untiringly until his retirement in 1926. He was as well known in the world of sport as he was in the Forest Service, being both a first-class shot and an excellent fisherman.

For his work in regenerating the teak plantations in the Anamalai Hills, a pressing problem for many years, he will be remembered, and his great work will be a fitting and lasting memorial to a remarkable man.

AN APPEAL FOR A SAILOR INVALID

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, appeal for help to provide an ex-naval man living by the sea with a wireless set. He served throughout the war with the Atlantic Fleet and now, at the age of 32, is a chronic invalid. The tragedy is increased because his illness (osteo-arthritis) holds out no hope of recovery. He had always been a fine specimen of manhood, was a keen sportsman and a good cricketer, and is amazingly cheerful. His sole income is a pension of 40/- a week for himself and his wife, out of which he has to pay rent and wages to a man who helps him into his chair and takes him out, as his wife is not strong enough to do this. His great joy in life was his wireless, which, being very old and beyond repair, has now broken down completely. The Friends of the Poor are appealing for a good second-hand set and money for the licence and upkeep, or funds to buy him a new one.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, February 24th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

IN THE CITY

Yields of Over 6 Per Cent.

THE 7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each of J. Alfred Pratt & Co. (1928), Ltd., can at present be bought at 22/9 to yield 6½ per cent. and the ordinary shares of £1 each at 19/9 to yield about 6 per cent. The company was originally established in 1871, and was converted into a public concern in 1928; it carries on the business of building material merchants at Watford and elsewhere, and has a controlling interest in the Leverstock and Acorn Red Brick Co., Ltd., W. G. Bennett, Ltd.—coal, coke and gravel merchants of St. Albans—and various other concerns.

There is no debenture stock in issue, but 100,000 preference shares rank in front of the 95,000 ordinary shares. The results achieved since the company was made public have been as under:

Year ended October 31st.	Net Profit.	On Ordinary Capital. Percentage Earned.	Dividend Paid.
1929	£28,473	26.6	10 per cent.
1930	£29,919	27.5	10 ,,
1931	£16,414	10.8	5 ,,
1932	£11,386	4.4	3 ,,
1933	£18,904	14.0	6 ,,

The amount required to pay the full dividend on the preference capital is £7,500 per annum, and dividends are payable on April 30th and October 31st. In view of the relatively satisfactory cover for the dividend in such an abnormally difficult period as 1931-32 the preference shares do not seem to be so speculative as the high yield suggests.

For some time past there has been little or no market for the ordinary shares, but indications of a revival of activity are not lacking, and it is not every day that one comes across an ordinary share of a company operating in a prosperous trade, which share can be bought under par and on which 14 per cent. was earned for the last completed accounting period.

HIELD BROTHERS, LTD

The 7½ per cent. cumulative participating preference shares of £1 each of Hield Brothers, Ltd., can be picked up from time to time about 24/3. No dividend has been paid on the shares since September 30th, 1932, and the shares will therefore include eighteen months' accrued dividend on March 31st next, or about 1/9 per share net. The current price, therefore, can be regarded as 22/6 plus 1/9 of dividend arrears, and a 7½ per cent. share standing at 22/6 yields 6½ per cent., allowing for the expenses of purchase.

The company was registered as a private concern in 1922 and made public in 1928. It carries on the business of serge manufacturers with mills at Gross Hills and Oxenthorpe in Yorkshire. The trading results since the company was made public have been as under:

Year ended March 31st.	Net Profit.	Pref. Divd. (per cent.)	Ordinary Dividend. (per cent.)	Carry Forward
1929	£11,435	7½	Nil	£709
1930	£26,668	7½	Nil	£7,316
1931	£34,273	7½	7.5	£22,989
1932	£11,347	7½	5.0	£18,418
1933	£4,395	3¾	Nil	£16,626

The report for the year ending March 31st, 1934, is due to be published at the beginning of May next, and then or before an announcement regarding the part or full payment of preference dividend arrears is not unlikely. The company is believed to have experienced profitable conditions of trade since the close of the last accounting period, and the writer would not be surprised if the report to be issued in May showed that the profits earned during the year represented about 10 per cent. on the ordinary capital.

MISFORTUNE

During the brief period that last week's notes were in the hands of the printers the price of Brazil 5 per cent. 20-year Funding Bonds of 1931 unfortunately rose from £57½ (the price mentioned) to £64. The writer would like to take this opportunity of pointing out that the price of a stock or share sometimes remains about constant for a period of days and sometimes has changed materially five minutes after it has been quoted. It can, therefore, only be regarded as bad luck if the price of any security mentioned happens to have risen before these notes can get into the hands of my readers, but as a general rule a share recommended at 20/- would still be regarded by the writer as worthy of attention one or two shillings higher. No attempt is made to cater for those whose object is to snatch a quick profit of a few pence. PACTOLUS.

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Right and Left

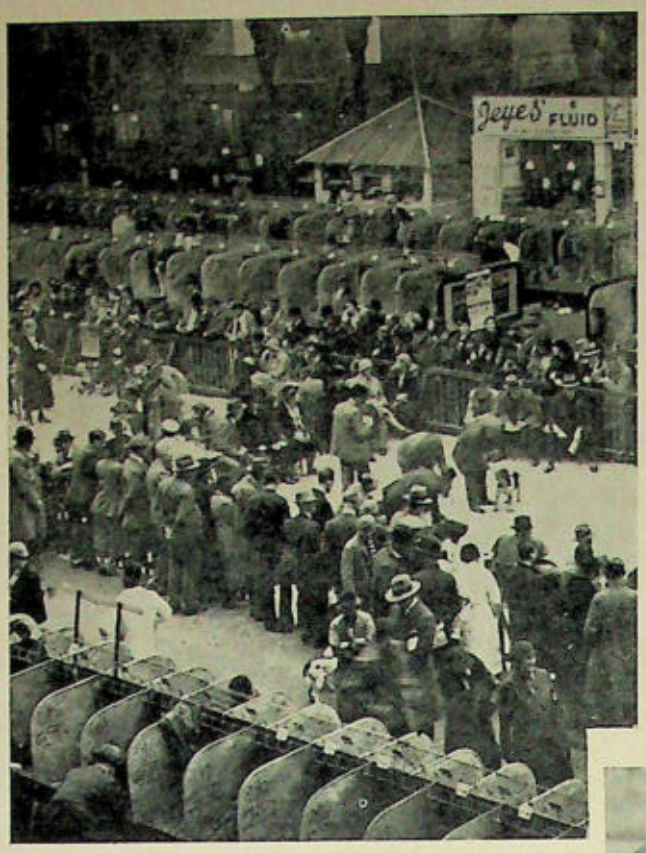
Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

CHOOSING THE BEST DOG AT CRUFT'S

A Difficult Job and How It Is Tackled

By ONE WHO DOES IT



ON Thursday afternoon next when close on 160 challenge certificate winners line up in the big ring at Cruft's show at the Royal Agricultural Hall for three judges to decide which in their opinion is the best of them, thousands of spectators, most of them competent critics, will watch the proceedings closely.

Older hands will be diffident about dissenting from the final verdict, knowing that their opportunities of forming a conclusion are not equal to those of the judges who handle and examine the dogs at close quarters. Others, however, will be keen partisans, and may easily be misled by a flashiness that conceals serious faults not apparent at a distance. I was asked once why we had discarded a dog that looked all over the winner. The explanation was that his mouth was badly overshot, a blemish not visible at the ringside.

Quality and texture of coat, too, can only be ascertained by handling, and also deficient muscular development, light bone, and the real shape of the legs in animals with profuse coats. These are all points which may be missed from a short distance, and also the colour of the eyes.

Men and women who undertake this responsible duty should, as far as possible, have a working knowledge of a number of breeds. Where this is limited there is a natural disposition to go for the breed in which one is most interested. Catholicity of taste and a wide experience are therefore necessary, and one must be entirely free from prejudices.

A colleague of mine once remarked as we approached the dachshunds and elkhounds: "I won't have anything to do with those damned foreign dogs." I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that a dachshund ought to be in the last half-dozen.

His was not the right spirit in which to approach the task, for every exhibit that comes in to the ring is entitled to receive careful scrutiny. Preconceived notions are a snare. A man once reproached me because we had put up a dog that afterwards became famous. Judges on a number of occasions confirmed our placing. No representative of that breed, he contended, was fit to receive such an honour. "Wait until you have gone over him carefully," was my reply, "and then I think you will agree that he has fewer faults than most." Some months later my friend was one of the three who made him best at another show. Of course, he may have dissented and been outvoted. I was not indiscreet enough to ask.

At another show I overheard one of the judges observe that he did not think much of those "white chows" (which were Samoyeds), yet he had no diffidence about accepting a task of this nature. As a rule I am coaxed into judging against my inclination. It is a thankless job, requiring intense concentration, and therefore very tiring if the classes happen to be large. Judging for the best in show, however, pleases me on account of the opportunity it gives of noting the objects of breeders, and the progress or decline of the different breeds. In no other way can one get a close up of the pick of every breed, and I do not mind admitting that it is a joy to go over so many beautiful animals critically.

People often declare that it is impossible for any judge to decide which is really the best out of eighty different breeds and varieties. How can a Pomeranian and a St. Bernard be compared, and so on? Let me agree that at times when the last six are reached the palm might go to any one of them, yet even then, when the level of merit is remarkably even, there is usually a determining factor that brings down the balance in favour of one.

The stewards having put together dogs of the same breed, a process of elimination begins. In a few minutes it is apparent that a fair proportion have no claim to honours. They may be good of their kind, but lacking in that air of breeding that places them on a high plane. Judged as dogs, and not as representatives of a particular breed, they are deficient in that indefinable quality which distinguishes the aristocrat from the plebeian. Out they go. Then the judges compare those of a kind, such as the foxterriers, retaining which they consider the more worthy and discarding the others.

Perhaps by the time this is done twenty or so may remain. Each is examined meticulously for any obvious faults, and moved from one end of the ring to the other. This is an acid test, in which some are sure to fail. They may not be dead straight in front, the hind legs may not be quite true, perhaps the feet are thin or splayed, eyes may be a bad colour, mouth not level, or they may not move freely.

Some allowance may be made for the big breeds that are notoriously difficult to rear, but it will have to be trifling, and outweighed by the perfection of their type and quality. Absolute perfection has never yet been attained, and as a rule the judges discover some deficiency that is a handicap in a competition of this sort.

The final half-dozen may be a source of anxiety, and then the judges will have to recall other notabilities of the various breeds, and ask themselves how the dogs before them compare with the standard set by these celebrities of the dog world.





ALL BREEDS MUST HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF BECOMING BEST DOG OF THE SHOW

The photographs show a dachshund (Mrs. Huggins's Ch. Firochre) and Lorna Countess Howe's Labrador Dual Ch. Bramshaw Bob, twice judged best dog at Cruft's

NEW BREEDS

Post-war Novelties at the Show

By A. CROXTON SMITH

IN the grand total of 82 breeds and varieties recognised by the Kennel Club as being strong enough to justify separate classification as many as nineteen were practically unknown in 1900. Fourteen have to all intents and purposes come since the war.

If one wished to be historically exact it would have to be explained that several had made a tentative beginning before the cataclysm broke. An Afghan hound, one of a brace exhibited at the Royal Aquarium, was illustrated in the *Field* in 1895, and a handsome dog he was, typical in every respect of the best, except that the crown of his head was smooth instead of carrying a topknot. Thence onwards occasional specimens appeared without any real effort being made to establish them until the new era dawned.

The Hon. Florence Amherst's example of breeding Salukis was not imitated before the last thirteen years. The few elkhounds of the older days gave no indication of the prosperity that awaited them, and no one can have foreseen the furore that would be excited by Alsatians.

All of these come legitimately within the scope of this article, as well as wire and long-coated dachshunds, the existence of which was also known to breeders. Others are post-war beyond quibble. On the resumption of shows after the enforced activity an enormous accession of strength accrued, the number of breeders and exhibitors being more than doubled, and we have gone on adding to them ever since.



A REAL PROBLEM FOR ANY JUDGE

To keep an open mind in weighing up the points of breeds so far apart as a Great Dane and a Griffon Bruxellois

TERRIERS AT THE TOP

Rivals in the Most Popular of All Show Entries

Recruits, most of them men and women of position and enterprise, came into the game without any previous attachments, and with the restlessness characteristic of the age many of them sought fresh fields to conquer. Alsatians were the first to receive attention for reasons that can be understood. Returning soldiers, having had the opportunity of seeing the intelligence they showed in ambulance and liaison work at the front, determined to bring them over. No breed has been launched under more favourable auspices, for they were taken up by uncommonly clever men, skilled organisers and able propagandists, and before long they had become the rage.

For several years they excelled all the older breeds in the list of registrations, and the public flocked to the rings in which they were being judged, and marvelled at their performances at trials. That there would be a reaction to spectacular popularity in which weaker breeders would fade away, was inevitable, and two or three years ago their numbers fell off considerably. Since then there has been a marked recovery, and Alsatians still rank among the most important dogs on the benches.

In a sense dogs generally owe much to the enthusiasm of Alsatianists, who have convinced us of the importance of training in habits of obedience.

Other successful foreign breeds that have consolidated themselves are elkhounds, first and foremost, wire dachshunds and schnauzers. The dachshunds have been largely in the hands of Alsatian breeders, and now they are reinforced by the attractive long-coated variety, which promise to do well. Salukis and Afghan hounds have not altogether lived up to the expectations formed of them. Keeshonds, a Dutch variant of the German spitz, are similar to large Pomeranians, without the excitability of the smaller pets, and, being hardy and of pleasing appearance, they should progress.

Several home breeds have made a notable contribution, these being Kerry Blue terriers, Welsh corgis, bull mastiffs, Border and Lakeland terriers. The blue terriers, of Ireland had been familiar to generations, but those we had at first were roughish customers, and very different from the modern dogs, which are distinctive. Welsh corgis have had a *réclame* from the fact that the Duke of York bought one recently, but they can stand upon their merits. They are quaint little creatures with their foxy heads, short legs and erect ears. The Border terriers, which are in the hands of exhibitors who are preserving the type while keeping them essentially on working lines, are growing stronger every year. Lakeland terriers are newer, and as such have not yet settled down into uniformity.

In the last few years bull mastiffs have been granted the privilege of classification. Built on powerful lines, they are not as heavy as mastiffs, and they may be shaped into a likeable breed.



ALERT SCHNAUZERS WITH THEIR OWNER, MRS. KAVANAGH, WHO HAD A LARGE KENNEL A FEW YEARS AGO

As an indication of the tastes of exhibitors we have only to look at the prominence of terriers and gundogs in the show ring as well as in the registrations made at the Kennel Club. Wire fox terriers are an easy first in the numbers registered, Cocker spaniels coming next.

Of last year's total of 50,392 registrations the figures are divided into 2,233 for the miscellaneous sporting section, 11,771 gundogs, 22,126 terriers, 9,456 non-sporting and 4,612 toys. The balance is contributed by foreign dogs and oddments, such as crossbreds and interbreds.

The two varieties of fox terriers have for many years occupied an important position, partly on account of their intrinsic merits, and in part from the calibre of the men and women who have taken them up. The standard has scarcely been changed since the Fox Terrier Club was formed in 1876 by a group of hunting men who knew how a working terrier should be put together, and included in the ranks of exhibitors are many of the sporting fraternity.

Changes have crept in, however, since the beginning of this century, when the smooths were predominant. At that time the wires were commonish, and were inferior alike in type and legs and feet.

Thanks largely to the efforts of the Duchess of Newcastle, the disparity between the two was redressed within a few years, and only the advent of the Wire Fox Terrier Association on a popular basis was needed to give the impetus necessary to bring them to the top.

Although the wires do not invariably contribute the biggest entries to shows, one has only to watch the crowds assembled round the rings in which they are being judged to appreciate the interest they excite. That the show wires are artificial to an extent must be admitted, considering the preparation to which their coats are submitted, and this explains why other breeds sometimes surpass them in numbers. It is not possible to have a wire ready for every championship show. Although the Duchess of Newcastle has given her attention latterly to the smooths, the influence of her strain on the wires is patent to those who carry the pedigrees back a few generations.

Since the war many notable dogs have appeared, the most remarkable of which is Captain H. R. Phipps's Ch. Talavera Simon, whose story is a little romantic.

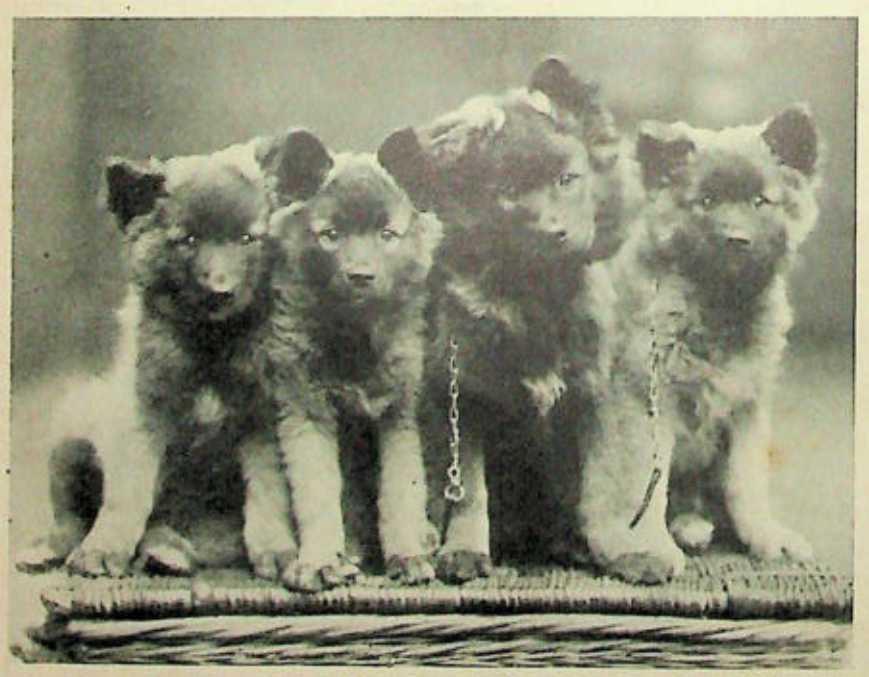
When stationed in Northampton with his regiment some eleven years ago Captain Phipps saw a man leading what he thought to be an uncommonly nice-looking terrier. He stopped him and asked if he would sell the bitch. That man happened to be Mr. A. Foster, and the bitch Kingsthorpe Donah. Mr. Foster refused to part, but promised him the first refusal of her litter, from which Captain Phipps bought Simon, by Ch. Fountain Crusader ex Kingsthorpe Donah, by Ch. Barrington Bridegroom ex Ch. Indecision.

Simon has sired nineteen champions and four or five others that are well on the way to the attainment of that honour.

Not only has he been a wonderful getter of champions, but his bitches have proved themselves of the greatest value to breeders. Ch. Beau Brummel of Wildoaks was out of a champion bitch of his, and one would not go far wrong in suggesting that 75 per cent. of the champions sired by this American dog have been from Simon bitches.

Simon, now nearly ten years old, has not a grey hair, is as hard as nails, and will kill anything that comes in his way and asks for it. In the last ten years Captain Phipps has bred ten champion wires, and three times bred two in a litter. He stands for the nice-sized, well-balanced terrier that has a real demon look.

One grieves to have to write retrospectively of Beau Brummel of Wildoaks, for he died a few weeks ago at the kennels of Mr. J. R. Barlow, where he





(LEFT) A LITTER OF KEESHONDS, A DUTCH VARIANT OF THE GERMAN SPITZ. (RIGHT) ELKHOUNDS WHICH FORM ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL FOREIGN BREED. THE THREE SHOWN ARE MARKO, MARKA AND LYN OF THE HOLM



LAKELAND TERRIERS AT HOME
Six of Mrs. Graham Spence's dogs in the beautiful surroundings of Howtown, Ullswater

stood at stud on behalf of Mrs. Bondy, the American lady who owned him.

Bred of British parentage in America, he was sent over here, and soon became a champion. His performances at stud in a short time held out promise that he might reach Simon's record, for among his stock was Mr. Barlow's Ch. Crackley Startler, who, before he was expatriated, sired Ch. Crackley Surething, Mr. Barlow's sensational youngster that was made the best in show at the last Kennel Club.

Among the smooths the Duchess of Newcastle has a specially strong hand to play, her kennels, we believe, housing five champions, of which, perhaps, the stars are Ch. Chosen Don of Notts and Ch. Clown Girl of Notts. Saddleback of Notts' head may possibly prevent him joining the select company, but he has a superb body and legs and feet. Captain H. Tudor Crosthwaite's Ch. Bowden Rakish and Ch. Bowden Bitter Sweet would add distinction to any kennel, and a number of exhibitors have terriers that make one envious. Of the younger school Sir Robert Gooch has the honour of breeding Miss K. Emery's Hermon Conversion Loan and his own Ch. Drungewick Dusk.

Scottish terriers are so strong nowadays that they often make the best of all class averages at shows, and one has to be uncommonly good that is going to get into the first three in the open classes. The best are in such demand that any lucky owner has a difficulty in keeping them. Thus, Miss Wijk, who bred Ch. Dandy of Docken, was tempted to let him go a few months ago. Honours seem to be fairly divided here between Mr. R. and Mr. J. Chapman, Mrs. J. Sharp, Mr. P. Brosnan, Mr. A. G. Cowley, Mr. C. Bremer and Miss Wijk, but one feels that the mention of any names is somewhat invidious, as there are so many successful breeders.



MRS. C. PACEY'S WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIER WOLVEY PEACOCK
A notable prizewinner at the recent Olympia Show of the National Terrier Club

The same remark might be made about Cairns, smart little dogs which are a source of strength to every show. Scalyhams, though they may exhibit in-and-out form as regards the entries made, are at their best a strong show, and whether we consider, as some do, that breeders have got them too short on the leg, no one can question that they are very level in appearance, displaying all the attributes of consistent breeding. West Highland white terriers, too, have strengthened their hold on the public, and breeders are to be congratulated upon the quality they have put into them. It is creditable that Mrs. Pacey should have had several of sufficient merit to be made best in show.

Kerry Blues do not seem to be making the progress that was promised three or four years ago so far as numbers are concerned, but we have some fine specimens, and they are bound to come again. One wishes that a similar thing could be said about the red Irish terriers, which are but a shadow of their former glory; and Airedales also need someone to give a leg-up to a sensible, high-couraged dog. Borders, on the other hand, are increasing, and it is a pleasure to see that type and working points are being well maintained.

Bull terriers are a difficult breed. When really good, with their clear-cut outlines and fearless outlook, they are great dogs. Dandie Dinmonts are undoubtedly improving, and so are Bedlingtons; but Welsh terriers are more or less at a standstill. Efforts are being made to standardise the Lakelands, and most of the Cumberland breeders are taking the sensible course of discouraging any crossing with Welsh terriers, which will give us the wrong type. Norwich terriers may have a future, but at the moment one prefers to take a non-committal attitude.

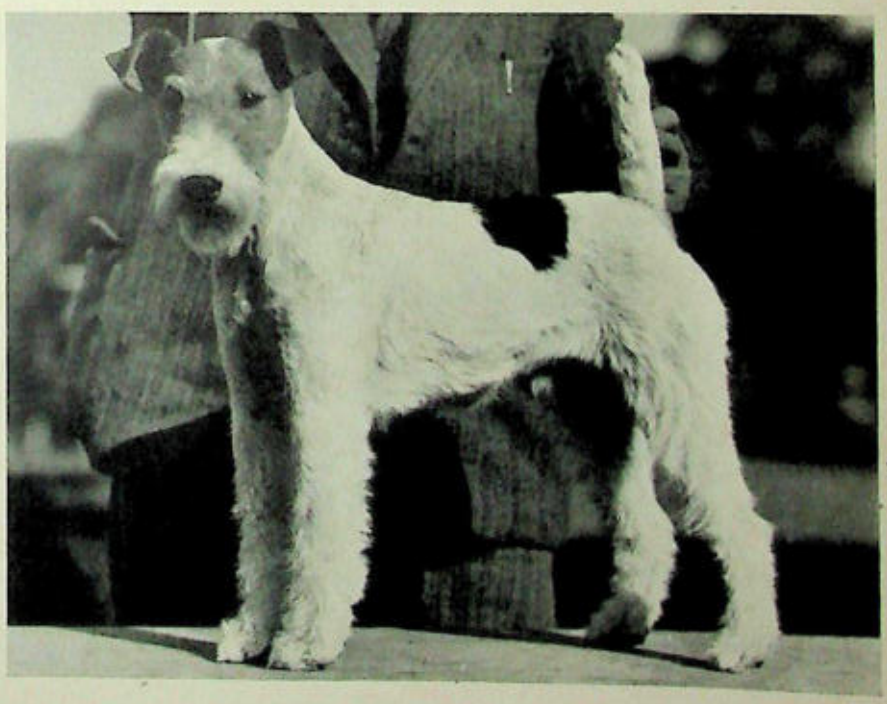
CRUFT'S RECORD ENTRY

MR. CRUFT has received an entry of 9,363 for his show at the Royal Agricultural Hall on Wednesday and Thursday next. Although this number was surpassed on one occasion, he has never before had as many as 3,900 dogs, and there will be 250 more exhibitors than last year. He must be puzzled to know what to do with this multitude of exhibits and find room for nearly 40 judging rings as well. The King has made a big entry of Clumber spaniels, and many well-known people will be represented. The gundogs especially will be in great strength. Cocker spaniels coming first with 708 entries, which cannot all be judged on the first day. Then we have 572 Labradors under Lorna Lady Howe; Irish setters number 239; English springers, 179; English setters, 135. The terriers are conspicuous, headed by 308 Cairns, and followed by 286 wire foxterriers, 291 Scalyhams, 221 Scottish, 198 smooth foxterriers, and 162 Airedales.

THE "FIELD" STAND

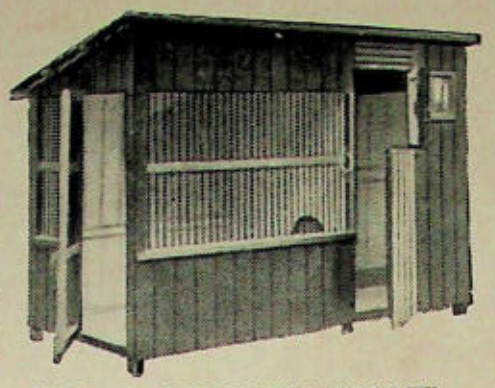
DURING the show visitors will be welcomed at the *Field* Stand, No. 2, where a selection of books on Sporting subjects, published by the Field Press, will be displayed. They include standard works on sporting dogs, on setter training, the breaking-in of spaniels and retrievers, and on working terriers. The latest addition to this *Field* library is Mrs. Charlesworth's *Book of the Golden Retriever*.





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TRAINING ALSATIANS FOR OBEDIENCE TESTS

Elementary Points to Observe

By MISS D. HOMAN



A DIFFICULT OBSTACLE SAFELY NEGOTIATED BY AN ALSATIAN CARRYING A 10 OZ. DUMB-BELL

ONE of the most enjoyable pastimes is the training of dogs. To do this successfully there are three great qualifications required: 1, firmness, combined with patience; 2, consistency; 3, sympathy—and of the three this last is the most important.

Now, in the first category firmness does not mean harshness. Give commands in a sharp, firm voice, which need not be raised above its ordinary pitch. Let them come sharp as though you mean them. You cannot expect your dog to be smart if you drawl out, "Come on, old man, sit," or "Lie down." The only commands that need to be drawled are those used in connection with nose work, with which we are not dealing here.

Treat your dog as a child, and he will respond like a child. Never punish him unless he is doing what you know *he* knows to be wrong. Teach him what you want him to do, and be sure he understands before you scold him for lapses. Unless he thoroughly understands, to scold only confuses him and makes him hate work.

This brings us to our next point—consistency. Never muddle your commands. Never use two words when one will do. If you want your dog to lie down, say "down," or "drop" sharply; either word will do, but let it always be the same. Your dog is like a child starting to learn a foreign language. Therefore make it simple and do not expect too much from him at once. Never give a command which you cannot enforce. Whatever you tell your dog to do, see that he does it. Never let him get the better of you—for if this should happen once it will happen again, and you will have a difficult job to correct him.

Next, and last of our three points—sympathy. Do not forget to praise your dog, for he is just like a human being in that he will learn more by praise than by correction. Correct when necessary, but always be lavish with your praise, even if the results fall short of what you expect, as long as you know your dog has tried. Remember that it is the effort that counts, not the result; and therefore praise a failure if the effort has been good. This is one of the biggest secrets of success in training.

Now consider what must be done if we want to enter into obedience classes at shows. There is the Novice class for beginners, the Graduate class for more advanced dogs, or the Open class for the stars.

In the Novice class the exercises are simple. Generally, heel on leash, heel free, sit one minute (handlers ten paces away), down five minutes (handlers out of sight), drop on recall, and retrieve a dumb-bell. In the Open class there are additional exercises, namely—to speak on command, refuse food from strangers, to show scent discrimination, in which the dog finds his owner's article amongst a lot of other similar articles, and sometimes there is a retrieve over a 5ft. 6in. obstacle.

First the dog must be taught to walk to heel, and to sit whenever you halt. Put the dog on a lead, and make him sit, then say "Heel" sharply, at the same time give a jerk on the collar. The gay dog must be checked, and the laggard brought up to heel. But whichever it is, the principle is the same. Keep him to heel by jerking at the collar. If you let the dog pull on a tight lead, whether it is in front or behind, you will never get him to "heel." Whenever he is at heel, pat him and praise him as you go along. When you halt, he must immediately sit, and to get this, jerk the collar in an upward and backward direction with the lead in the right hand, and at the same time press the hindquarters down with the left. By degrees you will only have to give a slight jerk on the collar when you halt, and, of course, in time he must sit without any command.

A dog learns by sight, feeling, and hearing. Therefore in the heel exercise he sees you start off, he feels the jerk of the collar, and hears you say "Heel." The same applies to all exercises. Take the "down." Raise your right hand above your head, and at the same time, either put your foot on the lead near the dog's collar and force him down, or push him down with your left hand.

To teach the long sit, or "down," one must proceed slowly. It is fatal to try to hurry matters. First, with a lead held slackly, make the dog "sit" and slowly walk in front to the length of the lead, watching the dog, and saying "Sit" all the time. If he follows you, put him back in the same place and do it again. Keep on doing this until you are able to walk the length of the lead and back again without the dog getting up. Then try circling round the dog, still commanding "sit" all the time. By degrees get a bit farther away, but until you are sure of the dog, watch him all the time. The same applies to the "down," but when you start going out of sight, put your dog down some distance in front of a bush or similar obstacle, then walk round and behind the bush so that you just pass out of sight for a second. You can gradually increase the time you remain unseen, and choose different hiding places. If you work in slow stages your "down" will be certain. Still, do not forget that your dog is like a child, and do not keep him at work too long. It is very difficult for a dog to concentrate for long at a time, until he has acquired the habit; therefore let the work be short and snappy, and always follow it with a game. Then your dog will love his training and always look for more.



BLOODHOUNDS AT WORK

Weakness and Strength of To-day's Breeds

By W. N. UNWIN

IT was in October, 1908, that I first took part in field trials arranged by the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, near Leamington, which were under the management of the late Colonel W. Joynson, and from that year up to 1914 I have competed at practically every field trial that was arranged, and since the war have judged at a number of trials. Thus I have just completed 25 years' experience, and, looking back over those number of years, I am quite sure that the hunting capabilities of the modern hound are no greater than those of 25 years ago.

The usual procedure at field trials is as follows. In a Junior Stake the man to be hunted is allowed one hour's start before the hound is laid on, in which time he usually covers about three miles, and then conceals himself and waits for the hound to find him. In the Senior Stake the man is allowed two hours' start.

Once every year the best hounds compete on lines six hours cold, and for the sake of saving time every hound hunts a different man, and it is so arranged that after each hound has finished his trial (for which he is allowed about three-quarters of an hour) another trial can be started immediately. Care is generally taken by those arranging the trials that the lines are not crossed by foot people, who might tempt the hound to leave his line and hunt the more recent line of their scent. This, I think, shows a lack of confidence in one's hounds.

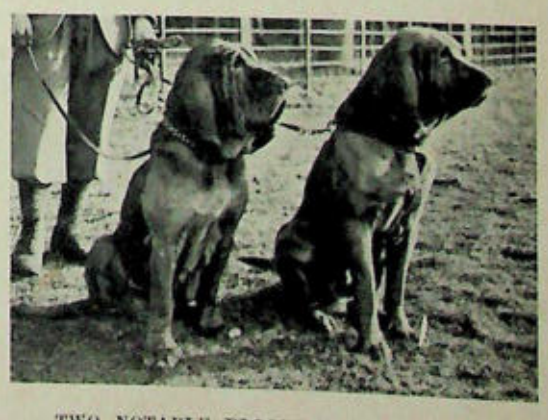
There are two things in which what I will term "pre-war hounds" were superior to "post-war hounds." First is in "freedom from change," and the second is in the identification of the "runner" when the hound came up to him. It is quite obvious that if a hound cannot be trusted to stick to the line of the man he is hunting he can be of little value for practical work.

"Freedom from change" is more or less inherited, and has been a characteristic of the breed for centuries. But that does not mean they will never change. I wonder whether there is a single kennel in England to-day where puppies are taught that they must not change. Good hounds can, and do, fail, but they do not change. I remember Colonel W. Joynson used to prepare maps of the fields over which he intended to hunt, and having traced out the line to be taken by the man he was going to hunt he would then mark points on the line where other men were to cross it to tempt his hounds to change. He knew exactly when to rate his hounds and check any tendency they had to change. But there was more time in those days.

The second point in which I think modern hounds compare unfavourably with their predecessors is that many show little or no interest in the man they have been hunting when they come up to him. I say definitely (and in this I know I have the concurrence of the chairman of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, the Marquess of Ailesbury) that when a hound comes up to the place where his man has stopped and has concealed himself he should not drift past him and cast aimlessly about. The atmosphere around is saturated with the body scent of his man, and if he does not go right up to him and show pleasure at finding him, he should at any rate stand a few paces away and "bay" him, and show in an unmistakable way that he has found the man whose scent was given to him to hunt. The perseverance of bloodhounds when scent is bad is wonderful. They hate being cast like foxhounds, and if a practice was made of this it would tend to spoil them.

One can make a number of very interesting experiments as regards scent. For instance, if a man, while he is running for a bloodhound to hunt, mounts a bicycle and rides across a field the hound will continue to hunt his line at practically the same pace, which shows that it is not only the foot scent which is being hunted. It is also no uncommon thing to see a hound on a rough good scenting day running 100yds. down-wind of the actual line taken by the runner. Again, scent may be so bad at the time you lay on your hound that he cannot own the line at all, and sometimes, if you shut your hound up, and try the same line again in an hour's time, he will hunt it quite well.

Hounds of to-day are, on the whole, much sounder, and better movers than they used to be, and are, I think, very much bolder. At a show one sees far more good hounds competing than formerly, and the breed to-day is in a very healthy state.



TWO NOTABLE BLOODHOUNDS—ELDWICK MEUVER AND ELDWICK MALVO

Mr. V. Routledge's L. b. Game, 1st Hon. Members' U. G. S. (Eastern Counties); Res. Labrador All-aged; eq. 2nd, Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Nomination.

Mr. H. A. Saunders's L. d. Liddly Blackcock, 1st Hon. Members' U. G. S. (Surrey and West Sussex).

Captain R. G. Sharp's L. d. Hero of Clava, 1st Scottish F. T. A. Non-winners.

Mr. R. Sharpe's b. Yellow Jest, eq. 3rd Labrador 5—members.

Lord Sherborne's Crossbred d. Sherborne Glen, 1st W. Counties and S. Wales Non-winners.

Mr. A. B. Simpson's L. b. F. T. Ch. Tracey Parma, 2nd Kennel Club Open; 2nd Labrador Open. L. d. Shot of Upper Lodge, 3rd Southern Counties G. L. Stake I.

Colonel R. Sneyd's L. d. Tartar of Bradwell, 2nd Dorset Non-winners; Res. All-aged, same meeting.

Colonel H. G. Sotheby's L. d. Ecton Drummer, Res. Midland Counties All-aged.

Captain W. Sparke's L. d. Barbrook Ranger, eq. 3rd Kennel Club Puppy and Non-winners.

Dr. E. I. Spriggs's L. b. F. T. Ch. Janet, 3rd Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire All-aged; 3rd Yellow Labrador All-aged.

Dr. T. W. Stanton's L. b. Folkingham Sceptre, 2nd Midland Counties All-aged.

Capt. J. Steel's L. d. Rotchell Jaunt, 3rd Scottish G. A. Non-Members.

Mrs. R. Straker's L. b. Rhyme, 3rd Northd. and Durham Non-winners.

Mr. P. Taylor's Interbred d. Barrack of Fir, 3rd Ulster G. L.

Sir George Thursby's L. b. Bramshaw Mischief, 1st Dorset All-aged.

Captain O. P. Traherne's L. d. Bryngarw Ben, 2nd West Midland Open; eq. 3rd W. Counties and S. Wales All-aged.

Captain A. O. B. Traill's g. b. Chameford Crock o' Gold, 2nd Ulster G. L.

Mrs. Vernon-Wentworth's b. Donkelve Toni, 3rd Golden Puppy. Donkelve Ingot, 2nd Golden All-aged.

Mr. A. S. Villar's L. d. Kestrel, 3rd Gamekeepers' N. A. National; Res. Yellow Labrador All-aged.

The Hon. Lady Ward's L. b. Darry of Chilton Foliat, 2nd Scottish G. A. Open. L. d. Crag of Chiltonfoliat, 2nd Labrador Non-winner and Puppy.

Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's L. d. Victor of Yelme, 4th Kennel Club Open. D. Beppo of Yelme, 2nd Golden Puppy.

Mr. A. White's L. b. Serog Blossom, 3rd Gamekeepers' N. A. Castle Milk.

Mr. R. M. Willingdon's L. d. Dude of St. Kierans, 1st Ulster G. L.

Mr. E. Winter's L. b. Staindrop Sifter, 1st N. W. Counties Non-winners.

Mr. R. M. Wilson's F. b. Windle Popular, 1st N. W. Counties Open; 4th Midland Counties All-aged; 3rd Flat-coated Nomination.

Mr. G. Wood Homer's L. d. Bardolf John, 2nd W. Counties and S. Wales All-aged.

Mrs. A. Wormald's L. d. F. T. Ch. Knaith Brock, 3rd N. W. Counties Open; 1st Yorkshire All-aged; 2nd Yellow Labrador All-aged. B Knaith Burn, 3rd N.W. Counties Non-winners.

SPANIELS

MAJOR-GENERAL H.H. THE MAHARAJA DHIRAJ OF PATIALA this year won the championship with Dalshangan Maida, which had been consistently successful throughout the season. Other prominent winners are as follow:

Mr. Addie's Yoredale Pattern, Res. Novice, Cocker S. C.

Captain H. M. Anwyl's b Sally of Lligwy, 2nd Novice Irish W. S. A. B. Thunder of Lligwy, 3rd Open Irish W. S. A.

Mr. J. R. S. Arkwright's E. s. b. Saxpence, Res. Open, Southern Counties G. L.; 2nd All-aged, same meeting. C. b. Liekbla Biddy, 3rd Junior and 2nd Non-winner and Puppy, Southern Counties G. L.

Colonel C. M. Bateman's d. Oliver of Bent, 3rd Irish W. S. A. Open, Jan. '34.

Mr. A. Beal's E. s. d. Huntercombe Fiddler, eq. Res. Open exc. Cocker, Northern and Midlands.

Major Beaumont's E. s. d. Bramble of Strouds, Res. Non-winners, Field S. S.

Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Sue of Silverlands, 2nd All-aged, Cocker S. C.; Res. All-aged Cocker, W. Counties and S. Wales; 3rd Novice, 3rd All-aged Members and 1st Brace, same meeting; 3rd Non-winners, Field S. S.; 3rd Open Cocker, same meeting; 2nd Novice, Cocker S. C.; 2nd Novice, Eastern Counties S. S.; 3rd Open, same meeting; 1st Open Cocker, Spaniel C.; 1st Novice Cocker, same meeting; 3rd Novice, I. G. L. Sporting S. C.; 3rd Open Cocker, same meeting; 2nd Open, 1st Junior, eq. 3rd All-aged, 3rd Non-winner and Puppy, and 1st Brace, Southern Counties G. L.; 1st Single Cocker Championship. Jen of Silverlands, Res. Non-winners, Eastern Counties; 1st Brace, W. Counties and S. Wales; 1st Brace, Southern Counties G. L.

Mrs. H. M. Birkbeck's b Faithful Tess, 3rd Novice Irish W. S. A.

Colonel J. Birkbeck's d Watchful Paddy, 3rd Irish W. S. A., Jan. '34.

Mr. Herbert Bland's E. s. b. Stolen Fruit, 2nd Non-winners, Northern and Midlands.

Captain E. W. Brook's E. s. d. F. T. Ch. Cally Podge, 1st Open Scottish S. C.; Diploma Single Championship. E. s. d. F. T. Ch. Nithsdale Rover, Res. A. V. exc. Cocker, Ulster G. L. E. s. b. Kinmount Wendy, Res. Intermediate, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland. E. s. b. Kinmount Betty, 3rd Puppy, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland.

Mr. A. Byrne's E. s. d. Tedwyns Tiger, 1st Intermediate, Scottish S. C.; 1st Novice, same meeting; Res. Non-winners, Scottish G. A.; 2nd Open, Gamekeepers' N. A.; 2nd Open exc. Cocker, Northern and Midlands; 2nd Open, Scottish F. T. A.; Res. Puppy, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland. E. s. d. Tedwyns Tardine, eq. 3rd Non-winners, Northern and Midlands; Res. Open, Scottish F. T. A.; 1st Novice, same meeting; 1st Novice, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland; 3rd Novice, Argyllshire F. T. A.; Diploma, Single Championship.

Mr. A. Cameron's E. s. d. Noremac Rex, 3rd Novice, Scottish S. C.

Colonel Carrell's E. s. Roslin of Harting, 2nd Brace and 1st team, W. Counties and S. Wales. E. s. Lovely of Harting, 2nd Brace and 1st team, W. Counties and S. Wales. Rosemullion of Harting, 1st team, W. Counties and S. Wales.

Mr. F. C. A. Church's E. s. b. F. T. Ch. Mutali Busy, 2nd Open exc. Cocker, N. W. Counties; 1st Open Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire; eq. Res. Open exc. Cocker, Northern and Midlands; 2nd Open, Eastern Counties S. S.; 2nd Open E. s., Spaniel C. E. s. d. Mutali Lad, 1st Members' Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire.

Mr. G. Clark's E. s. b. Nancy of Blair, 1st Open Novice, N. W. Counties; 3rd Open, Gamekeepers' N. A.; 3rd Intermediate, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland. E. s. b. Actress of Blair, Res. Open Scottish S. C.; eq. 1st, Non-winners, Scottish G. A. E. s. d. Beeson of Blair, 2nd Intermediate, Scottish S. C.; 3rd Open exc. Cocker, Northern and Midlands; 3rd Open, Scottish F. T. A.; Res. Novice, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland; 2nd Intermediate, English S. S. C.; Diploma Single Championship. E. s. b. Baw-Bee of Blair, Res. Novice, Scottish S. C.; 3rd Non-winners, Gamekeepers' N. A.; eq. 3rd Non-winners, Northern and Midlands. S. b. F. T. Ch. Bee of Blair, 2nd A. V. exc. Cocker, Scottish G. A.; 1st A. V. exc. Cocker, Ulster G. L.; Res. Open, Gamekeepers' N. A.; 1st Open, Argyllshire F. T. A.; eq. 1st All-aged English S. S. C.; 4th Single Championship.

Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. Beat, 3rd Open Cocker, Ulster G. L.

Sir Clive Coates's d. Qui Hi of Helperby, 1st Open Irish W. S. A.; 1st Open, Spaniel C.; Res. Open I. W. S. A., Jan. '34. B. Ratie of Helperby, 2nd Open Irish W. S. A.; 1st Open, Jan. '34.

Major B. D. Court-Treatt's b Lyddite Joy, Res. Open Irish W. S. A.

Mr. G. Curle's E. s. d. Breckonhill Boss, 2nd Novice, Scottish F. T. A.; 2nd Puppy, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland.

Dr. W. J. Dawson's Colleen of Fews, 3rd All-aged Cocker S. C.; 1st Open Cocker, Scottish S. C.; 1st Brace, same meeting; 1st Open Cocker, Scottish G. A.; 1st Open Cocker Ulster G. L.; 1st Open Cocker, Welsh S. S. C.; 3rd Open Cocker, Spaniel C.; 2nd Single Cocker Championship. C. b. Jig Time of Fews, 1st Brace, Scottish S. C.; Res. All-aged, Cocker S. C. C. B. Ragtime of Fews, 3rd Non-winner Cocker, Scottish G. A.

Mr. J. C. Dalton's s. b. Delightful Pal, 3rd Open Novice N. W. Counties; eq. 3rd A. V. exc. Cocker, Scottish G. A.; 4th Non-winners, Gamekeepers' N. A.; 1st Non-winners, Field S. S.; Diploma, Single Championship. C. d. Foresome, 4th Open Cocker, Field S. S.; 3rd Open Cocker, West Midland.

Lieut.-Colonel Downes Powell's W. s. d. Musketeer of Matherne, 2nd Puppy, Welsh S. S. C.; 1st Novice, 1st Open and Res. Novice A. V., same meeting. D. Messenger of Matherne, 2nd Novice Cocker S. C.

Mr. W. Edwards's E. s. d. Pierpoint Splint, 4th All-aged English S. S. C.; 3rd Intermediate, same meeting; 2nd All-aged, West Midland.

Mr. A. Elphinstone's E. s. b. Rufton Flash, 3rd Non-winners, Scottish G. A.; 2nd Non-winners, Gamekeepers' N. A.

Major J. L. S. Ewing's E. s. d. Gambol of Balcary, 2nd Open, Scottish S. C.; 3rd Single Championship.

Mrs. J. L. Ewing's E. s. d. Dalshangan Brisk, Res. Non-winners, Gamekeepers' N. A.; Res. Novice Scottish F. T. A.; 2nd Novice, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland; 2nd Open Argyllshire F. T. A.; Diploma, Single Championship.

Mr. V. Farrington's E. s. b. Rushall Lady, 3rd All-aged, W. Midland.

Mr. J. H. Gibson's e. d. Heathmynd Nap, Res. Novice, Cocker S. C.; 2nd Novice Cocker, Spaniel C.

Mr. J. Girdwood's E. s. b. Glenmuir Nancy 3rd Open Scottish S. C.; 3rd Intermediate, Scottish S. C.; 3rd Novice, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland. E. s. b. Glenmuir Gyp, 3rd Novice, Scottish F. T. A.

Mr. J. Goddard's e. d. Galloper of the Links, 2nd All-aged, Cocker S. C.; 2nd Open Cocker, Spaniel C.; Res. Open, W. Midland; 2nd Open Cocker, same meeting.

Dr. B. G. Goodwin's E. s. b. F. T. Ch. Hillhampton Susie, 3rd Open exc. Cocker, N. W. Counties; 3rd All-aged, Midland Counties; eq. 3rd Open Eastern Counties; Res. Open exc. Cocker, W. Counties and S. Wales; 2nd Open exc. Cocker, Field S. S.; Res. Open, Eastern Counties S. S.; 2nd Open, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.; 2nd Open, W. Midland. E. s. d. Hillhampton Trailer, Res. Open Novice, N. W. Counties; Res. Members', Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire; 1st All-aged Midland Counties; 4th Non-winners, Eastern Counties; 1st Puppy, West Midland.

Mr. W. Greenfield's b. Norbank Spotty, Res. Open Cocker, Scottish S. C.; 2nd Open Cocker, Ulster G. L.; Res. Cocker, Gamekeepers' N. A.; eq. 2nd, Open Cocker, Northern and Midlands.

Mr. W. Heard's s. b. Cauldstream Peg, 2nd Special, Scottish G. A. E. s. b. Craigton Bunty, 1st Gamekeepers', Gamekeepers' N. A.

Mr. Henriques's Dalshangan Best, 2nd Open Cocker Ulster G. L.; 1st Non-winners, Northern and Midlands.

Captain Holford's E. s. b. Whelford Nancy, 1st Novice, W. Counties and S. Wales; 2nd All-aged Members', same meeting; 1st Novice, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.; 3rd Open, same meeting.

Major R. E. Hervey-Bathurst's E. s. d. Laverstoke Pedro, Res. Open Argyllshire F. T. A.; 2nd Members', same meeting. E. s. d. Alderbury Rags, 1st Open Novice, Argyllshire F. T. A.; 3rd Members', same meeting.

Lady Mary Hollins's e. b. Auchencairn Nanette, 3rd Cocker, Scottish F. T. A.

Dr. G. P. Humphery's Truby Chip, Res. Novice, Eastern Counties S. S.

Mr. R. James's W. s. d. Shot of Canonmoor, 1st Puppy, Welsh S. S. C.

Mr. J. A. Jefferson's f. b. Tiny of Packwood, 1st Field, Field S. S.; 3rd Open, Spaniel C. F. d. Roy of Packwood, 3rd Field, Field S. S.; 2nd Open, Spaniel C.

Mr. S. C. Jones's E. s. d. F.T. Ch. Don O'Vara, Res. Open (exc. Cocker) N. W. Counties; 3rd Open Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire; 2nd Open exc. Cocker, W. Counties and S. Wales, 1st Open exc. Cocker, Field S. S.; eq. 1st All-aged, English S. S. C.; 1st Brace, same meeting; 2nd Single Championship; 1st Brace Championship. E. s. d. Spy O'Vara, 2nd Open Novice N. W. Counties; 1st Members' Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire; 1st A. V. exc. Cocker, Scottish G. A.; 2nd do., Ulster G. L.; 4th Open, Gamekeepers' N. A.; 1st Open exc. Cocker, Northern and Midlands; 1st Open exc. Cocker, W. Counties and S. Wales; Res. Open, Welsh S. S. C.; 1st Open, Eastern Counties S. S.; 1st Open E. S. Spaniel C.; eq. 1st English S. S. C.; 1st Brace, same meeting; 1st Open, W. Midland; Res. Single Championship; 1st Brace Championship. E. s. d. Buster O'Vara, 2nd Open Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire; 3rd A. V. exc. Cocker, Ulster G. L. E. s. b. Slick O'Vara, eq. 1st Non-winners, Scottish G. A.; 1st Novice, Ulster G. L.; 1st Non-winners, Gamekeepers' N. A.; eq. 3rd Non-winners, Northern and Midlands; 2nd Intermediate, E. S. S. C. of Scotland. E. s. d. Sting O'Vara, 1st Open E. S. S. C. of Scotland; 2nd Open, Welsh S. S. C.; 3rd Open, W. Midland; 1st All-aged, West Midland; Diploma, Single Championship. E. s. d. Span O'Vara, 2nd Novice, W. Counties and S. Wales; 1st Novice, Welsh S. S. C.; Res. Novice, I. G. L. Sporting S. C.; 3rd Puppy, West Midland. E. s. b. Slip O'Vara, eq. 3rd, Novice Eastern Counties S. S.; 2nd Novice exc. Cocker, Spaniel C.

Mr. R. Kelland's d. Nobel Nippy's Nipper, 2nd Open Cocker, Field S. S.; 3rd All-aged, Cocker S. C.; 3rd Novice, Cocker S. C.; Res. Open Cocker, I. G. L. Sporting S. S. F. d. Nobel Bang, 2nd Field, Field S. S. F. b. Nobel Nigger Lassie, Res. Field, Field S. S.

Mr. Kennedy's Barrock Lucy, Res. Non-Winner and Puppy, Southern Counties G. L.

Mr. H. S. Lloyd's d. Raceaway of Ware, 1st All-aged Cocker S. C.; eq. 2nd Open Cocker, Northern and Midlands.

Captain and Miss Lyle's E. s. d. Simon of Knocktarna. Res. Open Novice, Argyllshire F. T. A.

Dr. McCracken's and Mr. Bancroft's Sunny of Ponden. Res. Open Cocker, Ulster G. L.

Mr. R. McDonald's e. b. Rockstead Silver, 2nd Cocker, Scottish F. T. A.; 3rd Open Cocker, Welsh S. S. C.; Res. Single Cocker Championship.

Miss I. M. Macrae's d. F.T. Ch. Druidaig Julius, 1st Open Cocker, Scottish G. A.; Res. Open Cocker, Ulster G. L.; Diploma, Single Cocker Championship.

Mr. C. McNeill's E. s. b. Renrut Tickle, Res. Novice Stake, exc. Cocker, Spaniel C.; 4th Intermediate, English S. S. C.

Sir Ian Malcolm's E. s. d. Poltalloch Rex, 2nd Open Novice, Argyllshire F. T. A.

Miss A. Mavrojani's E. s. d. Coster Jamie, 3rd Non-winners, Eastern Counties.

The Duke of Montrose's d. Rhuadh of Buchanan, 3rd Open Cocker, Scottish S. C.; Res. Non-winner Cocker, Scottish G. A.

Mr. M. Moreton's E. s. b. Sobenhal Amber, Res. All-aged, Midland Counties. E. s. b. Sobenhal Donna, 3rd Novice exc. Cocker, Spaniel C.; 4th Novice, I. G. L. Sporting S. S. C. b. Sobenhal Tuppence, 2nd Open Cocker, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.

The Rev. E. J. Nelson's E. s. d. Blendworth Martin, Res. Open, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.; 2nd Team, same meeting; 2nd Brace, Southern Counties G. L. E. s. b. Banchory Bess, 2nd Brace and 2nd Team, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.; 3rd Open, 1st All-aged and 2nd Brace, Southern Counties G. L. E. s. b. Careless, 2nd Brace and 2nd Team, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.

Major G. S. Nelson-Scott's e. d. Browster Biggun, 1st Special, Scottish G. A.; Res. Members', Argyllshire F. T. A.

Mr. J. A. Niven's E. s. b. Tedwyns the Runt, Res. Gamekeepers', Gamekeepers' N. A.

Mr. H. Ogden's e. b. Merlin Mistletoe, 3rd Open Cocker, N. W. Counties; 3rd Cocker, Gamekeepers' N. A.

Mr. W. H. Parker's E. s. d. Cantab Grouse, 2nd Members', Eastern Counties S. S.; Res. All-aged, English S. S. C.

Major-General H. H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's E. s. b. Dalshangan Maida, 1st Open (exc. Cocker), N. W. Counties; 1st Open, Gamekeepers' N. A.; 1st Open, Scottish F. T. A.; Res. Open, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland; 1st Puppy, same meeting; 2nd Puppy, West Midland; 1st Single Championship.

Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington Bunny, Res. All-aged, Cocker S. C. Rivington Playmate, 1st Novice, Cocker S. C.; Res. Open Cocker, Northern and Midlands; 1st All-aged, Cocker S. C.; 3rd Single, Cocker Championship. C. b. Rivington Hopalong, 1st Open Cocker, N. W. Counties; 1st Non-winner Cocker, Scottish G. A.; 3rd Open Cocker, same meeting; 1st Open Cocker, Northern and Midlands; 1st Cocker, Scottish F. T. A. C. b. Rivington Bunny, Res. Cocker, Scottish F. T. A.

Captain J. H. Rhodes's Spank O'Vara, 1st Non-winners', Eastern Counties; 3rd, Members', Eastern Counties S. S.

Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's E. s. d. Shot of Fintry, 2nd Open, E. S. S. C. of Scotland; Diploma, Single Championship.

Mr. G. H. Rumsey's e. b. Wolvershill Rosedawn, 3rd All-aged Cocker, W. Counties and S. Wales; 1st Novice, Cocker S. C.

Mr. J. Scott's e. b. Jigs Bairn, 2nd Open Cocker, N. W. Counties; 2nd Open Cocker, Scottish S. C.; 3rd Open Cocker, Ulster G. L.; 1st Cocker, Gamekeeper's N. A.; 2nd Gamekeepers', same meeting.

Mr. J. S. Shade's E. s. d. Nithsdale Speed, Res. Intermediate, Scottish S. C.

Mr. J. C. W. Simms's E. s. b. Kingsham Kurlew, 2nd Junior, Southern Counties G. L. E. s. b. Kingsham Kittiwake, 1st Non-winner and Puppy, Southern Counties G. L.

Mr. R. H. Sprake's W. s. d. Laddie of Earsham, 3rd Puppy, Welsh S. S. C.; 2nd Novice, same meeting.

Captain O. P. Traherne's E. s. b. Bryngarw Fire Fly, 3rd Open exc. Cocker, W. Counties and S. Wales; 1st All-aged Members', same meeting; 1st Open, Welsh S. S. C.; 4th Open, Eastern Counties S. S.; 1st Open, I. G. L. Sporting S. S. E. s. d. Noranby Rattle, 3rd Open exc. Cocker, Field S. S.; 3rd Open, Welsh S. S. C.; Res. Open, E. s. Spaniel C.; 2nd Novice, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.; 1st Open, Southern Counties G. L. E. s. b. Bryngarw Colleen, 2nd Novice, Welsh S. S. C. E. s. d. Noranby Rusty, 3rd Novice, Welsh S. S. C.

Captain N. W. Tredinnick's E. s. b. Newburie Chiquita, 2nd All-aged, Midland Counties. E. s. d. Newburie Soda, 2nd Non-winners, Field S. S.; 1st Novice, Eastern Counties S. S.; 1st Novice exc. Cocker, Spaniel C. E. s. d. F. T. Ch. Newburie Bruce, 1st Members', Eastern Counties S. S.; 3rd Open E. S., Spaniel C.; Diploma, Single Championship. Sussex d. Newburie Brush, Res. Open, Spaniel C.

Mr. F. Trench O'Rorke's b Ch. Breifny Gloria, 1st Novice, Irish W. S. A.

Mr. A. L. Trotter's e. b. Auchencairn Isa, 2nd Novice, Scottish S. C.; 2nd Non-winner Cocker, Scottish G. A.; Res. Open Cocker, Scottish G. A.; 2nd Cocker, Gamekeepers' N. A.

Miss F. L. Turner's E. s. b. Renrut Tickle, 2nd Open Eastern Counties.

Mr. G. H. Turner's E. s. d. Jack of Winscales, Res. Open, Eastern Counties; 2nd Non-winners', same meeting; Res. All-aged Members', W. Counties and S. Wales; Res. Open exc. Cocker, Field S. S.; Res. Junior, Southern Counties Junior; eq. 3rd All-aged, same meeting.

Mr. D. S. Wallace's E. s. d. Sunstar of Leam, eq. 3rd A. V. exc. C., Scottish G. A.; 3rd Open, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland; 1st Intermediate, E. S. S. S. C. of Scotland.

Mr. H. White's e. b. Jovial Judy, Res. Open Cocker, N. W. Counties; 3rd Gamekeepers', Gamekeepers' N. A.

Mr. L. D. Wigan's Jed of the Cairnies, 4th All-aged, Midland Counties; 1st Open, Eastern Counties. E. s. d. Gnat of the Cairnies, eq. 3rd Novice, Eastern Counties S. S. E. s. b. Mist of the Cairnies, 1st Intermediate, English S. S. C.

Mrs. L. D. Wigan's E. s. b. Holefield Gem, Res. Members', Eastern Counties S. S.

Commander A. M. Willoughby's E. s. b. Dalshangan Dan's Jo, eq. 3rd Open, Eastern Counties. C. b. Breckonhill Bunker, 1st All-aged Cocker, W. Counties and S. Wales; 2nd Open Cocker, Welsh S. S. C.

Mr. Wills's E. s. d. Mheall Don, 3rd Open, Argyllshire F. T. A.; 1st Members', same meeting.

Miss Wykeham-Musgrave's d. Poddle Crunch, 3rd Novice, Cocker S. C.; 2nd, All-aged Cocker, W. Counties and S. Wales; Res. Novice, same meeting; 1st Open Cocker, Field S. S.; Res. Open Cocker, Welsh S. S. C.; Res. Open Cocker, Spaniel C.; 1st Open Cocker, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.; 1st Open Cocker, West Midland. Poddle Crusty, 1st Brace and 1st Team, Welsh S. S. C.; 1st Brace and 1st Team, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.; Poddle Crisp, 1st Brace and 1st Team, Welsh S. S. C. Poddle Crumpet, 1st Team, Welsh S. S. C.; 1st Brace and 1st Team, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.; Res. Open Cocker, West Midland. C. b. Poddle Crinkle, Res. Novice Cocker, Spaniel C.; 1st Team, I. G. L. Sporting S. S.



PINK AND MAUVE CHINA ASTERS ON THE TERRACE IN THE GARDEN OF FOUR WINDS, ST. GEORGE'S HILL, WEYBRIDGE

The Country House

HALF-HARDY ANNUALS

Seeds to Sow Now for Colour in the Late Summer

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

HALF-HARDY annuals occupy a fairly high place on the list of the spoilt darlings of the garden. Given everything they want and exactly when they want it, they are amongst the most glorious of late summer and early autumn flowers, but treated with scant respect, they are not worth the space they occupy. China asters, especially the single kinds, are, I think, the most decorative half-hardy annuals. I have never seen them look so lovely as on the first terrace in the garden of Four Winds, St. George's Hill. Last autumn, great beds of pink and mauve single asters filled all the beds from end to end, and in the centre a charming fountain was playing. A lovely spectacle in September sunlight.

All the modern hybrids are descended from *Callistephus sinensis*, introduced 200 years ago from China. Father d'Incarville, the great French missionary-botanist, sent the seed to Paris about 1730, and Philip Miller says he received seed from Paris in 1731, and in 1732 seed of the double variety.

Seeds of these asters are usually sown between the end of February and the middle of March, in a temperature of 50 degrees. The compost should be the usual one for half-hardy annuals, *i.e.*, two parts of fibrous loam and one part sand, leaf mould and charcoal, all rubbed through a fine sieve. Thin sowing is important, the seeds being covered with fine sand. Glass and brown paper encourage quick germination. Asters are resentful of excessive warmth, and once the seedlings are through, they should not be in a heated house. They also need the most careful watering, as too much moisture results in damping off. Water must always be given through a very fine rose. Water, whether rain water or from the main, should stand in the same temperature for 24 hours before being given.

At all times the plants need an abundance of air. As soon as the seedlings have made their third leaves, they should be transplanted three inches apart in boxes, four inches deep. The same compost can be used as before. When in full growth the seedlings can be hardened off in a cold frame and planted out in May. Nothing is gained by putting them out too early, for we frequently have spells in May almost as cold as winter. Subjected to such cold gives seedlings a severe check. Out of doors the plants are set nine inches to a foot apart. From the Comets, which are the earliest to flower, to the late Ostrich Plumes, the flowering period of asters is quite two months. It is sheer waste of space to plant them in poor sandy soil. For these biennials a rich soil is essential.

China asters are nearly always sown under glass, but in very favoured parts they can be sown in the open in April, and these plants are far finer than those sown in heat. Some hybrid asters attain three feet, and at this rate they will soon rival chrysanthemums.

Modern zinnias are gorgeous, but these biennials are not for bleak parts. Given a hot summer and the rich soil they like, great masses of these flowers, ranging from lemon yellow and pink to the richest scarlet and orange, are a delight to behold. One of their valuable characteristics is the length of time they remain in bloom.

Phlox Drummondii are lovely in a hot summer, but they give a poor account of themselves in a wet, cold season. The great drawback is that, unless grown merely as a carpeting plant, every plant has to be staked and tied two or three times. When deciding what half-hardy annuals to grow this is a serious consideration! Last summer *Phlox Drummondii* did exceptionally well in the almost tropical heat we enjoyed, and I shall never forget seeing some in a small front garden. The long straight beds on either side of the path were planted with huge standard roses which must have been quite 50 years old, and the rest of the space was filled with annual phloxes—vivid crimson, rich violet, pink, yellow, salmon, scarlet, blue, and white. They were fine plants quite 2ft. high and spaced out 18in. apart, so that they had grown bushy. I suppose there were not more than 200 plants, but being afflicted with a practical mind I could not help thinking of the labour involved by all that staking and tying! In mild sheltered parts *Phlox Drummondii* are worth the trouble this involves, for they are amongst the most colourful of half-hardy annuals, and they remain in flower so long.

Seed should be sown in March in a temperature of 50 degrees to 55 degrees in shallow boxes in the usual compost. Covered with glass and brown paper the seeds germinate quickly. As in the case of all seed boxes covered with glass, the glass must be turned and wiped daily. When large enough to handle, the seedlings should be transplanted 2in. apart into deeper boxes, then in May hardened off for a fortnight before being put into their flowering positions. June is usually early enough to plant out *Phlox Drummondii*.

Petunias also are at their best in a very dry, hot summer and on a sandy soil. They are first-rate window-box plants, for then they get all the sun baking they like. The modern large-flowered single and double petunias are all very showy, but the one I like best of all is the new single blue petunia. It is a lovely pale blue, and what is more, this variety, which grows about 15in. high, endures bad weather well. I saw it first in the blue garden at Sutton Place, where it was used as an edging plant to the broad belts of late-flowering delphiniums which surround the bathing pool.

Seeds are sown early in March in the usual compost in a temperature of 55 degrees to 60 degrees, the seedlings transplanted 2in. apart to deeper boxes, and when large enough put in the cold frame to harden off before planting in the open. The smallest seedlings of most plants raised under glass are usually thrown away, but in the case of petunias these are usually the most vividly coloured. Double petunias do not always come true from seed, but the smallest seedlings are more likely to be double than the larger. In bleak, cold districts or on a heavy clay soil it is better to pot up the seedlings and put them in a cold greenhouse, where they will bloom profusely.

To thousands of flower lovers the scent of "cherry pie," *Heliotropium peruvianum*, is one of the most delightful of all scents. I associate the plant with my Victorian childhood, when it was planted in every garden. I remember one garden where broad belts of it surrounded the pink China monthly roses. The best method of raising plants is by cuttings, but they can easily be raised from seed sown in the usual compost in a temperature of 50 degrees. Cuttings are usually taken in autumn. Side shoots that have not flowered are taken, these being about 3in. long. They are struck in pots in very sandy soil and kept shaded in a temperature of not less than 55 degrees. They should be kept on the dry side. When they have rooted they are transplanted to 3-in. pots, kept in these through the winter and given as much light and air as possible. They must have a minimum temperature of 45 degrees. In spring they are transferred to 5-in. pots, in which they remain till planted out.



SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT

We did not bench the Show Champion this year, but my farm at Snow Belt bred it. We did not breed the Cub Champion either, but Mr. Thouron, the G.M. of Nithsdale, has everything set to do it this year; but we did breed the Show Challenger, being the finest vixen in the Show, and we then held the Cup for the second successive year, and we also took the Reserve with a Snow Belt vixen.

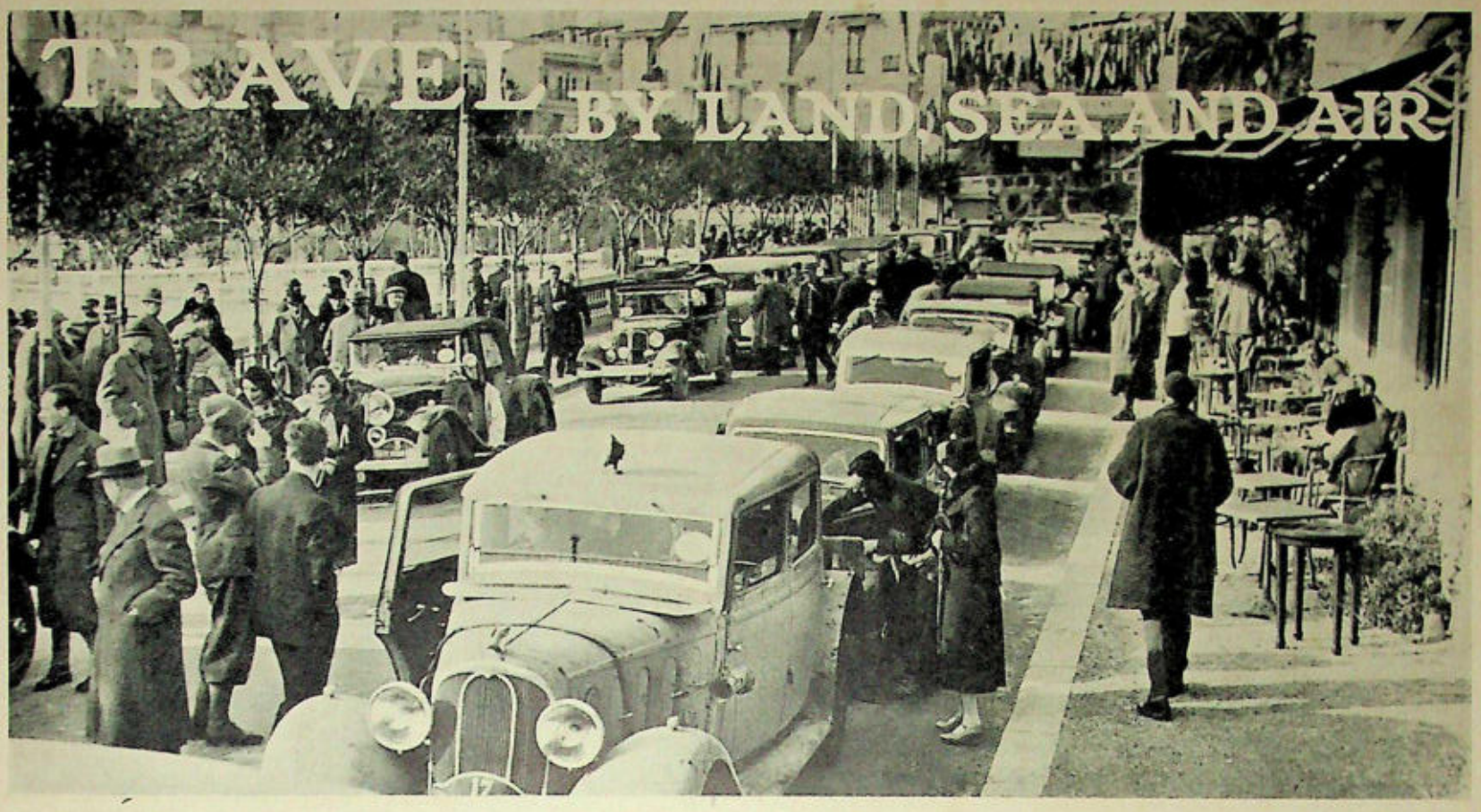
I was talking to one of my clients in the Mess here to-day, who came to us from the South, having seen these announcements in the "Field." His home is about four hundred miles from us, and there is another fox farm just round the corner from him. I asked him why he travelled so far from home, and his answer was that he was attracted by these advertisements. All very right and proper and most grateful and comforting.

I had a letter a little while ago from an advertising periodical, and they asked me if I would tell them how I did it. Their remarks were, on analysing my methods, that I seemed to use an unrelieved, reader, type of advertisement, and that it was all very unscientific, from an advertising point of view—and all provokingly successful.

I only advertise in four journals—the "Field," "Truth," "The Investor's Chronicle," and "Blackwood's," and I write advertisements such as would attract myself, and by this means I obtain the interest of people with whom I can work in harmony—all very unscientific. . . . After all, I do think that too much stress is put on the winning of prizes. An award at the Official Show certainly does demonstrate that the owner has a good fox, but that is all. You cannot take a red rosette to the Bank and get an overdraft on it. And furthermore, I do think that for one of the major awards the prizewinner should have been bred by the exhibitor. I am financially able to buy the finest fox in the world, and if I won the Show Championship with it, that is not to say that I am capable of breeding other champions from it, or that the brute itself would breed prizewinners. Listen to this: "A certain amount of capital is naturally required (a good pair of foxes will cost anything from £120 to £150) but free instruction can always be obtained from the sellers of the stock. NO GREAT AMOUNT OF TRAINING IS REQUIRED. A man who has raised dogs will find his experience most useful, and with average common sense, a copy of "The Silver Fox," by G. G. Catchpole, and an elementary knowledge of Mendel's Law, A FEW MONTHS SHOULD SUFFICE TO ACQUIRE THE NECESSARY EXPERIENCE." There is a lot more of this in an article which appeared in a journal recently, and this is the kind of thing which makes practical people, who know that it is impossible to learn any business connected with livestock in a few months, fight shy of the publicity which silver fox farming gets. Two years is now the smallest period for which a man is required to remain with us studying the industry, unless he is prepared to employ a manager trained by us. A few months . . .!!! And the foxes cost from £120 to £150!!! But you will be quite qualified to look after them . . . especially if you have raised a few dogs, and have Mr. Catchpole's book, and know about Mendel. I wonder if my friend Mr. Catchpole would approve? He might feel flattered, but I doubt if he would agree that anyone who knew his book by heart and had only a few months' practice could raise silver foxes successfully and commercially. IT CAN'T BE DONE.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.



THE SCENE AT MONTE CARLO WHEN MOTOR CARS COMPETING IN THE RALLY WERE ARRIVING FROM ALL PARTS OF EUROPE
An account of the Rally will be found overleaf

GUARDING THE CAR FROM LATE FROSTS

Some Necessary Precautions

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

WINTER'S sting, like that of the scorpion, comes usually at the end, and it is precisely those late frosts which, following hard upon the first periods of spring-like warmth, do the most damage, since they take us unawares.

At this season, therefore, the motorist should see to it that every reasonable precaution has been taken to safeguard his car.

Assuming that one has one's own lock-up garage, it will be necessary to see that this is properly heated throughout, and some lucky people are able to achieve this simply by installing the necessary electric heating plant.

For those who have no such facilities, there are, however, on the market to-day many different kinds of heating stoves which can be purchased at a reasonable cost. Some of these burn oil or paraffin, and as they are constructed on the Davis Miners' Safety Lamp principle, there is no danger of fire. A naked flame must never be used in any garage for heating purposes, as this presents the utmost danger.

These paraffin-burning stoves are for the most part quite economical to use, many of them giving as much as eight hours' heat at a consumption of only one pint of paraffin, and burning for 36 hours on end at one filling. A stove of this nature placed in close proximity to the car's radiator is sufficient to prevent the water from freezing on the coldest of nights.

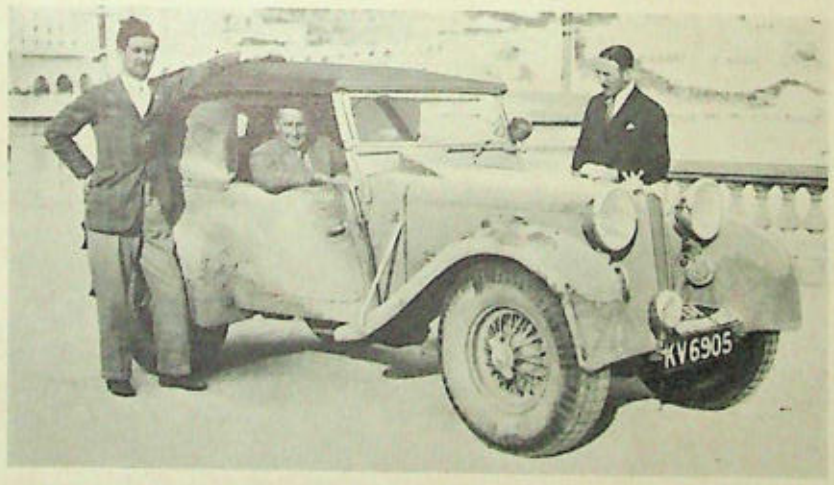
The small garage, with a low ceiling, presents very few difficulties from the heating point of view, provided, of course, that the doors and windows fit properly, but heating a large and airy building is more difficult to arrange.

The first thing to do is to see that draughts are excluded as far as possible, and to this end the door and window fittings should be carefully examined, and any places where the woodwork has shrunk should receive instant attention.

One or more oil stoves should be acquired, the number depending on the size of the garage, and the amount of heating required. If for any reason a stove is not practicable, a small bonnet heater can be bought at prices ranging from 5/6 to 17/6, and this, placed under the bonnet, will prevent a freeze up. It is perfectly safe to use in proximity with petrol.

If the car has to be left in the open during frosty weather for any length of time, one of these lamps should be brought into use, and the radiator having been covered over with a large rug, the owner can go away happy in the knowledge that frost is not making havoc with the cooling system.

If no kind of heating is available, there are two courses to adopt. One is to drain off the water when putting the car away for the night, but this is a tedious business and not to be recommended, unless absolutely necessary. To have to stand by in the cold while waiting for the water to drain off, is most annoying, quite apart from the probability of slipping up on the wash next morning, by which time it will be covered with a sheet of ice.



A BRITISH TRIUMPH IN THE RALLY
Mr. Donald Healey, driving a Triumph car, from Athens, won the Riviera Cup, the International Challenge Cup and was placed third in the open class. He is seen above on arrival at Monte Carlo

Then one will have to fill up the radiator again, and it is quite likely that the usual exterior supplies of water will have been frozen up during the night, thus causing further delay. It must also be remembered that continually filling up with fresh water will coat the water jackets, pipes and radiator quicker than anything.

It will be better, therefore, to adopt the other alternative, and to use some anti-freezing mixture in the cooling system. Great care should be taken to get the right kind, and in sufficient quantity. It is no use merely buying a tin of specially prepared mixture, labelled for small cars only, as the capacity of the radiator of some small cars may be nearly as much as that of a large car. You must find out exactly how much water your radiator holds, and the correct amount of fluid to add to it.

If, on the other hand, you decide to use glycerine, and mix it up yourself, it will be useful to know that, before adding the compound, the radiator should be thoroughly flushed out with a view to removing impurities. When ready, the radiator should be filled up again, and the glycerine or anti-freezing mixture added.

A radiator holding four gallons of water requires 3½ quarts of pure glycerine, and should be proof against 13 degrees of frost; while 5 quarts will safeguard the cooling system up to 22 degrees of frost. Glycerine and anti-freeze mixtures do not affect the cooling to any considerable extent, and more still can be used if a thermostat is fitted.

If a car has to be left in a public garage for any length of time, it will be advisable to use some anti-freeze mixture. It would be as well to tie a label round the radiator cap to this effect, otherwise a keen attendant may release the water from the system during the night.

When electric light is laid on to the garage a very inexpensive method of preventing freezing is to employ an electrical heating element, in contact with the water or a hose connection. By adopting this means, it is quite possible to maintain the water in the cooling system at a temperature of about 20 degrees in excess of the surrounding atmosphere.

Apart from serving its purpose as an anti-freezing device, this will ensure an instant start the following morning.

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

Fine Performance by British Competitors

MOST strenuous of all motor trials, the Monte Carlo Rally has once again proved the supremacy of the British light car. And this in face of opposition from high-powered cars of Continental or American manufacture.

Mr. Donald Healey, driving a 12 h.p. Triumph car from Athens, figured third in the general classification, being beaten only by a much larger Hotchkiss car and an eight-cylinder Chenard-Walcker. A Railton Terraplane, an English adaptation of the well-known Essex Terraplane, was fourth, a Ford V 8, driven by an Englishman, Mr. J. W. Whalley, was fifth, a big Studebaker was sixth, while seventh place was taken by Mr. Rupert Riley with his Riley Nine. As a result Messrs. Healey and Riley were respectively first and second in the light car class.

Never before have fifteen cars won through from Athens, an achievement which may be set down to the quite exceptional weather conditions. The roads were much drier than usual, most of the snow—always the greatest obstacle—having melted away during the two days preceding the start. As a result higher speeds were averaged.

There were eighteen official starting points in the Rally, and the further away these were from Monte Carlo, the more marks were awarded for a successful arrival. Athens offered the greatest reward—1,000 points for a journey of 2,352 miles, fraught with all sorts of difficulties and passing through the wildest country.

Next in order came Bucharest, Talinn, Stavanger and John o' Groats, and a good deal of interest naturally centred in the performance of British cars from the latter place, in the north of Scotland.

J. A. Driskell, driving a Ford "Greyhound" tourer, won the Thistle Challenge Cup and the prize of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club for the best performance by anyone starting in the British Isles; and C. J. Joyce, of Pass & Joyce, Ltd., came next with his "105" Talbot; S. C. H. Davis, with a Railton Terraplane, was third.

Donald Healey, of course, won the Barclays Bank Challenge Cup for the most successful driver of a British car, regardless of its starting point, as well as the René Léon Cup for the best performance by a member of the Monte Carlo Rally Competitors' Club.

A FLUID FLYWHEEL MOTOR CYCLE

A MACHINE which may well revolutionise motor cycling is announced by the B.S.A. Company. Briefly, it is a 5 h.p. overhead valve model incorporating the Daimler fluid flywheel and pre-selective self-changing gearbox.

In general details the fluid flywheel machine follows the lines of the well-known 499 c.c. o.h.v. model. The engine and gear-box, however, are of unit construction and are so mounted in the frame that the centre of gravity is extremely low. This, combined with the fact that the transmission eliminates all engine snatch, makes the machine practically skid-proof.

Gear pre-selections are made by movement of a small trigger on the left handlebar, engagement being provided by pressure on a pedal operated by the right toe. The action of the transmission is exactly the same as on any car produced by the B.S.A.-Daimler-Lanchester group, and the machine has a top-gear range of speed from 0 to 65–70 miles per hour. The price, including full electrical equipment, has been fixed at £79.



ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AMPHIBIANS BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY
One of the Saro Cutty Sark Amphibians used by the Air Training School at Hamble, Hants, for the training of prospective pilots

DEVELOPING AMPHIBIAN AIRCRAFT

An All-Purpose Type With a Big Future

By THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

IN the amphibian we have a type of aircraft possessing theoretical advantages which have not yet been fully realised. It would seem, at first sight, that a machine capable of alighting safely on either land or water was the ideal for long-distance work and for airways that have to traverse a varied route. Yet we find to-day that the civil and commercial machines in general use are mainly landplanes, with flying boats used to a more limited extent on services involving sea crossings such as the Mediterranean section of the Imperial Airways' eastern routes.

There appears, in fact, to have been comparatively little effort made to develop the amphibian on evolutionary lines. Types have been produced and operated, and then their constructors seem to have lost interest in them; and all too often the so-called amphibian has been hardly more than a marine aircraft adapted for alighting on land by the addition of some form of retractable wheeled undercarriage.

Latterly, however, some increase in interest in this form of aircraft has made itself apparent, particularly abroad, where there is, perhaps, a greater readiness to experiment in this direction than in this country. The Savoia-Marchetti Company in Italy, who have paid particular attention to the development of the amphibian machine, have recently introduced a new monoplane type, known as the S.80. This incorporates a special and very interesting form of undercarriage with retractable wheels, and has a reasonable performance for the power unit with which it is fitted: a Colombo six-cylinder-in-line air-cooled engine of 150 h.p.

Another advanced design recently completed is the Loening, with a Wright Whirlwind J6 engine, which, it is claimed, is the fastest amphibian in the world; its monoplane wing is fitted with the trailing edge flaps that are attracting so much attention in America as an aid to providing a combination of low-landing speed with high cruising speed.

It is undoubtedly practical difficulties that have held back the amphibian, a type that would seem to merit far more attention in this country than it has received. In the early designs it was found that the addition of an undercarriage sufficiently strong to withstand the landing stresses of what was virtually a flying boat added so considerably to the structure weight that a serious reduction of performance resulted; and the difficulties of arranging a suitable retracting gear were considered by many to outweigh the advantages.

In the absence of a satisfactory dual-purpose machine, design has tended to follow the lines of developing land aircraft with sufficient power reserve to make sea crossings safe, and marine aircraft with a high enough margin of safety to allow of overland flights.

In view of the limited funds that have been available in this country for full-scale experiment, it is, therefore, hardly surprising that the development of the amphibian has been retarded. But to-day, with increased knowledge, practical objections can hardly be said to exist to the same extent. Many land aeroplanes are now being fitted with retractable undercarriages; and, though the problems associated with types for amphibians are admittedly more involved, there is now little reason why a light and efficient design should not be produced.

Indeed, such amphibians as have been built recently in this country—such as the Saunders-Roe "Saro" series—do show a marked increase in aerodynamic and mechanical efficiency, while the foreign designs also show a big advance in the right direction.

Amphibian aircraft are certainly a type from which British aviation has much to gain. Every Imperial route must traverse both land and water, and for operation in countries such as Africa, where often the best alighting area is to be found on the lakes, they would seem to be ideal, particularly for branch services linking up with the main air routes.

The farther afield our air lines go, the more they have need of machines that can make the utmost use of whatever alighting surface is available. Provided, therefore, that the amphibian could be designed so as to approximate in comfort, reliability, and speed to the existing types, it would appear to have a big future on the Empire routes.

Undoubtedly one of the most important future fields for the amphibian is private touring. Here, the whole essence of utility and enjoyment lies in freedom: the less the private flyer is bound by a need to plan his routes so that they lie near aerodromes the greater are the possibilities of the small aeroplane as a touring medium.

In the past the advantages of the light seaplane in this connection have been urged; the amphibian might well combine the good qualities of both aeroplane and seaplane. The convenience of the latter type for air travel in such districts as the Western Isles of Scotland and Scandinavia is obvious.

For taxi work, too, the same advantages would obtain in fact, the amphibian, always provided that its performance compares with that of more conventional types, should become widely used for many occasions when ground organisation cannot be relied upon. The outstanding factor which still holds aviation in check is the landing difficulty, and a really efficient amphibian design would go far to break this remaining fetter.

The amphibian has a definite place in air transport. It may not be developed for the largest types of machine; perhaps its main utility being its suitability as an air medium between centres which are provided with a ground organisation and those districts where such facilities for landplanes are not practical but where waterways admitting of safe landing exist.

The areas throughout the world where such conditions obtain offer great scope for the future of the amphibian.

MOTORING IN FRANCE

A SHORT time back the R.A.C. issued a notice stating that the Laissez Passer road tax of ten francs per day or a quarterly sum proportionate to the length of their visit payable by British motorists touring in France, would in all probability be abolished in the near future.

They now announce that following representations by the club, the Laissez Passer charge of ten francs per day will cease to be charged as from February 1st, and that British motorists will be relieved of the annoyance and inconvenience caused by these charges. At the same time the French authorities have decided to impose a petrol tax amounting to 0.50 francs per litre.



AN "AKJA" SLEIGH, DRAWN BY THE POWERFUL, RATHER "WOLFISH" LAPP DOGS

WINTER SPORTS IN SWEDEN

Programmes and Possibilities from February Until June

AT one place or another, winter sports can be enjoyed in Sweden up to the middle of June—so there is still plenty of time to make arrangements. The special 50 per cent. reduction in first-class fares made by the Swedish Lloyd steamship line for all travelling to certain Swedish winter sports centres is in operation until March 24th.

Moreover, there is still ample time to reach what is, for 1934 at least, the most important place in Swedish winter sports—Solleftea—before the season's classic events take place. An aeroplane from Croydon will bring you to Malmo in seven hours; the direct sea voyage from Tilbury to Gothenburg occupies only 34 hours; and the cross-Continent journey, via Berlin or Hamburg and the Sassnitz-Tralleborg train ferry over the Baltic, ends in Stockholm 45 hours after leaving London.

Every winter sports enthusiast should certainly endeavour to be at Solleftea some time during the week beginning February 21st. In addition to an excellent variety of sport for himself amidst beautiful surroundings, the visitor will have the opportunity of witnessing some of the finest competitive ski-running and jumping in Northern Europe. For this little town some 400 miles north of Stockholm, situated on a bend of the famous Angerman River, and cupped in hills, has been honoured by the decision of the International Ski Association to hold its 1934 competitions there.

The choice of such a comparatively insignificant centre as this for these important competitions was unquestionably influenced by the construction at Solleftea recently of the Hallsta Jump. This ski-jump has been described by Ruud, the famous Norwegian champion, as the world's most magnificent ski-jump. The dimensions certainly lend colour to this statement.

Three hundred metres long 99 metres high, the slope 58 metres above ground level—it will be a great sight for those lucky enough to be there. The greatest ski-jumpers and runners of Sweden, Norway and Finland, of Central Europe, and perhaps of Canada, the United States, and Japan also, will compete on this mighty jump, and the present record of 70 metres will almost certainly be broken.

The last day of the Solleftea meeting is likely to be as exciting as the first; for then is to be decided the 50 kilometre ski-run over country as varied, testing and beautiful as may be imagined. And, of course, there are special entries for visitors, quite apart from the usual round of sports at the centre.



ON MT. SYLFJALLET, IN JAMTLAND

There is a certain sense of anti-climax in passing to the more ordinary run of winter sports in other Swedish centres. Yet, as most of the visitors from Great Britain will have come with the object of taking part in the winter sports, and not of merely witnessing them, such a distinction is perhaps unnecessary.

With the £ worth 21/- in Sweden, winter sports are inexpensive; English is spoken everywhere at the chief resorts, and English visitors are made particularly welcome.

Stockholm, the capital, is surrounded by terrain eminently suitable for winter sports. And in addition to all the usual sports ski jumping and running, banding and curling—there is ice yachting and skate sailing over the frozen reaches of the famous Stockholm Archipelago.

A day or night journey from Stockholm brings the visitor to the province of Jamtland, perhaps the most popular of all winter sports districts in Sweden. At Are, situated at the foot of Mount Areskutan, fine sport is assured, from ski jumping and running on the mountain (up to which an aeroplane will convey you) to the novel experience of riding in an "Akja" Lapp sleigh, drawn by reindeer, or the powerful, rather "wolfish" Lapp dogs.

An hour or two farther west is Storlien, on the Norwegian frontier—where the smooth treeless slopes are particularly suited to the novice. Farther south is the mountain range dominated by the giant peak Sylarna—a perfect sports ground for the ski-runner, with "tourist stations," such as the popular Sylfjallet, set down in the wilds for his accommodation.

The province of Dalecarlia, where the 54-mile Vasa Ski Race over Lake Siljan takes place each year, and where church parades in the old village costumes still obtain, is another favourite sports centre; and Varmland, immortalised by Selma Lagerlof in her novel *Gosta Berling's Saga*, is yet another worth-while centre, nearer to England.

But without question the most interesting winter sports centre in Sweden—or, indeed, anywhere—is Riksgransen, in Lapland. At this wild, though magnificent centre, more than 100 miles inside the Arctic Circle, it is possible to enjoy ski running and jumping and riding in sleighs drawn by Lapp dogs or reindeer, for one month, from mid-May to mid-June. At this time, the Midnight Sun floods the sky with its peculiar light throughout the 48 hours; and so powerful are its rays that, despite the northerly position, it is possible to go through the day—and night, if you wish—clad only in a bathing dress.

BERNARD HORDEN.



THE START OF A TOBOGGAN RUN AT SOLLEFTEA

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Goldfish Dying from Unknown Cause. Our biologist was unable to find any *argulus* attached to your goldfish, but there were a number of *Protozoa*, which are known to do damage to fish in aquaria, goldfish among others. We recommend the treatment already suggested tentatively—cleaning out the aquarium, disinfecting it and putting in fresh sand when refilling. Your further letter, with sketch, has been sent to our biologist for his comments.—*F. K. B., Oxon.*

New Salmon Hook Wanted.—We think the kind of hook you have in mind is very like one designed by Mr. W. S. Jackson. This is light in the wire and has a larger gape in proportion to its length than the standard hooks; it has also a very small barb which helps penetration. We understand it can be had from Messrs. A. Carter & Co., South Molton Street, London, W. 1. No doubt they would send you a sample to see, if you wrote to them.—*Piscator, Surrey.*

The Angler's Diary.—This is now known as *Where to Fish* (Field Press; 5/-, postage 6d.). The old "diary" pages are no longer included, as, with the increasing volume of information it contains, it was found that they made the book too bulky. We have no copies left of any edition which contained this feature. Many tackle dealers can supply books ruled for "fishing registers." Try Messrs. Farlow & Co., 11, Panton Street, Haymarket, if your usual dealer does not stock them.—*T. R. D., Oxon.*

Cards

Contract Bridge

Lead by Wrong Player.—You write: "If Z calls One Spade and Y One No Trump and Z Two Spades, which ends the bidding, B then leads and Z lays down his hand. Y says: 'I am Dummy,' and Z picks up his hand and calls a lead from A. Can he do this, or does laying down his hand condone the lead out of turn? Z maintained it did not prevent him calling a lead as neither he nor Y had played to the trick."

Answer.—The laying down of declarer's hand after a lead had been made by the wrong player does not condone the lead out of turn. Z was misled by the action of B and can call a lead from A.—*G. W. C., Paignton.*

Best Method of Bidding Hand.—You ask for an opinion on the best method of bidding the following hand: Score love all. Y dealt and held ♠ A, K, Q, J, 8, 7, 5, 3. ♡ None. ◇ A, K, 10, 7, 4. ♣ None. Actually Y called Six Spades and made a grand slam. Z (Y's partner) held ♠ 6, 2. ♡ 9, 7, 4. ◇ Q, 9, 8, 5, 2. ♣ 8, 6, 3.

Answer.—If the Forcing system were used the bidding would go Y Two Spades; Z Two No Trumps; Y Three Diamonds; Z Four Diamonds; Y Seven Spades. Only by trying to discover if Z has help in Diamonds can the grand slam be called with safety. On direct methods of bidding the little slam opening is justifiable. But Z cannot possibly raise to grand slam.—*W. F., County Down.*

Playing the Forcing System.—You write: "At Contract Bridge, score Y Z 60; A and B nil. Y dealt and opened with Two Spades (a forcing Two bid). Although this bid is enough for game all opening two bids in a suit are forcing for one round, should not Z respond once? (2) Both sides vulnerable. Y dealt and bid Two Spades (a forcing Two). He held ♠ A, K, J, x, x, x, x, x. ♡ Q. ◇ A. ♣ A, x, x. A and B took no part in the bidding. Z bid Two No Trumps; Y Three Spades; Z No bid. Was Y's first bid correct? Was Y's bid of Three Spades after Y's Two No Trumps correct? Was not Z in the wrong in saying No bid after Y's Three Spades, as the bidding should be kept open until a game bid had been reached?"

Answer.—(1) When playing the Forcing system an initial bid of Two is regarded now as always forcing even when it is a game call. (2) Y should have started with a pre-emptive bid of Three or Four Spades. Having, however, opened with Two Spades and Z saying Two No Trumps Y should then bid Four Spades. (3) Playing the Forcing system Z must go on until a game call is arrived at, and he should have bid Three No Trumps over the Three Spades if he could not support Spades or show a suit.—*S. W. R., Portsmouth.*

Cards—(*Continued*)

Auction Bridge

Redoubling a Double. You write: "Y bid Three Hearts; B Double; Z No bid; A Redouble. It would appear that some penalty should be incurred, but it is obscure as to which rule it would come under."

Answer.—A player who redoubles a bid which his partner has doubled makes an illegal bid, and so under law 42 the player on the offender's left may either demand a new deal or disallow the call, in which case the offender is deemed to have passed or state that he allows the redouble to stand.—*J. J. M. K., Colchester.*

Country House

Preserving Rexine.—Messrs. Rexine, Ltd., of Hyde, Cheshire, inform us that the best way to preserve rexine is an occasional application of a little linseed oil.—*J. D., Lawdi Kotal.*

Makers of Pentecon Cookers.—The Pentecon cookers, as illustrated in the *Field*, are made by the Pentesales Domestic Inventions, 6, Jewry Street, London, E.C. 3. There are various models made and the sizes vary considerably. For example the model for one person has a capacity of 8 pints, is priced at 39/6, and weighs (complete with basin, etc.) 8lb., whereas the model for eight to twelve persons has a capacity for 26 pints, costs 82/6,- and weighs 20lb. A primus stove is recommended for heating, but for the ordinary model any heat will do except electricity. There is, however, a special electrical model fitted with a special base which costs 5/- or 6/- extra.—*E. J., Richmond.*

Farm

Feeding Potatoes to Pigs.—As the potatoes are rejects on account of disease it would certainly be a wise precaution to cook them before feeding to pigs. There is otherwise a risk of the disease spores being returned to the land in the manure. Cooking improves the digestibility of potatoes, and it may be taken that 4lb. of cooked potatoes have as good feeding value as 5lb. of raw potatoes.—*D. N., Oxon.*

Young Pigs Scouring.—When young pigs scour, the commonest cause is lack of minerals. If practicable, the sows and piglings should be given a paddock to run, or failing this, a heap of earth placed in the sty will provide the necessary minerals for the sow and young. As regards the type of pig favoured by the grading system now in force at the bacon factories, we can only say that the measurements were drawn up carefully with the sole object of encouraging the production of lean pigs suitable for the manufacture of Wiltshire bacon comparable in type to Danish bacon. The measurements are taken over the shoulder, where the fat layer must not be excessive, and at the flank, where there must be an adequate thickness of flesh. Payment is made on the basis of the carcass weight of the pig and the grade class.—*T., Yorks.*

Garden

Fairy Rings on Lawn.—These are caused by a fungus in the soil. They can be prevented by using Carter's Moss and Fungus Killer. Puff balls have no connection with fairy rings.—*F. K. P., Totnes.*

Non-Poisonous Weed Killer.—We would advise you to use a solution of 1lb. common salt to 1 gallon of boiling water as a non-poisonous week killer for use on your carriage drive.—*G., Edinburgh.*

Hunting

Map of Hunting Country.—To obtain a 1in. map of the country hunted by Atherstone (North) we should advise you to apply to Messrs. E. Stanford & Co., 12, 13b, 14, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.—*C. M. H., Bletchley.*

Wearing a Velvet Cap.—It is not correct for an ex-field-Master to continue to wear a velvet cap. The hon. secretary has a right, with many Hunts, to wear a velvet cap, but this is by no means universal.—"*Falcon,*" *Stafford.*

Kennel

Makers of Dog Whistle.—The name of the firm who make a dog whistle which does not attract the human ear but only that of the dog, is Messrs. Swaine & Adeney, Ltd., 185, Piccadilly, London, W. 1. The price of the whistle is 10/6.—*G. E. L., Riding Mill.*

Training Dogs.—There is room for a good monograph on the training of dogs for police work, and in obedience generally. *The Popular Alsatian* (Popular Dogs Publishing Co., 65b, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2) has a chapter on the subject.—*R. N., Hindhead.*

Follicular Mange.—There is no certain cure for follicular mange, and every case needs to be treated upon its own merits. Infection occurs by contact with infected materials such as kennels, benches, bedding, etc., and also from dog to dog.—*B. L. F., Surrey.*

Library

Breaking in a Horse.—We would recommend you to study such works—if you desire to break your pony yourself—as *Saddle Up*, by Captain F. C. Hitchcock (Hurst and Blackett), *The Way of a Man with a Horse* (Seeley, Service) and *Saddle Room Sayings* (Constable & Co.). All these volumes deal with the breaking in of young stock.—*S. C. K., Cambridge.*

Naturalist

Insects in Kitchen Grate.—Your cook is quite right. The insects she finds in the kitchen grate at night, when all is quiet and the lights are out, and of which you send several specimens for identification, are not young cockroaches but a very primitive form of insect commonly known as "silver fish" or, more scientifically, as the common bristle-tail (*Lepisma saccharina*). They feed on various sugary and papery substances and may easily be captured by placing a basin or other glazed article, baited with sugar, in rooms where they have proved a nuisance, with strips of rough cardboard propped up in a slanting direction against the side to act as ladders, so that the insects may climb up and enter the trap. The glazed surface prevents them escaping.—*C. F., Kirkcudbrightshire.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Nature of Tumour from a Dog.—Microscopic sections of the growth have been prepared and submitted to an expert pathologist, who pronounced it to be a round-celled sarcoma.—*Dr. L., Alverstoke.*

Cause of Cockatoo's Death.—The post-mortem findings showed that internal haemorrhage associated with rupture of a diseased liver was the cause of the bird's death. The liver was very pale and undergoing fatty degeneration.—*P. B., Hants.*

A Grouse in Poor Condition.—The condition of the bird was apparently due to a heavy infestation of large tapeworms, and a large number of the nematode worm *Trichostrongylus pergracilis*, which is associated with strongylosis or grouse disease.—*Timothy Titus.*

Coccidiosis in Red-legged Patridges.—A microscopic examination of the brace of partridges sent revealed a large number of spores of coccidia, the causal parasite of the disease named. Coccidiosis is very infectious and fatal to young birds, both game and poultry, but older birds, though more resistant, may act as carriers of the infection. Isolation, cleanliness and disinfection are steps indicated.—*J. H., Ross-shire.*

Post-Mortem Examinations (*Continued*)

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

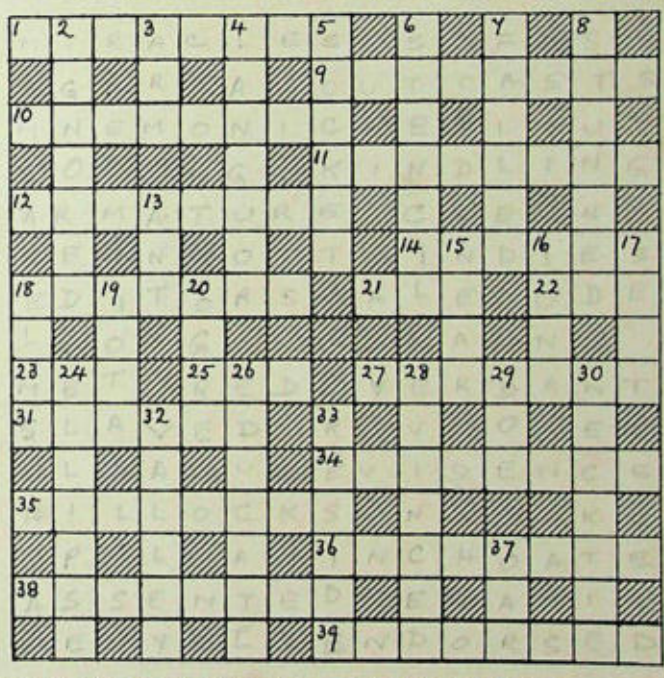
THE sale held by Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade, Ltd., at their Leicester Repository, on Saturday last, was well attended and business was very good. The first transaction of note was when Colonel E. H. Brassey got 240gs. for his chesnut mare Rhodesia, and a few lots later, Captain Lloyd sold three, 220gs. being obtained for his chesnut mare Poem, and her stable companion Auberon, a chesnut gelding, went for 210gs. Mrs. Inge accepted 220gs. for her dark chesnut gelding Berry; but the top figure of the sale was made by Major J. F. Bainbridge's thoroughbred brown gelding Monk's Orb, who changed hands at 250gs. The principal sales effected were as follows:

Property of Mrs. Malise Graham: Sprig, b g, 82gs.; Stilts, b g, 155gs. Property of Mr. George Dickinson: Clark Handsome Fox, bl g, 145gs. Property of Major Goff: East Wicklow, b g, 85gs. Property of Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Brassey: Rhodesia ch, m, 240gs. Property of Mr. E. Wigmore: B g, 78gs. Property of Captain H. W. Lloyd: Poem, ch m, 220gs.; Auberon, ch g, 210gs.; Donation, br m, 150gs. Property of Mr. R. M. Buchan: Charlie Boy, b g, 100gs. Property of Mr. Harold Peake: Breeze, b g, 100gs. Property of Mrs. Inge: Berry, dark ch g, 220gs.; Adventure II, ch m 100gs. Property of Major J. F. Bainbridge: Monk's Orb, br g, 250gs.

Cheltenham

THE same firm held their usual fortnightly sale at their Cheltenham Repository on Thursday, January 25th, when the following were the principal prices realised: Property of Mr. J. Loughran: Hardcash, br g, 84gs.; Gold Dust, ch g, 74gs. Property of Mr. S. Parkhill: Sultan, ch g, 78gs.; Desmond, ch g, 80gs.; Dongay, b g, 60gs.; Irish Rose, b m, 60gs.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 257

ACROSS.—1, Reclaims (anag.). 9, Pariahs. 10, Aid to memory. 11, Setting on fire. 12, Part of a dynamo. 14, Inside (anag.). 18, These people may be so tired. 21, This drink comes very early in the calendar. 22, An able-bodied seaman has left his home. 23, The tail of a comet starts a train. 25, This will help to provide you with credit. 27, Green and fresh. 31, Worked like a drudge. 34, Testimony. 35, Small mounds. 36, Undeveloped. 38, Agreed. 39, Red-nosed (anag.).

DOWN.—2, Refused to take notice. 3, Damage to a Cockney. 4, Lassitude. 5, Hollow for something to go into. 6, Metal plate from which a pattern has been cut. 7, Was missing. 8, Knocked senseless. 13, Celebrated for industry. 15, Close. 16, Scottish Island, once a home of piety and learning. 17, After before this would be a gift. 18, "The moan of doves in immemorial——" (Tennyson). 19, Atom. 20, Blood has been spilt here. 24, Regular oval. 26, Train. 28, Indicated. 29, Female of deer or rabbit. 30, Kine, etc. (anag.). 32, Five at the mouth of a narrow street. 33, Desire (anag.). 37, Much used by a meddlesome person.

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. 256. Published January 20th

M	I	N	S	T	R	E	L	■	S	H	R	E	D	S
O	■	I	■	R	■	N	■	■	■	E	■	P	■	U
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THE FIELD

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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MR. AND MRS. J. A. DEWAR, TWO ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS OF ALTCAR

From the Homestall Kennels Mr. Dewar is running Dutton for the Waterloo Cup in his own nomination, and Dunalastair under Mr. G. Mayall's nomination. Dutton is by Red Robin—Diomeda and is so far unbeaten, having divided the dog-puppy stake at Lowther, the Derby, South of England Stake, and the Home Bred Stake at Altcar

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SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES AT HENLEY

FIVE months ahead of us lies Henley Regatta. By the end of the first week in July once more the chief events of the Regatta, the Grand, the Ladies' Plate and the other races will have been decided. Will they be rowed this year under the conditions of last year? Will it happen once again that there will be no more than five entries for the Grand, and that as many as ten public schools and sixteen colleges will enter for the Ladies' Plate? If so, what is likely to be the fate of the schools?

This is a question which is raised once more this year by correspondence in the *Field* and other papers. Mr. I. Fairbairn, writing in the *Times*, suggests that Henley events should be divided into first, second and third classes, and that schools and colleges should definitely enter for these classes according as they rate themselves; in particular that schools should not "overplace themselves as they do now in the Ladies'." He also suggests that the Ladies' Plate should be thrown open to other clubs besides those of schools and colleges. Whether or not this suggestion is likely to be seriously considered by the Henley Stewards or by rowing men as a body, two points seem to need attention. One is that to throw the Ladies' Plate open to other clubs is to disregard the terms under which it was first offered for competition. The other is that few crews racing at Henley would be likely definitely to rate themselves as third class. Here Mr. Fairbairn seems to neglect the factor of human nature.

A much more simple reform is proposed in our columns by Canon Hall Hall. Like others with long memories—Canon Hall Hall was one of the great rowing figures of the 'sixties—he has seen a great change in the conditions under which the principal races are rowed at Henley. Last year, for instance, Leander did not put on a crew for the Grand. For the Ladies' Plate there were 26 crews entered, whereas in the old days the entries for this event used to number perhaps six.

The large increase of the numbers of schools and colleges entering has made it necessary to row preliminary heats on the Saturday preceding the Regatta, and this has had the effect of taking away much of the interest in the racing as regards the crews which are beaten in these heats. This is especially the case with regard to schools. Canon Hall Hall's proposition is that the entrants for the Ladies' Plate should be separated into schools and colleges, so that schools should row against schools and colleges against colleges until the final race, which would be the best college against the best school. Clearly this would lead to very fine racing and the interest of the schools would be maintained up to the finish. At present there is the disheartening prospect of a school crew suffering defeat by a college crew in a preliminary heat and never being able to take part in the regatta after months of hard practice.

Canon Hall Hall tells us that his suggestion was warmly approved by the late Mr. Frank Willan. Can any oarsman of to-day speak with greater authority than the umpire who so often started the University crews on the tideway? May we not at least hope for some announcement from the Stewards as to the reasons which hitherto stood in the way of Canon Hall Hall's and Mr. Willan's suggestion?

EVIDENCE FROM LOCH NESS

IN the *Field* of January 27th, Mr. M. A. C. Hinton, of the Natural History Museum, "summed up" the Loch Ness monster as a seal. His opinion is entitled to respect, but it is permissible to point out that his conclusion dismisses or disregards some very definite evidence. In addition to the witnesses whose narratives we have already quoted, and who agree in describing what appears to be a huge saurian, other evidence and other opinions find a place in our correspondence columns to-day.

The Duke of Portland, for example, informs us that he has interviewed, at Fort Augustus, a witness "of unquestionable credibility" who described, with a sketch, a creature which he and his wife "had watched for 20 minutes or more as it lay half-submerged in the bay below his house." This was not a seal. And, it may be asked, if those who are interested in the local salmon fishery believed the creature to be a seal, would they have taken no steps to protect their salmon? But they do not believe it to be a seal.

"A POST-GLACIAL SURVIVAL"

What is particularly noticeable as regards this Loch Ness problem is that persons living in the neighbourhood of Loch Ness, who have either seen the creature with their own eyes or have talked with those who have done so, are confident that the "monster" is something new to modern science. Sir David Hunter Blair, in our correspondence columns this week, gives it as his opinion that the creature is a true Amphibian, a survival from the post-glacial period, when the chain of lochs in the Great Glen was still connected with the ocean.

Like Commander Gould, who first "summed-up" the monster in the *Times*, and came to the conclusion that the eye-witnesses with whom he had talked had seen something like a gigantic marine newt, Sir David Hunter Blair may or may not be right; what is unquestionable is that neither he nor others on the spot will accept the verdict of authority in London. Those who have sketched the animal at close quarters, and can look at their sketches, will not be content to be told they have been looking at a seal.

AUSTRALIA'S CHOSEN

The choice of Australia's cricket team to visit England this summer has been very much in accordance with traditional practice—a backbone of seasoned stalwarts supported by a good representation of younger players. The Australians have never been afraid to give an unknown player a chance to prove his mettle and gain valuable experience, and the selection of Chipperfield, a young player who has barely yet won his spurs in State cricket, is an interesting illustration that the selectors are not averse to a gamble.

Critics of the team have declared it below strength in bowling, with O'Reilly as the chief hope. Much the same thing was said of the last visiting side, which, however, found enough bowling to win the Ashes. An Australian team can never be regarded as weak in bowling until it has been seen on English wickets, but it is significant that no fast bowler has arisen to displace Wall, who on the last tour was by no means a great bowler. It follows that Australian batsmen cannot have had very much practice against first-class fast bowling, whereas English batsmen have had a good deal in the last year or two. Much will depend on whether Larwood can regain his best form.

IRISH RUGBY ON TRIAL

The Irish Rugby selectors have not been so ready as those of England, Wales and Scotland to introduce new blood into the national team in the last season or two, and the side chosen for to-day's match against England contains several old favourites. E. O'D. Davy, the half-back, has, indeed, already played in 33 international matches, and M. P. Crowe, M. J. Dunne and J. A. Siggins have all reached double figures. Only four new players appear in the team. The only inference is that Irish Rugby is not just now as progressive as could be wished, and it will be surprising if the chosen team succeeds against England.

ARMY BOXING

Amateur boxing has other advantages over professional bouts than the comparative prices of the seats. Those who came away disgusted from, for example, a fiasco like the Doyle-Petersen fight, can watch a first-class evening of good clean fighting for as many shillings as they would in the other case pay guineas. One can be certain that a large percentage of the fights will be keen, and that the combatants will not be locked for long intervals in a "till-death-us-part" embrace. So the Army Boxing Championships on March 9th will be looked forward to with keen interest, more especially as there are indications of a revival after some years of dearth as regards star performers. Old members such as Brean and Peters are leaving, but there is a nucleus of a really strong team to go to Holland in April for the match with the Dutch.

FEBRUARY SALMON

On Monday the majority of the Scottish streams open their salmon season for 1934. With such weather as we have been having lately spring salmon fishing is a courageous business, the water not far removed from the freezing point, ice clogging the rod rings, and spray congealing on the waders till one's legs feel as if they had been put in splints. But "he that regardeth the wind will never sow" is perhaps the most remunerative dictum in the salmon fisher's book of maxims, and there is a magnetism about those early spring fish which is more compelling even than the attraction of the fireside in February frost.

Prospects have improved somewhat since the January rivers opened their fishing. Spates, some of them substantial ones, have invaded most of the northerly streams and by now the winter-running fish should have made good their entry while the nets are still "off." Large springers, the first to arrive, are in most rivers this year a very doubtful crop, but sport, fortunately, does not depend altogether on the number of fish in the river—and anyhow the season has opened and that is all that counts at the moment.

IN A GOOD CAUSE

There can be few who have not suffered from the slump, but the greatest sufferers must inevitably be the so-called luxury trades. The gun trade has suffered no more than any other, but naturally these last lean years have had their effect. The Gun and Allied Trades Benevolent Society does a most useful work in this connection, and its new chairman, Mr. Clifford Hellis, is most anxious to raise £500 to reach the £2,000 required to set the society's finances on a sound basis. In this connection he has offered to subscribe £100 if the public will subscribe the remaining £400. The shooting world has every reason to be grateful for the unchanged high standards of British guns, and subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, Roseberry House, 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a recent issue of a great national daily paper, describing a "pony's adventure.": "By some mischance he [the pony] this time got into a chicken run at Barsham. Eventually he vaulted the wire netting and got clear."

MOVING WITH THE TIMES

Kenya's Game Department has always been a model, and its position has recently been much strengthened by the nomination of Captain Ritchie, the Game Warden, as a Government Member of the Legislative Council of Kenya, a departure which might well be followed in other Crown Colonies. He recently introduced a new Bill to deal with the Game Legislation, implementing in some degree the work of the Big Game Conference.

A new scale of licence fees has been brought forward, a further sign that the departmer is moving with the times. The large scale safaris of the boom years are now of rarer occurrence, and the lowering of fees will probably bring about an increase in revenue in quite a short time, while a new fourteen days' licence for visitors may well prove popular.

Let us hope that this is only the harbinger of further legislation on the part of the Imperial Parliament to further implement the Big Game conference's decisions, which still await ratification.

A FUTURE M.F.H.

The news that Colonel Colman, who has been Master of the Belvoir since 1928, is to be joined next season by the Hon. Edward Greenall is good news indeed.

Not only is Mr. Greenall an admirable man to hounds, and thoroughly suited to the job, but he is also the son of a former Master. Sir Gilbert Greenall, now Lord Daresbury, had the Belvoir from 1895 until 1912, and we have every confidence that his son will be as popular a Master as he was.

CRICKET CREDIT AND DEBITS

Cricket tours nowadays bring into the game almost as much as Rugby international matches bring into Rugby football. The M.C.C.'s share of the profits from the tour in Australia last winter is stated to be £36,737, which, after deducting expenses, permits a distribution of £300 to each of the county clubs. To most of the latter these little nest-eggs are more than welcome and do real service in relieving straitened circumstances. It is depressing to find that in spite of last year's wonderful summer Hampshire suffered a loss of £166, and now have an overdraft of £3,051.

At the other end of the scale we have Yorkshire reporting a profit of £1,393 on last season. Surrey are flourishing enough to embark on enclosing the Oval with a brick wall in place of the fence which sometimes allowed small boys to catch a glimpse of the game; and the members of the Surrey Club have been invited to subscribe for a new entrance gate, to be called "The Hobbs Gate" in honour of the famous player.

VALENTINE'S DAY

Before next week is over, February 14th, that day of happy old custom, will have passed and gone. "This day Dame Nature seemed in love," wrote Sir Henry Wotton, as he sat on the river bank a-fishing:

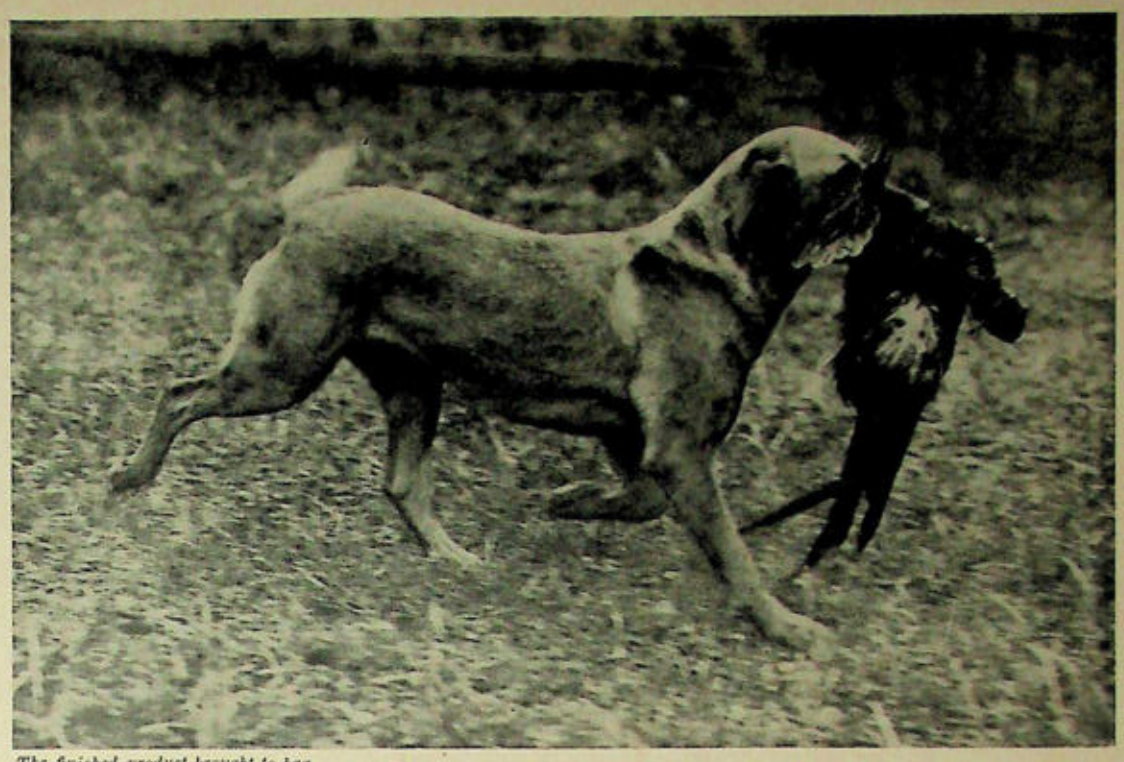
> "The lusty sap began to move,
> And birds had drawn their valentines."

But will the birds have drawn them by the old day this year? In an ordinary year you may hear chaffinches in full song in January, and blackbirds by the first week of February. This year the sounds of the month have been the swish of tree branches in the north-east wind.

STODDART'S TWEED

Of Tweed Andrew Lang has written, and Walter Scott, and others beside Thomas Tod Stoddart. But Stoddart, like Lang, has his own atmosphere of haunting music, never more appealing than in the last lines of his "Angler's Rambles":

> "I've angled far and angled wide,
> On Fannich drear, by Luichart's side,
> Across dark Conan's current;
> Have haunted Beauly's silver stream,
> Where glimmering thro' the forest Dream
> Hangs its eternal torrent;
>
> "Among the rocks of wild Maree,
> O'er whose blue billow ever free
> The daring eagles hover,
> And where, at Glomach's ruffian steep,
> The dark stream holds its angered leap
> Many a fathom over . . .
>
> "But dearer than all these to me
> Is sylvan Tweed; each flower and tree
> That in its vale rejoices!
> Dearer the streamlets one and all,
> That blend with its Æolian brawl,
> Their own clamouring voices!"



The finished product brought to bag

POULTS VERSUS CHICKS

A Problem of the Pheasant Preserver

FOR many years past it has been possible to purchase "ready made" pheasants in the form of poults for stocking coverts. At one time these consisted almost entirely of cocks, for the simple reason that game farmers required all the hens they reared for their own stock. Nowadays it is possible to buy them "as they come"—that is, about half of each sex. This change has no doubt been brought about by the very much larger head of poults reared for sale, and game farmers no longer require (nor indeed are they able) to keep the whole of their female rearing. Another welcome advantage to shooting men of this extra production is that the price of the poults has been substantially reduced.

Perhaps of somewhat more recent date, and certainly of more recent popularity, is the purchasing of day-old pheasant chicks. This trade has been brought to such a fine art by some of the leading game farms that it is quite safe to say that day-old chicks can now be received in better condition than the eggs themselves. With the latter there is always the risk of their sustaining a jar while in transit, and the consequent poor hatching; but not so with chicks. When one remembers how in the past gamekeepers have borrowed their wives' hot water bottles to keep these supposedly frail little creatures warm on their short journey from the hatching pen to the rearing field, it seems almost incredible that they are now sent by rail from one end of the British Isles to the other with absolute success. Indeed, they are even sent to Ireland and the Continent. Of course, it is not enough that they should arrive alive; they must arrive lively, and be able to give a good account of themselves on the rearing fields. That those "in the know" are yearly repeating their orders for chicks from their favourite suppliers proves that this comparatively new method is in every way as successful as it is claimed to be.

Now let us come to the subject of this article—the advantages and disadvantages of poults versus chicks. Where there is a competent staff of gamekeepers, suitable ground available for rearing, and all the necessary paraphernalia in the form of coops, huts and utensils, then perhaps the purchase of chicks is the soundest proposition. However, if any one of these things is lacking the game preserver should seriously consider the alternative method of stocking his coverts by the purchase of poults. It may be that too high a rent is asked for a suitable rearing field, or the soil is not of a suitable character. Again, disease may have broken out in the past, and in this case it would be far wiser to go in for the reared birds. On some estates the staff of keepers could perhaps be better employed from April to August or September than by being tied to the pheasant. This is almost certainly the case where only one man is kept. Again, on a small scale is it possible to rear the birds as cheaply as they can be purchased? This is a subject in itself, and one that must vary with the estate or the keeper himself.

If the reared poults are purchased we know where we are with regard to numbers. If it is wished to turn in a thousand birds we can order that number and rely on getting them. Further, we know the worst from the start! and we can start saving up accordingly. But if we tell our headkeeper we want a thousand birds reared we must supply him with a generous number of chicks over and above this quantity, and even then a thunderstorm, the gape worm, or coccidiosis may upset our plans!

Pheasant poults are usually purchased at the age of twelve to thirteen weeks. At this age they can be considered reared; but they know quite a lot about straying, and precautions must be taken against losing too many birds from this tiresome habit. On most estates it would be folly just to throw open the lids of the hampers, in which the birds are received, and allow them to fly out into the wood. If things are worked carefully there is a good chance that the poults will settle down in their new surroundings. There is no doubt that it is an asset to have a few home-reared poults on the place before the strangers arrive; if the latter are liberated amongst these they are the more likely to settle down. On some estates covered-in aviaries are erected in which the poults are kept for a few days so that they may become used to their surroundings before being given their liberty.

It is usual to move young pheasants from the rearing fields to the coverts at the age of six weeks. At this age they not only settle down much better than older birds, but they also learn to go up to roost quicker. They may in some cases be purchased from game farms at this earlier age, but they could hardly be considered reared, and it would not be advisable for them to be weaned from their foster parent. This entails purchasing the broody hens for each brood and possibly the coops as well, for would the shy young chicks go near a coop of different pattern and possibly colour than the one they had been used to? The outlay for coops need not be incurred more than once, if the purchaser is prepared to repeat his order year after year from the same source, for a game farm usually has its own standard coop.

If early pheasants are required it would be advisable to place an order with some farm in good time, for the bulk of the poults on offer are not ready for delivery before about the second week in September. It must be remembered that plans must be made some four or five months ahead, so that if August poults are required they should be ordered at least by the end of April—and a month earlier would be very much safer.

To sum up. Buy chicks if suitable staff, ground and utensils are available, or if coverts are particularly bad for straying. Buy poults if a certain number must be guaranteed; if staff, ground and utensils are unsuitable; if labour can be better employed. If foxes abound, six-week poults with hens and coops would stand a better chance than the older birds.



THE FAMILIAR SCENE ON THE WITHINS DURING THE COURSING FOR THE WATERLOO CUP

FAVOURITES FOR THE WATERLOO CUP

Competitors and Their Form for Next Week's Altcar Meeting

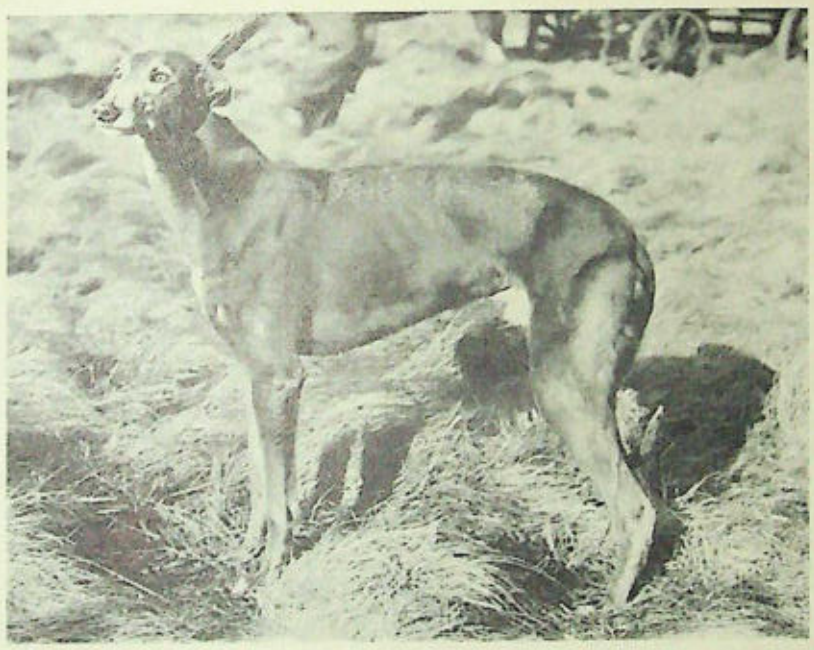
By J. HARDY

MUCH the same as the Derby, at Epsom, is to the adherents of racing, so is the Waterloo Cup, at Altcar, to coursing enthusiasts. Even those whose outlook on coursing is merely lethargic during the major part of the season are stirred to interest with the coming of the Waterloo Cup, which is to be decided next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The great coursing classic demands all that is best—speed, stamina and working ability—from the 64 best greyhounds in Great Britain.

The decision of the committee this year to confine all three days' coursing to the historic Withins will be as welcome to the general public as it will be to owners and trainers. In the past Lydiate has been the venue for the second and third rounds. On the score of the number of unsatisfactory and "fluky" trials it has provided there will be few regrets over its elimination. Captain E. A. Brice has again been elected judge. As this will be the eleventh consecutive occasion he has been in the saddle he is now well on the way to beat the record of fourteen, established by his late father.

Of recent years the volume of ante-post betting on the event has steadily decreased, and although Dee Rock, Just Judgment, Harefield Hill and Bewildered have already been afforded a meed of support in a weak market, few big wagers are likely to be made between now and the "call-over" which follows the banquet at the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, on Tuesday evening. Public form does not suggest there will be among this year's contestants a dog of the calibre of last year's winner, Genial Nobleman, but there is little doubt Mr. J. E. Dennis's Dee Rock will start a pronounced favourite in the long-odds betting. He was beaten first time to slips in last year's Cup by Roango (a brilliant bitch on her day), but then went on to win the Purse in effortless style from Dorique. Assessed on his recent solitary trial at the South Lancashire meeting it may be taken for granted he has progressed the right way since then. Should he triumph it will not be a new experience for Mr. Dennis, in conjunction with Mr. Stanley Dennis, the Stevenage owner, won the coveted trophy with Dilwyn in 1914, and before that with Dendraspis.

The nomination of Mr. Stanley Dennis, who is at present abroad for health reasons, has been transferred to Mr. J. E. Dennis, who consequently has a fine second string to the favourite in Dee Chime, the winner of the South of England Cup at Newmarket. Dee Rock, a fawn, and Dee Chime, a black, are litter brothers by Red Robin out of Dicentra, a Jamie bitch out of Dinara. Mr. G. E. F. Tenison, who divides much of his sporting interests between here and Ireland, has decided to run Tasty in preference to most people's pre-conceived idea that the Overbury Hall kennel would be represented by Tilia. It is not easy to assess Tasty's chance on collateral form, for she has only been out once in public. This was at Beccles, where the class of dog usually running comes under the category "useful" rather than high-class. However, Tasty could do no more than she did accomplish on that occasion when she won with ease, leading a "distance" in both her courses. It is possible that in the daughter of Tabac the Suffolk sportsman may have a rod in pickle. Under somewhat similar circumstances to those of Mr. Tenison, the owner of the 1930 winner, Church Street, Mr. Tom Noble, has decided to run a late whelped puppy named Fine Margin. Mr. Noble, who has made a wonderful recovery from a serious motor accident, is, as ever, optimistically hopeful that this daughter of Church Street will emulate the deeds of her sire.



HAREFIELD HILL, THE SMALLEST OF THE 64 CONTESTANTS FOR THE WATERLOO CUP

Last year he beat Ben Tinto, the winner of 1932, *before being defeated by Sold Again in the semi-final*

There is no doubt considerable interest will centre in the performance of Harefield Hill, who will represent the Northumbrian owners, Messrs. A. and J. Hedley. Harefield Hill will be the smallest of any of the 64 contestants. Last year among others to reach the last four, he defeated Ben Tinto, the previous year's winner. Both dogs were under dire handicap when they met, and the grit and tenacity of Harefield Hill did much to negative the sporting adage that "a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un." £1,000 to £35 has already been booked about Harefield Hill, and this son of Harrogate Hill showed up well a fortnight ago when he well and truly beat a kennel companion, Hemlock Hill, in a semi-public trial at Widdrington.

The opposite extreme in size to Harefield Hill is represented by Mr. Oswald J. Jackson's Jollification, a strapping son of Keen Laddie, who goes to scale somewhere in the region of 80lb. Mr. Jackson is vice-chairman of the Derby County F.C. He is not, of course, so hopeful of success as he was this time last year over Jubilant. Jollification is trained at Blythe Bridge by "Bill" Skerratt.

Miss Ruth Fawcett, who trains her own dogs as well as those of General R. McCalmont at Cirencester, will rely on Final Fight. This is an aptly-named son of Famous Fight out of Final Flutter; he ran up to Dee Chime in the South of England Cup at Newmarket, leading in each of his five courses. It would be a fitting reward to Miss Fawcett's enthusiastic support of the sport if Final Fight were to enrol his name on the scroll of fame with those that are already there belonging to this popular Gloucestershire coursing family. General McCalmont is running Middle Course.

While most of us assumed Mrs. Lucas would be represented by her last year's runner, Dendera Red Wing, this is not to be, as it has been decided that Dendera Duke will go to slips. Mrs. Lucas, like Miss Fawcett, Mr. Fryer and Mr. Noel Hardy (who runs National Heritage), derives a deal of pleasure from the training of her own dogs. Incidentally, Mrs. Lucas's dog van is fitted with a wireless set.

On last year's running, when he reached the last four and was beaten by the eventual winner, Fulford must come boldly into the reckoning if, as is probable, Mr. Fryer prefers the son of Brave Escort to Falsgrave. Last year he went to Altcar weighing 71lb., and returned, after running five hard courses, weighing 73lb.! The owner of last year's winner, Mr. N. Shaw, will be running a dog in the cup for the third time, Noted Snowflight, a

black and white bitch by Brand's Essence, which has only been out once, when she divided a minor Eight-dog Stake at Hockwold.

Ramrod will again do duty for Lord Rosebery; he is a sturdily-built black son of Red Robin, and credited his owner with Aldridge's Cup at Lord Rosebery's "home" meeting at Mentmore this season. Lord Rosebery will also be keenly interested in the running of Mr. Jack Jarvis's Just Judgment, as the popular Newmarket racehorse trainer's dog is by Lord Rosebery's Daniella.

Neither of the two popular north-country owners, Lord Lonsdale and Major Blundell, will be present to see their dogs run. Lord Lonsdale, who will probably be represented by Lansdale Pike, has left for Morocco; and Major Blundell is at present in South Africa. The chance of Major Blundell's puppy, Bewildered, is second to none; it is doubtful if there is one of Bewildered's own age capable of commanding him for pace up the Withins. This son of Brave Escort has only once met with defeat, and even on that occasion he led Whalebone two lengths at Lowther. Bewildered is trained by John Lloyd on Major Blundell's estate at Halsall. From the same kennel, Mr. H. C. Pilkington nominates Bramber.



suffering from minor ailments, added to the recent macadam-like surfaces of the training grounds which have held up final trials, it is possible there may be a few last-minute alterations from the following list of some probable runners:

Miss G. R. Allen's bd. d. p. *Rising Aviator*, by Tallboy—Lym Stella.

Mr. E. Baxter's bd. t. d. *Ever Best*, by De Novo—Beaded Maisie.

Mr. Henry Bell's bk. d. *Blackadder*, by Barquentine—Ballott.

Major C. Blundell's bd. d. p. *Bewildered*, by Brave Escort—Bridewell.

Mr. F. Fawcett's bd. d. p. *Furness Fells*, by Tordell—King's Mount.

Miss R. Fawcett's r. d. *Final Fight*, by Famous Fight—Final Flutter.

Mr. C. E. Fryer's r. f. d. *Fulford*, by Brave Escort—Parquetry.

Mr. J. W. Fullerton ns. Mr. T. Ramsden's f. d. *Rustenburgh*, by Jerrim—Rowan.

Mr. D. J. Gorey's f. d. p. *Greek Steeple*, by Red Robin—Dentaria.

Mr. D. Graham's r. f. *Gateside*, by Hazlebank—Garden.

Mr. M. G. Hale ns. Mr. W. Proctor Smith's r. f. d. p. *Puppy Streamer*, by Red Robin—Nothing Happened.

Mr. N. Hardy's r. f. d. p. *National Heritage*, by Red Robin—Nothing Happened.

Mr. J. A. Harrop's r. f. d. *Harlanza*, by Tor Dell—Harissima.

Mr. T. Harte ns. Mrs. J. O. Fane's r. f. d. *Steventon Friar* (late Juicy Ham), by White Collar—Norcot Jessie.

Mr. J. Hedley ns. Messrs. A. & J. Hedley's be. d. *Harefield Hill*, by Harrogate Hill—Mouse Harbour.

Colonel Sir John Humphery's r. w. d. *Hard Egg*, by Demetrius—Hen Fruit.

Mr. O. J. Jackson's r. f. d. *Jollification*, by Keen Laddie—Speculate.

Mr. J. L. Jarvis's bd. d. p. *Just Judgment*, by Daniella—Jovial Jenny.

Captain C. Jorgenson ns. Mr. J. Shand's r. f. d. *Ben Tinto*, by Raingauge—Bright Event.

The Earl of Lonsdale's bk. d. *Langdale Pike*, by Light Body—Lady Fair.

Mrs. B. Lucas's f. d. p. *Dendera Duke*, by Keen Scamp—Each Way.







MRS. LUCAS, WITH LADY HARLECH, AT AN ATTINGHAM MEETING

Contrary to expectations, Mrs. Lucas's Dendera Duke will go to the slips, and not Dendera Red Wing, which she is seen holding in the photograph

A CHALLENGER FROM THE SOUTH

Sir H. Woodman Burbidge with his wife and daughters and Mr. Ellis at last year's Altcar meeting

UNDER THE CRITICAL EYES OF HIS OWNER

Lord and Lady Tweedmouth inspecting Templar, which will again attempt to emulate the performance of Guards Brigade

As John Wright's kennel at Amport has suffered a set-back owing to a kennel ailment, chief challenge for honours from the south-country kennels may come from Sir Woodman Burbidge (who will be dually represented by Wanton and Watchword), Sir John Humphery, Mr. J. A. Dewar and Mr. Edwin Baxter. Mr. Dewar is in the fortunate position of having three exceptionally good dogs, Dutton, Dunalastair and Detling, from which he has selected the first to represent him, while Dunalastair will be nominated by Mr. G. Mayall. Dutton is a genuine runner and glutton for work and appears to be the ideal type for a "Waterloo." Sir John Humphery's Henningway and Hard Egg were tried out at the conclusion of the Bognor meeting, and there was so little in it between the two that the President of the South of England Coursing Club and his trainer, Lew Reynolds, must have had difficulty in deciding on Hard Egg. Ever Best will come from Mr. Baxter's Isle of Thanet kennels.

Nothing would afford greater all-round satisfaction to the followers of coursing than a victory for the Countess of Sefton or her son, the Earl of Sefton. Lady Sefton will run Sea Bead, and Lord Sefton, Sovereign's Escort. The form of both will bear the closest inspection. Jazz Reveller, who has already made two efforts to win the Cup—and has yet to be led on the Withins—will again represent Mr. J. V. Rank. It is good news to hear that Mr. Henry Bell's second-season dog, Blackadder, has fully recovered from the terrible gruelling he got with Roango, who has since died at Lowther.

In view of the short price at which Dee Rock will start, Harefield Hill may be rated an attractive betting proposition. With a number of kennels

Mr. A. Boazman ns. Sir R. Woodman Burbidge's bk. w. d. p. *Watchword*, by Raven's Roost—Middle Cut.

Mr. E. C. L. Bradley's r. f. d. p. *Crooked Billet*, by Raingauge—Bright Event.

Mr. K. Brown's r. f. d. *Border Bedouin*, by Darwin—Hidden Mist.

Mr. R. C. Brownlee's r. f. d. *Border Marshall*, by Marshall Chang—Bonniepeeb.

Sir R. Woodman Burbidge's bd. b. *Wanton*, by Red Robin—Brilliant Eyes.

Mr. C. M. Cohan's bd. d. p. *Glaring Light*, by Conversion—Headsnook.

Mr. T. Cook's r. d. p. *Conflict*, by Conversion—Cosmic.

Mr. T. G. Curtis's f. d. *Newville Carbine*, by Newville Clincher—Newville Cicely.

Mr. J. E. Dennis's r. f. d. *Dee Rock*, by Red Robin—Dicentra.

Mr. S. Dennis ns. Mr. J. E. Dennis's b. d. *Dee Chime*, by Red Robin—Dicentra.

Mr. F. Dennis's f. d. *Desk*, by Latto—Parquetry, or f. r. d. *Fovant*, by Brave Escort—Parquetry.

Mr. J. A. Dewar's r. f. d. p. *Dutton*, by Red Robin—Diomeda, or bk. d. p. *Dunalastair*, by Red Robin—Diomeda.

Mr. H. McAlinden's f. r. d. *Ballynerry Seal* by Maghull—Red Seal

General R. McCalmont's bd. d. *Middle Course*, by Red Robin—Middle Cut.

Mr. G. Mayall ns. Mr. J. A. Dewar's bk. d. *Dunalastair*, by Red Robin—Diomeda.

Major J. Milne ns. Mr. F. Wale's r. f. d. *Friendly Ways*, by Red Robin—Pound Note.

Mr. F. O. Minoprio's bk. d. *Mackaya*, by Tallboy—Mannikin.

Sir G. Noble ns. Colonel J. Heseltine's bk. d. p. *Jugged Hare*, by White Collar—Wishing Cup.

Mr. T. Noble, jun.'s bd. d. p. *Fine Margin*, by Church Street—Winnet.

Mr. C. G. Osborne's bd. b. p. *Gentle Oriel*, by Six of Hearts—Fleet Flight.

Mr. P. J. O'Sullivan ns. Mr. G. A. Cullington's bk. d. *Culmstock*, by Red Robin—Culdee.

Mr. F. A. Parker's bd. d. p. *Pale*, by Bonnie Kelso—Perseverance.

Major H. Peel's bd. d. *Bryn Truthful*, by Too True—Bryn Settle.

Mr. H. C. Pilkington's f. w. d. *Bramber*, by Pentonville—Radstock.

Mr. T. Ramsden's r. f. d. p. *Roundeley*, by White Collar—Rowan.

Mr. Rowland Rank's r. f. b. *Rustling Reed*, by Brave Escort—Rickety Rig.

Mr. J. V. Rank's r. f. d. *Jazz Reveller*, by Brave Escort—Hasimara.

The Earl of Rosebery's bk. d. *Ramrod*, by Red Robin—Decadence.

The Countess of Sefton's r. f. d. *Sea Bead*, by Brave Escort—Dee Pearl.

The Earl of Sefton's r. f. d. *Sovereign's Escort*, by Brave Escort—Dee Pearl.

Mr. J. Shaw's bd. d. *Settling Day*, by War Debt—Smiling Princess.

Mr. N. Shaw's bk. w. b. p. *Noted Snowflight*, by Brand's Essence—Difference.

Mr. W. J. Slipper's bk. d. p. *Springfield Shiek*, by Light Body—Springfield Sunshine.

Mr. A. Gordon Smith's bk. w. *Constant*, by Brave Escort—Chattaway.

Mr. S. Storey's be. w. d. p. *Hetton Swallow*, by Rally Round—Tiara.

Mr. G. F. Tenison's bk. b. p. *Tasty*, by Tabac—Bonton.

Colonel Lord Tweedmouth's bl. d. *Templar*, by Halmirah—Turquoise.

Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's bl. b. *Wage Cut*, by White Collar—Burletta.

ON BUYING A HORSE

Why Not Trust the Dealer?

By MAJOR C. CARLOS CLARKE

WHO has not felt the glow of anticipation and the feeling of suppressed excitement that precedes the act of buying a horse? There are five ways of acquiring a quadruped: You may breed one, bid at auction, buy from a friend, go to a horse dealer, or be given one. To breed your own you must be rich, to bid at auction you must be sure of your abilities as a judge of horse-flesh or trust someone else with the business, and to buy from friends you must be a multi-millionaire or a lunatic. There is a special art in getting horses given you, the secret of which I am not disposed to disclose!

For a good dealer the qualifications are terrific. He must have common sense, great tact, colossal patience and a considerable sense of humour, which usually he must be at pains to conceal. No wonder that such a character is apt to develop a glib tongue which occasionally runs away with him!

Who has not stood in a "funkers' paradise," where every fence is an optical delusion, and where the wind seems to have blown all the rails to slope the right way? Or observed the look of horror on the faces of the dealers should the would-be customer decide to leave "paradise" via a real obstacle? Who has not tried a horse out in the company of an arch charmer and wit, fallen over a small fence, risen and not been quite sure whether one has fallen off from laughing or whether the horse has really made the ghastly blunder that we suspect? Who has not been told that he has a seat like the late Fred Archer, or who has not suddenly realised that the only thing the would-be vendor cannot hear is a horse whistling?

But the dealers, notwithstanding, are fine men, ready to suit their customers if the customers will only let them, and if they do exaggerate occasionally



Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

LADY McCALMONT, MASTER OF THE KILDARE, WHO, AT THE AGE OF 76, HAS ANNOUNCED HER INTENTION TO RETIRE AT THE END OF THE SEASON

She is seen leading the field on the way to draw, and included in the photograph are Major R. F. Maingay, Miss Odlum, Mr. Claud Odlum, and Mrs. Mitchell, the wife of Major Mitchell, an ex-joint Master of the Kildare

We will now turn our attention to that long-suffering and much-abused race of men—the dealers. How many times have we heard the words "He is a horse dealer," and what instant impression do they make on the mind? One imagines a be-gaitered, extremely astute and very dishonest vendor of a horse which is probably unsound and unsuitable, and for which one will be asked three times the value. Poor wretched horse dealers! How would you like to set up in any business and place over your door the words, "I shall probably cheat you" or "I am a crook"? Yet this is, metaphorically speaking, the handicap with which all dealers start life.

I know personally every big dealer in the country, and a great many of the smaller ones, and, with a few exceptions, a straighter, jollier and more generous body of men it would be hard to find. On the other hand, there are many "gentlemen" with a horse or two to sell whom I would not trust with my deaf aunt's ear trumpet.

It has always been a mystery to me why horse dealers should have acquired such an appalling reputation when other greater robbers have escaped almost scot free. There are dealers in other trades and members of professions I could mention who would beat a horse dealer on points long before he had an opportunity of opening his mouth sufficiently wide to emit the lies he is always expected to tell.

There are, roughly, three classes of dealers: First there are the big men with anything from a hundred to two hundred horses. These men mostly deal in high-class animals and also do a fair wholesale trade. Then there are the smaller men with twenty-five to fifty horses for sale who probably let out a few hirelings as a sideline; and, lastly, a tremendous number of rather less reliable men on the fringe of the trade who scrape a precarious living, mostly out of work done by patching up "dodgers," straightening out "nappy ones," and generally earning a few pounds where they can. It is often assumed that these hangers-on of the saleyard spend their evenings painting chesnut horses brown and drawing teeth to fake age. On the contrary, there are some grand characters among them, and their humour is as unquenchable as their thirst.

they are only business men showing their wares to the best advantage.

There is, in my humble opinion, only one way to buy a horse, and that is to settle upon the dealer you are going to deal with, stick to him, and, above all, place yourself unrestrictedly in his hands. If purchasers would concentrate on buying the horse that they can manage and not the horse upon which they fancy they will look best, how much happier they would be!

Many of us have fallen for the "lovely grey horse, 16.3, in the Book," with a plaited mane that Mrs. X. has returned because she could not quite ride it. Neither could we when we got it home, so back it went, and we bought the one the dealer wanted us to have in the first place—after having dropped £50 over the deal!

We go to a first-class tailor because he advises us on our clothes, tries to suit us, keeps on trying till he does, and if in the end failure results he takes the suit back. So will a good horse dealer. And having touched inadvertently on the fringe of the all-important question of clothes, permit me to deviate a step farther to air my pet grievance against that wrecker of romance—the bowler hat. Were I a Master of Hounds I should insist on all those ladies who ride side-saddle wearing a top hat and all those astride a hunting cap. If a woman's hair is her glory, a bowler hat is most definitely her downfall! If women dressed as I suggest they would not require to buy horses to suit their style of beauty or shape of figure. They would look equally lovely on bicycles!

To return again to the dealers, I regret to say that there are many hunting men, and more especially hunting women, who consider that it is quite fair to try to cheat them, and I know people of my acquaintance who have done things that, had the boot been on the other leg, would have caused them to squeal for weeks.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that in every county in England there is a reputable horse dealer, so once more let me advise the uninitiated to select one and stick to him.

FLAT RACING AHEAD

Horses Worth Noting for the Lincolnshire Handicap

MARCH 19th is the date of the resumption of flat racing, and the appearance of the weights for the Lincolnshire Handicap is a reminder that trainers will soon be slipping plenty of work into horses which are required for the early days of the campaign. At this time last year Solenoid was in active work and he experienced a most unlucky time after being fighting fit in the opening week of the season. This year he is being allowed to take things more quietly, and he was struck out of the Lincoln a few hours after the publication of the handicap.

This left Pricket top weight with 9st. 6lb., and the consensus of opinion is that this gelding is less favourably treated than his stable companion Versicle, who has been leased by Mr. George Lambton from her owner-breeder Lady Barbara Smith. A large section of the racing public has a rooted objection to fillies and mares in the Lincoln, and it has to be admitted that extremely long intervals have elapsed between the successes of the sex on the Carholme.

At the same time it has to be remembered that comparatively few fillies compete for the race. An approximate idea of the proportion may be gathered from the fact that of the original entry of 58 for the Lincoln this year all but six were colts or geldings. In the ordinary way fillies are considerably better in the autumn than they are in the spring, yet no thoroughbred could have stripped cooler or have looked better trained than Dorigen did last March. It will be a noteworthy performance if Mr. Lambton can produce Versicle in the same trim next month. Her performances show that this is a filly of genuine class, and it has naturally not escaped notice that Mr. C. L. Penrhyn-Hornby, the handicapper at Lincoln, has dealt more kindly with her than Mr. J. C. Bulteel has done in the Rosebery Stakes at Kempton on Easter Saturday. Her trainer's great task will be to get her quickly into trim, and the Newmarket critics will be watching the progress of her preparation with considerable attention.

In addition to Versicle the fillies or mares entered for the Lincolnshire Handicap include Nitsichin, who has surely achieved enough to be entitled to the peaceful retirement of the paddocks. So long as she remains sound, however, she will be kept in training, and it is a moot point whether the average thoroughbred of either sex does not relish the vigour and excitement of life in a training stable. Would a horse like Brown Jack, for example, be happier away from the society of his present stable companions?

Nitsichin is now entering her fifth season in training, and it is a rare tribute to her versatility that a mare who has won the Cesarewitch, the Jockey Club Cup and other long races should have to be reckoned with over the Carholme mile.

At times she has produced a splendid turn of speed, notably in the Kempton Jubilee last spring, and if the daughter of Achtoi goes to the post on March 21st she will not lack supporters. A good sprinkling of North Country horses are found in the Lincoln, and efforts are being made to spot another of the type of Jerome Fandor. Possibly Middleham has a winning chance with Galapas, who has always had the reputation of being a good miler, and is fully capable of putting up a good show under 8st. 4lb. He went into the care of Dobson Peacock after being purchased for 1,500gs. last autumn. The famous Middleham stable wound up the season with a success in the Manchester November Handicap; its chance of resuming with a similar triumph at Lincoln is by no means to be ignored.

Frank Butters will have several candidates to choose from, including the Aga Khan's Gino and Crème Caramel.

Handicappers have found some difficulty in dealing with the last-named gelding. Crème Caramel ran once at two-years-old and once again last year, when he was fourth in the Greenham Plate at Newbury. To judge by his favouritism he had a good home reputation at that time.

Mr. Bulteel, compiling the weights for the Rosebery Stakes, decided that Crème Caramel is not one to be passed over lightly, so he placed him on the 9st. mark. The Lincoln handicapper, on the other hand, takes a big chance with the Aga Khan's gelding when giving him no more than 7st. 11lb. We have this curious result, that while Crème Caramel is to receive 8lb. from Gino at Lincoln, he is actually to concede 3lb. to his stable companion at Kempton ten days later—an interesting incident in modern handicapping.

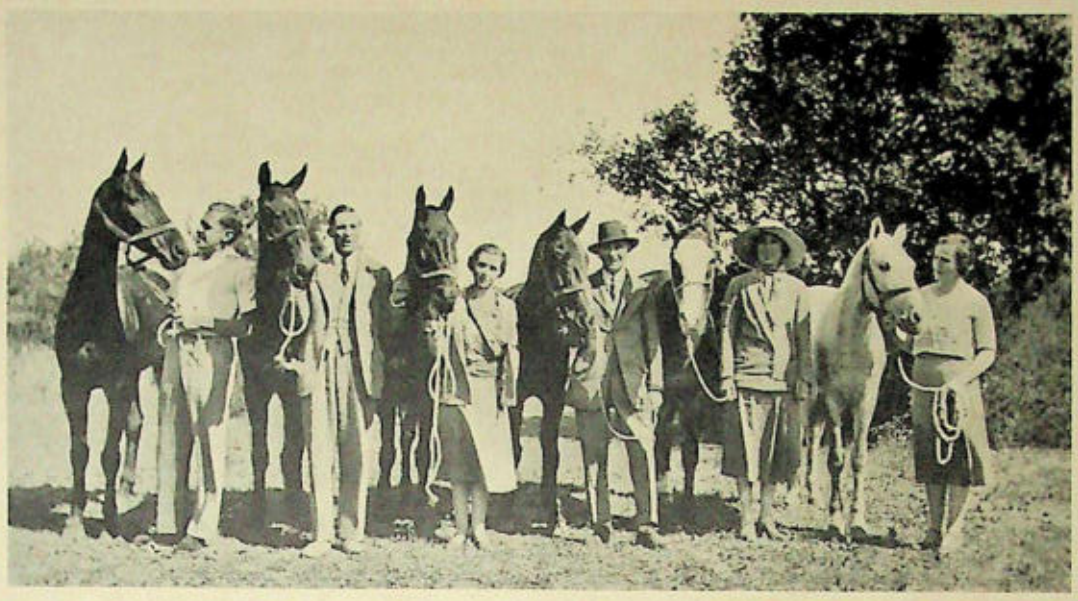
PIGSTICKING IN TANGIER

An Ancient Tent Club Which Welcomes Visitors

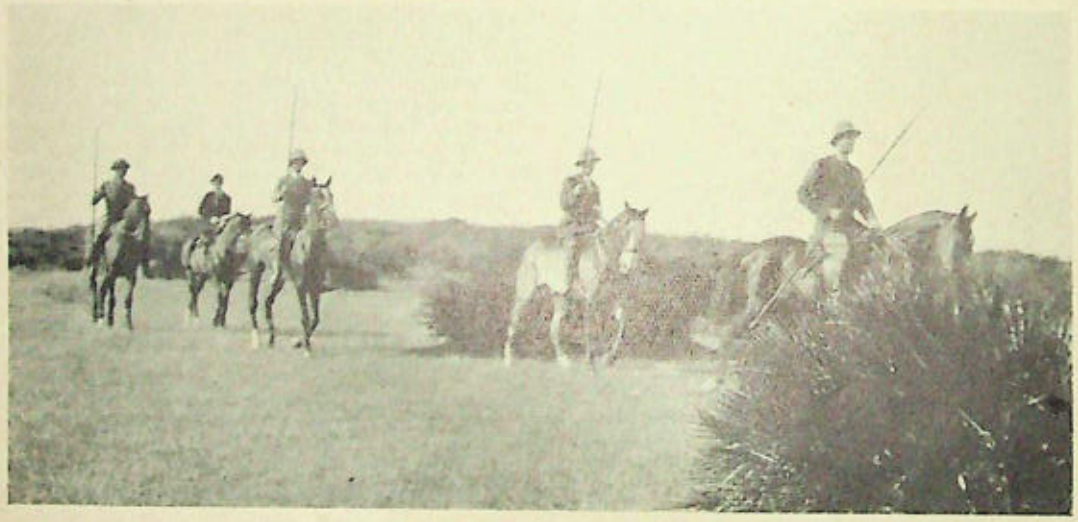
PROMINENT statesmen have been met with who are ignorant of geography, and this is my excuse for supplying the information that Tangier is on the northern coast of Africa, opposite Gibraltar. You can get there and back, first class, in a Rotterdam-Lloyd 18,000-tonner for £18 direct, or, if you are immutably "Buy British," you can travel per P. & O. or other British lines and change into a small steamer at Gibraltar, which will convey you the rest of the way. You are in Tangier on the fifth day from London.

The Tangier Tent Club is an ancient institution and hospitably minded. It has hunting rights over a strip of country running southward, contiguous with the Atlantic coast, from the vicinity of Cape Spartel. The total area is not great, so bags are not large, but the "going" on the whole is sound. Palmetto, gorse and thorn are pretty well ubiquitous, while on most beats boulders are more plentiful than could be desired. There is one beat known as El Azef, however, where the going is absolutely perfect. The country is undulating and there are some marshes, but there are few steep-cut nullahs, no "poached-egg" country and no "black-cotton" soil. The cork-woods harbour pig and are unrideable.

Tangier has its own way of boar-hunting, and it is a pleasant one. We have about fifty Moorish beaters with dogs and bang-guns, under the able leadership of the Master, who is assisted by that magnificent sportsman Sidi el Hadj Sir Mehdi el Menebhi, friend of kings and princes, and also of all ordinary men. The dogs are necessary to get "crusty" out of the thick thorn he sits in, and which is impassable either for man or horse, and right gallantly they do their job. The bang-guns help the dogs and are a factor in preventing a break back.



SPEARS AND LADIES OF THE PARTY IN CAMP DURING AN OFF-DAY



A HEAT ABOUT TO MOVE OFF

The field consists of the ladies and male visitors not carrying spears. These latter are largely drawn from authors, painters and politicians and an occasional greybeard out to renew his youth, and very occasionally some great man. The former are all charming and determined and are out for blood. Ladies in the party are not allowed to carry spears, but remain silently in cover until a boar breaks and the nearest heat is in full pursuit. Then do these angels on horseback get down and go like the wind so as to be near enough up to the spears to see the mort.

The spears are predominantly British, but there is a sprinkling of good sportsmen from other countries. Would that there were more of them! Dashers from Gibraltar often come across for a hunt, and invariably uphold the reputation of the Army and the Navy for being ever in the van. Enthusiasts from England occasionally turn up and produce horses from somewhere. These folk are very welcome, and one always hopes "first-spears" will come their way.

Spears are divided into heats of three or four, in the ordinary way, according to the number out. Heats are posted at intervals across a country and pig driven through them, or they ride with the line of beaters, according to circumstances. The law that the heat nearest the boar when he breaks has the right to ride that boar is not as universally recognised as some would like. It has happened that one heat, lawfully launched on a straight-necked boar, has been suddenly ousted by a lawless one that could not be restrained! Spears are constantly changing in Tangier, and it is probably due to this that these contretemps occur. It is up to all of us to spread the true word, and incidentally to avoid a possible accusation of what Wardrop calls "disgraceful mobbing." If a pig can defeat three or four spears—he deserves to get away.

Last and most important there are—the pig. They are gallant fellows and charge with the utmost alacrity. They seem to be exactly the same as the black Indian pig, though I have heard knowledgeable people say that there is some structural difference. A rideable pig is 28in., measured from the top of the withers to the bottom edge of the hair on the foreleg. A big pig here is 33in. Tangier is in an international zone, and Continental "sportsmen" do a lot of poaching in the club's preserves, shooting at night and sparing neither sows nor squeakers. In olden days, before poachers were the fashion, the pig grew to a great size. Now they do not get the chance.

Horses are the chief difficulty. There are no horses to be hired in Tangier fit to ride a pig. The nearest place where it might be possible to buy a couple of suitable animals is Gibraltar. The steamer fare for a horse from Gibraltar to Tangier is £3. It used to be fairly easy to get horses from Spain. To-day it would be likely to be an extremely lengthy proceeding, and therefore hardly worth trying. There are barbs in French Morocco which would make good pigstickers, but the French buy all the good ones, and a stranger would only get the leavings at a big price.

The Tent Club have hog-spears which can be hired for a small sum, but they are on the big side. It is better, therefore, to bring your own. There are good hotels in Tangier which charge reasonable prices and they are mostly British owned. Cheap stabling is to be had and grooms and feeding are not expensive.

"Ha hooa!" is the local Arabic for "There he is!" and corresponds to the "Wuh jata hai!" ("There he goes!") of the Indian beater—in fact, "Tally-ho!" This is well worth hearing, mixed up with the noise of the bang-guns and the throb of your horse's heart under the calf of your leg! If you are old you grip your spear tighter and forget your years; if you are young you grip your spear tighter and forget all else. F. G. E. L.



SIR MEHDI EL MENEBHI, ON LEFT, WITH MEMBERS OF THE TENT CLUB
The small dog in the foreground is a typical boar-bolter

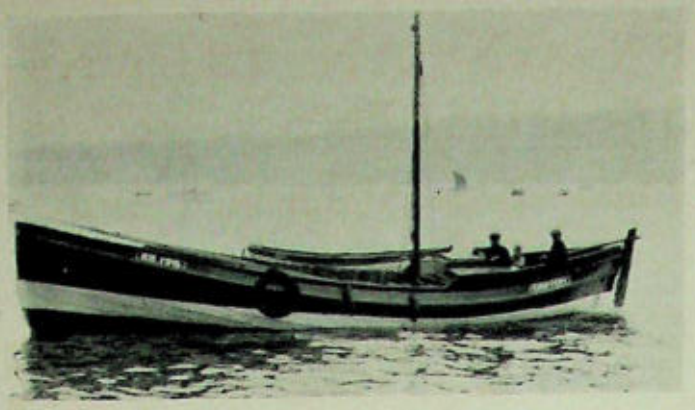
BOW AND ARROW WARFARE

Bows and arrows are still used by others than toxophilites. Not more than seven miles from Nairobi they are still a weapon of offence, for when Inspector Coleman led a party in pursuit of a recalcitrant gang of natives his party was attacked with these weapons, and he was seriously wounded. Later reports show that the police were able to break up the gang, and we are glad to be able to state that Inspector Coleman is making good progress.

NORTH SEA TUNNY FISHING

I.—What is Wrong With the Sport?

By ZANE GREY



A SCARBOROUGH COBBLE

WHEN Francis Low, Yale student and oarsman, caught his 705lb. blue-fin tuna off Ambrose Light last September, little did he guess what a wonderful thing he had done for American angling, and for me personally in my long and unsuccessful fight for stabilising and adopting international rules for big-game fishing.

This 705lb. tuna of Francis Low's was caught out of an ordinary launch of medium size, and was hooked and beaten on what we call the regulation heavy tackle permitted by the Atlantic Tuna Club the Long Key Fishing Club, and other eastern coast organisations. That means, particularly and most importantly, a 39 thread line. I quote from Mr. Low's letter:

"I fought this tuna for five hours, most of which time it was under the boat, deep down despite my desperate efforts to pump him up. He died down deep, and I had a most exhausting and painful ordeal pulling him up inch by inch. I was a cripple for three days and could hardly get about."

Young Low stands 6ft. and weighs over 200lb. He is a Yale oarsman. There is no more strenuous work than rowing. It demands the most rigid persistence and endurance. In my own case, two months before I start on a fishing trip, I go to work on a rowing machine. It hardens the hands, strengthens arms and back and legs, and trains for the prime requisite—endurance.

When I wrote to Francis Low, I asked how his hands fared in that fight. His reply was: "Bleeding blisters. My hands were almost useless for a week." When an oarsman works blisters on his hands it means something quite out of the ordinary. I could fill pages with the fights of tuna fishermen here at Catalina—how dozens of anglers in their efforts to catch a 100lb. tuna and secure the coveted Blue Button of the Tuna Club, spent hours of toil and pain on the job, and then only a small percentage succeeded. I was five years trying to land my first 100lb. tuna.

English and New Zealand anglers have an erroneous conviction that we kill a tuna or any large fish by pulling it with engine power. Nothing could be farther from the fact. I showed Lord Astor and his son, and Sir Alma Baker, who fished with me at Catalina, all about the Tuna Club methods; at that time, these Englishmen were enthusiastic in praise of our tactics and tackle.

Fishing from a small launch like those used at Catalina, or for that matter, large ones like my Gladiator and Frangipani, and using a 39 thread line, it is impossible to pull a big fish with engine power or let it tow the boat. The 39 thread line would not stand the strain. It would break. You rely solely upon muscle and endurance, and if you do not possess a goodly share of each, then it is just too bad. The rules of the Tuna Club restrict their anglers to a 24 thread line, which magnifies the difficulties, and renders it impossible to land a really large tuna.

Tuna fishing at Catalina has been ruined by the commercial net fishing—unlawful, by the way—and it is a pity about this magnificent sport, which did more to advertise Catalina as a world-famous resort than any other thing. Anglers now must go down the Pacific coast to Cape San Lucas, or Mazatlan, or Tehauntepec or the Galapagos Islands. I go to the South Sea Islands, where I have seen—and hooked!—tuna that would have weighed 2,000lb. Needless to add, they are still going.

But the Atlantic coast, from Seabright to Maine, had promised the magnificent fishing I predicted years ago. Francis Low's 705-pounder is a record for America, and it will stimulate and inspire anglers to go out to try to beat it. Nova Scotia this year (1933) saw a wonderful run of tuna. Three monsters were harpooned at Liverpool in September, two over 900lb. each, and one larger—1,039lb. These fish were killed by fishermen harpooning them and letting them tow the boats until dead.

Judged by American standard rules, there is really little difference between this method and that reported to be employed by some anglers at Scarborough. The rules of the British Club do not permit the use of an engined launch. They use a rowboat and oarsman, but there is no restriction as to size of rod and reel. According to my correspondents and the English sporting magazines, the size of line ranges from 72 thread to 54. This equipment explains the short time with which big tuna in the North Sea are landed. I have read of one fifteen-minute battle, several of half an hour, and others in comparatively little time.

It is easy to understand the quick and easy battles with big tuna from a rowboat. A rowboat is comparatively light. On a heavy reel drag and heavy line, the tuna will tow the boat and give up more or less quickly.

An editorial in the *Field* on September 30th last called attention to the danger of the sport becoming "commercialised:"

"It is only necessary to read the three letters dealing with the subject of tunny fishing which appear in our correspondence columns to realise that a serious danger threatens what at one time promised to be a new and interesting form of sport. In our issue of September 16th a correspondent described his experiences in attempting to take part in the sport as he believed it to be. He travelled up to the Yorkshire coast hoping to be able to hook a tunny as he might hook a salmon, and play and land it fairly by means of rod and line. Instead, he was offered the opportunity of being on board a yacht which was to trail behind it a baited hook fastened to a steel trace and an unbreakable line, the tunny to be hauled in by a windlass. He left, disgusted, for home, and the letters which we print to-day form the consequence of his expedition.

"The Tunny Club and the British Sea Anglers' Society, with which the club is associated, have their good name to preserve and defend. Both are threatened by an invasion. It is common knowledge that during the last few weeks tunny have been dumped on Yorkshire quays which, so far from having been played with rod and line, have been hauled inboard anyhow with handline, wheel and other forms of unbreakable tackle that have given the fish no chance. And, as Mr. Mitchell-Henry, with his long experience, points out, tunny are not all of them sporting quarries. Some of them are 'soft,' either because they have recently spawned, or because they have overfed, or perhaps because of both reasons. Some of them on being hooked merely die, and others, for all their vast weight, make no resistance. Yet the newspapers are asked, day after day, to report that persons of no previous experience, and possibly incapable of exerting physical strength, have 'landed a record tunny.'"



705LB. TUNA

Caught by Mr. Francis Low

The passages I have quoted prompt me to this criticism. There is nothing wrong with the big tuna that visit the North Sea. The thing that is wrong is the method.

Tuna spawn in warm waters, such as the Mediterranean and Gulf of California, Magdalena Bay, etc. Those that visit the North Sea follow the herring in from Iceland and could not very well be weak from spawning. Besides, a journey of thousands of miles means nothing to tuna.

The thing for anglers to understand is that tuna are finnicky fish. If they are not given a fighting chance they will quit. Big tuna caught in nets off California and Nova Scotia surrender almost the instant they feel the net. It is conceivable that they would do the same if hooked on tackle so heavy that they could not run. It is absolutely true that if they were set to towing a boat, they would soon grow rattled, winded, disheartened and weakened. But soft, as Mr. Mitchell-Henry claims—No! I do not believe that.

I want to append a word about some of my tuna fights:

My 318lb. yellow-fin tuna was a stubborn brute that I always considered whipped me thoroughly, though I landed it. I caught another 250lb. that fought long and deep. When I got it up I saw that the leader was frayed. I could not pull the fish in for fear it would break. And I had to hold that fish while it weaved to and fro behind the boat for two-and-a-half hours more. I shall never forget that battle. It weaved in a circle. It would come to the surface, and dive, only to come up again. I had to hold it there until it tired. Was I tired? I am telling you!

I hooked a big tuna at the Cocos Islands. I did not know for hours that a big shark had swallowed it up to the gills. Finally the shark gnawed the body off, leaving the head, which was a foot and a half long from nose to edge of gill. That tuna would have weighed 600lb. Imagine the size of the shark!

I have had hold of several really big tuna in the South Seas—say from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds. I believe it is possible to catch one of the monsters, if you could hook it in shallow water. In English and Nova Scotia and Atlantic coast waters the tuna cannot sound, because of shallow water. But in the South Seas the water is a mile deep. At Bora Bora, where I hooked the big one, the water is 7,000 fathoms (42,000ft.) deep. Darwin took that sounding in 1836.

PERCH AS A PIKE BAIT

OCCASIONALLY one hears the statement made that a pike will not take a perch. Don't you believe it; it's only a rumour. In many of our lakes the perch is the pike's staple article of diet. A pike takes it readily, and—if there is not a string to it—it leaves no disagreeable after-taste. In both lake and river the perch will serve the pike angler well either as a live bait or a natural spinner. Being a swashbuckler by disposition, it naturally follows that the perch should put on a good deal of side, and this generous breadth militates against a perfect spin. That, however, is no drawback, for the pike loves a wobbler.

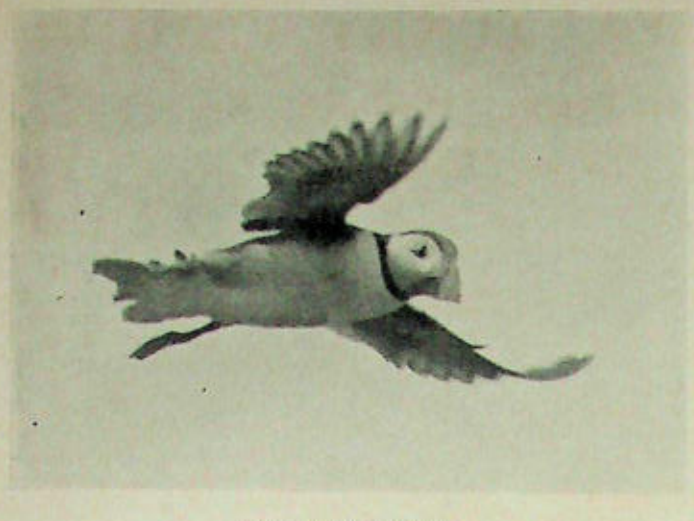
Should the angler sigh for something nearer a symmetrical gyration the wobble may be materially lessened by cutting off the dorsal fin. Indeed, there are not wanting those who assert that in all cases the back fin of the perch should be removed, otherwise the pike will refuse the bait from instinctive fear of the dorsal spines lacerating his gullet. Again this is sheer nonsense, as the pike invariably takes its prey head first, the action of swallowing folds back the spines into harmless impotence as surely as if it were swallowing an umbrella point foremost, and, the pike's throat being ingeniously constructed on a one-way traffic system, the perch has no chance of getting in a kick by a reverse movement.

W. C. P.

SIX YEARS ON AN ISLAND OF PUFFINS

The Truth About a Much-ridiculed Bird

By R. M. LOCKLEY



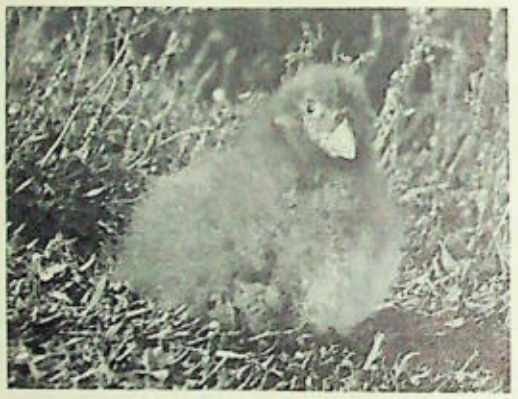
"HE FLIES WELL"
The puffin steers with its broad-webbed feet to supplement the short, narrow tail

POOR PUFFIN! No bird has been the butt of more misplaced hilarity than this dumpy, "big-nosed" auk with the wise face of a circus clown. But the casual visitors who, for a few hours, invade the puffin's haunts on the lonely islands do not understand him in the least.

Six years' residence on an island where 40,000 puffins breed has, however, given me an insight into the nature of a highly interesting species. And instead of wanting to ridicule I now have only a profound respect for him. The fishermen call him "Mr. Puffin." Perhaps, knowing him so well, they also admire him.

First of all, your puffin can do what no other bird can do so well. He can fly well, swim well, dive well, swim under water (using his wings to propel himself), walk on dry land, run on dry land and dig burrows in hard ground. No other bird that I can think of is so versatile and capable.

Then your puffin is a fighter. He fights for the right to a mate and a burrow. Whatever dares enter his burrow, whether puffin, shearwater, rabbit or human hand, is tackled with the greatest vigour. His strong beak can give a nasty wound.



A NESTLING PUFFIN
This sooty black ball is three weeks old

Rabbits turn their backs upon the puffin when he tackles them, only to receive a powerful punch which sends them squealing elsewhere.

We see almost nothing of the bird in winter. A few oil-matted wretches are driven in by gales, perhaps, but long after the guillemots and razorbills have returned to their cliffs in the early spring there is still no sign of the puffin. Then suddenly, overnight, in the last few days of March hosts of them arrive. Small flocks lie like rafts of Sargasso weed in the morning sunlight about the island shore. Next day there will be many thousands of them in every bay and creek. Their long, sighing laugh—"arrr-r"—rolls through the dappled ranks. But they do not land, not yet.

This is the time of courtship for those among them who have not settled the question earlier. More than half of the multitude have, however, arrived already mated, as may easily be guessed from the way they float about in pairs.

They have not yet landed, and perhaps next morning they will all be gone, mysteriously vanished in the night. Not a puffin within ten miles of the coast. Then two mornings later they are back again, the multitudes thicker than ever. At midday they will land for the first time, but only for an hour or two, flying overhead and settling in bunches on favourite outcrops of rock. Then they will be off again.

On the next day they will come ashore earlier and stay longer, making the first inspection of their breeding burrows. Another 24 hours and there may not be a puffin visible on the whole coast. Suddenly come, mysteriously gone, that is the rule for the first three weeks, beginning with the day of their first appearance.

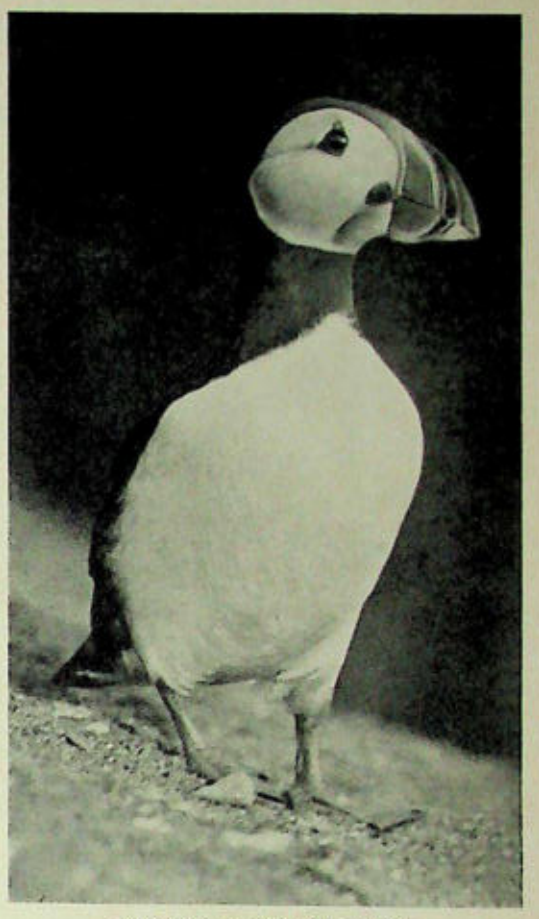
The explanation of this erratic behaviour is, I believe, entirely connected with food supply. In the early spring the small fry on which the puffin feeds is very scarce inshore. If the flocks are watched carefully it will be noticed that they are making no attempt to feed. They dive little, spending almost the whole of the time in courtship activities, when they are not lazily drifting about or sleeping.

But the shoals of newly hatched fry (sprats, young mackerel, pollack, etc.) come closer inshore with the warm weather, and soon the puffin can get all it wants within a few miles of its breeding island. By the end of April it is fairly settled in, and the laying of the solitary white egg is becoming general in 20,000 burrows along the slopes of the island cliffs.

Incubation is a surprisingly casual affair. The male (not easy to identify although I think he has, as a rule, a bigger head than his mate) is inclined to bully his wife and chivvy her into the burrow at this stage. Having done this he will come out again and sit down outside with the utmost complacency. Presently he will sneak off (I hesitate to translate bird actions in terms of human psychology, but his behaviour seems so obvious) and fly down to enjoy a bathe in the sea.

As long as his wife is incubating he is indifferent to all other responsibilities. I have never seen him feed her or attempt to relieve her. By putting rings on puffins caught, while sitting upon newly laid eggs in their burrows, I find that only one of the pair incubates, the smaller bird, presumably the female.

What is the female to do then? She is chivvied to her work by a husband who will not feed her. Is she to fast throughout the period of incubation? By no means. Often, as soon as the male has gone down to the sea again after seeing her into the burrow, she reappears and flies off, too. The egg is left alone while she is away feeding at sea. It gets cooler, sometimes quite cold, before she is back again, with her mate once more anxiously in attendance. And the same performance is carried out all day long. The egg is kept lukewarm, that is all.



NOT THE CLOWN HE LOOKS
A close-up of "Mr. Puffin"

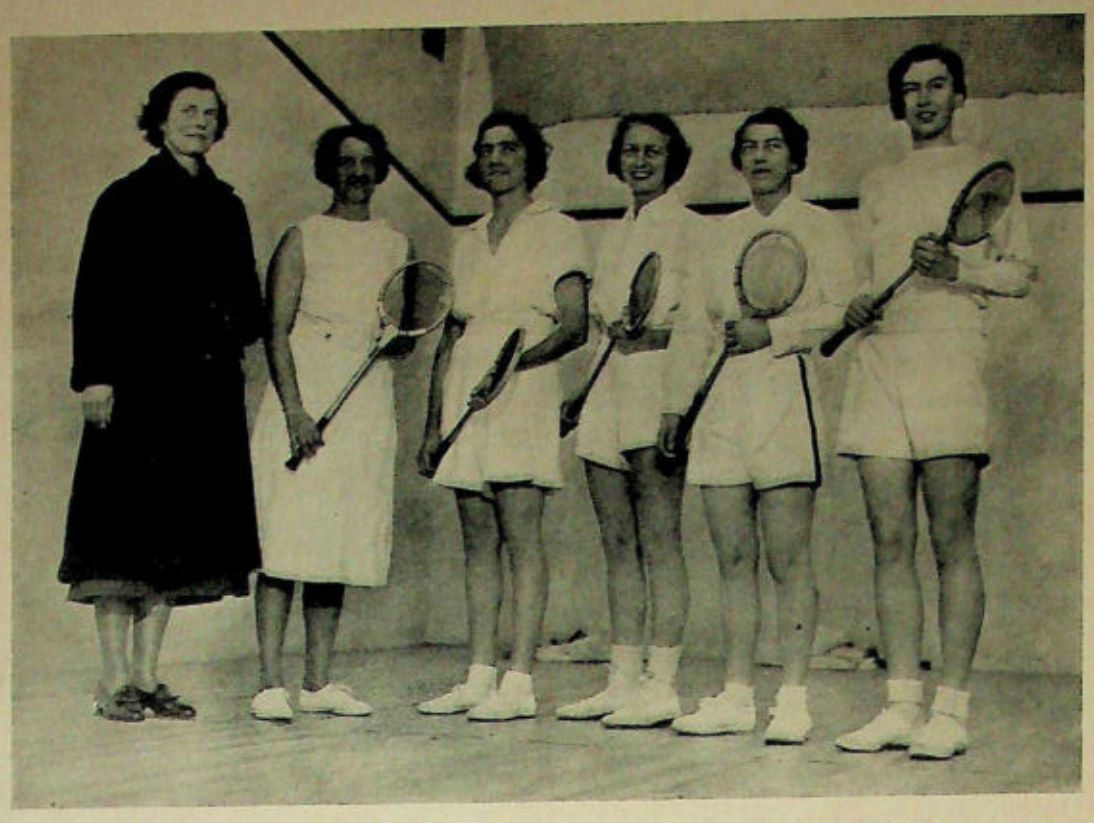
Only by night is it incubated without interruption.

It is certainly a haphazard method, and yet it serves as well as any other. After 40 days there emerges the sooty black ball of a chick—a very charming little creature a day or two later when the long, silky down has dried out. Its thin pointed beak is totally unlike that of its parents, but otherwise the black back and white belly proclaim its puffin parentage.



Photographs: R. M. Lockley

TOWARDS SUNSET: PUFFINS RESTING OVER THE EBB TIDE



THE AMERICAN LADIES' SQUASH RACKETS TEAM AT QUEEN'S CLUB
From left to right: Mrs. William Howe, Mrs. H. Stuart Green, Miss Anne Page, Miss M. Anderson, Mrs. A. J. Lamme, and Miss C. Bowes

RUGBY LAPSES AT MURRAYFIELD

Frequent Stoppages Which Spoiled Play and Destroyed Team Work

MURRAYFIELD, on the occasion of the match between Scotland and Wales last week-end, produced several problems that will have to be solved if International Rugby is to continue to attract the crowds and justify the enormous expenditure on international grounds.

Two weeks ago a Welsh XV, chosen after a most exhaustive series of trial matches, was unanimously agreed upon as including the best available talent—yet in the match against England they played poor football. For the Scottish game almost a clean sweep was made, six new forwards were introduced, a change was made at scrum-half, while at full back V. Jenkins was brought in. This team thoroughly outplayed the Scottish side, and even allowing for the latter team having to make last-minute changes at full back, on the wing, and in the pack, a Welsh win by two goals and a try (13 points) to a penalty goal and a try (6 points) calls for analysis rather than description.

Wales, limp against England, were rampant at Murrayfield. The impetuosity of the forwards had a two-fold result. Their initiative led them to be penalised with monotonous regularity until fifteen minutes after half-time. Scotland gained a meagre three points from the seventeenth penalty, but actually lost the match because the frequent interruptions prevented them welding themselves into a team until late in the second half. Then their fifteen-minute revival exhausted their resources, and left Wales in the ascendancy again.

Attractive Rugby was occasionally displayed by the Welsh backs, who handled cleanly. Jones, the Llanelly scrum-half, stultified the more successful heeling of the Scottish pack by the zeal with which he marked Logan. His namesake at fly-half gathered the ball with precision and generally beat two men each time he ran with it, but just as something spectacular was expected he passed out to his centres or kicked with accuracy for touch. In the centre Davey tackled magnificently, but in attack he was never actually so dangerous as he appeared, while his partner Idwal Rees showed a brilliance in attack that had only been faintly foreshadowed in the game against England at Cardiff. Of the two wings Cowey was the more impressive, his courage and determination allied to his strong running was in marked contrast to his form in the first international.

At full back Jenkins was another Owen Smith at his best. His catching and gathering of the ball at all angles while travelling at full speed was faultless. His accurate kicking and positional play killed the Scottish rally and provided a stimulus to the Welsh side that had much to do with their victory.

What can be said of Scotland can be briefly condensed by stating that except for the rally in the second half they remained a side of individuals. Judged on this standard the substitutes were by no means the weakness.

At full back Marshall, after a shaky opening, was competent, and in the three-quarter line Dick showed initiative. Lind played all over the field, trying to infuse life into a spiritless back division that was weakened as a unit through his enthusiasm. Shaw on the one wing promised well, but was not given the opportunity by his partner to prove his actual merit. On the other flank Park was adequate as defence, but his form in attack was never revealed.

At half Logan felt the attention of the Welsh wing forwards and was cramped by the marking of Jones. Yet he was always trying hard to either bullock his way through or get his line moving by good transfers to Jackson. The latter was definitely below his last season's standard, and his game in this, his first international of the present season, showed him to be quite off colour. He did little to take advantage of the transfers he got, confining his attacking work to a sequence of uninspired kicks that were but an opportunity for Jenkins to put Wales on the attack.

Wales scored after fifteen minutes. A sturdy tackle by Davey on Lind, when a leisurely passing movement among the Scottish backs was becoming dangerous, caused the ball to go loose, and Idwal Rees snapped it up and after a clever run swerved inside Marshall to score. V. Jenkins from an easy position added the goal points. Wales were on top for the remainder of the first half, and five minutes after the interval a combined movement along the Welsh line put Cowey in possession to run round and score behind the posts. Jenkins again converted.

Scotland at last began to show team work, and the pack several times by loose rushes took the ball down to the Welsh "25." The first score came from the seventeenth free kick, converted by Ritchie, and it not only marked the beginning of the Scottish revival but the last of a long series of penalties against Wales. After further pressure, with Scotland egged on by the enthusiasm of the crowd, a scrum was formed almost on the Welsh line. Wales heeled and Logan forced his way round to drop on the ball. The kicked failed, but Scotland looked like saving the game and kept up the pressure.

The brilliance of Jenkins kept his line intact, and the ball was worked into the Scottish "25." From an opening made by Davey, Cowey desperately forced his way over for a decisive try in the corner, despite being grappled by Marshall. The game ended on a quiet note, Wales having gained a surprising and decisive victory over last year's champions.

H. B. L.

OUR DAVIS CUP RIVALS

Features of This Year's Draw

By J. E. COLLETT

AFTER a score of years abroad the draw for the Davis Cup competition of 1934 has been made in England again. The ceremony was conducted at the India Office, in the historic Council Chamber.

The company present was distinguished. It included the French, Japanese and Brazilian Ambassadors, the High Commissioner for India, and diplomatic representatives of Austria, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Italy, Mexico, Peru, and Switzerland. Sir Herbert Wilberforce was present, and the Council of the L.T.A. were there in force.

Sir Samuel Hoare made the draw after the names of the competing nations had each been placed in a separate envelope. These were shuffled by Mr. H. Anthony Sabelli, the Secretary of the L.T.A., before they were placed in the famous bowl.

A neat and restrained opening speech was made by the president, in which he referred to the Lawn Tennis League of Nations, which no nation wished to leave, but every nation to join. The tone of the speech was modest and in keeping with the tone of the ceremony.

The luck of the draw was perverse. It provided for the European zone a regrettable lack of balance, a light top and a heavy lower half in which Australia and Japan are to meet in the second round. It went as follows: Czechoslovakia, New Zealand and Italy, byes; Switzerland *v.* India, France *v.* Austria; Germany, Australia, and Japan byes. The North American zone was U.S.A. *v.* Canada; Mexico a bye; the South American zone, Brazil *v.* Peru. The reduced number of competitors is, of course, due to the new system of a preliminary eliminating competition.

A forecast on present form gives a probability of Italy and Australia as the finalists in the European zone. But although it has been announced that J. Satoh and R. Nunoi will not be available, it is understood that Japan may have reserve players less experienced but as prospectively skilful. Moreover, the whole fate of Australia is rather dangerously attached to the form of J. Crawford, who may be inclined to lapse into the familiar uncertainty from which he emerged so brilliantly last year.

The United States will come easily to the inter-zone final. They may have lost Vines, but they have still stalwarts like F. X. Shields, W. Allison, G. M. Lott, J. van Ryn, S. B. Wood, C. S. Sutter, Lester Stoeffen, and more oncomers of big promise than any other nation. Their recovery of the cup seems inevitable at some near date. In the past the luck, perhaps, has been rather against them.

The draw has done one thing for which spectators will bless it. The match between Australia and Japan will be played in England. Whichever country wins will have to go to France, Austria or Germany for the next round. The semi-final, unless, unexpectedly, it lies between New Zealand and either Australia or Japan, will be played abroad. However, both the inter-zone final and the challenge round will be played at Wimbledon, and lawn tennis enthusiasts in this country can look forward to a spectacular season.

SQUASH RACKETS

The American Ladies' Team in Action

GOOD progress has been made by the American Ladies' Squash Rackets team during the first part of their visit. Although it does not seem likely that they will be able to match their skill with any success against the full strength of the English women playing on their home courts, they have adapted themselves very quickly to the strange conditions of wider courts and lighter balls.

The team is led by Mrs. W. F. Howe (Boston), the new lady champion of America. We have not yet seen her at her best, for she was overpowered during her first three matches against the three best players we have—Miss Noel, Mrs. McKechnie and Miss Fenwick. At present Miss Anne Page looks like becoming America's best player on our courts, for after a devastating experience against Miss Lumb in her first match, she has beaten consecutively Mrs. Pittman and Mrs. G. Bryans Wolfe. Miss Sears is here as the captain, and the other four players are Mrs. Lamme, Mrs. Stuart Green, Miss M. Anderson and Miss C. Bowes. The whole team has been competing in the championship during the past week.

All the American women serve well and use the side walls effectively with good length shots, but they seem unaccustomed to the use of angles on which most of the English players rely for winners. In consequence, they were badly beaten at Queen's Club, but their steady play has proved very successful against weaker opponents.

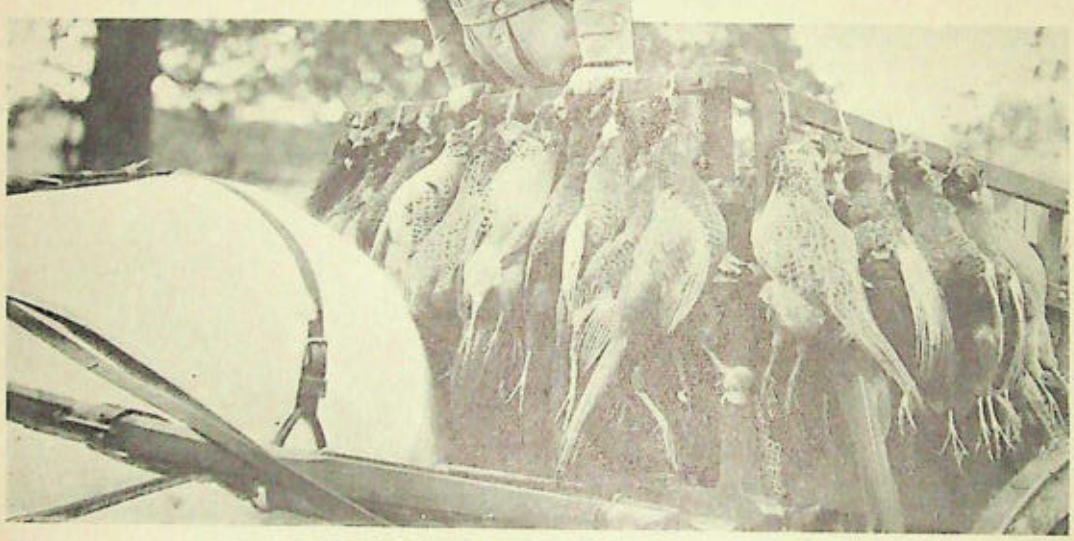
JOHN ARMITAGE.

EXPENSES OF A SMALL SHOOT

Methods Which Pay—Omissions That Increase Costs

ESTIMATES of the cost of shooting vary very widely, but some actual figures are generally of interest, if only for the sake of comparison. One often hears the question asked, "What do hand-reared pheasants cost?" But it seems to me impossible to give a reliable answer, because conditions must necessarily vary so enormously. Very much depends upon whether your keeper is a man of economical habits, or whether he goes to work on the principle of "There's plenty more where that came from." Very much depends upon whether there is any natural feeding-ground; pheasants will require much more artificial feeding when the land round the coverts is mostly pasture than when there is a fair amount of arable. Small coverts, with plenty of open spaces, are much more economical than big solid woods full of bracken. Much depends upon the season. Last autumn there was such a splendid wealth of wild food—acorns, chesnuts and berries—that in many places the pheasants did not bother about the artificial feeds for weeks on end. I have little doubt that many keepers continued to feed as liberally as usual, and equally little doubt that the small birds, and not the pheasants, reaped the benefit of that largesse.

A great aid to economy is the careful provision in the coverts of well-built shelters for corn-rakings. The only requisites are a few stout rough posts, and a light frame and a few sheets of corrugated iron for the roof. A shelter about 12ft. square, 6ft. 6in. at the ridge, and 4ft. 6in. at the eaves, will hold a good waggon-load of rakings, which can be scattered out a little at a time instead of the whole lot being dumped in a ride, to become a sodden, useless unsightly mass in a few weeks. If the posts are boiled in creosote they will last a lifetime. The water from the roof can be run off into some receptacle and used for watering the birds—another economy, because it saves labour. It is much better to scatter feed among straw or rakings and let the birds scratch for it, than to throw it down on the bare ground. It ought not to be necessary to mention this to any keeper, but the evidence of one's own eyes proves the contrary.



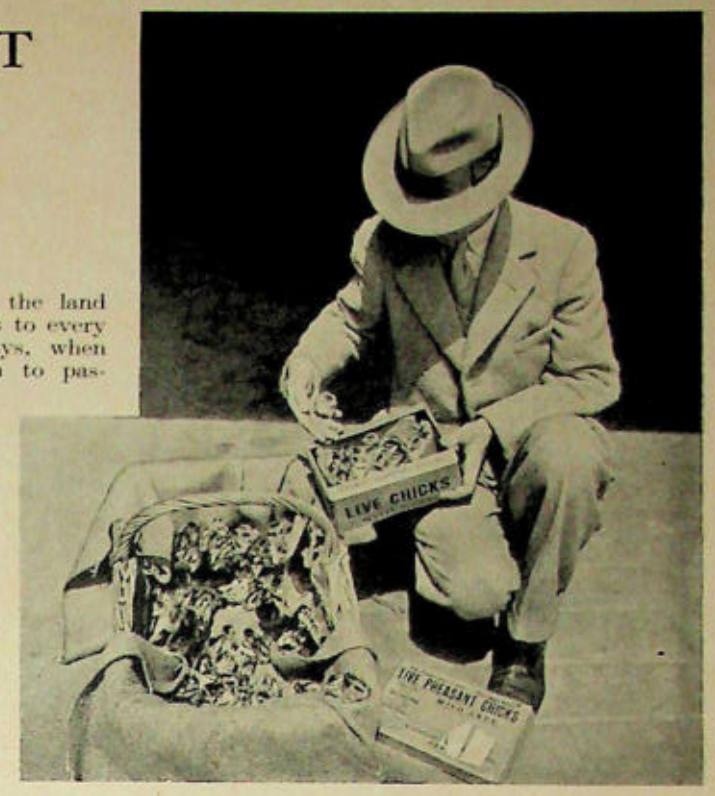
ANOTHER FACTOR—THIS TIME ON THE CREDIT SIDE
The game cart in charge of one of the preservers of to-morrow

If the land is in hand, or arrangements can be made with the farm tenant, an economical way of feeding pheasants, and partridges too, is to sow an acre here and there near the coverts with buckwheat or barley. Another good plan is to plant up open spaces in the coverts with Snowberry (*Symphoricarpus racemosus*); if it is protected from rabbits for two or three years it makes a good covert-plant, and pheasants are very fond of the berries.

The item, "Food for Game," in the figures which follow includes the cost of feeding partridges. It is possible that on very favoured soils partridges do not require any artificial help, but I am convinced that in most places to maintain a good stock it is essential to feed them. If the partridges on a manor, except on very favourable ground, are not looked after, they will average about three coveys to every 100 acres. We generally expect the land to carry about ten coveys of partridges to every 100 acres; and in these post-war days, when so much arable land has gone down to pasture, and when what stubbles there are left are ploughed so much earlier than they used to be, it is not reasonable to expect so large a number of partridges to find all their own living. On the shoot about which I am writing, partridges are fed for about eight months in the year—from September to December in the root-fields, and from January to April in certain selected spots in nearly every field. I do not claim that all the birds find the feeds, but I know that a great many do, because I see them. If the food is wisely used the expense is very small.

On this shoot the partridges are the chief consideration. It is not desired to go to the expense of a large head of pheasants, and the coverts are small and not suitable for holding a lot of hand-reared birds. The general practice is to catch up about 50 hens sometime in November and pen them out of harm's way till the shooting season is over, and then release them. I think this practice is better than "sparing" hen pheasants at the end of the season, for frequently many of the hens that are "spared" are not spared at all, but pricked birds, useless for breeding. Eggs that have to be picked up, because they are in dangerous places, are put under hens, and the chicks reared in the usual way. Otherwise there are no hand-reared birds. The area of the shoot about which I am writing is between 1,300 and 1,400 acres, and a fairly large part is park and meadowland, more or less useless for shooting.

	£	s.	d.
Keeper: Wages, insurance and clothes	116	9	6
Food for game and medicines for game and dogs	34	16	0
Food for dogs	8	13	11
Beaters	44	18	3
Drink for beaters	4	9	2
Carting and labour	4	8	11
Paid for nests picked up (61)	3	1	0
Rent of shooting hired (283 acres)	28	7	6
Cartridges for keeper	2	3	6
Licences (gun, dogs, male servant)	2	0	0
Carpenter and utensils	2	16	2
Buckwheat seed	1	18	3
Hens for setting	0	16	0
Hire of net	0	5	0
	255	3	2
Credit by game and rabbits sold	61	5	5
Net cost to owner	£193	17	9



A DEBIT FACTOR IN THE PRESERVER'S BUDGET
Day old chicks from the Game Farm

The figures do not include rent and rates of the keeper's house, or cost of Employer's Liability insurance. Beaters' lunches were supplied from the house, and can be set off against game used at home.

In the season February to February 1933, there were thirteen organised days' shooting, and the bag was 621 partridges, 159 pheasants, and 31 hares; 46 hen pheasants in addition were penned. The partridges were all killed by driving after October 1st. Most of the 680 rabbits killed were netted or shot by the keeper. Presents of game were made to about 40 people, excluding "guns," and rabbits were given to men working on the farms.

J. B. B. W.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

The Falkland Islands

ALTHOUGH wildfowl are to be found in great numbers in the Falkland Islands, the sportsman will be much disappointed, for both they and the snipe provide very poor shooting. In fact by the time the naval officer reaches the Falkland Islands he will probably have had such excellent sport in South America that he will not want to shoot there at all, except to replenish the larder. Snipe are ridiculously tame, and can generally be seen running ahead of the guns in the long tussocks of coarse grass; but notwithstanding this they lie very close and are very hard to put up. Lively Island is their favourite haunt, and they breed there in great numbers. There is a very good lagoon quite close to the landing-place which contains geese, duck, wigeon and teal, and there are many ponds and pools all over the island where they are also to be found. Seal Cove, about five miles to the westward of Lively Sound, is also worth a visit, as the anchorage is excellent and many teal are to be found in lagoons close to shore.

The best wildfowl country is to be found in the vicinity of Mare Harbour, where geese are very numerous. They, however, like the snipe on Lively Island, provide but poor sport, as the shots presented are easy ones, unless an outlying bird frightened by the firing comes over one's head. The majority are upland geese, but amongst the flocks of these are generally some ruddy-headed geese which are very good to eat. In choosing a shot at upland geese, care should be taken to select a first-year bird, as they are much better to eat and also do not lay at this age. For this and for other reasons it is probably more satisfactory to shoot the geese with a .22 rifle.

The lagoons in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, about eight miles inland, and the marshes, about ten miles away towards Elephant Island, are the best shooting grounds, and at the latter there are excellent snipe bogs. April and May are the best months of the year to go after the snipe, as before then they are up in the hills.

The only other place that is worth a visit from the shooting point of view is Volunteer Cove, which is good for all wildfowl, but no good for snipe.

PINTAIL.





TWO OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK'S FAMOUS HORSES

On the left is Herring's picture of Crucifix, who won the 1,000 Guineas, 2,000 Guineas and the Oaks, with J. Day up ; and on the right is Surplice, by Touchstone—Crucifix, who, after the sale of Lord George's horses, won the Derby for Lord Clifden, with John Kent, Juno and Tim Templeman

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 16

The Cavendish-Bentincks at Welbeck—Part II

THE fifth Duke's brother was the Lord George Bentinck who was famous as a racing man, turf legislator, and the owner of a vast stud. He had been a Member of Parliament for eight years before he made his first speech. He treated the House rather as a club, and he would occasionally drop in of an evening with the collar of his pink coat just showing beneath his white overcoat. He had been private secretary to Canning. His extraordinary common sense, the strength of his character and his fearless integrity had, however, done much to gain the sympathy of a House of Commons which was still, ten years after the Great Reform Bill, largely composed of country gentlemen.

When Sir Robert Peel announced his conversion to Free Trade, Lord George was chosen as the leader of the newly formed Protectionist Party with Disraeli as his lieutenant. Had he lived he might well have been Prime Minister. He was a perfect complement to Disraeli, combining all the typically English gifts of character which his second was alleged to lack, and he held a position in public life not unlike that of the late Duke of Devonshire more than 60 years later.

His horses were first of all trained by the Days at Danebury, and later by the Kents, father and son, at Goodwood. Lord George owned a famous filly named Crucifix, by Priam—Octaviana ; the latter he bought when 22 years old, at Tattersall's, for 25 guineas, owing to his fondness for Priam's stock. She had the filly Crucifix at foot, which afterwards grew into a magnificent mare, and was never beaten either as a two-year-old or three-year-old. As a three-year-old she won the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, but broke down afterwards and could not run for the St. Leger.

When Lord George became the leader of the Protectionist party in opposition to Sir Robert Peel and his policy of free trade, he found that he was too much immersed in politics to give the necessary attention to his stud and the horses in training at Goodwood Park. He therefore decided to sell the whole of them. One morning at breakfast, at Goodwood, he said to Mr. George Payne, a great friend of his, "Will you give me £10,000 for the whole of my stud, to include little Kitchener the jockey as well ?" (Kitchener had won the Chester Cup on Red Deer. Kent gave the present Duke the cap and jacket which Kitchener had worn on that occasion.) Payne replied : "I will offer you £250 to give me the option till to-morrow morning," but when the morning came Payne handed Lord George a cheque for this sum and said he could not face so heavy a responsibility. Subsequently the stud was sold to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Mostyn and his brother—for about £10,000. The Mostyns soon found that it was too big a thing for them to face. They therefore had a sale, and some of the animals were bought by Lord Clifden, who had just come of age, Crucifix being amongst them. She was in foal to Touchstone, and the foal was Surplice, which subsequently won the Derby for Lord Clifden in 1848. Lord George was then engrossed in politics, and did not attend the Derby, but he received a message in the House of Commons, telling him of the success of Surplice. Disraeli found Lord George wrapped in gloom. "What is the matter, George ?" he asked. Lord George replied : "Nothing of any great importance, but I have just heard that Surplice has won the Derby, and am rather disappointed that he has done so as Lord Clifden's property and not mine, as it has always been my great ambition to win the Derby ; and now I shall probably never have another chance. But I hardly suppose you will understand what this means to me." Disraeli said : "Oh, yes I do ! For I know that the Derby is always regarded as the blue riband of the Turf." Thus was coined a phrase which has become a commonplace of everyday speech.

Lord George trained for many years at Danebury with William Day, and it is stated that the reason for his removing his horses was because he one day received a letter from Day, addressed to a bookmaker, in which he said : "If Lord George desires to back ——, lay against him. I will make it all right for you." Day had evidently written another letter to Lord George advising him to back the animal, and had very stupidly put the letters into the wrong envelopes. Lord George immediately took all his horses away from Danebury, and subsequently Day was warned off the Turf.

Lord George's part in exposing the Running Rein fraud is well known, and it was largely due to his acumen that this swindle was exposed. Running Rein was a four-year-old whose real name was Maccabeus, and was passed off as a three-year-old in the 1844 Derby. General Peel, the owner of the second, Orlando, objected to Running Rein, and Mr. Anthony Wood, Running Rein's owner, brought an action against him, but he subsequently withdrew it, admitting he had been deceived by his trainer, and the Jockey Club awarded the race to Orlando. The gang was broken up almost entirely owing to his efforts, and £2,000 was presented to him by public subscription to mark the part he had played in the business. With this sum he founded the Bentinck Benevolent and Provident Fund for trainers and jockeys, which has since increased enormously and does so much good. He betted very heavily. He backed his horse Gaper, for the Derby of 1843, to win £150,000. Gaper failed him, but he netted £30,000 over the race, having backed Cotherstone for a large sum. In the words of Disraeli "he valued the acquisition of money on the Turf because it was a test of success. . . . He counted his thousands after a great race as a victorious general counts his cannon and his prisoners."

He treated defaulters without mercy. Once when a defaulting member of his club called for his bill, Lord George took it on arrival from the waiter and, after examining it, remarked for all to hear : "Before Captain —— orders such expensive dinners he should pay his debts of honour."

Surplice also won the St. Leger, beating the then Lord Stanley's famous filly Canezou by a neck. A few days afterwards Lord George, who was staying at Welbeck, set out to walk to Thoresby (about five miles away) to stay with Lord Manvers. As Lord George did not arrive there people were sent out to look for him, and found him lying quite dead near a stile close to the large lake at Welbeck. He was only 46 at the time. The present Duke has placed a stone marking the place where he died, and also erected a fountain with this inscription on it taken from Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck* : "Born a natural leader of the people, he was equal to the post. Free from prejudices, his large mind sympathised with all classes of the realm. His energy and his constancy were never surpassed by man. He valued life only as a means of fulfilling duty."

His younger brother was Lord Henry Bentinck, who, when Lord George was in the House of Commons and opposing Sir Robert Peel, was member for North Notts. Lord George was member for King's Lynn for the whole of his Parliamentary life. Lord Beaconsfield used to say that he thought Lord George a remarkable and extremely clever man, but unfortunately speaking did not come easily to him, and he had to prepare his speeches with great care, though he had been known to speak for an hour without notes. Lord Beaconsfield considered that Lord Henry was an even more clever man, and he made two or three remarkable speeches in the House of Commons. Politics, however, soon bored him, and he quickly gave them up, turning his whole attention to foxhunting, deer stalking, and other sport of the same kind. He was Master of the Rufford Hounds from 1834–36, and then, on Sir Richard Sutton's retiring from the great Burton country in Lincolnshire in 1842, he was appointed Master. He had a wonderful eye for a foxhound, and by very careful breeding he created a famous pack, of which he remained Master for 20 years. During some of that time he lived at Welbeck, and rode thoroughbred hacks six days a week to Lincoln, 29 miles away. Some of the meets of the Burton were at least ten miles the other side of Lincoln. He hunted all day, and returned to Welbeck at night, thus covering 60 miles to Lincoln and back, plus the distance from Lincoln to the meet, bringing the distance covered to 80 miles riding in the day, without the length of the run. There was no bridge then at Dunham, only a ferry boat, so he had to put his hack in the ferry boat to cross the Trent.

A member of the family used to tell how Lord Henry invited him to stay at Welbeck for hunting.

When he arrived, he found to his horror that he had to ride all the way to Lincoln, and Lord Henry mounted him on one of his thoroughbred hacks. The young relative could not manage his mount, and Lord Henry said to him, "Now, now, my boy, don't pull at him, and he won't pull at you!" The boy replied, "It is all very well for you, sitting there on a perfectly trained mount. Let me ride yours." Lord Henry immediately changed horses, and rode on perfectly quietly, but the boy's new mount gave him as much trouble as ever.

On Lord Henry's death his stud, consisting of 60 or 70 horses, was sold. Some of them fetched 600 or 700 guineas—in those days a tremendous sum. It is recorded of him that he once bought a famous steeple chaser in Ireland. Someone asked him whether he intended to enter the horse for the Grand National. Lord Henry replied, "I have bought him for my own use; but if I find him unsatisfactory as a hunter perhaps I shall do as you suggest."

Lord Henry was a man of few words. The late Mr. Ernest Chaplin, who died only a few years ago, told the present Duke of Portland that when he was a youth he was out hunting one day with Lord Henry, and his horse crashed into a fence (Mr. Chaplin being short-sighted) and gave him a nasty fall. When he had recovered, Lord Henry remarked to him, "I fear, my boy, you are short-sighted, and I hope you will not mind a little bit of advice. What I recommend you to do, my boy, is to put your pride in your pocket and a pair of spectacles on your nose. You will ride much better, and be safer if you do, and not cause your friends the horrible anxiety through which we have just passed." On another occasion he went to his kennels one Sunday and found his huntsman absent. Next day he asked the man where he had been. The huntsman replied, "Well, my Lord, we hunt six days a week, and I thought I could have Sunday to myself." Lord Henry said to him, "All right. This day week you can have your Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, *and* Sundays to yourself!"

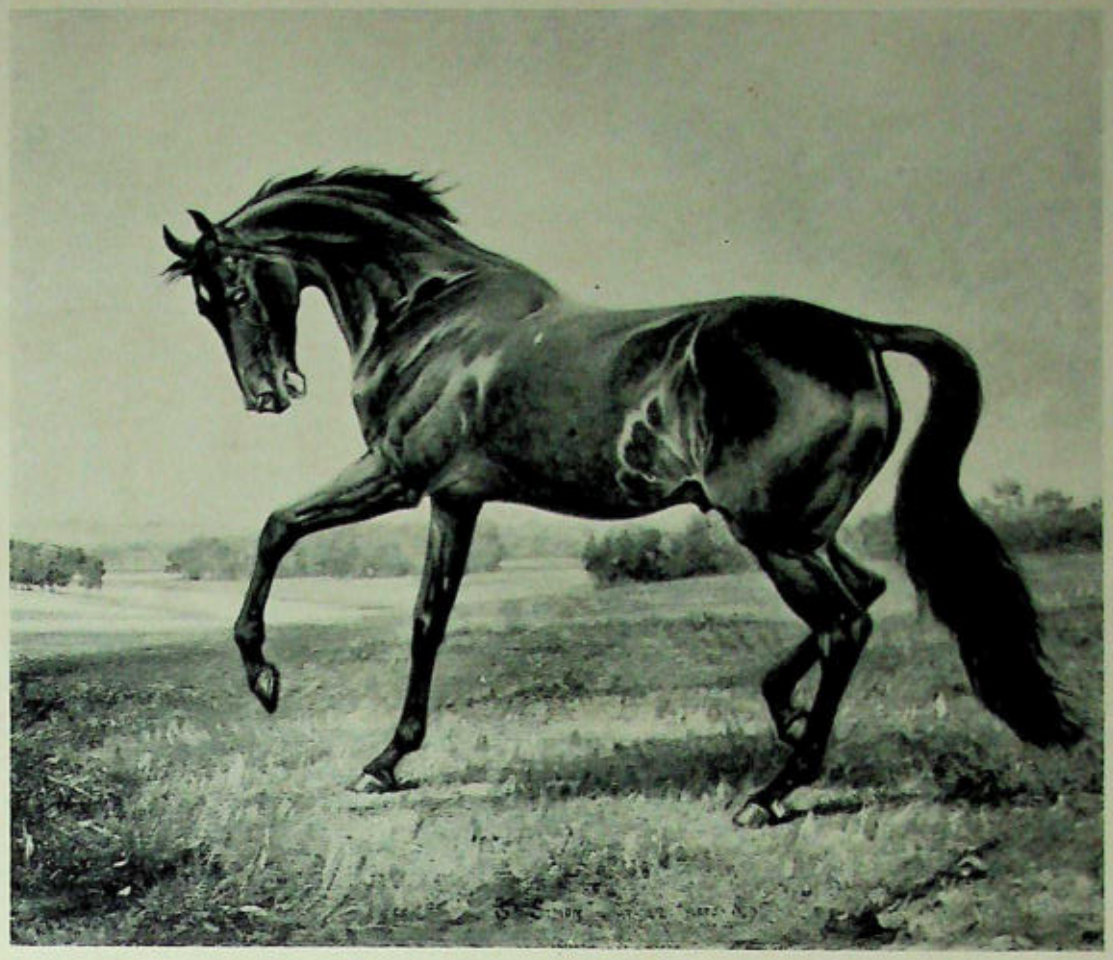
After he gave up riding from Welbeck, Lord Henry lived at the Station Hotel, Lincoln, where he had a special part of the wine cellar reserved for him, and collected a wonderful stock of old brandy. He used to say that it was the only drink fit for a man, and would go through the day on a glass of brandy and a small sandwich.



LORD HENRY BENTINCK, BY R. DIGHTON
He was Master of the Burton Hounds from 1842-62 *and one of the greatest authorities on hound breeding of all time*

He had taken a house at Tathwell for the shooting there. It had been very cold and bleak, and he had been out all day, and had only a cup of tea for his breakfast, and no lunch; and for the first time in his life he felt tired, and went to lie on his bed. His servant called him for dinner, and found him dead. The doctor said he was perfectly sound, but had simply died from lack of nourishment.

Of the present (sixth) Duke it is difficult to write, as it always must be when the subject of one's comments is still living. Suffice it to chronicle a few of his achievements, and to add that although other members of the family have been more pre-eminent in this pursuit or that, he is the greatest all-round sportsman of them all. Few men have a longer stalking experience, and some of his achievements in this sphere were published in the *Field* when extracts from his book, *Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland*, appeared. He has accounted for more than 1,400 stags at Langwell, including 90 royals. He has been one of the foremost fishermen on Tay and other rivers, having killed over 1,600 salmon. He is a first-class shot, and has raised the covert shooting and partridge shooting at Welbeck to a very high pitch, and in his younger days he was a good man across Leicestershire.



ST. SIMON, BY WRIGHT BARKER, R.B.A.
The most famous of the many good horses owned by the present Duke of Portland, which won the Ascot Gold Cup of 1884, *a success which the Duke repeated in* 1902 *with William the Third, St. Simon's son*

His racing achievements would call for an article in themselves, for although his colours are seen less often on the racecourse than they were in days gone by, he has had successes on the Turf almost unparalleled in modern times, which rightly won him the title of "The Lucky Duke." He registered his colours in 1880. In 1884 he won the Ascot Gold Cup with St. Simon, the greatest horse he ever owned, in 1888 he won the Two Thousand and the Derby with Ayrshire, and the following year he won the Derby and St. Leger with Donovan, and he won the St. Leger again in 1890 with Memoir, who also won the Oaks, having won the One Thousand Guineas in the same year with Semolina, thus winning seven classic races in three years, an unparalleled feat. The Duke also won the Oaks in 1893 and 1894 with Mrs. Butterwick and Amiable, and in 1900 with La Roche. Amiable also won the One Thousand Guineas. He has won eleven classic races and the record sum (in 1889) of £73,000 in stakes.

But besides being a great sportsman, the present Duke is a model landlord, and has interested himself in every cause that will advance the interests of agriculture and the countryside. He was Chairman of the *Field* Distemper Fund, and his sound judgment and active interest played no small part in the success of that venture. The Portland estates have been a model for many years, and the respect and affection in which his tenants hold him was demonstrated three years ago at the great gathering held to mark the 50th anniversary of his succession to the dukedom.

The late Lords Henry and William Bentinck, the Duke's half-brothers, were very fond of hunting. The Duke recalls that on one occasion, much to his amusement, Lord William rode a horse which he had given him at a new meeting at Hull, and after a good finish beat no less a celebrity than the late John Osborne.

Lord Charles Bentinck, the Duke's other brother, was in the 9th Lancers. He went through the South African War, and was in the seige of Mafeking. When he left the Army he became Master of the Croome hounds, in succession to Lord Coventry. After a few years with these hounds, he became Master of the Blankney, and then Master and huntsman of the South Wold hounds in succession to Mr. Rawnsley. He is well known for his interest in the breeding of foxhounds, and he has compiled a book on Lord Henry Bentinck's famous pack.

Lord Titchfield, the Duke's elder son, has sat for Newark since the war, and is well known as a champion of agricultural interests in the House.



LORD GEORGE BENTINCK
After many successes on the Turf Lord George abandoned racing for politics, and died while still in the prime of life

He served with distinction in the war both with the Household Cavalry in the retreat from Mons and subsequent fighting, and as A.D.C. to Lord Byng in Flanders and Gallipoli. He has been for the last two years Master of the Rufford hounds.

No reference to the part played by the family of Cavendish-Bentinck in sport and country life would be complete without some mention of the present Duchess of Portland, whose active interest in all causes which help suffering animals is well known. As President of the Council of the Ivory Cross Society and President of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds she has done an invaluable work. No call of the suffering animal world does she allow to go unheard, while her many charitable enterprises have made her the best-loved lady in the Midlands.

R. M.



PEREGRINE FALCONS

Henry Williamson has written another of his popular Nature studies, "The Peregrine's Saga" (Putnam; 5/-), containing a number of entertaining studies of the wild, in which a very readable attempt is made to portray life as the creature concerned sees it. The woodcuts by C. F. Tunnicliffe, one of which is reproduced above, will be as popular as ever

New Books

GARDENER AND DIARIST

Lord Ponsonby on John Evelyn

IT is strange indeed that, save for the short *Life* by Samuel Wilberforce first published in 1847, so prominent a man as John Evelyn has hitherto escaped the biographers. For Evelyn was not only one of the best known characters of his age, but during his long span of life he was intimately associated with the greatest men of the century, and his own range of interests was remarkable.

Evelyn's Diary has made us familiar with his numerous activities, but Lord Ponsonby in his remarkably interesting study depicts John Evelyn himself, as hitherto the man Evelyn has remained a vague obscure figure. We see him in his home life at Sayes Court, in his official and court life, in company with his friends, we meet John Evelyn the writer and gardener. Lord Ponsonby has written a vivid book about one of the greatest country gentlemen of his age.

One chapter is devoted to "Gardens and Trees," and it is remarkable that no mention is made of Sir Thomas Hanmer. Hanmer was not only a close friend of Evelyn's, but it was to Hanmer that Evelyn turned for advice when he was making his garden at Sayes Court. Sir Thomas Hanmer, who was eight years Evelyn's senior, was an ardent Royalist who during his enforced seclusion in Commonwealth times had devoted his leisure to the making of his garden at Bettisfield. His predominant position in the horticultural world of the latter half of the seventeenth century is evident from the dedicatory epistle addressed to him by John Rea in his *Flora, Ceres and Pomona*, the most important book of garden interest published in this country between the Restoration and 1700. Rea, himself one of the greatest authorities on gardening, describes Hanmer's collection of plants as "incomparable," and states that his book was inspired by Hanmer. Indeed, the whole tone of the epistle shows that Rea regarded Hanmer as a far greater authority than himself.

Hanmer's letters, moreover, to Evelyn are those of a kindly experienced gardener to a younger enthusiast. Hanmer not only advised Evelyn but sent him plants. In a letter dated from Bettisfield August 21st, 1671, he says: "I suppose your flower garden being new is not very large and therefore I send you not many things at this tyme and I wish the beares eares doe not dry too much before you receave them. They will be a fortnight at least before they come to Deptford and therefore sett them as soone as may be and water them well (if it raine not) for three or fower days and plant them not in too hott a sun."

Amongst other treasures Hanmer sent Evelyn the Agat Hanmer tulip, a tulip extolled by Rea: "This gallant tulip hath its name from that ingenious lover of these rarities, Sir Thomas Hanmer, who first brought it into England, from whose free community myself and others partake of the delight of this noble flower." E. S. R.

John Evelyn. By Lord Ponsonby. (Heinemann; 15/-.)

A NEW COURSING CLASSIC

"The Book of the Greyhound"

IN many ways *The Book of the Greyhound* is a remarkable achievement. Its author, Mr. Edward G. Ash, has built up with immense toil, and considerable labour of research, a volume which is one of the best contributions that have been given to sporting literature for many years. Not for some time has a book appeared about the greyhound, and the majority of books in my library, such as Walsh and others, are quite out of date.

Mr. Ash, with many a deft touch traces the origin of the greyhound from the earliest times, and tells us that it must have been evolved in a countryside of little herbage, when the hunted relied upon speed to escape its enemies. And the author proves conclusively that such a dog was known over 4,000 years ago, and, more interesting still, that the original type has altered very little.

Of the part played by the greyhound in mediæval hunting a great deal is written; how it was the companion of princes is depicted in a glowing manner. Then comes the time when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne, and so keen was the "man-minded offspring of her father" about coursing that she ordered Gervais Markham and Turberville to draw up rules for the further guidance of the sport, and it is upon that code that the present National Coursing Club (which was started by Dr. Walsh, "Stonehenge," a former editor of the *Field*) rules are founded.

All these things cannot fail to interest anyone in coursing, but for me the most interesting part of the whole book is the description of every Waterloo Cup since that event started in 1836. Every meeting is well and truly described, and, thanks to this admirable arrangement, I have been coursing in imagination with Topham and Thornton, Lord Orford and Thacker. I have seen Mrs. Wells and Miss Richards, watched the successes of the Fawcett kennel and marvelled at the might of the great Fullerton, the tragedy of whose career it was that he was sterile at stud.

And then the tabulated list of pedigrees cannot fail to interest the student of breeding, and one marvels at the labour of research, which must have been the author's lot in preparing this most practical and useful table.

In summing up this great work, may I re-echo the words of Miss Ruth Fawcett, who writes an introduction to it? She says: "This is a most unusual book and a very wonderful one, too," which is high praise indeed from one of the leading owners, and authorities on the oldest of all our field sports. W. F.

The Book of the Greyhound. By Edward G. Ash. Illustrated. (Hutchinson & Co.; £5 5s.)

MUNCHAUSEN REDIVIVUS

Congo Fantasies

DESCRIBED as a sequel to *Congo Jake*, this incursion into the realms of romanticism excels, if anything, the author's previous effort. Unfortunately, many of his tremendous statements fail of conviction because of an obvious neglect of that useful adage, "Verify your references."

For instance, despite his denial, there certainly *are* gorillas in the Congo; further, although he peoples that territory, of fifty years ago, with Belgian officials, it really only became their colony in 1908.

After an adventurous youth as a cabin-boy on board a "sailing-vessel" owned by one Captain Scratch, who "treated him as a son," and described his reactions in Oxford English, the author somewhat ungratefully deserted the ship, "in dock" at Lagos, and plunged into the atrocities of the Congo—in the 'sixties. There follows an epitome of vague wanderings.

As a study in improbabilities the book reaches an unparalleled height. A lady skipper of a "barge" engaged in pearling off the Solomons, who habitually wore "a marvellous string of ungraded pearls valued at £100,000, and who descended to the bottom of the sea to search for others in "a glass case pierced for air-holes"; a snake employed to bite people as a cure for septic ulcers; "cooked elephant brains" used as a poultice, and the snaring—and milking—of a wild cow-buffalo because one of the safari suffered from a damaged face and, according to a local medicine man, nothing but milk would cure it; these and similar disconnected happenings leave the reader gasping.

So that he will learn with comparative quiescence that a hitherto unrevealed trade in lion skins, amounting to one thousand a year was carried out from—of all places—Loango; after which, the export of 400 live lions from Tanganyika seems a tame exploit.

But Mr. Collodon's methods on safari plainly evince that modern Nimrods have still something to learn; his device of surrounding camp with wire netting, surmounted with one thousand bells to give warning of attacking lions, being "a new one on me."

As a croupier in a "private casino at Monte Carlo, 'carrying' a side-line in blackmail," the author has hard things to say of Society in general, but his reflections on slavery and the tortures and imprisonment he endured at the hands of the Germans in Tanganyika are meticulously detailed.

An amusing book! H. N.

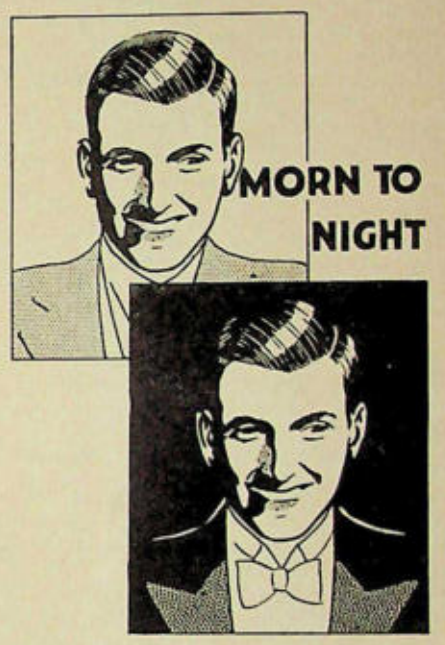
Congo Jake Returns. By Augustus C. Collodon. (John Long; 12/6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The South and East African Year Book and Guide for 1934 is now published by the Union-Castle Steamship Company, 3, Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3, and is an invaluable compendium of information about the African territories. It costs 2/6.

"For thirty years" Creevey "listened at the door," and whether he "heard" or "invented" he never fails to stimulate. *Creevey's Life and Times*, edited by John Gore (John Murray; 18/-), will therefore find a certain welcome.

We regret that in our review of Sir Percy Syke's valuable book, *A History of Exploration*, we did an injustice both to the author and that intrepid explorer, Rosita Forbes, by stating that she was not mentioned in the account. Her journeys to Kufra and Asir are both mentioned in the book as notable journeys.



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Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER"

SIR,—When I became tenant in 1895 of the salmon fishings in Loch Oich and the River Garry, the fishermen, ghillies and others often spoke then and in later years of what they termed "a horrible great beastie" that occasionally appeared in Loch Ness. None of them, so far as I can remember, claimed to have actually seen it; but many had received accounts of it from friends who said they had done so.

As during the summer and autumn of 1933 (and I believe in 1932 also) I had often read in the *Scotsman* and other papers accounts of a mysterious object which had been seen in Loch Ness, I spent a whole day towards the end of October on Loch Ness side, setting out from Glen Urquhart and driving to Fort Augustus. At what is known as the Half-Way House I was told that the "monster" had lately been seen there no less than four times—first on the opposite side of the Loch, then half-way across, and twice in the bay.

At Fort Augustus I interviewed a gentleman of unquestionable credibility, who told me that his wife and he had watched the object for twenty minutes or more, as it lay half submerged in the bay below his house. He gave me a full description of what he had seen, and also showed me a written account with a rough sketch, drawn up and signed by an equally trustworthy witness. They had not seen the object together, but both their accounts agreed as to its size and appearance. When I asked my friend what he considered it to be, he replied, "I haven't the remotest idea. I can only tell you what I saw." I then asked him whether other people had seen it, and was told, "Without doubt—many; but most of them do not care to say so for fear of being laughed at." I was particularly struck by the way in which both the accounts tallied in every particular.

I am now told on the best authority that the so-called spoor marks were no more than a cleverly executed practical joke; and the name of the perpetrator has been given to me.

I have since heard from my friend who lives near Fort Augustus that he does not for one moment believe the creature to be a seal, of however large a species. I may say that both on the Garry and Loch Oich, and on the Tay (where I have fished for the last fifteen years), I have caught many fish which were much torn and wounded by seals. I believe that these fish are in every case attacked in salt water at the river-mouth.

I do not think I can write further on a subject about which it is so difficult to speak with any certainty. As to the nature of the "beastie" I do not venture to express an opinion: I can only repeat what has been told me by those whom I believe to be trustworthy witnesses.

Yours faithfully,

Welbeck Abbey, Worksop. PORTLAND.

SIR,—I have been asked to give, very shortly, my "views" on the elusive monster widely believed to haunt the deep water of Loch Ness, which I have known intimately, and lived on the brink of, for more than half a century. It is by no means an easy subject to treat shortly, for in order to arrive (as I have definitely done) at any kind of conclusion, it is, of course, necessary first to examine and analyse the mass of evidence available on the subject, and secondly, if one desires to impress one's conviction on others, to let them share one's knowledge of the accumulated testimony—much of it that of highly trained and intelligent eye-witnesses—on which one has come to base one's belief. This I am in hopes of doing very shortly in an article which I am preparing for an American monthly (there is a curiously widespread interest on this subject in the United States).

Meanwhile I think it may clear the ground if I say quite distinctly what I do *not* believe. I do *not* believe the "monster" to be either a seal, a grampus, a giant conger-eel, a sea-serpent (whatever that may be), an upturned boat, a large inflated rubber bag, or a lump of seaweed! Mr. Hinton's elaborately expressed opinion that the creature is a large grey seal leaves me quite cold, being as I believe, quite unsupported by the available evidence. I would as soon credit the theory advanced a week or two ago by an enterprising writer in the *Morning Post* (enlivened by a most terrifying illustration), that the beast is an "elephant seal," weighing two tons or thereabouts, which has made its way, heaven knows how, from the Antarctic Ocean to Loch Ness.

Equally absurd is the conclusion arrived at by two sapient Northern zoologists, that the whole of the witnesses of the Loch Ness phenomenon are the collective victims of what they call "class hallucination," or mass-hypnotism. I have only space here to state my own belief (the evidence must be dealt with later and elsewhere) that the "monster" is a true Amphibian, a survival from the post-glacial period when the chain of lochs in the Great Glen was still connected with the ocean; and that this particular specimen probably found its way to the surface from the vast depth (some 800ft.) which is its normal habitat, disturbed by the continuous blastings round the loch.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID HUNTER BLAIR
(Sometime Abbot of Fort Augustus).

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION

SIR,—I have not read more than a small number of the letters on the Loch Ness "Monster" which have appeared in the *Scotsman* and other newspapers, and I have never seen the grey seal in a wild state, so I can offer no opinion upon Mr. Hinton's suggestion that it has been posing as "a monster." *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*!

But there are tales and traditions of huge animals in more than one Highland loch. Five-and-twenty years ago when I was fishing in Loch Arkuig in Lochaber, the gillie who rowed the boat assured me that the *each-uisge* (water-horse) haunted that fine lake and might show itself any day; but I never saw it.

No doubt some large animal—mammal, fish or saurian—has been frequenting Loch Ness, but so far there is no concurrence of evidence to enable one to pronounce—still less to justify—about its nature.

Yours faithfully,

Monreith, Wigtownshire. HERBERT MAXWELL.

AGAINST THE SEAL THEORY

SIR,—I should be interested to know if Mr. Hinton has been to Loch Ness himself? Most of his evidence seems to be based on the accounts which have appeared in a great daily paper.

I will not say that the creature in Loch Ness cannot be a seal, but I do think the advocates of the seal theory have at the moment a very weak case and have left much to be explained. I believe one salmon has been seen to jump near the "monster," but this does not prove the latter to be a seal even if it proves it to have been chasing the salmon.

Some of Mr. Hinton's facts I must contradict: that part of the loch near the exit of the River Ness is the the one part where the monster has been seen least often—in fact I have only heard of one appearance below Dores in 1933.

Also the monster has usually been seen in far deeper water than the salmon, which are usually found within 100 yards from the edge of the loch. The presence of seals in the Beauly Firth is, of course, an established fact, but hardly a relevant one.

Seals may have been seen in the loch on previous occasions, although I have not heard of it: it would be interesting to hear more about these seals and especially if anyone mistook them for monsters.

The weakest point in the seal theory seems to be that during frequent appearances over a period of ten months nobody has ever seen the monster swimming in the only normal position for a seal, that is, with its head only showing above the water. Also, seals are not usually so timid as the Loch Ness creature; nor when they dive in still water do they disappear for the rest of the day as the monster has done so frequently. Seals when disturbed rise to the surface every one or two hundred yards.

The only real evidence for the seal is one mauled kelt. Is there definite proof that the kelt was not injured by an otter or even a rock?

Yours truly,

E. C.

AFRICAN APPARITIONS

SIR,—The Loch Ness "Monster" is dead: killed, not by ridicule as one might have anticipated, but by scientific deduction, and by the substitution of the commonplace for the fabulous. The monster is nothing more than a grey seal, monstrous only because it had strayed out of its proper setting.

Water is the natural home of monsters. Mankind will always believe in the things that it cannot see. The world has been so thoroughly mapped and explored that there is no longer room for belief in monsters that go dry-shod. When mankind has devised some way of exploring ocean depths, and the rivers and lakes of the world have yielded up their last secrets, then, and only then, will the world-wide monster-myth be settled once and for all. But it is still widespread.

In Africa, for instance, from Lake Rudolph in the North to the Orange River in the South, there is scarcely a sheet of water of any size that does not possess its private monster.

The Orange River provided a particularly sensational one a few years ago. That natural foster-parent of orphan monsters the ubiquitous "well-known big-game hunter" actually saw the creature, and described it at remunerative length in the South African Press. In the absence of further proof, however, the poor beast was allowed to fade into oblivion.

The Congo River, Lakes Nyassa and Victoria Nyanza, the Zambesi—all have their monsters. With "Lingongole," the vast, serpent-like monster of the Zambesi, indeed, I am tolerably familiar. As familiar, that is, as one can be with a creature that one has never seen. Some ten or twelve years ago I offered a standing reward of £5—a fortune to a native—for any really tangible proof of its existence; a scale, an unmistakable footprint, a tooth—anything. When I left the country two years ago the reward was still standing.

It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the tens of thousands of natives who believe implicitly in Lingongole. Not one of the many hundreds of fishermen who ply their dugouts on that great waterway would touch paddle or fish-spear unless he was in possession of a charm to protect him against Lingongole. There is even more evidence to support Lingongole than there was to bolster up the Loch Ness "Monster." It is perhaps regrettable that there is little or no chance of a grey seal appearing on the scene to settle the question.

The world that still holds on dry land such grotesque links with the past as the rhinoceros and the elephant may yet produce out of the unexplored depths of its waters such a monster as Loch Ness could not hold.

Yours faithfully,

Hove, Sussex. J. P. KAY ROBINSON.

MONSTER OR EEL?

SIR,—While the hope that the Loch Ness "Monster" may, in the interests of science, turn out to be a survival of some prehistoric animal, it is difficult to believe that it can be so.

It is common knowledge, however, that certain animals, especially under unusual conditions, develop abnormally, and grow to an enormous size.

It has been suggested that the monster may be an eel of gigantic dimensions.

In many parts of the world there are records, or, at least, reports, as to eels of abnormal size which have been trapped in land-locked waters and thus prevented from returning to the sea.

In the French island of Réunion, for instance, the fact that there are such enormous eels has been recorded from very early days.

Bory de St. Vincent, writing in 1801, says: "In deep pools there are, it is said, monstrous eels." Bory apparently did not verify this statement, but merely recorded it as being of common knowledge.

The belief in the existence of these enormous eels in certain small lakes in Réunion has persisted to the present day.

In the island there is one lake with which the writer, when Consul at Réunion, was well acquainted, the Mare à Poule d'Eaux. In size it can hardly exceed an acre or so, but in places it is very deep. Originally, no doubt, an open passage to the sea by the Rivière du Mat existed, but the communication is now cut by landslides, and no eel could possibly reach the river over such a route as remains.

This lake was said to contain eels of an enormous size, and, during the heavy winter rains the eels, said the natives, could be seen circling along the sides of the lake searching, apparently, for a way out. At this time the natives used to catch them by means of a harpoon and a rope hitched round a tree. The flesh was afterwards sold for food in a neighbouring village.

The present writer tried, on various occasions, to arrange for an eel hunt which promised to be a little exciting, but was always prevented, and therefore cannot say that he ever saw a live monstrous eel. He has, however, seen a dead one which was caught in the Mare à Poule d'Eaux in the 'nineties, from which steaks as thick as a man's thigh were cut. He has also frequently conversed with men who have caught these large eels, and has every reason to know they were not romancing.

Possibly the Loch Ness "Monster" may be a gigantic eel which has at length succeeded in escaping from a land-locked area where it has developed abnormally.

Yours faithfully,

Postbridge, Devon. COURTENAY BENNETT.



WHERE THE TEMPERATURE REMAINS ABSOLUTELY CONSTANT
(*See Letter "An Unusual Incubator House"*)

AN UNUSUAL INCUBATOR HOUSE

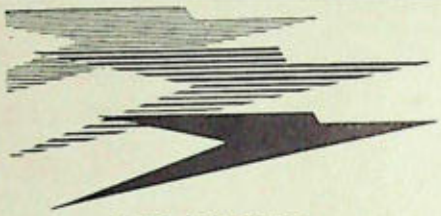
SIR,—The ingenious-looking "building" in the accompanying photograph is not of pre-historic origin, but the recent result of a close study of the requirements of an incubator house (coupled with the materials available) by a Yorkshire poultry farmer, Mr. G. E. Barnes, of the Falcon Inn on the Whitby Moors. A very serviceable arrangement has been constructed as follows:

The soil was first dug out from an area of approximately 10yds. by 6yds. by 4ft. deep, and uprights were then placed in position, and cross pieces for the roof. The former were old railway sleepers, and the cross pieces were of lighter wood. On the outside of this framework was banked the removed soil, and on the top of this was placed a layer of peat about 6in. thick (this is a speciality of the moors, but used chiefly for burning in place of coal). On top of the peat was placed a layer of good straw, the whole of which was then thatched in true Yorkshire style, thus making an absolute weather-proof building. By being sunk in the ground the damp atmosphere necessary for incubation is obtained, whilst a drain is connected, in case too much water should be present.

The finished inside dimensions are approximately 10yds. long, 6yds. wide by 9ft. high, and a more cosy house cannot be imagined. Although situated on the bleak moor, where the keen winds penetrate almost everywhere, I am assured that the temperature remains absolutely constant—a most essential condition of successful incubation.

Yours faithfully,
J. F. SEAMAN.

Hill Top,
Prospect Park, Scarborough.



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EARLIEST DAYS OF HUNTING

SIR,—The quotation from the Tetbury Churchwardens' Accounts for 1687, given in "Letters in Brief" in your issue of January 6th, might have been headed "Old Vermin Records."

These payments of 1/– each for a fox's head were very frequent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in accordance with an Act of 1566 (8 Eliz. c. 15), in which it is specially provided that the churchwardens shall form a fund to pay (among many other items) "for the Heades of every Foxe or Gray, twelve pence."

The Churchwardens' Accounts of the Cheshire parishes contain very frequent entries such as the following: Wilmslow. 1601. "Paid accordinge to the oulde custom for a ffoxe heade xijd."

Weaverham. 1672. "Pd to Thomas Merricke of Bag lane for a fox head 00.01.00."

In the Churchwardens' Accounts of the Parish Church of Manchester are many entries, *e.g.*:

1671. "Aug. 2 payd more for 5 ffoxheads to Wm Hudson and A stranger 00.05.00."

Throughout these accounts there are many items of payment for the destruction of vermin, and I have come across records of payments for otters, badgers ("bosons"), polecats ("filmonts"), hedgehogs ("urchens" or "urchants") and moles, and of many birds, such as the hen-harrier ("ring-tail"), etc.

Early records of foxhunting may be found in "Crosby Records," published in Liverpool in 1895, being selections from the diary of Nicholas Blundell (1702–28)—*e.g.*, 1706, November 5th:

"Tis said Leverp: Hounds hunted a Fox this day from Bank-hall to Knowsley Park."

Yours truly,
A. W. BOYD.

Frandley House,
near Northwich, Cheshire.

[The custom of payments for foxes' masks in the olden days by the churchwardens is probably a relic of the ancient "wolf geld."—ED.]

"ALABACULIA"

SIR,—In "R. M.'s" article on the Fitzwilliam family, in a recent issue of the *Field*, he mentions that Lord Rockingham "won the first St. Leger Stakes with Alabaculia in 1776."

There is no animal called Alabaculia, either in the *Racing Calendar* or the *General Stud Book*, and Lord Rockingham's filly by Sampson was unnamed when she won, on September 24th, 1776, "a Sweepstake [at Doncaster] of 25gs. each, for 3 yr. olds; colts 8st., fillies 7lb. [*sic*] 12lb.; one 2-mile heat" (*vide Racing Calendar*, 1776, p. 136). Neither was this Sampson filly named when she ran in the Craven Stakes, and other races at Newmarket the following year, so it would be interesting to know when this name was bestowed on her.

In the official list of St. Leger winners, published each year up to the present in the *Racing Calendar*, she still appears as an unnamed filly by Sampson.

Yours faithfully,
C. M. PRIOR.

Winslow,
Bucks.

[In J. S. Fletcher's *History of the St. Leger* the name of the winner for 1776 is given as Alabaculia.—ED.]

HENLEY REFORMS

SIR,—In the *Times* I have seen that a proposal is to be discussed that alteration should be made in the arrangements of Henley Regatta. I venture to think an alteration has long been overdue, but that instead of upsetting the present qualifications for the different races it would be far better to adhere to them.

If the entries for the Thames Cup are now so numerous as to produce a number of second- and third-class crews and races, by all means let them be divided as proposed with second and third divisions, but in addition to this to stimulate interest in the public schools and provide more interesting races for the Ladies' Plate, instead of the succession of such processions as now take place when school after school is beaten by a college, let schools and colleges be drawn to compete separately until the champion schools race the champion colleges. Three thrilling races might well result—the semi-final between the two best schools and the semi-final between the two best colleges, and the final between the champion school and the champion college. This plan has been advocated for many years, and I have never heard what are the objections to it. The late Frank Willan thoroughly approved of it, but told me it was hopeless to try to get it adopted.

Yours faithfully,
A. HALL HALL.

Witley,
Surrey.

GOOD SALMON PROSPECTS IN IRELAND

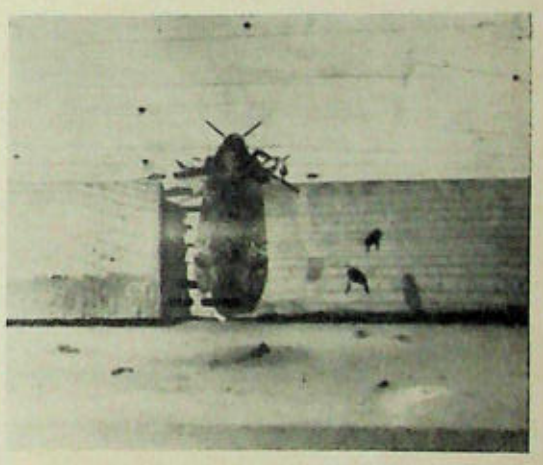
SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that the Lee in Co. Cork has been in spate for some time past, and, according to my correspondent, enormous quantities of salmon have been seen running up the river.

Owing to the Irish troubles fishings have been letting very badly, with a consequent fall in price, and I hear there are many good beats still to be had, so it looks as though the man of moderate means will get his chance at last.

Which beats are still available I do not know, but no doubt Mr. Sam Haynes, of Patrick Street Cork, who knows all there is to know about Irish fishings, would be able to give any information required.

Yours faithfully,
H. H.

London, W.



THE HIVE ROBBER
(*See Letter "A Honey Eating Moth"*)

A HONEY EATING MOTH

SIR,—The death's head moth, which is quite common in Egypt, has a passion for honey, and will risk its life for it. The photograph enclosed shows one of these moths struggling to get into a hive in the doorway of which a strip of perforated metal has been inserted for the purpose of excluding the robber. The moth is being stung furiously by the bees but is persisting in its efforts.

Frequently 40 or 50 dead moths are found in a hive, all of them having been stung to death by the bees.

The hive has to stand in tins of water to exclude the ants. With bee-eater birds, hornets, death's head moths and ants the life of an apiarist in Egypt is not a happy one.

Yours faithfully,
C. S. JARVIS.

El Arish,
Sinai, Egypt.





"ABSOLOM" MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME, BUT REGARDS ONE COMPANION WITH SUSPICION
(See Letter "The Adventures of 'Absolom'")

THE ADVENTURES OF "ABSOLOM"

SIR,—Enclosed photographs are of "Absolom," a grey eagle owl from the Abyssinian frontier of the Sudan. He was taken from the nest by one of my Arabs and must then have been about five days old. His appearance at that age was repulsive beyond words: he was naked, goose-fleshy and obscene; made grotesque, in addition, by inordinately large black eyes, a vulturine beak and huge, sprawling feet. We thought, at the time, that he was a young vulture.

My wife fell upon this creature and adopted him with an enthusiasm I did not share. He travelled for a month in my terai hat slung beneath the saddle of her riding camel. He did nothing to improve the condition of the hat. Unable to feed himself, by reason of his immaturity, he was fed on much-masticated meat copiously lubricated with saliva and poked down his throat by a little finger. He throve. My Dongalawi servant made him a cage of reeds bound with palm leaf, but mostly he had the freedom of our camps and spent most of his time huddled, for coolness sake, against a canvas water bag. He conceived a passion for black bare feet and made several unprovoked assaults upon the toes of shiekhs whose friendship I valued. By the time we reached Khartoum he had developed a crop of feathers and grown into an owl, which was, at any rate, better than being a vulture. He developed a monotonous conversation something between a sneeze, a whistle and the word "naow" spoken in a Cockney accent.

Absolom came home to England by Ford lorry, in a railway sleeping car, in the cabin of a liner, and in an aeroplane—saying "naow" all the way. Once home we started him on a diet of mice, newly killed, which he swallowed whole with amazing gulpings. Tame mice seemed unreasonably expensive, so we acquired a hundred wild mice from a tenant farmer. These escaped all over my house. Our two small dogs treated Absolom at first with contemptuous loathing and, later, with perfect comradeship. He grew bigger and bigger and had the free run (and flight) of the house. I did not encourage his flying outside much, intending to send him to the Zoo later on, but on the whole he preferred the house and human company to explorations in the garden. He was afraid of nothing and no one.

At the age of five months I took him to Regent's Park and left him there. He never was "house-trained," but everything brushed off quite easily when dry. The photographs were taken when he was only four months old. He is still in the Zoo, and doing well. Yours truly,

Eynsham Hall, MICHAEL H. MASON.
Witney, Oxon.



BEARING THE MARKS OF BATTLE
(See Letter "Rainbow Trout and Otters")

RAINBOW TROUT AND OTTERS

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed snapshot may be of interest to your readers. It is of a rainbow trout I caught at the beginning of December in the Umzinkulu River, Natal. Weight, 1lb. 2oz.; length, 13in. The fish was in perfect condition. On either side of the body were two scars, undoubtedly from wounds made by teeth, and, almost certainly, the teeth of an otter. The skin over the scars held no scales.

There are two varieties of otter on the Natal streams. The smaller is about the same size as the English otter, weighing 20lb. to 25lb. The other kind weighs from 60lb. to 65lb. The former's four feet are inter-digitally webbed; from the front toes of the greater otter the webs have entirely disappeared, and, in the majority of cases, also from the hind toes. Yours faithfully,

P.O. Box 86, J. SPRANGER HARRISON.
Randfontein,
Transvaal, S. Africa.

CANADIAN CATTLE AND DISEASE

SIR,—We read here that at the Smithfield Show protests were made against the importation of Canadian cattle. Lady Robinson, an exhibitor, is reported to have declared that these importations constituted a grave danger to the British livestock breeding industry, and pointed out that the number was increasing and becoming excessive. "Many of the outbreaks of foot and mouth disease had been traceable to the ports and nearby markets, and she was of the opinion that the proposed reopening of Tilbury Docks for the disembarkation of cattle was a matter for serious concern."

Lady Robinson does not actually state the Canadian cattle are responsible. Yet the insinuation is there. I believe I am right in saying Canada has never known a case of foot and mouth disease. So far as unloading Canadian cattle at Tilbury Docks, or any other for that matter is concerned, Lady Robinson need have no fear of Canadian cattle bringing foot and mouth disease.

In fairness and justice to our Canadian cattle I shall be grateful if you will publish these few lines.

Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS B. WARD
(President, British Columbia Beef Cattle Growers' Association).

Douglas Lake,
British Columbia.

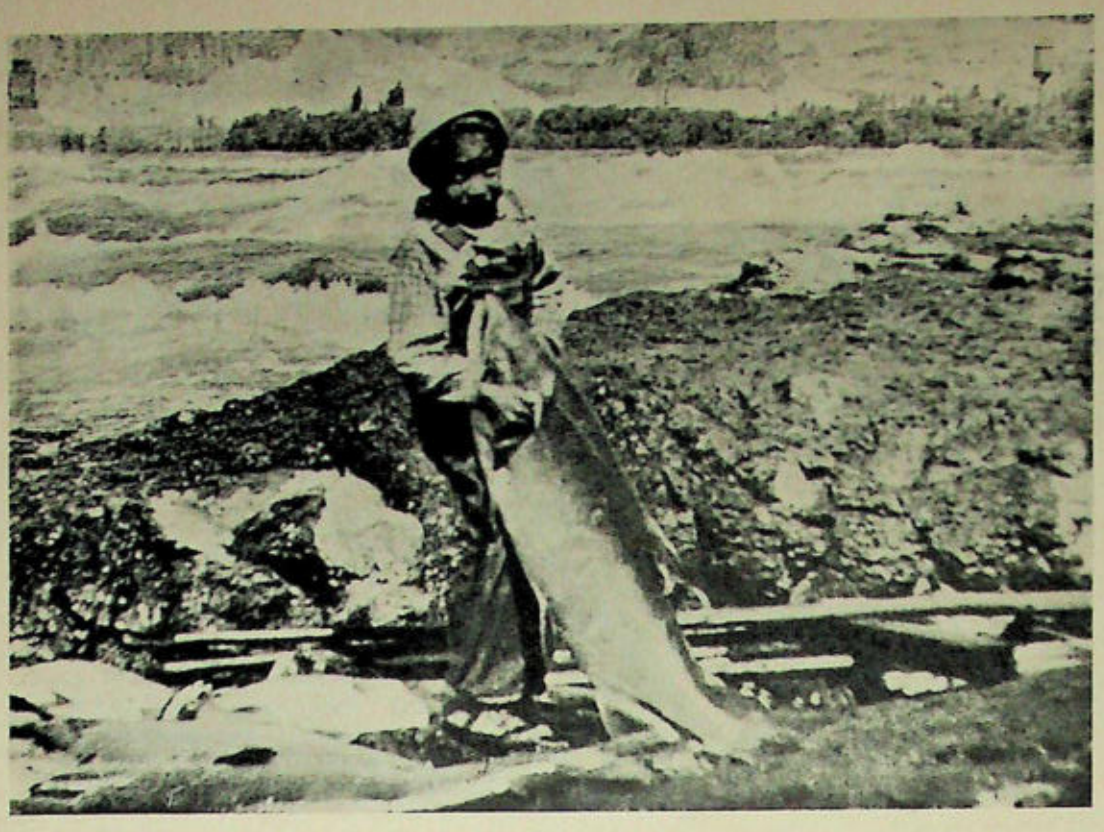


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BOOTH'S

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THE YOUNG MAN MAKES NO CLAIM TO HAVING CAUGHT THIS FISH
(See Letter "An Outsize in Salmon")

PROPOSED EXHIBITION OF STAGS' HEADS

SIR,—An exhibition designed to focus attention on Scotland as a holiday and sporting country will be held under the auspices of the Scottish Travel Association in the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, London, from April 27th to May 19th.

It has been suggested to me that a collection of really good stags' heads from Scottish forests could be exhibited most appropriately on this occasion, and would be of great interest to stalking enthusiasts.

So that the feasibility of the suggestion may be thoroughly explored, perhaps owners of good heads who would be willing to lend one or more specimens for this purpose, and who may notice this letter, would be good enough to communicate with me, indicating how far they would be willing to co-operate. There was an exhibition of stags' heads, I believe, in 1910, and it might be well to confine the present suggested exhibition to heads killed since 1918.

I need hardly add that any comments and suggestions would be welcomed and appreciated.

Yours faithfully,
DOUGLAS G. RUSSELL.

Scottish Travel Association,
37, George Street, Edinburgh.

THE OLYMPIA HORSE SHOW

SIR,—Allow me to thank you for your recent excellent article on the coming Olympia Horse Show.

May I express the hope that the parade of packs of hounds will be again included in the programme. At the last show it was the outstanding attraction and greatly appreciated by the public, a surprising number of which had never seen hounds before. Commercial turnout classes, both light and heavy horses, are always popular: and if the Liverpool Corporation could be induced to exhibit some of their fine Shires it would be delightful to behold. These classes are—I know personally—the admiration of foreign visitors.

Yours faithfully,
W. THEOBALD.

Bournside,
Cheltenham.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

An Outsize in Salmon.—I thought perhaps the enclosed picture might be of interest to your angling readers. It is taken from a most interesting film of American Indians catching salmon, in nets, alas, which is now showing at the Carlton Theatre. The fish, I believe, weighed 74lb. My thanks are due to Paramount Pictures for their kindness in getting me the photograph.—H. L., London, W.

Woodpecker and Beehive.—Some years ago I had the same experience with a woodpecker as that mentioned by Mr. E. H. de Winton. I heard a curious tapping in my orchard on several occasions, and later my foreman brought me the body of a green woodpecker which he had shot with its head in a hole which it had made in the wooden lid of the beehive. The hole was quite round and about the size of a 5/- piece, and had evidently been made by the bird to get at the bees: it had not yet got through the cloth coverings over the comb.—K. M. COURTAULD, Colne Engaine, Earl's Colne, Essex.

Large Tortoiseshell Butterfly in Somerset.—On January 12th I saw a butterfly fluttering on the window of our dining room and was surprised to find it was a large tortoiseshell, an insect which I have never before seen in Somerset. Presumably it had hidden in the room early in the winter and was roused by the warmth of a fire; when placed in a cage with a piece of bark in a cold room it resumed its slumber.—NORMAN G. HADDEN, Underway, West Porlock, Somerset.

Woodcock Shooting.—There was a very great scarcity of woodcock here last year. Whether it was on account of the storms over the North Sea of two years ago, when trawlers reported that thousands of woodcock had perished in their endeavours to cross from Scandinavia, or whether the Home birds have been shot out, it is difficult to say. I hope I may be voicing the opinion of most sportsmen when I say let woodcock shooting be discontinued for two years.—JOSSLYN S. EGERTON (Major), Caemawr, Clyro, via Hereford.

Large Tortoiseshell Butterflies.—In reply to Mr. F. W. Frohawk's enquiry respecting the occurrence of the large tortoiseshell butterfly, it may interest him to know that last year, on August 17th, I found a specimen of this beautiful butterfly basking in the sun with wings outspread by the side of a footpath in Epping Forest.—NOEL G. GIFKINS, Hornsey, London, N.

Early Drumming of Woodpeckers.—It may interest you to know that I have heard the greater spotted woodpecker drum in this district on several occasions lately. The first time was on January 16th.—W. H. HAMERSLEY, Sandy Lodge, Headington, Oxford.

Marked Pheasant.—I enclose a brass ring taken from the leg of a cock-pheasant shot near here early in January. I did not notice it at the time, but think the bird was shot on Mr. A. F. W. Johnson's shoot at Rowfant, near here. If it was not there, it was on another shoot close by. If you are unable to identify it, probably one of your readers may.—G. F. H. BANKS, Westoe, Crawley, Sussex. [The ring bears the number "16."—ED.]

Hind with White Patch.—A hind with a white patch on the face, about the size of one's hand, was shot in early January on a forest in Banffshire. This hind was a stranger and it would be of considerable interest if any stalker could say whether it was from a definite area?—HIND.

Wild Geese and Other Wildfowl.—A huge flock of coot inhabiting the Cromarty Firth has formed the habit of coming close inshore to feed at high tide where a stream which passes through a farmyard carries weed seeds and grain to sea. Among the coots is a brent goose, evidently an unwounded bird, and it has been on view among its strange companions for some weeks.

A similar instance, that of a young "white-front's" all-winter stay with a flight of wigeon, was once reported by the writer, who also once saw a young greylag goose accompany a flock of sheep during weeks of hard winter weather.—DUGALD MACINTYRE, Invergordon.

IN THE CITY

WORDS OF WISDOM FOR NOTHING

IF the writer were asked to name the way in which any investor, speculative or otherwise, could best employ an hour or so of his time about this season of the year, the answer would undoubtedly be by the careful perusal of the speeches made at the annual meetings of the "Big Five" banks. The chairmen of these banks then broadcast to the world a summary of the economic and financial position of this country and elsewhere, and often give their opinions regarding the outlook. It is conceivable that investors would be eager to pay ten guineas or so for reports of these speeches, which come from such authoritative sources, if they were asked to do so, but since the reports can be read by anyone for the price of a daily paper, comparatively few people trouble to read them.

Those who hold, or contemplate the purchase of, industrial ordinary shares would be particularly well advised to read the speech made by the Hon. Rupert Beckett at the annual meeting of the Westminster Bank held on Wednesday, January 31st. The following extract from his speech should be borne in mind by every investor: "I lay stress upon the domestic nature of the recovery, because it leads us directly to consider how far the recent movement can go in Britain, in the absence of mitigation of the numerous impediments which at present prevent the resumption of active world trade. Whatever may be the case with comparatively self-contained countries like the United States and France, the British people at any rate can never gain real prosperity merely by taking in each other's washing."

Mr. Beckett did not, of course, refer to Stock Exchange values, but those who study his survey of the outstanding economic features and problems of the day will find a number of expressions of opinion that seem to endorse the views that were set out in this column on January 6th, under the heading of "What of 1934?"

A SUGGESTED EXCHANGE

It was announced at the end of last month that the Westinghouse Brake & Saxby Signal Co., Ltd., had arrived at a provisional agreement for providing a continuous brake system on Polish railways, and that the value of the contract was in the neighbourhood of £4,800,000. The capital of the company is £1,122,372 in ordinary shares of £1 each, on which no dividend was paid in respect of the year ended September 30th, 1933, but on which dividends varying from 3½ to 10 per cent. had been paid for each of the preceding eight years. The company has recently experienced very difficult trading conditions on account of the moribund state of international trade and the curtailment of any non-essential expense by railways at home. At the annual meeting held on January 26th, however, the chairman said that barring unforeseen accidents the fortunes of the company should enjoy "a marked improvement" during the current year.

The shares, therefore, could not be considered as intrinsically overvalued at the current price of about 15/-, but holders may nevertheless care to consider an exchange into the 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each of the Consolidated Signal Co., Ltd., which can be picked up from time to time at about the same price as the Westinghouse shares can be sold.

The only important asset of the Consolidated Signal Co. consists of a holding of 391,122 shares of £1 each in the Westinghouse Co., and a simple mathematical calculation will show that should the Westinghouse Co. declare a dividend of 4 per cent., the amount received by Consolidated Signal Co. would be sufficient to pay the full 6 per cent. dividend on the latter's preference shares. In other words, if the holders of Westinghouse Brake shares receive 4 per cent., the holders of Consolidated Signal preference shares will receive 6 per cent.

Regarded as a straightforward purchase these Consolidated Signal preference shares seem to be a more than usually attractive speculation. The current price includes one year's arrears of dividend or about 10½d. net, and as and when dividend payments are resumed the yield at the current price of the shares will therefore be about 8¼ per cent., allowing for the expenses of purchase.

Regarded as a possible alternative to the Westinghouse shares it should be remembered that if this latter company is able to pay more than 4 per cent., the directors of the Consolidated Signal Co. will be able to pay off part or all of the arrears of dividend owed to their preference shareholders.

There are £214,195 Consolidated Signal preference shares in issue, and the full par value of the shares is amply covered as regards assets by the company's holding of Westinghouse Brake shares, which is at present worth about £293,000.

PACTOLUS.



IRIS STYLOSA, WHICH HAS SILKEN BLUE FLOWERS, AND MAKES A FINE PICTURE IF MIXED WITH A BOWL OF WINTER JASMINE

The Country House

MID-WINTER FLOWERING SHRUBS

Colour for the Bleakest Months

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

NOWADAYS there is a wealth of colour and fragrance in the mid-winter garden, and fortunately the most colourful and fragrant shrubs are small enough to be as valuable for small gardens as for large. Some of these shrubs are grown in nearly every garden, whilst others are unaccountably neglected.

Most of the winter-flowering shrubs are from China. Of these *Jasminum nudiflorum* is by far the most popular, and its myriads of pale golden stars, produced along the leafless branches, adorn many a cottage porch. Even when neglected this is a beautiful shrub, and carefully pruned specimens produce masses of flowers. These mid-winter flowers are so valuable for picking, for they last well over a fortnight in water, and the most tightly closed buds open in succession. A large bowl of moss stuck with sprays of these golden blooms and the silken blue flowers of *Iris stylosa* makes a charming picture. Like crocuses, sprays of *Jasminum nudiflorum* seem to catch all the light in a room and to radiate it again. This shrub is usually planted against a wall facing south or east, in order to secure early blooms. It is frequently far too tightly and neatly trimmed and does not flower so well as when allowed a certain amount of freedom. Pruning should be done immediately after flowering, cutting to the base every side shoot that has flowered and shortening the tips of the long shoots. On light soils a mulch is beneficial after flowering.

Clematis cirrhosa is one of the most graceful of winter-flowering climbers. Although this plant has been grown in these islands for well over 300 years, it is far from commonly grown now. Gerard grew it in his Holborn garden, and he called it Traveller's Joy of Candia. The fairy-like beauty of the greenish cup-like flowers, curiously flecked with brown, is very appealing, save to those who care only for large showy blooms. In seed it is almost as lovely as in flower, for the seed vessels have large silky tassels. This clematis is perfectly hardy, but it cannot endure a position where it is exposed to cold winds. *C. calcyna* is not so hardy and is valuable not only for its pretty flowers but its foliage, which is a lovely bronze in winter.

Chimonanthus fragrans, a Chinese treasure, was introduced in the eighteenth century, but is still not so commonly grown as it might be. Yet it is a valuable shrub for small gardens, for trained against a wall it takes very little space. Its flowers, the colour of rich old parchment and maroon centred, are produced on the leafless branches, and so rich is the fragrance of the flowers that a few of them will scent a small room. This shrub does equally well on rich or poor soils. In spring all the shoots that have flowered should be cut back to within an inch of the base and all weak growths cut out. The large-flowered variety is not so fragrant as the type.

Berberis hyemalis (*syn B. japonica* var. *Bealii*) was one of Fortune's introductions. This shrub, which attains about 4ft., is hardy in the South, but not in bleak parts, and it takes so little space that it is invaluable for small gardens. It should be given a spot where it is sheltered from cutting winds. *B. japonica*, the type, is not nearly so attractive, for the flowers are smaller and very short-stemmed. But those of *B. hyemalis* are produced on stems 3in. or 4in. long, and their scent is almost indiscernible from that of lily of the valley. In sheltered parts of the South and West *B. japonica* and *B. hyemalis* begin flowering in November.

Of the Chinese and Japanese witch-hazels, *Hamamelis mollis* is generally regarded as the best, and the variety *H. mollis pallida*, which is more tree-like in growth, is exceptionally free-flowering. This variety was introduced by the late Mr. George Forrest from Western China. There is something curiously fascinating about the fantastic flowers, hung like spidery bracelets on the leafless branches, and their scent is unlike that of any other scent in the winter garden. Most Chinese winter-flowering shrubs have very rich summer-like scent, but the scent of the Chinese witch-hazel is a dusty Eastern scent and makes a pleasant contrast. *H. japonica arborea* is an established favourite. *H. j. Zuccarinicana* has very pale yellow flowers and *H. j.* var. *rubra* pinkish flowers with a red calyx. The witch-hazels resent chalk, but otherwise they do well on most soils, and they like an open position. *H. mollis* is almost as attractive in autumn as in spring, for the foliage turns a rich scarlet. The plant derives its specific name from the soft hairy under-surface of the leaves.

Of the two winter-flowering honeysuckles—*Lonicera fragrantissima* and *L. Standishii*—the former is the most valuable in small gardens. Trained fan-wise against a wall, its fresh foliage and exquisitely scented flowers are a delight in January. Unfortunately this shrub is not free-flowering, but the rich scent compensates for the paucity of flowers. In the South *L. fragrantissima* is evergreen, but not in exposed parts. It is scarcely worth giving space to *L. Standishii*, except in a large garden, for it makes a bush nearly 6ft. high and quite 4ft. through and the flowers almost invariably shrivel in cutting winds unless given a very sheltered spot.

Garrya elliptica, introduced from California by David Douglas in 1828, does splendidly in the South and West. It likes a sandy soil and shelter from north and east winds. This shrub resents root disturbance and plants should always be bought in pots.

Notwithstanding all the new introductions, rosemary, grown in very ancient times in these islands, is still one of our finest winter-flowering shrubs. In sheltered parts and against a warm wall, its aromatic flowers appear as early as December, and are produced in mild spells throughout the winter until by mid-May the long, graceful branches are wreathed with flowers. This plant has probably been introduced and lost several times. Traditionally, it was introduced by Philippa of Hainault, but it is mentioned in a Saxon herbal *The Leech Book of Bald* as a valuable restorative.

Lycopsis sinensis is a very handsome evergreen shrub, but not commonly grown. Apart from the beauty of the foliage the flowers are so curious. The most beautiful of all January-flowering trees is surely *Parrotia persica*. Theoretically it blooms in March, but the fine specimen at Kew usually flowers in mid-January. A lovelier and more unusual spectacle on a bright frosty day it would be difficult to find, for from a little distance this tree looks as though enveloped in a crimson mist, a striking contrast to the hoar frost on the grass. The flowers are small with striking red-anthered stamens, and are produced in profusion. The bracts are velvety brown.



SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT

We did not bench the Show Champion this year, but my farm at Snow Belt bred it. We did not breed the Cub Champion either, but Mr. Thouron, the G.M. of Nithsdale, has everything set to do it this year; but we did breed the Show Challenger, being the finest vixen in the Show, and we then held the Cup for the second successive year, and we also took the Reserve with a Snow Belt vixen.

I was talking to one of my clients in the Mess here to-day, who came to us from the South, having seen these announcements in the "Field." His home is about four hundred miles from us, and there is another fox farm just round the corner from him. I asked him why he travelled so far from home, and his answer was that he was attracted by these advertisements. All very right and proper and most grateful and comforting.

I had a letter a little while ago from an advertising periodical, and they asked me if I would tell them how I did it. Their remarks were, on analysing my methods, that I seemed to use an unrelieved, reader, type of advertisement, and that it was all very unscientific, from an advertising point of view—and all provokingly successful.

I only advertise in four journals—the "Field," "Truth," "The Investor's Chronicle," and "Blackwood's," and I write advertisements such as would attract myself, and by this means I obtain the interest of people with whom I can work in harmony—all very unscientific. . . . After all, I do think that too much stress is put on the winning of prizes. An award at the Official Show certainly does demonstrate that the owner has a good fox, but that is all. You cannot take a red rosette to the Bank and get an overdraft on it. And furthermore, I do think that for one of the major awards the prizewinner should have been bred by the exhibitor. I am financially able to buy the finest fox in the world, and if I won the Show Championship with it, that is not to say that I am capable of breeding other champions from it, or that the brute itself would breed prizewinners. Listen to this: "A certain amount of capital is naturally required (a good pair of foxes will cost anything from £120 to £150) but free instruction can always be obtained from the sellers of the stock. NO GREAT AMOUNT OF TRAINING IS REQUIRED. A man who has raised dogs will find his experience most useful, and with average common sense, a copy of "The Silver Fox," by G. G. Catchpole, and an elementary knowledge of Mendel's Law, A FEW MONTHS SHOULD SUFFICE TO ACQUIRE THE NECESSARY EXPERIENCE." There is a lot more of this in an article which appeared in a journal recently, and this is the kind of thing which makes practical people, who know that it is impossible to learn any business connected with livestock in a few months, fight shy of the publicity which silver fox farming gets. Two years is now the smallest period for which a man is required to remain with us studying the industry, unless he is prepared to employ a manager trained by us. A few months . . .!!! And the foxes cost from £120 to £150!!! But you will be quite qualified to look after them . . . especially if you have raised a few dogs, and have Mr. Catchpole's book, and know about Mendel. I wonder if my friend Mr. Catchpole would approve? He might feel flattered, but I doubt if he would agree that anyone who knew his book by heart and had only a few months' practice could raise silver foxes successfully and commercially. IT CAN'T BE DONE.

T. Milross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.

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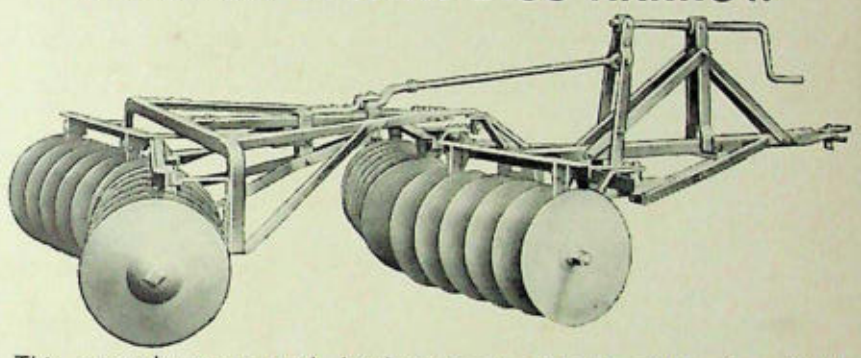
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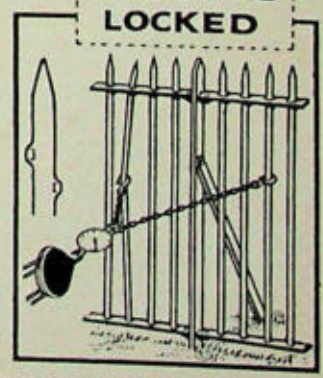
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SHOULD THERE BE A DRIVING TEST FOR MOTORISTS?

A Suggested Chain of Schools Throughout the Country

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

ARE you a motorist? If not, you may become one, in the eyes of the law, for the modest sum of 5 . All you have to do is to send this amount to the appropriate authority and you will be supplied with a licence entitling you to drive a vehicle which, admittedly, can be a serious danger in the hands of the unskilled or careless.

And this licence will be supplied without question, even though you are completely ignorant of driving. It is even conceivable that the applicant has never travelled in a motor car in his life.

This seems so absurd that many believe the present system should be altered. They argue, not without reason, that a compulsory test of the applicant's ability to drive safely should precede the issue of a driving licence.

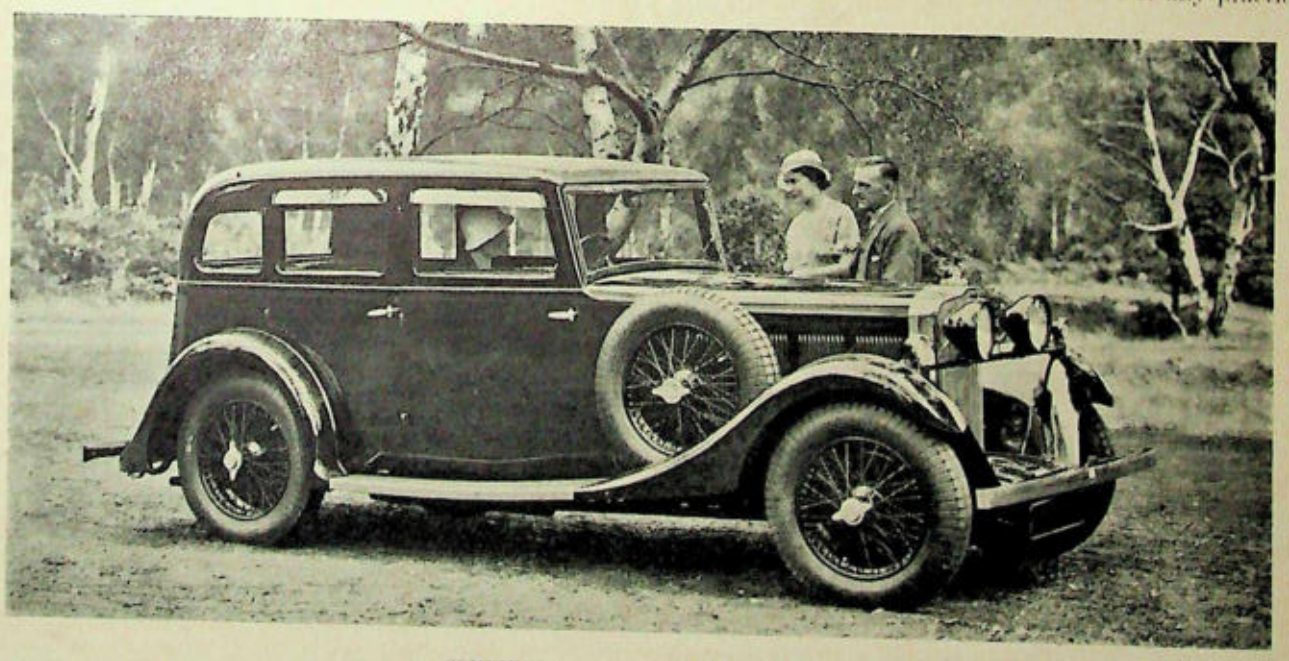
Then, they say, we should see almost at once a considerable diminution in the number of road accidents. It is pointed out, again, that this is one of the few countries in which an examination of some kind is not insisted upon, and if others have found it necessary or beneficial there is no logical reason why we should not follow suit.

But would such a test have any real effect on the safety or otherwise of the roads? Would the fact that the licence holder had proved his ability to drive a car well enough to pass the examiner necessarily indicate that he was competent and safe? My answer, in the light of many years' experience, is that it would not.

A careful study of the statistics relating to road accidents demonstrates that a very small proportion indeed of the recorded cases have their origin in want of technical ability to drive. Seldom, either, does it transpire that an accident has occurred directly through want of experience. The reason for this is that the novice is almost invariably ultra-cautious until he has passed the initial stages and begins to feel that he is fully fledged.

As he becomes more experienced he may retain his cautiousness and become a really good driver, considerate towards all other road users, careful at all times, and observant of all the amenities of the road. On the other hand, he may be one of the minority to whom the development of skill and experience simply means licence. Of that stuff is made the road hog.

How is an examination to differentiate between the two types? As a matter of fact, the road hog, actual or potential, is far more likely to pass his test with flying colours than is the other, whose driving is tempered by a caution which may even, in certain circumstances, be confused with nervousness. It is easy to see that the very type of driver we do not want on the roads at all is the one who would come off best under a test.



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The Talbot "65" Special Saloon, priced at £425

Important, also, is the fact that it would hardly be possible to discover by means of a driving test exactly how the subject would react in a sudden road emergency. I know that some of the great road transport companies put their drivers through some very searching tests, in which they have to encounter all sorts of imaginary emergencies. That is all very well when there are only a few hundred drivers to deal with, but it has to be remembered that there are something like five millions of driving licence holders at the present moment.

Of course, a great many of these are what I may call casual holders people who take out a licence because it is a good thing to have one handy in case it should be necessary to drive at some time or other. On the other hand, there must be at least three million motorists who drive regularly, and I cannot conceive of any practicable organisation for dealing with such a huge number of tests, even if it were held to be desirable to impose an examination.

For my own part I have never thought it desirable, because I cannot see how it would enhance the safety

of the roads, while there is the further drawback that to administer the scheme it would be necessary to create yet another army of bureaucratic officials, of whom we have far too many already.

I readily agree that the present haphazard system of issuing driving licences to all and sundry, whose sole qualification may be the possession of a spare 5/–, leaves much to be desired. What I do think might be very seriously considered by the Government or by the Minister of Transport is an insistence that every applicant for a *first* driving licence should produce a certificate from an approved school of motoring that the applicant had undergone a thorough course of instruction up to a specified standard and has been passed as competent to take charge of a motor vehicle.

At the present moment every novice does, in fact, receive instruction of some sort before he takes to the road "on his own." Unfortunately, it is not always competent instruction. Sometimes he invokes the help of a motoring friend, who may be more willing than able to impart the necessary knowledge. Or he may take a few "lessons" from the dealer who sold him his car.

He may go to a school of motoring and pay much money to be taught. If the school is a good one he is lucky, for not all of them have either the instructors or the dual-control cars which are really essential.

There are, as a matter of fact, some very excellent schools in this country, holding the certificate of the R.A.C., and these are to be recommended. Indeed, I would advise every would-be learner to fight shy of any school which does not hold this certificate. It is best to be on the safe side.

I understand there is a movement on foot to establish a chain of schools of motoring in all the large centres of the country, well equipped, properly staffed and working to a common standard approved by the R.A.C. and the A.A. The establishment of such a chain would simplify the plan I have suggested enormously, since proper tuition would be available everywhere.

The common standard of instruction and certification would ensure uniformity, while close supervision by R.A.C. and A.A. would render superfluous any direct official interference either with the standard of instruction or the methods of tuition.

TRAVEL NOTES

A NEW service to South Africa was inaugurated on February 6th when the liner Giulio Cesare (22,000 tons) left Genoa for South Africa. This new fast Italian monthly service has been established as a result of an agreement between the Union Government and the Italia Company. The Duilio (24,000 tons) will take the next sailing (March 6th). These vessels were formerly in the South American service of the Italia Company, and achieved considerable popularity. They have been entirely reconditioned to adapt them to the requirements of the new service. Cape Town will be reached in 15½ days from Genoa and in 14½ days from Marseilles.

* * *

One of the most consistent cruise programmes is that of the Yeoward Line, which maintains regular sailings to Madeira and the Canary Islands. Varying from 16 days to 22 days, these cruises leave about every week throughout the year, and provide an exceedingly enjoyable round voyage. A couple of days are usually spent at Lisbon on the outward voyage, and visits are made to both Las Palmas and Santa Cruz (Teneriffe), in the Canary Islands. During the week before Easter there will be three sailings, the third, leaving on March 29th, including calls at Gibraltar and Casablanca as well as Lisbon.

GIVING BRITAIN THE FREEDOM OF THE AIR

The Progress and Prospects of Airports Development

By THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

THERE can be no doubt that public opinion is now very much more alive to the need for internal airports development than at any previous time. The Prince of Wales's magnificent speech at the Airports Conference, organised by the Royal Aeronautical Society and the London Chamber of Commerce, and presided over by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House last December, emphasised the necessity for a widespread provision of aerodromes, the inadequacy of which had become increasingly apparent by reason of the welcome activity which took place in connection with internal airways during the summer of 1933.

With his gift for picking out vital essentials, His Royal Highness put the case for airports development in a way that fired the imagination even of those to whom air travel yet remained something untried and remote.

With a year of expansion in internal services before us, it is, therefore, a good opportunity to return to a subject that has been repeatedly advocated in these columns, and to endeavour to assess the progress made and the possibilities of the near future. All along we have urged that airports development is a responsibility bearing primarily on municipalities, since the provision of even a landing ground is creating a public amenity; and local authorities have the power to set aside land for future appropriation for the purpose.

This can be done, of course, under the powers conferred by the Town-Planning Acts, since what is necessary is the scheduling of an open space and the protection of its surroundings from building operations that would be detrimental to its value as an aerodrome.

It will be useful, as a background for discussion, to outline the position as it was at the end of last November—the latest date for which official Air Ministry returns are available.

The statistics then showed that sixteen towns had licensed aerodromes actually in commission, and a further eight had purchased sites. Eight towns had reserved land for aerodrome construction under their town-planning schemes, and 76 local authorities had had sites inspected with a view to possible action at a later stage. In addition, 68 towns had shown interest in the question, without having, at that date, actually had preliminary surveys undertaken.

The aerodromes in use vary, of course, considerably in size and facilities; but the important fact is that they exist, for, as the Prince of Wales remarked in his speech, the need to-day is first and foremost for landing grounds rather than for fully-equipped aerodromes, in order that all parts of the country may be opened up to those who have recognised the advantages of aviation. "Every town a landing ground" might well be a motto for the immediate present; the future—and the near future at that—will amend it to "Every town an aerodrome."

Taken all round, then, there is satisfactory evidence of an increased interest in aerodrome development among municipalities all over the country, and the main thing at the moment is that those which have shown sufficient initiative to have surveys made should go a stage farther and definitely acquire sites.

The aim must be to provide landing facilities in the neighbourhood of every town of importance, as well as in those less densely populated areas where the holiday maker and pleasure-seeker is likely to be found. On that basis a useful line of development could be pursued.

Time and again it has been urged in these articles that every town would soon need to cater for the traveller by air; the day thus predicted has now arrived, for last summer showed that internal services can be operated on an economic basis and proved that they could serve a very useful purpose.

It is more than likely that these services will be augmented during the present year, and the towns which have aerodromes ready, or are prepared to carry on with their provision, are those which are likely to obtain the greatest benefit from the advantages of air travel.

Earlier in this article it was remarked that the need of the moment was "Every town a landing ground," but it must not be forgotten that development is likely to be progressive, and an eye must always be kept on the future where aerodrome planning is under consideration. It is true that the immediate traffic will consist of light aircraft and the smaller types of commercial machine (such as the "Dragon"), but the future will bring fresh demands.

The increase in air transport will naturally necessitate more space for manœuvring on the ground; eventually servicing shops and hangars will have to be provided, and a shelter and refreshment room, if not an hotel—all of which will require space that must be allowed for in the original scheme.

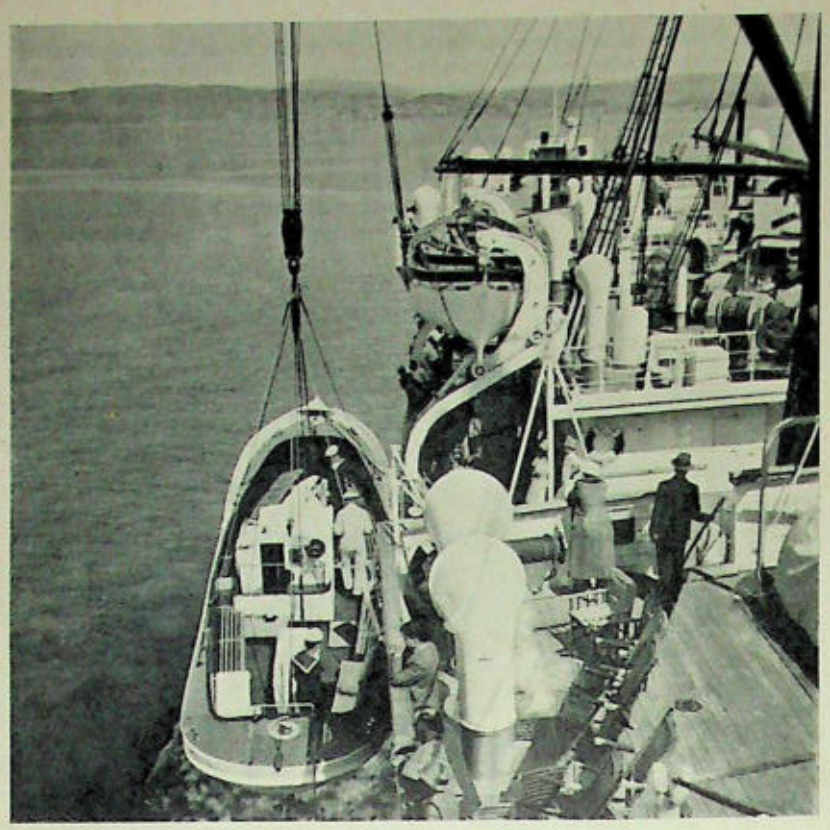
Another factor that may possibly have to be considered is a certain increase in the landing speed of aircraft due to the general tendency towards higher cruising speeds. In this country no great increase in landing speed is to be expected as designers will utilise to an increasing extent the various accessories which have been developed as aids to slow landing; but the point is that whatever land is set aside must be of ample area, and if available must not be limited to the bare minimum allowed by the existing regulations.

What is abundantly clear is that aerodrome development is no longer a problem which can be left to the future; it is a live topic of the day, and the towns that make use of their powers now are those which will be among the leaders to-morrow, benefiting in trade and in free communication with the outside world.

The town that provides even a landing field and a petrol pump will derive such advantage that this will in itself demonstrate the need for complete aerodrome equipment. It is essential that this minimum provision at least, on a widespread scale, should be made during the current year.



"THE AIM MUST BE TO PROVIDE LANDING FACILITIES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EVERY TOWN OF IMPORTANCE"
A bird's-eye view of Portsmouth Airport



TWO DAYS OUT AND VIGO AHEAD

NEAR PORTS OF CALL

Short Cruises which are Well Worth While

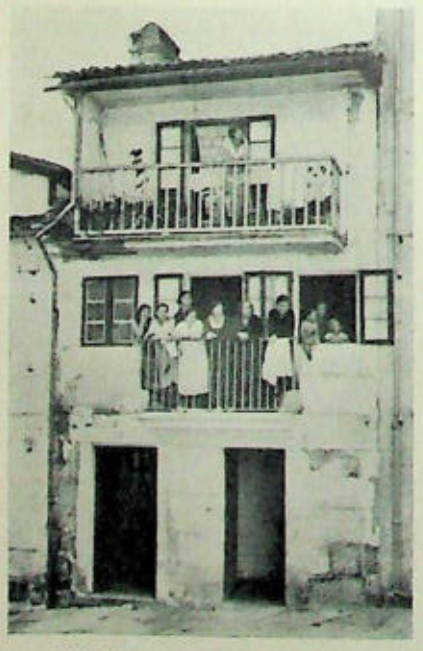
VIGO, Lisbon and Gibraltar are ports of call for most Mediterranean cruises on the outward run or return home, while the first two usually figure in Atlantic Islands itineraries. Providing either first or last impressions of a voyage, they remain implanted in the memory, and their proximity invites more than the fleeting glances afforded by a few hours ashore.

At this season when cold winds are blowing, we become cruise-minded and long for the warm spots. In a diary of a cruise which left England even in the Merry Month of May, I find the remark that after a chilly day, came sunshine and warm breezes as the ship neared Vigo, so that it seemed impossible to realise we had left cold and drizzle in London and a fog-bound Channel scarcely 48 hours before.

It is amusing to note the excitement which seizes even the hardened voyager as the rock-bound Spanish coast comes in sight with scattered white buildings and alluring sandy coves along its edge. Binoculars are out of the cases long before the rocky island guarding Vigo's fine harbour has been rounded, and its collection of white buildings shimmer in sunshine on the hillside. Alongside come the bumboats as the anchor is dropped, their occupants rattling castanets to draw attention to appalling cargoes, consisting mainly of the said castanets, oranges, bottles of Marsala and coloured paper sunshades. They are the first introduction to local colour.

Spectators in nondescript attire greet the passengers on landing, and there is the startling apparition of a policeman with a familiar pattern helmet and huge truncheon, whose resemblance to the home article is somewhat marred by leather leggings. His country cousin in green helmet, uniform and puttees is not so smart and often appears in need of a shave.

If Vigo promises well, its countryside bears out that promise. Journeying along the road to Tuy, an old fortress town above the Minho with a sombre cathedral, you pass by woods of sweet-smelling pines and a sprinkling of eucalyptus trees, hillsides covered with small cultivated plots and terraces growing vegetables, with here and there a crop of hay or patch of wheat often bordered by vines layered on stone pillars. Women are to be seen at work in the fields or encountered on the road bearing prodigious burdens on their heads, and oxen are employed to drag single-bladed ploughs, or carts with primitive solid-centred wheels. Everything seems of a past age except the tarmac road along which your car speeds, round hair-pin bends, through olive and sage-green landscapes; by fields painted yellow with sweetly



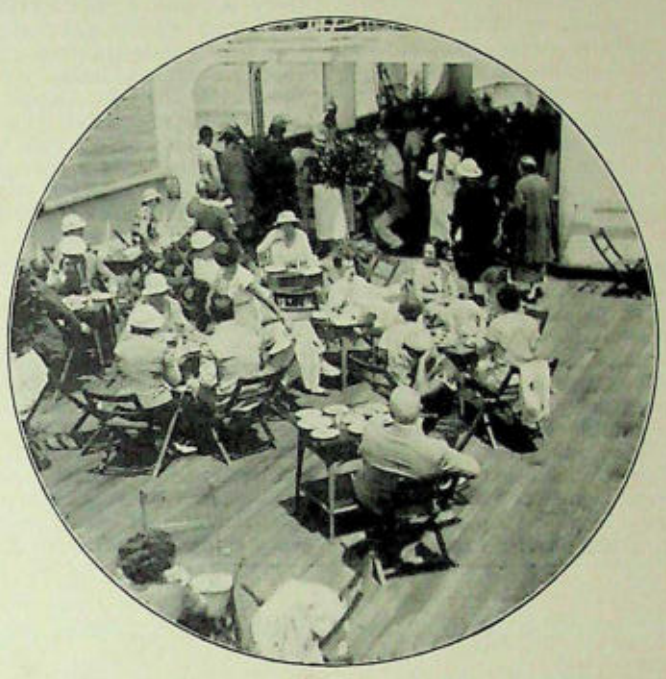
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FISHER GIRLS OF LISBON LIKE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

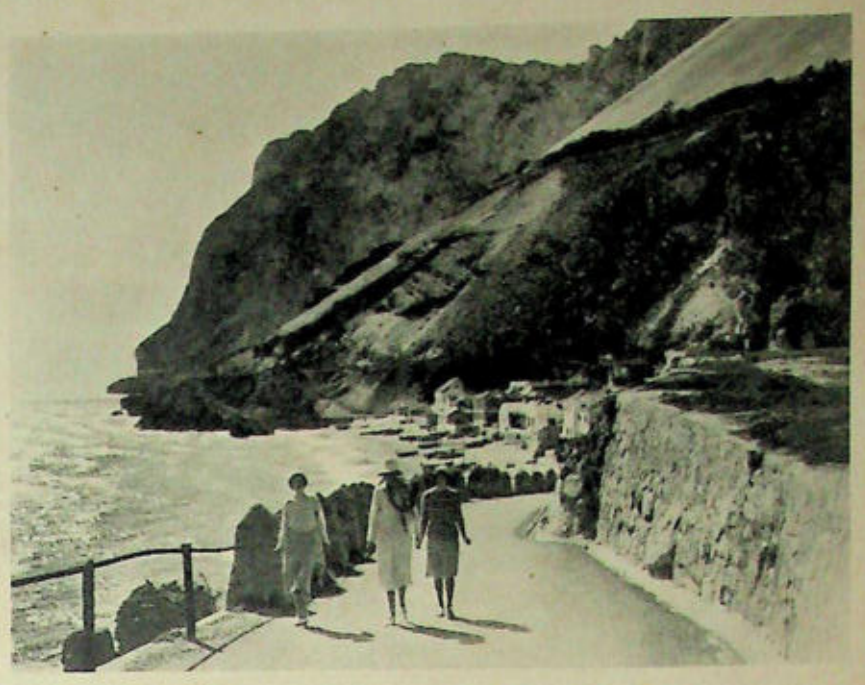
smelling, low-growing broom; and past poor dwellings, often adjoining villas of a certain magnificence with masses of roses clustered round their balustrades. Such in brief is Vigo, at the end of a short sea passage. A week would even allow for the voyage and a few days in which to explore its surroundings, and the shores of its bay on which is the delightful fishing village of Bayona.

With a fortnight to spare Gibraltar offers such attractions ashore combined with a good sea trip that it should easily come first on a list of independent cruises. Possibly because cruising ships make brief calls at the Rock the impression has grown that "there is little to see." No greater libel could be spread. Four days out from home, and you strike in Main Street a combined atmosphere of Europe, Africa and the East. You may voyage to the other end of the Mediterranean and not find similar associations allied to the cleanliness and order of a British garrison town. Gibraltar stirs up a legitimate feeling of national pride and in itself has much of beauty and interest to offer. There is a sub-tropical brilliance and the glory of bougainvillea in the Alameda Gardens; under the great water catchments is the pretty fishing village of Catalan Bay; there are wonderful panoramas spread below the road to Europa Point, and the rock-hewn galleries constructed under General Eliott during the famous siege; and there is a wealth of historical interest. If you desire a change of scene, where is there any place but the Rock which will give you a choice of such variants as Spain and the African coast so close at hand?

Lisbon is often the finishing point of a cruise, a surprise reserved for the end. It actually comes as such, for the Portuguese capital is a total change after a round of the Mediterranean ports. From the moment the fisher girls with baskets balanced on their heads, have attracted every camera owner from the ship, the visitor realises he is in a new environment. Wide thoroughfares, magnificent buildings, spacious squares, broad avenues, high view-points over the town and the busy Tagus and its famous gardens and parks, give Lisbon a cachet all its own.

If you know how to make a bargain, you can explore the countryside by car quite inexpensively, or you can journey by plebeian electric train to Estoril and bathe and dine with the fashionable world, for Estoril has become a rival to old-established Continental luxury resorts. To quote one eulogistic writer: "a profusion of exotic flowers, palm groves, pine forests and eucalyptus-covered hills give it a fascinating setting." And added to this there is no lack of amusement.

But while Estoril has captivated the moderns, the beauties of Sintra (or Cintra), seventeen miles from the capital, have through the ages appealed to the Moors, the Portuguese kings and the poets. Here are magnificent palaces built to bear witness to the appreciation shown by the great for the glorious vistas commanded by Sintra's wooded hills—the Moorish Royal Palace, the Pena Palace, the Monserrate and Sintra Palaces, famed either for their antiquity, their art collections, or their grounds and gardens, such as the famous botanical collection of Monserrate. What more is there to be said when a Portuguese proverb states that "to leave out Sintra in seeing the world is no better than travelling blindfold."



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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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LADY JANE FITZROY

The elder of the Duke of Grafton's sisters, Lady Jane Fitzroy is to be presented at Court this year. Her brother, who comes of age on August 1st, succeeded his grandfather in 1930 as ninth Duke, and takes an active part in the shooting on his famous Euston estate

APOLLO

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TUNNY AND SPORTSMANSHIP

LAST autumn, in this column, we called attention to a growing evil which seemed likely to discredit the sport of angling for tunny in our home waters. This we described briefly as the "commercialisation" of tunny fishing—the capture of fish by methods which were, in fact, not "angling" at all, but simply "fish catching"; methods which might be legitimately employed by professional fishermen for supplying the market but which were being foisted on the sporting community under the pretence of legitimate angling. Correspondence in our own columns and elsewhere, which the *Field's* leading article evoked, has shown, unfortunately, that the evil does not end there, that there are other matters more directly connected with sportsmanship requiring investigation.

The first question to be answered (also raised in our columns) would seem to be whether tunny fishing is, or is not, to be developed as a branch of angling. Lord Macmillan, at the Fly Fishers' Club dinner a few years ago, wittily remarked, "The whole object of this association is to deceive by colourable imitation"; and, in a more general way, that might well be taken as a definition of angling. The angler, whatever his quarry, is mainly concerned in inducing it to accept the false for the true, in pitting his wits and his skill in deception against the instinct, "conditioned complex," call it what you will, of the fish.

Growing "education" of fish has made this conditioned complex more difficult to outwit than it used to be, and anglers' tackle has become finer and finer in order to cope with it. It is true that this finer gear increases the difficulty of landing a capture, but primarily it is designed to help the angler, not to help the fish.

In the case of giant fish like tunny such a development has been entirely reversed. The deception of the fish plays so little part in its capture as to be almost negligible. Even the heaviest tackle which can be used with rod and line is extremely fine in comparison with the size of the fish. It is a matter of "play" only; it is the second half of the art, the subduing of the fish after hooking, alone which counts. As a result an endeavour has been made to substitute "rules" for the natural development of the sport. Anglers are expected to comply with artificial regulations in tackle and method which have sometimes been devised without any real knowledge of the local conditions under which the fish are sought.

One such rule, which confines the fishing to rowboats, is condemned by both the writers—Mr. Zane Grey and Colonel Stapleton Cotton—who have contributed recently on the subject to our columns. As long ago as 1925 we suggested that there was no particular virtue in an angler being towed about by a fish which it was his object to control. Experiences last year suggest that the lack of virtue has become a very present vice.

But perhaps the worst feature of all is the offspring of these rules—the issue of "certificates," a sort of guarantee that a fish has been caught according to some arbitrarily imposed "sportsmanlike method." Sportsmanship and honour have always been terms so closely allied as to be almost synonymous. Does any sportsman want his honour certified?

We hope that English big-game anglers (and we believe that we express the views of most of them) will inaugurate a movement this year for developing the sport along the lines of legitimate angling. There is here no need for arbitrary rules. The fascination of angling does not consist merely in the capture of a fish; it consists in pitting one's skill and address against the power and subtlety with which Nature has equipped her children. There is no pleasure in dragging a fish aboard with heavy tackle, and little more in using tackle so light that nothing but luck will effect a capture. Mr. Mitchell Henry has shown that in the design of big-game tackle our own anglers need fear no competition. Surely they may also be allowed to develop a suitable technique?

EXCHANGING PARTRIDGE EGGS

OWNERS of partridge ground know well the value of the introduction of fresh blood, and there are estates on which the exchange of eggs from one part to the other is regularly carried out in the nesting season. There are other estates whose owners would be glad to exchange eggs with other owners at a distance. At present these may find themselves in a difficulty. They may not know of another owner with requirements answering to their own. Any partridge eggs which are offered for sale are almost certainly poached, and there is no method of communication between the honest would-be buyer or seller.

To meet this situation the *Field* offers to keep, during the coming season, a register of the names of owners of partridge shoots who wish to exchange eggs with other owners. This register will be retained by the Editor, who will enter on it the names of *bona fide* owners or tenants who wish to be put into private communication with others. Their names and addresses will be shown to no one else. Applicants for entry on this register should write, giving their full names and address, to the Editor of the *Field*, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4, and marking their envelope "Partridges."

A YACHTING GESTURE

For over half a century American yachtsmen have held an advantage in the America's Cup race in that they were able to build boats, try them and select their defender a week before the race, whereas the British challenger had to be named ten months in advance. The New York Yacht Club has now on its own initiative instituted a change in the rule which will allow the challenger to substitute another yacht if notice is given 60 days before the first race takes place. The Americans are to be congratulated on their sporting gesture. They have endeavoured and are endeavouring to make the contest at last as fair for both sides as possible.

Providing Velsheda can be placed under the Royal Yacht Squadron's ensign the new rule would admit of her replacing Endeavour, if the latter proved unsatisfactory, just as the Americans can replace Mr. Vanderbilt's new Rainbow with Weetamoe or Yankee.

Next season's programme will be a really representative one in big yachting, and now that Mr. Fairey owns Shamrock V it will be interesting to see what he will do with her against the new J class boats. Altogether the big class will include the King's Britannia, Mr. Andreae's Candida, Shamrock V, Mr. Paul's Astra, Mr. Stephenson's Velsheda and Mr. Sopwith's Endeavour.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING STANDARDS

Under this heading the *Field* recently commented on the report that Mr. George Vanderbilt had caught lions with tarpon hooks on the Serengeti plains. Reliable information from Africa would tend to suggest that Mr. Vanderbilt's denial is a true one. It has still to be made clear how the interview gained currency, for the newspaper in question stands its ground on the letter of the report. Sir Robert Gower questioned Mr. Malcolm McDonald on this subject last week in the House of Commons, and also of the assertion made by Carl Akeley in his book *Lions, Gorillas and their Neighbours*, that he killed 28 lions and wounded 29 more on a particular safari. Sir Robert proposes to take the matter farther at the earliest possible moment with a view to making such practices impossible. His intention is admirable, and though legislation at Westminster is not always easy to implement in huge semi-developed African territories, the ventilation of these matters cannot but do good.

PYLONS AND GAME BIRDS

Pylons have more disadvantages than their danger to airmen and the spoiling of the landscape, for they are an increasing interference with game birds. It is, of course, true that this is only a minor argument to the contention always brought forward by the *Field*, that these lines should have been buried from the first. Sir Amos Nelson, who shoots over Stanbury Moor, states that since overhead lines were erected two years ago over 100 birds, including grouse, have been killed by flying into them. Those who erect overhead cables should arrange for discs to be placed on the wires.

THE SERVICES RUGBY EXAMPLE

So much dull Rugby is being played nowadays that it was a real pleasure to see the Navy v. Air Force match at Twickenham last Saturday living well up to the Services' reputation for robust and eventful play. The teams were somewhat unfamiliar, both below full strength, and both containing several young players; but they contrived to show a great amount of skill.

The career that seemed marked out for J. S. W. Walsham was abundantly justified. He played at centre three-quarter for the Navy last season, and on Saturday his display at stand-off half challenged comparison with the man for whom he was deputy—W. Elliott, who was busy playing for England. Among many thrilling things in the match was an astonishing run by the Navy wing three-quarter, Midshipman J. P. Kirkby, who, from his own half, dodged opponent after opponent before finally being pulled down almost on the line.

The Navy finished up with a score of five goals (one dropped) and four tries (36 points) to nothing. Neither the Navy nor the Army had previously scored so heavily against the Air Force. The losers played by no means bad Rugby. It was simply the Navy's day.

BAGS OF WOODPIGEONS

This winter we have been visited by immense numbers of foreign woodpigeons. These birds do a great deal of damage to crops, and shoots on a large scale have been organised by the National Farmers' Union and other bodies. We believe that large bags have been made by these organised parties and on private estates, and it would be interesting to know what is the largest bag that has been made. We should be grateful if readers would send us details of any records of which they have knowledge.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a local paper, February 3rd: "Thousands of pigeons were shot down last night in the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire. . . . As night fell, shots were heard from every wood all over the countryside, and they continued until after dark. Owing to the moonlight the pigeons were able to see the shooters unless they were perfectly hidden, and many escaped."

DAUNTLESS LADY GOLFERS

In future British lady golfers, when participating in competitions, must continue to play despite any bad weather. This decision, which has met with a considerable amount of criticism, was made at the annual meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union last week. It will be remembered that at last year's championship a special rule was in force permitting competitors to shelter during lightning storms. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club did not agree with this action, and the L.G.U. is to be admired for falling in with the wishes of the governing body of the game. Quite apart from the obvious difficulties that such a rule presents, it is important that one set of rules should apply to the playing of the game anywhere by anyone. Although the representative ladies' team which toured South Africa this winter has only just returned, it was announced that this year matches would be played against France, Canada and America, in each of those countries respectively. Such a programme shows that the L.G.U. is up to date in its ideas and realises that now British lady golfers are supreme it is the right time for them to visit other countries, gain experience and uphold their reputation.

"WILD BEASTS" AT LARGE

These are stirring times. Savage animals, escaping from captivity or wandering from their natural haunts, are slain in the streets of London or other populated areas, almost at the rate of one per week. Scarcely has Wolverhampton ceased sighing with relief at the extermination of a pair of coatimundis (long-snouted little beasts, noted in captivity for their "quaint and amusing tricks") than the inhabitants of North London learn, with mingled horror and gratitude, of the bravery with which a "terror by night" has been removed from their midst. A badger walked through the front gates of a house at Hendon, settled itself comfortably in a small space between the house and the garage, and went to sleep.

"Policemen and R.S.P.C.A. officials tried in vain to induce it to come into the open, and the animal had to be shot." We commend the last half-dozen words to the notice of R.S.P.C.A. headquarters. Surely there are naturalists enough in London—at the Zoo, South Kensington, or the *Field* office for that matter—to ensure Brock's safe removal without such drastic measures?

FEBRUARY AND ITS EMPTY DYKES

St. Valentine, his Feast, has passed already, and still the ditches show no sign of filling. Where, normally, turbid waters swirl and eddy, and miniature floods spread out where the wire netting, stretched as a deterrent to a neighbour's hen roost, has held up the debris, there is this year emptiness. Autumn's gift of fallen leaves still rustles drily where the gurgle of breaking springs should fill the air with melody before the march north-easters come to pulverise the furrows. To the fisherman, the chalk streams have become a source of some anxiety. Their upper tributaries, many of them, contribute nothing; and the spawning beds, will they also default in their annual increment to the river's trout? Fortunately the springs failed early, and it may be that the trout have chosen the safer main stream for their redds. But it is winter rains which fill the chalk; rainfall in summer does little to recharge those mighty reservoirs, and unless that rain comes soon the fishing in south-country streams is not a cheerful prospect.

BELLS OF SHANDON

Last week "H. H." in a letter informed readers of the *Field* that the Lee in Co. Cork is full of running salmon. There must be many who have fished that lovely river and mourned the cruelty that destroyed the houses along its banks. They will remember, far from its waters, the haunting echoes of Francis Mahony's *Bells of Shandon*:

"With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee."



GOLF AND ITS COSTS

An Analysis of the Average Player's Outlay

By E. R. TIPPLE

"I SHOULD very much like to play golf, but I simply cannot afford it," said a friend to me recently. And there may be many more would-be players of the game who believe that its costs are excessive. But, obviously, the question of expense rests on how you play it.

First of all, let us look at the game from the beginner's point of view. He has to have certain essential equipment in the nature of clubs and clothes. To commence with, I believe five clubs to be all that is necessary—brassie, iron, mashie, niblick and putter. The purchase of cheap implements is false economy, for they do not last, neither are they sympathetic when used. Five good clubs and a bag will cost £5 10s.; this sum I regard as an average one, although it is possible to spend twice as much.

Even if he is not a real golfer, he must look the part, so additional clothes are required. Two suits, pullovers, a leather jerkin for bad weather, stockings and at least two pairs of shoes should suffice. It is not easy to estimate their cost, but I should allow at least £20. Then there are lessons from a professional, the number depending on the individual. £3 should pay for an adequate series. Now there are the entrance fee and first subscription to the chosen club—at the moment I am supposing that he is to become a member of a private club, not a public one. Here again the charges vary to an alarming extent. Around London these fees will be about £18, not much less, whilst in the provinces a sum of £15 should cover them. The amount spent on balls will depend on the number of rounds played—and the type of course. If they are sensible, beginners will begin with a cheap variety, as they are sure to maltreat or lose them quickly. For the purpose of this budget I estimate the number of balls he will use during his first year to be 150. At one shilling each they will cost him £7 10s. Thus, for the items mentioned, we have a total cost of £54. This, I think, represents a moderate expenditure.

Now for the ordinary member of an ordinary club. During the course of a year he will probably buy two or three new clubs at a cost, say, of £2 10s. His subscription will be £8 8s., and he will use about 150 balls at two shillings each at a cost of £15. Replenishment of his sports wardrobe must be taken into account, and for this £10 should be sufficient. Thus we arrive at a total annual expenditure of £35 18s.

But in both cases mentioned I have made no allowance for caddies, visits to other courses, competitions and entertainment or "play at the nineteenth hole"! The question of caddies is a sore point with most players. There are no standard rates; charges vary from 1/6 to 3/6 per round, tips being extra. To some, modern caddies are a luxury, to others a necessity, and to all not nearly as helpful as those in the days before the war. The average caddie to-day is only suited to carrying one's bag; his advice is seldom valuable, usually the opposite. No matter how they behave they expect tips equal to the fees. I believe that they are overpaid for what they do, and some investigation into the situation is needed. Three shillings per round inclusive anywhere should be an ample charge.

Those golfers who employ caddies every time they play must spend an annual amount of over £30 for the pleasure. Visits to other courses are enjoyable, but not cheap. Only the other day two players told me that for a day out they never got any change from a pound note. Generally speaking, ordinary club competitions are not expensive; indeed, some regard them as a reliable source of revenue!

Now I come to expenditure at the nineteenth hole. Receipts from this direction at the average club are astonishing. A golfer is usually extremely sociable. If he has played well he is ready to entertain anyone. If he has done badly he is ready to be entertained! In both instances the club profits. I believe that in this entertainment—common in all games—lies the chief danger to the pocket of the young person. Meals in the majority of clubs, often of indifferent quality, are far too expensive. Rarely is value given. Elaborate dishes, even if they are to be had, are not wanted, but snacks, which would suffice, are not easily obtained.

Those who decide to take up first-class golf must be ready to pay dearly. Championships may only last a week, but in that time £25 disappears rapidly. Travelling expenses, hotel bill, caddies, at at least ten shillings per day, are only a few of the charges.

Public courses afford facilities for really cheap golf, and those around London are so popular that they are overcrowded. Thus the player may have a long irksome wait before he can commence. On some commons, golf in the early morning is free to all. But it is golf in the raw, and not suitable for everyone. In Scotland the game is enjoyed by the masses, and subscriptions are lower than in England. Lancashire, Yorkshire and the Midlands cater for the public course player. Liverpool, I believe, possesses seven municipal courses, Leeds has five, and Birmingham several, all quite accessible from the respective centres. And more are to be built. But in London many courses have fallen into the hands of the builders and others are destined to follow the same trail. A syndicate of business men spent a whole week recently looking for a site for a public golf course and found none suitable. The tendency is for golf courses to be constructed farther and farther away from the centre of large cities. This means increased cost to the player. Actually the majority of courses are situated in inaccessible districts for those without a car, and the nearest stations being some miles away, thus necessitating a conveyance to the clubs.

To sum up: Golf in itself is not an exceptionally expensive game for the ordinary club member; it is everything that goes with it that sends up the cost. The extras cost far more than the compulsory charges. To a certain extent it rests with the golfer himself whether the game will be expensive or not.



PART OF THE FIELD BY THE STREAM SIDE AT THE GROVE PARK MEET OF THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE

HUNTING AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

Suggested Remedies for a General Complaint

By MAJOR C. L. CARLOS CLARKE

DURING the last spell of frost, I went up to London for three days, and while making the usual morning inspection of my district—a circle 400yds. in diameter, with the Ritz as the axis—I met and spoke with five Masters of Hounds, several Hunt secretaries, and innumerable illustrious members of various Hunt committees. Some spoke of their sport, some emitted a little gossip, and all, with one accord, complained of the precarious position of their hunts, owing to lack of funds.

They all affirmed that this sorry plight was brought about by the world-wide depression, and the general poverty of the class of people who hunt. There was absolutely nothing to be done about it, they said. That was the conclusion of these depressing and abortive conversations.

For my part, I do not believe that there was ever a period in history when money was spent so lavishly on luxuries. If people want things to-day they have them regardless of cost. If they want to go abroad, they go abroad; if there is anything they want to see, they pay well to see it. Just open the doors of the ten leading restaurants and night clubs in London and glance in.

A few years ago when economy was genuinely necessary, the first thing many people cut down was hunting. Why? Because they did not always get value for money, and because hunting was not the consistently good fun that it had been in the past. Where was the laughter and where were the reckless young men and girls? Where were the good old straight-necked foxes? (Or possibly the good old huntsmen who pretended they were!)

Just after the war a famous pack was taken over by a very astute Master. This man was a great wit, but, above all, he was a great showman. He knew what people wanted, and he knew they would pay if they got it, and he saw to it that they did. He remembered how, in his youth, he had loved to gallop and jump. His huntsman was an artist and the king jumper of them all. He hunted foxes all the same, and he killed them too; but if he found one that persisted in running in small circles or one which did not exude sufficient scent, he galloped, straight as an arrow, across the glorious country until he found another, and we galloped after him—if we could. Nightly, grinning with happiness through masks of clay, we rode homewards. What fun it was; No one complained except a few who came puffing in the rear. But there were not many of them. Not foxhunting you will say, but the Hunt coffers overflowed.

If hunting is to flourish, two classes of people *must* be encouraged—the young and those who have acquired the means to hunt and do not. There are three reasons why the young people are hanging back. They must be certain of value for their money, they must be amused, and they must have speed and excitement. Newcomers fear nothing so much as criticism and ridicule, and some members of fashionable Hunts toy all too freely with these vituperative weapons.

Not so very long ago, a charming public schoolboy, the son of parents of modest means, went out hunting in a pair of brown field boots of his father, which had been cut down. I personally heard an old "sportsman" tell him that if he could not dress properly he had better not come out at all. That boy stopped at home for the rest of his holidays. No wonder that young people flock to the aerodromes! There indeed will they find speed, action and laughter, and if their grey flannels do not hang quite correctly no one will call attention to the fact.

Discouragement of the young or discourtesy to strangers should be dubbed a crime equal to that of jumping on a hound, and treated accordingly.

The sport of hunting possesses the best and cheapest theatre for the production of one of the finest shows in the world. As a business proposition it is unequalled. Old sportsmen may be horrified at the thought of commercialising their sport, but if they feel like that they must be prepared to dig deep into their own pockets and not bewail the lack of monetary support from others.

If you were running a night club which was not going too well, would you cut down the cabaret and put up the subscriptions? No. You would strengthen your cast and make a lot of young honorary members, preferably those who were likely to inherit money. If they were young and jolly, they would alter the atmosphere of the place in a moment, and probably even make the original debenture-holders smile and start spending. Just an idea. There are, for instance, Hunts which do not even admit young soldiers at cheap rates.

Having been rather ridiculous, let me now become quite idiotic, and imagine what the directors of



CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DAMAGE FUND

Capping the field at the Langham meet of the Cottesmore

a big firm would do if they took over a group of famous packs.

Firstly, they would raise capital—quite an easy thing to do—and form a subsidiary company. They would then advertise for a Master, who would be asked to state the exact amount he was prepared to pay per annum for the privilege of the position.

The selection of a secretary would be more difficult. At the moment a large proportion of these positions are held by "awfully good chaps," but that in itself is not a qualification. A good organiser would be required, and would have to be paid for. The present-day Hunt secretary may be inclined to think that his position is at the top of the Hunt. I do not agree. As long as the secretary of my dreams was sufficiently secure on his horse not to overbalance when reaching for the "cap" money that would do nicely. He would be more of a general manager. He would organise and control the forage supplies of the local farmers for the requirements for the season, and they, in their turn, would be delighted to grow the necessary corn and hay for such a regular and handy market. What a help to the farmers, and what a saving to the hunting man—especially the novice! He would fix wages for and engage all classes of stable help. There would be one reasonable subscription covering several packs in the group.

And a big building scheme would be necessary. Before people can go out hunting in comfort, they must have somewhere comfortable to live. In these days the best of everything is only just good enough. Let us, as an example, take Leicestershire. In this glorious country there is nothing between a palace and a pigsty. The pigsties have no brushing or drying rooms and the stabling is usually impossible. If they have two baths, which is unlikely, the boiler is only sufficient for one, and if you have a dinner-party the electric light usually goes dim.

If, on the other hand, you have one of the palaces, the rent asked would pay for the upkeep of the hounds for the season, and would require a small army to run it. The construction of a few compact houses designed by a hunting man for hunting men makes an attractive business proposition for someone with a little capital. Stabling for twelve, hot hot-water, light electric light, drains that drain, requiring a staff of four, and rent £200 a year (modern furniture) is what is required, and they would let like hot cakes.

As I have already said, all this is fantastic nonsense, but indulging it is a suggestion that if things are as bad as those in control avow, they will do well to adopt business methods and even advertisement. Above all, they must give their public what they want, especially the younger portion of it.

Last season a friend and I organised a game of chance in aid of the wire fund of two local packs. At one party we raised from the Cagniot £90, and at another £290. Fifty people took part, and 300 were amused looking on, and no one lost more than they could afford. Yet it was not allowed this year because several people threw up their hands in horror, saying that it was an undignified way of obtaining money.

In general, it may be said of foxhunting as of any other business or sport, that if it is failing on old ideas, one should go out and get some new ones; that one should not be too fastidious, and that one should do it before it is too late.

NEARING THE GRAND NATIONAL

Some Amateur Riders for Aintree

ONLY four weeks have to elapse before the opening of the flat-racing season. In the interval the National Hunt campaign will work up to its most interesting stage with the brilliant meeting at Cheltenham and the immensely popular Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park as special attractions. Each week now so-called public trials for the Grand National are being run on various courses, and though one may attach little value to those races as showing what may happen at Liverpool, it must be agreed that the preliminary appearances of the Aintree entrants are full of interest.

Last year the Grand National looked such an open affair that the bookmakers were offering "10 to 1 the field" on the afternoon of the race, though at the last the compliment was paid to Golden Miller of installing him favourite at slightly shorter odds. One expects to see some equally open betting this time. Far from being confident as to which horse will win, the student of National Hunt form finds it even a matter of difficulty to decide which will be favourite at starting.

In a list of prices issued by one of the big ante-post firms last week-end Delaneige was nominally favourite at 14 to 1. This nine-year-old gelding, who belongs to Mr. J. B. Snow, is trained by Mr. George Beeby at Melton Mowbray, and was formerly known as Sanstrome, has been in great form this winter, with the result that the handicappers are now taking him to within 4lb. of Golden Miller, though there will be a difference of 10lb. between them in the Grand National. Delaneige has shown that he can jump and stay the full Liverpool country, finishing fourth in the National last season after holding a prominent place throughout the journey. His trainer has another likely horse for the Grand National in Captain C. A. Cartwright's Ready Cash. This son of Knight of Kilcash will be ridden at Aintree by Mr. F. Walwyn, who like his father before him, is one of the most capable amateur riders of the time. The young soldier has proved himself to be an excellent judge of pace, and he can get every ounce out of his mount when it comes to a gruelling finish.

He will be one of the riders to follow at the Grand Military Meeting, and others will be Mr. P. Payne-Gallwey, Mr. F. Furlong, Sir Peter Grant-Lawson, and Captain Brownhill, who need not fear comparison with the best gentlemen riders of other generations. Captain Brownhill can give a few years to several of the subalterns who are now achieving distinction under National Hunt rules, but he holds his own very well with them on the racecourse, and it will have been a source of special satisfaction to him to have ridden the winner of the newly-instituted R. E. Sassoon Memorial Handicap at Hurst Park at the end of last week. He will thus be the holder for a year of the gold challenge cup presented by Mrs. Meyer Sassoon in memory of her son, the late Captain R. E. Sassoon. The race was naturally for amateur riders, and the field was fairly representative of the best horsemen of the time.

In addition to Captain Brownhill, Mr. Furlong and Mr. Walwyn, mounts were taken by Mr. H. Lloyd Thomas, Mr. F. Cundell, Mr. R. G. Fanshawe and Mr. R. Hodgkinson. The betting suggested that the issue would be disputed by Sweet Nothings, Fortnum and Canute, these three being almost equal favourites.

But as in a great many other steeple chases this winter the result was a surprise, first and second places being filled by 10 to 1 chances. Captain Brownhill rode a beautiful race on Mellburne, the property of that keen supporter of the sport, Lord Abergavenny. Mr. Furlong for his part gave nothing away on Ottawa, keeping that horse at full stretch after landing over the last fence in front. It was probably the pull in the weights which enabled Captain Brownhill to get the better of this fine tussle by less than a length.

On the same afternoon Thomond II gained a brilliant victory over Go Easy, Le Fortium and others in a two mile steeple chase. The winner is second only to Gregalach in the handicap for the Grand National. It is difficult to believe that any 'chaser of his exceptional speed could be equal to carrying 12st. 4lb. to the front over four-and-a-half miles at Aintree, though we know at least that the big fences there have no terrors for Thomond II. Mr. J. H. Whitney's gelding is among those now being quoted at the relatively short odds of 100 to 6 for the National, but so much doubt attaches to his staying powers that he is unlikely to be one of the popular favourites on the day of the race.

Mr. F. Walwyn's recent successes include that gained at Gatwick on Ready Cash, who jumped to perfection with the exception of a slight blunder two fences from home. Captain Cartwright has received some handsome offers for his Grand National horse, but "nothing doing" has been the invariable reply. On the other hand some of the smaller fry in the Grand National entry might be bought at comparatively moderate prices, including Irish Knight II, whose owner has been advertising him, complete with Grand National entry, in the personal columns of *The Times*—an unusual place in which to find a "bargain" of this type.



CAPTAIN C. CARTWRIGHT'S READY CASH WITH MR. F. WALWYN UP

Ready Cash gave an impressive display at Gatwick, and is trained by Mr. G. Beeby at Melton Mowbray



AT THE FIRST FENCE IN THE SASSOON MEMORIAL HANDICAP

Sweet Nothings, Ottawa and Killia leading Fortnum and Mellburne, the winner (on extreme right). Mellburne is owned by Lord Abergavenny and was ridden by Captain C. N. Brownhill



"MORNING STAR"—A NEW PICTURE OF FLIGHTING GEESE, BY THE AUTHOR

A WILDFOWLER'S WINTER

Some Old Familiar Friends Return

By PETER SCOTT

WILDFOWLERS since earliest times have for ever bewailed the disappearance of the good old days. "Fowling," they say, "is not what it was, and will probably never be again." Ever since Colonel Hawker wrote so scathingly of the "Milford snobs—that unrivalled garrison of tit-shooters and shore-poppers," writers would have us believe that the sport has been on the down grade. But I believe this to be a fallacy. Even if it were true that "overshooting" has made the birds so much more difficult to approach, then, so far from spoiling the sport, I contend that it enhances it, for, after all, it is this very question of difficulties overcome, far more than of the actual bag brought home, that makes wildfowling what it is.

It is all a matter of standard. A dozen ducks shot at flight on the saltings is a red-letter day in most places, but a dozen shot on a private inland marsh would be a paltry bag where fifty or a hundred would constitute an average morning's sport. There are those who say that wildfowling at home is too uncertain, and who go abroad in the winter. But I question whether they really get more satisfaction from their large bags than do those who stay at home and who bag perhaps an occasional wild goose, knowing that they have really achieved something.

Anyhow, I do not believe that the birds are all that much more difficult to approach than they were. Of course individual places become known, and are overshot, with disastrous results to the spot in question, and particularly to the one who originally discovered it. It is then ruined until such time as it achieves so great a reputation for being overshot that no one thinks it worth while to go there, when it once again becomes an excellent spot! Secretiveness is the only way to combat this competition which is always hanging over the discoverer of a good fowling ground. It is a pity, but there is no other way out.

Many a secret has been given away unwittingly by zealous writers. I remember a book on punt-gunning which advised the fowler to choose a night for his operations when the moon was at the last quarter, rising about midnight, and low water was at 10 p.m. There are only about two areas on our coast where this can happen, and by a process of elimination it was easy to tell where the writer had done most of his fowling.

On another occasion I had illustrated an article in a periodical in which the writer described an evening after wild geese. He said that the white-fronted geese, a very large number of them, rose at dusk from the fields of new-sown wheat, and came out to the shore to roost, their approaching skeins silhouetted against the sunset. Pondering on the subject I could think of no place that I knew where large quantities of white-fronted geese ever flew from west to east at dusk from wheat fields, so hoping to discover a new place I tentatively asked the writer if he would confide in me, and he replied: "That was some years ago in Macedonia"!

But whatever the competition, there has been no scarcity of fowl on the coast this winter. Inland, of course, owing to the drought, there have been fewer, but the frost in December made up for that on the sea marshes. The frost was very severe on the Continent, and drove hundreds of thousands of wigeon and other fowl to our saltings and estuaries.

On one small estuary we saw one day a mass of wildfowl, which I cannot believe was less than 10,000 strong. That sounds a lot, but, in reality, I think such numbers are not really so very exceptional. Of course, they are far past accurate counting, and only systems of estimation can be tried. But the other day, in the course of a walk in Kensington Gardens, I counted the number of black-headed gulls on the round pond. There did not seem to be a great crowd, and yet the number was twelve hundred. It helped me to realise that 10,000 is not an exaggeration when one has seen wigeon sitting three times as thick as those gulls for the whole three miles of an estuary channel.

There have been quite a lot of Brent geese about this season, as always in a frost, but they usually come better if the frost is in February (which it may yet be). I do not know if there have been large numbers in their regular places, but there have evidently been enough for some to "overflow" to places where they are seldom seen. We met with two small lots, one of fifteen and the other of 30.

Of grey geese there have been more this year than usual in some of their haunts, but very few, it appears, at Wells, their north Norfolk home. My albino pinkfoot friend "Old Pink" has been with the main East Coast pack all the winter. She is the bird that Mr. Haig Thomas found nesting in Iceland, and whose life he preserved when the Icelandic farmers were out to shoot her on the nest. It is most sincerely to be hoped that she will not be shot by anyone here. Just under 3,000 is the most pink-footed geese I have seen together in one field this season. Then both "Old Pink" and the other pale coloured bird "Lilac" were with them.

From Scotland I hear that there were a great many barnacles, and that, not only had the albino "H.R.H.," who had frustrated all my attempts to catch him alive last year, turned up again, but also another albino, in fact, some say two more. But, alas, so far I have had no opportunity to go to see them.

To conclude, I will describe one morning just after the New Year when the frost had gone and conditions were more or less normal. We were out at 5.30 under a clear sky and a bright moon. There had been a little frost again that night, and our motor boat was covered with "rime." We towed the gunning punt down the river to the place where it broadens out and the marshes begin: there we anchored the motor boat just as the orange light in the east was defeating the white light of the moon. The tide had just reached the salting edge, and only about three-quarters of an hour of the flood remained.

We could see silhouetted on the water under the sunrise hundreds of birds, but, by their *outlines*, they looked suspiciously like gulls, for against the light they all look black, gulls and ducks alike. However, we decided that just in case they were not all gulls we should set off in the punt and investigate.

So we lay down and stalked off to the eastward. They *were* mostly gulls, but presently we saw some ducks, and had stalked within easy range when we discovered that the nearest were all shelducks, and not wigeon as we had supposed. So we decided to push right through them, for they were spread out on the water. Of course they got up, 600 or 700 of them—and took with them 200 wigeon which had been sitting amongst the "crab grass" of the salting, now just awash, no more than 70yds. on

our beam. If only we had known they were there!

Farther ahead we could see thousands of fowl sitting at the salting edge and could hear wigeon amongst them. But when we got closer the shelducks again spoiled our chances, and this time 2,000 wigeon rose with them, a black cloud twisting, spreading, bunching together again, the bunches filtering through each other, and eventually settling half-a-mile farther on. We stalked on, although my arm was aching, for I had already pushed for a mile "all out" so as to get to the birds before it was too light, and pushing a punt in shallow water from a lying down position, when it is constantly running fast aground, is no joke.

This last half-mile I decided would finally finish me—farther I could not go. So I whispered: "It's now or never—shoot if you get half a chance, because I'm not going to push you another —— inch after they get up this time!"

Fortunately, there was a tuft of crab grass standing well out, and stalking up behind it provided us with a little scanty cover. The sun was a great orange ball resting on the horizon, and across its golden path on the water stretched a solid black line of wigeon. But we couldn't get really close. Just as they started to rise my companion pulled the trigger lanyard. And as the roar of the big gun echoed across the marsh and the smoke cleared we could see the air full of wigeon and fowl of all kinds. It is idle to try to compute the numbers. Let us say, as a decoyman friend of mine says of the thousands of duck on his pond, there were "a nice few"!

As we poled back towards the motor boat—fifteen fat wigeon aboard—a peregrine came past chasing a cloud of dunlins; the dunlins were going round and round in one spot, the whole flock banking steeply and showing white, then dark, then white again, as their breasts or their backs were presented to us. This is their usual manœuvre with hawks. Presently the peregrine, which was a big hen bird, singled out one dunlin, and stooped and stooped, but never got it, and, after a dozen tries, flew off disgusted. On the way home heavy clouds blew up, and we realised that we had had the best of the day.

* * *

Wildfowling may not be the sport that it was in Colonel Hawker's day, but somehow we seem to enjoy ourselves tolerably well!

FEBRUARY PHEASANTS

Tackling the Surplus Cocks Problem

IT is one of the consequences of upsetting the balance of nature that we have to step in still further and make adjustments in the pheasant's matrimonial affairs. Were no vermin killed or foxes hunted it is certain that the cock pheasant with his gay colouring would stand a poor chance of existence compared with the hen. Did nature give the cock this gaudy jacket so that his surviving and more favoured brethren might enjoy the luxury of many wives, or is the pheasant's polygamous instinct the logical result of this many coloured coat? At any rate it is now certain that shooting men must account for more cocks than hens during the shooting season or after.

These surplus cocks are more of a problem than at first appears. If only February 1st had not passed we might shoot them, but even that is not as easy as it sounds. It is difficult enough to shoot *at* them! Every owner of a shoot, and his gamekeeper too, likes to clear his coverts of these surplus cocks before the end of the season. This is why in January cock shoots are the order of the day. However, even with the best of intentions (or is it the worst?), we find our coverts overstocked with cocks before February is many days old.

Is there anything more adept at making himself scarce on shooting days than an old cock pheasant? Even if the beaters have managed to manœuvre him forward to the flushing place, more likely than not he will escape by the use of his legs, for well he knows that once in the air his life is in danger. A few cocks may be tricked into following the hens over the guns when they see the latter are not fired at, but they are not easy shots, and as the guns may be straining their eyes in an endeavour to distinguish male from female (not always as easy as the vastly different plumage would make one believe), the chances greatly favour the pheasant.

It is unwise to leave more cocks in the coverts during the breeding season than is absolutely necessary. The pheasant, being polygamous, will have his harem of five, six or even more wives, and surplus cocks only upset a peaceful family life.

What, then, is to be done with these cocks? The season being over the gamekeeper cannot go out of an evening and pot a certain number as they go to roost. Neither can he catch them up with cages and, having knocked them on the head, hang them in the larder. But caught up they must be, and, having been caught, preserved alive. For this purpose an aviary must be constructed. An old laying pen, the ground of which is not considered fresh enough for producing first-class eggs, will answer the purpose. The birds should be given plenty of room—say, not more than 40 or 50 to one-quarter acre of ground, and as much cover in the form of spruce boughs as can be spared, so that the weaker cocks may find refuge.

If all are safely in these bachelor quarters before the end of February then fighting will not be too prevalent, but should the birds be caught up late or any added at a later date losses may be heavy. The pheasants should be brailed before placing in the aviary, and they will of course require daily attention as regards water and food.

By July the surplus cocks may be caught up, their brails removed, and set free in the woods to swell the bags during the season. Should wild bred birds be relied on for stocking coverts the ill effects of this early liberation of cocks will not be very marked. But, if hand-reared pheasants are the chief stock, these cocks will prove troublesome, for nothing is more likely to encourage straying than these old stagers. At every possible opportunity they will march out from the coverts followed, more than likely, by perhaps a score of the young hand-reared birds. All will be well if the keepers bring this exodus to an early close by flushing all back to the wood, but should they succeed in slipping through the keepers' ranks, the old cock may lead his followers so far that they lose all sense of direction and are unable to find their way home.

The number of estates that owing to their broad acres need fear nothing from the straying bogy are, alas, becoming few and far between. On shoots of lesser calibre it would probably be wiser to retain the surplus cocks in their temporary confinement for a further three months. The extra expense for food would not amount to as much as the loss of birds from straying, and the keepers could well afford to spare the necessary time in feeding owing to their lesser exertions at driving in.

Care should be taken not to brail the pheasants' wings too tightly, for if this is done they will become so cramped as to be unable to fly for some weeks. Liberated in this condition they are easy prey for foxes. If the brails have been loose enough to give the wing just a little freedom about a fortnight's liberty before the first shoot will suffice to ensure the cocks flying well over the guns. Sometimes the flight feathers of one wing are clipped back short instead of brailing. Then the cocks will regain their liberty when moulting takes place in August. RING-NECK.



BARNACLE GEESE IN APRIL. A RECENT STUDY BY MR. PETER SCOTT



TUNNY FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA
Showing one method of using a rowing-boat in angling for these immense fish

NORTH SEA TUNNY FISHING

II.—A Suggested Technique

By COLONEL R. STAPLETON-COTTON

WHAT is the best technique for tunny fishing? In America, of course, tuna, as they call then, have been fished for with rod and line for a generation or more, but in this country the sport is new. American methods have proved satisfactory to anglers in their own waters, but whether they would prove equally satisfactory for fishing the North Sea it is impossible as yet to say. Most English anglers would probably prefer a technique of their own devised to suit conditions in their own home waters. Nevertheless, something, I suggest, may be learned by studying the observations of experienced anglers in other parts of the world.

Some year or two ago I came across a pamphlet written by Mr. J. A. Coxe, a former president of the Tuna Club of America. It runs: "It is my belief that all tuna of the same weight, 100lb. to 125lb., will make a first run of about the same distance, about 300ft., and that all of them do pretty much the same thing on the first run. It has been my experience that if you have a drag set when you get a tuna strike, the fish will go down in every case, and if you have a strong arm and a good back and can pump long enough you may see him again in about three hours, if you have luck. If you can reduce the drag tension enough the fish will stay on the surface, so that when he reaches the end of his run you will be able to see him and you will only have to do some fast reeling in to gaff him."

To prove his words this angler caught seven tuna weighing 810lb. in 59 minutes actual time.

There is a considerable difference in size between the comparatively small fish which Mr. Coxe had in mind and the giants of 600lb. and upwards which visit our coasts; but it occurred to me that their habits might very well be the same, and that a technique founded on his experience might be worth trying.

Most people hate the idea of being towed about the North Sea, willy nilly, attached to a tunny; and I must admit I agree with them; anything more boring for the angler is hard to imagine. Last year a few of us tried a method which is very like the one described by Mr. Coxe.

Some used motor boats and some dinghies, but the former are preferable and more comfortable.

The tackle used was, for rod, either a Hardy Zane Grey split cane or a Pritchard Lancewood, and a 9in. Fortuna reel with a line of 150lb. breaking strain; anything stronger, though tried, was found to be unnecessary, as probably 150lb. is the greatest pull that can be exerted from a boat. I am not suggesting, of course, that this is the only tackle which is suitable, I simply state what was, in fact, used.

The procedure is more or less as follows: Directly the fish is hooked follow it as best you can, don't pull more than you can help or down it will go. As a rule it will only run a few hundred yards at speed, and if you are light on it, it will often show on the surface. Try and work up to the fish and get the 50yd. mark on the reel, then tighten the brake (the brake of such a reel will pull off at 35lb., and the rest of the braking is done with the hand on the revolving drum of the reel), and turn the boat sideways to the fish and hold it. On a short line the fish seems to lose its head and makes short rushes, so that if you keep a big strain on it you can recover line all the time.

When you get the 25yd. mark on to the reel you have got to start the real fight. The rod and line will stand 150lb., and neither you nor the fish will stand that pressure for more than a few minutes, but remember that if you give in it will mean two hours hard pumping to get the fish up again.

Keep your rod right up, and lie back as far as you can; if your rod is pulled on to the gunwale it will break at that pressure.

When fighting, sit sideways in the boat with your feet on the gunwale above the level of your seat; a good stance is everything.

Your boatman must do all he can to keep the boat away from the fish; this we found the greatest problem, as once the fish is under the point of the rod it is impossible to keep the strain up.

Very soon you will see a patch of bright blue, deep down. That is your fish on its side, and it is any odds that it is off its balance. A few more minutes' hard work ought to bring it alongside.

PREPARING FOR THE SEASON

How to Renovate a Rod

EVERY year expensive split-cane rods are ruined for want of a timely lick of varnish to prevent the damp from entering their vitals via the exposed spots in the joinings of the slips of cane, and their end is pieces. I am afraid it is characteristic of many anglers to neglect the welfare of the predominant item in their equipment. I knew an old angler whose fly-book, for meticulous orderliness, would have served as an object-lesson to a Sunday-school class, and yet his rod—a costly split-cane—almost invariably hung out the tattered signal of distress from every disreputable whipping.

The preparation for each new season should include the careful examination of the rod, and, if necessary, its overhaul. Frayed whippings should be removed and replaced, silk known at the shops as button-hole twist being used, and it is best that the whipping should be done with the silk unwaxed. If, through heavy work, the rod shows a bias, the rod rings should be taken off and replaced on the opposite side, *i.e.*, on the convex side of the curve the rod has acquired, care being taken that their alignment is true when the rod is put together. The whippings should then be smeared with white beeswax, worked well in with a hard brush, and burnished with a smooth piece of ivory, bone or vulcanite, after which the rod is ready for varnishing subsequent to being lightly rubbed down with fine sandpaper to remove the old gloss and give the new varnish a good chance to "key."

Celluloid varnishes may have their advocates but for a thoroughly serviceable job there is, to my mind, only one rod dressing worthy of consideration—the best copal, or coachmaker's, varnish. Avoid spirit varnishes as you would the plague. They dry quickly, but have no elasticity, and consequently chip and crack at every opportunity—and the bending of the rod gives them plenty.

It is essential that the varnish should be applied as thinly as possible. Some advise that the application be made with the tip of the finger, but the average man will find that he can work best with a stiffish brush, each dip of varnish being well squeezed out before being applied to the rod. The joints should then be hung in a dry, warm room free from dust, and allowed to remain until thoroughly dry, after which a second coat—always remembering that it should be as thin as possible—may be given to them.

If glitter is to be avoided then a soft damp rag, dipped into the finest pumice powder and gently rubbed over the rod, will secure a matt finish and cut out its power of flashing heliographic danger signals to the fish.

W. C. P.



THE SWIFTS AT THEIR NESTS, WHICH ARE COLLECTED FOR CONVERSION INTO SOUP
From a mounted group in the British Museum (Natural History), South Kensington, by permission of the Trustees

"BIRD'S NEST SOUP"

An Eastern Delicacy and the Birds That Produce It

By E. H. PEACOCK

SOME Eastern races, especially the Chinese, hold in great esteem many parts and products of animals and birds which are of no account to the average Westerner. Such material is usually invested with fictitious medicinal (sometimes magical) properties.

The horns and blood of rhinoceros, deer-horns in velvet, the fat and some other parts of tigers and bears, the horns of goral and serow, are a few of the many animal products which play a part in the superstitious beliefs of even well-educated natives of the East. So strong are these beliefs that even the urine and dung of such rare animals as the Javan rhinoceros are considered to possess some medicinal value, generally of an aphrodisiacal or allied nature.

To the average Western mind all such beliefs are merely ridiculous or contemptible, frequently deplorable as the cause of the virtual extermination of some forms of wild life.

Among the most valuable products of this character are the edible birds' nests which, as most of us have heard, are converted into a soup which never fails to tickle the Chinese palate. The nesting sites of the birds which build these edible nests are peculiar, and the practice of collecting and distributing the nests dates far back into antiquity.

In Peninsular Burma one of the most remarkable geological features is the occurrence of immense isolated outcrops of limestone which rise precipitously to heights of 1,000 to 2,000ft. from the plain or the surface of the sea. These outcrops are invariably perforated by tunnels and caves which may extend into the rock for many hundreds of feet.

Among the innumerable islands which constitute the Mergui Archipelago off the west coast of Burma, these outcrops of carboniferous limestone, rising sheer out of the sea, are not uncommon. When they are sufficiently large and suitably fissured, the deep caves and tunnels are tenanted by the birds which build edible nests.

These birds are a species of swift (*Collocalia francica*) and the nests are made and attached to the walls of the caves with the thickened and hardened saliva of the birds. The nests are very light and fragile and about three inches in length. The coloration of the finest nests is pure white, and such nests command a price of two to three times their weight in silver.

In company with *C. francica* is found another species of swift, *C. innominata*, which is equally numerous and likewise accustomed to make nests of saliva. The nests of this species, however, are largely composed of dropped feathers and are comparatively valueless. Such nests are known as black nests.

The limestone outcrops which accommodate these swifts are distributed mainly off the coasts of the Tavoy and Mergui Districts. They are, of course, well known and have been known for centuries. Since the British occupation the right to collect edible nests has been sold to monopolists for considerable sums, and this practice is still in force.

The nesting season commences in February and, on removal of their nests, the swifts continue to build while there remains any hope of bringing up a brood. The nests are searched for and collected two or three times between February and May, but there are many inaccessible caves in which a proportion must remain unmolested. Were this not so the decrease in the numbers of these birds would be very much more marked than it is.

Many thousands of nests, both black and white, are collected annually by the monopolists and illicitly by that strange race of sea-gipsies known as the Salons, whose shiftless habits on water are analogous to those of their kind on land.

As a result of centuries of persecution the swifts, and especially those which construct the valuable white nests, have learnt to build their nests high up near the roofs of the rocky caves which they frequent. These caves may be 50 to 100ft. in height and, being situated in the bowels of the rock, are wrapped in utter darkness. The collectors must work by torch-light and construct high and elaborate scaffoldings of bamboos before they can attain to the nests. In these extraordinary circumstances casualties amongst the workmen are not infrequent, and there have been many fatal accidents.

The best of the nests are exported to China and others are sold in Burma and adjoining lands. They may be boiled and made into soup or steamed and eaten with sugar. The effect of this diet is said to be stimulating to a degree.

A tour through the Mergui Archipelago in a steam-launch is a most pleasurable experience. The islands vary in size from a few square yards to many square miles. The great majority are covered by dense forests, and the scenery, especially at sunset, is lovely beyond words. Some of the larger islands have sandy beaches from which bathing and swimming may be safe and enjoyable, but the presence of sharks, and crocodiles in the estuaries, does not conduce to the comfort of mind of the swimmer off these coasts unless he carefully chooses the scene of his recreation.

The mile-long beach on Sir Charles Forbes Island is one of the loveliest I have seen. Quite uninhabited, fringed by sea-junipers, the beach of snow-white "singing" or "squeaking" sand, with its background of dark forests, is incomparably beautiful. The sand when quite dry produces a squeaking noise when pressed in the hand or crushed under foot.

With this island as one of our anchorages I visited, a few years ago, a group of the "marble islands" in which were located caves where swifts build edible nests. The island to which we were conducted by the monopolist rose out of the sea in sheer walls of rock which left no apparent room for foothold. At low tide, however, the mouth of a cave appeared through which our dinghy passed into a sort of inland lake surrounded by straight walls of bare rock which rose some hundreds of feet above our heads.

On the far side of this lake we climbed into a fissure which led to a series of large caves connected by narrow passages. The birds, many of which were about, seemed to be as much at home in the darkness of the caves as any bat, and left us wondering at their strange choice of a site for the bringing up of their young.

Sparsely inhabited by a polyglot people, containing many strange forms of wild life not found above the Peninsula, and covered by some of the heaviest forests in the world, this coast and the desolate islands of the archipelago remain unchanged as in the days when Tenasserim Town was the gateway to Siam and the debatable land near the river of that name was the scene of successive conquests by Siamese and Burmese kings.

Then, as now, the swifts must have built their nests on the same islands and furnished the reason for many a murderous exchange between warring races; but now there is peace, and one wonders if the birds are any the better for it. One gathers that their numbers are being reduced year by year.



E. H. Peacock

WHERE THE EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS ARE FOUND
A flashlight photograph of one of the caves in which the swifts build their nests



Niall Rankin

EUSTON HALL, THETFORD

Euston Hall passed to the First Duke of Grafton through his marriage with the heiress of Lord Arlington, and stands in the centre of one of the greatest shooting estates in England

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 17

The Dukes of Grafton at Euston—Part I

HENRY CHARLES, the first Duke, born in 1663, was the son of Charles I by the famous and lovely Barbara Villiers, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland. It appears that Charles I did not at first recognise the boy as his son, but having at last made up his mind to do so, lost no time, as was always his custom, in providing suitably for his offspring's future, and so at the early age of nine we see him married to Isabella, aged five, the only child and sole heiress of his great friend Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, whose country seat was Euston, which property has descended throughout the succeeding generations to the present Duke. As all the Suffolk property owned by the present Duke of Grafton is thus inherited from Lord Arlington, a brief review of the history of this family will be justified, together with a short account of the gay life at Newmarket, which lay hard by and with which it was so closely associated.

Henry Bennet, second son of Sir John Bennet, of Dawley, had been private secretary to Charles II during the latter's exile, but returned with him and was prominent among the leaders of the revels which the days of the Restoration brought to Newmarket and the surrounding neighbourhood, in which the magnificent estate of Euston was the most important. While fighting for his King, Henry Bennet had received "an honourable wound in the face," of which he was inordinately proud and which always figured prominently in all subsequent portraits that were painted of him.

The original manor of Euston belonged to the Verleys in the thirteenth century and subsequently to the Rokewoods, and assumed its present plan of the Elizabethan E when enlarged by Lord Arlington, but the embellishments have been much altered throughout the centuries. The main front and south wing were burnt to the ground in 1900, when many of the old family records were lost, as the muniment room and the library were then destroyed. The house was rebuilt in 1903, externally nearly the same as before, but internally quite different. John Evelyn, who was a constant visitor there, was employed by Lord Arlington to plan all the pleasure grounds and lay out the plantations of fir, elm and limes so that they were all in easy view of the house, which was to be surrounded by a park of 1,800 acres, which Evelyn describes as "the best for riding and meeting game I ever saw, but the soil barren and flying sand, in which nothing will grow kindly though the home of almost a thousand red and fallow deer with good covert."

In those days life at Newmarket and at Euston was one round of sport in one form or another during the day and of gambling and revels at night. Hawking, cockfighting, coursing, hunting and racing were the chief attractions, in all of which His Majesty excelled and at which he spent the



AUGUSTUS, THIRD DUKE OF GRAFTON, BY HOPPNER

He was an enthusiastic owner on the Turf, and won the Derby in 1802, 1809, *and* 1810

whole day; so much so that even ambassadors and officers of State, wishing an interview, frequently could only obtain one in the field. Packs of hounds sprang up as if by magic, and scores of hooded hawks appeared. Riding and hawking parties were the rage and were attended by the Queen, her maids of honour and all the gallants of the neighbourhood.

Racing was practically extinct and racehorses few, but the revival under the personal urge of the Sovereign was swift, for the King sent abroad the best judges he could find to select suitable mares and stallions from Barbary and other places where the most fashionable Eastern strains could be obtained. Early racing was entirely confined to matches. There were no professional jockeys and all races were ridden by gentlemen. Charles II was a great horseman who could hold his own with the best and was, with the possible exception of Richard II, the only British Sovereign who ever rode his own horses first past the post.

Such, then, was the life into which the first Duke of Grafton was born, an age of reckless luxury and sport, and therefore it is all the more remarkable that he eschewed such a life of ease and instead devoted himself almost entirely to the dangers and rigours of the sea and to fighting on land. Ten days after his marriage he was granted the Earldom of Euston, and three years later was created Duke of Grafton and made Hereditary Ranger of Whittlebury Forest and "Keeper of the wild beasts and conies thereof." He was given some 27,000 acres of the Crown lands in that portion of Northamptonshire, which county at that time was almost entirely forest land. Wakefield Lodge, which had been built as a hunting box for Oliver Cromwell, became his residence. In 1679, when he was sixteen and his bride but twelve, he was remarried to the lovely Isabella, "the sweetest, hopefullest, most beautiful child and most virtuous too," in the presence of King Charles and all the notables of the day.

In 1687 the Duke became Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, which he commanded for a year. His return coincided with the beginnings of the dynastic revolution, and as the new King, William, appears to have distrusted his loyalty he again relinquished his high rank and once more took command of his old ship, the Grafton, in which he fought with the greatest gallantry, and was certainly largely responsible for saving our Dutch allies from destruction by the French at the Battle of Beachy Head. As soon as his ship was repaired he sailed with the rest of the fleet for Ireland to participate in the siege of Cork. The Duke, however, could not remain on board if there was fighting to be done ashore, so he rejoined his old regiment, the Grenadiers, and led them with the most reckless bravery through the waterlogged bog known as Rape Marsh, through which the city was stormed. The attack was a complete success, but the Duke was mortally wounded and succumbed a week later. Thus at the early age of seven-and-twenty died one of the most remarkable men of his day. His strong character, reckless bravery and daring, rough but honest temperament caused him to be widely lamented. He became the hero of the hour, for what other Englishman of 27 could lay claim to the command of a great fleet at a critical moment in naval history? The King, in recognition of his services, made him a grant of land extending from the Palace to Park Place, and from St. James's Street to the Park, which valuable property was, unfortunately for the family, sold by the second

Duke in order to discharge the liabilities of his marriage settlement.

The second Duke followed his father into the Army, but living in more peaceful times and owning two such large sporting properties as Euston and Wakefield, it is not surprising he devoted a great deal of his time to their administration. He started the Grafton Hounds, which remained in the family with a short hiatus for five generations. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1721 to 1723, and then became Lord Chamberlain, which office he held for the record number of 33 years, and as such was an *ex officio* member of the Cabinet throughout this time. He had a remarkable influence over George II, and although practically illiterate as regards books, yet from long observation and great natural sagacity he became the ablest courtier of his time. He loved hunting above all things, and continued the Mastership until he was 70, when he was killed by a fall from his horse.

Though not quite so famous as his successor, the third Duke devoted much time to his hounds, and won many races, including the Derby in 1802, 1809 and 1810, and the Oaks in 1804 and 1808. In 1768, he and a party of friends whom he was entertaining at Euston decided on the advisability of establishing some standard challenge trophy, and so purchased a cup for 125 guineas, which they named the Newmarket Challenge Cup, which is still in the possession of the Jockey Club to-day.

Born in 1760 and living until he was 84, the fourth Duke lived under five consecutive sovereigns. He was certainly one of the best-known and most successful men ever connected with the Turf, for, to mention only the classics, he won the Derby four times, the Oaks seven, the Two Thousand five times, and the One Thousand no less than eight times in nine years. He won in all £99,000 in stakes. Robson was his trainer; and Buckle, John Day and William Clift his favourite jockeys. The third Duke of Grafton had chosen sky blue with a black cap for his colours; but after the death of Lord Claremont, the fourth Duke adopted the latter's scarlet jacket and cap, which became the most famous colours of the day. At his death in 1844 they passed to Stirling Crawfurd, through whom and the Duchess of Montrose they have now descended to Lord Decies.

In order to facilitate the passage of his race-horses to Newmarket, the Duke built a private road eighteen miles long to the Heath, along which he rode to the races in great state. The first four miles of this road are still marked by an avenue of trees running through the Euston estate, while traces of the Newmarket end can still be seen. The training stables and gallops were all situated in the eastern end of the park, and to enable him more easily to superintend the work, his grace built "The Temple" on some high ground in the centre, from the windows of which all the gallops were plainly in view. Despite the very large sum of money he had won in stakes his racing expenses had cost him a great deal more, and on his death the fifth Duke decided that racing was too great a tax on his resources, and so the entire stable was sold, and henceforth he devoted all his energies and attention to his pack of hounds, as did his successor.

The seventh Duke, born in 1821, lived until he was 97, and was one of the most outstanding personalities of the Victorian era. He served in the 60th Rifles for two years, and afterwards in the Coldstream, saw service in the Crimean War, where he was seriously wounded at the battle of Inkermann, eventually retiring as a Lieut.-General. He was a great personal friend of Queen Victoria, to whom he was equerry, in which position he also had the honour of serving King Edward and King George. A man of magnificent stature and presence, he was the idol of Northamptonshire, where he was affectionately known as "The Grand Old Man." It was in his day that the now famous and almost universally adopted "Euston" system of rearing partridges was evolved on his Suffolk estate.

The eighth Duke succeeded at the end of the war in 1918, and finding post-war taxation more than he could compete with, sold Wakefield Lodge with the park and woodlands to Lord Hillingdon, the tenants being given the option of purchasing the remainder of the Northamptonshire property with the exception of Grafton, Whittlebury and a few farms and woods which were retained. He was an exceptional shot, a very fine fisherman, and hunted a great deal with the Grafton Hounds. He was a great sportsman, and took the keenest interest in all forms of sport and country life. A very good judge of a horse and of gundogs, he was always in great demand as a judge at Field Trials. He hunted a small pack of harriers at Whittlebury, and to within a year of his death went out almost daily during the season, coursing with his greyhounds.

The present and ninth Duke succeeded in 1930, and has inherited all his forbears' love of sport, especially shooting. He is still at Cambridge, where he is taking a course in farming, forestry and estate management.

DOUGLAS LANG.

FROM THE EUSTON COLLECTION



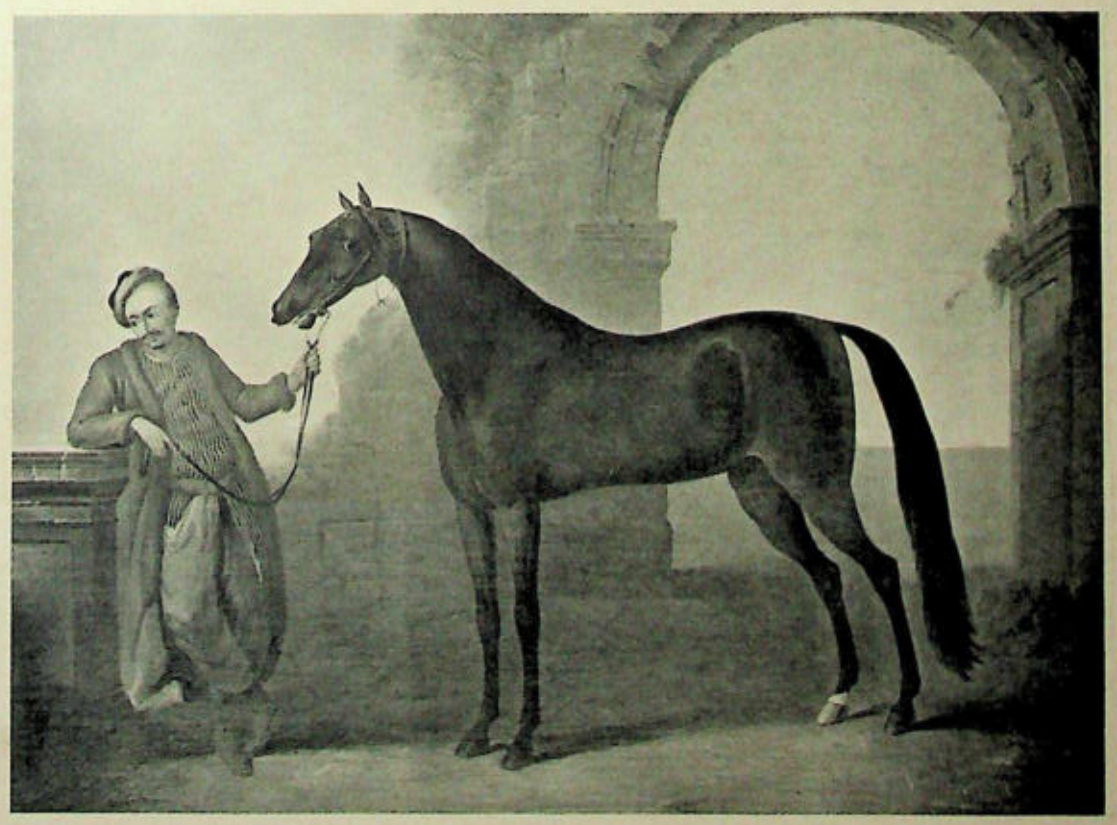
ANTINOUS, BY G. STUBBS, WITH THE LANDSCAPE BY BARRET

The Duke of Cumberland's King Herod was matched against Antinous, the property of the second Duke of Grafton, for £1,000 *each, with side bets of at least* £100,000



THE GOLDOPHIN ARABIAN

This famous sire, whose pedigree is unknown, was generally supposed to have been imported from Barbary, possibly as a present from the Emperor of Morocco to Louis XIV. It is said that he was stolen in Paris and bought by a Mr. Coke for £3 *from a water-cart man. Horses descended from this strain are less frequently winners on the English Turf than formerly*



"ARABIAN HORSE" BY J. WOOTTON

A FINE BOXER

—But Not a World-Beater

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

LEN HARVEY'S defeat of Larry Gains was a magnificent performance. Conceding every possible physical advantage, and with nothing but age in his favour, he yet managed to dictate the fight and to emerge a comfortable winner on points. To quibble over his tactics, to hold up for inspection and criticism his methods in the clinches and his policy of continual retreat, is to pay less than justice to a man who has proved himself one of the cleverest of living boxers, and one, moreover, who has gone a long way to prove that there is more truth in the saying " a 12st. man is good enough for anything " than in the dogma " a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un."

Harvey well deserved his win. He made Gains do the leading and continually beat him to the punch. He was the negro's equal at in-fighting and his superior at long range. He made his effort at exactly the right time, and he never faltered under pressure. To those to whom stamping feet, smoking nostrils, blood and bruises are boxing, the fight was a disappointment, a dull pawing business devoid of life. To the student it was an exhibition worth going miles, and paying pounds, to see.

But while we congratulate Harvey on the record he has set up, on his courage and his skill, we must admit that his victory paints a sorry picture of British heavy-weight boxing. We must keep the world's heavy-weight championship, the ultimate goal of all good heavy-weights, in view. Can Harvey add that title to his long list ? It seems very improbable, for Harvey is no Fitzsimmons ; and yet on his form against Gains, admitting even that Gains was but a shadow of the man who beat Carnera, Harvey has the beating of any heavy-weight in England. Had Petersen been in Gains's place Harvey would have scored a knock-out victory. One cannot imagine Doyle overwhelming Harvey in a round, and Pettifer would be too slow.

And yet can one imagine Harvey beating Schmeling ? Walker failed to last the distance with the German, and it is doubtful if Harvey is as good as Walker. And would any back our champion against Carnera, or, for that matter, against half-a-dozen of the leading American heavy-weights ?

That world's championship is as far off as ever. Nor will we approach any nearer to it until we have taught the many promising youngsters we possess that it is not *punch* that wins fights, but *punch* and *skill*.

SQUASH RACKETS

Miss Noel's Unchallenged Supremacy

By J. ARMITAGE

FOR the third year in succession Miss Susan Noel has won the Women's Squash Rackets Championship at Queen's Club. Her victory was as clear and decisive as in former years and all the more creditable since every season sees a marked improvement in the general standard of play. So much has this been so that many good judges believed that Miss Lumb had an excellent chance of winning, while practically everyone anticipated a close and exciting final. Actually, however, Miss Noel beat Miss Lumb by three games to love, 9—7, 9—0, 9—6, playing remarkably fine squash to do so.

But, although the general standard of women's squash is high in England, four players tower above the rest. Miss Noel, Miss Lumb, Mrs. McKechnie and the Hon. Anne Lytton Milbanke are all players who do a great deal more than hit the ball up and down the court to a good length ; they concentrate on winning points, as many of the others do not, by a plentiful use of angles and the drop shot, and they set themselves to win and not merely to avoid defeat.

Of these four Miss Noel is the best because the craft of court games is embodied in her spirit. She has a more plentiful variety of strokes than the other three, but it is her clever positioning and generalship which leads her inevitably to victory. Curiously enough, although Miss Lumb is now usually regarded as the second best player to Miss Noel, it is Mrs. McKechnie who alone can manage to trouble the champion. She is a pretty player with boundless energy, courage and good stamina. She has beaten Miss Noel once this year, and in the championship was the only player to win a game from her.

In my opinion, however, Miss Lumb, left-handed and very fast about the court, is still the better player than Mrs. McKechnie, for she seems able



MISS MARGARET LUMB
An outstanding left-handed player in the Women's Squash Rackets Championship, who met Miss Noel in the final

to reproduce the same form on every occasion, and is still improving. Miss Lumb will defeat weaker players than herself very decisively, and she swept through the championship until the final round with as much ease as Miss Noel, beating Mrs. Howe, the American lady champion by three games to love in the fourth round and Miss Lytton Milbanke by three games to love in the semi-final. Mrs. McKechnie, on the other hand, continued to give her supporters shocks of misgiving all the way through, for she lost two games on more than one occasion.

A very welcome feature of the championship was the manner in which three of the American ladies, Mrs. Howe, Miss Page and Mrs. Lamme, at last found their true form. All three survived until the fourth round, when Mrs. Howe was beaten by Miss Lumb, Miss Page by Mrs. McKechnie and Mrs. Lamme by Miss Lytton Milbanke. The other American ladies were defeated earlier, three of them in the first round and Miss Bowes in the second.

ENGLAND'S RUGBY VICTORY

Strengths and Weaknesses Revealed in the Irish Match

EXPECTATIONS were at least fulfilled at Dublin last Saturday, when the England Rugby team beat Ireland by two goals and a try (13 points) to a try (3 points) ; but the form was not a very convincing augury for the final match against Scotland at Twickenham.

The English forwards did well to more than hold the heavy Irish pack in the scrummages ; they have so far been the most impressive part of the team, a little slow, perhaps, but sound and well balanced, and whatever may be said about Fry's offside tendencies as a wing forward he showed that he has the intuition to be in the right place at the right moment by being up to take the final pass for two of England's tries.

Once again in an international match, a large number of penalties were awarded against the forwards—mostly against England for foot up in the scrummages—and it really seems time that a concerted effort were made by the home Unions in co-operation with referees to secure uniform interpretation and application of the laws ; for lack of it is undoubtedly at the root of the trouble.

The English backs this season have never looked like forming a great division, and this Irish match revealed many shortcomings, particularly in the early stages, when their numerous mistakes gave Ireland a fine chance to gain the upper hand. But Ireland's only profit was a try by Morgan, resulting from a clever breakaway on the blind side of a scrummage, and once England had equalised and taken the lead with Fry's two tries their backs settled down to better combined work, though it was not until near the end that the result was placed beyond doubt with a try by Meikle.

Morgan promises to be a worthy successor to Sugden at scrum half in the Irish team, and Gadney had nothing to spare against him. Davy, the Irish stand-off half, gave another illustration of how well he retains his old cleverness.

England is lucky to have found so good a centre three-quarter as Cranmer, who was the best of the line against Ireland, and Ireland also seem to have discovered a new centre of class in Reardon.

WIMBLEDON'S FUTURE

The All-England Club and the L.T.A.

By J. E. COLLETT

AT an extraordinary general meeting, called for Wednesday, February 21st, the Lawn Tennis Association is to consider the acceptance or rejection of a proposed new agreement with the All England Club, an ostensible object of which is to provide the L.T.A. with half proprietory rights in the All England Ground Company, in conjunction with which they are now running the Championships (which are their property) on a profit-sharing basis only.

This agreement is the result of the deliberations of a joint committee which has been at work for two years ; it was, until recently, presumed to be a document which would meet with unanimous approval. It has already been approved by a special meeting of the club. It covers both the holding of what are popularly known as the " Wimbledon " championships, and also the Junior championships of Great Britain, and comprehends Davis Cup ties and other possible events, including the Hard Court Championship, now held at Bournemouth and the Professional Championship. Events other than " Wimbledon " are not to be more than twelve in a year in order to safeguard the interests of club members.

Since the details of the agreement were issued at the end of November last, some publicity, both in the lay and technical press, has been given to a wholesale condemnation of its terms by Mr. H. H. Monckton, an L.T.A. councillor of very long and distinguished experience and one of its vice-presidents.

Mr. Monckton, who is a prominent Birmingham solicitor, sums up as his reasons for rejection that there is at present no necessity for the agreement ; that it offers no definite advantages either to the game or to the L.T.A. over those already enjoyed ; that it is more complicated and less equitable than the present agreement made in 1922. Under the proposed conditions, Mr. Monckton argues that half-ownership of the ground will mean a financial loss to the L.T.A. without any corresponding advantage ; that it seeks to deprive posterity of the control of its own affairs and of property which may hereafter be acquired ; and that it is not founded on equity, mutual goodwill or confidence. The main objects of the agreement he considers are to provide the All England Club with all its requirements, to give it supreme power over all matters connected with the L.T.A.'s championships and to indemnify the club from liability against loss, for at least 40 years ; and that the signing of it would be inconsistent with the position and dignity of the L.T.A. or any other governing body.

One difficulty presented to any delegate who wishes to give unbiased consideration to the case for both sides before the L.T.A. meeting and to record his votes impartially is that many points raised rest for proof on examination of detailed accounts, some of them domestic, which have not been made generally available.

Few will agree with Mr. Monckton's statement that there is no necessity for a new agreement, but many will have been a little puzzled over the figures involved, and doubtful about the safety from possible abuse of certain privileges enjoyed by the club. Nevertheless, Mr. Monckton would appear, for the most part, to be tilting at what, in his opinion, lies behind the proposed agreement, on its face a useful and creditable document to which little exception can be taken as a whole, and on which the majority of those whose elected business it is to safeguard the interests of the game (namely, the L.T.A. council), have passed a favourable judgment. Mr. Monckton's courage is as undoubted as his *bona fides*, but his following in the circumstances may be small.

An independent mind, untutored in the unknown but concerned simply with the wording of the agreement, might debate the import of clause 2, which sets forth the broad conditions proposed for the management and control of the championships. The committee of management is to consist of twelve club and six L.T.A. representatives. Above them is to be a Joint Finance Board of six L.T.A. and three club representatives. The six L.T.A. members, although in a minority, are to be given pretty full blocking powers on the committee ; and after a block the Joint Finance Board, having practically plenary power, is to decide. Provided prosperity and friendly feeling continue there is no reason to suppose that financial or other relations will become strained. But under dissimilar though conceivable circumstances in the future this clause might work disadvantageously.

Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

FACTS ABOUT FIELD SPORTS

SIR,—The attention of this society has been called to a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Education Committee, at which a proposal was brought forward that the committee should co-operate in the distribution of pamphlets prepared by the National Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports to school children in the Edinburgh district.

Fortunately, the good sense of the committee was sufficient to secure the rejection of the motion, but the grounds upon which it did so were not that the furtherance of extremist propaganda of any kind was outside the scope of a semi-public body, but that the committee itself disapproved of the sentiments expressed in the pamphlets.

This, however, is not the only attempt of the sort of which we have record, as the League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports announces that a resolution condemning hunting and other "blood sports" and proclaiming that "in future it shall be their earnest endeavour to teach a wider humanity" was favourably received by the National Union of Women Teachers, the Association of Head Mistresses and the Kent Education Committee.

Whilst the question of principle involved is a very serious one, it is possible that in some centres in the towns where the true facts about field sports are unknown, the local education committee may be injudicious enough to lend its assistance to this form of propaganda. School children at their most impressionable age are incapable of estimating the value of arguments against field sports, most of which involve a deliberate misrepresentation of facts, against which this society is fighting; and it is a serious misuse of a national system of education for which the tax-payer ultimately pays if it is to be used as a cheap method of disseminating extremist propaganda among the children who are bound willy-nilly to attend the schools.

I would, therefore, suggest that if these methods are persisted in, and I cannot believe that they are confined to opposition to field sports, it is time that the Board of Education issued an authoritative warning to local education committees that propaganda of any kind is outside the scope of the national educational system. Yours faithfully,

JAMES W. FITZWILLIAM (Secretary).
British Field Sports Society,
St. Stephen's House,
Westminster, S.W. 1.

WATER TESTS AT FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Lewis Wigan's letter in the *Field* of January 20th, commenting on my article of January 13th, I think there is a rule which says it must be stated on the award card if there is no water test. I did not mean to suggest that this should be cancelled; therefore no buyer, American or otherwise, need purchase a dog on the understanding that he has been tested at trials in water when he has not.

Mr. Wigan says that often *in the shooting field* he has been asked to take his dog a long distance to retrieve from water. I would certainly agree to this test, and also to a duck flighting water-test, which he also mentions, if such a thing were possible: both are absolutely natural shooting field tests, without any "faking," and the dog knows it, and does his job. I consider Mr. Wigan strengthens my case here.

As to handlers throwing stones or potatoes (!), as Mr. Wigan says, to show the dog where the bird is, I thought this act *was* illegal, because I have always understood a handler may have nothing in his hand while working his dog; if he throws a stone, potato, or what not, presumably he has. In any case I am quite certain that a very large majority of handlers think it "isn't done," and are very shy of doing it and consequently it is very seldom done. Personally, I think a handler should be allowed to throw anything or do anything he could and would on an ordinary shooting day to induce his dog to fetch the game, except go in himself!

I did not know I was repeating a previous proposal of Mr. Wigan's when I suggested life water certificates. I heard of it in India, which country has nothing to learn from us in methods of running field trials, and where I believe it works successfully.

I still hold the same views, viz., that *artificial* water tests should be abandoned, because dogs are asked to do something which is never done out shooting, and as a result a few, very few certainly, good water dogs are put out of the awards and quite a number of bad water dogs get into them.

May I add that I am very sorry not to see eye to eye with Mr. Wigan, whom we all know as a real expert in all shooting dog matters, and who did me an exceedingly good turn, for which I shall ever be grateful to him, in introducing me to judging at field trials many years ago, which has brought to me a vast amount of pleasure.

Yours faithfully,
Goathland, Yorks. W. S. MEDLICOTT.

SIR,—May I make the following remarks with reference to Mr. Lewis D. Wigan's letter in your issue of January 20th on "Water Tests at Field Trials."

I quite agree that it is an absolute farce to give any retriever the title of field trial winner unless the dog has passed a water test. By a water test I mean a "fearless" test, *i.e.*, a dog should jump clean into water, deep or otherwise, rough or smooth, no fiddling about. Surely Mr. Medlicott, when he says, "the dog has reason to believe that a bird has been shot over or across water," means that the dog has such confidence in its handler that it knows there must be something down in or across the water, or else he would not be sent out.

The dog's utter confidence in its handler is, to my mind, the great secret, and I am sure that is how Mr. Wigan is able to convince his dog (as he puts it) that he is not sending him in for a swim. This confidence is won by never sending a young dog, or even a trained dog, till he has gained a lot of experience and wisdom, for anything in the water that you are not sure of getting him to, and certainly never send a dog for a swim without some sort of interest attached to it. If you disappoint a young dog too often, and don't get him to the "fall," his confidence in you will go.

I, like Mr. Wigan, can bring my dogs down to the water without any shooting going on, show them the direction of a "fall" that they cannot see, and then get them out by "go on," with a slight whistle or "no" if I want to change the direction they are going in, and they will bring in whatever I get them to, no matter how cold, and their own "dummy" if it was previously placed there; but, then, my dogs (curlies) love the water, and I consider water work one of the most interesting things to train a dog to, and incidentally to watch; but a dog that goes half-heartedly into water should by no means be called a trained dog.

I am sorry, however, to disagree entirely with Mr. Wigan when he suggests throwing things into water (or, in fact, anywhere) to show a dog where the "fall" is. A dog once used to this will go just as far as you can throw and no farther and then return, and no amount of throwing will get him any farther than you can throw, and there you are with your bird or birds floating about a little farther on, perhaps in rough water, making it harder for the dog to see, so I cannot see that the "potato method" is of any use, except a slight help to a dog, that would be worse than useless out wild-fowling from daybreak to dark.

Yours truly,
Ross-shire. C. DORAN (Major).

SIR,—May I write to disagree with a point raised by Mr. Wigan in his letter to the *Field* of January 20th under the heading "Water Tests at Field Trials.

Why allow a shot to be fired, or potatoes and so forth to be thrown by handlers to give a dog direction in a water test?

This is not permitted on land, so why at a water test? I submit that a well-broken, intelligent retriever should be able to be guided by whistle and hand signal in water as well as on land.

I have had occasion to send a dog 150yds. or so into a loch to game that it had not seen fall, and I for one, anyhow, cannot throw a potato such a distance. It looks as if the best potato thrower might be at an advantage.

If a dog cannot be sent into water, and also sent where required without all this, then let the judges try anyhow to find a dog that can.

Mr. Wigan refers to himself and other judges as being in favour of this potato-throwing business, whereas I feel sure there are many other judges who would fault, and fault badly, a handler carrying out such practices.

My object in writing is to try to show the lack of uniformity that exists not only in this but in heaps of other cases, and to ask whether the powers that be cannot formulate instructions for the guidance of judges throughout the country.

I am certain that something of this sort would help handlers, owners and trainers a great deal as to what to aim at.

Yours truly,
Stone House, Sandhurst, Kent. J. S. COTGRAVE.

EELS ATTACKING SALMON

SIR,—Having read the letter published under this heading in the *Field* of January 27th, the following may be of interest:

In August, 1932, while standing on the salmon weir bridge at Galway I noticed a lamprey coming up underneath the bridge. There were five salmon a few yards in front; immediately the lamprey arrived near their tails they dashed off in all directions. The lamprey did not appear to attack, but went up-stream in the ordinary way. When the lamprey had gone about 5yds. farther there were seven salmon and they did exactly the same as the others, but the lamprey seemed to take no notice and disappeared from my view.

When it had gone the salmon got back again to their places, and an ordinary black eel came along and passed up between the salmon, but they did not seem in the least perturbed.

Though I have not actually seen a lamprey attack a salmon, the theory here is that they stick on like a leech and others of the same species come to their aid, and the salmon, in its efforts to shake them off, gets played out as it would with a rod and line. Yours truly,

Zetland Hotel, Cashel-Bay, Recess, Connemara. JAMES O'NEILL.

SIR,—I have just read "S. S. M.'s" letter in the *Field* of January 27th as to the possibility of eels killing salmon; my opinion is that eels would not kill or even seriously attack a salmon unless that salmon was bleeding from a fresh injury, in which case they would probably do both. I have proved to my own satisfaction that eels hunt chiefly by scent, and that fresh blood attracts them more than anything else.

Many years ago, coming in from salmon fishing on a Scottish loch, I had in the bottom of the boat three salmon which I had caught and which had all been rather roughly gaffed. Before taking them to my hotel I washed the blood off the fish in very shallow water not more than 3in. deep just beside my tied-up boat. In an hour's time I came down to my boat again to try for another salmon, and there lying in the shallow water where I had washed the blood off the salmon were two very large eels nosing about in the still tainted water.

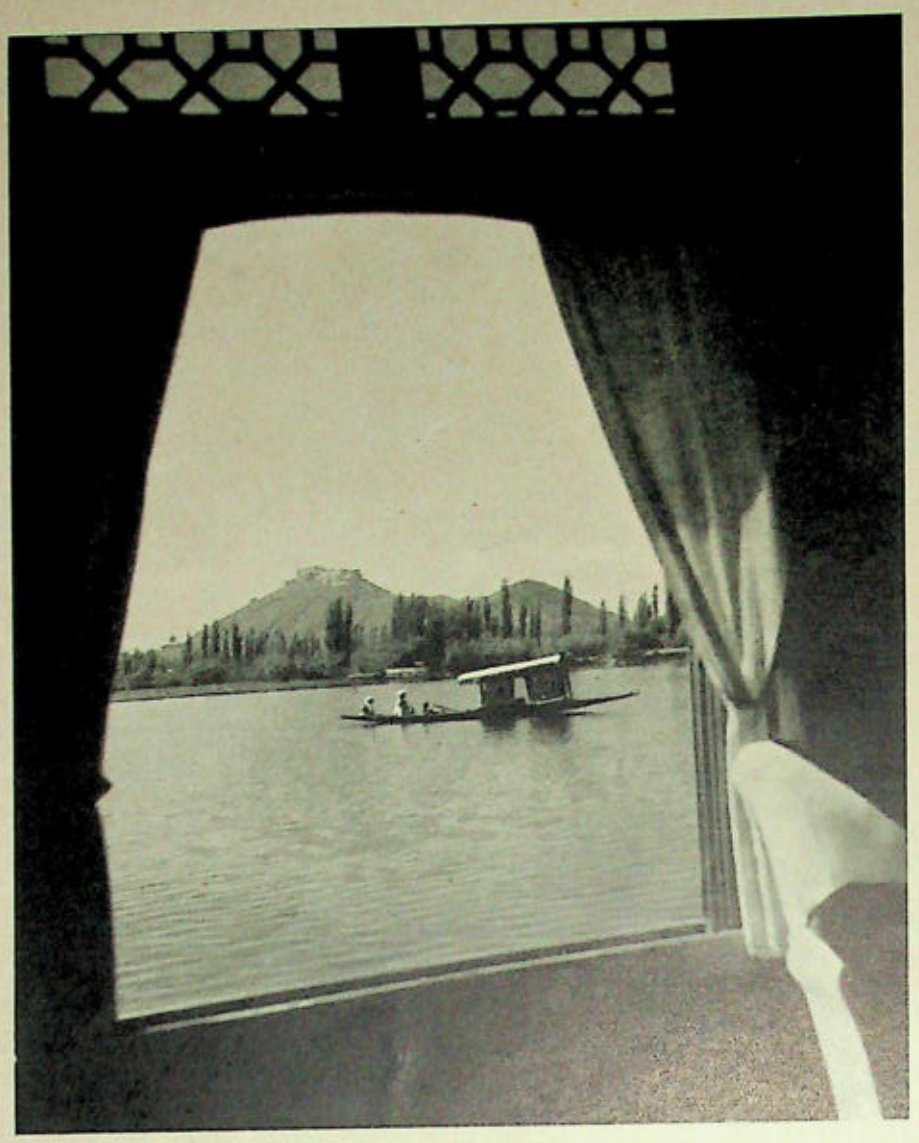
The following summer I was salmon fishing in Newfoundland on a river which my guide told me was occasionally poached by stretching a large-meshed net across the river, and the salmon were generally caught by getting the mesh caught behind the gill covers. He added quite spontaneously that if a salmon caught by the gill covers tore its gills and bled it was invariably attacked by eels, killed and completely eaten, only its head and backbone remaining in the net as evidence of its fate.

Although I hate eels—or perhaps *because* I hate eels—I have on several occasions put my "blood" theory to the proof and re-proved it.

On one occasion my gillie had mentioned that he was fond of eels but found them difficult to catch. It was a sweltering afternoon, I hadn't moved a salmon all day and was too tired to go on, but I *had* caught a ½lb. trout; so now was my opportunity for a demonstration in eel catching without further exertion. I slashed the freshly killed trout with a pocket knife, put it on my line weighted down with a lead sinker and dropped it to the bottom of the gin-clear stony salmon pool, and told my gillie that in a couple of minutes the eels, if there were any, would have got the scent of blood and be showing up.

At the end of five or six minutes no eel had appeared, my gillie was smiling and I was feeling small. I told him to sit by my rod whilst I strolled downstream. I had strolled down perhaps 30yds. when I spotted a large eel working upstream, and clearly working by scent, and behind it a smaller one and lower down several more, all moving up. I returned and sat by my gillie to await events, and in a few minutes my mutilated trout was the centre of half-a-dozen eels, and in less than half-an-hour I had caught thirteen without moving from the one spot. We then walked home together; I pleased that my "black magic" had worked; he pleased with his spoils. Yours faithfully,

Surrey. C. H. B.



PEACE AND BEAUTY ON AN INDIAN LAKE
(See Letter "From a Houseboat Window")

FROM A HOUSEBOAT WINDOW

SIR,—I am forwarding herewith a photograph which was taken in Kashmir last year. As you know, the English community resident in Northern India flocks to Kashmir during the summer months. The energetic ones push off into the mountains on trek. Most people, however, at some time or other spend some time on the houseboats on the lakes near Srinagar. The enclosed photograph gives a conception of what life is in the houseboats.

Yours faithfully,

Royal Air Force, Henlow Camp, Beds. D. LANE.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—I have read with interest, and at the same time a little amusement, the letter about colour in horses addressed to you by Mr. Frederic H. Unwin. He therein states that "two of this odd-coloured sire's stock have won good Point-to-Points. The younger horse is sired by the above out of a thoroughbred mare, by the imported Great Scot of Carbine blood out of a mare by the late Duke of Portland's Johnny Morgan, from Countess, a winner of many steeple chases."

I fear Mr. Unwin's statement is incorrect: for in the first place I cannot yet claim to be described as "the late"; and moreover, Countess was certainly not "a winner of many steeple chases"—she was an ordinary high-class hunting mare, fit to carry 14st. to 15st. She did so several times, to my great delight, when I hunted with the Quorn.

I may add that I am rather interested in skewbald horses at present, as my son and I together now own no less than five, all of them bred from the same half-bred Irish skewbald mare by Mr. W. E. Cartwright, of Walesby, Market Rasen. Mr. Cartwright has retained the mare, and I understand that she is likely to give birth to another skewbald during the present year.

Yours faithfully,

Welbeck Abbey, Worksop, Notts. PORTLAND.

SNIPE, WOODCOCK AND THE DROUGHT

SIR,—The drought of 1933 had, as far as my experience went, a remarkable effect on snipe and woodcock. As regards the former, there were a larger number of home-bred birds in evidence in July than in former years, but in August they were not to be found. In September a few were in their usual bogs and marshes; in October and November they were on the high dry ground, in spite of the absence of rain. I found them very wild, and scattered among heather, bracken and even fields on hilltops. December's frosts brought them to their usual hard-weather haunts, runnels and open streams in the cultivated land. With the advent of heavy rain and mild weather in January, they left these haunts, and I expected to find them back in the bogs, which appeared to have recovered their normal state, but they were not, and only a very few on the high ground.

Woodcock, as usual, on first arrival were anywhere, just as they had dropped in from migration. In the last fortnight of November and in December I expected to find them in their usual soft spots in the coverts; but they, like the snipe, were on the high ground although the soft spots had hardly been affected by the drought. January's rain did, however, bring these birds back to their usual haunts.

I surmise, therefore, that (1) in the case of snipe the long drought had dried up the bogs killing all the snipe food, and that the snipe knew it was useless going there for the time being. (2) In the case of woodcock the tree roots had prevented the drought from having such a deleterious effect on the soft spots in the coverts, and when the normal rain came the birds returned to normal habits. I may add that on two occasions in December I found a pair of woodcock in the middle of a closely cropped sheep-fed field. On the first occasion they were about 70yds. away; I took them to be a pair of missel thrushes having a row, but getting within 50yds. they flew off disclosing their identity. On the second occasion the birds were about 30yds. apart, but neither let me get within shot. That same week my friend, Colonel G. E. Hill of Goodameary, told me he had had a similar experience as that first narrated, and a farmer also told me he had flushed a woodcock from the middle of a field when driving his sheep.

Yours faithfully,

Furzetor, Horrabridge, South Devon. M. C. COLLIER (Colonel).

ACCIDENTS ON THE ROADS

SIR,—Once more we have to thank you for drawing attention to the appalling loss of life on the roads. I have studied this subject for three years when walking a very short distance from my house in Newcastle Drive to my office, in passing the top of the Derby Road, where several roads converge. The apathy of the people is deplorable and heart-breaking, and the speed of the 'buses and other vehicles is alarming.

I have recently pointed out in the *Nottingham Guardian* that our streets are becoming nothing but racing tracks, and are impossible to cross by the old and the young, and those in the prime of life must choose between the quick and the dead. Why cannot we be satisfied with the pace of a tram-car when one can cross with comparative safety?

As Sir Malcolm Campbell says, if all private motor drivers were compelled to pass a test of skill and efficiency there would be fewer accidents. Does the apathetic Englishman realise that we are wiping out yearly what is equivalent to a complete community of 7,000 individuals?

Yours faithfully,

Nottingham. A. NELSON BROMLEY.

APRIL POLO

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that Mr. Norman Perkins will be glad to welcome polo players on his two private grounds at Arthingworth Hall, near Market Harborough during the month of April. Stabling in the village free, forage at cost price, and economical arrangements for grooms.

There is excellent accommodation for players at the County Club, Lamport, which is about five miles from the grounds. In the temporary absence abroad of Mr. Perkins, I shall be pleased to give further particulars on application to the Cavalry Club, Piccadilly.

Yours faithfully,

T. P. MELVILL (Colonel).

London, S.E.

DISAPPEARANCE OF RAINBOW TROUT

SIR,—Having owned and managed one of the largest trout-rearing establishments in England for years, and stocked lakes and rivers all over the country with rainbows and brown trout, a few words from me may be helpful.

I certainly agree with "West Country" that rainbows will, and do, die if they cannot shed their eggs. But let me at once emphasise that running water, with gravel, is not absolutely necessary for the purpose when fertilisation is a secondary consideration. Relieving fish of eggs can be achieved by making beds of gravel at suitable places round the sides of the pond, on which the gravid hen fish—accompanied, of course, by cock fish—will congregate, and I go as far as to say that in the case of rainbows some of the ova so deposited will fertilise and hatch, and probably, under favourable conditions, produce fry and yearlings.

If it is not possible to do as I suggest, owing to the formation of the sides of some ponds, artificial stripping must be resorted to, but this must not, under any circumstances, be undertaken by an amateur, as more harm than good can and will be done to the hen fish.

Yours faithfully,

Whitehall, Bideford, Devon. C. COOKSON.

SURVIVAL OF A GIG

SIR,—I have just returned from a visit to Nigeria, and I enclose a photograph, which I hope may interest you, of Mr. Figgis, a young British official, at Potiskum, in the centre of Northern Nigeria, about 700 miles inland from the coast.

Most district officers nowadays use motor-cars, but Mr. Figgis alone keeps to the older custom and drives round his district with a "gig" and pony. He is rather proud of the turn-out.

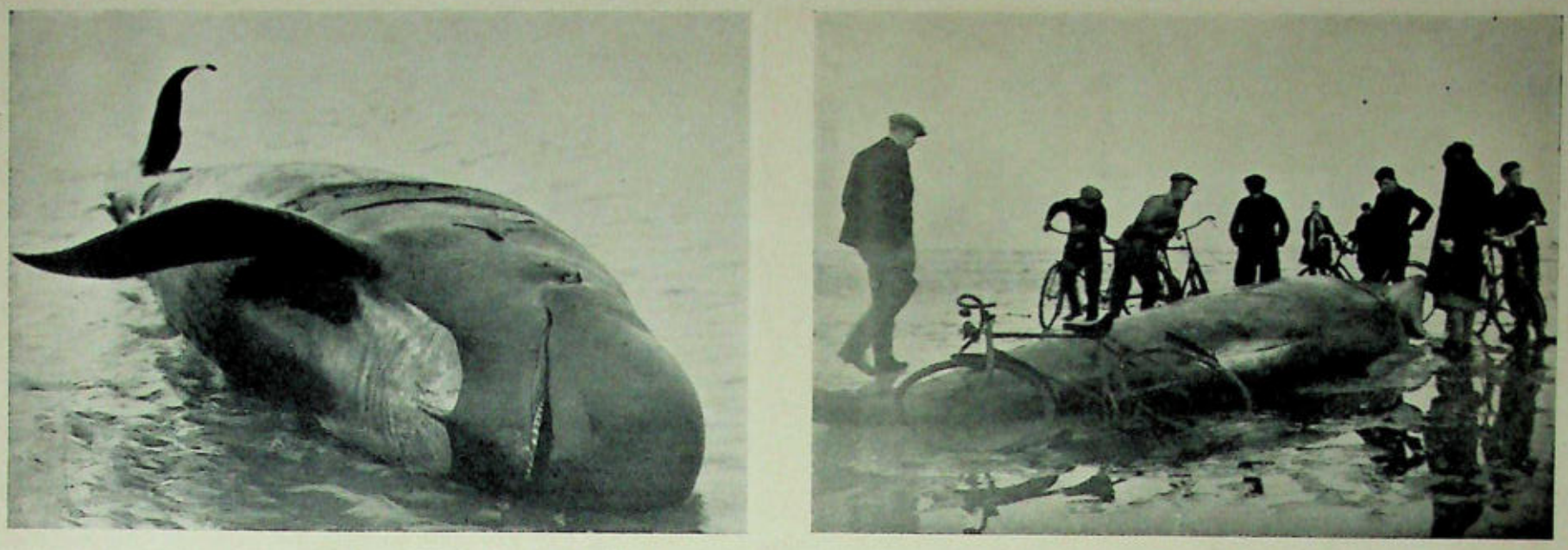
He is, for long periods, the only white man in the place.

Yours faithfully,

Wootton Hill, near Oxford. R. COUPLAND.



AN OFFICIAL'S TURN-OUT IN NORTHERN NIGERIA
(See Letter "Survival of a Gig")



A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE PILOT WHALE IS ADMIRED BY THE LOCAL INHABITANTS
(See Letter "Stranded Whale at Whitstable")

STRANDED WHALE AT WHITSTABLE

SIR,—The enclosed photographs are of a whale which was stranded on the foreshore at Whitstable on January 24th last. It was first seen splashing in about 6ft. of water by a party of fishermen who were returning from the oyster beds. It was apparently making desperate efforts to get back into deep water, but was unsuccessful, and when the tide receded was left stranded.

As it lay there it was heard "barking" by people living half a mile away, but was dead before they could reach it. It measured 19ft. from nose to tail and was estimated to be 5 or 6 tons in weight. This is only the second time within living memory that a whale has been washed ashore at Whitstable, and opinions differ among the local fishermen as to which species it belongs.

It was impossible to move it, so, in order to avoid contamination of the water, it was cut up and carted away in pieces to be used as manure on a local farm.

Yours faithfully,
4, Collingwood Road, Whitstable, Kent. H. W. ROBISSON.

[Mr. Fraser, of the Natural History Museum, has kindly identified this animal as being a Ca'ing or Pilot Whale (*Globicephala melæna*). The rounded forehead, white patch on the throat, and the long flippers indicated in the photograph are typical of the species.—ED.]



NOT A PAPAL BULL
(See Letter "Legends of the Bull's Head")

DEALING WITH A LOCUST SWARM

SIR,—A few years ago Southern Rhodesia was threatened with an invasion of locusts. Innumerable swarms of "voetgangers" (that is, young locusts before they have reached the flying stage) were located towards the borders of Portuguese East Africa.

The Government, fully aware of the menace, took prompt action. Volunteers were called for to proceed to the infected area, take charge of gangs of natives and destroy these swarms. I trekked some fifty miles east of the railway to what was verily "the edge o' beyond," and took over 25 natives, stores, drums of poison, buckets, etc.

Having pitched camp, the natives were sent off to search for any swarms within a certain radius. After about two hours they returned, having located five. Taking all available buckets and a drum of poison, we proceeded to the scene of operations.

In a fairly open space was a huge seething mass of voetgangers, literally knee-deep, and covering an area of, roughly, 70yds. by 50yds. Water, fortunately, was near at hand.

The buckets were filled, and the poison added, in the proportion of 4oz. to 5 gallons of water.

A peculiarity of this poison (arsenate of soda) was that it had no apparent effect for three days. After this period, however, the top layers of the young locusts began to die, and were eaten by those underneath. These in turn died, and so it went on until the entire swarm was exterminated.

After about three weeks of this work I was unable to locate any further swarms in the area which had been allotted to me. The other parties also reported that their areas had been rid of the pest, and we were therefore recalled.

By its prompt action in dealing with this menace the Government undoubtedly saved the country from enormous loss. Had these young locusts reached the flying stage and moved westwards, the loss to the farmers would have been incalculable, for all crops, grass, etc., would have been eaten up in an incredibly short space of time.

Yours truly,
Greenlane, Colgate, nr. Horsham, Sussex. B. WORSLEY POWELL (Capt.)

LEGENDS OF THE BULL'S HEAD

SIR,—I was interested, when passing through Hornchurch, Essex, in the Bull's Head carved in stone, which surmounts the east wall of the Parish Church of St. Andrew.

The accompanying photograph, secured with a telephoto lens, shows clearly this very unusual form of church decoration.

Local inquiry elicited the interesting fact that the present church, which dates from about A.D. 1500, stands on the site of an ancient "Monasterio Cornuto," referred to in a Charter of Henry III—hence the name Hornchurch—and the Bull's Head perpetuates the survival of this old association.

One local legend suggests a different origin, and asserts that, long ago, a local worthy returning home late at night across the field adjoining the church, was attacked by a wild boar and in danger of his life, when a great bull came bellowing into the field, attacking and vanquishing the boar. Having disposed of the boar, the bull proceeded to attack the man, who in self-defence was forced to kill it. In gratitude for his escape and in grief for the death of his rescuer, he caused the head and horns of the bull to be affixed to the wall of the church, where they remain to this day.

Yours faithfully,
58, Sunnymede Drive, Ilford. T. W. SALE.

EARLIEST DAYS OF HUNTING

SIR,—The comparison of the dates regarding payments for foxes' heads in the churchwardens' accounts of Eling, Hampshire, with those of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, in your issues of January 6th and 27th respectively, is very interesting to students of old records of both foxes and hunting.

Without entering into the question of the dates as affecting early foxhunting, it appears that the amount paid for a fox's head by the churchwardens of both parishes was 1/–, but the sum seems to have varied at times throughout the country.

In the churchwardens' accounts of the Parish Church, Penistone, Yorkshire, the following entries are given:

1699.	Paid for 2 Foxes' heads....	0	2	0
1704.	For one Fox's head.....	0	1	0
	For one Ottar's head	0	1	0
1710.	One Old Fox.....	0	6	8
	One Young Fox	0	3	4
1711.	A Fox head to Mr. Rich's men	0	6	8
1726.	To Abel Tinker for a Fox head	0	6	8

It would seem that from 1710 the amount paid for a fox's head was 6/8, and for a cub 3/4, but on Easter Tuesday, March 28th, 1749, a resolution was passed reducing the amount to 1/–: "It being supposed that the said Parish hath been imposed upon by the neighbouring Parishes who allow no more than one shilling." This resolution was acted upon until 1771, when 6/8 was again paid. On Easter Tuesday, 1815, it was concluded and agreed upon that hereafter no person residing out of the said Parish of Penistone shall receive any remuneration for destroying foxes, whether they be killed in the parish or not. (*A History of the Parish of Penistone*, by John N. Dransfield.)

No doubt others may find various amounts paid by churchwardens in different parts of the country.

Yours faithfully,
Constitutional Club, London. G. N. CARTER.



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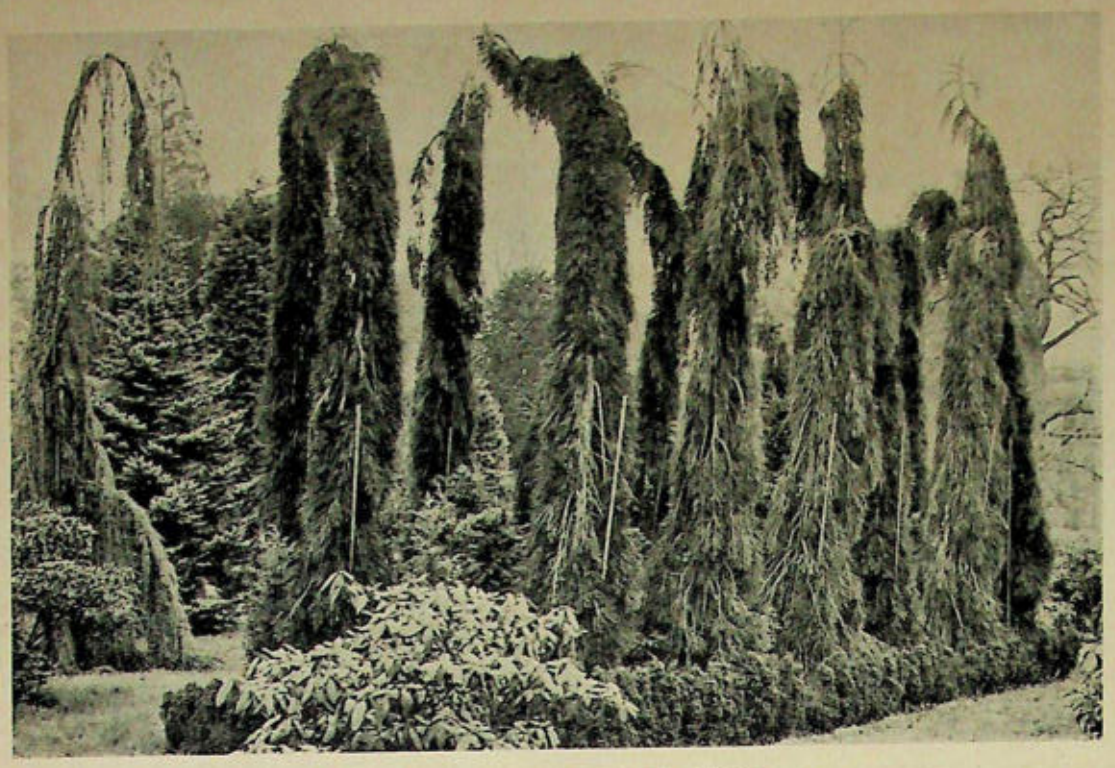
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A WEIRD THOUGH EFFECTIVE GROUP
(*See Letter "The Weeping Wellingtonia"*)

A VETERAN COCK PHEASANT

SIR,—I was shooting on the Sherwood Estate, near Nottingham, last month. At the end of the day the headkeeper, Brinkley, brought a cock pheasant for our inspection. It was a medium-sized bird, lean and sinewy. It had fairly long spurs but not needle sharp as in the case of very old birds. Brinkley identified it by a ring on its leg as a cock at least five years old in 1929. He had retained all the old cocks trapped in the spring of that year, cut off their spurs to prevent them killing one another, and kept them in a pen until the end of the breeding season, when they were released. This particular bird was therefore at least ten years old.

As the estate has been regularly shot over during that period this cock must have had a charmed life or been up to every trick to avoid the guns.

The fact that Brinkley was carrying a gun with the beaters may have possibly brought about his downfall as he was slinking back in apparent safety.

Yours faithfully,
DOUGLAS MCCRAITH.

Normanton Manor House,
Plumtree, Notts.

HIND SHOOTING

SIR, I have just been reading the article in the *Field* on hind shooting by the Hon. J. Whyte-Melville Skeffington.

For many years on forests I have rented I never allowed hinds to be killed, as in other forests, in November. I had found that the time for killing them to the best advantage was in the spring of the year. My orders to my head man were that any hind, even with a calf at foot, that he found keeping low in the forest when the main herd was well up the hill was to be destroyed. It was found that these single hinds turned out to be worthless beasts—no teeth, very poor condition, lame from one cause or another, and in fact in many cases not fit to bring home to turn to any use. A spade was taken and these old hinds used to be buried on the hill.

To my mind, the reckless killing of hinds by driving or stalking makes it quite impossible to kill off the oldest and worst animals in any numbers.

Yours faithfully,
9, Bryanston Square, W. SYDNEY LODER.

The Weeping Wellingtonia.—That the Weeping Wellingtonia is not as rare as might be assumed from the recent note by Mr. Harold Beale, will be seen by the accompanying illustration depicting a group of these trees in a garden at Sunningdale. The effect of the group is most weird, and has been likened to a group of mourning widows. The Latin name for this extraordinary tree is *Sequoia gigantea* var. *pendula*. The variety originated in Nantes in 1863. This is the weeping form of the Big Tree of California.—HERBERT COWLEY, 18, Sutherland Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Sneck-Bend Hooks.—In your issue of February 3rd there is a letter from C. Trout on this subject. You mention the Jackson hook—this is called the Jackson-Rudge hook, and is manufactured by Messrs. A. E. Rudge & Son, Unity Works, Redditch; they, of course, only supply the trade. I have not yet seen the hook myself, but feel sure it will be at any rate well made, as Mr. Rudge turns out excellent goods.—MONTAGUE B. MULLIGAN, Dumbartonshire.

LOSSES TO OPEN-AIR LIFE

DURING the past week open-air life has suffered the loss of five men of widely differing activity and outlook. Mr. Washington Singer was one of the best-known owners on the Turf of the last thirty years, though great successes perhaps never came his way, and as the owner of Orwell he suffered bitter disappointment. He had been for ten years Master of the South Devon, and his death after a prolonged illness, patiently borne, will be keenly felt by many friends.

Very different was the sudden end of General Sir Percy Radcliffe, the General Officer Commanding the Southern Command, who died in the hunting field with hounds running, while he himself was apparently in the height of good health and active enjoyment. His was a death that many would envy, yet it cuts off a career of exceptional brilliance, and removes a man who combined extraordinarily good looks with personal charm to a very marked degree. His achievements were chiefly those of a staff officer—he had the unenviable task of succeeding Sir Frederick Maurice in 1918—but he had the attributes of a great commander.

Many generations of public school boys in two great schools will feel the loss of that singularly lovable personality, Sydney James. As an Eton tutor, and as the Headmaster and maker of modern Malvern, he made countless friends, and surely no enemies. He was a keen golfer, and had played Rugby football for Cambridge from 1876–79, being captain in 1878.

By the sudden death of the Count de Madre a gap is left in the polo world which, in these days, it will not be easy to fill. Only those in close touch with the game realise what a loss he is to English polo. It was entirely through him that many of our best players had the opportunity of playing in first-class polo. He was a beautiful horseman himself, and devoted his life to the game.

And, finally, with the loss of Sir Robert Graves, this country is deprived of one who formerly showed a very marked talent for looking after the affairs of remote or more primitive peoples—a genius essentially British. His long service in Turkey, the Balkans and the near East as a member of the Consular Service was extremely successful, for he combined administrative talents with a rare personal charm. He was an accomplished horseman and a fine shot, and represented the finest type of Englishman to serve this country in other lands.

FRIENDS OF THE POOR APPEAL

THE Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are appealing for help for a young man of nineteen who, in order to support aged parents, had to leave school before sitting for his matriculation and take a job. He earns 25/- a week in wireless and television work, and on this the three of them have to subsist. His father had a position as a clerk until the business came to an end, when he put his savings into a new firm which, having promised him work, went into liquidation. As it will be some time before the parents get their Old Age Pension, the Friends of the Poor want to give them 10/- a week for the next four or five months to ease the situation.

IN THE CITY

THE NEW BRAZILIAN DEBT SCHEME

THE attractions of Brazil 5 per cent. 20-year Funding Bonds of 1931 were discussed in this column three weeks ago, and although the price of the bonds rose several points before the notes could appear in print, and although it has since risen another 10 points or so, there would still appear no particular reason to consider a sale.

The Funding Scheme that was arranged in October, 1931, expires, according to schedule, in October this year, and on the 5th of the present month a decree was signed by President Getulio Vargas relating to the foreign debt service of Brazil from then until March 31st, 1938, so far as it relates to the issues that were covered by the 1931 scheme, and from April 1st next until March 31st, 1938, so far as it relates to the issues that were not covered by the former scheme.

The new scheme deals with the whole of the Federal, State, and Municipal, external debt of Brazil, whereas the 1931 scheme only dealt with the Federal obligations. The various securities have now been graded into eight categories, according to merit, and the only issues included in Grade I are the four funding loans of the Federal Government. Both interest and sinking fund payments will continue to be paid in full in cash on these four loans throughout the period of the new plan, and those who bought any of the four issues at lower price levels might well decide to retain their holdings as more or less permanent semi-speculative investments.

If there is one outstanding feature of the new scheme it is the good treatment accorded to the holders of the State of San Paulo 7 per cent. Coffee Realisation Loan of 1930. Interest on these bonds is to be paid in full, and instead of the sinking fund operating by drawings at par it will in future operate by drawings at par, *or by purchase under par*. A sum sufficient to retire £1,000,000 nominal of these bonds will be made available during 1935, and it is difficult to imagine that it will be found possible to purchase this amount of stock in the open market without putting the price up to par. The bonds (which are the only issue in Grade II) can at present be bought at about £90 to yield 7¾ per cent. without allowing for the eventual profit on redemption and appear to represent an attractive speculative purchase.

SCOPE FOR APPRECIATION

In Grade III are included the Brazilian Federal Government secured loans, and Grade IV is composed of the Federal Government unsecured loans. The market prices of the bonds included in both these grades fell several points when the new scheme was announced, but this set-back may provide a buying opportunity for those who care to enter into a definitely speculative commitment now in the hope of obtaining really substantial capital appreciation over a period of years. For the sake of example it may be interesting to examine the position of holders of the largest of the Grade IV issues—the 4 per cent. bonds of 1889, which are at present quoted £20 to £21 per cent.

When the 1931 Funding Scheme comes to an end in October next holders of these 4 per cent. bonds of 1889 will receive 27½ per cent. of the scheduled amount of interest in cash for the period ending March 31st, 1936; 30 per cent. from then till March 31st, 1937; and 40 per cent. for 1937/38. As interest on the bonds is payable on April 1st and October 1st in each year, holders will receive an actual cash payment of 1.1 per cent. per annum until October, 1935; 1.2 per cent. per annum in April and October, 1936; and 1.6 per cent. in April and October, 1937. At 21 the 4 per cent. bonds of 1889 would give the following yields:

5¼ per cent. on the basis of 1.1 per cent. payment,
5¾ per cent. on the basis of 1.2 per cent. payment,
7½ per cent. on the basis of 1.6 per cent. payment,

and 19 per cent. if and when the full 4 per cent. is resumed.

The Brazilian Grade IV Bonds seem undervalued when compared with various stocks on which no interest payment is likely to be made for some years to come (Central Argentine Railway ordinary stock, for example, which is at present quoted about the the same price), and the Grade IV stocks offer such substantial scope for ultimate appreciation in value that a detailed examination of the stocks included in Grades V to VIII seems unnecessary.

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W. A. Rouch

AN OPEN-AIR DOG SHOW OF THIRTY YEARS AGO WITH THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE JUDGING WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS

SPORTING BREEDS AT CRUFT'S

Gundogs in the Lead

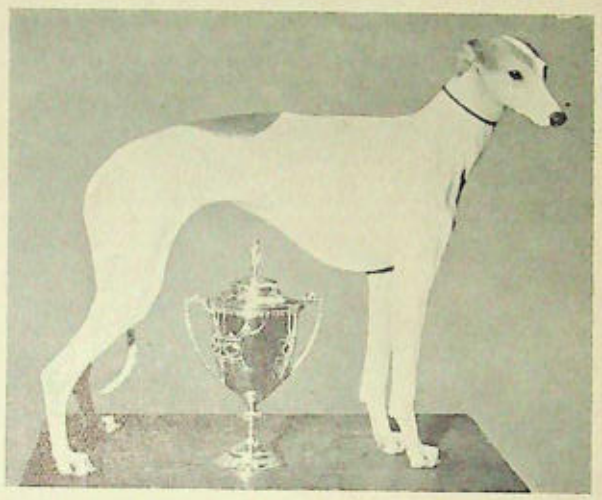
By A. CROXTON SMITH

SOLID masses of Cocker spaniels, Labrador retrievers, Irish setters and the rest of the gundogs characterised Cruft's Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall last week, and it was fitting to a sporting race that these dogs and the terriers should have been so much to the front. Mr. H. Scott did well to get through the enormous entry of 708 Cockers by lunch time on the second day, and though many beauties came before him nothing appeared to deprive Mr. H. S. Lloyd's blue roan, Whoopee of Ware, of the dog certificate. This dog also had the honour of being runner-up for the Best in Show. Supporters of the blacks, once so dominant, were delighted to see the bitch certificate go to one of that colour, she being Diana of Sunnybank, owned jointly by Messrs. A. R. Denison and H. S. Lloyd. The puppies were exceptionally strong, and Mr. Lloyd's Whiphand of Ware, by Whoopee, had a run of successes.

Labradors were not far behind the Cockers in numbers, and Lorna Countess Howe accomplished a notable feat in getting through her heavy classes by 5.15 p.m. on the first day. Her certificate winners were Mr. K. Dobie's Ingleston Nith and Mr. H. G. Williamson's Ch. Reyen Lass. Mrs. A. Douglas Pennant's Lady of Airlour, being out of coat, could not repeat her Birmingham success.

Flat-coated retrievers, under Major Harding Cox, were well beyond their usual form, and again Mr. H. Reginald Cooke took the plums with that handsome brace, Whin of Riverside and Kitty of Riverside. There is a distinct revival in the old-fashioned curlies, which have not been so numerous for many years. Here the certificate winners were Captain C. S. Monson's Calgary Grizzly and Mr. H. Stacey's Coombehurst Brenda.

Golden retrievers continue to progress satisfactorily, and the entry under Major P. C. G. Hayward was considerable. Premier honours went to Mrs. Vernon-Wentworth's Ch. Donkelve Jester and Lieut.-Colonel G. M. Darell's Colthill Delia. Colonel H. M. Wilson had a complimentary lot of pointers and English and Gordon setters. His best were Miss P. M. Butler's Maesydd Marquis and Mr. T. H. Moorby's Stylish Monniegold (pointers), Mrs. A. W. Rhodes's Bayldone Barra and Mr. A. Badenach-Nicolson's Queen of Glenbervie (English setters), and Mr. A. E. Wright's Wallace of Winston and Mr. Isaac Sharpe's Stylish Margo (Gordon setters). In the Irish setter classes, judged by Mr. J. A. Carbery, Sir Valentine Grace's successful puppy, Tullira, also won in novices.



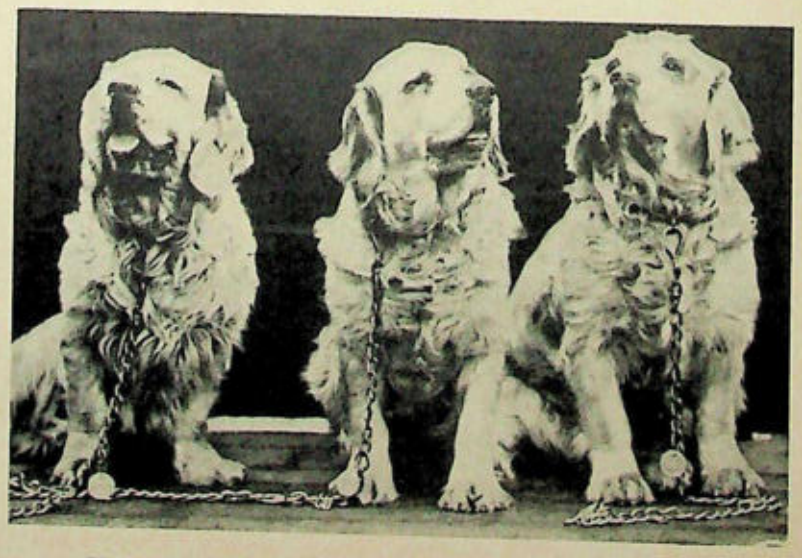
Southball Moonstone, Best Dog of the Show



Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Cocker Spaniel, Whoopee of Ware

Everyone was delighted to see His Majesty's Clumbers doing so well. Sandringham Straggler was first in the mixed novice, and Sandringham Spark occupied a similar position in post graduates and minor limit, and was second in limit and third in open. A fine entry of English Springers was well judged by Mr. D. McDonald, who gave his certificates to Mr. D. Shaw's Rex of Auckwear and Mr. T. Ford Lowe's Worthen Suspense.

The excitement was great on the second day when three judges awarded the trophy for Best in Show to Mr. B. Hartland-Worden's exquisite greyhound bitch, Southball Moonstone, the Cocker spaniel, Whoopee of Ware, being a great rival for the honour.



H.M. The King's Clumber Spaniels, Sandringham Straggler, Sandringham Swirl and Sandringham Spark



THE MODERN LABOURS OF HERCULES.

THE OLD FLOTILLA

I was down at Capheaton yesterday and I heard a beauty from one of my Resident Owners who was himself a Captain in one of the flotilla boats at Rangoon. He said that these articles were the subject of very wide discussion in Burma, and that while there were many people who believed that we were sane there were not a few others who were convinced that we were not. These others said in effect : "Yes, we have no doubt silver fox farming at Nithsdale is a very good thing—for Melross—but we will take a good shade of odds that as soon as he gets enough money put away he will kiss fox farming and Nithsdale Good-bye, and you fellows will be well in the cart." Great stuff!

In this connection we have with us here in the Mess to-night another client who is over from Bombay. I took him down to see Dr. Smith's ranch this afternoon, and I think he was suitably impressed with what our Doctor has achieved in a very short time. Incidentally, Dr. Smith reminded me at tea that it was just a year ago that he paid his first visit to me, and he certainly has got a place to be proud about now. Of course, we supplied our Doctor with a trained manager. Well, this client of ours from India, to whom I mentioned the opinion I have given above, told me of a reply he made to a friend of his recently during a discussion on the Power of Suggestion. My friend will now take the stand, and here are his own words.

"A Medical Officer of high standing at a Medical Dinner stated that he will not believe that the results which I claimed to have obtained by the use of suggestion in medical practice could be justified, his exact words being 'I do not believe in this rubbish.' My reply was, 'What experience have you had of the subject ? Have you practised Suggestion ? Have you seen suggestion in practice ?' He was compelled to reply in the negative, whereupon I replied, 'You are not in a position to express disbelief. You are in a position merely to say, "I don't know." If you say "I don't know" I am prepared to demonstrate the results to you at my Hospital. If you persist in expressing disbelief I can only suggest you should change the subject and have another drink!' The discussion ceased abruptly." And that, I think, should be my attitude.

I would emphasize that since I came home from abroad and risked my own capital in this business I have never failed to put back every penny which I have made, and it's a lot of money now, into the business which I began. The results are here for anyone who cares to come and see. The vast amount of equipment, the large ranches in various parts of the country which I own, must be conclusive proof to the meanest intelligence that I have the courage of my own convictions. I am not a stone-cold fool. Even my competitors admit this, and if I knew anything which would return me a better interest on my money than silver fox farming on a pelt basis I should assuredly invest in it and recommend every reader of this column to do likewise.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject. All clients of Nithsdale have free shooting on a four thousand acres grouse moor.



GREAT CLUMPS OF CROCUSES ARE AMONG THE MOST JOYFUL OF THE SIGHTS WHICH FORETELL THE COMING OF SPRING

The Country House

GAY GARDENS OF EARLY SPRING

Bulbs Which Flower in February and March

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

GREAT clumps of crocuses and the bees working in their cups, are amongst the most joyous sights and sounds foretelling spring. Some of the earliest flowering crocus species, such as *Crocus Tomasinianus*, which does well in fine turf, associate charmingly with snowdrops. It is delightful to see a drift of these dainty little crocuses starring the ground beneath the swaying bells of the snowdrops.

Amongst the most popular early flowering species are *C. chrysanthus* and its hybrids. *C. c. E. A. Bowles*, a beautiful clear yellow, and *C. c. E. P. Bowles* are both charming. The prettily-named Bullfinch, with brownish feathering, yellow throat and red stigmata; Moonlight and Quaintness are amongst the most popular of the hybrids. *C. c. fusco-tinctus* is freckled brown on the outer segments.

The most gloriously golden of all the crocus specis is *C. aureus var. maesiacus*, the finest form of *C. aureus*. It has globular orange-gold flowers with scarlet stigmata. *C. aureus*, a parent of the Dutch yellow crocus, was grown by Gerard, and he describes it as having "flowers of a most shining yellow colour, seeming afar off to be a hot glowing cole of fire."

Crown Imperials are the handsomest bulbs in flower in very early spring, and they are especially effective when planted either in large clumps or in a long line at the back of a spring border. And I think they look delightful in a sunk garden. I know one such garden where clumps of the yellow-flowered kind are planted near sheets of the sapphire-blue *Iris reticulata*. Together with masses of crocuses, snowdrops and the earliest primroses, the place is full of colour. But it is the Crown Imperials that give the character to this little garden. Against the dry walls that surround it are trained bushes of *Cydonia japonica*—two against each wall. This makes a delightful background for the Crown Imperials and irises, and later, when the tulips flower, *C. japonica* is still in bloom. Indeed, few shrubs remain so long in flower as *C. japonica* and rosemary. The tulips are very sparsely planted. I like sparse planting, for instead of a mere blur of colour it enables one to see the beauty of the individual tulips and their foliage. In a small space sparse planting is particularly useful, for it is then possible to maintain a succession. Last year in this sunk garden annual poppies, also sparsely planted, succeeded the tulips.

Sheets of the sapphire-blue *Iris reticulata* in full bloom in early spring are a delight. Planted in the shelter of a sunny wall they flower in February and suggest summer skies. They increase rapidly, and apart from their beauty their scent is delicious. The sapphire-blue varieties are more attractive than the purple, but alas, more expensive. *Iris reticulata*, which is a native of the Caucasus, likes rich but sandy soil, and the bulbs should be planted in a sheltered part in the rock garden in autumn



BULBS WHICH FLOURISH ON THEIR OWN
The freely blooming Chinodoxa Luciliæ

for early flowering. It is always worth lifting some of the bulbs in July and putting them to ripen in hot sun, for bulbs treated thus flower earlier.

A beautiful early iris which has not been commonly grown since the war is the yellow-flowered *I. Danfordiæ*. This iris is a native of the Taurus mountains and grows at an altitude of 4,000ft. It is perfectly hardy, but it must have a very well-drained sunny spot in the rock garden, and it likes to face west. When the foliage has withered the bulbs should be lifted, ripened under glass in hot sun, then in a few weeks they should be replanted in a different place. Although this iris likes perfect drainage it must be given plenty of water when in growth. Two other early flowering species from the Taurus mountains are *I. stenophylla* and *I. Tauri*. *I. stenophylla* produces its large flowers in February. In flower the plant is about 6in. high, and it like. a sheltered spot by a sunny wall in sandy soils When the leaves have died down the bulbs have to be lifted to ripen under glass. *I. Tauri* flowers very early if given a sheltered, well-drained, sunny spot. The bulbs should be lifted to ripen.

Iris alata is a lovely winter-flowering species rarely grown. It is an invaluable iris, for, in sheltered parts, it produces its lilac, orange-crested flowers from November onwards. It likes a very sandy soil, and to be planted at the base of a sunny wall. The bulbs are cheap, and it is well worth buying a few every year, for there is not enough sun in this country to ripen it.

The most popular of the early-flowering irises are the hybrids of *I. pumila* and *I. chamæiris*. They are rhizomatous rooted and of the easiest culture, and they increase rapidly. They vary in height from 6in. to a foot and bloom from mid-March onwards. The earliest are *I. pumila atroviolacea* and *I. statellæ* (white); both are slightly scented. But the most attractive are *I. pumila formosa*, with large sweet-scented, violet-coloured flowers, and *I. pumila lutea*, a fine yellow, also deliciously scented. *I. pumila azurea* has lovely pale blue flowers, a colour that is always more attractive in spring than mauve. The new *Iris chamæris Campbelli* (about 5in. high) is exquisitely scented, the flowers being a rich blue. It does not bloom, however, till early May.

Chionodoxas are amongst the most useful of the small-flowered bulbs, for once planted they require no further attention. The one most commonly grown is *C. Luciliæ*, of which the blue-flowered variety is the cheapest and the rose and white-coloured rather expensive. Other beautiful species are *C. grandiflora*, the diminutive *C. sardensis*, and the rather late-flowering *C. Boissieri* (*syn Tmoli*). The Spring Snowflake (*Leucojum vernum*) is usually in flower by mid-February and it likes part-shade. It is amongst the bulbs which need to be established before it begins to flower freely. The earlier in the autumn it is planted the more likely it is to flower the first year. There is an attractive variety, *L. vernum carpathicum*, with flowers tipped with yellow or green. It is rather taller growing than the type.

The humble little tritelcias (*T. uniflora* and *T. u. violacea*), with their star-like flowers, will grow almost anywhere and spread like weeds. The flowers have a very faint but sweet scent, but when picked the stalk end smells of garlic. This plant was introduced into this country from S. America in 1836. The blue-flowered variety has a delicious scent, just like new-mown hay.

The grape hyacinths are most accommodating spring-flowering bulbs, and do well in almost any soil. The earliest to bloom, *M. azureum*, is very free-flowering, and its lovely little pale blue bells usually open in February. Few people grow the humble old-fashioned *M. racemosum*, for the flowers are smaller and poorer in colour than those of the Italian grape hyacinth, *M. botryoides cæruleum*. The white-and-pink-flowered varieties of the last named are more expensive than the type. *M. botryoides* flowers from the end of March to mid-April, and the popular, sweetly scented "Heavenly Blue" from Trebizond is slightly later. The last named is amongst the loveliest of early-flowering bulbs. The most sweetly scented of all the grape hyacinths is *M. moschatum*, but the flowers are dull and inconspicuous, turning, as they fade, from grey-blue to dull yellow. This grape hyacinth needs a rich soil. *M. plumosum* is the attractive May-flowering species with "feathery" heads of flowers on 8-in. stems. It is very effective in the rock garden.

Dog's tooth violets, so called because the white bulb resembles a dog's tooth, like a fairly moist but well-drained place in sandy soil in part-shade. These bulbs should be planted in September or October about 8in. deep, and if the soil is not naturally sandy sharp, sand should be placed round the bulbs. The species most commonly grown are *Erythronium dens-canis album* and the pink variety. Both the leaves and flowers have a quaint, dainty charm. There are various other species as easily grown but not so commonly seen—*E. dens-canis revolutum giganteum* (*syn Watsoni*), with gold-centred, cream-coloured flowers, and *E. d. revolutum Johnsoni*, with pink flowers; the vigorous-growing *E. dens-canis grandiflorum robustum*, with vivid yellow flowers; *E. dens-canis Hendersoni*, with pale mauve flowers; and *E. dens-canis californicum*, with pale yellow flowers. The white variety of the last named has the handsomest foliage of any o the erythroniums.

HOW FARMING IS FARING IN EASTERN COUNTIES

Cambridge Economists' Report

FOR some years past the Farm Economics Branch of the Cambridge University Department of Agriculture has carried out investigations into the financial results of farming in the six eastern counties of England—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Hertford, Cambridge and Huntingdon. The preliminary figures now published for 1933 show a considerable improvement over those of the two previous years, and they are worth studying in some detail to find the trend of agricultural development and recovery during the past year.

The most outstanding features on the income side are better gross returns from pigs, greater production and income from wheat and sugar beet, higher prices for barley and a decline in gross income from cattle. On the cost side labour has remained practically constant, while there has been appreciable increase in expenditure on feedingstuffs and on miscellaneous outgoings. It is perhaps significant that a small increase in deadstock valuations is also shown, suggesting that farmers have been able through slightly better returns to spend on new implements in replacement of worn-out equipment. This is a sign that our implement manufacturers will not overlook.

For the year 1933 the gross income earned by the 450 farms covered in the survey increased by 12¼ per cent. over the previous year. Sheep and pigs gave much better returns, and there were increases also in the case of sugar beet and wheat, both of which had increased acreages. Barley was not grown so widely, but the income from the crop rose by 26 per cent. owing to the much better prices paid by the brewers last year. Cattle lost ground, the average reduction in income under this head being 15 per cent. on the year.

The wheat figures are interesting because it was for the sake of East Anglia that the wheat crop was selected for the first measure of protection by the Government. It is stated in this report that the increase in wheat is due wholly to greater production obtained mainly by expansion of acreage but partly by better acreage yields. The market prices secured for the 1933 wheat crop are actually 15-20 per cent. less than those for the previous year's crop, but the extra quantity of grain threshed and the increase in the deficiency payments from the Wheat Commission result in a substantially increased income from wheat growing.

The total deficiency payments per farm (on the basis of 22s. a quarter) range from £22 on the smallest size group to £334 on farms of over 300 acres, with an average of £95 for all sizes of farm. Thus they exceed the deficiency payments on the previous year's crop by almost 50 per cent. About one-third of the total deficiency payments goes to occupiers of farms of 300 acres and upwards (representing 11 per cent. of the total number of holdings), one-third goes to occupiers of 150–300 acres (representing 20 per cent.) and one-third to occupiers of 20–150 acres (representing 69 per cent.). On the largest size group deficiency payments amount to as much as 11 per cent. of the gross income. This proportion decreases with size of farm until on holdings of 20–50 acres deficiency payments represent only 5 per cent. of the gross income.

Looking at the other side of the picture presented by the charges incurred in producing the extra 12¼ per cent. of output in 1933, costs were 5½ per cent. higher on the year. This increase is confined almost entirely to the two headings, foodstuffs and miscellaneous. The increased expenditure on feedingstuffs must be due to an actual greater consumption, for prices in 1933 were approximately 7 per cent. lower than in the previous year. This can be accounted for by increased pig production, a smaller amount of home-grown wheat fed on the farm of origin (owing to the operation of the Wheat Act) and the dry summer, which necessitated increased feeding to cows on pastures. The increases in miscellaneous expenses must be accounted for largely by equipment and upkeep expenses made possible by reason of the improved financial position of farmers.

Summing up, the Cambridge economists show that the net farm income averaged £125, which is £70 more than the previous year. But the gross income of farmers in the Eastern Counties will, they say, fail by just over 5 per cent. to make a fair return for the capital and unpaid labour. This is better than a discrepancy of 15 per cent. returned in 1932 and 18 per cent. in 1931, so the arable farmers of East Anglia can feel that they are on the road to financial recovery. If beef prices can be induced to rise, the present year should see them well on their feet again. R. F.

SPRING SEEDS

Some of the New Catalogues

IN February the farmer receives by post a number of large envelopes that look important, and are important. They contain the catalogues of the leading firms of seedsmen, telling him of the varieties which will best repay his attention this season. We are fortunate in our leading seedsmen in this country. Deservedly they hold a high reputation for fair dealing, and the claims made in their catalogues can be trusted.

Suttons' Farmers' Year Book for 1934 strikes a note of reasoned optimism about the future of agriculture, and since profitable farming implies the production of the best possible crops from the land, the firm claims to make no small contribution by providing the farmer with the best strains of field plants and roots capable of increasing the yield per acre in terms of crops and of meat and milk. For more than 125 years Suttons of Reading has been under the sole direction of members of the same family, and the good name of the firm has never stood higher than it does to-day.

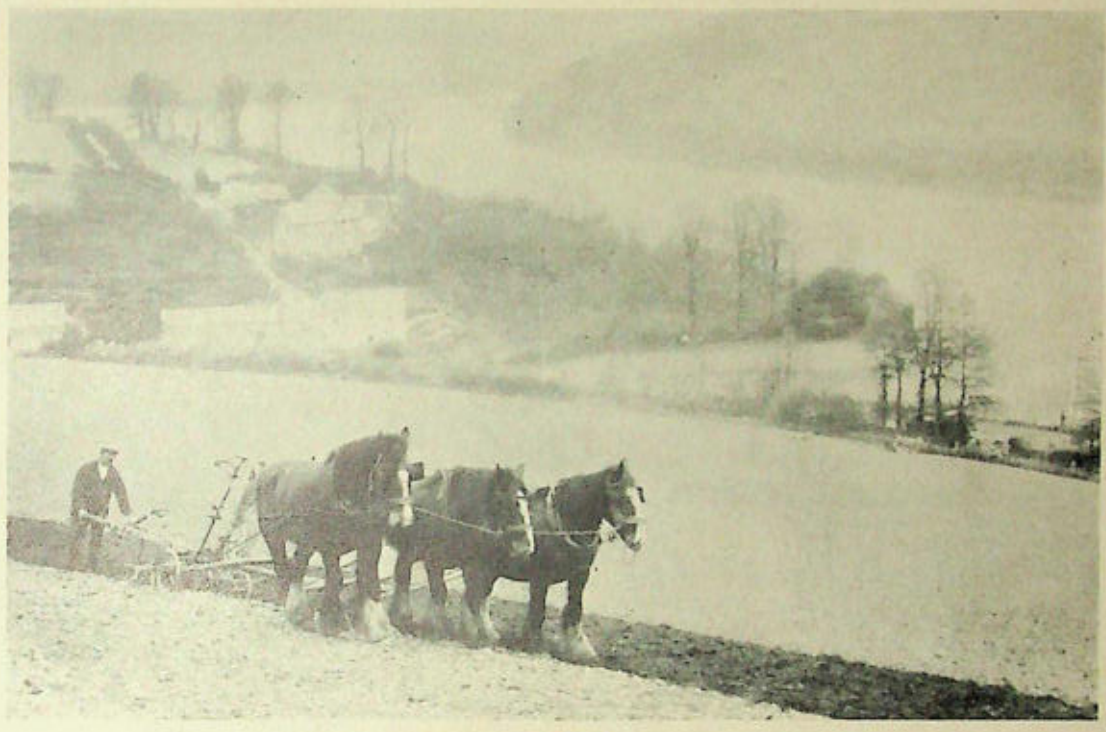
Gartons of Warrington is another seed firm of renown which can claim 50 years' experience of scientific farm plant breeding. It is perfectly true that "As in animals so in plants, breed tells." Gartons have been particularly enterprising in arranging for certificates of origin to be issued to all customers to whom pedigree seed—whether wheat, barley or oats—was supplied last season. Once-grown seed from Gartons meets a considerable request, and the demand will be strengthened by this system of certificates of origin. In addition to breeding cereals of improved strains, Gartons have for long conducted trials to bring out the best types of grasses and clovers for different conditions, and the firm can now offer a wide range of grass mixtures that can be recommended by the experience of farmers in all parts of the country. Nor have Gartons lost faith in roots as a key crop in the recovery of arable agriculture. The catalogue obtainable from Warrington lists the varieties that give the highest feeding value through the winter months.

Dicksons of Chester are another firm with a reputation for supplying seeds of the highest standard of purity, germination and strain at moderate prices. They state that grass and clover seeds are this season of most excellent quality after a warm, sunny summer, and farmers are recommended to take this favourable opportunity of laying down land to temporary or permanent pasture.

Webbs' Farm Manual comes from Stourbridge to remind the farmer of the many useful strains developed by this firm, and to carry the message that the farmer must produce the high quality article which the British public demands to make sure of permanently retaining a larger share of the home market. "The same care which the stock breeder exercises in the selection and feeding of his animals in order to produce the high quality product required, must also be exercised by the farmer in the selection of his seeds and the feeding of his crops with fertilisers." Attention may be called especially to the good selection of seed for malting barley purposes which is offered by Edward Webb & Sons (Stourbridge), Ltd.

Toogood & Sons, Ltd., of Southampton, devote particular attention to improved strains of root crop seeds. Their mangolds, swedes and turnips, as well as cereals and grass seeds, have deservedly won a high reputation. Dunns Farm Seeds, Ltd., celebrated their centenary in 1932, and this Salisbury firm, it is evident from their new catalogue, keeps well in the van of progress, notably in the supply of grass seeds and clovers of proved value.

Little & Ballantyne present the 122nd issue of their farm seed catalogue, and strike another note of optimism in the foreword. The Carlisle firm holds a high reputation for their grass and clover seeds, which have been selected through many generations for outstanding qualities.



FEBRUARY PLOUGHING ABOVE WATERHEAD CREEK IN SOUTH DEVON
Dry weather has enabled farmers to press on with cultivations for spring corn

TOLL OF POULTRY DISEASES

SIR EDWARD BROWN, in his annual review of the poultry industry, now issued for the 39th year, stresses the heavy losses which poultry farmers suffer on account of disease. The mortality at the egg-laying trials, if it may be taken as a criterion of the general position in poultry farms, is much too high for the economical conduct of the industry. Sir Edward Brown believes that the trouble is mainly due to the pursuit of high-producing strains to the neglect of stamina and healthy type. There are many farmers who having suffered heavy losses by reason of fowl paralysis and other diseases occurring in birds purchased from specialist breeders who have apparently neglected the fundamental condition—stamina—in selecting their stock.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, February 24th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



MOTOR RACING UNDER NOVEL CONDITIONS, AND AGAINST STRANGE COMPETITORS, IN GERMANY

Aeroplane, motor cars, and motor bicycles match their speeds over a frozen lake in Baden, where international ice races were held on February 4th

A STIFF TEST FOR THE SUNBEAM SPEED MODEL

"Full Marks" for Uphill Work in Bad Weather

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

SPEED is the ruling factor of our age. Everything must be done quickly, and to attempt to reach one's destination in the shortest possible time has become second nature to many motorists. Speed, therefore, has become a great selling point in car production.

I do not think there is a single motor car manufacturing concern in this country which does not include in its range at least one speed model, even though almost every modern touring car is capable, in the ordinary way, of reaching the once almost inconceivable speed of one mile per minute. To me it seems only yesterday that this was regarded as a stupendous feat, only to be reached by a powerful 40 or 60 h.p. car.

The Sunbeam Company has always been well to the fore where speed is concerned—in fact, shortly before the war Sunbeams were the only British cars taking part in motor races on the Continent.

It will be remembered, also, that the late Sir Henry Segrave won the Grand Prix on a 2-litre Sunbeam in 1924. This feat was unique, since it was the first and last occasion on which a British-built racing car has succeeded in winning this event, always regarded as the Blue Riband of road racing.

A very comprehensive programme was laid down by the Sunbeam Motor Company for the current year, including, in addition to the four-cylinder Dawn model, a 20 h.p., a 25 h.p., and the Speed model. The latter, of course, is the fastest car in this range, and I was very glad to have the opportunity recently of taking one of these cars out for a demonstration run, knowing quite well that I could expect a performance quite out of the ordinary.

The subject of this test was lent to me by the Car Mart Ltd., who are the principal London distributors of Sunbeam cars, and I gained two outstanding impressions.

The engine, in my opinion, is an exceptionally good one. It possesses an ample range of power, it does its work very smoothly, and without fuss or effort of any kind. I did not notice any vibration periods, and the carburation was excellent. You just put your foot down, there is no hesitation whatever, and the engine immediately gets on with the job.

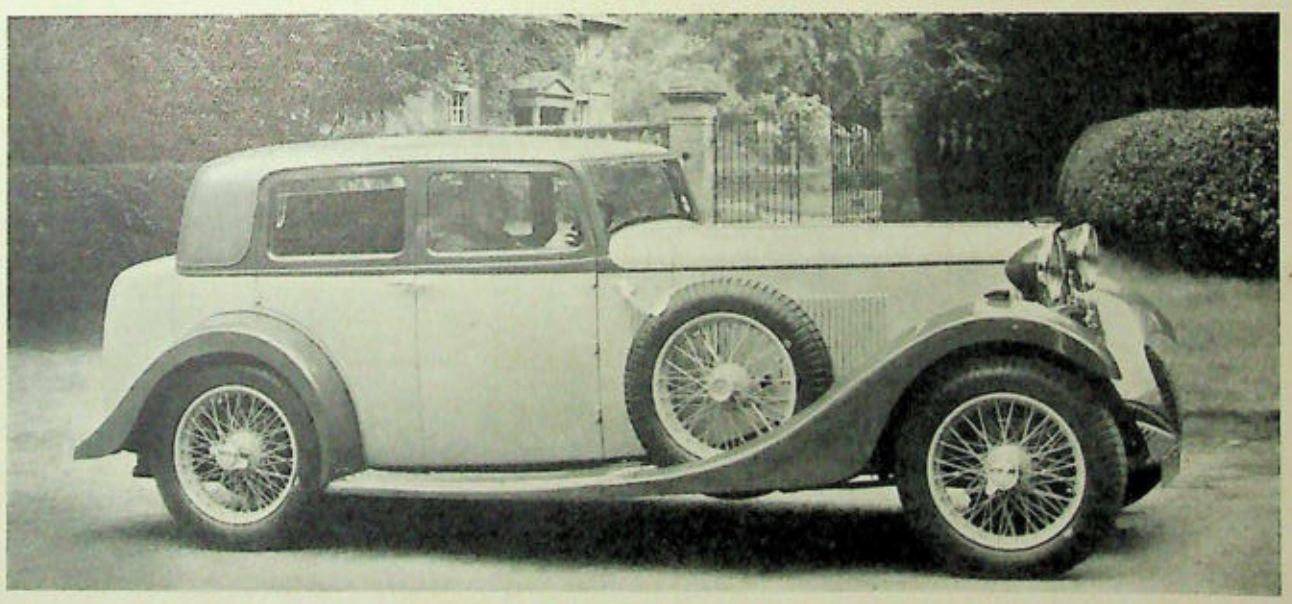
I would have liked to have had an opportunity of testing this car out to ascertain its maximum speed, but, what is really more important to the ordinary motorist, my experience showed that it has, definitely, a very fine cruising speed of between 60 miles and 70 miles per hour; while, at the other extreme, it can crawl in traffic on top gear at a speed of about 5 m.p.h.

The other impression I gained was of its remarkable steadiness on wet and greasy roads. On my way out of town, by a route I know well, there is a certain stretch of road which has a gradient of about 1 in 12, and on which there is a double set of tramlines.

When the roads are greasy and one accelerates up this hill practically every car I have driven has suffered from acute wheel spin on this particular section. The Sunbeam, however, went sailing up the gradient, the rear wheels gripping as if they had been glued to the roadway. I give the car full marks for this, especially as on this occasion the roads could not have been worse than they were.

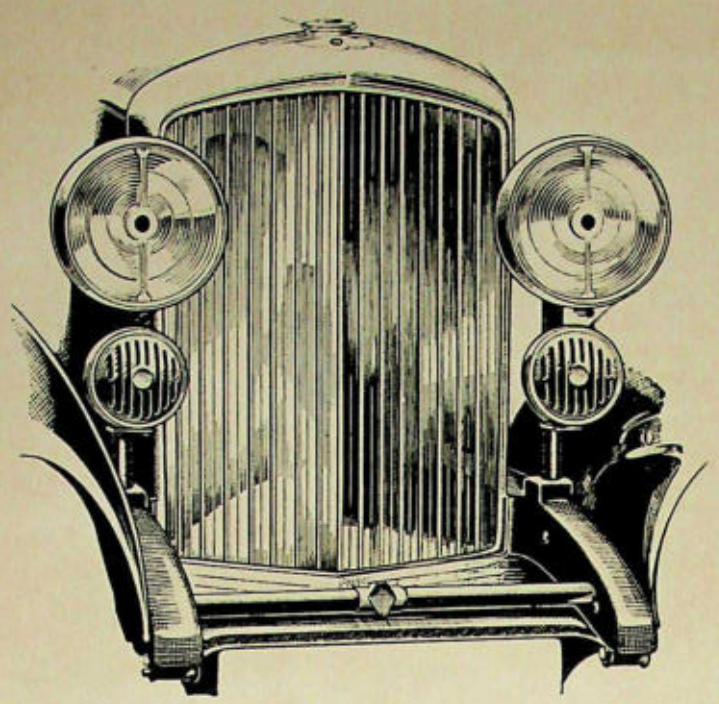
The performance of the Sunbeam Speed model on the road is undoubtedly very good indeed, for it will take such hills as Reigate in its stride on top gear with the utmost of ease, and its acceleration is sufficient to enable it to show a clean pair of heels to most of the cars met with on the road.

Coming down to details, the engine is a six-cylinder and has a bore of 75 mm. and a stroke of 110 mm., the cubic capacity being 2,916 c.c., so that it is what one would term a 3-litre motor. The annual tax is £21. The valves are of the overhead type, and are operated by push rods, the cylinder head being detachable. The cylinders are fitted with nickel iron liners, a feature that will certainly appeal to the discriminating motorist.



THE SUNBEAM FOUR DOOR SPEED MODEL SALOON

Much has appeared in the columns



The New 3½ Litre

BENTLEY

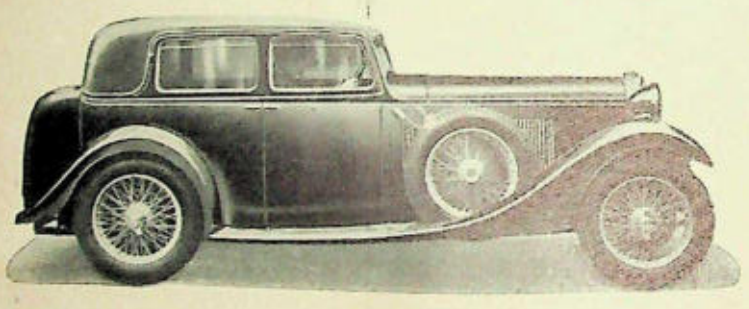
The Silent Sports Car

Its terrific performance is obtained without effort, and its road-holding properties are such that exceptionally high speeds can be indulged in with safety. . . . I do not think that there is any car in which so much use of high speeds can be made with safety. The way in which the car sits down on the road, even when the surface is extremely rough is something entirely new in a sports car
—Morning Post

Equally as remarkable as the riding qualities of the car was its extraordinary silence. Indeed, although it is definitely a sports car with almost racing car performance it glides along so silently, however fast, and in whatever gear, that practically the only sound heard is the wind in the radiator and the hiss of the tyres on the road
—Manchester Daily Dispatch

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SUNBEAM "*Dawn*" £485
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THE SUNBEAM "SPEED" MODEL is the Sporting Car de Luxe. Capable of more than 90 m.p.h. on the road, with terrific acceleration, steering and brakes beyond criticism, it has the unmistakable feel of a thoroughbred. A trial run will thrill you. THE CAR MART LIMITED are the largest SUNBEAM Distributors and all the above models may be seen and tried at their Depots.

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Stanhope House, 320-4 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.
Museum 2000

of the technical Press of late about undue cylinder wear, and I receive many letters from correspondents asking for advice when this happens. It is rather a problem to decide whether it is better to incur the expense of reboring the cylinders and to fit oversize pistons, or to sell the car and invest in a new one.

If all manufacturers would adopt the same system as that employed by the Sunbeam Company the point, of course, would not arise, for to change the liners would be a simple and a comparatively inexpensive method of dealing with the situation.

The crankshaft of the Speed model is carried on four large bearings, and a torsional damper is fitted at the front end of the crankshaft. In addition, rubber blocks are placed between the motor and the chassis frame to remove any possible vibration. The pistons employed are of a special design, having alloy heads and hardened steel skirts. This method combines extreme lightness with superior wearing qualities.

A Zenith down-draught carburettor is fitted, and the inlet pipe is heated. Petrol is fed from the tank by means of a pump which is positively-driven from the camshaft. Ignition is by means of a coil, and 12-volt accumulator. Both the carburettor and the distributor are placed in very accessible positions. The gearbox is in unit with the engine, and has four forward speeds and reverse with a right hand change.

A twin top is not employed on the Speed model, which, instead, has a quick change straight type of gearbox, with close ratio gears, which are eminently suitable for this type of car. Top gear is 4.9 to 1; 3rd, 7.1 to 1; 2nd, 10.9 to 1; and bottom, 19.6 to 1.

The Sunbeam radiator is imposing and of very neat design, and the cooling is assisted by means of a powerful centrifugal pump. Shutters are also employed and are thermostatically controlled. The four-wheel brakes are hydraulic, and on the Lockheed principle, the foot brake operating on all four wheels, and the hand lever on the rear brake shoes only. This lever is also situated on the right hand side.

Much attention has obviously been paid to the brake adjustment, this being placed in such an accessible position that it can be easily carried out. Sunbeam cars have always been noted for the excellence of their steering, and the present models are no exception to this rule. A screw and nut type of steering box is employed.

Suspension is carried out by means of semi-elliptic springs, both fore and aft, and thermostatically controlled hydraulic shock absorbers are fitted to all four wheels. Chassis lubrication is effected through the medium of a grouped system, and oil is forced to the various parts needing attention by means of a gun.

The petrol tank is situated at the rear of the chassis, and contains 14 gallons. A gauge is fitted on the dashboard, denoting exactly the amount of fuel that is in the tank.

The principal dimensions of the Sunbeam Speed model are as follows: Wheelbase, 10ft.; track, 4ft. 7⅞in. Minimum ground clearance, 7in. Length overall, 13ft. 8in.

The price of the chassis with full equipment is £525, or complete with four-door pillarless saloon £825. The principal Sunbeam distributors for London are the Car Mart, Ltd., and at their depot in Park Lane a full range of all models is always on view.

The R.A.C. Rally.—Entries for the R.A.C. Rally, which takes place from March 13th to March 17th and finishes at Bournemouth, closed on February 5th with the record total of 400. Every type of car is represented, from the 7 h.p. "baby" saloon to the largest luxury car.

EXTENDING THE AIR-MAILS

Improvements That May be Seen This Year

By THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

THAT steady increase, shown by official returns, in the use of the air mails as a rapid means of communication between this country and the business centres of the world is a very valuable support for those who have always maintained that, even with air transport at its present stage of development, much greater consideration should be given to this essential service.

Notwithstanding the relatively high charges levied by the British Post Office for Empire letters, the growth of mail on the Far Eastern and African routes is remarkable, and there can be little doubt that the figures for the Singapore extension, when available, will reveal its popularity on this valuable new link.

But, considerable though the present use of the air mails is, and steady as is their expansion, no one will deny that there is room for improvement. Compared with the services of other countries, British air mails are slow, and the time occupied is excessive. The recent demonstration mail flight by the Royal Dutch K.L.M. airline has shown what can be done when mails are separated from passengers, even when existing ground organisation is used; and that lesson is one that might well be taken to heart by our own operators, the Air Ministry, and the Post Office.

What, then, are the weaknesses of the British air-mail system, and in what directions may we expect improvements?

Undoubtedly, the chief drawback is the British policy, consistently pursued, of consigning mail and passenger traffic by the same class of machine. As has been argued before, with things as they are to-day, mail traffic cannot operate at its utmost efficiency while the safety and convenience of passengers has to be studied first. At present convenient halts must be arranged and stops made overnight; and there is a limit to the number of hours the passenger is prepared to spend in the air in the relatively restricted space of an air-liner's cabin.

Another grave handicap to the British Empire services is the rail link on the Continent. Here, valuable time is lost by both passengers and mails; but the loss is more serious for the latter. Happily this is a direction in which early improvement may be expected, for it has been officially stated that negotiations are in progress with the Governments concerned, and it is hoped that an agreement will be reached whereby British machines may fly over those sections of route now served by rail. This should result in a very valuable speeding up.

The "passenger traffic first" policy is, without question, one that must be very seriously reconsidered by those responsible, and it is satisfactory to know that a Cabinet Committee is examining the question with a view to being in a position to define a policy when the Imperial Airways subsidy comes up for review on the termination of the existing agreement.

In pressing for increased air-mail facilities within the Empire, the difficulties of those who are responsible for the organisation of our Imperial Air routes must not be forgotten. By continuous technical development and efficient administration, they have gradually reduced the cost of operation, with the result that our services are nearer to the self-supporting stage than any comparable system of air lines in the world. In achieving this they have faithfully carried out the policy of successive Governments and have brought into being a great Imperial asset.

In the pursuit of this programme the carriage of mails with passengers has proved a working economy. Air-mail development on the lines advocated must, in the first instance, be more costly, and the Government must adequately subsidise our chief operating company, at least in the initial stages, if it is to be expected to provide a separate service on a 24-hour schedule. The present passenger facilities must not be jeopardised by segregating mails. With proper financial assistance in the first instance, our Imperial Airways' operators can be relied upon to provide the requisite facilities on a growing commercial basis.

Whether it would be wise to pay subsidy only in respect of mail carriage, as is done in America, or for the Post Office to consign all first-class mail matter by air, as is the practice of the Swedish authorities, may be a matter for debate. But there is a vital and urgent need for the whole question to be thoroughly examined, the more so in view of the striking increase in speeds that are to be expected on foreign airways during the coming summer.

In this connection, it is to be hoped that this year will witness the long-awaited practical tests of the specially designed Boulton & Paul mail machines, the first of which was damaged on a test flight some time ago, and possibly others also. America has shown that, by specialised design, very fast mail-carrying types of great reliability can be produced; and this country, with its world-wide responsibilities, must not lag behind. Not only for immediate benefit, but for reasons of prestige, British air mails must settle down to a policy of progressive development, with high speed and reliability as the chief factors, during the coming twelve months.

Fortunately, there are signs of an awakened interest. The discussions concerning the abolition of the present European rail link have already been noted, and are a welcome indication that the necessity for a general speeding up of air services is recognised. The development of feeder services internally, in this country and in the Empire generally, is another. Finally, the production, on their own initiative, of high-speed machines by our leading designers is evidence that with proper official support, British air mails could be made the fastest and most reliable in the world.

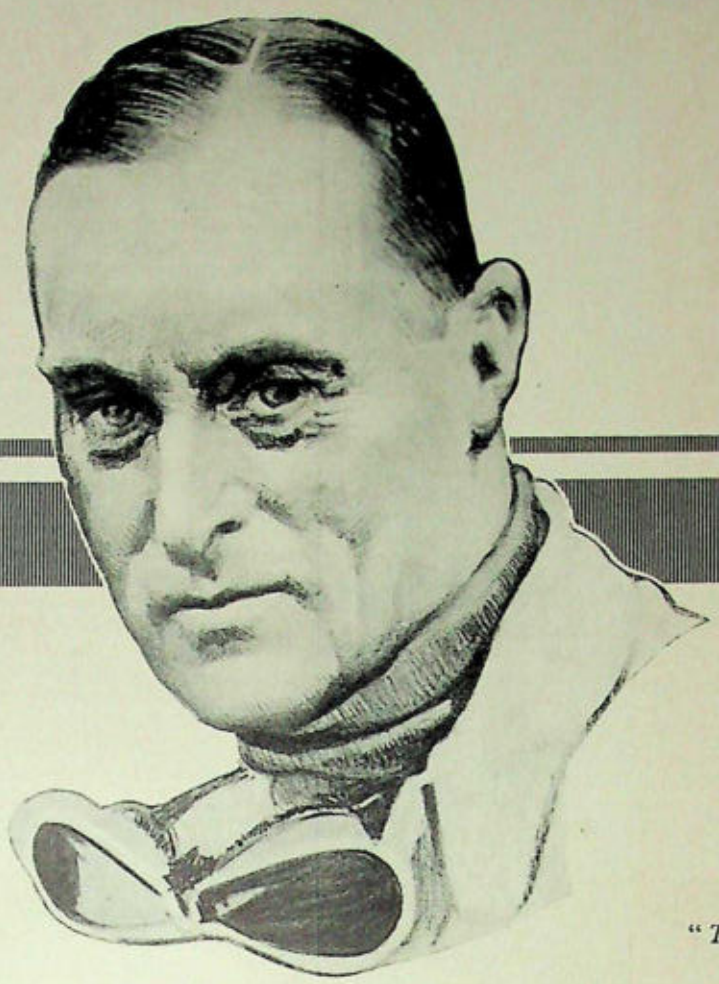
Among business men, the air-mail habit is growing rapidly. They are not slow to take advantage of every new facility, and make increasing demands on those already established. The present year should, then, witness important developments, of which the Australian air extension will be the chief; and it should be the occasion too, of a thorough review of our whole air-mail policy, not only in connection with operation, but as regards rates charged, which must be the subject of considerable revision in order to encourage an already receptive business world to make ever-increasing use of this greatly accelerated means of postal communication.



"Aeroplane" photograph

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● *For full particulars write to The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool; Elders and Fyffes, Ltd., 32, Bow Street, W.C.2; Furness Withy & Co., Ltd., Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3; or to The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.*

Bermuda

WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY

Where the Season Lasts Until May

THOUGH the first winter snows begin to fall on the massed and rounded contours of the southern mountains of Norway as early as the middle of October, it is not until towards the end of February that the winter sports season in this, the original home of ski-ing, enters upon its most interesting phases.

There are really two distinct winter sports seasons in Norway—that of the valley regions, and the *höifjell* or mountain season. In the lower-lying districts and in the vicinity of towns such as Oslo, where great areas of forest form a protection from the icy winds that sweep over the mountain snowfields in the earlier part of the winter, ski-ing starts by the middle of December in a normal year.

But it is during the late season, extending until Easter and beyond, that the most interesting runs can be made, for the vast snow spaces of the mountain plateaux offer a terrain that has no equal for scenery and surface conditions anywhere else in the world. and 4,000ft., in crystal clear mountain air, the sun pours down with an almost tropical intensity that makes the sub-zero temperature of the snow appear incredible.

In its mountain centres Norway has an advantage over every other European country. The mountains here are humped and undulating, of altogether different structure from the jagged, precipitous Alps. The foothills are formed of huge stretches of open moorland, the gently graded contours of which provide endless miles of perfect ski country. Ski expeditions covering several hundred miles and lasting a fortnight can be undertaken in safety, the nights being spent at the various huts erected at convenient stages, or at the inn of some lonely little mountain village.

Notable among the great mountain plateaux of Norway is the Hardanger-vidda, where there are big herds of reindeer and abundant lesser game. The Bergen-Oslo railway skirts its northern edge, and from such centres as Finse, Haugustol, Geilo and Ustaoset, ski tours can be made over wide areas of this extraordinarily interesting region of Norway.



"GENTLY GRADED CONTOURS WHICH PROVIDE ENDLESS MILES OF PERFECT SKI COUNTRY"

As February gathers way the exodus from the towns to the mountain centres begins. Those long trains that leave Oslo and Bergen to climb up and up into the mountains until the tree-line is left far below carry a 90 per cent. proportion of ski-runners and two or three extra wagons stacked with skis and sledges and the equipment of mountain holiday-makers. The trek to the *höifjell* is an aspect of Norwegian national life of which the summer visitor to the country has no inkling.

Mountain holidays are spent either in the hotels of the various centres, or in privately owned or rented chalets that are fitted up with bunks and all the necessary cooking appliances. By the middle of March the northern latitude is giving nearly fifteen hours of brilliant daylight, which has increased to 20 hours before the end of the snow season in May. And at a height of between 3,000ft.

Finse (4,008ft.) is the highest station on the line. The higher summits of the district are snow covered all the year round, so that at midsummer the incongruous sight may sometimes be seen of a party of skiers in full winter kit making their way across the glimmering wastes of snow. Finse stands on the edge of the ridge that divides Eastern and Western Norway. Among many interesting ski trips to be made is one which leads down into the Hallingdal, a valley famed in Norwegian song and folklore, where the peasants still retain the skill in fiddle-playing which, centuries ago, led to the production of the fantastic music of the Halling—a dance of bewildering speed and scores of intricate steps.



SKI-ING AT LEIRVASSBU IN THE JOTUNHEIM RANGE

Haugustol lies 800ft. lower than Finse, on southerly slopes above the tree-line on the edge of Lake Ustavann. The ski-ing grounds lie close to the hotel, and the terrain affords unlimited open runs in every direction.

Geilo, at 2,600ft., just below the tree-line is perhaps the most attractive of all the resorts along the Bergen-Oslo railway. Snow conditions are always reliable, and the climate of the resort is very equable. The runs cover widely differing country, some leading through the lightly wooded slopes and others over the open plateau terrain that begins as the tree belt is left behind.

The two other great railway lines that radiate from Oslo lead, by the broad valleys of Gudbrandsdal and Valdres, up to the snowfields of the Dovrefjell and the Jotunheim respectively. Both these areas are well provided with winter sports centres. On the Dovre line Hjerkinn, Opdal, Fefor and Fokstuen stand at high altitudes in the middle of magnificent ski country. From Opdal, midway between the junction of Dombas and the historic cathedral city of Trondheim, trips can be made to the Trollheimen ranges, whose peaks rise in a serrated wall north of the Dovrefjell.

Fefor is surrounded by forests, though it stands on the rim of open mountain country. It lies a little off the railway at a height of 3,100ft., and is reached after a 45 minutes' drive from Vinstra station.

The collective territory of the Dovrefjell, the Jotunheim and the Trollheimen ranges holds the finest mountain scenery in Norway. These wildernesses of snowfield and glittering peak, of still, frozen lakes and immense dark forests, are within easy access of the capital, and the hotels of the various centres are in every way up to date. Both the Glittertind and the Galdhopiggen, two famous mountains, are situated in the Jotunheim, and the huge crown of the Snehetta dominates the lesser peaks of the Dovrefjell. Bessheim, Gjendesheim and Bygdin are all good Jotunheim centres, and are connected with the main line railway stations by automobile routes.

A final word on clothing. To be warmly and lightly clad is essential. Two pairs of thin socks are better than one pair of thick ones. The head covering should be a cap with ear flaps, and a double-breasted windproof jacket and tweed or woollen trousers with a high band round the waist for extra warmth give the best protection to body and legs. Trousers should be worn by women as well as men.

GEOFFREY PINNOCK.



WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS AT TRYVANNET HUT, NEAR OSLO

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Rainbow Trout Dying in a Pond.—The fish you sent had been dead several days and was not in a good condition for examination. The stomach was very red, but this was probably due to changes after death. No sign of asphyxiation or poison could be found. The fish appeared in good condition. If any more die and you can get a specimen to us quickly our biologist will make a further examination.—*H. H. C., Worcs.*

Parasite on Goldfish.—The gill parasite of which you send a sketch is a trematode worm known as *Discotyle sagittatum*. It can be removed by a salt bath. Mix enough common salt in a bucket of water to make it taste salt to the tongue. Place the fish in this until it shows signs of distress, and return immediately to fresh water. Bleeding of the gills is often produced by this parasite on account of the hooks by which it hangs on to the fish.—*F. K. B., Boston.*

How Sea Trout Waters can be Improved.—The book about which you enquire is Carter Platts' *Trout Streams and Salmon Rivers*, a new edition of which will be out almost immediately. It gives full details of dams and other methods of creating pools, and a mass of information on the care and management of streams. In the case of sea trout, however, it would be advisable to stock your water with sea trout ova or fry. Sea trout are like salmon in preferring their customary spawning beds, and the stock of the main stream may not come up your tributary even when all obstructions are removed. You will be well advised to establish a stock native to your tributary.—*H. B. R., India.*

Limits of Rights in Fishing Waters.—It is illegal for a man to stand on his own bank or in his own water (whether in a boat or otherwise) and cast a line on to another man's water. If he does so a suit can be brought against him in the civil courts and damages claimed for trespass. The same holds good of owners of opposite banks of a fishing stream. The limitation of each man's water (provided there is no stipulation to the contrary in the deeds of the property) is taken to be an imaginary line known as the *medium filum* in the centre of the river, and each owner must restrict his fishing or casting to his own side of this line to avoid trespass. Of course, it is often arranged that opposite owners may each fish the whole width of the river, as a matter of mutual convenience.—*R. P. V., Somerset.*

Cricket

Luncheon and Tea Intervals.—The law with regard to the luncheon interval in county games is as follows: "The interval for luncheon shall be 40 minutes. In the event of the last wicket falling within two minutes of the time arranged for luncheon the game shall be resumed at the usual hour, no allowance being made for the seven minutes between the innings." In Test matches, however, the luncheon is from 1.30 p.m. to 2.15 p.m.

The tea interval is a matter for each ground to decide, except in Test matches, but in no case should it exceed 15 minutes. The rule for Test matches in this country is as follows: "Tea interval 4.30 to 4.45 p.m. In the event of there being no break of play during the afternoon and eight wickets down at 4.30 a tea interval will be taken, but should nine wickets be down play will continue to 5 o'clock and if the last wicket has not then fallen a tea interval will be taken. If an innings is completed after the luncheon interval and by 3 p.m., then there shall be the usual tea interval, but if an innings is completed after 3 p.m. then there shall be no tea interval."—*D. T., Birmingham.*

Farm

Beet Tops Fed to Cows.—There have been many complaints this season of a fishy taint occurring in the milk from cows fed on beet tops. It is safer to keep this material for young stock or for dry cows. Unquestionably the by-products of the beet crop, including the dried pulp returned from the factory as well as the crowns of the roots, are an important factor in the profitability of the crop, but it is not safe to rely on beet tops as a succulent green food for cows in milk.—*L. T., Sussex.*

Garden

Nurseryman for Moss Roses.—We should advise you to apply direct to Messrs. Smith, Nurserymen, Newry, near Dublin, Ireland.—*N. F., Worplesdon.*

Golf

Letting Land for a Golf Course.—The terms for letting land for a golf course depend to a large extent on local conditions. The length of lease is usually 7, 14, or 21 years, at the club's option. The rent is calculated at so much per acre, according to the value of the land. Naturally, rates have to be paid by the club over and above the rent. If it is thought desirable to permit sheep to graze over certain parts of the course, the club must make its own arrangements with a farmer, after obtaining the consent of the owner. Care should be taken to see that an indemnification clause is in the contract re damage to the sheep—all risks of accidents to be borne by the farmer, the golfers and the club not being liable. But we would point out that sheep are not regarded as assets by the modern golf club. As the interested party resides in Warwickshire we would suggest that you communicate with the Midland Counties' Golf Association. The hon. secretary, Spencer J. Newey, 39, Temple Street, Birmingham, no doubt will be able to give full details as to the value of land in that vicinity.—*C. G., London.*

Kennel

Bare Patches.—There must be some reason to account for the bare patches round the eyes of your dog. Eczema often begins in this way, and so does sarcoptic mange. Try dressing the places with flowers of sulphur made into an ointment by mixing with vaseline.—*S. P., Co. Cork.*

Dog Acting Strangely.—Gastric pain as the result of taking a full meal when fatigued after the day's work is a very possible explanation of your spaniel's strange behaviour, especially when the unstable mental equilibrium of the dog is taken into account. It might be well to try the effect of allowing a period of rest before giving him his evening meal.—*R. F. E., Somerset.*

Cow Hocks.—Cow hocks are undoubtedly a blemish in any show dog that is judged carefully. They usually come from a weakness of the bone, but if the puppy has a reasonable amount of exercise and is fed on good sound meat it is quite possible that the blemish may disappear. We suggest that you give the puppy a good chemical food with his meals. As you say the fault is not very pronounced, in all probability it will not affect the dog's capacity for work even if it does not disappear.—*R. L. E., British Columbia.*

Welsh Corgis.—The origin of the Welsh corgi is uncertain, though there is no doubt that the breed has been in Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire for many generations. These counties have two distinct varieties. The quotation you send from an old book on natural history is interesting. It is not by any means accepted as a fact that the dog and fox will interbreed, although instances of such a union have been cited from time to time. Several breeds of dogs have what are called foxy heads, without any suggestion being made that this formation comes from the fox. The word corgi is derived from the Welsh "cor," meaning a dwarf, and "gi," a dog.—*G. F. C. F., Budleigh Salterton.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

A Fowl for Inspection.—The fowl showed no sign of disease to account for its death.—*T. W. W., Norfolk.*

Cause of Wood-pigeon's Death.—The pigeon suffered from coccidiosis, a form of enteritis due to small parasites known as coccidia, many spores of which were found by microscopic examination.—*Lieut.-Col. T. W. S. G., Perthshire.*

A Cavy Found Dead.—Examination showed the animal's stomach to be intensely inflamed (gastritis) and the whole of the intestines much discoloured, but the cause of this condition was not apparent.—*Mrs. M., Burton-on-Trent.*

Post-Mortem Examinations (*Continued*)

Diphtheritic Roup Suspected in Wood-pigeon.—Examination in this case failed to show any evidence of the disease suspected. A microscopic examination of part of the intestinal tract revealed many spores of coccidia, the causal parasite of coccidiosis, a disease to which many wild birds are liable.—*J. B., Torrance, near Glasgow.*

Shooting

Introduction of Choke Boring.—The introduction of choke boring has been generally attributed to the late W. W. Greener in 1874, though he himself never claimed to be an inventor. Before this date Mr. Pape, of Newcastle, received a special recognition for his experiments from the *Field*. But actually the first patent for choke boring was granted to Roper, an American gunsmith, on April 10th, 1866. Clay birds first came into general use about 1890 and were manufactured under the names of "Ligonsky" and "Blue Rock."—*W. L., Dumbarton.*

Large or Medium Caps?—Providing the gun strikes centrally the large English cap has apparently no advantage over that of the medium size as generally employed in shotgun cartridges. We are not able to substantiate the claims made as in comparative ballistical tests we invariably obtain similar results.

The tubular anvil has an advantage over the old type flat anvil inasmuch as it prevents gas escape round the cap and consequent corrosion of action face round striker holes.—*E. F. B., Derby.*

What Kind of Choke?—(1) The left barrel of the old gun you refer to was evidently bored on the system known as "recess choke," to produce which an expanding bit about 2in. long was introduced into a cylinder barrel near the muzzle end, which was enlarged thereby to a depth of approximately .030 of an inch. Very good patterns were at times made by guns choked on this system.

(2) The charge of black gunpowder employed in a 12-bore cartridge weighs 84 grains as against 26 to 42 grains of modern smokeless powder, and, as recoil (kick) is dependent on the total combined weights of the ejecta (shot, wadding and powder gases) and the velocity on which these leave the barrel, recoil is heavier with a heavier load. To a great extent the kick experienced in shooting is influenced by the velocity of recoil; thus a recoil of 8in. developed in .475 of a second would punish the shooter more than a similar recoil developed in, say, .675 of a second.—*Enquirer, Dublin.*

Shooting (*Continued*)

Cartridge Tests

Your cartridges contained 33½ grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and 1⅛oz. of No. 7 shot. The velocity recorded averaged 1,063ft. per second. Patterns in a 30in. circle at 40yds. from a choke barrel varied from 67 per cent. to 43 per cent. The recoil was slightly high for the charge employed. Although these cartridges should prove effective against game at medium ranges more regular patterns are desirable.—"*Milan,*" *Cirencester.*

Your A cartridges contained 32½ grains of Walsrode powder and 1oz. of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded 1,093ft. per second. Evenly distributed patterns of 60 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40yds. Recoil slightly above normal.

The B cartridges contained 33½ grains of E.C. powder and 1oz. of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded 1,110ft. per second. Patterns, which averaged 41 per cent., were inclined to be irregular. Normal recoil.

Your C cartridges contained 33½ grains of E.C. powder and a full ounce of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded 1,087ft. per second. Patterns, which averaged 54 per cent., were patchy. Recoil below normal.

The D cartridges contained 32 grains of Walsrode powder and 1oz. of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded 1,078ft. per second. Patterns were patchy and irregular, varying from 20 to 58 per cent. Normal recoil.

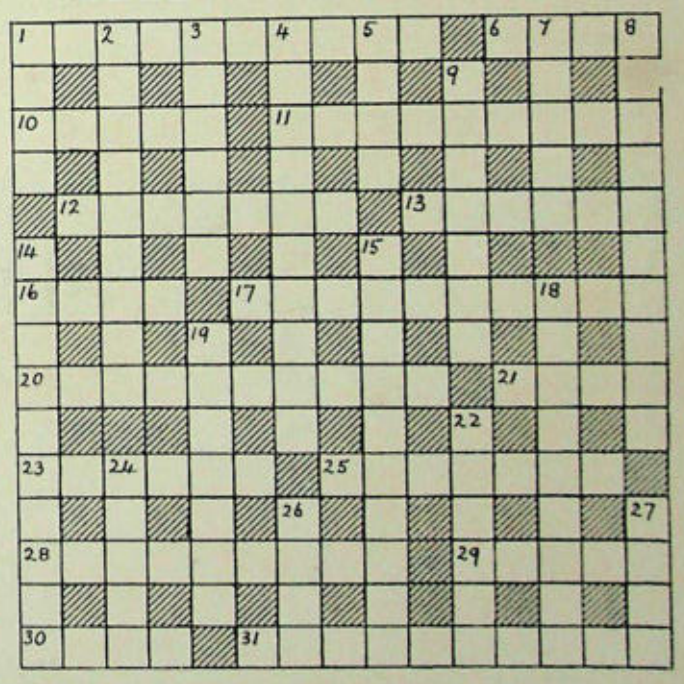
All tests are made from full choke barrels. Corresponding values for various borings can be calculated on following basis: Percentage of pellets in charge contained within a 30in. circle at 40yds. Full choke 70 per cent. Half choke 60 per cent. Improved cylinder 50 per cent. True cylinder (seldom found in modern guns) 40 per cent.—*H. H. N., Norwich.*

Stable

Pannier Baskets for Pony. You can get your pannier baskets for your pony from Messrs. Champion & Wilton, 457, Oxford Street, W.1, but they have to be made to measurement. Possibly if you write to the firm they will be able to tell you how measurements should be made for their guidance.—*W., Buckingham.*

Worm from a Hunter.—The worm was a female specimen of the *Oxyuri sepa* and a member of the Class Nematoda or round worms. It inhabits the intestines from the cæcum to the rectum, the eggs being deposited by the female near the end of the latter. It is a relatively harmless parasite, which may be got rid of by a few injections of salt and water into the rectum, which treatment need not interfere with the work of the subject in any way. Infection takes place by way of the mouth, but the complete life history of the parasite is unknown.—*C. R. W., Dorchester.*

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 258

ACROSS. 1, Regrettable. 6, Part of a fish-hook. 10, A man would have to be a this . . . 11, . . . to endure being married to a this. 12, Praise. 13, Position for stroke. 16, Only a beginner, but he has the makings of a good Conservative. 17, Wavy motion. 20, Hesitation. 21, Without these modesty would be practically empty. 23, Sluggishness. 25, Calumniate. 28, Superfluous. 29, Our Jack. 30, This riding is not done on land. 31, Heretics.

DOWN. 1, —. 2, Succeeded. 3, Magical. 4, The chief characteristic of Bob Pretty. 5, Be hidden. 7, Not for the first time. 8, Tartness. 9, Biased. 14, Censure. 15, All dictators are this. 18, Formal initiation. 19, Description. 22, Cite. 24, This may be added to a verdict. 26, Sorcerers. 27, "What is it all but a trouble of —— in the gleam of a million million of suns?" (Tennyson).

SOLUTION TO No. 257. Published February 3rd

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

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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Chas. E. Brown

ALBERT THE FIRST, KING OF THE BELGIANS

The tragic death of the King of the Belgians last week has come as a shock to the whole world, and especially to the peoples of the British Empire, by whom his heroic stand against Germany in 1914 will ever be remembered. He is here seen with the Queen on a holiday in Switzerland, a form of rest he particularly enjoyed, for he loved winter sports, and was an expert mountain climber. Mr. Arnold Lunn is standing next him, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, M.P., one of his most valued friends, is on the right of the picture

APOLLO

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Published First of Month, 2/-

Extract from EXPRESS & ECHO (Exeter)

AN INDISPENSABLE ART JOURNAL

Apollo for February is a very attractive issue. This monthly is an indispensable magazine for connoisseurs in every branch of art. This month, for instance, it has an exquisite reproduction in colour of Hoppner's "Mrs. Lewis," a piquantly dainty lady. It has also a faithful reproduction of the portrait of Mrs. Collmann by that universal genius Alfred Stevens. There is an authoritative illustrated article on Old Pewter, in which there is so much interest nowadays, and many illustrations accompany a scholarly review of the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House by Herbert Furst. There is something, too, about furniture. Not the least valuable feature of *Apollo* is the record of prices bought at auction by objects of art in the sale rooms of England, and in America. The price of *Apollo* now is only 2/-.

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NATIONAL PRESTIGE OR LOCAL PROFIT?

FRESH point has been given to a question that must have vexed many landowners in the past. The Duke of Newcastle, in severing a long family connection with the Dorking Cricket Club, explained that he did so as a protest against the construction of a by-pass road through part of Glory Woods, a beauty spot given by him to the town of Dorking in 1928 in celebration of the coming of age of his son, the Earl of Lincoln. Naturally, he presumed that he was thus ensuring the perpetual freedom of a lovely tract of Surrey woodland from building operations or other spoliation. And without going into the rights or wrongs of this particular case, there can be little doubt that the Duke of Newcastle's experience will make other landowners think twice before they allow any part of their estates to pass from their own charge to that of local bureaucracy.

The truth of the matter is, the whole system of rural preservation needs tightening up and should be placed upon a national basis. We have various excellent bodies such as the National Trust, the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, and so on, but the precise activities of these are insufficiently known to the general public; they are hampered by the restrictions of grants or funds, and have, it is to be feared, too little authority to enforce their views. With the revival in trade there will inevitably come an increase in development—new factories, new towns, new roads. Nothing we could say or do, even if we wished, would stay this progress. But if only for the health and happiness of the nation, our countryside must be interfered with as little as possible, to provide those who work with facilities for fresh air, natural surroundings, and the continued enjoyment of country scenes that for variety, interest and beauty have still no equal throughout the world.

Preservation must, therefore, be linked with development. It is not sufficient that those who prefer things as they are should carry on a sort of guerrilla warfare with the exponents of progress. Ways and means must be found for directing development into the right channels, and to this end there should be some national organisation, or development of existing organisations, to watch the growth of industrialism and housing throughout the country, and when this threatens to spoil what should remain a national heritage, to be ready with alternative plans.

Particular attention should be devoted to the necessity for preserving large areas of each type of Britain's scenery intact, and in this respect any violation of the natural beauties of such areas as Dartmoor, the New Forest, the Lake District, the Norfolk Broads or the Derbyshire Peak could be justified only by extreme national necessity.

Yet another area, which should be regarded as sacred, is threatened by the proposed establishment of a motor-racing track on the Sussex Downs. It appears that the Brighton Town Council owns a large area of downland upon which a syndicate proposes to lay out a track, build a fence five miles in length, erect at least nine buildings, and spend something like £100,000 on an enterprise which, it is hoped, will attract half-a-million people to the principal race meetings. What does Brighton say to this? The town council has voted almost as one man in favour of the track, and Brighton's lady mayor, in an interview, clinches the argument with the following convincing words: "One cannot lose sight of the fact that such a track would attract money; moneyed visitors would come from near and far."

Money, then, is all that matters—in the estimation, if not of Brighton, of Brighton's governing body. But only the first round of this battle for the Downs has been fought. It remains to see whether the opinion of reasonable people throughout the country cannot enforce the ruling that where a certain area has achieved world-wide recognition as one of Britain's glories, national prestige should outweigh local profit.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

IN no other country more deeply than in England is mourned the death of the King of the Belgians. He possessed in full the qualities which Englishmen most admire. He was courageous, steadfast, sincere and upright, he was of fine carriage, a soldier, trusted as a wise ruler and beloved as a monarch. His death, which occurred when he was rock-climbing alone, was characteristic of the adventurous hardihood of his life. Once, clinging to a rope in a chimney in the Dolomites, he had saved the lives of companions by his strength in delaying the dislodgement of a loose rock. His own death is believed to have been due to a fall from a pinnacle.

He will chiefly be remembered for the part he took in the war. When his unhappy country was invaded he stood fast by his army and his people. He could not avoid defeat, but he imparted hope and endurance. He and his Queen, heroic in their fortitude, became shining figures in a darkened world. His son succeeds to an ennobled throne.

A FRIEND OF WILD ANIMALS

Although small reference has been made to this side of his many activities in the Press, King Albert will always be remembered by lovers of wild life for the part he played in the creation of the Parc Albert, in the Belgian Congo, one of the model National parks of the world, originally founded in 1925 to protect the gorilla, and now embracing practically every species in the Congo. The King's imagination had been fired by the great National Parks of the United States during a visit to that country. Had it not been for his initiative this great venture could never have prospered as it has, and he passed his abiding interest in the undertaking to his son and successor, the Duke of Brabant, who has actively identified himself with the preservation of wild life.

When King Albert succeeded, the administration of the Congo had a very sinister reputation in this as in many other respects. To-day the Belgians stand high in the list of peoples who have paid practical service to game preservation and not been content with passing unimplemented resolutions. The King's death is a very real loss to the cause of making possible the continued existence of wild life.

ROAD SAFETY

It is to be hoped that the various highway authorities in Great Britain to whom the Ministry of Transport's circular on Public Safety has been sent will see their way clear to putting its recommendations into operation. The observations deal with matters which common sense should dictate, such as the reduction of excessive camber and the provision of super-elevation on curves when a section of road falls due for re-surfacing, the patent fact that it is better to have a safe surface in preference to one with cleanliness as its sole merit, the advisability of separating traffic lanes on wide thoroughfares and the absolute necessity of dealing adequately with dangerous corners and road intersections. Apart from this more or less obvious advice there is one recommendation the importance of which is not always realised by local authorities, and that is the danger to pedestrian and ridden or driven livestock by the practice of allowing the roadway to encroach upon grass verges and footpaths. In these days when road accidents over a period of eight years account for 50,837 killed and 1,421,083 injured, it is not too much to ask that every point bearing on safety should be considered.

MORE BIG GAME STANDARDS

Shooting from motor cars is an offence which in Africa is punishable with imprisonment, and so much publicity has been given to this subject that it is fully understood by visitors and residents alike. In India, far from decreasing, the habit is becoming more prevalent. Up to date most of the shooting done from motor cars has been on the roads as the animals rush into the glare of the headlights. Now motor cars are being taken into places previously considered inaccessible to them. By the last mail the *Field* received a report from an absolutely reliable quarter of an Indian shooter who shot six black buck from a motor car in a few minutes and then drove off.

These practices should be stopped. It would surely be possible to make an addition to the Arms Act permanently disqualifying anybody proved to have shot game (except tiger and panther) from a motor car from holding a gun or rifle licence?

AN OCEAN HONOUR

No better recipient could have been found by the Cruising Club of America for their Blue Water Medal than Mr. Roderick Stephens, jun. This annual award is international, in that it is bestowed upon the amateur yachtsman who performs the most outstanding feat in cruising. This Mr. Stephens certainly did last year, when, with a crew of five, he sailed his little Dorade across the Atlantic from Larchmont to Bergen, Norway, in 25 days, then crossed the North Sea to England, where he took part in the Fastnet Race and won it for the second time, and then capped the whole performance by making a record small boat passage home of 22 days 15 hours.

MISS MEGAN TAYLOR'S TRIUMPH

A thirteen-year-old English schoolgirl, Megan Taylor, achieved the second place in the World Championships in figure skating recently held at Oslo (on February 10th–11th). The famous Sonja Henie retained her title of World Champion for the eighth year in succession, but the meteoric rise of the British schoolgirls Megan Taylor and Cecilia Colledge, if continued at its present rate, might succeed in wresting this title from her next year.

Last season Cecilia Colledge, then only just thirteen, was placed next to Sonja Henie in the European Championships. This year she did not compete, but Megan Taylor, who is two months younger, succeeded in gaining the same place, and against much stiffer competition.

During the "set figures" on the Saturday, it looked as though Megan would be lucky to obtain fifth place, but on the Sunday she skated magnificently, making up any marks she may have lost on the figures and passing such competitors as Frl. Liselotte Landbeck of Austria and Vivi-Anne Hulten of Sweden.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a "puff" of "a handy pocket gun" in a Scottish weekly paper: "It is the gun for the sportsman who likes to carry a spare gun, or for the tourist or the motorist. A chance shot may present itself, and he may be able to get a rabbit or a hare for dinner, or a squirrel or bird for his collection."

A RUGBY CLUB RECORD

How many Rugby clubs of any grade can claim a record equal to that of the Wasps, who last Saturday won their twentieth consecutive match and have yet to be beaten this season? One of the oldest Rugby clubs in the South, the Wasps have made wonderful strides in the last few seasons—not, be it noted, because of international stars but because of sheer good team work. They win by their well-balanced combined play, a factor which has also gained them prominence in the Middlesex Seven-a-side competition in the last year or two, when they have often accounted for sevens from more prominent clubs. Their success is an exemplification of the soundest principles of Rugby; it has also become an exemplification of the conservatism of Rugby, which has militated against their strengthening their fixture list as they deserve. They now have strong claims for more matches against first-class sides.

WEMBLEY'S NEW SWIMMING POOL

Lord Derby, when he laid the foundation stone of the new Empire swimming pool and sports arena at Wembley last week, said it would provide the finest swimming bath not only in this country but probably in the world. As giving some idea of its size, he remarked that he had been told that it was larger than St. Pancras Station. The building is to be ready for the Empire Games in August, and one of its additional features since the plans were drawn up will be a sliding roof. A huge bath with beaches and surf on the Continental plan will be a novelty in this country. One of the hoped-for effects of the new arena is to stimulate our swimming, but it is on ice-hockey that its greatest boon will probably be conferred. By means of a movable rink built over the swimming pool a fine practice surface for two or more teams can be provided and an arena for big matches in which at long last spectators in their thousands can be accommodated.

A PIKE-FISHER'S WINTER

This winter has been a great time for the pike fisher. Not many of the really big fish, perhaps, have as yet sought immortality in glass cases, but captures of 10lb. or so have kept February chills at bay bravely; and these are the best-eating fish, after all, and often the best fighters too. One feature of this winter has been the way it seems to have studied every pike-fisher's preference in the matter of weather—blustering south-westerly gales, dull almost muggy days, stillness and sunshine; all have their devotees for pike fishing, particularly on lakes which this year have provided the best of the sport.

FURUNCULOSIS DEVELOPMENTS

Compulsory powers, as so often nowadays granted to Government departments, are not usually beloved of sportsmen, but the new Bill, enabling the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries to deal with furunculosis and similar infectious diseases of fish, should meet with a friendly enough reception from fishermen, even where it does not evoke enthusiasm. The truth is that furunculosis has defeated the investigators as far as any practical cure is concerned, and it is now only common sense to turn our attention to the prevention of infection in those areas which are still free from the disease. The means which the Bill proposes are of much the same kind as those used in the prevention of foot and mouth disease. Most important of all, however, is the control of importation of live fish from abroad (an unquestionable source of the trouble, and probably the origin of it). Whatever modifications may be made during the passage of the Bill, these powers should be left intact.

ON THE BANKS OF THE WYE

Many writers have turned to a river for comfort; none with more need of it, surely, than Wordsworth, "a few miles above Tintern Abbey," pondering over the mood in which

> "the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood
> In which the affections gently lead us on,—
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things.
>
> "If this
> Be but a vain belief, yet oh! how oft—
> O sylvan Wye, thou wanderer thro' the woods,
> How often has my spirit turned to thee!"



LOADING CARTRIDGES IN AN ABERDEEN GUNMAKER'S SHOP

LARGE OR SMALL CAPS FOR SHOT-GUN CARTRIDGES?

A "Field" Test and Its Results

FOR many months now the question of caps has been as much one of the shooting as of the hunting world. When lunch is cleared away and our tobacco is like Calverley's "possibly sweetest," it is a topic which is more and more closely debated. To the offices of the *Field* come many appeals as to the relative efficiency of large and small caps. The question is a vexed one, but it is definitely one on which we are looked to for guidance, and we give, therefore, the results of certain tests that we have carried out. Broadly speaking the results of these tests are that, from a strictly practical standpoint, large caps give no advantage over small or vice versa. They give largely similar results.

That is what may be termed the practical point of view. There remains the psychological. Shooting is largely a matter of confidence, and a change from one form of cartridge to another will often effect an improvement in shooting which cannot be accounted for by laboratory tests. There is nothing strange in this. How many of us improved our shooting for a lifetime by the fact that we shot well the day we changed from a 16 to a 12 bore?

It need not necessarily be thought that this auto-suggestion is the sign of a lacking mental robustness. We all know of the hospital patients who drink water thinking it to be a sleeping draught and sleep soundly. We all know that it is no good going to a doctor in whom we have no confidence. Most of us can feel for the infantryman who has no faith in his gas-mask. Some of us indeed have felt with him. The charm of shooting lies in the fact that our aim is fallible. Some days we have confidence; others, we have not. And if some psychological impulse makes us think that actually similar factors are in practice different, so much the better. If two cartridges give equal results in the laboratory he is a foolish man who does not choose the one that gives him the best results by the covertside. It is a matter of choice. These *Field* Tests are merely the very carefully considered laboratory results of researches made in answer to readers' queries.

Medium-sized caps have long been employed in English Smokeless Powder cartridges. The size of cap has little to do with ballistical efficiency—in point of fact, the small cap as used in black powder cartridges is capable of containing a much greater charge of ignition composition than is employed in the largest present-day cap—ignition being influenced by the composition in conjunction with the form of anvil, number and size of flash holes, and so on.

Going back to the days when smokeless powders were coming into more general use, it was found that there were certain disadvantages appertaining to the small cap, amongst which might be mentioned the thick strikers as then fitted to most guns cramped or pinched the cap; also the escape of gas round the edge of cap entered the large striker holes in face of action, causing considerable erosion.

Probably it was due to these and similar defects that the large cap was introduced towards the close of the last century. However, it had not a long life in England, and went out of favour on changes made in priming composition, and more attention being given to the strength of the blow, angle of delivery and the shape and size of striker.

On referring to reports published in the *Field* in the year 1897, we find that whereas excellent results were obtained with a certain issue of large caps, a batch of small caps made in the year 1890 gave the greater amount of energy, and ignited the powder charge in such a way that maximum velocity was obtained with remarkably low chamber pressure. Since this date, needless to say, numerous improvements have been introduced, not the least of which might be mentioned the non-corrosive primer, which, to a great extent, obviates barrel erosion.

On the Continent the large cap introduced many years ago by Backman, is still popular, and up to the last year or so cartridges primed with his or similar foreign caps were supplied by several well-known English firms, who, having pinned their faith on this size of cap, naturally adopted the large cap of English manufacture as soon as it again became available.

We recently carried out a series of experiments with cartridges primed with large and medium caps, which tests it should be noted were made in a standard laboratory barrel 30in. long, of .729in. bore, with a .040in. choke and a chamber of the Gunmakers' Association minimum size. With every charge of powder and shot accurately weighed, and wads gauged, the following results were obtained:

Cap.	Velocity feet per second.	Pressure Tons per inch.	Recoil inches.	Pattern 30in. circle 40yds.	Distribution on Target.
(42 grains Schultze Powder and 1 ⅛oz. No. 6 Hard Shot.)					
Medium..	1069	2.69	10.03	67.5%	Even
Large ..	1042	2.26	9.54	67.2%	Even
(33 grains Smokeless Diamond Powder and 1 ⅛oz. No. 6 Hard Shot)					
Medium..	1045	2.07	9.25	71.4%	Even
Large ..	1049	2.30	9.30	68.2%	Even
(33 grains E.C. Powder and 1 ⅛oz. No. 6 Hard Shot)					
Medium..	1067	3.04	9.60	67.9%	Even
Large ..	1062	3.13	9.63	69.3%	Even
(33 grains Walsrode Powder and 1 ⅛oz. No. 6 Hard Shot)					
Medium..	990	1.48	9.10	62%	Patchy
Large ..	979	1.35	8.83	64.1%	Even
(33 grains Clermonite Powder and 1 ⅛oz. No. 6 Hard Shot)					
Medium..	1065	3.16	9.68	51.2%	Scattered
Large ..	1085	3.40	9.89	50.1%	Scattered

The powders selected may be taken as five of the most popular at the present time. It is, however, only fair to add that the primers employed are made especially for English powders, and apparently do not do justice to the two Continental powders mentioned.

We wish to state emphatically that the *Field* does not wish to be pontifical in this matter. Shooting men would do well to consider the advice of their gunmakers if they have no definite views of their own on this question. Alternatively it is open to them to buy both large and small caps and then decide in the light of the only final and reasonable test—the size of the bag. It must always be remembered that a gunmaker has far more experience than the ordinary sportsman—experience which enables him to utilise the cap most suitable for the English or Continental powder employed.



PART OF THE COTTESMORE FIELD MOVING OFF FROM OXEYFAR

Among those present may be seen Hon. R. C. Cubitt, Mrs. R. Spencer, Miss Violet Wilson, Lady Bute (ex-Master of the Eglinton), Mrs. James Finch and Miss Piggott

SOME TRIALS OF A HUNT SECRETARY

Tackling the Hunting Field's Hardest Task

WHAT a pity it is that short terms of Hunt secretaryship cannot be served by everyone, especially those who imagine themselves popular members or social successes in a Hunt. It is quite a difficult thing asking a pretty girl about her subscription before you ask her to dine, and still more difficult when she suggests £10, to inform her that nothing short of £30 will do. Worse still to start worrying when she has not paid by about the end of March. Note the change when next you meet out hunting. It is all not quite as nice as it used to be. The men are little better; in fact, when it comes to money, followers of hounds are very mean, wanting everything done for them and to pay as and when they feel inclined. Writing to people on this subject is not the least unpleasant of a secretary's duties.

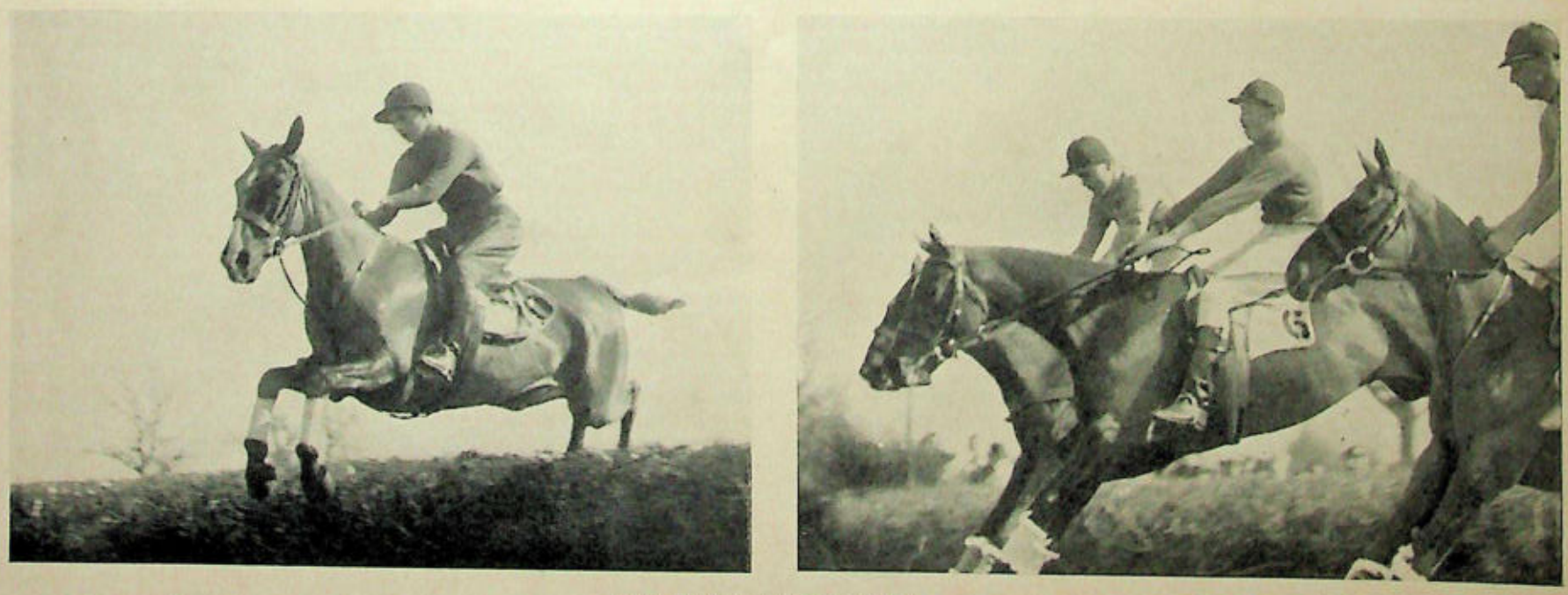
In this connection the unpleasant experience which befell a young secretary of my acquaintance may be worth recounting. Newly appointed, he was anxious to get the subscriptions up, and among those whom he selected as not giving enough was an elderly and much respected subscriber to the Hunt. Rather than approach him, he thought it better to write, which he did, in the most tactful manner.

On the Monday the secretary went by train to town, and at the next station who should enter the carriage and sit himself opposite but the subscriber in question. The secretary was certainly surprised at the cordiality of the former's welcome. The reason was soon to be made clear. Having left home in a hurry the subscriber had not time to read his morning post, which, as the train moved, he produced from his pocket, with the secretary's letter the first to be opened. Hiding himself behind his paper he awaited results, hoping for the best. Only one sentence did the reader utter, much to the surprise of the other members of the carriage. "I don't agree with you at all." The journey to London of one-and-a-half hours was continued in silence, and seemed interminable, but in due course the secretary was rewarded for his pluck by receiving a further cheque of substantial proportions.

In the old days not only was money plentiful, but collecting subscriptions was the major part of a secretary's duties. To-day it is probably the most unpleasant, but at the same time the lighter side of his work.

Time was when the country was mostly in the hands of the landlords, the majority of whom being hunting men kept foxes, allowed no wire, and smoothed over any trouble which arose with the tenant farmers, most of whom also hunted. There were no small holdings infested with chickens, all of whose untimely deaths are attributed to the fox. All this extra work has now to be attended to after each day's hunting. All this means extra expense, for which the money has to be found without the help of the big man who in the old days had the interest of the local pack at heart, and were always ready to stand by the secretary and help him out when in difficulties. Time, alas, has thinned their ranks and hunting is the poorer for their passing: they were indeed foxhunters.

If only the present generation of followers could



A HUNTING-FIELD ENGAGEMENT

(Left) Miss Ursula Jervis, whose engagement to Mr. John Goschen (centre, right) of the Grenadier Guards has just been announced

be made to realise how much they could help a Master and secretary in the successful running of a Hunt they would be more thoughtful.

The average subscriber of any amount—£10 or £20, if you like—imagines that for this sum he has a right to ride where he likes, and to say and do what he likes over the 20 or 30 square miles which constitutes the area over which his particular hounds hunt. Such assumption on the part of sufficient hunting people would in a very short space of time put an end to hunting.

If people wish it not only to continue but to prosper, remember first that the whole day long you are trespassing, because at every stride you do a certain amount of damage; that only owing to the courtesy of the long-suffering farmers are you allowed on the land at all, and that if everyone living in a hunting country made an effort to get to know some of the farmers personally so that they knew whose land they were on, it would go a long way towards ensuring the future of foxhunting.

To lay down any hard-and-fast rule when it comes to a Hunt secretary's work would be impossible. Methods applicable to one country might not suit the next. The chief thing is undoubtedly to have a local man who has lived in the country, knows the subscribers—not only some but all of them—knows the farmers and has a knowledge of hunting. It is impossible otherwise for him to be in a position to deal with the numerous difficulties arising every day.

The lack of loyal support towards a Hunt is yet another worry to add to his list. People want so much to-day, everything cut and dried and just to their liking or away they go, offering no help towards attaining this object. There was a time when, if you lived in a country, there you hunted for better or for worse; modern transport has made it possible to live here and hunt 100 miles away.

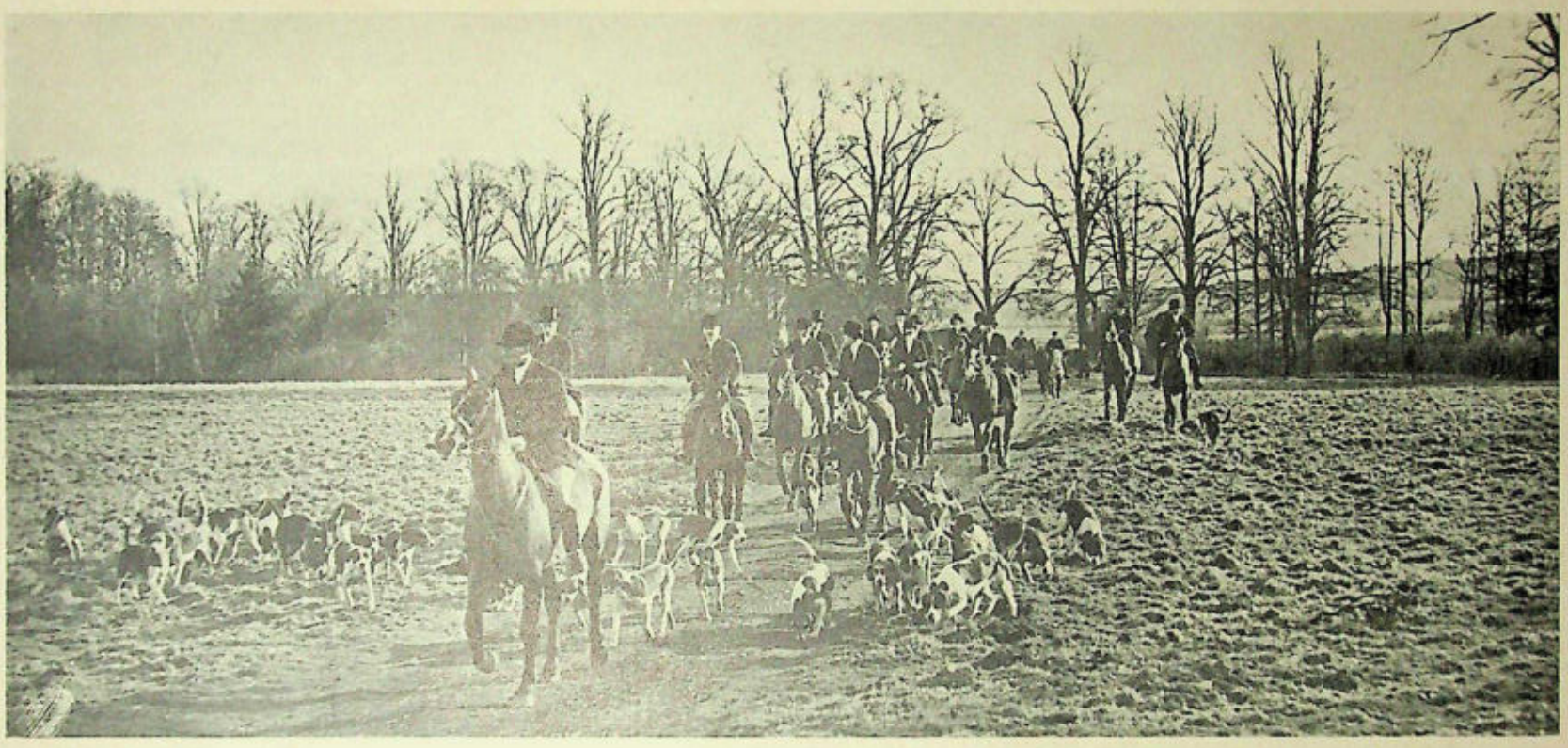
The lesser countries naturally feel this the most. The secretary here, without the means at his disposal and relying purely on a local subscription, has little to spare to spend on taking down the wire wholesale. That he must deal with it somehow is essential; he would be a poor secretary indeed if he did not. A really wired-up country is not worth hunting in. But he has to rely mainly on the help of keen individuals. It has to be organised, but there is no doubt it can be done, and a deal of good with it, bringing people in closer touch with the farmers. Many who know nothing of hunting in the provinces would be surprised at the efficiency of many packs run on these lines, self contained, with everyone pulling his weight.

In the fashionable countries the position is quite different. At any meet on the Melton side Tom, Dick and Harry, all good sportsmen who have bargained with their secretary for £10 apiece, simply do not exist. There the heavy subscription and capping rules have to be enforced, and rightly so, too; the majority of those hunting are strangers, with no stake in the country other than the taking of a hunting box rather on the same principle as they take a house in the summer at some smart resort. A hunting run in a rough country means nothing to them; they want to gallop and jump, and come prepared to pay for it, and so they should. For them the country has to be prepared by a secretary who as likely as not is the only inhabitant during the off season. The expense is enormous, and should they see a strand of wire do they take steps for its removal? No; they leave and hunt next door.

The object of these notes is not directed against any particular section of the hunting community. Everyone hunts for a different object, therein lies its beauty, but rather to point out the difficulties with which a secretary in any country has to contend.

His is the most thankless task in the management of a Hunt, and if subscribers would only realise that, in spite of the fact that he takes their money, he is their servant for ever working in their interests in order that they get value for it, they might then more readily spring the little bit extra on their subscriptions, which, after all, is as a rule a small proportion of their hunting expenditure, instead of cutting it down to a bare minimum.

You cannot expect good sport without a good show, and you cannot run a good show without a good subscription. HUNT SECRETARY.



IN A COUNTRY OF FENCES, DITCHES AND BANKS
The Albrighton moving off from their Stafford Lodge fixture near Stafford

THE SPRING HANDICAPS

Looking Forward to the Lincoln and Other Early Flat Racing

AN acceptance of 35 out of an original entry of 58 cannot be considered unsatisfactory, especially as owners could have saved £20 by striking out their horses on or before February 13th. We now have Nitsichin at the head of the handicap, and the presence of this grand mare would add appreciably to the attractiveness of the race, though the general opinion is that the course will be too sharp for her.

Many columns have already been written about Lincoln prospects, and the handicapper has been criticised for giving this horse or that a few pounds too much or too little. All these fine calculations of weight, however, are likely to be completely shattered by the luck of the draw. To be drawn on the lower side of the course, especially when the ground is boggy, is an additional handicap of at least 7lb. to any horse. An experienced trainer, when he sees his horse has drawn any extremely low number, says: "I might just as well have remained at home."

No entrant is being more talked about at present than Generous Gift. Attention is inevitably drawn to him by the fact that the services of Gordon Richards have been secured for him. In itself this is a clear indication that he is fancied in the real sense by his owner and trainer. Nor is this surprising considering the smart form displayed by Sir John Barwick's gelding in his first season, and again when he won at Birmingham last autumn. A widely-held view is that Crême Caramel is thrown in the handicap, but in his case it would be prudent to wait and see whether he is to be the selected candidate from Mr. Frank Butters' stable, which is also represented by Gino and Shove Halfpenny.

It is difficult to understand why such a popular race as the Victoria Cup should have failed to fill at the first time of asking, when the executive asked for a minimum of 40 entries. This is one of the most valuable handicaps of the early months of Flat-racing. Last year the winner received £1,720, and, in addition, £125 went to the second with proportionate consolation prizes to the third and fourth, this being one of the few races in which it is thought worth while to reward a horse for running into fourth place.

At present the fourth in such events as the Derby, the St. Leger and the Two Thousand goes empty away so far as stake-money is concerned. It ought to be arranged that the owner should at least save his stake. It costs £30 to run a horse in the Victoria Cup in accordance with the usual conditions, and it may be that in these days when racing economies are being effected in every possible direction, owners are fighting shy of so big a subscription in a handicap.

But the race has usually cost the Hurst Park executive well over £1,000 in added money, so they can hardly be accused of being niggardly in this direction.

Other important spring handicaps which closed recently have come off fairly well. At least 35 entries were stipulated for in the City and Suburban. Only 31 were secured, and it was decided to rest content with that number. For the Kempton Jubilee only 37 entries were received as against the minimum of 40 which appeared in the conditions of the race. The value of these two races has to be brought up to £2,000 and £3,000 respectively, and the disappointing character of the entries mean that the Race Funds at Epsom and Kempton will be taxed rather more heavily than had been expected.

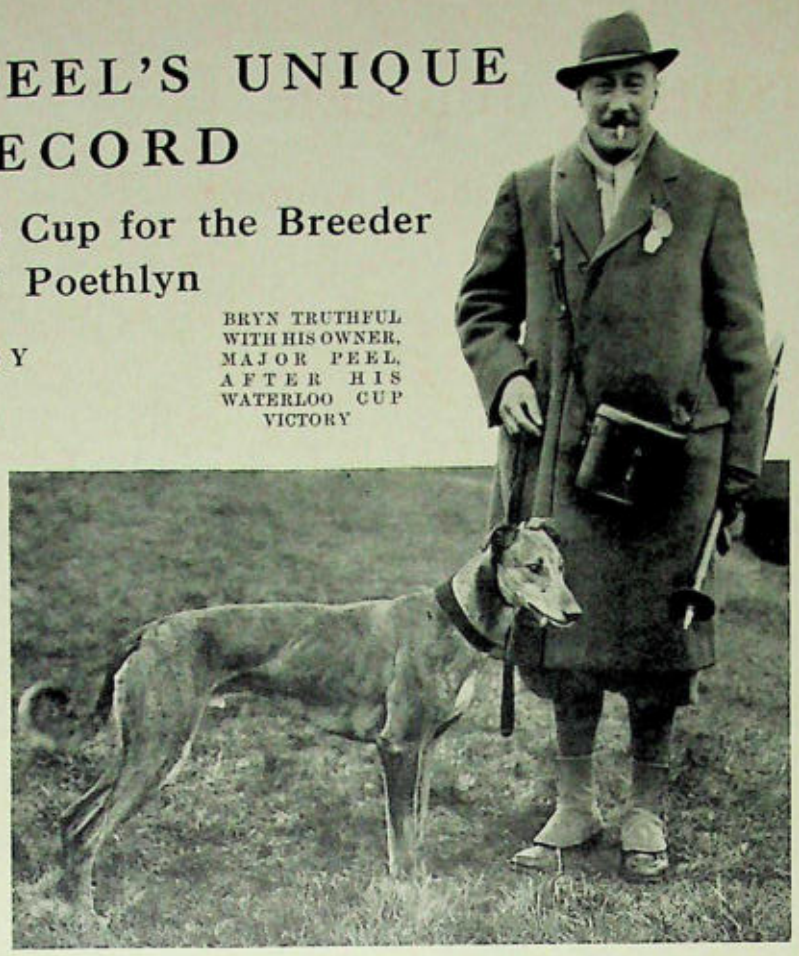
In these days the margin between profit and loss at many meetings is much less than is generally supposed. One of the most flourishing of the Midland meetings is Birmingham, where they have one of the best straight miles in the country, the course being in the centre of a prosperous industrial area. The profit here on eleven days racing in 1933 was £1,696, yielding little more than an average of £150 per diem, which does not allow much for an increase in stake money. Happily the Birmingham Company has some money well invested, and the income from that enables them to pay a dividend of 6 per cent. free of income tax.

In point of quality the Kempton Jubilee, as is usually the case, has come out best among the spring handicaps. The race may possibly have an international interest, as, in addition to the American horse Mate, the entry includes Assuerus, one of the best of the French four-year-olds. We think the last-named was rather unlucky not to have won the Newmarket Stakes last spring, as he experienced a dreadful Channel crossing, being so upset by the journey that he was completely off his food for two days before he ran at Newmarket.

MAJOR PEEL'S UNIQUE RECORD

The Waterloo Cup for the Breeder of Poethlyn

By J. HARDY



BRYN TRUTHFUL WITH HIS OWNER, MAJOR PEEL, AFTER HIS WATERLOO CUP VICTORY

DESPITE the inevitable hard-luck stories inseparable from such an event, the aftermath of the Waterloo Cup of 1934, won by Major H. Peel's Bryn Truthful from Mr. Rowland Rank's Rustling Reed, affords pleasant reflections. Although many of the owners of big coursing kennels, such as Lord Rosebery, Sir R. Woodman Burbidge, Major C. Blundell, Mr. J. A. Dewar, Mr. O. J. Jackson, Mr. J. V. Rank, and others extend their sporting interests to racehorse ownership, it would be a remarkable coincidence to find the record of breeding a Grand National and a Waterloo Cup winner, as Major Peel has accomplished, emulated during the present generation.

The victory of Bryn Truthful set the seal on an ambition cherished by Major Peel for more than 30 years, and, incidentally, added to the classic triumph in the realm of 'chasing gained by the family with Poethlyn.

This unique distinction is without parallel in the annals of the two events. There were not quite the same romantic circumstances associated with the victory of Bryn Truthful as was the case with the substitute Grand National and Aintree Grand National winner. Poethlyn, it will be recalled, was sold as a foal by the breeder, and when Major Peel decided to buy the horse back for his wife, a condition added to the monetary transaction was that a salmon had to be landed by Major Peel. This did not occasion any difficulty as he is as expert with a fly as he is with a gun.

Major Peel, who resides at Ellesmere, Salop, on the border line of three counties, has for long been a staunch supporter of coursing. Much of the success of the Bryn-y-pys meeting is due to his initiative. Despite the fact that the triumph of Bryn Truthful—an outsider at 40 to 1 on the eve of the meeting—was a sorry blow financially to the vast majority of those present at Altcar, it is not easy to recall a more spontaneous and sincere acclamation than that which greeted the owner and his dog as they walked down the Withins. Major Peel, obviously moved by the pleasing demonstration, was sincere in his lavish praise of his trainer, Harold Wright. In the past Harold Wright has won the Waterloo for others of his patrons—with Guards Brigade in 1922 and for Lord Tweedmouth, and as long back as 1912, when Tide Time was successful in Mr. J. W. Fullerton's nomination.

Of Wright's four runners in the event it may be taken for granted Bryn Truthful was by no means the best fancied. Before the event Major Peel expressed the laconic view that, with luck, his dog might win a couple of courses, and it was not until the end of the first day's coursing that the winnings at short odds over Bryn Truthful's initial course against Rising Aviator were placed at the long odds then prevailing. The winner is a second-season dog, whelped in February, 1931, and his best performance prior to this success was when as a puppy he was runner-up to Border Bedouin, whom he met and defeated here, in the North Meols Cup at Southport. The dog's running throughout was as sound as could be desired by the most hypercritical; not once was he in any real danger of defeat.

Bryn Truthful is by Lord Tweedmouth's Too True, who divided the Sefton Stakes at Altcar and won the Altcar Club Cup, out of the brindled Jamie—Forward Cheque bitch, Bryn Settle. A "nick" to the Earl's Court—Asphyxy combination in his extended pedigree will be noted with interest by studious breeders.

In a year in which the debacle of every well-fancied dog was complete on the Thursday, the final, had an added zest in the opposition of north and south in the decider. The runner-up, Mr. Rowland Rank's game little bitch Rustling Reed, hails from one of the strongest private south country kennels. Her form on this occasion was a distinct rise on anything she had previously shown. It was due in no small measure to her nippiness in getting away from the slips. The condition in which Billy Inns sent her to slips each time—especially when prior to the final she was under the handicap of a damaged toe—is worthy of comment as being highly creditable to the trainer.

Like the winner, Mr. Rank's bitch was "home" bred. She is by Brave Escort out of Rickety Rig, and on the male side of her pedigree has, also like Bryn Truthful, a close link to Guards Brigade. Had she proved successful the victory would have been enhanced on the score of satisfaction to her owner by the fact that her dam, Rickety Rig, is by Mr. Rank's Red Robin, who is out of Red Rosette, the first greyhound and the foundation of Mr. Rowland Rank's famous kennel at Aldwick, near Bognor. In addition, Rustling Reed's maternal grand-dam, Mr. Rank's Kaiserin, was probably one of the best bitches, as well as the most costly, to ever have been exported from Ireland to grace an English kennel.

Except for the first day's coursing, when hares did not appear to be up to the usual Altcar standard, the policy of running the whole of the three days' trials on the Withins was in every way satisfactory. The anticipation that the elimination of Lydiate would eradicate to some extent that essence of luck, under the guise of handicap, inseparable from coursing was borne out.

And the handicap of bad luck took its full toll—especially among the favourites. The much-fancied Dee Rock was slipped to two typical Altcar "stags," one on the first day and one of the second, and whether or not he contributed to his own undoing by his chariness in bringing his teeth into play, the fact remains that he was so hard run that Mr. Edgar Dennis showed wisdom in withdrawing him. Dee Rock lives to fight another year!

Mr. Edwin Baxter, who has done so much for coursing in the south of England, had never before been in a more promising position of gaining the coveted trophy than when Ever Best was well and truly beating the winner of 1932, Ben Tinto, with consummate ease, and it appeared practically certain the quarry would go down the sough. Instead of this the hare went over the bank in the direction of Carr Wood. As Ever Best went in pursuit over the bank and out of sight of the crowd, so also disappeared Mr. Baxter's bright prospects of bringing the Cup to the South. Refreshed from a night's rest, Ever Best came out on the final day to make a meritorious fight, under heavy handicap, against Bryn Truthful. It was only to be expected he would, under the circumstances, fail, but the effort was so gallant that even if the Waterloo Cup of 1934 did not go to Mr. Baxter some, at least, of the honours are the deserved portion of this game and fast son of De Novo.

It is doubtful if the class of this year's contestants would bear favourable comparison with that of the previous year. Nevertheless, it was a memorable meeting, in which, contrary to general expectations, the second and third season greyhounds literally swept the honours from the big puppy division; at a time, too, when most have bewailed the dearth of all-aged dogs for the field sport.

HALCYON MEMORIES OF THE TEST

And Some Joys of a Spring Day

By GENERAL SIR ROBERT WHIGHAM

THERE are two roads from Basingstoke to Salisbury, the more northerly through Whitchurch and Andover and the more southerly by Sutton Scotney and Stockbridge. They join again at Lopscombe Corner, eight miles east of Salisbury. Lopscombe Corner was in pre-War days one of the beauty spots of Hampshire, but now is sadly disfigured by the petrol pumps of an admittedly useful filling station.

If you are wise you will travel by the southerly road, for not only will you meet less traffic that way, but, granted decent visibility, you will enjoy some of the finest views that the Hampshire downlands afford. I know few more pleasing prospects than that from Popham Beacons, on the top of the Micheldever Tunnel, or again that from Stockbridge Down, about ten miles further west, overlooking the Valley of the Test, with the quaint little town of Stockbridge immediately below.

On the skyline to the westward one can distinguish Lopscombe Corner; more towards the north, Quarley Hill and the Thruxton Ridge stand out, while in the middle distance rise Chattis Hill and Danebury Hill, the latter so like Quarley in outline.

Half-way along the single wide street of Stockbridge, on the northern side, stands the Grosvenor Arms, which has been the headquarters of the Houghton Fishing Club ever since its inception more than a hundred years ago. At Chattis Hill, as everyone interested in racing knows, are the stables and training gallops of Mr. Atty Persse, alongside the main road to Salisbury, and if one wanders a mile or so further to the north under Danebury Hill, one will come upon a disused racecourse. Here for many years was the scene of the meetings of the Bibury Club. Here, too, lived and rode George Fordham and Tom Cannon, father of Mornington, Kempton and Tom the younger. Tom Cannon actually owned the Grosvenor Arms for some years.

The meetings of the Bibury Club ceased to be held at Danebury in 1899, when the lease of part of the ground expired, and the owner would not grant a renewal. Possibly he (or it may have been she) never stopped to consider the loss this refusal would mean to the inhabitants of Stockbridge. Be that as it may, the race week was the great annual event for the little town, and as there were no motor cars in those days accommodation in the place was at a premium. The Grosvenor Arms was filled to overflowing and the Houghton Club rooms were made over to the Bibury Club.

Happy must he have been who was lucky enough to be a member of both fraternities, for what more soul-satisfying experience could a man want on a summer's day than an afternoon's racing at Danebury followed by the evening rise on the silver waters of the Test? If the old walls of the Grosvenor Arms could speak, what secrets of those bygone meetings might they not reveal?

The Valley of the Test has a wonderful fascination for any lover of nature. The memory of a day towards the end of April in the second year after the War was ended will ever be a joy to me. Through the kindness of a friend I had my first experience of fishing that classic stream below Bossington. I was only a beginner so far as fishing the dry fly was concerned, but with the help of my friend I caught a perfect trout of just over 2lb.

It was not only the joys of the dry fly, however, that made it such a perfect day, there was also the wild life of the valley. Never have I heard snipe "drumming" as I heard them that day. While walking along a narrow path in the sedges I put my foot, if not into, at any rate very adjacent, to a wild duck's nest, and her "rise" was something like the explosion of a shell. I withdrew to a safe distance and watched her collect her brood of six chicks, which were just covered with fluff, and no more. A little later I was watching for a rise and became aware of a stoat on the path about 20yds. to my right watching me intently. I kept very still, looking to my front but just able to watch the stoat out of the tail of my eye. It came nearer and nearer, and at last I could bear it no longer, and looked round just as it was going to sniff my boot. Of course it was off at once.

Another quaint memory I have of the Test concerns a horse of the farm variety. There were two of them, a white and a brown, and they grazed in a meadow which bordered on a gravelly shallow. The brown horse used to walk into the water to drink, but the white one would kneel down on the bank to do so. Believe it or believe it not, I have seen him do it.

A GREAT FLY-FISHING JUBILEE

Past and Present Personages at the Flyfishers' Club

By DR. E. A. BARTON

THE Flyfishers' Club, the only one of its kind in the British Isles, celebrates its jubilee this year. Unlike other fishing clubs it rents no water nor does it provide any fishing for its members, many of whom own beautiful stretches of rivers with names familiar to all who cast a fly. In the wording of the club's first annual report the purposes were :

"To bring together gentlemen devoted to fly fishing generally.

"To afford a ready means of communication between those interested in this delightful art."

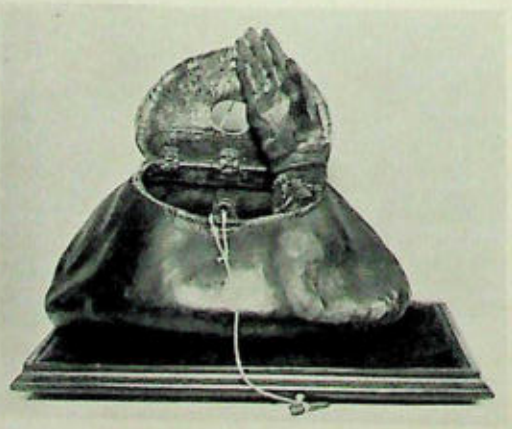
And so it came about that in 1884 a few men well known as experts and authorities on fly fishing laid the foundation of a club devoted entirely to angling for the salmonidæ. From the first the club has always been a "social" club : indeed, in the Telephone Book the club has the distinction of being the only club so designated. The atmosphere of the club is essentially social, and no personal introduction between members is required ; nor is this strange when all are keenly interested in the same subject.

It may be said with all truth that the prime originator of the club was the late R. B. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, to whose energy, sagacity, and enthusiasm for over forty years the club is eternally grateful. Long before the actual origin of the club, however, the matter had been discussed by Francis Francis, William Senior, Halford, Cholmondeley Pennell and others, and it is possible that the influence of the Fisheries Exhibition in 1883 may have crystallised the idea into concrete possibilities, which became realised the following year. On December 18th, 1884, it was decided to form a social club called "The Flyfishers' Club," and the instant response proved the evident desire for such a movement, the number of members joining the first year amounting to 264.

At first it was decided to share rooms with a club called the Crichton Club, which already had premises in Adelphi Terrace, but the difficulties of sharing rooms with another club coupled with the fast-increasing membership of the Flyfishers' Club compelled a move in 1887 to rooms of their own in the Arundel Hotel. At this date was published F. M. Halford's first book *Floating Flies and How to Dress Them*, and the interest aroused by this illuminating volume suddenly raised the number of members to 324 in 1889. During this year F. M. Halford's second work, *Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice* saw the light, again further stimulating interest in dry-fly fishing. At that time Basil Field, F. M. Halford, W. Q. Orchardson, with Nat Lloyd rented the Ramsbury length of the Kennet, and it was on this stretch that Halford turned his analytical mind to the elucidation of many of the then debatable questions, recording the results of his researches in these two books.

In 1899 the club moved into premises at No. 8, Haymarket, and in the following year Sir Edward Grey—as he was then—presided at the Annual Dinner, his book *Fly Fishing*, having been published a short time before. The change of site again raised the number of members. During the following ten years much original investigation on fly fishing took place, and in 1910 G. E. M. Skues collected many of his papers and articles, published in the *Field* and other journals, and embodied them into his book *Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream*, emphasising in this volume the importance of the use of the nymph under certain circumstances. The book was a great success, as the novelty of taking fish with a careful imitation of the nymph offered intriguing possibilities. At the same time it must be admitted that a few immaculate purists of the dry fly sniffed at anything which did not actually float. Most of these fell from grace unrepentant in due time.

In 1907 the club rooms in the Haymarket were found too small for the growth of the club, and much more commodious premises were secured at 36, Piccadilly, the present address. The entrance to the club is in Swallow Street though the outlook is on Piccadilly, the club windows facing St. James's Church with its leaning tower. The site is very appropriate, for by a curious coincidence there lie in St. James's the remains of Charles Cotton, friend of the immortal Izaak ; indeed, there are movements afoot by which the club may erect a plaque in the church to his memory.



IZAAK WALTON'S CREEL AND ITS MYSTERIOUS AND GRUESOME CONTENT

The club also owns a quarterly Journal of its own, in which is embodied much original work, and in which is recorded the views and opinions of men qualified above the average in matters related to fly fishing. The publication was initiated in 1911 with R. B. Marston, Martin E. Mosely, and A. C. Kent as Editors. These three were responsible for the Journal till 1927, when on the death of R. B. Marston, H. T. Sheringham—Angling Editor of the *Field*—took his place. Most of the work was done by A. C. Kent, to whom the success of the Journal is largely due. Latterly, in 1931, the work has been taken over by C. A. N. Wauton and Dr. E. A. Barton and some changes instituted, the most prominent of which is that the public are now enabled to subscribe for copies. The Journal is a great success, for amongst the members there is a considerable amount of literary talent, and the circulation is considerable and increasing.

The suggestion that a President was essential to what had become a very serious and important club was first mooted in 1899, when at the Annual Meeting in that year Basil Field was elected the first President. Since then the office has been held by many men of eminence, not only in the fishing world, but also in other vocations. Amongst the well-known anglers who have presided were William Senior (Editor-in-chief of the *Field*), C. H. Cook (John Bickerdyke), R. B. Marston, F. M. Halford, Major the Right Hon. Waller Hills, General Sir Victor Couper, with many more of equal fame. In this jubilee year of the club it is most appropriate that one of the few left of those 264 original members, Hedley F. Norris, should hold the office. Nor is this his first Presidency, for he presided over the club thirty years ago. He stands a living proof that the fire of piscatorial enthusiasm can defy and even thaw the chilly touch of age.

The club contains many objects of great interest to anglers apart from the many cases of specimen salmon, trout, and grayling that adorn the walls. In the smoking room can be found the most perfect collection of natural flies in existence, most beautifully set up. This collection was begun by Halford, but it has been greatly enlarged and most carefully tended by Martin E. Mosely, whose excellent work in this direction in the Natural History Museum is so well known. The club has also its own museum containing numerous objects of historical interest. Here may be seen the rod of Garrick the famous actor—a six-jointed affair of 12ft. when put together but which, when in pieces, is contained in a case only 2ft. 4in., presumably in order to fit into his small trunk when travelling about the country in pursuance of his vocation ; for excess luggage was not encouraged in his day. Here, too, is the smallest rod made for use a hundred years ago, and but little more than a handle for a full-size spinning reel, one foot long over all and used for surf casting. It seems to have had a good deal of wear.



BELOW RAMSBURY
A beautiful stretch of the Kennet where Halford worked out his theories

Then there is Izaak Walton's leather creel under a glass case. This seems rather too true to be good, and there has been endless wrangling over its authenticity ; but there it is with "I. W." burnt into the leather, plain for all folks to see, and though it is improbable it is quite possible that the creel really belonged to the Master. Anyway, all pretend to believe in it (though why a dried human hand should occupy its interior is beyond me to divine). Amongst the fish exhibited on the walls and elsewhere is a model of the famous Loch Stennes trout of 29lb. ! enshrined in a glass case—surely a Prince among trout. It is recorded that this fish was caught on a night line far too short to play such a monster. The line therefore was cut and attached to a bale of hay and all committed to the deep till the sportsman went ashore and obtained rod and line. Then returning to the boat he captured the floating bale, attached his line, cut the bale adrift, and after a fearful fight secured the fish.

All these tales and many more, are they not written in the Chronicles of the Club—a book at the moment in the press, and a copy of which is to be presented to every member what time the Jubilee Dinner takes place on March 1st, when Field Marshal Lord Allenby is the guest of the evening.



ONE DECOY IN THE TREE: EIGHT MORE BEHIND DOWN WIND

ORGANISING A PIGEON SHOOT

Discipline—Dirty Weather—and Decoys

THE majority of local papers bear witness in their columns to the fact that definite efforts are made in most counties to organise pigeon shoots on a certain day in every week throughout the winter. I fear, however, that the organisation of these fixtures is extremely sketchy and probably consists of nothing more than a request that each landowner and tenant will find a gun or guns to take up positions in the woods that pigeons normally frequent during the evening. It is suggested that such a request to concentrate on pigeons on one fixed day in the week is practically useless, for pigeons can rarely be shot in any numbers however many guns go out after them if there is not a strong wind or a thick mist. The ideal conditions are when it is blowing hard from the north-east. When the wind is from this quarter much bigger bags are made, but although this is a well-known fact the reason for it appears to be obscure. It follows, therefore, that the day for the offensive should not be a fixed one in the week, but should be selected at the earliest the evening before, and such selection is best made from a study of the evening weather forecast. Counties should be divided up into districts over each of which one well-known landowner, with time to spare, should be chosen to decide the days of shooting. Having made his selection it is an easy matter for him to send out printed halfpenny postcards to the other landowners and tenants in his district requesting them to shoot the next day.

To make any impression on the numbers of pigeons they should be harried for the whole of the day selected, and not only shot when coming into roost. It is sometimes difficult to persuade the farmer to adopt this course, for unless he thinks he will be able to kill a number of birds which, by their sale, will recompense him for the loss of his time he naturally prefers to devote himself to the work on his land. They rarely kill any great numbers through lack of knowledge of how to set about the business, and, therefore, I would suggest that small and succinct pamphlets should be sent them by the organiser of each district showing the principles that if adopted will make such a great difference to the weight of the bag. Once a farmer discovers he can shoot a considerable number of birds in a day with a not unreasonable proportion of cartridges he will be much more likely to give them his attention.

Pigeon shooting is undoubtedly a great art and one that is but imperfectly understood by many of even those who practise it regularly. This is perhaps because few take the trouble to study the fundamental but very obvious principles that govern its success or failure. There is little doubt that the average shot considers that a pigeon is a very difficult bird to kill. This opinion is probably formed by the unflattering proportion of cartridges fired compared to the number of birds actually gathered. Yet if the gun would but ponder awhile on the reason why this proportion should be so high in relation to that obtaining when shooting ordinary game birds, he will realise that owing to his ill-chosen position as to cover and the direction of the wind the odds on the bird presenting any other than a most difficult shot are considerable.

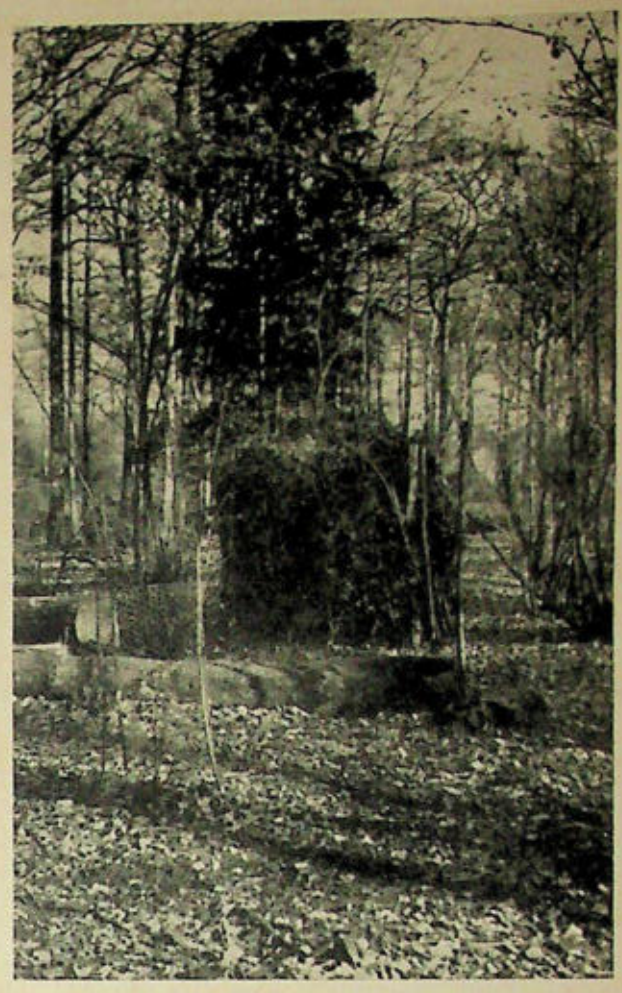
There are four distinct methods of shooting wood pigeons, each of which requires different tactics, and which can only be briefly dealt with in this article. To obtain any marked success with any of them the intelligent use of decoys must be made. The first and most widely adopted method is to shoot them in covert as they fly into roost in the evening. Only one decoy is needed by each gun, and should be placed head to wind just clear of the top of the tallest tree in the warmest and most sheltered part of the wood under which are noticed plenty of fresh droppings and small feathers. In a really strong wind stand so as to intercept them as they fly into the wood, for in these conditions they often collect in large numbers and fly in a narrow lane into the wood often passing between the same two trees. At dusk, however, or in fine weather stand with your back to the wind within easy shot of the



A DEAD PIGEON AS A DECOY

decoy and catch the birds as they drop down to it flying up-wind, when they present the easiest of shots. Always allow the first few birds to come into the wood unmolested, as their safe arrival is probably noticed by many other birds in the vicinity, who, therefore, think it is free from danger.

If there is a strong wind a large bag of pigeons may be made by shooting them throughout the whole day in a wood to which they fly at various intervals from their feeding grounds in the fields. Do not choose the centre of the wood for your hiding place, but select a small opening with good shelter in front of you as close to the surrounding fence as possible. The decoys should be placed at the very top of a high leafless tree about 20yds.



A WELL-CONSTRUCTED HIDE

to windward of you and which from observation you know to be a favourite perching place. Then as you stand with your back to the wind and the decoys easy shots will be presented to you as the birds approach them. Wind, however, and plenty of it is essential, as the noise of firing is then carried away and does not reverberate; also the birds will be flying much lower and will approach the decoys at approximately their own level instead of, as in calm weather, wheeling round far above and taking a good look at them and the gun. If the field in which the birds are feeding is immediately down-wind of the decoy tree conditions will be ideal, as then the birds will fly to it direct.

When the fields are covered with snow, or when there is an abundance of acorns and beech-masts such as exist this year, great sport can be obtained on a windy day in the woods in which the pigeons are feeding. Place decoys on the extreme top of a high tree in the centre of the wood, and some others on the ground about 15yds. down-wind of your hide. A man should be sent to walk round the edges of the wood to tap the tree trunks. This action will move the birds about from one part of the wood to another, when they will be attracted by the decoys and afford many shots.

The fourth method of attacking pigeons is as they are feeding in the fields or visiting a pond for drinking. Allow them two or three days grace in the field they have selected to feed in before commencing operations against them. The hide should be constructed in the hedge on the windward side of the field and within easy shot of a bare, leafless tree growing in the same hedgerow. One decoy should be placed on the top of this tree and several others about 15yds. or 20yds. out in the field in front of you, with their heads, of course, pointing accurately up-wind. Commence shooting at daylight as pigeons feed most greedily in the early morning.

PINTAIL.

PARTRIDGES IN SCOTLAND

ALTHOUGH of a smaller acreage than Lord Dalhousie's Brechin Shoot, the following figures may be of interest as showing the possibilities of partridge shooting in Northern Scotland, and the very large bags which have been made this year in particular. The property in question is an isolated one, by the sea, of about 1,600 acres, of which 1,200 are actually shot over.

There is one keeper and except for an exchange of 60 eggs no special measures have been taken. The bag is as follows:

Sept. 1st	29	....	2 guns (2½ hours)
Sept. 19th	407	....	6 ,,
Sept. 20th	329	....	6 ,,
Sept. 23rd	218	....	6 ,,
Sept. 25th	202	....	6 ,,
Dec. 6th	15	....	3 ,,
	1,200		

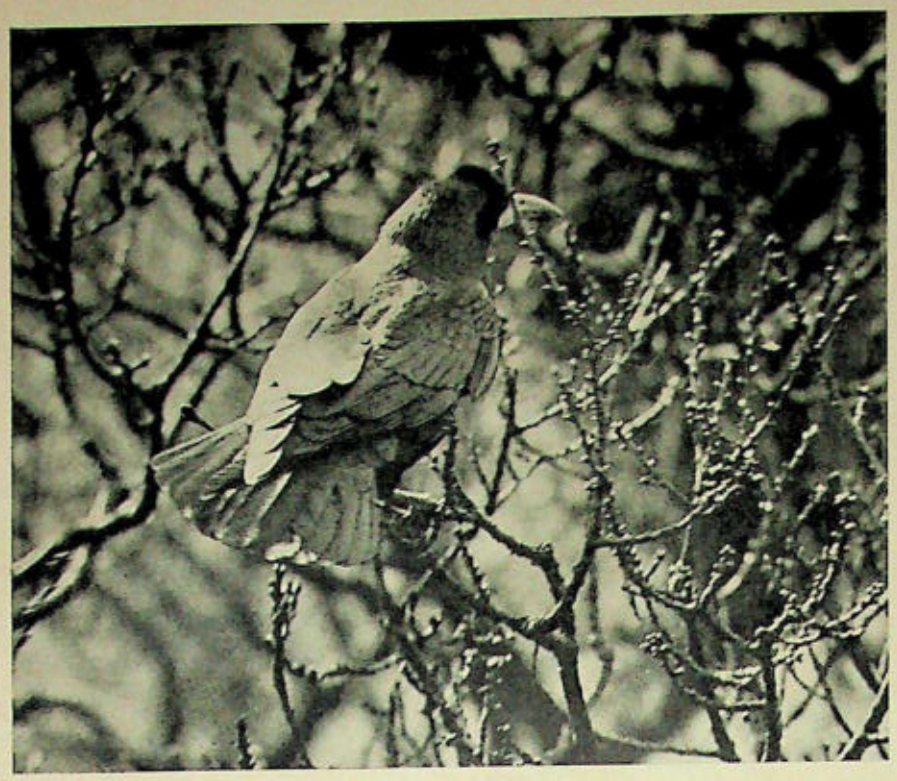
The proportion of old birds to young was 410: 790. There is a big stock left.

A. P. G.-C.

THE FIRST BIRDS' NESTS

February Clutches for March Broods

By G. K. WHITEHEAD



LATE FEBRUARY IN THE ROOKERY
"Here as each rook, bowing and cawing, heatedly debates ownership rights . . . the clamour is intense"

ALREADY, perhaps, is the biting cold wind of February ruffling up the feathers of some hardy raven, as she sits on her eggs, stoutly refusing to abandon her precious charge, despite the efforts of the elements to discourage her. In a few weeks' time, however, her somewhat chilled leisure will be turned to real "hard labour," for, with a family of four or five youngsters to bring up, the demands on her energies will be many and insistent.

It is said that it is the early bird that gets the worm, and this is certainly the case with the raven. With her family first on the market, as it were, the choice and range for food is more plentiful than it might have been had the other carrion eaters, the crows and gulls, etc., also got March babies to feed. As it is, the ravens' foraging journeys in search of food pass practically undisputed, and indeed the icy cold weather of the early year greatly assists them in their quest, for many a newly-born lamb falls victim to exposure.

To the casual observer, the first signs of coming spring are probably more in evidence at the rookery than in the early nesting of the life-paired raven. Here, as each rook, bowing and cawing, heatedly debates ownership rights over some particularly battered old nest or promising building-site, the clamour is intense. Although, at first, these congregational squabbles are little more than the regular morning and late afternoon gatherings, the end of this month will see great strides made towards the completion of their nests.

Very similar in appearance, but a shunner of society and community nesting, the cunning carrion crow has by now selected the site for its deep wool-lined structure, though it is improbable that eggs will be laid before Easter. In contrast to the raven and the rook, the carrion crow seldom returns to an old nest, but prefers either to select a new site altogether or else build a fresh one a few feet or yards away from a previous year's nest.

These old nests, especially when built in a spruce or small fir spinney, provide a welcome site for the long-eared owl, who together with his larger brother, the tawny owl, will be sitting hard by the end of next month. Another species, the barn owl, may even be sitting on eggs at this moment, but its season is irregular in the extreme and eggs may be found at almost any time during the twelve months of the year.

The finding of an owl's nest has always given me something of a thrill, and I shall always remember the first time that I saw the puckered and anxious face of a long-eared owl peering over the edge of an old magpie's nest. This nest, which was only about 12ft. from the ground, was built in a small Scots fir, and from whatever angle I approached, I was met by that same embarrassing stare.

Someone once humorously observed that the simplest and easiest method of killing an owl was to walk round and round it until it had wrung its own neck! Without placing too much credence upon this, it certainly is amazing how these birds can twist their necks round with no apparent discomfort.

Tree-top activity, at this time of year, is not confined solely to the rookery or to the nesting of owls. Herons, whose winter quarters have been the marshes, river-mouths and mudflats, once more leave their favourite fishing grounds for the well-timbered country where they breed, the old birds to repair their storm-battered nests of last year, the first-year birds to build "flats" of their own. "Flats" just about describes the initial efforts of these younger birds at house-building, for often, so crude is the finished structure, that the large blue eggs are clearly visible through the scanty platform of twigs forming the nest. Later on, however, a further consignment of twigs is generally added in order to give the young herons, when hatched, a larger area on which to stretch their lanky legs.

That confiding little bird, the crossbill, is an extraordinarily early nester, and impervious as the raven to the inclement weather conditions of the early year. Here again, however, the nature of its food—mainly seeds and grubs extracted from fir cones—provides the necessary encouragement for March broods. Its nest, skilfully concealed in the overhanging boughs of some tall conifer or pine, is well shielded from penetrating winds, and nothing short of a heavy snowfall should prove fatal to the occupants of the nest, be they eggs or chicks.

Tits of all kinds, intensely energetic in all their actions, fight with shrill cries and crests upraised for ownership of some attractive crevice or nesting box. As yet, their many "entries and exits" of their recently acquired abode, are little more than nuptial frolickings, little attempt, at present, being made to form any sort of lining.

Around here the magpies, which seem as common in Lancashire as anywhere, are already engaging in social combat for nesting sites or mates. Building has not yet commenced, but it will not be long now before the first sticks of their weatherproof structures are laid. Magpies seem greatly attracted to old sites, often building their new nests on top of those of previous years. It is not surprising therefore, that these renovated nests often attain four feet or more in height.

In the fields, larks, finches and the like, still throng together, and there, also, the winter hosts of redwings and fieldfares show no sign of their impending departure. The lapwings, however, are already drifting to their breeding fields, where the males spend all the daylight hours in the queer tumbling courtship flights of spring, accompanied by bubbling, broken cries inexpressibly wild and beautiful, but impossible to put into words. Very soon the "spring madness" of the lapwing will give place to watchful anxiety, for there will be eggs in these same fields before March is over, and no possible marauder—human or otherwise—will be able to approach without receiving the parent lapwings' tumultuous attention.

Photographs by the Author

A PROUD AND EARLY PARENT: HERON WITH NEWLY-HATCHED YOUNG

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 17

The Dukes of Grafton at Euston—Part II



THE FOURTH DUKE OF GRAFTON
He was one of the most successful owners on the Turf, winning in all £99,000 in stakes

THE Grafton Hounds, as they are called to-day, were started about 1710 by the second Duke of Grafton and were named the Duke of Grafton's Hounds. Unfortunately, all the family records at Euston were lost when the greater part of the Hall was destroyed by fire in 1900, and so it is difficult to ascertain exactly the extent of country that was hunted over by the founder of the pack. Certain it is, however, that the kennels were in the park at Wakefield Lodge and that Whittlebury Forest was in the centre of the country. Wakefield Lodge had been an old hunting box belonging to Oliver Cromwell, but the second Duke rebuilt it as a residence for himself. Whittlebury Forest, originally of about 25,000 acres, was one of the old Royal forests and was given to the first Duke by Charles II. That monarch, however, deforested a large portion of it, and by 1791 it had dwindled to about 5,500 acres. This and other Royal forests were described in the Forest Laws of 1615 as "Certaine territorie of wooddy grounds and fruitful pastures, privilidged for wild beasts and foules of Forest, Chase and Warren to rest and abide in, in the safe protection of the King, for his princely delight and pleasure." Each forest had its own officers and courts, who made the most elaborate laws for the protection of game and meted out the most severe penalties on any poachers. By letters patent of 1712 the second Duke of Grafton and his heirs male were confirmed in their heritage of the office of Chief Ranger and Master Forester of Whittlebury and "keeper of the wild beasts and conies thereof" which had been bestowed upon the first Duke by his Royal father, Charles II. The forest was almost entirely compassed about with a ring mound, portions of which are still apparent to-day. Roughly its area was bounded by Stony Stratford, Syresham, Deanshanger and Luffield Priory on the one side and Watling Street on the other, including Towcester Parish. His Grace added to this area by purchasing seven adjoining woods from Earl Bathurst.

One of Canaletto's English pictures is in the possession of the Duke of Grafton. It depicts the building of Westminster Bridge, and the origin of its presence at Euston supplies an interesting story. In the second Duke's time part of the present Whaddon Chase country belonged to him, and the story goes that on one occasion he hunted from the southern extremity of this country a fox which swam across the Thames and was killed on Wimbledon Common. As the Duke could not get across the river he vowed he would use all his influence to get a bridge built so that he would be able to be in at the death if such an happening occurred again. A year later he was lent some country to hunt on the south side of the Thames, and as he strongly objected to taking his hounds and horses over the river in barges, he redoubled his efforts, with the result that the construction of Westminster Bridge was commenced. A difficult story to credit in 1934, but different days saw different ways, and what would obviously be impossible to-day may well have caused no comment in 1750.

Besides hunting his Northamptonshire country the Duke took his pack to Euston for the latter part of the season, from which he hunted a large tract of country which is now hunted by the Suffolk Hounds. This practice appears to have continued for many years, for the original old hunting note-books kept by the third and fourth Dukes all allude to it. About 1790, however, in the third Duke's time, the Suffolk country was divided and another pack was started with kennels at Newmarket, by the younger Mr. Thomas Panton, who hunted the other portion of it and called his hounds the Thurlow.

An old document, signed by one John Goodrick and dated 1745, describes "the famous foxchase" which occurred on December 2nd of that year in which hounds are stated to have found at 9.45 a.m. at Zacks Carr, near the duck decoy at Euston, and with only one check of two or three minutes ran their fox to the Shepherd and Dog Inn, near Stowmarket, where they killed him at 4 p.m., a "point" of about nineteen miles, during which run hounds, "at a moderate computation," are stated to have covered 60 miles and travelled through 28 parishes. It sounds an improbable story, but the ramifications of the hunt are described in such detail and being a contemporary account it would appear to be authentic.

The note-book of 1786 shows that the third Duke started hunting his Northamptonshire country on the phenomenally early date of July 21st, and it clearly shows that he by no means only confined his attention to cubs, as several runs after old foxes are described. One trembles to think of the damage that must have been done to crops, but Whittlebury Wood and its environs being part of a Royal forest, all crops were completely at the mercy of any animal, and little or no consideration was given to them by the huntsman and followers of hounds. In this year the records show that the pack was moved to Euston—a distance of 90 miles—on November 23rd, where they hunted until April 7th. The last occasion on which a record can be found of hunting commencing in July was in 1818, when the fourth Duke had his opening meet at Wakefield Lodge on the 29th of that month, and in this year he took his hounds to Euston in December. After 1818, opening meets got later and later, until in 1882, which was when the pack finally passed out of the hands of the Grafton family, hunting commenced at the more reasonable and orthodox time of the beginning of September.



Hay Wrighteon

THE PRESENT DUKE
He succeeded his grandfather in 1930, and takes a keen interest in the shooting at Euston

An amusing story is told of the third Duke of Grafton and a Quaker at Newmarket when the latter, while observing a hunt, so far forgot his religious and sectarian principles having viewed the fox away, stood on an eminence and waved his hat and holloaed so lustily that he put the pack off the line of their fox. The Duke, much enraged, galloped up to him and inquired in an angry tone, "Art thou a Quaker?" "I am, friend," replied the man. "Well, then," rejoined the Duke, "as you never pull off your hat to a Christian, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a fox!"

The immense success of the fourth Duke on the Turf and as a breeder of racehorses appears to have stimulated him to turn his attention to the improvement of hunters both in Northamptonshire and at Euston. He most generously kept a very fine selection of sires at Wakefield Lodge for the benefit of the farmers and his friends. In consequence the Grafton country became so famous that sportsmen and dealers flocked to it from all parts of England to replenish their stables. A good supply was kept up for some time, but the demand was so great, and such high prices were given, that the breeders could not withstand the temptation and sold the mares that had bred the stock. Breeders, however, were always faithful to their benefactor the Duke, who was invariably given the first refusal of any good horse that they thought would suit him. The "Green Duke," as he was called on account of the colour of his hunting livery, also took great pains with the training of his young horses and was a very close observer of his riding grooms, the best of which got rapid promotion and substantial rewards for their care and skill. At this time—about 1830—the Grafton country extended from Weedon on the north to Creslow on the south, Brackley on the west and Eastern Horn Wood on the east, a large slice on the north being neutral with the Pytchley. On the eastern side from Eastern Horn Wood to the Northampton and Newport Turnpike the country was shared with the Oakley.

All three Hunts were very friendly, and no friction occurred on the neutral territories. Two incidents in 1838, which might have been expected to end differently, clearly bear out this statement. George Beers, hunting the Oakley, and George Carter the Grafton, each at the zenith of his fame, were both out on the eastern end of the Grafton country when Beers ran his fox a long way down the Chase and up to Salcey Forest, where he arrived just in time to see Carter's hounds breaking him up. Beers had a somewhat hasty temper, but, despite the provocation, his only remark was "I'll be even with you, old boy, one day." Exactly the same situation, with the position of the principals reversed, occurred a short time later, when Beers reply to Carter's challenge of "You have killed my fox" was "Yes, old man; now we are quits." The Grafton field of those days consisted of a large number of farmers, a few resident squires and a good sprinkling of parsons; alas! what a different composition to the field of the modern day in most hunts.

From 1840 till his death in 1844 the Duke's health was too bad to allow him to do much hunting, and so he turned over the management in the field to his nephew, Colonel George Fitzroy, who made a tremendous reputation for himself with his superb horsemanship and his charming manners, in memory of whom the wood which he planted is still called "The Colonel's Covert." Even in those days Whittlebury Forest was full of deer which were a sore temptation to hounds, but later they were removed to Wakefield Lodge, where they were enclosed in the park. There were also a great many marten cats in the forest, and as no scent is so welcome to hounds as theirs, they were frequently hunted. The music changes at once to a most joyous and delightful cry as soon as such a line is found, and is quite different to when running a fox. No huntsman ever had a finer voice than George Carter, who hunted the Duke's hounds from 1833 to 1842. He never rode into the covert when drawing, but stayed outside with the field, every now and then letting the hounds hear his



THE GRAFTON HOUNDS TO-DAY

Hounds are moving off after meeting at Wakefield Lodge, Towcester, which was formerly the property of the Dukes of Grafton, and which Lord Hillingdon, the present Master of the Grafton, acquired after the war

encouraging voice, holding the opinion that if hounds were left alone they would get on the line better than when hurried along and would draw every square inch of the wood before throwing their heads up.

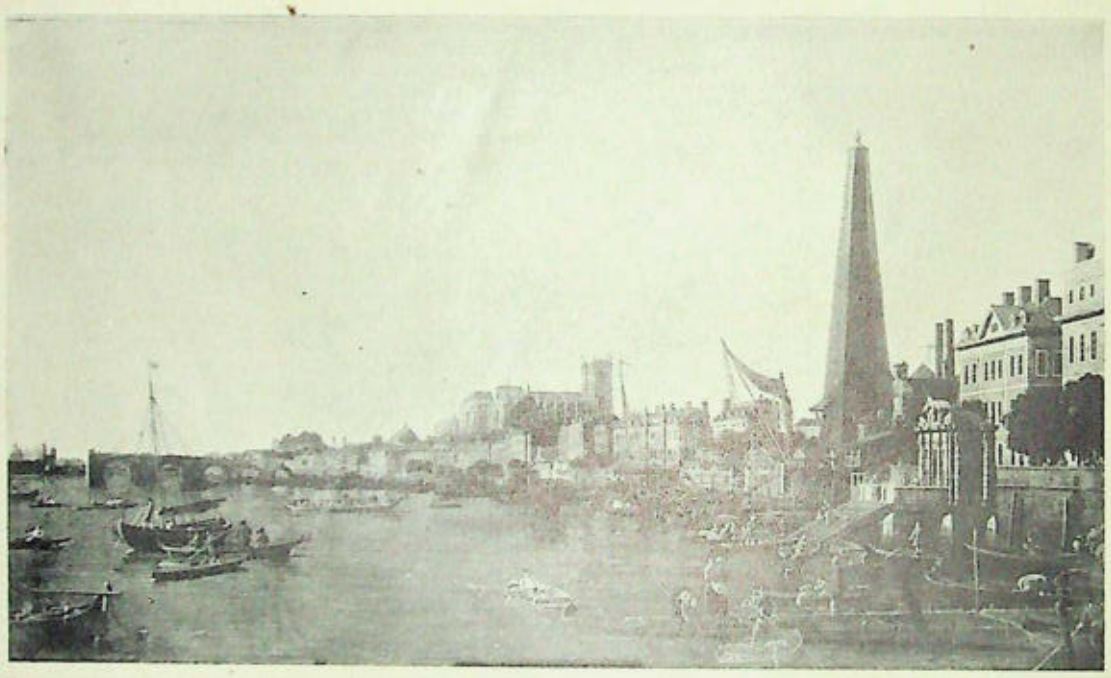
No account of the Duke's hounds would be complete without some reference to Adam Sherwood, a chimney sweep of Stony Stratford who, in his sorely battered "chimney pot hat," a green smock frock and corduroy continuations, and mounted on an old pony, was a most conspicuous and popular figure. Being a great lover of nature and living on the edge of the forest he had acquired a great knowledge of foxes and their ways, and when hounds were running in the forest or in outlying coverts, he was the acknowledged authority on the vexed question as to whether the line had been changed or not. His ringing "View holloa" was never doubted. One day the Duke heard him, and going up to him asked whether it was the hunted fox. "Yes, Your Grace," he answered, "and a very black fox too, Your Grace," at which the Duke replied, "Out of compliment to you Adam."

On hunting days he always carried a home-made flask consisting of two bottles crossed and welded together at the neck. One contained gin, and the other brandy, the choice of which he offered to all his friends.

In 1842 the fourth Duke gave up the hounds and Lord Southampton took over the Northamptonshire country for a space of 20 years. He then sold them to Mr. Selby Lowndes of Whaddon Hall, which left the Grafton country without a pack. Lord Penrhyn very generously, however, came to the rescue, and presented some hounds to the fifth Duke of Grafton, who had reannexed the country, and these, together with some young hounds from Mr. Drake's formed the nucleus of the new pack. His Grace appointed Frank Beers—the son of George Beers who had carried the horn with such immense success with Lord Southampton's hounds—as huntsman. Although but 26 when he got this appointment, Frank Beers had had considerable experience with hounds, for as a lad he was second horseman in the Oakley country and afterwards second whipper-in to Lord Yarborough's hounds. At 21 he was engaged to go out to Russian-Poland to take over a pack of hounds and hunt wolves for a foreign Count, where he remained for three years. The new Huntsman was handicapped, in addition, by a scratch lot of hounds, which, as we have seen, had but recently been collected. By dint, however, of much cub-hunting, the pack improved rapidly, and Frank Beers earned an enviable reputation throughout his career of 28 years with the Hunt.

The fifth Duke only enjoyed his hounds for a year, as he died in 1863, and the pack was then taken over by his son. The new Master was a great buyer of horses in his own country, and became the possessor of a stud which was second to none. Horse breeding was again encouraged by the best blood being placed at the service of the farmers at Wakefield. The green livery that had been adopted by the second Duke and founder of the Hunt had been replaced by scarlet when the fourth Duke gave up the hounds to Lord Southampton in 1842, but on the sixth Duke being asked to revert to it he replied that he preferred the latter and so the green was never resurrected. His Grace kept the Mastership of the hounds until just prior to his death in 1882 when Lord Penrhyn assumed his position in the field. The seventh Duke presented the pack to the country soon after his succession, since when they have been called the Grafton, and have no longer any connection with the famous ducal family of that name who, throughout the centuries were known as landlords always carrying into practice the principle that property has its duties as well as its rights and privileges. DOUGLAS LANG.

[Owing to an error in typing, which must have been obvious to many of our readers, Charles II was twice confused with Charles I in the first paragraph of Part I of this article in our issue of last week. Though later it became clear that Charles II was referred to. We much regret the slip.]



BUILDING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, BY CANALETTO

The bridge was erected largely owing to the influence of the Duke of Grafton of the time, who wished to get his hounds from one side of the river to the other. The solution of the Waterloo Bridge problem does not, unfortunately, appear to be so simple



From the Euston Collection

MARES AND FOALS BY STUBBS. THE CHESNUT FOAL IS ANTINOUS



Bassano

PRESIDENT OF THE HUNTERS IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

Lord Fortescue, who is judging the riding classes at Islington this year



A ROYAL HORSE-LOVER

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, President-Elect of the Hunters Improvement Society in 1935



Keturah Collings

MR. F. H. UNWIN

In 1935 *Mr. Unwin, well known in the Coaching world, is the President-Elect of the National Pony Society*

ALL READY FOR ISLINGTON

Prospects for the Season's First Important Horse Show

WHEN Depression became Dictator of the World, the cause of light horse breeding crashed to the ground. It seemed as if, under the plea of economy, there was no optimistic future for breeders. The Government grant was withdrawn and the Hunters Improvement Society had to draw upon their meagre resources to provide premiums of £50 each for thoroughbred stallions to travel in the districts which had produced the most suitable mares to premium stallions the year before.

This was, however, only a temporary expedient, and it was clear that the Society could not long stand a drain of so substantial a character. The future indeed was black, and if the Race Course Betting Control Board had not made a grant of £2,000 towards the award of premiums for thoroughbred stallions in 1934, it is more than doubtful if there would have been a Hunters Show at all at Islington this year.

This, however, was the primary purpose for which the Race Course Betting Control Board was constituted by Parliament, and it is fitting that the body can assist in such a national necessity as that of horse breeding.

The money received from this source, although insufficient to run the whole scheme which was in force when the Government realised that horse breeding was a national asset, will be allotted for 63 premiums of the value of £100 each, with eight super premiums of an additional £25—for thoroughbred stallions to travel prescribed districts in England, Scotland and Wales, and it should be noted that no stallion must be under the age of 4 or over 20 years of age, and will have to serve half-bred mares at a fee of £2.

All this, of course, provides a certain amount of assistance for light horse breeding, but it is an open question whether it would not have been better to allot more premiums to the great horse-breeding districts such as Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and Norfolk. Moreover owners of stallions may quickly find that the game is not worth the candle. A bounty of £100, welcome as it is in a critical stage of Britain's horse-breeding history, provides but a meagre margin of profit for the breeders. That, of course, means that practically the whole of the onus of maintaining our position as light horse breeders falls upon the shoulders of private individuals. And yet the sum required to maintain the industry on a sound and adequate footing is so small that even in these days of financial stringency the Government might surely do its duty. So little could accomplish so much.

But even with these difficulties confronting the horse-breeding world, the breeding of light horses is still carried on, for during 1932 74 stallions served 3,999 mares, and these services resulted in 2,094 foals in 1933, which is a fertility average of 50 per cent. approximately.

It is questionable whether the Hunters Improvement Society would have been in such a comparatively prosperous condition if it had not been for the untiring labours of Lord Digby, the retiring President.

It is very gratifying to find that the membership of this important body, notwithstanding the loss from death, has been well maintained. This satisfactory result is largely due to the efforts of Lord Digby, under whose period of office 299 new candidates were elected to the membership. Lord Digby, who at one time was joint-Master of the Cattistock, is succeeded as President by Lord Fortescue, who is so well known as a hunter judge and a very good man to hounds in Leicestershire, while the Royal interest in horse breeding is evidenced by the fact that H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester has accepted the presidency of the Society for the year 1935.

Turning to the ponies, the position is the same financially as with the hunters, but there is a very full schedule of classes, for all types and ages at the Pony Society Show, which will be held under the presidency of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, with Mr. F. H. Unwin, who last summer ran the only stage coach in the world daily to Hampton Court, as president-elect. It should be noticed in the breeding classes for ponies, that the stallion class has been divided into two, one class for thoroughbred polo stallions and the other for polo-bred and approved stallions.

In the polo riding classes an additional feature has been added, so there will be light, middle, and heavy-weight classes, while the event for polo-bred hacks to be ridden by ladies side-saddle has again been included, as it was so successful last year.

So it will be seen that even in the face of great difficulties, some of them wellnigh unsurmountable, both the Societies have done their work exceedingly well, and it should not be forgotten that Great Britain is the only country in the world where breeders have the satisfaction of knowing that the stallions which they use, under the scheme, are sound in every respect. And is not the welfare of horse breeding founded upon the principle that the first requisite is soundness, the second soundness, and the third soundness ' WILLIAM FAWCETT.



TO ADJUDICATE AT ISLINGTON

Major F. B. Stapleton-Bretherton, who is to judge thoroughbred stallions at the Hunters Improvement Society's Show with Colonel F. D. Alexander. He is seen here with Lady Broughton at the Chester meeting

A NEW TENNIS OPEN CHAMPION

Groom's Defeat by the Amateur Champion

W. GROOM, the holder of the Open Tennis Championship was beaten in a match for the title, the best of thirteen sets, by Lowther Lees, the present amateur champion. The match was supposed to extend over three days' play, but since at the end of the second series Lees was winning by seven sets to one, the final day's play did not take place. Lees won by 6—3, 6—5, 6—3, 6—5, 6—5, 1—6, 6—3, 6—5.

Lees deserved to win, as he was constantly the attacking player and continually laying down short chases. He relied almost entirely on the American Railroad service, and his stroke was very severe on the floor. Groom has never had much practice against the Railroad service, and being the slower and less severe player was perhaps a little handicapped by the bad light which was a feature of the play on both days. On the other hand he was too content to defend and sought disaster by playing for safety and failing to follow up an advantage.

Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

WHEAT AS A KEY CROP

SIR,—I have read with great interest Lord Astor's article which appeared in the *Field* of February 3rd on the subject of farming subsidies, and I venture to say, with all due respect, that he has missed one very important point. I am speaking of the wheat subsidy only and not in regard to sugar beet. Wheat is the key crop of arable farming because it is the most important one directly convertible into cash. Consequently the amount of our arable land is, to a large extent, governed by the acreage under wheat.

But wheat is not the only crop in the rotation: each year makes its contribution to food for stock: apart from the other cereals, there are clover and roots, and on these depend, very largely, the winter feeding and fatting of the bullocks which Lord Astor would subsidise—not to mention sheep. Good hay is an absolute essential for the economic fatting of stock of any kind and seed hay is the best of all. There is also the winter production of milk.

Wheat then, being the prime reason for arable farming, it stands to reason that the argument so often advanced against the subsidy, viz., wheat representing less than 5 per cent. of the annual value of our agricultural produce—gives an entirely false impression because without arable there would be no clover and roots upon which depend so much stock raising and fatting, and in many districts, ilk production.

I think Lord Astor would agree that if the subsidy were taken off wheat and put on beef, there would be a large decline in our arable land. What possible hope, then, could there be of any expansion in the industry? Our milk requirements alone would account for most of the efforts of the previous summer. In this connection it should be borne in mind that our carrying capacity is governed by our winter stocks, and this is where arable has such an advantage over grass.

Another point, although a small one, is that we do get the offals from our own wheat. With the heavy imports of flour which the country sees fit to permit, this point is worth considering.

Indirectly then, if my contention is correct, the wheat subsidy acts as a subsidy on live stock. Taking this in conjunction with the improved figures of employment in agriculture, I would suggest that the wheat subsidy money, from the point of view of national interest, is money wisely spent.

Yours faithfully,
Brynhill, G. N. GRABURN.
Twitten Lane, Crowborough.

INTELLIGENCE OF ROOKS

SIR,—Recently about half a dozen rooks have been visiting my bird-table, or, to be more accurate, have each morning posted themselves on the branches of a small lime tree, from the lower boughs of which the bird-table is suspended. As soon as a starling or a sparrow flies off with a decent-sized piece of bread, down swoop a couple of the rooks, give chase, and as often as not the raid is successful. They are, however, suspicious of the table itself.

One morning, the usual supply of scraps being very late in appearing, and there being nothing doing for the riff-raff of starlings and sparrows, one of the rooks was observed to be taking some interest in a blue tit busy on a largish lump of fat suspended from a small branch. The rook descended the tree by stages, and finally sidled along the branch until he was right over the suspended fat: naturally, by this time the tit had departed.

The rook tried two or three times to tear the knotted string loose, but with no success, and then did a very peculiar thing. He bent down, took hold of the string about two inches below the bough, and hauled on it. He straightened up, paused a second or so, obviously wondering what to do, and then quite deliberately stood on the few inches of slack he had made, released his hold, and took a fresh purchase lower down. Four or five more times did he do this, till finally he was rewarded by getting the lump of fat tight up against the branch. He then seized it in his beak and immediately took wing—of course at once losing his hard-won prize. However, he had evidently got a taste of the hoped-for meal, because a moment later he was back on the tree, and after a furtive look round he made a second attempt.

Again in five or six stages he succeeded, and again flew off—once more to have success dashed from him. This was certainly, in his eyes, a swindle; but, not to be daunted, he repeated the attempt. By now he had learnt more of the technique of hauling in the line, and in four moves he had the lump again in his beak. Profiting by his immediate experience, he did not at once fly off, but helped himself to several beakfuls before quickly slipping away once more when he was disturbed. He certainly seemed an intelligent bird, and, apart from his obvious powers of deduction, it was remarkable to notice how quickly he improved in actually manipulating the string. The lump of fat weighed five ounces, and the distance from the lowest point of the branch to the top of the fat was just eleven inches.

All this took place 25 yards from the window, and was observed by three people.

Yours faithfully,
London, E.C. GRAHAM L. REID.

HUNTING KIT

SIR,—Two young people, a brother and sister of my acquaintance, are exercised about the propriety of following hounds if incorrectly dressed. The girl, the elder of the two, lives in London, and her opportunities are few and far between. The boy tells her he is taught at Sandhurst that to hunt in any but the most correct hunting kit (or equally correct rat-catcher) is a terrible offence ("an insult to the Master"), to be eschewed at all costs, even at the cost, it seems, of not hunting at all. She possesses well-cut Jodhpurs, but not breeches and boots, and though the most ardent of sportswomen, can no longer appear thus habited, even in an unfashionable country where she is not known, or until she has put by enough pennies to buy herself the proper kit. Jodhpurs! One would as soon think of going to the opera in a coat and skirt! It is the old question—whether and to what extent a keen young rider should forgo the very occasional day's sport that he or she might be able to enjoy for fear of committing a sartorial solecism. Your ruling on the matter, sir, would settle it for them. My advice, which they politely decline to take, is, that though it would be a breach of good manners for any regular hunting man or woman to appear wrongly or badly turned out I feel sure that a young or occasional rider to hounds would nowadays be welcomed by many Masters in any kit, and that some would go out of their way to let him or her know it. At the same time they should, of course, make it their business, for their own peace of mind, to provide themselves with more conventional attire as soon as they can.

But it is really, I suppose, a matter of personal taste, and if the individual would feel so uncomfortable that his day would be spoilt, imagining every eye looking sideways at him down every nose—then he or she had better stay at home and envy the more thorough but less self-conscious sportsman with fewer qualms.

Yours faithfully,
London, W. "ON THE SHELF."

[We are in entire agreement with our correspondent. The important point is that young people should hunt, not what they hunt in.—ED.]

SHOW BENCH TERRIERS

SIR,—May I be allowed space to say a few words in defence of the very game little sportsmen of the present day who were described, in Mr. Campbell-Colquhoun's letter, as "nothing less than grotesque abortions" and "bred for inanity."

I also have met many people who agree with that point of view, but I have found on inquiry that not one of them has ever owned a champion-bred foxterrier, and that they have formed their opinion of the dogs' character merely from viewing them at shows and seeing their pictures in the papers.

One cannot argue with such people, but I would suggest to them that if they will acquire a puppy from show bench parents, take him home to the country and there bring him up, they will very soon alter their point of view.

The truth of the matter is that the development of a dog's brain and character is dependent on the manner of his upbringing.

A terrier which has been brought up in a yard or kennel, and exercised always on a lead in the street, can hardly be expected to prove himself suddenly expert at killing rats or bolting a fox. But bring him up in the right surroundings, and give him the opportunity, and he will do all he is asked, and win on the show bench as well.

I have a foxterrier bitch now who is an expert ratter and will face any fox. She killed her first rat, a big one, at the age of five months, very efficiently. She is also the bravest, staunchest and most intelligent of companions. Yet she is bred for the show bench, and would no doubt be termed by your correspondent "a grotesque abortion," for she has won her share of prizes.

Yours faithfully,
White Cottage, T. R. BLAIN.
Worboys Road, Kingston Hill.

THE FUTURE OF POINT-TO-POINTS

SIR,—With reference to the controversy between the N.H.C. and the M.H. Association with regard to Point-to-Point meetings, may I draw the attention of all hunting men to the origin of Point-to-Point meetings. The first course on record was between Doneraile and Butterant Churches, about four-and-a-half miles in a straight line and over about five miles of genuine hunting country. There was nothing to guide these sportsmen except the River Owbeg (a tributary of the Blackwater), for the church steeples are hidden for two-thirds of the course. The site of the famous Cahirmee horse fair lies half-way between these churches and was another guiding point.

If Point-to-Point meetings are to be kept for genuine hunting men and for the pleasure of farmers over whose lands they are privileged to ride:

(1) Open races should be abolished.
(2) Adjoining Hunts races to be substituted for open races.
(3) No flags at the jumps.
(4) A flag at the most distant point, where an official should be stationed to see that all competitors pass it on the correct side.

The above would tend to prevent *soi-disant* sportsmen from pot-hunting. The N.H.C. are quite right to stop race meetings and let Point-to-Point meetings return to the old genuine sport of men and farmers who hunt regularly on *bona fide* hunters.

Yours faithfully,
Stock, K. C. BRAZIER-CREAGH
Essex. (Lieut.-Colonel).

WHISTLING TO DRIVE AWAY BUFFALO

SIR,—With reference to the most interesting letter from Dr. J. Bryant, headed "Whistling to Drive Away Buffalo," which was published in your issue of November 25th last, this letter casts some doubt on the efficacy of the frequently advocated plan of shouting and waving the arms and hat to break up a mass of stampeding buffalo, and substitutes a suggestion to the effect that whistling is a preferable means of achieving this end.

While fully sharing my friend Dr. Bryant's respect—not to say admiration—for *Syncerus caffer*, might I suggest that, in view of the ranges quoted in his letter, the more generally recognised method was hardly given a fair trial, and that its adoption was premature.

In my own limited experience, when executing similar manœuvres in an endeavour to drive off buffalo over 50yds. distant, it has seemed that their general attitude was one of mild amazement and curiosity over my antics.

While in no way doubting the efficiency of whistling to drive off buffalo, circumstances such as temporary dyspnœa or parched lips might render it difficult to put into execution.

Yours faithfully,
Department of Agriculture, R. H. FRASER.
Fort Jameson, N. Rhodesia.

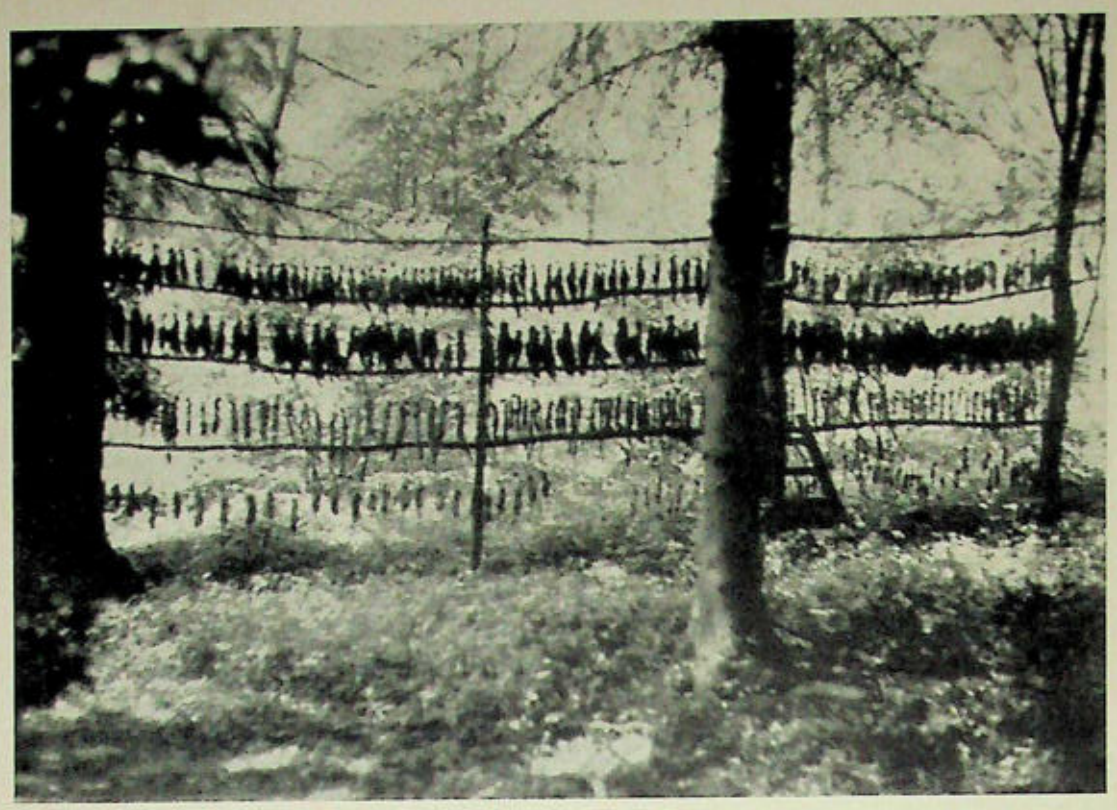
HAWFINCHES IN FLOCKS

SIR,—Owing to its shy habits, the hawfinch is frequently overlooked, and in consequence considered somewhat rare. On January 27th, when visiting my friend, Baron Bouck, I was told of a flock of unusual birds he had been seeing on the lawns by his house continually for a fortnight. I had not long to wait before they appeared, and was rather surprised to see no fewer than 21 hawfinches on the lawn, busily picking up some kind of food off the closely-mown grass. They kept close together and passed the day either on the lawns or in the belt of trees bordering them, and were accompanied by a pair of greenfinches all the time.

In his *Birds of Kent*, Dr. Norman F. Ticehurst states regarding the hawfinch: "Naturally in winter a certain amount of movement takes place as the birds then collect in flocks and pass from place to place. . . . At times in winter these flocks assume large proportions. Colonel C. S. Hardy tells me that on February 12th, 1906, he counted 23 feeding on the lawn in front of his windows; but this is nothing to the flocks that visit the orchards after a heavy damson and bullace crop. Mr. Frederick Smith tells me that under these conditions flocks numbering several hundred individuals come to his orchards at Loddington, attracted by the quantity of fruit stones strewing the ground."

It is the kernels of these, together with those of the cherry, as well as seeds of trees, especially hornbeam, which comprise the chief winter food of this bird.

Yours truly,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.



"VERMIN" ON A 200-ACRE ESTATE
(See Letter "A Gamekeeper's Larder")

A GAMEKEEPER'S LARDER

SIR,—Though we are all familiar with vermin poles, does anybody know of one more extensive than that depicted in the enclosed photograph?

Its victims consist of a medley of jays, rooks, magpies, grey squirrels, stoats and rats; mostly one season's takings on a small property of some 200 acres.

Yours faithfully,
C. M. ADCOCK.
Grenehurst Park,
Capel, Surrey.

[There is another side to this record of activity, for many owners of shootings prefer that "vermin" should be buried.—ED.]

ELM DISEASE

SIR,—In the recently revised leaflet on the "Elm Disease" issued by the Forestry Commission it is distressing to note the hold this disease has taken in the South-Eastern part of the country, and extending as far as the Midlands.

It is considered that the disease is too extensive to allow of its eradication being considered practical, but owners of private estates and the guardians of public property could do much to prevent the spread of the trouble by the advice of an expert, as in the majority of cases neither the owner nor the gardener knows the tree is affected until it is past recovery, and the trouble passed on.

The average head gardener is an excellent man in his own line, but very few have made any study of trees and shrubs, and by a periodical visit of an expert would pick up a fundamental knowledge of arboriculture, and in the future be able to rectify such trouble as he observed, and furthermore would be on the lookout for it.

The Felted Beech Coccus (*Cryptococcus fagi*), as is well known, is responsible for the death of many fine beech specimens, and it is surprising to see many trees in various parts of the country affected, and no effort made to stop the disease. This in most cases is entirely due to ignorance of the pest, as the writer has always found the owner most anxious to preserve a tree when the reason for the decay is pointed out.

Yours faithfully,
J. B. W.
Windermere.

DUSTLESS ROADS

SIR,—The short paragraph in your issue of February 3, entitled "Dustless Roads," recalls to my memory a vivid and unusual experience. One July day about 1905 I was staying at Lutterworth, and rose just before dawn to cycle to Matlock. It was in the midst of a very dry spell, and as my bicycle travelled noiselessly along the dusty gravel roads empty of all human kind, I was astonished to find almost all the animal world having dust baths in such close proximity to each other that one was reminded of Kipling's gathering of animals at the Peace Rock. A keen naturalist then, as now, I counted fourteen different species. I can still see two stoats sitting up and sparring like kittens, and an old dog-fox rolling on his back with his legs in the air. Outnumbering them all were partridges—by the dozen—and I have ever been convinced that one of the greatest necessities for a happy and healthy partridge family is an adequate provision of dusty ground to bathe in, and plenty of grit.

Yours faithfully,
DESMOND MACMANUS.
53, Chester Square,
S.W. 1.

GOOD COMPANIONS

SIR,—The interesting photograph of the cat and wolf drinking together, published in a recent *Field*, prompts me to send you the enclosed, which you may like to publish.

The fox seen in the photograph is perfectly tame, and lives in the walled garden at Croft Castle, and Lady Croft feeds him and the terrier together as shown. Both belong to the North Herefordshire country!

Yours truly,
M. W.
Hereford.

WRENS AND A SNAKE

SIR,—Last summer a wren made its nest in a hole in an old wall under a sedum plant in our garden, about 18 in. from the ground, and we took a great interest in watching the many journeys made by the parents when feeding their young. One day when we were having lunch we noticed that a great commotion was going on outside the nest; a sparrow, a blackbird and a chaffinch were very excited on the ground close by, as well as the pair of wrens.

Presently we noticed all the baby wrens flying about as well as they could, and on going out to investigate found a snake making repeated efforts to climb the wall. My husband killed the snake, then I caught some of the young wrens, and put them back in the nest, but they were soon out again, so my husband said: "Leave them alone and the old birds will look after them." Presently we saw one of the parents (I presume the male) enticing them to enter a nesting box where he slept, which we had thought housed a different family altogether. It was on another wall near by, about 4ft. from the ground. He kept flying on the box calling the babies, and they were very persevering and kept falling down from a pear tree on the wall, but after many fruitless attempts they all managed to get in, and remained there till they were big enough to fly.

When this happened they used to return home to the old nest every evening. After a time, however, we saw Mrs. Wren getting more moss and filling up the nest, and when the family went home at night she chased them away most persistently, and we thought she was preparing for another family. When we did not notice her about after a time we went to look at the nest, and it was crammed so tight with moss that there was no hole visible, so I suppose she thought it was quite time her family should go out into the world and earn their own living.

Yours truly,
A BIRD LOVER.
Broadstone,
Dorset.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY ANALYSED

SIR,—The following record, which was kept during the Scotland v. Wales Rugby match at Edinburgh, on February 3rd, may be of interest to your readers. I should like to make it clear that, considering the arduous nature of his task, I consider the referee handled the game very well, so that the list was compiled solely from the point of view of its interest.

Actual play: First half, 43min; second half, 41min.
Number of stoppages:
Injuries, changing of shorts, jerseys, etc. 4
Free kicks 20
Scrums 29
Ball put in satisfactorily first time 9
" " " second time 14
" " " third time 6
Scotland heeled 10 times, Wales 7, Penalties 12.
Line outs 31
Resulting in scrums ..... 15 times
Resulting in loose mauls ..... 8 times
Scotland obtained the ball direct 5 times
Wales " " " " 3 times
Touch down in defence..... 7
Longest period of play without a hold-up, 51sec.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. LUND.
London, E.C.

SQUIRREL AND RABBIT'S SKULL

SIR,—The manager of a Scottish estate recently brought for my inspection a female squirrel which he had shot from the higher branches of a tall tree, and which still held the withered old skull of a rabbit firmly between its jaws when picked up. He wished to know what I thought the little animal was doing (or about to do) with the apparently useless object, and I suggested that it had an artistic sense, and was about to furnish its "drey" ornamentally.

Another idea was that the squirrel's intelligence being small, it may store anything resembling a nut, but it would be interesting to hear if similar incidents have been noted, and, if so, what readers think about them.

Yours truly,
DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Invergordon.



LADY CROFT GIVING THEIR MEAL—
(See Letter "Good Companions")



—TO HER FOX AND TERRIER
(See Letter "Good Companions")

KELT MOVING UPSTREAM

SIR,—On Thursday, February 8th, while fishing below Ross, I hooked and landed a kelt of 14½lb. Before my boatman tailed it I asked him to look at the label on the adipose fin. This label bore the inscription "Ireland 5986," which proved I had marked it myself on the previous Saturday, February 3rd, one-and-a-half miles *downstream*! There are four stiff streams to negotiate between the pools where it was marked and recaptured.

To date 21 kelts have been marked this season with a number on an "Ireland" label on the adipose fin, and if a Wye angler catches one this spring I should be much obliged if he would take a note of the number before returning it to the river and kindly inform me of the date and place of recapture.

The Kerne Lodge, Ross. Yours truly, ROBERT PASHLEY.

STOAT, HAWK, AND GREY SQUIRREL

SIR,—On January 24th, when motoring along a road on my own property I noticed a struggle between two creatures taking place on the centre of the roadway. Stopping the car to investigate, I could see a stoat was engaged in combat with a bird which was defending itself. As I alighted, the stoat made off into the hedge, and I found the bird to be a female sparrowhawk. It was still just alive when I reached it, though half its breast was torn out. Now how did these two come into conflict? Is it probable that the sparrowhawk struck at the stoat when it was crossing the road? Or is it more likely that the bird, having in some way damaged a wing, was attacked by the stoat on the ground?

Another curious episode occurred in my park during December. My keeper, when ferreting for rabbits, put an unmuzzled jill ferret into a small rabbit burrow. As she did not reappear the keeper dug out the burrow, which was only some 4ft. in extent, and found the ferret dead, having been bitten through the throat by a grey squirrel, which was very much alive. Yours faithfully,

Glympton Park, Woodstock. G. H. BARNETT (Colonel).

TYPICAL WELSH MOUNTAIN PONY

SIR,—I consider the pony shown in the accompanying photograph typical of the type needed for hill hunting.

This pony has been hunted with Lady Curre's Foxhounds for five years, and as far as I know has never put a foot wrong; she will jump any height up to 4ft., and will carry 8st. all day, although she is only 12 hands and only cost about £12.

Mounton House, Chepstow, Mon. Yours faithfully, P. HOLDEN.



SMALL BUT SAFE AND SURE
(See Letter "Typical Welsh Mountain Pony")

REAR LIGHTS FOR BICYCLES

SIR,—It is a very great pity that a doughty champion of motorists like Sir Malcolm Campbell should—in the course of a recent article in the *Field*—present a quite unfair picture of the situation with reference to road accidents.

There is nothing in the official returns which justifies Sir Malcolm Campbell in conveying the impression that the majority of deaths of cyclists took place at night. The exact opposite is the fact. Of the total accidents, whether to motorists or cyclists, which took place during the six months ending June, 1933, more than two-thirds took place in daylight. Sir Malcolm Campbell certainly has no information which justifies him in suggesting that of the accidents in the hours of darkness an undue proportion are of cyclists. Indeed, such figures as are available conclusively prove the unfairness of Sir Malcolm Campbell's attitude.

One fact is certain, and that is that, of the total of 520 fatal accidents to cyclists, *only eleven were caused by ineffective rear lamp or reflector and only two by complete absence of rear lamp or reflector.*

Every tortuous argument and subtle criticism which is used to create an atmosphere against cyclists is employed by certain professional motoring propagandists, but in spite of what may be said or written they cannot escape the remorseless logic of the English common law:

(*a*) That the overtaking vehicle must avoid accident.

(*b*) That every driver must be able to bring his vehicle to a standstill within the limits of the lights he employs.

(*c*) That if he is dazzled by an oncoming vehicle he must reduce his speed, even to a full stop. He may not drive on and (after doing injury to another road user) suggest "he was blinded."

Yours faithfully,
H. R. WATLING
(Director, The British Cycle & Motor Cycle Manufacturers & Traders Union, Ltd.).

Coventry.



TAILING A WRONG 'UN. MR. PASHLEY ON THE LOWER WYE
(See Letter "Kelt Moving Upstream")

THE TAMENESS OF A PIGEON

SIR,—Three years ago I was given a young tumbler pigeon, and for three weeks I kept it in a pigeon ducket until it became accustomed to its new surroundings.

I treated it with every kindness until one day it fed out of my hand. Since then it has become so tame that I can do almost anything with it. If I go out for a walk it will fly a short way, then perch on my shoulder, and upon going indoors it will follow me.

I have had several photographs taken with the bird on my shoulder, and a Press photographer inserted a photograph in his paper a short while ago, showing the pigeon on my mother's head while she was doing the housework.

In conclusion I would add that the bird recognised me after I had been absent from home six months.

Kenward, Yalding, Maidstone, Kent. Yours faithfully, JACK C. ELPHICK.

ROOSTING STARLINGS

SIR,—With reference to Lieut.-Colonel Swinfen-Brown's letter, I have known several cases where a fire (or fires) of greenstuff, such as ivy, has moved on the birds. The fire, of course, should be up-wind. Shooting seems to have no effect at all. In common with many officers who have been stationed at Whittington Barracks, I have most pleasant memories of the sport and hospitality of Swinfen Hall, although it is over 20 years ago.

Yours faithfully,
Fulbeck, Near Lincoln. N. H. MOORE (Major).

SEALS ON THE COAST OF WALES

SIR,—There is not the least doubt that the common seal (*Phoca vetulina*) sometimes finds its way into the Bristol Channel. I have seen it on three different occasions on the Somerset coast, namely, a single specimen in the races off Sand Point, Kewstoke Bay; one off the north-western point of Brean Down, and a specimen which my friend Mr. Whish and I followed for some distance along the shore at Berrow. This latter beast alternately swam and dived in high tide, keeping about 100yds. off shore, until it turned its course and finally disappeared in the bay, easily making its way against the strong tide. Another was stranded on the shore at Weston-super-Mare on May 10th, 1906, and afterwards exhibited in a window of that town.

In an article in the *Zoologist* of September 15th, 1916, Mr. F. S. Wright, of the University College of Aberystwyth, states: "Common seals are sometimes seen on the coast of North Cardiganshire, and are said to breed in the vicinity of Monk's Cave. This species is not infrequently observed from the Marine Terrace of Aberystwyth, I have myself seen three from this place swimming close inshore. They occasionally ascend the Dovey estuary for a distance of three miles."

The grey seal (*Halichœrus grypus*) has been reported from the Bristol Channel on several occasions, and is, I think, more frequently seen there than the common seal. I remember Mr. Thos. Sleeman, late resident of Steep Holme, capturing a huge specimen, and with help getting it into his boat; the skin was preserved.

Yours faithfully,
Cheddar, Somerset. STANLEY LEWIS.



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S
THE ONLY MATURED
DRY GIN



AN INGENIOUS AND EFFECTIVE DEVICE FOR TRAPPING VERMIN
(See Letter "A Wild Cat Bridge")

A WILD CAT BRIDGE

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of a wooden bridge erected across the Glenmazaron Burn in Inverness-shire for the sole purpose of trapping wild cats, which are now very numerous in the Highlands. No less than 70 have been caught on this bridge during the five years it has been in use, including three males in as many days. The bridge is covered with grassy clods of earth, the trap being placed beneath a layer of grass and between the two low posts at the left end by the figure.

Yours faithfully,
Minehead. ALFRED VOWLES.

MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN

SIR,—As an interested reader of your valuable paper for more than the past half-century, I endorse the remarks of Mr. Pope, and go farther by saying that from an extensive experience of huntsmen, I always consider Will Freeman had the most beautiful voice I ever heard with hounds; moreover, he was the quickest man I ever saw in getting hounds to their line, and finally had the best seat and hands I ever saw in a huntsman. Many men hunting hounds show a good balance from their saddle, but the man of whom I write was always a pattern with hands and seat.

Prior to his going to the South and West Wilts he was for some time huntsman to the North Hereford, then kennelled at Hereford, and as a well-mounted schoolboy I took my early tuition from the kennels, and ever remember those days, which at times in later years stood me in good stead. During my schooldays, Freeman's sons learned to ride on my cob, an animal eventually sold at a big figure to the then Prince of Wales, and used for many years by the present Queen of Norway.

Yours faithfully,
Glebe House, WILLIAM F. BARLING.
Harrogate.

VERY EARLY YOUNG STARLINGS

SIR,—On January 28th a friend and I went to explore a church tower at Braunton, near here. In the tower (the chief inhabitants of which were horseshoe bats) we found a starling's nesting hole. Although we could not actually get our hand into the aperture, it was obvious from the noise which greeted a starling every time it flew in with food in its beak that there were several young birds in the nest. Is not this rather an early date?

Yours faithfully,
Torrs Park, L. M. BLACKMORE.
Ilfracombe.

[Nesting out of season is not infrequently recorded of the starling, as with other prolific species like the sparrow.—ED.]

The Friends of the Poor (42, Ebury Street, London) make an urgent appeal for a little girl of eleven who is suffering from heart trouble. Her mother has only the Widows' Pension for herself and the child, which amounts to 15/- a week. She has a son living with her who is out of work. Five shillings a week for six months will give the child the extra food she so badly needs.

SQUASH RACKETS

THE JESTERS IN AMERICA

UP to the present we have received only the bare outline of the story of the Jesters' tour in the United States and Canada, which came to an end this week. The team have met with considerable success in their matches, and E. Snell, the captain of the side, is now the new Canadian Champion.

The tour has been an arduous one, since not only have the players been in the courts practically every day since their arrival, but they have also had many miles of strenuous travelling. They arrived three days late, owing to rough seas, and in consequence were obliged to curtail their programme, besides having almost their first experience of match play in the Atlantic Coast Championship. In this championship all seven players were defeated by the end of the second round, but easy victories in Chicago helped them to find their feet and by the time they reached Montreal, for the Canadian Championships, they were in fighting form. Four of the team played in their best form, for E. Snell, J. A. Gillies, G. O. Jameson and D. B. Adams reached the quarter-finals of the championship, when unfortunately they were drawn together. Snell beat Adams in this round, and Gillies defeated Jameson, and they followed up these victories in the semi-final by again winning their matches. Snell had the more difficult task, for he was drawn against Argue Martin, the holder of the championship, but he overcame him without the loss of a game. In the final Snell beat Gillies by three games to one, 15—6, 15—7, 15—18, 17—15, a score which indicates a close and interesting match.

Following these successes, the further history of the Jesters team is rather disappointing. In the American Championship, only Snell and Gillies were allowed to compete, and both were beaten fairly quickly by good players who were more accustomed to the conditions. However, it is also true to say that by this time the players were growing rather weary.

THE WOLFE-NOEL CUP

The International Squash Rackets match between the British and American Ladies for the Wolfe-Noel Cup was won for the second year in succession by Great Britain. The result was only as expected, although the crushing defeat by five matches to love was by no means as uninteresting as the score leads one to expect.

Great Britain was represented by Miss Susan Noel, Miss M. Lumb, Mrs. McKechnie, the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke and Mrs. Pittman, while Miss Sears, the American captain, chose the following: Miss A. Page, Mrs. Lamme, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Stuart Green and Miss M. Anderson. The change of order was very wise, for Miss Page and Mrs. Lamme have both shown better form under English conditions, than the American Champion Mrs. Howe.

The four leading matches were not very closely contested, although in most games there was a very pleasant exhibition of squash rackets. Miss Anderson and Mrs. Pittman, however, were very equal and the match was only won in the fifth game by Mrs. Pittman, who had greater reserve power.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

IN THE CITY

A SILVER SHARE

SILVER, which was worth only 17¾d. per ounce as recently as October last year, has been changing hands during the last week or two at over 20d. per ounce, speculators in the metal having received further encouragement from Mr. Morgenthau's statement last week that "within thirty days the United States Government would take steps to rehabilitate the white metal."

It would, however, still seem unwise for the speculative investor to purchase the shares of some company engaged in the production of silver, the price of which shares depended for its justification on a further rise in the price of the metal. But if a share can be found, the price of which seems to be justified by results achieved during the last few years, its purchase would seem well worthy of consideration.

The 5/- shares of El Oro Mining and Railway Company, Ltd., were included in "A Selected List of Investments" which appeared in this column on the 13th of last month, but space did not then permit of any details concerning this company beyond the observation that its shares gave their owner an interest in silver. In spite of the fact that the price of the shares has since appreciated to about 7/6, some particulars of the company's past achievements, etc., may now prove of interest in view of what has been said just above.

It was formed in 1899 to acquire the El Oro Gold and Silver Mine and the railway connecting the mining property with the Mexican National Railway system. Since 1926 the plant and stores at the El Oro mine have been in the process of liquidation and the company's mining interest is now confined to its subsidiary, Compania de Inversiones del Oro, S.A., which has a 25-year lease from 1923 of the La Noria mine—a silver-gold property.

The El Oro Company has no debenture stock or preference shares outstanding, and the issued capital in 5/- shares amounts to £286,875 out of an authorised total of £1,150,000. Profits in recent years have been as under:

Year to June 30th.	Earned for Dividend.	Percentage on capital. Earned.	Paid.
1929	£25,385	8.8	20⅝
1930	45,399	15.8	16
1931	34,204	11.9	11
1932	19,779	6.9	6⅞
1933	33,425	11.7	13¼

On the basis of last year's distribution the shares yield nearly 9 per cent., and could hardly be described as overvalued in view of this high percentage of income return, and the fact that the net profits for the current year to date substantially exceed those for the same period of 1932/33. About the 12th of each month the net profit earned for the preceding month is published, and these monthly returns show that the net profits in U.S. dollars of the mining company increased from $52,221 for the six months ended December 31st, 1932, to $111,236 for the following six months. The returns since the close of the company's financial year have shown such remarkable expansion that they seem worthy of mention in detail:

	Mining Profit.		Mining Profit.
July, 1933	$28,556	Dec., 1933..	$52,79 6
Aug., 1933....	30,670		
Sept., 1933....	31,429	Total for six	
Oct., 1933	31,915	months..	$225,479
Nov., 1933....	50,230		
		Jan., 1934...	$52,977

If one assumes that the El Oro's profits are stabilised at the levels reported during the last three months, it can be calculated that the balance available for dividends would represent approximately 34 per cent. per annum on the issued capital, with the exchange rate at about $5 to the pound. (In order to explain this calculation, it should be mentioned that El Oro's share of the profits earned by La Noria mine is 72 per cent.) An estimate of this kind must always be regarded with caution, but current indications seem to be that the dividend for the current year may be increased, although the following remarks, made by the chairman at the annual meeting in October last, should be borne in mind in this connection:

"The time has now come to put before the shareholders the policy of using some part of their funds, or part of their current profits if they are large enough, to look for and examine attractive mining business in Mexico, especially gold properties. The life of the Noria Mine has never, on ore reserves in sight, been a long one, and it would be a great safeguard to their position if they had some other profitable mining business ahead of them."

Given any further substantial rise in the price of silver, these El Oro shares might appreciate by quite a large percentage of their current value, while they do not appear over-valued on results already made known. At the date of the last balance-sheet the company held £142,000 in cash in British Government securities.

PACTOLUS.

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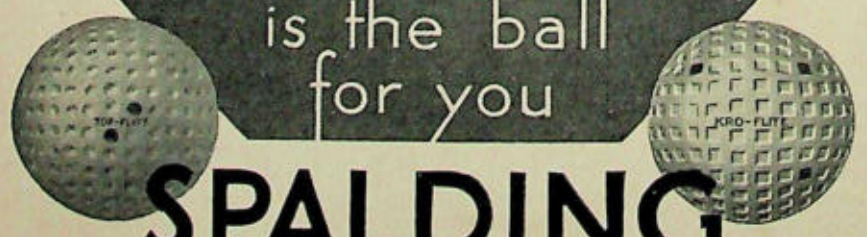
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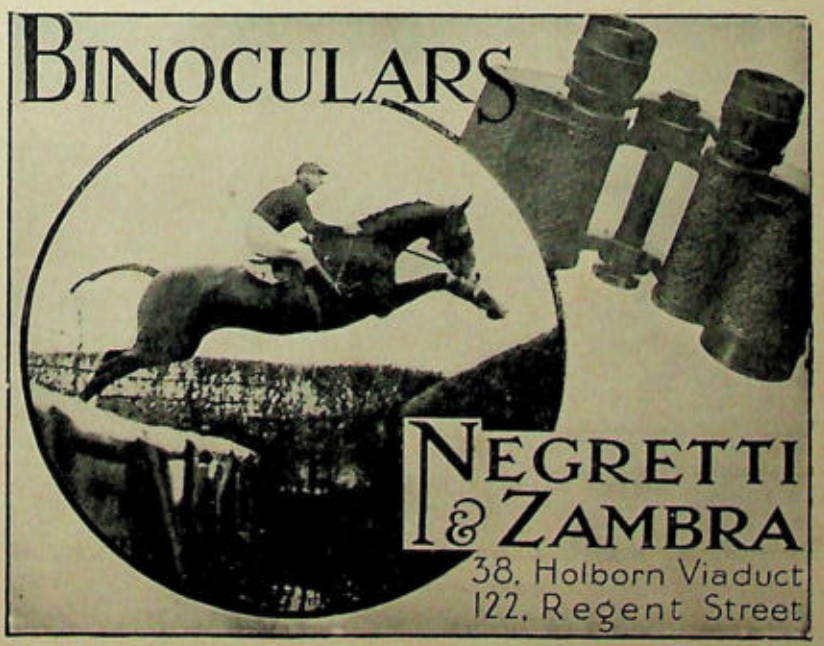
Charles Barlow

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New Books

CLOUD-CAPPED CONQUEST

British Air Policy

GENERAL GROVES has written a very remarkable book dealing with the unpreparedness of this country for war in the air. It is authoritative, in general accurate, and clearly and forcibly expressed. He has achieved a *tour de force* of accumulated indictment. He stands for realism and wishes to state what he believes to be the truth without fear, favour or affection; and there is no doubt that he has proved his case as regards the inadequacy of our air defences and the need for action beyond all doubt. He wishes to tell the public the truth.

"Unfortunately the public has been told nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it is invited annually to witness at the aerial display at Hendon the aerobatics of our handful of fighting machines, and has been led to believe that this small band of fliers can, because of their superlative efficiency ensure the safety of the nation. And the same false assurance of security has been repeated by some organs of the Press. . . ."

But in dealing with the causes and authorship of this lamentable state of affairs and of the catastrophes which they will bring about, the author is less happy. In his desire to appear as a realist he spoils his case by over emphasis. For instance, the case he makes for the employment of the Air Arm on the N.W. Frontier, of the effect of bombing with mustard gas, and of the uselessness of anti-aircraft defence are all probably too extreme. He condemns the military mind unmercifully; yet when it suits his case he quotes so typical an example of the military mind as Sir William Robertson in order to reinforce his argument. Incidentally he requotes a statement by Captain Liddell Hart that Sir Douglas Haig declared the machine-gun a "much over-rated weapon." I believe that Captain Liddell Hart bases this statement on "private information." Till he divulges its source it would be as well not to quote him.

Again his judgments in the chapter "J'accuse," might well be softened. Lord Trenchard, for instance, may have made mistakes, but who can doubt that he had the interests of the Air Force at heart? Had he resigned on the estimates, the Cabinet would only have replaced him with a figure of less standing pledged to carry out their policy. And Sir Samuel Hoare and, in a lesser degree, Mr. Churchill, are unfairly attacked. There is no reference in the book to Cabinet responsibility. This uncompromising attitude is heightened by referring to distinguished men by the bare surname; surely an unnecessary piece of realism? Why, for instance, "Hoare" and "Haig," as opposed to "Mr. Baldwin"? Presumably because the latter addressed the House of Commons on the horrors of the next war in the air.

A most striking book, which deserves a very wide public indeed. R. M.

Behind the Smoke Screen. By Brig.-General P. R. C. Groves. (Faber and Faber; 15/-.)

KEEPING ANIMALS FIT

A Practical Book

EVERY horse lover, farmer and breeder will welcome *Practical Animal Husbandry*, a work of practical knowledge, by two eminent authorities. When I read the excellent chapters dealing with the horse, written in a clear, concise style, and which deal with everything from manipulation to shoeing, I learned more than I have done from any other book. But not content with dealing with all matters appertaining to the horse, such as stable management, summering of hunters, clipping, bedding and grooming, the authorities pass on to deal with herd management, and the treatment of sheep, pigs and even poultry.

Some of the glossaries, it is true, dealing with hunting terms might have been improved, and I think it is wrong to say "Pink is the colour worn by members of a Hunt." A scarlet coat is surely scarlet and cannot be any other colour. After all, "pink" is a slang novelists' term, which should find no place in a hunting man's vocabulary.

The authors have evidently studied the methods in dealing with refractory horses which were laid down by the late Professor Galvayne, but they are every bit as new as when that most knowledgeable and practical man startled the horse world with his rather revolutionary notions.

As to the chapters on stable management, these are excellent for novices and specialists alike, because they are written in plain sensible language, which make them intelligible to everyone, and very wisely the authors have not included any veterinary terms, which so puzzle and misguide the layman.

Many may not agree with their suggestion that fetlocks and heels should be clipped out with hand-clippers. Surely it is better to pull these with the fingers? Nor do I think it altogether desirable to advocate exercising horses in clothing, except in the most severe weather. For one thing, it is not logical, and for another, it is only a fetish which has descended from the olden times of unhygienic horse management. Horses are exercised in clothing, and no doubt feel the benefit from it; but they stand out exposed to all weathers in the hunting field, and then their owners wonder why they get cold.

Apart from these small criticisms, this book can be thoroughly recommended, and it should be in the saddle-room and office of everyone interested in animals, and to read it is a joy. W. F.

Practical Animal Husbandry. By Wm. C. Miller and E. D. S. Robertson. Illustrated. (Oliver and Boyd; 12/6 net.)

"WHILE PARENTS WEEP"

Precocity Turned Penman

IN one revolving moon Lord Berners has been painter, writer and musician. But the reviewer who carries his qualifications to the end of the couplet would be very far wide of the mark. Although one imagines that *First Childhood* is primarily to amuse and secondarily to edify, there is nothing remotely buffoonish about the book. Although rather more good-humouredly malicious ("puckish" it has doubtless been called somewhere), it can best be compared with Mr. Winston Churchill's *My Early Life.*

Lord Berners is not too closely concerned with the fifth commandment. He confesses quite early to a shrewd suspicion that his grandfather's great wealth influenced his father's choice of a wife, and that "it is difficult to believe that he could ever have been seriously in love with my mother." Even at the tender ages of which he writes, ending at ten years or so, his faculties for observation seem to have been fully awakened to the rifts in the parental lute; nor is this surprising in a child who christened his low-Church grandmother "the Emu," who reduced the young footman to hysterics by labelling the butler's place at Family Prayers "Stand for One Donkey," and who arranged the booby trap described in Chapter XI. Incidentally, I seem to recall the author describing this incident in a "keep-sake" volume which appeared not long ago.

From the enchanted Gothic battlements of Arley, where his grandparents lived, and which was the scene of his earliest and most delightful memories, the author went to live in Shropshire, where his mother had taken a house. She was passionately fond of horses and riding; the most that she wished for her son was that he should be the same. From Shropshire he went to the private school, which students of contemporary literature know so well, where the headmaster had "elevated the faculty for inspiring terror to a fine art." "He had a way of pinching his victims that was positively excruciating. Whenever I tried to do the same thing to a boy smaller than myself it never seemed to be quite so effective." The reactions of a sensitive small boy to school life are told with an amused tolerance, rarely with rancour: it must, indeed, have been regardless of their doom that the little victims played. Little did they realise that this meek new boy was potentially a Creevey.

It is all admirably done: written in charming style, full of humour and observation. The book as such is a great success. But it may suggest a promise in succeeding volumes that will not be fulfilled. The methods of candour and description suitable to the first decade of life may not be as effective in the later ones. But Lord Berners has displayed in this volume a sensibility which may prove equal to the strain. R. M.

First Childhood. By Lord Berners. (Constable: 8/6).

A HEAVY-WEIGHT STROKE

Is Bradley Misplaced in the Cambridge Boat?

By D. H. E. McCOWEN

IF all goes well, there is one record which will go by the board on March 17th, for the heaviest stroke ever to have rowed in a 'Varsity crew will have justified his existence or sadly fallen from grace. N. J. Bradley, who turns the scale at 14st. 2lb., has just been awarded a Blue as stroke of the Cambridge eight. His inclusion in this position came before A. V. Sutcliffe, weighing 13st. 13lb., was removed from stroke in the Oxford boat, and everyone in the rowing community was looking forward to a real battle of giants.

The practice usually adopted by coaches and those responsible for the choosing of the crew has been to put the big men in the middle of the boat, the theory being that they are too slow and leisurely to occupy the thwarts of stroke or seven where quickness and neatness have a decided effect on the performance of the crew and the row of the boat. The heavy weight, that is to say, the man over 14st., usually comes in for a deal of criticism and harsh words, and whenever the boat goes badly it is he who gets the blame. On the other hand, stroke is usually criticised for not giving the big men time and if this is the case one can be fairly certain that the big men are no good, because they are too slow to keep up with a light and lively man at stroke.

The only case in recent years of a first class 14-stoner at stroke, is J. B. Collins, the Cambridge Blue who led that great Third Trinity four which beat First Trinity, the 1928 Olympic champions, in the fours at Cambridge in record time. It is rather a coincidence that Bradley stroked the winning Pembroke four in 10 seconds better time than Collins. But people will say, yes, these men stroked fours, but what happens when they stroke an eight? All I can say is that Sutcliffe won the Ladies' Plate in 1932 at stroke of a very good Shrewsbury School crew, and that Bradley has had previous experience of eight-oared stroking in the Monkton Coombe eight.

Bradley has the sense of timing and balance to perfection: he rows a powerful blade, a full 14 stonesworth and yet never seems to get distressed.

He has taken his crew over the three-mile course at Cambridge at a stroke never less than 30, which is reasonably fast for the stage of practice, and has rowed the men behind him to a standstill, while to all intents and purposes finishing up comparatively fresh himself. Essentially he is a "stroke" and rows infinitely better in this position than at any other. By experience he has learnt to row with a "bit up his sleeve," this enabling him to whip up the crew at any time during a row, and it is this power to spurt combined with his deceptive ease and rhythm which places him in a class by himself among strokes.

PHILIP ALLAN

THE LIFE OF THE ROOK

By G. K. YEATES

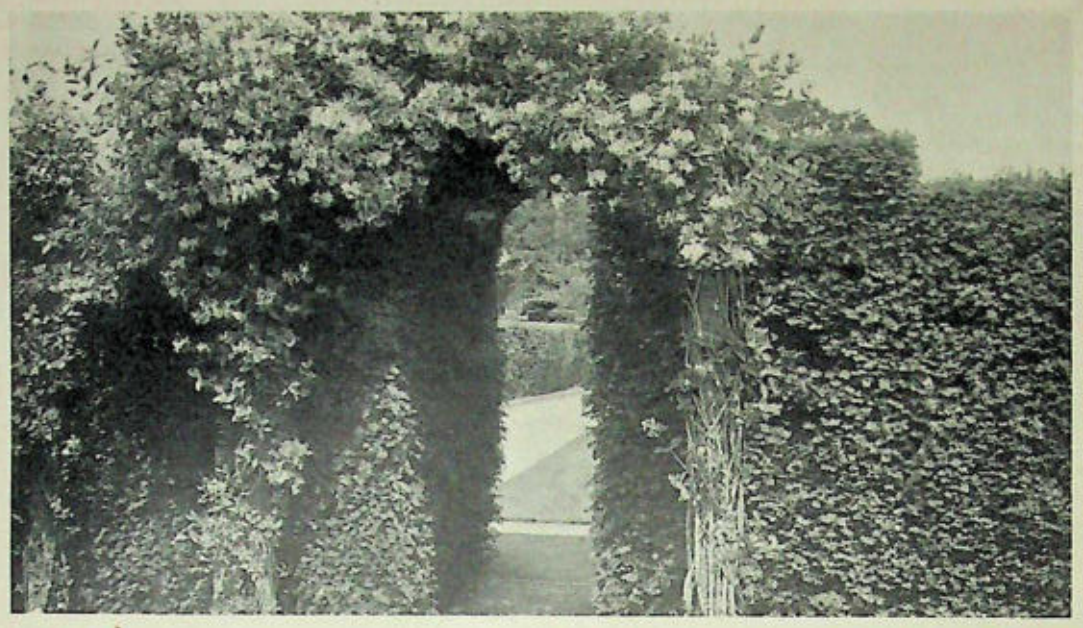
Mr. Yeates is already well known to bird lovers for the book which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Winnall two years ago, *Bird Haunts in Wild Britain*, which was both well reviewed and well received. In the present book he gives the result of some years' close study of that most familiar of all English birds, the rook. Perched in the top of a tree, he has watched them from dawn to dark for weeks at a time, and he has solved not a few of the problems of bird behaviour which have been wrongly surmised by previous writers. *Crown 4to. With 16 Plates. 10s. 6d. net.*

COUNTRY MIXTURE

By H. ATWOOD CLARK

All those who delight in "country contentments" and the spacious days of the Victorian era will remember the book which Mr. Clark put forth last year, namely, *Those Were the Days!* In the present book, Mr. Clark writes equally delightfully of sport and country life from an aspect untouched upon in his previous volume. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

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The Country House

TWO FAVOURITE CLIMBERS

Jasmines and Honeysuckles

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous modern introductions Jasmines and Honeysuckles are still the favourite summer-flowering climbers.

When *Jasminum officinale*, a native of North India, Persia and China, was first introduced is unknown, but it was probably one of the earliest plants from the East to be cultivated in these islands. Formerly it was a great favourite with cottagers for its abundant foliage and the fragrance of its flowers, produced in succession for so many months. The scent of this jasmine is one of the richest and most exquisite of all flower scents, but the substance in the composition of its perfume that gives it its peculiar characteristic remains unknown. Further, unlike most flower scents, jasmine cannot be imitated successfully. *Jasminum officinale* var *grandiflorum* is the variety grown near Cannes and Grasse for the perfumery trade. The flowers are very much larger and reddish on the undersides of the petals.

Jasmine syrup is a rather costly delicacy. It is quite easy to make; the flowers of the richly scented *J. officinale* var *grandiflorum* being used. Alternate layers of sugar and layers of the flowers are placed in a deep jar, which is then put in a cool place covered with damp cloths. The sugar, when it has absorbed the perfume, is made into syrup.

J. humile, the "Italian jasmine," is semi-evergreen, and its yellow flowers are produced in summer and autumn. *J. revolutum* from Afghanistan, and the N.W. Himalaya, is an old-fashioned evergreen, seldom seen in modern gardens. It has large, rich, yellow flowers and is perfectly hardy on a warm wall. The somewhat rare *J. floridum*, from China, and *J. fruticans*, a native of Mediterranean regions, also have yellow flowers. *J. fruticans* is a good shrub for poor sandy soils. *J. primulinum*, from Western China, is a rather tender yellow-flowered species. *J. Beesianum*, also from Western China, has crimson, rather small flowers. *J. Stephanense*, a hybrid of *J. officinale* and *J. Beesianum*, has pleasing and very sweetly scented pink flowers.

But the best of all jasmines is still *J. officinale*, and especially *J. o.* var *affine*. It has the merit of succeeding in most soils, though it does best on a good loamy soil, and is a rapid grower. All the jasmines need pruning after flowering, cutting away the shoots that have flowered, and all weak and old growths. April is generally considered the best time for planting the evergreen species. Cuttings of young shoots that have not flowered can be taken in late summer and struck in pots of very sandy soil under a bell glass, or layering can be done in autumn.

Honeysuckle scent, though as sweet as jasmine, has a homelier fragrance. For centuries the honeysuckle of our hedgerows has been a favourite; the name indeed is one of our oldest English flower names, going back to at least the early years of the eighth century, for the word is found in the *Epinal Glossary*. I love the description of the plant in Bullein's *Bulwarke of Defence . . . which is kepte with Hillarius the Gardener* (1562), the earliest gardening book in our language written in dialogue form—"Oh how sweete and pleasaunte is Woodbinde in Woodes or Arbours, after a tender soft rain: and how friendly doe this herbe if I maie so name it, embrace the bodies, armes and branches of trees, with his long windying stalkes and tender leaves, openyng or spreding forthe his swete Lilles, like ladies fingers, among the thornes or bushes. Is this Woodbinde so profitable as pleasant I praie you tell me?"

The best of all honeysuckles for the garden are the early Dutch and the late Dutch varieties of our native *L. Periclymenum—L. p. belgica* and *L. p. serotina*. The largest flowered of the hardy honeysuckles is the Chinese *L. tragophylla*. Its flowers, about 4in. long, are produced in terminal clusters in June and July. But this honeysuckle is scentless.

I have a great affection for *L. caprifolium*, so called because goats are appreciative of its leaves. This is the rampant grower often attaining 20ft., which does so well on chalk soils and which one frequently sees almost smothering the entrances to cottages on chalky soil near the sea. This honeysuckle is early flowering and the creamy white flowers are slightly tinged with pink.

Amongst the European species *L. etrusca* has deliciously scented flowers which open cream and deepen to a rich yellow tinged purple. *L. italica* is a hybrid of *L. etrusca* and *L. caprifolium*. *L. splendida* is the vigorous and fragrant Spanish species.

One of the most valuable of the Asiatic species is *L. japonica*, as hardy as our native species but evergreen. The creamy, pink-flushed flowers are intensely fragrant. There are several varieties. *L. j. aureo-reticulata* has charmingly mottled leaves; *L. j. Halleana* is a quick grower and very graceful; *L. j. flexuosa* has rather reddish yellow flowers and the leaves are purplish veined. It is a popular variety, for it blooms from June to November.

Amongst the Chinese species the most striking are *L. Henryi*, an evergreen with copper-orange flowers, followed by blue-purple berries; *L. Giraldi*, with lovely bronze evergreen foliage and rather small purplish red flowers; *L. similis Delavayi*, also evergreen with pale yellow flowers. The decidedly tender *E. Hildebrandiana* from Burma can be grown out of doors only in exceptionally favoured parts.

The best of the American honeysuckles are *L. sempervirens* and *L. h. ciliosa*, which belongs to the same group. The flowers are orange tinted.

Honeysuckles are sun-lovers, and though fairly accommodating do best in a rich but light soil. They are admirable on pergolas or over summer-houses in full sun, for then they get all the light they need, and they do well against wooden palings. All the honeysuckles need pruning after flowering, cutting away all the shoots that have flowered, otherwise the plants are apt to die out. This applies especially to the European and American deciduous species. Cuttings can be taken in autumn and struck in very sandy soil in the open and the following year planted out.

The honeysuckle we still love most is surely our native species. Who can picture an English lane in summer without the beauty and fragrance of this lovely climber? In mediæval days honeysuckle was the symbol of true love, and Chaucer crowned his faithful lovers with garlands of honeysuckle.

(*Next week: Special Garden Section*)



LET US BE SERIOUS

With reference to my recent announcement in the "Field" regarding future arrangements for a working basis for absentee owners of foxes who require annual profitable employment for funds, I have received very many requests for a legal form of agreement setting forth clearly and completely just exactly what obligations are entered into on both sides. I quite agree that this is entirely necessary, and I have therefore consulted a number of my clients in this connection, one of whom in particular is a stockbroker and has been most helpful in this way. Between us we are hammering out a form which will be promulgated as soon as it meets with the satisfaction of all of us, and I propose to print it in a forthcoming issue of the "Field." I know that there is a number of very interested readers of this column who are awaiting the publication of this document in order to judge of the suitability of the offer for their particular needs.

This business is new, and I had to learn it myself, and the only way to learn was by hard, costly, practical experience. I have made mistakes. What pioneer has not? But the agreement which I shall propose is framed on knowledge of what can be done and what definitely can not. I have never ceased to preach in this column, and in other journals, of the impossibility of the fox breeding industry to produce ridiculous profits.

When I first began a few years ago I examined the possibilities very seriously and dispassionately. On paper it appeared that the industry could return at least 100 per cent. This was theory. Making allowances I came to the conclusion that perhaps 40 per cent. was possible, and in my ignorance have even said so in public. This, in favourable cases, may be possible, but it cannot endure. It is not reasonable and, moreover, it can only be done by means of the sale of a considerable quantity of live stock, and the best live stock at that. As I say, this was some years ago. I have now had the actual practice of the business for some time. I spent very large amounts of money to prove the contentions which were made, and I do not *think* now I *know*.

The only basis upon which this industry will be conducted by me for clients of mine in the future will be on skin production. It is the only arrangement which is satisfactory and profitable to both myself and my client, and which will therefore be lasting.

Regarding my offer of a 10 per cent. return per annum, the position is that in my experience based on a few years' results I should make a little over 20 per cent., out of which I have to pay my management and general overheads, and interest on equipment, and leave a certain amount for myself. My figures show that this can be done. This is not theory. It is practice.

I would emphasise that there is no close season, so to speak, for the purchase of foxes as an absentee owner, and that foxes can be purchased and paid for up to the 31st of March, which will carry nine months' interest payable on the last day of this year.

T. Mulross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.

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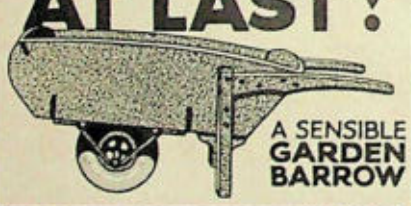
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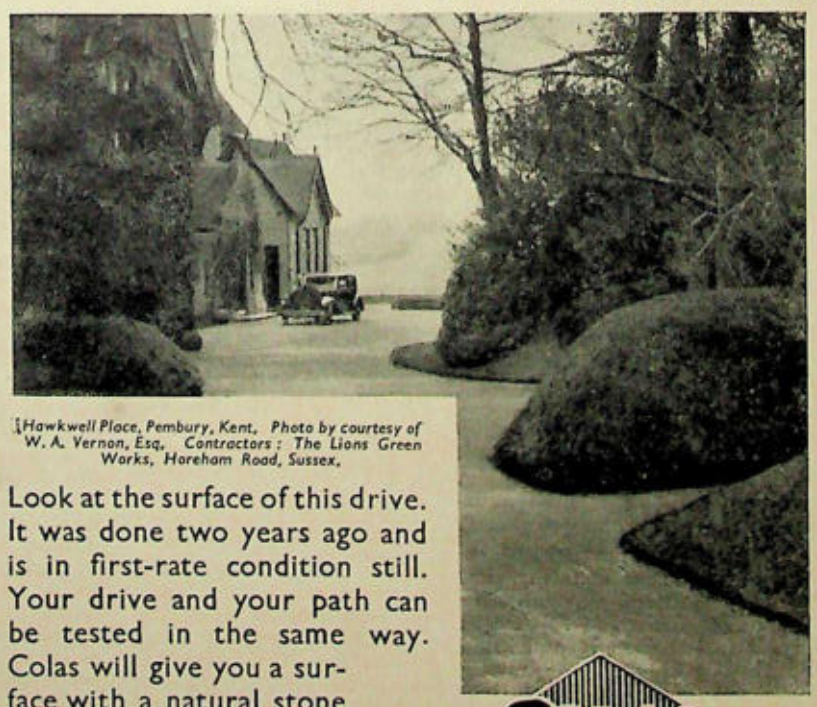
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FLOCKMASTERS' PROSPECTS

Hopes of Better Sheep Prices This Year

ALL the reports coming in from the counties show that the early lambs are exceptionally strong this season, and that the fine, dry weather in January and February has given them a fine start in life. Conditions could indeed hardly have been more favourable for a full crop of lambs. Keep was short in the autumn, but the ewes were mated in very fair condition, and since then they have scarcely had a wet fleece for two consecutive days. There has been little enough grass in the pastures, but the hurdled flocks, which provide the early lambs, have had good-quality roots this winter, and the hay fed to them has been of exceptionally high feeding value. So far, then, as the lambs themselves are concerned, they have had conditions in their favour, and should go ahead well.

What of the market prospects? At the present time, fat sheep are making more money than they have done for two years. The index number in January was 117, which compares with 107 a year previously, and 110 in 1932. The position is largely governed by imports, and particularly imports of frozen lamb and mutton from Australia and New Zealand. Last year the imports totalled 333,000 tons, which is slightly less than the abnormally large quantity shipped in 1932, but still 16,000 tons above the average of the five previous years. Even a small reduction on the year's imports made a considerable difference in prices, and since imports during the present year are not likely to exceed those of 1933, and will probably be less, the market prospects on this score are satisfactory.

We have to thank the drought in Australia, and in South Africa also, for this regulation of supplies more nearly to our market requirements, and whatever claims the Ministry of Agriculture may make for the benefits derived from economic planning and the Ottawa agreements, Nature has so far played the best card for the home producer.

The wool position is also much more cheering. The British farmer, with the exception perhaps of the hill farmers of Scotland and Wales, sets little store by wool as an item of farm income; but he will like to know that the world's wool production (excluding Russia) in the 1933–34 season is estimated in the January number of the Imperial Economic Committee's *Wool Intelligence Notes* at 3,410 million pounds, a decrease of 180 million pounds as compared with last season. Production in the current season in Australia and South Africa, the two chief exporters of merino wool, will probably be reduced by 175 million pounds as compared with last season, while production may be anticipated to increase by 20 million pounds in Argentina and Uruguay, and to decrease by about the same amount in New Zealand. The smaller production and the level of shipments to date indicate that supplies awaiting disposal in the principal producing areas during the remainder of the season are much smaller than at the same time last year.

The United Kingdom's supplies of wool in 1933 were almost the same as in the previous year, but consumption was considerably heavier than in 1932, and wool stocks have declined. Wool now provides one of the most striking series of figures in the wholesale prices recorded in the *Board of Trade Journal*. Since January, 1933, the index figure has risen from 72.5 to 107.7, an increase of almost 50 per cent. From the look of the ewes now, they should yield a heavy clip.

Sheep and lambs will, of course, come within the scope of the recommendations made by the Fat Stock Reorganisation Commission, whose report is to be published within the next fortnight or three weeks. It is evident from the remarks made lately by the Minister of Agriculture and by the chairman of the Commission, Lord Bingley, that no precipitate adoption of new methods of marketing is contemplated. The development of the factory abattoir system will no doubt be undertaken gradually, and this will be accompanied by an extension of the method of direct sale by which farmers consign lambs and mutton sheep direct from Wales and other distant areas to Manchester and Birmingham for sale on a dead-weight and grade basis at a town abattoir.

It may also be expected that farmers will be asked to declare some months ahead the approximate number of fat lambs which they will have for sale in order that the import quotas can be arranged more nearly in accord with the total market requirements as is now done in the case of bacon. This is where farmers can help themselves if they are wise enough to look ahead a little. The experience of the past few years has shown beyond question that the wholesale laying down to grass of arable land accompanying the concentration on dairying has seriously upset the even flow of home supplies of lamb to the market and has deranged prices.

Now that more farmers have grass flocks and few keep arable flocks, there is a surplus of fat lambs and half-fat lambs from mid-summer into the autumn, culminating in a regular slump in prices during late August and September. Then when the bulk of grass lambs have been sold supplies of fat sheep become progressively shorter until there is a definite lack of well-finished sheep offered in the markets in December, January and February, before the new season's lambs are ready for the Easter trade.

Would it not pay more farmers to grow an acreage of turnips to feed and fatten more of the grass lambs that are offered in such large numbers in the late summer, and would it not profit breeders better to keep some of their own lambs on for root feeding? The trend of market prices, when useful lambs have been making 15s. each in August and 28s. when brought out fat in November, leaves no doubt about where the money was made in 1933 and 1932. Roots are not, after all, such a ruinously expensive crop to grow, and it would be to the advantage of the whole agricultural industry and sheep farming in particular if a bigger acreage were grown this year so that the home output of fat lambs and mutton sheep would be better distributed throughout the year. BROADLEAZE.



FEBRUARY LAMBS IN A HEREFORDSHIRE PASTURE
Fine, dry weather has suited the early lambs, and they promise exceptionally well

FARMING NOTES

Scotland's Agricultural Output

THE results of the census of production taken by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland relating to 1930 are now published. It is shown that the value of the total output of livestock and crops has declined since 1925 when the previous census was taken, but this is accounted for mainly by the drop in market prices realised for agricultural produce and to only a lesser extent by an actual decline in production. The total value is estimated at £37,743,000, to which livestock contributes £20,280,000, milk and dairy produce £7,465,000, poultry and eggs £2,430,000, potatoes £3,230,000, and corn £2,400,000. Scotland's agricultural output was worth 22 per cent. less in 1931 in terms of money than in 1925.

Scotch Beef

Prime beef from Aberdeenshire and the other renowned feeding districts in Scotland always fetches a premium in Smithfield Market. Fat cattle in Aberdeen may be making 50s. a live cwt., whereas similar cattle sell for 42s. in the South of England. Breeding and feeding, they say, is the secret of the Scots farmer's art. It is interesting then to see it stated in the report on the 1930 Census of Agricultural Production that about 45 per cent. of the cattle reckoned as fattened in Scotland are imported from Ireland as stores. To the Irish farmer then really belongs a good deal of the credit for the high reputation held by Scotch beef.

English Flower Bulbs

Those who have been attracted by the commercial possibilities of producing flower bulbs for sale in place of bulbs imported from Holland, will find much to interest them in a booklet issued by the Agricultural Institute, Kirton, Boston, Lincs, in which the results of various experiments are given. It is stated that the first point to which growers should pay attention is that of increasing not only the number of varieties of daffodils and tulips, but also the number of kinds or species of bulbs. Trials made at Kirton and elsewhere in South Lincolnshire show that kinds other than those used in the commercial flower trade can be successfully grown in this area and that the resultant bulbs are frequently better than those imported.

Carters Tested Seeds, Ltd.—From Raynes Park there is now issued Carters Farmers' Guide for 1934, which gives full information about the improved strains of grasses and clovers as well as root crops and cereals offered by Carters' Tested Seeds, Ltd.

Agricultural Index Number.—Rising to the highest point since May, 1932, the January index number of the prices of agricultural produce rose to 114. This is seven points up from January, 1933.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



ROYAL CARS OF TWO REIGNS: THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF PROGRESS IN MOTOR-CAR DESIGN
A 6 h.p. Daimler built in 1899 for King Edward (then Prince of Wales), with one of the latest 50 h.p. Daimler cars, with Hooper bodywork, built specially for King George

HAS MOTOR-CAR DESIGN REACHED FINALITY?

"Freak" Ideas That May Become Common Practice

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

THIRTY years have changed the appearance of the motor car almost beyond belief. Will another 30 years see an even more startling transformation—an alteration not so much in looks as in basic principles of design?

It is by no means certain that in the modern car's main characteristics of design something at least approaching standardisation has not been attained, and that until some new source of power, some still-to-be-invented prime mover, appears to alter all our conceptions the motor car will retain its present lines and appearance.

I do not wish to adopt the rôle of prophet in this. It would be a bolder man than I who would venture to dogmatise upon a subject which is so full of future possibilities—in which the achievements of to-morrow are the utter impossibilities of to-day.

Certain developments, even though they are largely experimental for the moment, make one wonder if all the ideas and theories which have governed motor car design during the past quarter of a century are really sound. Have we, all this time, been barking up wrong trees or are the experimenters working along incorrect lines? The speculation is interesting.

First let us consider the claims of those who are telling us that the motor car of the future will have engine and drive at the rear end of the chassis, giving scope for the coachbuilder to design bodywork which is as nearly as possible of a perfect streamline character, making for greater accessibility of the engine, and affording the maximum of body space for a given length of chassis.

Undeniably the rear-engined car has certain advantages over the more conventional design. Apart from those I have touched upon in passing, there is less noise in the passenger compartment; there are no fumes from the exhaust escaping into the body.

But now let us look at the other side. Placing the engine at the rear end of the chassis is not at all a new idea. As a matter of fact, most of the early "horseless carriages" had their engines at the rear and drove direct on to the back axle, but for reasons which were perfectly apparent at the time this design rapidly passed into oblivion and the car passed into its present shape, with the engine mounted in front, driving through clutch and gearbox to a live rear axle.



A FORERUNNER OF THE CAR OF THE FUTURE?
One of the Burney stream-lined cars, with the engine at the back, which surprised Londoners so much when they first appeared in the streets

Thus the main characteristics of design have not varied for the past 25 years at least, and all the improvements have been in detail—not in basic design. It is thus significant that in spite of all the study and research that has gone to the making of the motor car the outline characteristics which were settled 30 years ago have stood the test of time and remain unaltered.

Some of the early rear-driven cars had some peculiar idiosyncrasies all their own. There was too much weight over the rear axle, and with any or no provocation they would turn round in their own length. I have known cars of this type which, if the clutch was at all fierce and was let in too suddenly, would rear like a bucking horse, to the great discomfort of the driver and his passengers.

The great difficulty in designing a rear-engined car lies in the proper distribution of the weight. In the car of convention weight distribution presents no difficulty at all, and I am inclined to think that we have probably got as near to the ideal in this respect as is possible, and that present-day design will hold its own on this count alone.

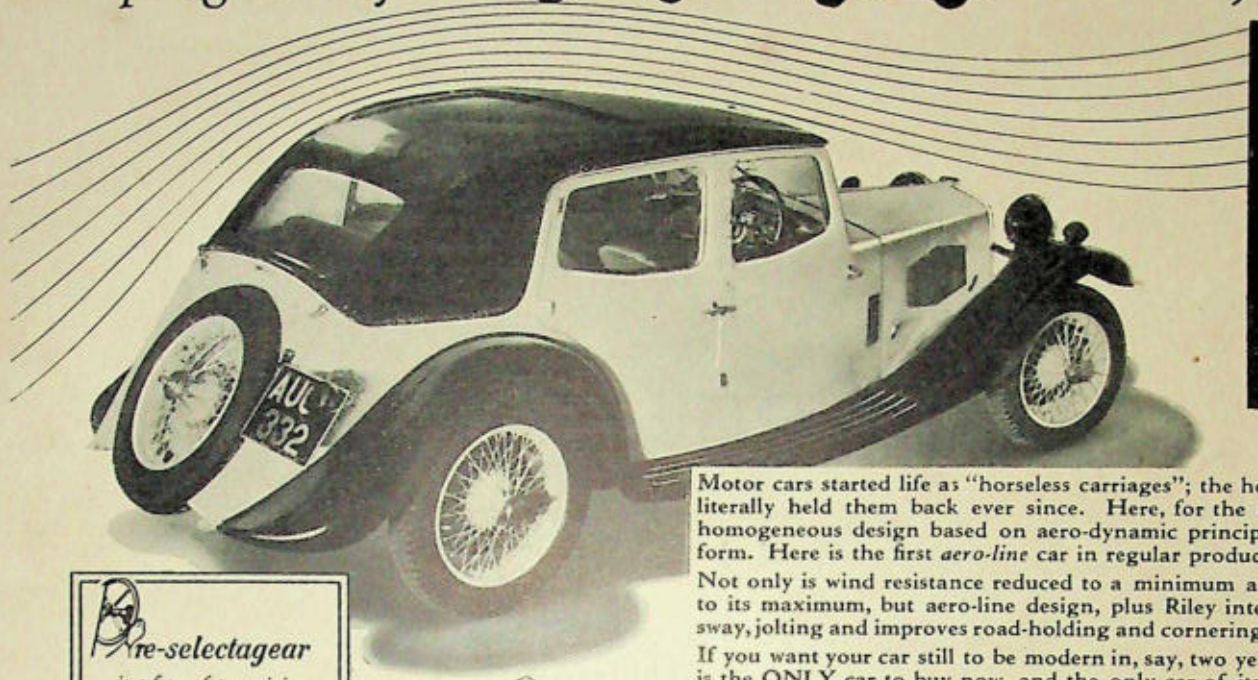
I cannot see how the rear-engined car can be as stable on the road, with all the weight behind, as the one in which weight is evenly distributed within the wheelbase. Of course, I may be wrong, as I have already admitted, but that is the way I see it at the moment. That the rear-engined type will supersede current practice I do not believe.

Now let us turn to another experimental development, in diametric opposition to that we have been discussing. I mean the front-wheel driven car. Once again, I do not desire to dogmatise, but it is surely a fact that none of the experiments that have seen the light so far have been completely successful.

You cannot get the same road adhesion as you do with the conventional car. Lord Howe, whose knowledge of motor cars and motoring is profound, tells of a front-wheel driven car he watched trying to get away on a greasy road. It took a full two minutes of perspiring effort on the part of the driver to get the car to go forward at all. I agree that front-wheel driven cars are not all like that, but they do suffer from this disability in greater or less measure.

Then, steering is more difficult because you are dealing with wheels which are driving instead of trailing. Obviously, it must be easier to steer with trailing wheels than with a pair

It progressed from  *to*  *—but why stop there?*



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If you want your car still to be modern in, say, two years' time, the Riley Kestrel is the ONLY car to buy now, and the only car of its type you CAN buy now.

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Also obtainable in other packings.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the '*Three Castles*.'"—THE VIRGINIANS.

T.T. 1814

which are transmitting power. There is the same characteristic want of balance as in the case of the rear-engined car, and in case of accident there is far more likelihood of serious damage when everything that matters is in the nose of the car, so to speak. I do not think I am unduly conservative in my ideas of design and development, but here again I cannot see front-wheel drive supplanting the present method of power transmission to the road wheels.

To answer the question with which I have headed this article, of course the motor car has not reached finality. To say so would be to argue perfection, and as nothing in this world can be described as perfect it follows that there is still much to be done to improve the motor car.

Those who are devoting brains, energy and money in experimenting with new designs, whether conventional, front-driven or rear-engined, are doing yeoman service in the cause of motoring and the car. It is only by experiment and by finding out in practice whether the theory underlying the work is correct or not that we progress.

That I do not see eye to eye with some of the attempted changes in design does not at all mean that I despise the effort. Quite the reverse.

LIGHTS ON MOTOR VEHICLES

When Fog Lamps are Dangerous

THERE appears to be some misunderstanding amongst motorists regarding the lights which may be used on motor vehicles. Briefly, the requirements during the hours of darkness are as follows :—

All mechanically propelled vehicles, except solo motor cycles and invalid motor carriages, must show two white lights to the front and a red light to the rear.

Solo motor cycles and invalid motor carriages must show one white light to the front and a red light to the rear.

No red light may be shown to the front.

No light other than a red light may be shown to the rear, except lights used for internal illumination, for illuminating number plates, or for giving signals to overtaking traffic.

The question is frequently asked if fog lights are legal. It will be seen that, provided the above requirements are complied with, a yellow or orange fog light is permissible, providing that it cannot be confused with the red light, and that the two compulsory white lights are shown to the front.

Occasionally a car is encountered with both head lamps and side lights tinted either yellow or orange. While such a practice may be condoned in fog or thick mist, the use of orange or a shade likely to be mistaken for red may, if used permanently, cause considerable confusion and danger to other traffic, apart from the fact that it is entirely illegal.

THE R.A.C. RALLY

A COMPLETE list of entries in the R.A.C. Rally, which takes place from March 13th to 17th, has now been issued. The total number of entries, as already announced, is 400, the limit set by the regulations. Forty-two additional entries were received, but could not be accepted.

Each car is obliged to carry two drivers, and a considerable number are also carrying extra passengers, and it is estimated that there will be over a thousand keen and enthusiastic motorists travelling all over the country, visiting towns and viewing scenery they may never have seen before. During the course of the Rally, the total distance covered by competitors will exceed 400,000 miles, whilst the amount of petrol consumed will be in the region of 20,000 gallons.

CLEARING AVIATION FROM MISCONCEPTIONS

Too Much Publicity for Valueless Records

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

A COMPARISON between the state of aviation to-day and what it was at the same period of last year reveals some satisfactory progress. Even twelve months ago, there were many who considered that an unsubsidised airline could not pay its way under existing conditions ; but the experience of several new services last summer gave an indication of what could be done.

The success which has attended these enterprises serves to emphasise the fact that air travel has, in the truest sense, "arrived," and that it is no longer necessary to think of air transport and lavish subsidies as inseparable.

This does not necessarily mean that the true progress of aviation is generally appreciated. It is more than likely that a large section of the public, which derives its aviation news from the more sensational reports of the popular Press, does not realise how extraordinary a change has come about ; and there is unfortunately evidence that aviation is still associated, to a certain extent, with the word "stunt."

Nothing could be more disquieting to those who wish to see flying accepted at its rightful value in the scheme of contemporary transport, for it implies an element of risk and unreliability that does not accord with the performance of the modern aeroplane.

It has been urged in these articles that the purely stunt element should be eradicated entirely, particularly in connection with records and long-distance flights. People with a proper sense of proportion no longer regard aeroplanes as a novelty ; but they are really interested in flying, because it typifies to them the romance of to-day—of speed, directness, and triumph over the elements. Hence, there is a pressing need for a realist policy of progress—a policy that admits the great advance that has been made in the economies and technicalities of flight, and which sets out to drive home those points in a manner that is at once appropriate and practical.

It is a very fitting time to consider this important point, for soon after Easter the clubs will be thinking of their annual displays, and the summer season will be upon us. What we have to ensure is that every demonstration that takes place urges the practical value of aviation, and does not, by pandering to the modern craving for sensational thrills, tend to set back progress by producing an undesirable psychological effect on the public mind.

Display programmes must be the subject of very careful thought ; they should be designed to prove the general handiness, reliability, and simplicity of the modern civil aeroplane. And such stunts as are introduced from a showmanship viewpoint, in order to attract the initial interest of the public, must be based on the same idea. There is no reason why aerobatics and the like should not establish just as clearly the *safety* of present-day aircraft as the danger of unusual evolutions to the unskilled pilot.

The same points apply to records. If these are worth while—and such records as those for speed, height, and distance without stopping are of the utmost value—scientifically planned and well organised attempts should be made on them. The possession of these records meant a great deal to this country and we can ill afford to lose the prestige which they brought to our aircraft industry.

But the practice of performing some extraordinary flight merely for the sake of adding one more "record" to the list should be discouraged ; it tends to associate aviation with the wilder forms of publicity.

Long-distance flights are closely linked with records, but they should be planned and undertaken with a view to a practical demonstration of the aeronautical efficiency of both pilot and machine, rather than as records. That is to say, really satisfactory demonstration flights are those which, in their performance, come most closely to the actual conditions of airway operation or private touring. The freak machine or "flying petrol tank" teaches little of practical value.

One may mention as examples of the really valuable long-distance demonstration flights the special K.L.M. mail flight just before Christmas ; our own airlines might well consider whether the prestige of British commercial aviation would not be improved by some effort on similar lines.

There is a need, too, for bringing the public into closer understanding of the sterling work being undertaken by our Empire airways in their daily routine. At the moment, the airways are rather outside the ordinary man's experience. But flights such as that mentioned, tours of the principal internal aerodromes by new types introduced into service, and frequent opportunities to inspect air liners (such as are provided by the shipping lines for their chief vessels) would all help the British public to appreciate the present advantages of aviation, and the possibilities of a means of transport which is growing more important every year.

The aim should be consistently to inculcate into the rising generation an attitude towards the airways comparable to that of previous generations to the Mercantile Marine—to make Great Britain proud of possessing the finest airways in the world.

That should, in fact, be the basis of the whole of aviation propaganda in the coming years—to bind aviation as closely to the national life as maritime supremacy has been in the past ; and it is not an idealist's dream.

It can be done ; but the first necessity is a realist policy, a determined effort to clear aviation from the misconceptions that have grown up with it from its first struggling efforts, and to put in their place a reasoned belief in flying as the means of transport that is destined to play the leading part in Empire and world development in the future.



AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINER EN ROUTE FOR UGANDA

"The aim should be . . . to make Great Britain proud of possessing the finest airways in the world"

BERMUDA—AIR JUNCTION OF THE WESTERN WORLD

A Vision of the Not Far Distant Future

By MARTIN RAYMOND

"MADAME, your plane is ready to leave. Arrive New York seven o'clock, Quebec nine-thirty, Montreal ten-thirty. Change at St. Lawrence Air Port for Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver.

"Buenos Aires . . . yes, sir . . . slipway number two. . . . Flying-boat leaves at nine-fifteen. . . . Change at Rio for airports west of the Andes. . . . Plane for Lisbon. . . . Plymouth and London due in ten minutes . . . slipway number four. . . ."

Thus Hamilton, Bermuda, in 1940 or before . . . the great interchange airport between Europe and North, Central, and South America and the West Indies.

Colonel Lindbergh, one of the greatest air-surveyors of the present day, is at this moment weighing up the advantages of the two rival routes across the North Atlantic, the one via Labrador and Greenland, the other via Bermuda and the Azores. In consultation with his colleagues on the board of Pan-American Airways we shall soon know whether the southern and longer route is preferred to the shorter stages, too often marred by fog, high winds and intense cold, of the northern alternative.

Despite the greater mileage, favourable weather conditions and the excellent anchorages provided by Lisbon, the Azores and Bermuda, it is likely that Imperial Airways will adhere to their principle of "Safety First." In building up the Indian and South African routes Imperial Airways have realised that commercial success lies in gaining and in retaining public confidence.

They are little inclined to take risky short cuts which gain a few hours in time, but which jeopardise both lives and machines. For the same reason high average performance and regularity are better in the interests of all than dazzling speeds and non-adherence to time-tables.

The Transatlantic route via Bermuda has been examined by experts on several occasions, and in the tentative extensions proposed by Imperial Airways, Hamilton, the beautiful capital and harbour of this British Colony in the Western Atlantic, is set down as the junction with Pan-American Airways.

Very recently I visited Bermuda, and I can imagine a no more splendid haven for big flying-boats than Hamilton. I went there after a long tour through the British West Indies—Jamaica, Antigua, St. Lucia and Trinidad—each a link in the existing Pan-American air service to South America.

By the Royal Navy Bermuda is regarded as one of the finest harbours in either hemisphere. In any state of the weather smooth, clear land-locked anchorages abound. There is ample room for landing and taking off, whatever the direction of the wind.

The climate is equable, and throughout the winter it is as a fine June in England. The gardens of Bermuda are world renowned. Roses, poinsettias, bougainvilleas all bloom at Christmas-time. Bananas and oranges flourish, and the sweet Bermuda lily is sent away in ever-increasing quantities to Canada and the United States. It is a land where tomatoes thrive in the fields, where you may bathe and bask on the coral sand any week in the year.

A neater, cleaner island you never saw. The houses have white roofs, and their uniformity is one of the sights a traveller never forgets. Bermudans are proud of the natural beauty of their homes. There is a railway, opened very recently; it is spick and span, and quiet like everything else in the "Somers Islands." There are no motor cars. The law prohibits them. A strange paradox there will be when the roadstead harbours flying-boats, but upon the highways is not a single motor car!

There will be opportunities for week-ending in Bermuda. A stop-over visit on the way from Santos to Manchester, or Rio de Janeiro to London. Friends travelling from Birmingham to Buenos Aires will meet others homeward bound from British Columbia or the Canadian prairies. They will see in Bermuda the most enchanting aquarium in existence—fish of fantastic colours caught off the coral reefs—angel fish, pilot fish, bonita and barracouta and butterfly-fish.

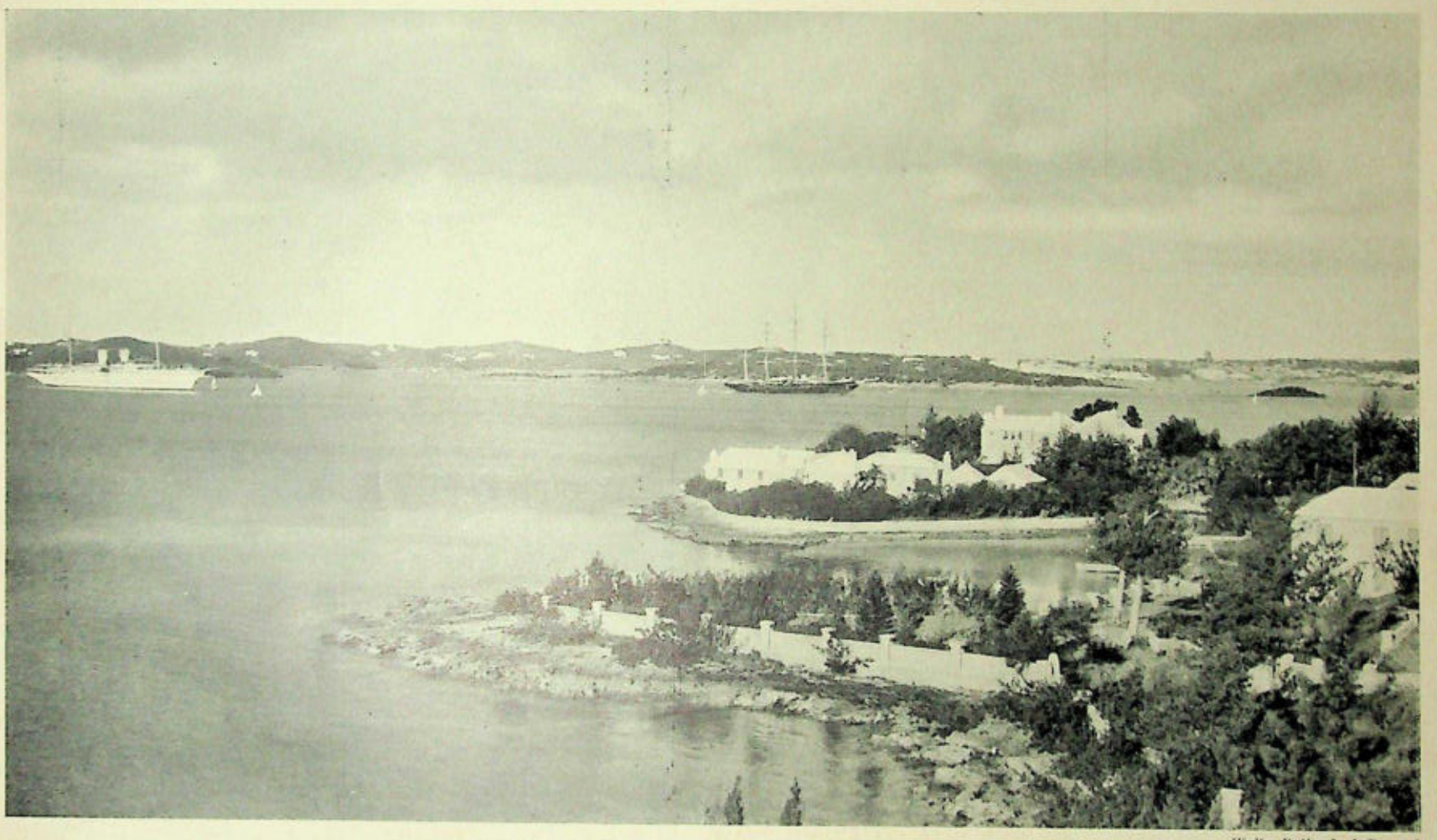
Here in Bermuda was developed the famous "Bermudan-rig" with which all modern big cutters and smaller racing yachts are now equipped. Sailing is one of the most popular sports. There are many first-rate tennis courts and the golf is first class.

At present no regular air-service touches Bermuda. A sudden development will take place. Overnight, as it were, Hamilton will be blazoned across the air as the great interchange flying port of the Western Hemisphere. At speeds as they are now developing we shall stop at Lisbon for fuel and dinner, and reach the Azores at night. In a Bermudan garden fragrant with jasmine and honeysuckle breakfast will be served. New York or Quebec or Montreal will be reached in time for dinner on the second day.

And a third day will see land-planes soaring over the Rockies to Vancouver, Seattle or San Francisco. From Hamilton the whole of the Caribbean Islands from Cuba to Trinidad and the colony of British Guiana will be within a day's flight. Five days from London for Buenos Aires . . . a day less for Rio . . . twelve hours more for Santiago and Valparaiso in Chile.

Again we shall witness alternative routes to New Zealand via the Mediterranean or via Panama. On the Western route Bermuda looms up as a focal point—London-Lisbon-Azores-Bermuda-Panama-Honolulu-Fiji-New Zealand—a week by express air-mail!

From the passenger's point of view there can hardly be any question but that labels "via Bermuda" will sell better than others "via Greenland." Very soon we shall know the cost of tickets to New York by way of Hamilton and the exact time needed for a brief winter holiday in the "Somers Islands" of the West Atlantic.



Walter Rutherford, Bermuda

WITHIN SIGHT OF HAMILTON, BERMUDA'S CAPITAL

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CRUISING NOTES

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The Canadian Pacific programme also includes a number of first-class cruises to Norway by the Empress of Australia, the largest British vessel to cruise in Norwegian waters; while some twenty-five popular-priced 9 day to 13 day cruises by the cruising liners Montrose, Montcalm, Montclare and Melita will leave London, Liverpool, Southampton, Greenock or Belfast from May 19th (Whitsun) to October 6th for the Mediterranean, Africa, Canary Isles, etc.

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HOOPS INN, HORNS CROSS, BIDEFORD, DEVON

SHOULD there be any man so disgracefully ignorant as not to know where Horns Cross is, he is recommended, somewhat on the principle practically applied by Mr. Squeers, to go there—and rejoice. Horns Cross is a hamlet in the parish of Parkham, in North Devon, some five miles from Bideford, on the main coast road thence to Clovelly, and on to Cornwall. Students of Turner should know something of it, for it is at no great distance from Bucks Mills, from which the great master painted Clovelly. In a dip of the road at Horns Cross stands the ancient cosy-looking Hoops Inn, the very name of which suggests antiquity. Long before the signboard was invented, inns proclaimed their names by a carved object hung within a hoop—the Swan, the Falcon, the Cock, all On-the-Hoop, were familiar signs of old, and it may well be that the inn at Horns Cross has lost its old distinctive name while pluralising its hoop.

This venerable, homely-looking, thatched house, with its little porch and latticed windows, looks very much like an old farmhouse; yet even if we had not the name to help us there could be no question that its life as an inn began at a very early date. It has, indeed, all the air of a hostelry that has grown wise in the needs of carnal man, thanks to its long experience of ministering to them. Solid, simple comfort is the note of its low beamed rooms, its wealth of oaken rafters, its great hearths upon which the logs crackle and sparkle merrily, the time-worn settles of its snug bar, and the old pewter which adds a subtle flavour to the famed home-brewed of the house.

So near is The Hoops to a coast that smiled upon smugglers, if not always upon navigators, a coast remote and difficult to guard, that The Hoops naturally became a very handy meeting-place for the "free traders" and their agents. Lundy Island, a few miles from the mainland, was long a haunt of pirates and smugglers, and the stark rocks between Hartland and Clovelly were havens for the lesser fry of the smugglers. The world went very well then for the cargo-runners, who were able to offer fine brandy and stiff silk at rates advantageous both to the men from the sea and the men—and women—fortunate enough to live in so cheap a land. But nasty, interfering coast-guard and preventive men, and sharp-eyed little revenue cutters, in time made the traffic too dangerous and too unprofitable, and The Hoops became as innocent as it looks, and had to fall back upon home-brewed which gradually grew into fame throughout the West.

In such a spot anything in the nature of a town hotel would be an outrage, and The Hoops aims not at luxury but at that simple comfort of bed and board which is so often the more excellent way of the inn. It is a house of Devonshire welcome, where the real Devonshire tea, cream and all, welcomes the visitor daily straight from the farm run in connection with the house by the landlord, Commander A. R. C. Douton, a retired naval officer. The Hoops is not large enough ever to be crowded, but large enough to have demanded such amenities as its own electric light, a modern hot water system, a garage with plentiful supplies and a car for hire.

The visitor sleeps and eats at an altitude of 500ft., and all around him are some of the most gorgeously beautiful spots in England, delicious alike in summer and winter, and all of them reached by good roads. Lynmouth, Lynton, Porlock, the Doone Valley and the wide expanse of Exmoor lie on the one hand, and Clovelly, Hartland, Bude, Tintagel and Newquay on the other. Lovely, too, are the walks near at hand. The Hoops may honesty claim to be in the middle of everywhere so far as these superb scenes are concerned, and what more can man desire than to dwell, if only for a space, in the centre of Elysium?

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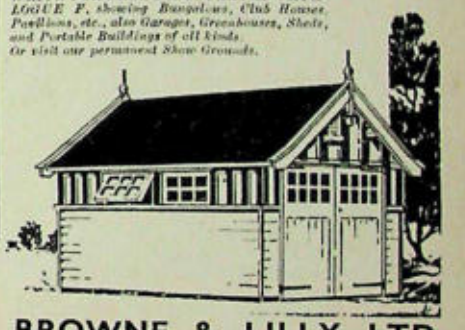
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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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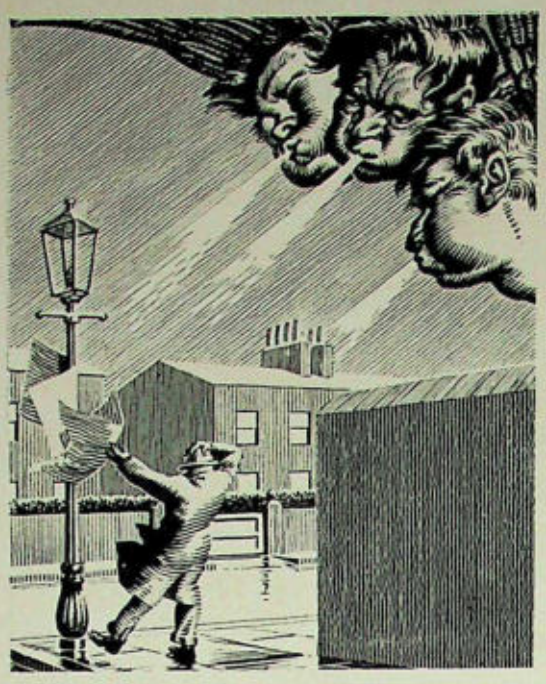
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"DOCTORED" FOXES

AT one time, during the earlier portion of the last century, it was the custom to call a bag fox a "Leadenhaller," as nearly all foxes turned down at that time came from Leadenhall Market, and were generally obtained in the first place from the Highlands of Scotland. We find Squire Osbaldeston writing to his agent in Leadenhall Market for "true running Scotsmen, and none of your blackguardly French cowards," from which it may be surmised that the practice was a fairly common one, although even at that date it was decried by many Masters of Hounds. And rightly so, for bag foxes meant an unsteady pack and a danger to fox preservation. Did not "Facey" Romford exclaim when he found the fox which Mrs. Watkins, of Dalberry Lees, had so carefully ordered from London: "Well, this is the way to bring foxhunting to an end. Steal each other's foxes and then we shall have nothin' to hunt!"

Thanks to energetic measures by a prominent body of Masters the custom of hunting bag foxes died out. There are few complaints upon this score nowadays, and all would be well with both foxhunting and fox preservation if attention had not been drawn to another deplorable custom within the last few weeks. We refer, of course, to the "doctoring," or "doping," or "touching up" of foxes with various compounds, such as aniseed or turpentine or disinfectant. Last week the Master of the East Devon took hounds home because he found that a fox in his country had been so treated. As the matter stood, he had no other course open to him, as he could not hunt such a fox, and his action certainly was a sharp reprimand for whoever played such an unsportsmanlike trick upon him.

Since the East Devon case the question has become national rather than local, for there is no surer way to bring foxhunting to an end than to have systematic doctoring of foxes in a hunting country. To begin with, it means the ruin of a pack, as hounds become wild, riotous and unsteady through not being allowed to draw for their own game, for "doctored" foxes are generally treated in the morning before hunting, and turned down just when hounds are thrown into covert; also the scent which the unhappy animal gives off is so strong that hounds know that there is something wrong somewhere. The foxhound is a sagacious animal, and like most of the canine race may be fooled once but never again. In any country in which this practice takes place it is unlikely that foxes will be preserved as of yore. What is the use of keepng foxes if one can be obtained by closing up any drain or earth and then be dropped before hounds after being treated in such a manner that its chance of escape becomes negligible? Also We do not think that hounds will break up a fox which has been rubbed with aniseed with the fury and the gusto that they would a clean-run one, if, indeed, they will break him up at all.

If the practice of doping were allowed to continue it might, with a young and inexperienced Master and an unscrupulous huntsman, bring the sport of foxhunting into bad repute in every hunting country, and foxhunting has enough difficulties to face without adding to them.

In the olden days there was a certain amount of excuse for hunting bag foxes in badly foxed countries which were deficient in coverts, but there is not the slightest justification for hunting a fox which has been captured and treated artificially. The matter is one that calls for an immediate inquiry by the Masters of Foxhounds Association. The date of taking over Masterships and engaging Hunt servants (May 1st) is drawing near, and those who are taking on the responsibilities of a pack should know that they have a solid backing to any efforts they might be called upon to make to keep the sport of foxhunting up to its rightful standard.

THE SOUTH DOWNS

"WHEREAS it is of local and national importance that the South Downs should be preserved in their present state. . . ." That is the opening of the preamble of the Bill put forward by the East Sussex County Council for the preservation of the South Downs, as opposed to the scheme for a motor-racing track promoted by the Brighton Corporation, and in those few words of the preamble lies the whole point at issue.

Are the South Downs worth keeping as they are—plain turf and field above the sea, the heritage not only of Sussex but of all Englishmen who want the open air of the hills? Or shall they be scarred by metal, loud with the noise of engines, and littered with the sandwich papers and beer bottles of the racing crowd? The Society of Sussex Downsmen, whose Downs Preservation Committee protest against the proposed motor track, support the East Sussex County Council's Bill. The Brighton Corporation think that in the motor track they can see cash, and that nothing but cash matters. Those are the opposing forces. It remains to be seen whether Brighton or England wins.

NEW CLASSES FOR OLYMPIA

There is no doubt that the International Horse Show intends to make its show in June one of the best attractions in London. And, further, those responsible have seen to it that everyone concerned with horses is being fully catered for. Among the latest attractions there are two interesting items which cannot fail to appeal to anyone who is interested in horses. It seems that in June we shall see at Olympia three representatives of Hunts from any recognised pack in the United Kingdom be they Master, huntsmen, whippers-in or members, who will be required to jump four fences in single file, three lengths apart and one length abreast. As for the judging of this interesting competition, it should be noted that a turn-out counts 25 per cent., general excellence of team 25 per cent., and performance 50 per cent. Those who are interested should note that entries must be made as a team through the secretary of their Hunt.

A TANDEM COMPETITION

The organisers also have not been forgetful of the horse which used to be driven in harness, for another of their attractions is a competition for a wheeler and a leader of hunter type which are to be first shown together as a tandem, suitably harnessed, the leader to carry hunting saddle and bridle, breast collar with long traces and long reins. Suitability of their turn-out and performance as a tandem will count 40 marks. All the entries will then be lined up and upon a given signal the leader will be unharnessed, mounted and ridden over jumps. Competitors must both drive the tandem and ride, and must wear full-dress hunting costume, but, while driving, an overcoat is to be worn. They may be accompanied by one groom, who will be allowed to give assistance. Horses need not be the property of the exhibitor. After the judging for the first 40 marks, the remaining 60 marks will be judged entirely on time.

A FAMOUS CHESS-PLAYER

By the death of Dr. Siegbert Tarrasch the chess world loses one of its most distinguished figures—as a player, the winner of seven international tournaments, two without the loss of a game; as a writer, the author of many fine works. His first, *Dreihundert Schachpartien*, published nearly 40 years ago, has long been recognised as a classic; his last, *Das Schachspiel*, not yet three years old, will, in our opinion, eventually become one, for no book is better calculated to teach the underlying principles of the game or to reveal its beauty. Dr. Tarrasch himself played many beautiful games—a particularly fine example appears in our chess section this week.

Dr. Tarrasch dearly loved the game he had played with distinction for over half a century, and all chess-players will, we feel sure, agree with the sentiments contained in the following passage from his last work: "I have a feeling of pity for the man who has no knowledge of chess, just as I should pity the man who had remained ignorant of love. Chess, like love, like music, has the power to make men happy."

THE VARSITY SPORTS

Oxford may well repeat their victory of last year at the White City when they won the Sports for the first time since 1925. Their success was mainly achieved through the ability of the American, N. P. Hallowell, who was very close to record in the half-mile; the New Zealander, J. E. Lovelock, who has since produced his amazing one mile world record of 4min. 7¾sec.; and the Canadian, C. F. Stanwood, who won both hurdle races and the high jump. Oxford still have this remarkable trio to help them against Cambridge.

It looks as though the 880yds., mile, high jump and both hurdle races will go to Oxford, while the 100yds. looks equally like a Cambridge certainty. The three miles seems to provide an open issue.

The standard of pole vaulting and long jumping is poor this year, and one expects the Cambridge-American N. Bent to win the former event at about 11ft. The long jump would have appeared a certainty for the Schools record holder and English international K. C. S. Duncan (Oxford) had not Cambridge found a fine all-round athlete in the Australian J. C. Horsfall, who came up this term. One afternoon recently he won three events, 100yds. in 10⅗sec., 440yds. in 50⅕sec. and long jump at 22ft. 2in. He may be the surprise of the Sports. A. Irfan of St. Joseph's College, Turkey, is a formidable Light Blue shot putter.

WINTER STILL

We have had harder winters than this, doubtless, before now. In 1890 there was skating all down the Thames. In 1895 England was frozen from January to March. In February, 1929, all Europe froze, from the Zuyder Zee to the canals of Venice. But we have seldom had a longer spell of uninterrupted cold and drought than that which started in the autumn of last year, after a dry summer, and which has continued this week with bitter north winds and snow. There has been sunshine, it is true, but not the warmth that opens crocuses and sets birds singing. The "long winter of our discontent" remains with us still, and will lengthen till rain comes from the south-west and the blackbird flutes at dusk.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From the caption to a photograph in a Canadian daily paper: "The host of the 600-year-old inn Surrey Oaks, at Newdigate, Surrey, brings out a flock of seasonable fare for huntsmen of the Surrey Union Hunt during one of those old English traditional cross-country rambles when the fox is 'it.'"

LIGHT HORSE GRANTS

Hunter breeding in the last few years has been carried on in a depressing atmosphere, but those who breed hunters will have the greatest pleasure in reading that a grant of £5,000 has been sanctioned by the War Office for light horse breeding for 1934, £4,500 of which has been allotted to Thoroughbred Premium Stallions and £500 for premiums for the Pony breeds, including the Dales and Fell, the Welsh cobs and the Pembroke roadster.

Although the grant is only one-sixth of the sum that was allotted annually up to 1931, it is absolutely invaluable in enabling the society to carry on the vitally important work that it has been successfully doing since its foundation in 1885. Everyone is most grateful for this amount, which we trust will be the means of producing many young horses suitable for Army requirements. This, together with the Race-course Betting Control Board grant, has enabled the Hunters Improvement Society to award 63 premiums of £100 for stallions to travel England, Scotland and Wales, and eight super-premiums of £25 extra next year; moreover there is every probability of such a grant being made annually from both the Government and the Race-course Betting Control Board.

RUINING INTERNATIONAL CRICKET

We are prompted seriously to ask where exactly international cricket is heading. To the austerity of Test matches in Australia public opinion has long become accustomed, though far from reconciled; but we hardly expected the cricket tour in India this winter to produce unpleasant elements, too. Recent reports speak of barracking directed against the M.C.C. bowlers on more than one occasion, and Tarrant, the old Australian and Middlesex cricketer, even went so far as publicly to criticise D. R. Jardine because he was not selected as umpire for the third Test match. That such incidents should be associated with the first series of proper Test matches to be played in India is truly deplorable. Cricket as a game will soon be killed by Test matches at this rate. And yet what can be done? The ruling authorities can only exercise firmer control of the arrangements for matches; but they cannot influence the spirit in which they are played and watched. This is, however, a matter in which the Press can lend a hand by refusing to make sensational "copy" out of all these unpleasant incidents, and by condemning unsportsmanlike actions on the part of spectators whenever they occur.

SALMON HATCHERIES

General disappointment will be felt among men interested in the welfare of salmon rivers at the announcement made by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries during the National Association of Fishery Boards' meeting last week, that the Government once more are unable to find the money for the proposed artificial hatching experiment. The experiment is a most important one, for should it prove that it pays to improve the stock of salmon by artificial means the possibility of a vast increase in the salmon harvest is in sight. No industry is perhaps so remunerative to the nation as the salmon fisheries, for the increment is provided by Nature in the ocean without cost to us. The salmon fisheries of these islands are greater than those of the rest of Europe put together, yet while a comparatively poor country like Canada can find the money for such an experiment with its Pacific Coast salmon, it seems that over here the ultimate return in dividends has no weight in our counsels.

FAREWELL TO COQUET

There was a day, a hundred years ago or more, when Coquet was a river beloved of fishermen. To-day it has fallen somewhat from its high estate, and it may be that Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday writing in 1820 in the *Newcastle Fishers' Garland*, spoke their "Fareweel to Coquet" more certainly than they knew:

"I've thrawn the flee thae sixty year,
Ay, sixty year an' mair,
An' monie a speckled troutie kill'd
Wi' heckle, heuk, an' hair;
An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,
My looks are like the snaw,
But I'll gang again to Coquetside,
An' take a fareweel thraw. . . .

"An' then fareweel, dear Coquetside!
Aye gaily may thou rin,
An' lead thy waters sparkling on,
An' dash frae linn to linn;
Blithe be the music o' thy streams
An' banks through after days,
An' blithe be every Fisher's heart
Shall ever tread thy Braes!"



The Cambridge crew at Goring

DO THE BOAT RACE CREWS LEAD ROWING?

Tideway Clubs Which Are Responsive to New Ideas

By D. H. E. McCOWEN

A QUESTION often asked to-day is "Do the Boat Race crews represent all that is best in rowing? How do they stand in comparison with the first eights of the Tideway Clubs?" It is a most difficult question to answer, because very seldom do they come in contact with each other when both are tuned up to concert pitch, and there are no practical results to go upon, only abstract facts can be considered. In point of view of members to choose from, the Universities hold a very decided advantage; Oxford have between 400 and 500 active oarsmen and Cambridge between 600 and 700, while the big clubs, London and Thames, have no more than 60 or 70 active members. But what the clubs lack in quantity they make up for in quality of the very highest order: men who are older, stronger and more experienced than the undergraduates.

Then there is the time factor at the Universities. Time seems to have no limit, the men are enabled to get out on the river every day of the week. Consequently they are as fit as is humanly possible. The club men belong to the world's workers and in the winter their rowing is restricted to week-ends, while during the summer a heavy day in the office is followed by a strenuous two hours on the river. Within the last few years the innovation of an indoor tank has helped considerably to keep the men fit during the winter, but still they are at a great disadvantage compared with their University rivals.

The mileage done by the Tideway clubs is nothing short of remarkable, and there is almost as much rivalry to see who can cover the greatest distance during practice as there is during the racing season. London and Thames regularly undertake trips to Walton on Saturday and back again on Sunday or, if the tide is favourable, they row down on the ebb to Greenwich and home again on the flood, a distance of almost 28 miles. These long winter rows were instituted by Mr. Fairbairn when he was captain of Thames in 1920, and there is no doubt that his slogan, "mileage makes champions" has been proved up to the hilt. London were quick to follow the example of their rivals and Jesus College set the fashion at Cambridge where this year the 'Varsity crew put in 60 miles a week when under Squadron-Leader Hellyer.

Over an average of years I should say that Tideway crews are definitely superior to the Universities. They work so much together that their uniformity and watermanship cannot be faulted, and by constantly racing and galloping with their junior crews they learn all the tricks of the trade. The exception of course was in 1932, a very lean year, when Cambridge, rowing as Leander, won the Grand Challenge Cup, defeating both London and Thames. On every other occasion except when Magdalen won the Grand in 1921 and 1922 it may safely be said that Tideway rowing has been in the ascendancy.

In the history of rowing there has never been such a fast crew as the 1930 London eight which won the Grand with consummate ease, breaking the record to half-way. It is interesting to delve into the past records of the men who rowed in that crew. Seven of them and the cox were University men. Close Brooks, at bow, had an excellent record with First Trinity, rowing head of the Lents and Mays, winning the Ladies' Plate and being in the final of the Colquhouns. No. 2, the only club-made oarsman, Howett, has since proved himself to be one of the finest in England. No. 3, Crawford, rowed for Oxford. No. 4, Boardman, had a successful career with First Trinity as oarsman and sculler, and finally rowed in Trial Eights. No. 5, H. R. A. Edwards, is without doubt, Oxford's finest post-war oarsman, and his victories are legion. No. 6, A. J. Harby, got turned out of the Jesus eight, but was a stalwart of this crew. No. 7, Fitzwilliams, is another First Trinity man and trial cap. The stroke, T. N. O'Brien, gave up rowing at Oxford because of the discomforts and drudgery of the orthodox teaching, but with London he developed into the finest stroke in the country.

This all goes to show that good oarsmen who come from the Universities to the Tideway become better, and those who are discarded as being no good often turn out to be the best when left to coach themselves.

How do the Tideway clubs become so successful? Admittedly, they have strength and experience on their side, but I think that coaching and equipment have a big say in the matter. In the old days when eights were long, narrow and deep Royal Chester R.C. evolved a new keelless design, short, wide and shallow, and their success was so rapid and so convincing that the rowing world was revolutionised. Oxford were quick to follow with a boat of similar design and, of course, justified the experiment. Since then the design of shells has not changed to a very noticeable degree, except that the late Dr. G. C. Bourne designed a stream-lined boat that Oxford also tried, but which proved unsatisfactory.

Now, when Mr. Fairbairn began his campaign to modernise the rowing world he met with immediate success with every crew that was fortunate enough to come in contact with his charming personality. He advocated the swivel rowlock, mechanically more efficient and more comfortable to use than the fixed thole, and the long double-acting slide giving a movement up to 22 inches instead of the orthodox 16.

Victory after victory has proved that long slides and swivels are two of the secrets of success, they help to make rowing more enjoyable and to enjoy one's rowing is one of Mr. Fairbairn's famous axioms. But have the Universities been quick to take advantage of these new methods and ideas? Emphatically, No! And were it not for the persistence and success of some of the colleges I believe they would still row with straight backs and stiff arms. The change is being rung slowly. Cambridge have been experimenting with swivels and long slides for two years, and now they definitely have the latter installed in their boat.

The trouble at the Universities is that each college club is a self-contained unit with ideas of its own, and therefore it is no easy matter to make up a first-class representative crew. But once all the colleges come into line, as in the course of time they are bound to do, then indeed will the challenge to the Tideway become a serious one.

The outstanding feature about the 'Varsity crews this year is that Mr. Fairbairn's methods are very clearly to the fore, and the result is highly satisfactory; both eights are unusually fast and I hope that they are the forerunners of a succession of first-class crews from the Isis and the Cam.



HOUNDS LEAVING COVERT—A FINE CAMERA RECORD OF THE GRAFTON PACK TAKEN AFTER THEIR WAPPINGHAM MEET

HUNTING DAYS AT HOME AND AWAY

Red Letter Runs which Live in One's Memory

By LORD DORCHESTER

WHAT is our best day's hunting? By which I mean the day that gives us our happiest recollection irrespective of whether hounds made hunting history on that occasion. There are so many "best days"—one reads of them daily—one boasts of them frequently, especially if the listener did not happen to have been out.

How few, alas! are the real red-letter days of which every incident will remain fresh in the memory until our final "Whoo-whoop" is sounded; those days when horse, hound, fox and country have joined with weather and pleasant company to give us the best that foxhunting can offer. Such days fall into two categories: those seen with the home pack, and others experienced during a visit to another Hunt.

Many of memory's best days will be those in a strange country, not necessarily because they were intrinsically better than many which we have enjoyed at home, but because of the novelty of our surroundings. It is always interesting to watch a strange huntsman, his hounds, how he handles them, the Master's methods with his field, the nature of the country, the number of farmers who are out, or not, and so on—matters which help to pass the time whatever the sport may be like. Admitting all this, I shall always maintain that there is nothing to beat a rousing hunt in "old"—our—country and with the local pack.

It may be urged that our very familiarity with the neighbourhood must of itself tend to lessen our enjoyment, but here I do not agree. Granted that we know every fence and field in the line, the gates and gaps, the probable objective of the fox, and the best way of reaching it, yet on a day that hounds run hard the face of the countryside becomes transfigured as by the waving of a magic wand.

On any average day, and when there is no particular hurry, we are not above emulating Mr. Richard Bragg in following a pet line of gates and gaps, wherefore, while hounds dribble across the sticky plough previous to threading the boundary hedge, we, keeping to the headland, make for the gate in the corner of the field. What a change, however, when hounds are really running!

Then it is that some reap the reward for many days of plodding observantly after a walking pack, while others from force of habit, deviating as usual from the straight and narrow way, find that an unexpected obstacle or sudden turn on the part of hounds has thrown them out beyond all hope of making up lost ground. On this day of our dreams the fox is away before the last coffee-houser has entered the Long Ride, and only those in the van are able to hear the lessening cry of hounds and the notes of a rapidly receding horn blowing "away" on the outskirts of the wood.

It is obvious to our incredulous ears that for once hounds are racing away over the old familiar line—a line we know like the back of our hands—and now is the chance to put this knowledge to the test. A succession of mediocre runs over the same ground leaves but a hazy impression, one day becoming merged into another, but a star turn even over the same country remains etched on the memory for life.





IN LEICESTERSHIRE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Lord and Lady Cromwell (left) with Miss Ransome at the Walcote meet of the Pytchley. Major Humphery de Freville, Field Master, with Earl Bathurst when his hounds met at Colin St. Aldwyns

This is never the case in a strange country, because we do not know it well enough to recall a hunt throughout all its perigrinations, wherefore we are content to remember that we had a great ride with the So-and-So's, and that is all. At home it is different. We carry a map of the country in our heads—we know where we can jump, what to chance, and what to leave alone. If, as so often happens, the point is " five miles but nine as hounds ran," we can retrace every yard of the nine miles. Often have we marked down some particular place and longed for an excuse to have a shy at it, and the long-sought opportunity crops up in due course. Out shooting, too, with an eye to the future, we will make detours just to see if a certain place is negotiable. Wherefore I claim that on the whole you will have your best days in the old country.

Having said this, I am all for an occasional change, and a visit to a strange pack is always something of an event. If we have a run we magnify it to ourselves, and boast of it when we get home again. In our ignorance of the country we neither know nor care whether we are running a ring or making a point, and unaware both of the dangers that confront us and the funkholes by which to avoid them we ride a bit harder than usual. I find it very difficult to decide which were my best days away from home.

Maybe, a hunt with the Quorn from the Coplow to a kill in the open below Little Dalby. Completely lost as to my whereabouts, I was preparing for a long hack home when my host indicated the stables two fields away. Then, too, a great gallop with the Devon and Somerset from Simonsbath. We ran all over Exmoor, it seemed to me, and the hounds, unaided, pulled down the stag in Nutscale Coombe.

The York and Ainsty and a good run from Askham Bog, another with the Blankney, a really good day with the Worcestershire, are all treasured memories ; while still fresh in my mind is a transfer from the Belvoir to the Cottesmore.

It happened this wise. The Belvoir were just about to draw Newman's Gorse when the Cottesmore ran into it. There was a momentary hesitation among the Belvoirites before deserting *en masse* to the invaders. The fox was most obliging, and left again immediately, the combined fields enjoying 30 minutes of the best, terminated by a kill in Corton Covert.

To sum up, I can remember something about all my visits, and very little about the majority of my days at home, yet of those that I do remember I can recall every incident.

Wherefore it is my considered opinion that on the whole we have our best days in the old country, be it grass, plough, woodland or heather.

LIKELY WINNERS AT CHELTENHAM

A Fine Programme for the National Hunt Meeting

THE racing man and the hunting man will meet on common ground at Prestbury Park, Cheltenham, on Tuesday and the two following days. And we may be sure that both will hugely enjoy the wonderful programme which is set before them. In the old days the National Hunt Meeting was a movable feast, but everybody agrees that it would be difficult to improve on the permanent home which has now been found for the fixture.

It would be idle to pretend that the stand accommodation on the Cheltenham course is all that could be desired, especially in inclement weather. Adequate enough for the ordinary meetings at Prestbury Park, it falls a long way short of perfection when vast crowds forgather for the annual National Hunt festival. With the actual course no fault can be found. The fences are small compared with Aintree, but they are strongly built up, and a slovenly jumper cannot afford to take a liberty with them.

It has been suggested that Golden Miller would have a better chance of winning the National if he were not called on to compete for the Cheltenham Gold Cup. But this trophy is of too much importance to be lightly thrown away, and Miss Dorothy Paget and her trainer are hopeful that Golden Miller will show that it is quite possible for a horse to win the highest honours both at Cheltenham and Liverpool in the same month. Already he has two Gold Cups to his credit, and he appears to have an excellent chance of scoring yet again on Tuesday.

It will be a race worth going a long way to see. Golden Miller's opponents will include Kellsboro' Jack, who has the advantage of having been specially trained for the race, whereas the preparation of Miss Paget's gelding is being timed for the Grand National. Thomond II will also be in the field. This horse's brilliant performances over courses of widely different character speak for themselves, yet in appearance he is by no means what one would expect a high-class steeple chaser to be. He was in the parade-ring at Lingfield last week and, struck by his slightness of frame and lack of substance, one visitor exclaimed : " Surely that is not the horse who has been set to carry 12st. 4lb. in the Grand National ! "

The youngest horse in the field will be Colonel G. Foljambe's Avenger, who enjoys the benefit of the weight-for-age scale and showed that he is still improving by his victory at Manchester at the week-end. Delaneige, favourite for the Grand National at the time of writing, is also engaged in the Cheltenham race, as are Inverse, Reynoldstown and the French-bred El Hadjar. We predict another victory for Golden Miller.

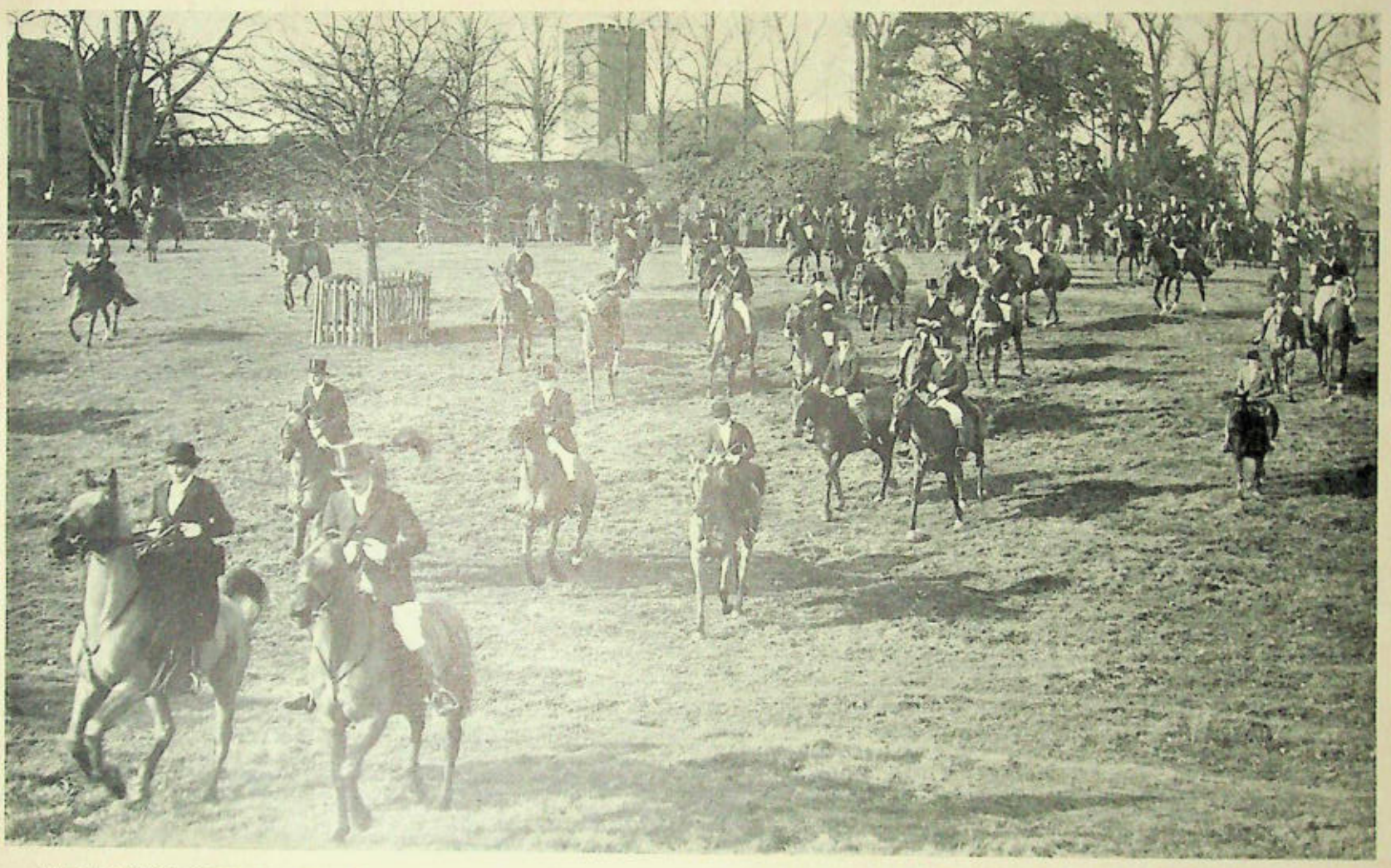
On the same afternoon will be run the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup. A great mistake was made when Gay Light was not entered for this race, for on his Lingfield form he would have had a great chance of success. Insurance has the opportunity of winning the race for the third consecutive season, but the fact that he has not been out so far this winter makes one wonder whether he is at his best.

On the second day of the meeting the main attraction will be the National Hunt Chase, for horses which up to the beginning of the year had not won a race under any recognised rules of steeple chasing or flat racing. This condition, of course, does not rule out winners at Point-to-Point or at *bona fide* Hunt and military meetings. The field will therefore include a number of horses which have distinguished themselves in the Point-to-Point field. These, however, will be handicapped in competing against regular steeple chasers such as the six-year-old Kirkwall, who has been in Tom Coulthwaite's stable for some time past.

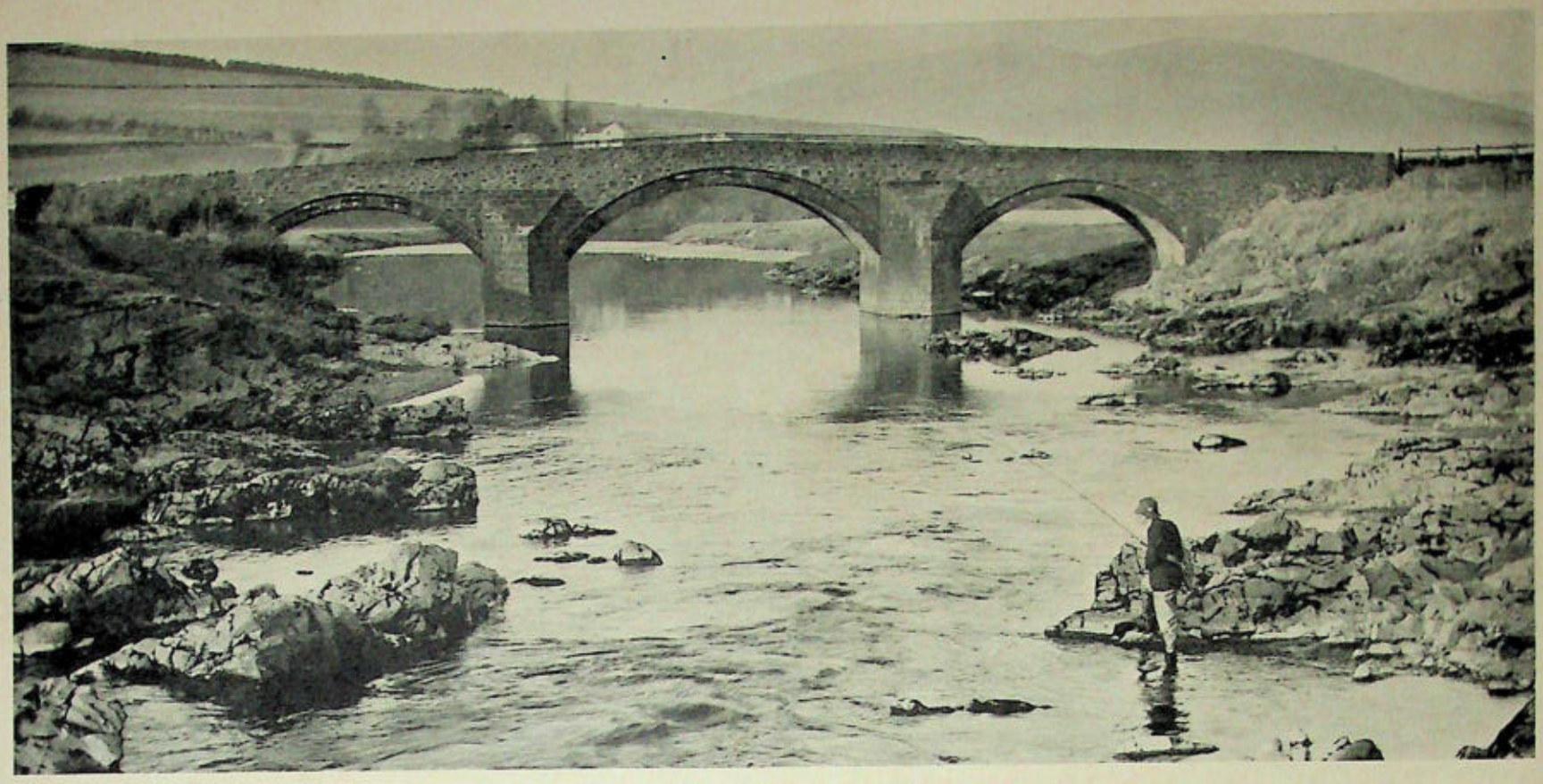
The important change made two or three seasons ago in the conditions of the National Hunt Chase, enabling winners after the closing of entries to compete with penalties, was an immense improvement. Among the penalised competitors this time will be the locally-trained Broadwas and Alexena, a recent winner at Derby. Southern Vale, fourth last year, is likely to give Mr. H. Lloyd Thomas a pleasant ride, and on the strength of her running at Newbury last week we regard that mare as the danger to Kirkwall, who for some time past has been talked of as a " good thing " for this race.

A number of the probable competitors for the Gold Cup are to be found again in the entry for the Coventry Cup on the third day of the fixture. This two-mile event should suit Le Fortium, who twelve months ago won the National Hunt Juvenile 'Chase at this meeting. A likely winner of the last-named race this time is Mr. A. E. Berry's Waukoo, a young jumper of uncommon promise.

The Foxhunters' Challenge Cup, one of the concluding events of the meeting, is run on the same course as the National Hunt 'Chase, differing chiefly from that race in that it is eligible only for horses which have been regularly and fairly hunted during the present season. Ballybrack and Lewes have chances on their running in this event last year. The Boarder is one to whom we look to give an excellent account of himself over this stiff country.



A FINE HUNTING MORN AND THE FIELD OF THE QUORN ABOUT TO ENJOY IT AT OLD DALBY HALL. IN THE BACKGROUND IS OLD DALBY CHURCH



ON THE CLYDE NEAR ABINGTON

Warm weather in the North may bring Scottish trout into condition early

PROBLEMS OF MARCH TROUTING

Bait or Well-Sunk Flies the Solution

By W. CARTER PLATTS

MARCH is, as far as fly fishing goes, the month of the wet-fly fisher, and he earns all he creels, for, like the excessive tenderness of the grayling's mouth, the indecent haste with which the ravenous starveling trout strangles itself upon any artificial fly that may come its way is grossly exaggerated. Die-hard tradition may paint the opening weeks of the trout season as the fly-fishing duffer's delight; stern reality reveals them too often as the dabster's despair. During this period the pathetic plaint of the fly fisher is, "No fly on the water!" the result, a beggarly array of empty—or wellnigh empty—baskets. At the risk of shocking those anglers whose acquaintance with trout fishing is confined to exclusive preserves where "fly only" is the rule, I honestly avow my opinion that for every single March trout caught on the fly at least 20 are taken on bait. Minnow and worm are largely employed, and, on waters where they are permitted, the maggot fishers we have always with us.

Taking it by and large, during March the dry fly is of little or no account, but by steady application the nymph fisher or the wet-fly fisher (who through long successive generations has been fishing the nymph and never knew it) may accumulate a modest dish of fish, though no fly be visible nor fairy dimple betoken the presence of a rising trout. Even so there may be—most probably is—a weary interval between one glorious nibble and the next. Why? I think the logical answer is: Because, for the most part, the fish never see the flies that are offered to them.

For the greater part of its time the trout is a bottom feeder. More especially is it so in the early weeks of the season, when there is little surface food to tempt it to be otherwise. Moreover, it is somewhat short-sighted, and does not recognise a dainty morsel at a distance, as pisciculturists know. Consequently, if under normal conditions its whole attention is focussed on what fare the bed of the river furnishes in the shape of molluscs, shrimps, caddis, crawling and swimming nymphs, and what miscellaneous goods the gods may send trundling about the river bed, the angler's flies, only slightly submerged, pass unnoticed feet or yards above its head. This presupposes the trout to be doing its foraging in the comparative depths of the pools—as it frequently is at this time of the year.

In the shallow glides and streams (where fish are also to be encountered, though not in such numbers as in the later months) the flies are brought within its field of observation, with or without fatal results. In the other case, whether the angler be fishing the modern nymph or the old-fashioned hackled pattern, a shred of thin sheet lead, lapped on the shank of the hook under the dressing, will be found of material assistance in bringing the mountain to Mahomet, often with great content to the fisherman.

I know men to whom the idea of lead in flies is anathema, a prejudice begot no doubt of the immoral practice of heavily loading a huge salmon fly and dragging it through a congested pool, with malice aforethought, for the purpose of hauling out fish by hook or by crook—especially by crook. There is no similitude between that and the lightly leading of a tiny wet fly; indeed, the addition of a touch of lead to make the wet fly sink is intrinsically no more reprehensible than the touch of paraffin to make the dry fly float. Each is a step towards the attainment of the high ideal, exact imitation; for each respectively brings, or maintains, the artificial within the natural zone of its prototype, either daintily poised aloft or mudlarking below.

But the tyro may ask, How does it come about that, if the trout cannot see the angler's flies as they pass some feet above, it sees the natural fly when a hatch appears on the surface, and begins to rise to it? A little thought should surely supply the answer. Did the hatch of fly *descend* upon the surface like a shower of blessings from above, possibly it might escape the trout's attention. But each hatch is necessarily preceded by an ascending procession of nymphs from the bed of the river, and what could be more natural than that the fish, hitching its star to the commissariat wagon, should be led by this procession to higher things until it realises that it has only to maintain its position just below the surface—sitting to table like the little gentleman he is—and quietly take, or politely decline, what the stream serves.

Thirty years ago I used to fish quite a lot with a famous Yorkshire fly fisherman, the late Wm. Brumfitt, of Otley, who supplied Pritt with a great many of the dressings for his oft-quoted *North-Country Trout Flies*, and who dressed the flies for the illustration of that work. It was no unusual thing for him, when no natural fly was on, to fish with seven or eight artificials on his cast. "Let 'em think there's a hatch coming down!" he was wont to say, and certainly he was one of the most successful fly fishers I ever came across. I have heard of other North-country anglers adopting the same tactics.

It seems to me within the bounds of possibility that such a practice, when tried in the streams, may have to some extent the effect Brumfitt jocularly suggested, but I very much doubt if it would prove of any advantage in the deeper pools.

Personally I have never fished with more than four flies on my cast, and in fishing any British trout water of the "moorland river" type in March, I should not hesitate to mount the old quartette that has served me so well in the past: Tail fly, Winter Brown or else Orange Partridge; first dropper, Waterhen Bloa; second dropper, Dark Snipe and Purple; third dropper, Snipe Bloa, *alias* Snipe and Yellow. These are all well-tried North-country patterns, and they form an assortment representative of the various classes of naturals likely to be abroad at this time of the year—the Old Joans or Early Browns, the Blue Duns, the Iron Blue Duns and the Olive Duns. If the trout show any marked preference for any particular one of the four, it is most probable it will be for the brown tail fly or the Waterhen Bloa (hackled imitation of the Blue Dun), in which case mount the cast with four specimens of the pattern the fish are asking for—and good luck go with you.

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE TEIFY

Better Salmon Fishing This Year

LAST season, on the Teify, an easier path for salmon and sea trout to get up the river was made by blasting at Cenarth Falls above tidal water. It will be interesting to see how much this is going to improve the fishing this year in the middle and upper reaches. Since the beginning of the year there have been two or three fairly high floods, and it was noticed that many salmon were ascending the stream, the greater number being spring fish. It is anticipated, in consequence, that the spring fishing this year may be really "worth while."

From the beginning of March to the end of May, given a fairly high state of the river, salmon anglers may expect to find salmon in most of the pools above Cenarth. Although last season was one of the worst on record for rods through the protracted drought, netsmen were exceptionally fortunate with sea trout. The first run of sea trout was early in June, but the migration to the upper water was hindered by the long drought. This season will probably show an improvement in the runs.

There are several lengths of the Teify rented by hotel proprietors and local clubs which are open to visiting fishermen for a moderate charge. Newcastle Emlyn, Llandyssul, Llanybyther, Lampeter and Tregaron are favourite centres for salmon and trout fishing. The Teify Trout Association preserve long stretches of the river from above Llandyssul downwards. Terms for fishing can be obtained from Mr. R. G. Thornton, superintendent bailiff to the Conservancy, King's Meadow, Henllan, S.O., Cardigan.

W. M. G.



HEATHER BURNING IN FULL SWING

On the left, labourers are seen firing the heather in Glenisla with petrol burners, and on the right is a scene during the burning operations on the Earl of Southesk's Mondrumond Moor

HEATHER BURNING AS A FINE ART

Should it be Carried Out in October?

By the HON. J. W. M. SKEFFINGTON

I WONDER how many of us take into consideration the immense amount of scientific organisation and knowledge which goes to making a day's grouse shooting? And of all the more important items, the proper burning of heather tops the list. Though the most important, it is generally by far the most inefficiently executed branch of moor management. To delve into all the data regarding the different rates of growth of heather in various localities and the relation of heather burning to that pest of pests the heather beetle (*Lochmæa saturalis*) would need an expert knowledge and a thousand pages. Not aspiring to the former or intending to embark on the latter, I have managed to put down a brief summary of my own opinions.

After the years 1872–73 landlords and shooting tenants of grouse moors began to think. It was in these two years that Scotland was practically denuded of her grouse population by a so-called disease, which in reality was starvation. The cause of this starvation was that no heather had been burned, except by shepherds, since grouse shooting had come into vogue as a popular sport. The reason being that moor owners were under the impression that grouse only liked long heather, because when they were out shooting they naturally flushed all their grouse resting in the long heather till the heat of the day was past. Accordingly, after 20 years of this system, there was very little heather left for the wretched grouse. A hard winter catching them with nothing to eat the inevitable happened. After these two disastrous years the landlords realised that where the grazier had bought up the shooting rights in order that they might burn to give short heather and grass for their sheep, there was still a considerable stock of grouse. So, putting two and two together, they came to the sound conclusion that grouse *also* needed short young heather.

On the average, heather over fifteen years old is no good as a form of food for grouse. The best heather for food is between six and twelve years old, but on the whole we may take that from one to fifteen years is the age of feed heather. Therefore, to have an adequate supply of palatable heather it is necessary to burn on a fifteen-year rotation. For instance, on a moor of 10,000 acres, 666 acres of old heather should be burnt annually. However, we must not assume from this that rank old heather is not required, on the contrary it is a most essential means of cover. If this 666 acres of heather is to be burnt properly—that is, in half- or one-acre patches—it is going to take a big staff of men to manage. The actual time laid down by law for burning is from November 1st to April 10th, but owing to the weather it is impossible to burn much before the middle of February or beginning of March. Sometimes, especially on the West Coast, the keepers may not get one decent day for burning the whole spring. He who has ten really good days suitable for burning can count himself lucky. Ten days means that he will have to burn 66 acres, or roughly a hundred patches, a day. In order to accomplish this 25 to 30 men would be required, an amount of labour not always available.

There are two solutions to this problem if the labour is not forthcoming. Either headkeepers must burn as the shepherd used to in big strips of 50 to 100 acres, or else all burning should be done in autumn and the date for allowing burning to commence changed to October 1st. In regard to the former solution, the object of burning in small patches is, that should a hawk or other bird of prey appear, the grouse can always bustle into the long heather near their feeding grounds. The grazier's method was to throw a box of matches on to any big expanse of old heather, and let the fire more or less run as it wished. In this way the fire often did more harm than good, but it was decidedly preferable to burning none at all, even if it did occasionally spread to good ground. But by far the most satisfactory solution is the latter—namely, that of burning in autumn. The keepers would have ample time to burn in October and November, which are considerably drier months than February and March.



RESTRICTING THE BURNT-OUT AREAS

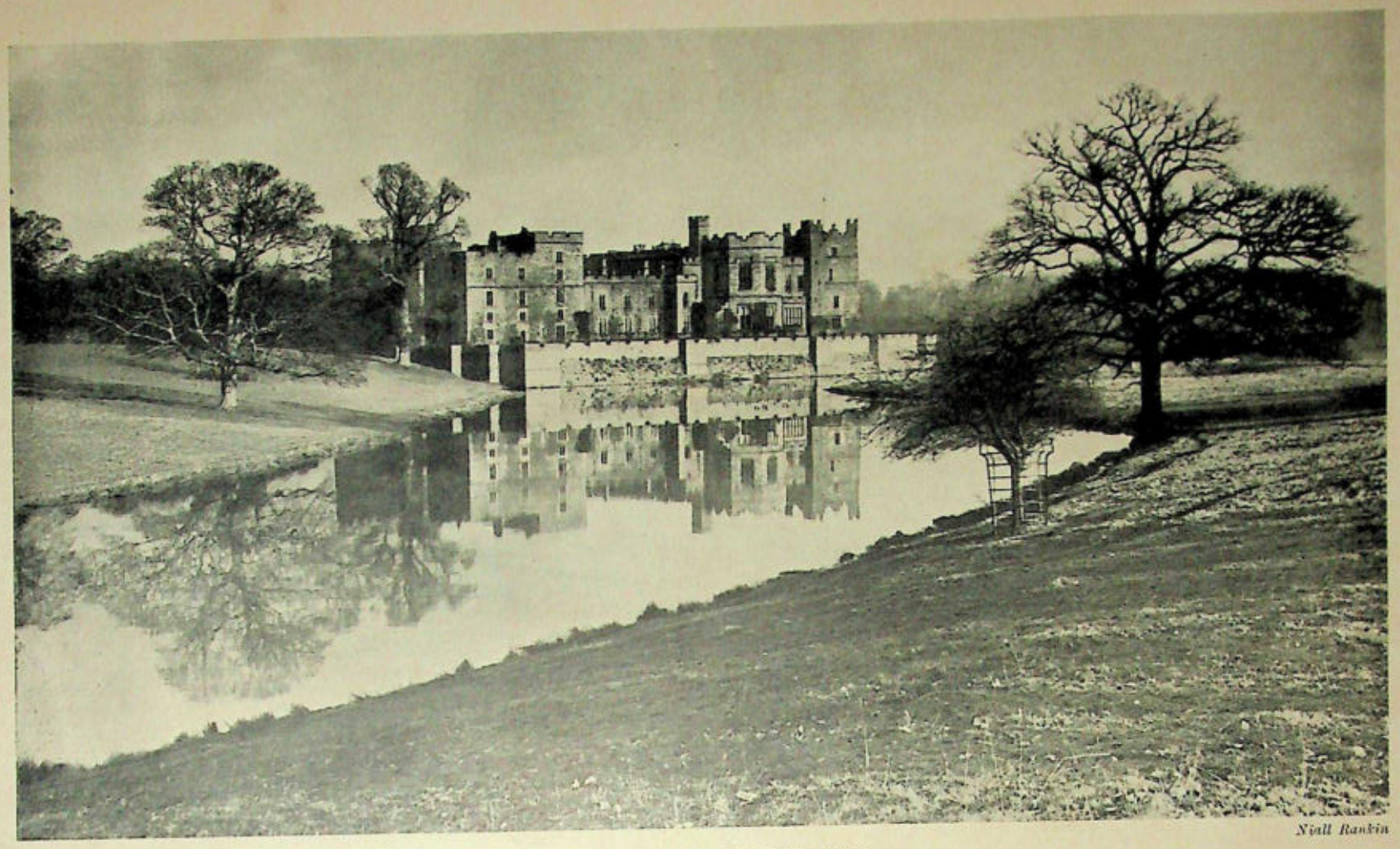
A keeper at Glen Ogilvy, near Glamis, beating out the heather

The perfect days for heather burning are few and far between. The ground must not be too dry nor at the same time too wet. If too dry the fire will get right down into the roots of the heather, and thus prevent it from sprouting again. If too wet—well, the answer is obvious. There should also be a slight breeze, the fire being made to burn into the wind. Should the fire be allowed to run with a fresh wind it will course through the tops of the heather, not doing its work at all thoroughly. Heather attacked by the beetle, or commonly known as "frosted heather" by persistently obstinate keepers, should invariably be burnt. Also all patches of sphagnum moss in the vicinity of this diseased heather ought to be scraped out and left to wither in the sun, if it is too moist for burning. This moss being where the heather beetle likes to hibernate and lay eggs.

People are often heard to lament, especially on West Coast moors, that such and such a hill was in the good old days a mass of heather, and now it is nothing but coarse sheep grass. In the above case burning has gone to the other extreme. The farmer has set fire to the whole hillside and then allowed his sheep to graze there the following year, so that all the young heather shoots have been eaten. Most of the ground on the West Coast being damp, heavy peat, the heather is twice or three times, or even four times slower in growth than on some East Coast moors. Consequently, if sheep are turned on within three years after burning, the heather is forced to give way to grass.

It is a curious fact of human nature that a staff of keepers will do their utmost to get that "last pair of Loodie crows," and thus try in every way to upset the balance of nature by reducing the enemies of grouse to a minimum. At the same time they will fail to maintain a proper food supply for their vastly increased stock of grouse by not adhering to a proper rotation of burning. They alter the weights of balance on one side, but forget to alter correspondingly the weights on the other. Grouse disease comes along and they vaguely, without thought, talk of "hard luck"! If the stock of grouse was kept in strict ratio to the amount of feeding, such a thing as disease would be unknown. It has for long been an acknowledged fact that starvation is the cause of grouse disease. An insufficient food supply undermines the constitution of the grouse, which accordingly succumbs to the infection of the strongyle worm. Keepers, by endeavouring to get more out of their moors than the ground can cope with, merely cut off their nose to spite their face.

Lucky Seven.—Lord Newborough reports that at Glynllivon Park on January 31st, Mr. Charles Wynn shot seven woodcock with seven shots, killing, in fact, every one he shot at, with the first barrel. He adds that the shots were anything but easy. Is this a record?



Niall Rankin

RABY CASTLE FROM THE DEER PARK

This famous stronghold dating from Saxon times was formerly the home of the Nevills, and subsequent to their attainder, as the result of the Northern Rising of 1569, *was purchased by Sir Henry Vane in* 1626

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 18

The Vanes at Raby—Part I

ACCORDING to tradition, Raby was once the residence of Canute, the "Emperor of the North," who ruled not only England but Scandinavia, to which latter must be attributed its name, Ra-by, the home of the deer, which then roamed over most of the North of England, and it is evident that that portion of the Raby estate stretching from the castle to the head of Teesdale was for centuries, either as park, chace or forest, under deer, which must have been tolerably numerous, as in the *Diary of Mr. Christopher Saunderson of Barnard Castle* it states that at "Rood Day 1673 there was above 400 red deer in Teesdale Forest but perished in the snow." I cannot trace the date when Teesdale was disforested.

From Canute Raby passed in the reign of Edward the Confessor through his niece Sigen to the Saxon family of Fitzmaldred, which subsequently, through intermarriage, assumed the name of Nevill, and remained in possession of the property and shared the practical sovereignty of the County Palatine of Durham with the Prince-Bishops of the Diocese till their attainder in the Northern Rising in 1569, when Raby was vested by Act of Parliament to "help to defray the cost of the insurrection," in the Crown from whom it was bought in 1626 by Sir Henry Vane, the elder, Treasurer and Secretary of State to James I. It is recorded that, when he approached the monarch with a view to the purchase of the property, he described Raby as a "hillock of stone," and that when the King visited it a few years later he dryly remarked that he had not such another "hullock of stane in his dominions."

The Vanes, or Fanes (a spelling still retained by some branches of the family), were originally a Welsh family which migrated in the reign of Henry V to Fairlawn in Kent, where for three hundred years they continued to take a leading part in history, and Sir Henry—the first Vane of Raby—was one of the most prominent men of his day, but retired from public life after the execution of Charles I, which both he and his son did their utmost to avert, and died in 1656 at Fairlawn, where he seems to have spent a good deal of his time, which is perhaps explicable by the fact that Raby, then unsheltered by the woods which he commenced to plant, stood bleak and unprotected on the moor, and was so cold in winter that his predecessors, the Nevills, used to spend that season in Newcastle! But, great man as he undoubtedly was, his fame is overshadowed by that of his son, Henry Vane the younger (the subject of Milton's sonnet), a man of brilliant talents and independent convictions which prompted him in early life to emigrate to America, where at the age of 23 he was actually elected Governor of Massachusetts, but soon returned to England, entered Parliament, was knighted, and became sole Treasurer of the Navy, his administration of which was magnificent, and helped to restore to England the sovereignty of the seas which the Dutch had temporarily usurped.

He subsequently became associated with Cromwell, but, early realising that the latter's views on government, which aimed at the semi-military despotism now apparently in force in Germany, and his own, which merely demanded freedom of conscience, were at variance, retired from public life. After Cromwell's death he re-entered Parliament, but at the Restoration, despite Charles II's promise of indemnity to all not immediately concerned in his father's death, which he had strongly resisted, was executed on Tower Hill in 1662, Charles deeming him "too dangerous a man to let live if we can honestly put him out of the way," and died as Samuel Pepys says "as much a martyr and a saint as ever man did."

Raby was twice besieged during the Civil War, being taken on the first occasion by Sir Henry Liddell, who held it for a month, when he and his men were allowed to depart with the honours of war but leaving behind them "good store of armes and munitions." Of the second occasion, when the castle was not taken, no record exists except one in the Staindrop Parish Register of the death of "a souldier William Joplin slain on August 27th 1648 at the seidge of Raby Castle," which adds that many others were killed and buried in the park and not registered.

Sir Henry was succeeded by his fifth son—he had fourteen children—who was eventually reinstated in his father's possessions and created Baron Barnard, a striking example of the extraordinary fluctuation in family fortunes of the time. He and his successors lived quietly on their estates till their elevation in 1754 to the Earldom of Darlington and the second holder of this title emerged from retirement and, after serving in the Army and as member of Parliament, became one of the leading agriculturists of the day, and as a practical founder of the breed of Shorthorns is deserving of national gratitude. A most interesting account of the Raby Home Farm of 1,080 acres can be found in *Arthur Young's Tour in the North of England in* 1768, from which the temptation to make lengthy extracts is very great.

In one respect the first Lord Darlington was certainly in advance of his generation as he pulled down the stone walls which split the property into small enclosures and utilised the material for draining it with "conduits," pipe drainage being then, of course, unknown. He also created a new style of farmbuildings and instituted the practice of storing manure under cover instead of leaving it to lose half its value in the open. He always ploughed with mixed teams of oxen and horses, greatly preferring the former on heavy land, and was the progenitor of the five-course system of arable farming—fallow, wheat, fallow, barley and seeds, or, alternatively, fallow, wheat, peas, oats and seeds. His profit on the summer grazing of 347 acres after deduction of rent at 16s. per acre—a high one in those days—amounted to £342; a century later exactly the same figure was realised on 502 acres rented at 30s. per acre! Lord Darlington was undoubtedly the originator of the high state of cultivation and good management that for generations has been, and still is, maintained on the Raby estates; I question if any others of over 50,000 acres in Great Britain can show the like; and Teesdale, the western extremity of the estate, offers a most striking tribute to good landlordism. Less than a century ago it was mere swampy moorland given over to grouse, sheep and a scanty population of lead miners. Now, thanks to ungrudging expenditure by successive owners of Raby, it is a smiling model estate of small grass farms, well drained, roaded, and fenced and equipped with substantial white homesteads, an object-lesson to Socialism; I wonder what the present condition of Upper Teesdale would be had it always been in the hands of a peasant proprietary! The inhabitants are a contented, industrious race, still showing evidence of their Scandinavian origin, singularly clannish, and rarely quitting their native dale. Many of them have been on their holdings for centuries; I recollect that, when shooting on one of the fells many years ago, I took shelter in a small farmhouse from a passing storm, and was shown a halberd reputed to have been handed down from father to son since the battle of Neville's Cross.

Lord Darlington had a pack of foxhounds at Raby, which he had purchased in 1774 from Mr. Stanhope of Cannon Hall near Barnsley, but little is known of them. He died in 1792, and was succeeded by his son William Harry, created Duke of Cleveland in 1833, one of the greatest sportsmen of his day, a pillar of the Turf and one of those Fathers of the Chase who, like John Warde and Hugo Meynell, elevated foxhunting to the dignity of a great national sport. He first appeared on the Turf in 1794, some of his horses being trained by Wheatley at Raby and the others by the brothers Chifney at Newmarket, where, in addition, they are reputed to have bred the bagged foxes he was by no means averse from hunting, who reaped their reward by being regular visitors in winter to both Newton House and Raby, when their employer used to mount them. Lord Darlington was a very successful owner on the Turf, to which more than 20 Cups at Raby bear ample testimony. He was one of the heaviest bettors of his time, described by contemporary Turf historians as "The Jesuit of the Ring," "The Terror of the North," and "The Confucius of the Turf"; and, in addition, gave what were then considered enormous prices—up to 3,600 guineas—for horses. He won the St. Leger with Chorister in 1831.



THE RABY PACK—THE EARL OF DARLINGTON'S FOXHOUNDS IN KENNEL, BY WARD AFTER CHALON
The celebrated Lord Darlington passed his hounds from the feeding house to their benches along a trough of broth, "as the healing properties of a dog's tongue to a sore are well established"

But, however great Lord Darlington's interest in the Turf, his real devotion to sport lay in hunting. Although his father maintained foxhounds at Raby, it was not until 1787, five years before his father's death, that he became a Master of Foxhounds and hunted, according to inclination or occasion, an enormous area ranging from the south of Yorkshire into Northumberland and including the present Zetland, Bedale and Badsworth countries and portions of those of the York and Ainsty, Hurworth, North and South Durham and Tynedale Hunts. However, as will be easily understood, so disconnected a field of action soon proved too unwieldy, and parts of it were gradually given up until his recognised country was confined to those districts of Yorkshire and Durham now hunted by the Zetland, Badsworth and Bedale hounds, an arrangement that lasted till 1833, when the Bedale country was handed over to the Duke's son-in-law, Mr. Milbank of Thorp Perrow. Even after its reduction in area, Lord Darlington's country proved too large to be covered from Raby and he hunted the Yorkshire portion of it from Newton House (now, I believe, an hotel), "situate at the 220th milestone on the London and Glasgow road," where he built kennels and "spent the happiest days of the year," moving his establishment to Raby at intervals during the season. By the way, it is curious and in a sense regrettable that the famous song of "Howell Wood and the Raby Hunt in Yorkshire," by Martin Hawke, *circa* 1803, with its quaint refrain of "Ballanamonoora" (this must surely be Irish; it is certainly not Yorkshire), should apply to the Badsworth and not the Raby country.

Lord Darlington was not merely a Master of Hounds in name, he was his own huntsman for 53 years, and in addition, took the most minute interest in kennel detail, drawing his hounds himself on hunting mornings, superintending their feeding at night and personally supervising their drafting, feeding and exercise. According to "Nimrod" Apperley, who visited him in 1826 both at Newton House and Raby, his hounds were bred "only for size and speed," as "he was all for riding, four couple of hounds in front and the rest coming on anyhow." In his prime he was a very hard rider, and would go at anything "with his chin sticking out and his cap on one ear" (subsequent to 1805 he and all his Hunt servants wore hats, not caps), as is evidenced by an "extraordinary leap over a hedge 4ft. high with a ditch beyond measuring 7¾yds," on a favourite horse, whose hide still adorns an armchair at Raby. Nimrod gives many interesting details concerning Lord Darlington's hunting establishment, which he estimates to have been the most costly of that day, which seems probable as the pack consisted of 80 couple of working hounds. None the less, Lord Darlington was exceedingly methodical in all matters relating to his Hunt, keeping careful account of expenditure, and was a man of considerable initiative in the minor matters of the chase; for instance, that of causing his hounds to pass from the feeding house to their benches along a trough 6in. deep in broth, which induced them to lick their feet, and "the healing properties of a dog's tongue to a sore are well established." He was also the inventor of the modern kennel coat, "a white frock something like what the better order of butchers wear," which he wore when visiting the kennel in conjunction with a pair of "calashes" (*sic*) over his boots. I am the fortunate possessor of one of the now very rare coloured prints by Ward after Chalon of the "Earl of Darlington's Fox Hounds in their Kennel" with "correct portraits [and names] of the most celebrated hounds and of the huntsman and dog-feeder [Sayer and Leonard]," but neither of whom had been elevated to the dignity of the white frock, Sayer appearing in his hunt coat with the black velvet collar with embroidered foxes that was revived on the evening coat of the Old Raby Hunt Club on its formation in 1874. It is interesting to note that Lord Darlington's daughters hunted in scarlet.

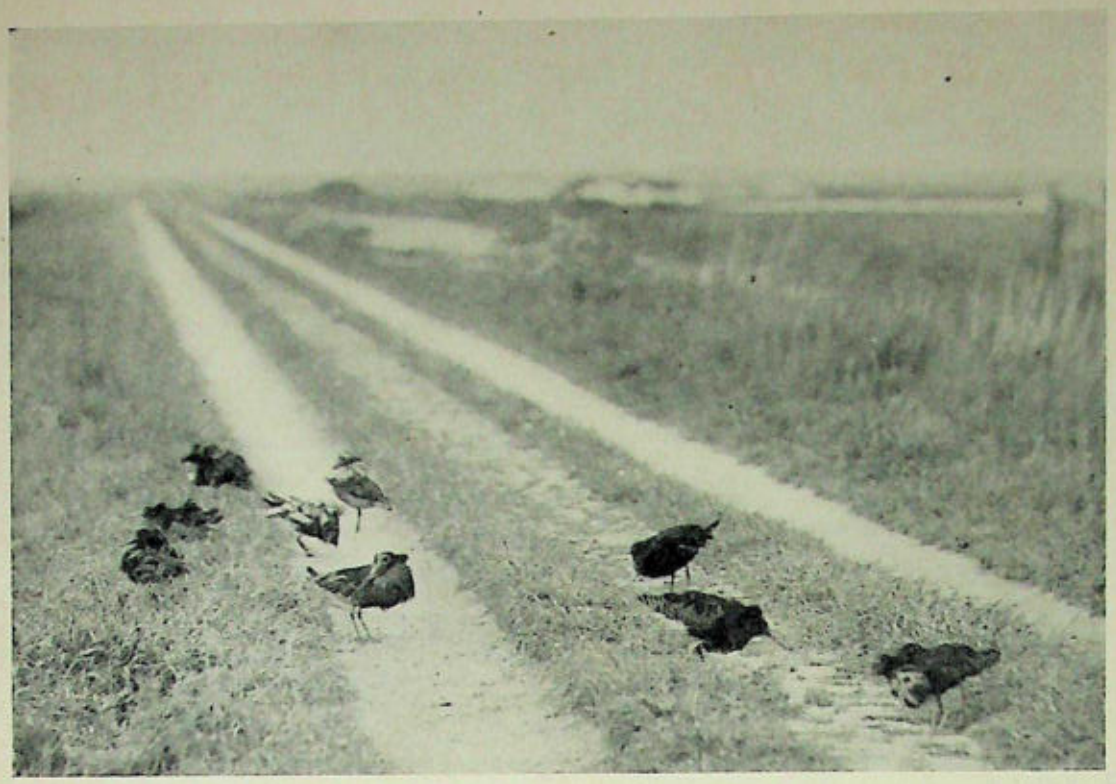
One of the most remarkable proofs of his devotion to hunting was his habit of keeping a most accurate record of every day's sport. Neither the hardest day in the saddle nor what Nimrod styles "the merriest evening" afterwards, prevented him from posting his diary the same night, recording conscientiously in tabular form "The names of Coverts where the Hounds threw off," "The Coverts where Foxes have been found," "The number of Foxes earthed and killed by Lord Viscount Barnard's [*sic*, in the early numbers] Foxhounds," and "Coverts whence Foxes have been killed," and in addition a faithful record of each day's sport and its noteworthy incidents. These diaries were religiously kept till 1840, and were first printed in 1804 by H. Reynell, of 21, Piccadilly, "near the Black Bear," any profits arising from their sale being given to an old and valued servant, William Storey. I believe that a few complete sets of these diaries are in existence, though one is not to be found at Raby: the earliest I have ever seen are those for 1789 and 1790. In the field, Lord Darlington, or, to give him his correct later title, the Duke of Cleveland, was Master in every sense of the expression, brooking no outside interference, and as late as 1818 successfully opposed the projected line of the Darlington and Stockton Railway, the first in England, on the ground that it would interfere with one of his fox coverts.

P. S.

(To be continued)



THE EARL OF DARLINGTON AND HIS FOXHOUNDS, BY BEN MARSHALL
Lord Darlington was created Duke of Cleveland in 1833, and besides being a great master of hounds was a notable figure on the Turf of his time



"A MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY"
"There were the ruffs, posturing and displaying and showing off their fantastic capes"

SPRINGTIME ANTICS

What is the Meaning of the "Courtship" Displays of Birds?

By FRANCES PITT

(Illustrated by the author)

SPRINGTIME emotions are spreading through the countryside, blackbirds and thrushes sing in the dawn, snipe drum over the marshland, and many a bird may be surprised in weird antics and strange posture, in short the days of courtship have arrived.

The so-called courtship behaviour of birds supplies us with many a problem, whether it be a cock robin erecting his tail before the hen; a male moorhen drooping his wings, spreading his tail fanwise and strutting to his mate; a peacock displaying his 5ft. high halo of eyed magnificence; or blackcocks meeting on their tourney green to posture, spar and play at the break of day.

That such antics are connected with the breeding season and with obtaining a mate is seldom doubted. Darwin held them to be a form of courtship, and advanced his well-known theory of sexual selection, which, to put the matter briefly, supposed that the females chose the best and handsomest mates from the swains displaying before them. Since his day other theories have been put forward, such as that of intimidation, namely, that the magnificent springtime array of so many male birds and some mammals is for purpose of scaring off rivals. Their glory is but a war dress and their displays, like the dances of the Red Indian braves, just a way of showing it off. But then the male does not always show off to other males, sometimes it is to his lady alone.

The peacock is a case in point, for the males hardly ever show off to each other. In early spring, with his train hardly full length, his magnificence seeks a strutting ground, probably the same he has used in previous seasons, and there puts up his immense fan. He struts in glory, but more often without an audience than with one. In the case of my peafowl one cock displays in the garden before the house and the other in the farmyard at the back of the place. The hens take little note of the behaviour of their lords, though the presence of a female will move the cocks to quivering ecstasies of display, nevertheless they go on posturing when left alone.

I have seen quite young peachicks of both sexes put up their scraps of tails when excited by ducks taking their food and perform in just the same manner, and I have also seen a hen display at a pet raven which had been teasing her. It is my belief that the glorious exhibition of the peacock, though a symptom of springtime ecstasy, is not so much a matter of courtship as of territorial advertisement and a means of giving vent to the energy and emotion peculiar to the male at this time of year.



BLACKCOCK ON THE "FIGHTING" GREEN
A photograph taken just after dawn

The blackcocks' tournament is a case in point (though here the males do display to each other), when the birds coming down from roost in the chill grey dawn of an early spring day fly to a chosen "fighting" ground—an open grassy space amid the rough forest vegetation which has been used for generations for the purpose—there to meet to the number of a score or more. Each bird seems to have its own stand in the assembly, whence, posturing like a small turkey cock, it surveys its neighbours, uttering the while a bubbling, cooing call.

The birds set to partners, stare fixedly at one another, until a wave of excitement passes over them, and with cries of "Fis—ack!" they jump into the air.

Whether real fighting ever takes place I cannot say, but I have seen nothing more serious than these mock combats which appear to be no more than joyous play. The hens seem quite uninterested in the antics of their mates, though when a bored-looking preoccupied lady strolls through the gathering it moves the assembled males to further showing off, yet they lose little of their vim when she has gone on, and they are left to their own devices.

Yet with regard to such male assemblies what could be more extraordinary than the gathering of the ruffs? In this case the males spend most of their time during the nesting season in each others company on some custom-ordained spot. They are not content with morning and evening meetings, but apart from short interruptions for feeding and bathing remain together all day.

Last spring I paid a visit to the Island of Texel on purpose to study their ways. Once upon a time our eastern counties would have provided plenty of ruffs and reeves, but the draining of the marshes has long since lost us this quaint species as a regular breeder.

Hardly had I arrived and made my way on to the bird reserve of Waalenburg Polder than I saw a dozen or more birds posed in the middle of the road—these were the ruffs! This spot on the road was their chosen meeting place. It did not matter what time of day, morning or afternoon, one went that way—there were the ruffs, posturing and displaying and showing off their fantastic capes. Some individuals wore ruffs of rich chestnut red, some were barred like tabby cats, one bird was so light a grey as to be almost white, and another had an inky-black ruffle. No two were exactly alike. The ruff is indeed a bird of extraordinary freakishness, and its conduct is as strange as the variety of its costumes.

The birds of this party were for ever displaying, bowing to the very ground to show off their capes and ear tufts, and this *to each other*. Now and again a reeve flew up and alighted among them, when the ruffs postured more madly than before, but generally it was a mutual admiration society.

Passing cars disturbed them now and again, but they were back in a few moments to go on as before. I could but imagine the whole fantastic business was an outlet for overflowing energy and emotion. Certainly the birds had plenty of energy to keep it up.

From such strange doings as these of the ruffs let us turn to conduct which does truly appear to be courtship, as when a cock bird brings his mate a gift.

I have a very tame cock bullfinch which was reared by hand—he was picked up on the lawn as a callow nestling having been the victim of some tragic happening of which maybe the cat had knowledge—and whose affections are centred on human beings. He has no use for a hen bullfinch and ignores her. But he courts people persistently, picking up bits of stuff such as could be used in building a nest and flying with them on to any outstretched hand. No doubt such offerings form part of the courtship ritual of his kind.

With regard to gifts, only this morning I saw a pretty episode between two moorhens. A pair were swimming across a pond, paddling leisurely and picking up oddments from the surface of the water. Presently the cock turned to his mate and fed her as tenderly as an old bird would have fed a chick.

Such happenings are characteristic of these days of coming spring, when love-making is the business of the hour and the minutes fly in pleasurable excitement.

GOLF OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Some Awkward Situations and How They Have Been Met

By E. R. TIPPLE



BUSHED'
Miss Molly Gourlay in a situation which calls for accurate play

IN former days when golf was played only by the seaside a ball had to be played from where it lay. This, of course, is no longer possible. To-day, as we possess inland courses, we have two very necessary rules which govern cases when a ball is unplayable or out of bounds. Nevertheless, the modern player frequently discovers his ball resting in some extraordinary place and, rules or no rules, he attempts to hit it if he can. Handicap golfers can take comfort in the fact that well-known professionals and leading amateurs experience similar difficulties. Indeed, the long driver seems to discover uncharted land more frequently than anyone else.

During championships competitors sometimes find their ball behind temporary tents, and these present novel difficulties. The crowds of spectators are not always helpful. Last year at Hoylake Cyril Tolley discovered his ball lying underneath a mackintosh left by a lady as she hurried out of harm's way. This situation called for a shot not included in any tutor's course. A few months later the same player, whilst partnering a professional, was faced with a recovery stroke out of the midst of a wood. The spectators watched him disappear from view; then, after a resounding crash, the ball sailed between and over branches and fell on to the green some 50yds. away. A wonderful shot but it did not save the game.

Walter Hagen, who has earned fame for the way he extricates himself out of seemingly impossible situations, has played many trick shots. I remember seeing him once when his ball lay against a shelter. After due deliberation he faced the wall and hit the ball at it, instead of away from it. This ricochet stroke was a complete success, but few would have attempted it under the circumstances. Some time ago Archie Compston actually played his ball from the inside of a shelter, although he could not stand upright.

There are numerous recorded instances of balls falling into a player's or a spectator's clothes. According to that excellent thesaurus on all golfing matters, the *Golfers' Handbook*, Aubrey Boomer after playing a lofted stroke to a high plateau green, could not find his ball where he expected it to be. Just as he was giving up the search he discovered it in the right-hand pocket of his coat! Who would expect his ball to be embedded in clay on the face of his club? Yet this remarkable experience fell to Captain Charteris in Australia. His ball lay on a muddy bank of a creek. He hit it with his niblick and it promptly disappeared. As he wiped the mass of mud and clay off the club's face the ball fell to the ground!

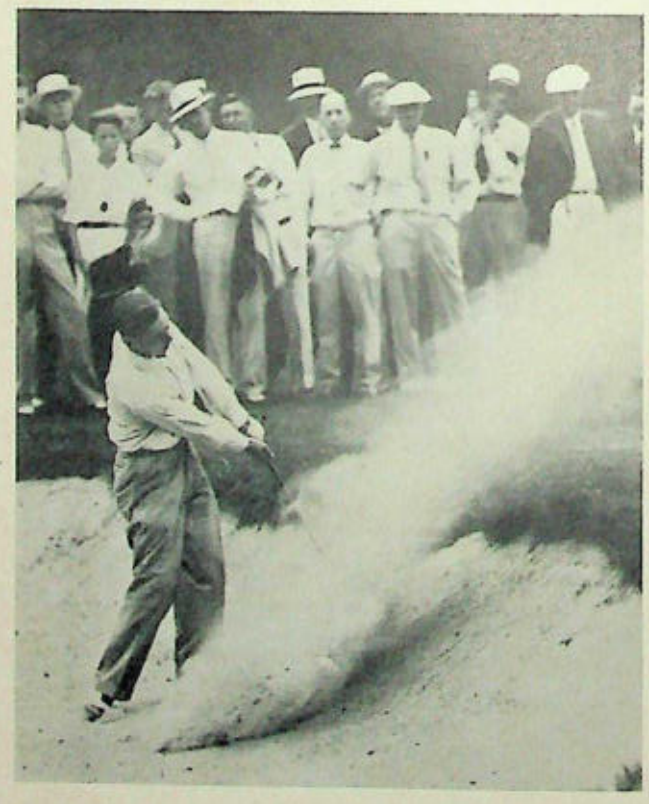
The picture of Miss Molly Gourlay on this page shows her amongst trees playing a chip shot. Another feminine golfer once actually climbed a tree in order to play her ball! This happened in Indiana, and the lady in question is said to have recovered so well from a bird's nest, in which her ball had lodged, that she was able to hole out her next stroke and halve the hole.

I should have liked to have seen the enthusiastic golfer who, after playing to the last hole in an important match, hit his ball on the club house roof, and, nothing daunted, climbed a ladder and played the ball from its resting place in the gutter! I cannot recall whether he won the hole, but I like to imagine he did.

Water hazards are popular in America, but few people like playing out of them, they prefer to pick up and lose a stroke. If a shot out of water is played properly the player should never get a drenching. One famous golfer was faced with such a stroke at the crisis of his match. He waded in, took up his stance, and struck firmly just behind the ball. Out it came, followed by a shoot of water, and all was well. But most players find sand bunkers difficult enough. The accompanying photographs show well-known golfers in trouble, and it should be observed that in each case a decisive, crisp blow has been struck and the balance maintained. When one's ball comes to rest in an awkward place Hagen's dictum is worth remembering: "The primary object is to get out; do not try to do too much, there are always other shots to follow."



AN UNENVIABLE POSITION ON THE EDGE OF THE POND—AND A CASE WHERE LOSS OF BALANCE WOULD PROVE UNFORTUNATE



ERIC McRUVIE IN ACTION
An explosive shot out of an American bunker. It is interesting to note that he has not turned his wrists but has kept the face of the club open after impact



WELL EXTRICATED
A magnificent action photograph of another explosive shot made by Miss Fishwick. Note how she has kept her head down, how firmly she has struck the ball, and the straight left arm

BETTER COLLEGE CREWS

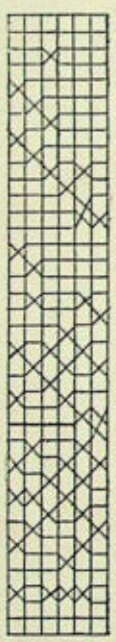
Promising Material in the Torpids and Lents

IT is most heartening to be able to say that the general level of the Torpids crews was higher than for the last ten years. Oxford colleges are slowly learning the methods which have made Cambridge so devastatingly superior of late, but in several cases there is still the tendency to ignore the essentials of rowing. On the towpath a few weeks ago a coach of a first boat was heard correcting trivial faults which could have had no effect on the pace of the crew at all. "Coach the man to coach himself" is a maxim which all and sundry should take more to heart.

The six days' racing produced 51 bumps, and there were only two bumps among the six leading crews. Magdalen, who started Head of the River, retained their position quite easily, and demonstrated that it is the work done by the blade in the water that spells the magic word "success." As a crew they were nothing much to look at, but they gave the impression that they could go as fast at the end of the course as they could at the beginning, and that is about the most encouraging thing that can be said about any crew.

In a year when giant strokes seem to be the fashion Sturrock, who led the Magdalen crew, turned the scale at more than 14st. These big men, provided they can row a blade which is up to their weight, seem to give the men behind an easy and comfortable rhythm to follow. It will be interesting to see whether the precedent established this year regarding the possibilities of heavy-weights as strokes will be carried on in the future.

B.N.C. II had the best record with six bumps to their credit, and they can look forward with hopefulness to the future because their crew mainly consisted of promising freshmen. University II made five bumps, and Jesus and Magdalen II four each.



Div. I	Magdalen	Magdalen
	Christ Church	Christ Church
	University Colleg	New College
	New College	University College
	Worcester	Balliol
	Balliol	Balliol II
	Balliol II	St. Edmund Hall
	Wadham	Worcester
	St. Edmund Hall	Keble
	Keble	Corpus
	Merton	Merton
	Corpus	Oriel
Div. II	Exeter	Exeter
	Oriel	Wadham
	Pembroke	B.N.C.
	B.N.C.	St. John's
	St. John's	Pembroke
	Trinity	Trinity
	St. Catharine's	Magdalen II
	Queens'	St. Catharine's
	Keble II	Jesus
	Lincoln	Lincoln
	Magdalen II	Queen's
	St. Peter's Hall	St. Peter's Hall
	Jesus	University Coll. II
Div. III	New College II	New College II
	St. John's II	Keble
	Wadham II	B.N.C. II
	Hertford	Hertford
	University Coll. II	St. John's II
	Exeter II	Exeter II
	Queen's II	Christ Church II
	Oriel II	Wadham II
	B.N.C. II	Queen's II
	Christ Church II	Oriel II
	Merton II	Merton II
	New College III	New College III
	St. Peter's Hall II	St. Peter's Hall III
	Hertford II	Hertford II

Magdalen, Head of the River Crew: St. L. H. P. Van der Goes (bow) A. K. Sibley, W. T. Fletcher-Campbell, T. H. Townsend, M. T. Morris, G. Greene, B. Alexander, T. Sturrock (stroke), and J. A. Wall (cox).

The Lents were well up to the high level one has come to expect of them. Cambridge are breeding a highly efficient stock of coaches these days. They all have the same ideas, and all the crews look very much alike. First and Third Trinity and L.M.B.C. are the sole survivors of the fixed thole. First have experimented for a long time with swivels, but gave them up this term. It seems rather a short-sighted policy when it is obvious the 'Varsity crew will soon discard fixed tholes.

The boats in Division I were slightly superior to their Oxford confrères. They looked fitter, tougher and raced with more determination. Bumps among the top boats were hard earned, no quarter being given on either side.

Pembroke did not justify the confidence of their supporters, and besides losing the headship to Jesus were bumped in turn by Clare and First Trinity. Jesus showed all their old skill and determination, and it really is remarkable how consistently they remain Head of the River, and when they are not head come back and regain it. Both Clare and First Trinity were quite useful, and finished second and third on the river respectively.

Queens' I, rowing true Fairbairn style, made five bumps, and returned to the First Division. Sidney Sussex, Magdalene II and St. Catharine's IV made four bumps, while Jesus III and V added to the glory of their first boat by registering four bumps apiece.

On Friday the record number of 28 bumps was recorded, and the grand total was 93 for the four days.

W. E. McC.



1	Pembroke	Emmanuel III
	Selwyn	4 Christ's III
	Jesus	St. Catharine's III
	First Trinity	Pembroke IV
	Clare	Lady Margaret IV
	St. Catharine's	Magdalene II
	Emmanuel	Clare III
	Lady Margaret	Fitzwilliam Ho. II
	Christ's	Trinity Hall IV
	First Trinity II	Peterhouse III
	Caius	Selwyn III
	Jesus II	First Trinity V
	Pembroke II	Jesus V
	Peterhouse	Queens' III
	Trinity Hall	Emamnuel IV
2	Lady Margaret II	Clare IV
	Queens'	5 Sidney Sussex III
	King's	St. Catharine's IV
	Christ's II	Lady Margaret V
	Trinity Hall II	Downing III
	Corpus	Christ's IV
	Sidney Sussex	First Trinity VI
	Caius II	Magdalene III
	Magdalene	Fitzwilliam Ho. III
	Fitzwilliam House	Emmanuel V
	Jesus III	Jesus VI
	Downing	St. Catharine's V
	Third Trinity	
	Clare II	
	First Trinity III	
3	Peterhouse II	
	Lady Margaret III	
	Selwyn II	
	Queens' II	
	Emmanuel II	
	Corpus II	
	St. Catharine's II	
	Caius III	
	First Trinity IV	
	Pembroke III	
	Downing II	
	Trinity Hall III	
	Sidney Sussex II	
	Jesus IV	

Jesus, Head of the River Crew: F. M. Stammers (bow), J. G. Footitt, M. W. T. Roberts, I. A. Cardell-Oliver, P. H. Irving, F. N. Leonard, H. Marnham, W. L. Denton (stroke), D. N. Rose (cox).

ORDER AT FINISH OF RACES:

First Div.—Jesus I, Clare I, First Trinity I, Pembroke I, Selwyn I, St. Catharine's I, Emmanuel I, First Trinity II, Lady Margaret I, Caius I, Christ's I, Queens' I, Jesus II, Peterhouse I, Pembroke II, Trinity Hall I.

Second Div.—Trinity Hall I, Christ's II, Sidney Sussex I, Lady Margaret II, King's I, Magdalene I, Jesus III, Trinity Hall II, Downing I, Corpus Christi I, Caius II, Third Trinity, Clare II, Fitzwilliam House I, Selwyn II, First Trinity III.

Third Div.—First Trinity III, Queens' II, Lady Margaret III, St. Catharine's II, Peterhouse II, Corpus II, Pembroke III, Emmanuel II, Trinity Hall III, First Trinity IV, Jesus IV, Caius III, Sidney II, Downing II, Magdalene II, Emmanuel III.

Fourth Div.—Emmanuel III, St. Catherine's III, Clare III, Christ's III, Lady Margaret IV, Fitzwilliam House II, Trinity Hall IV, Jesus V, Pembroke IV, Queens' III, Selwyn III, St. Catharine's IV, Peterhouse III, Emmanuel IV, First Trinity V, Downing III.

Fifth Div.—Downing III, Clare IV, Lady Margaret V, Christ's IV, Sidney Sussex III, Emmanuel V, First Trinity VI, Jesus VI, St. Catharine's V, Magdalene III, Fitzwilliam House III.

SCOTLAND'S RUGBY TEAM

All Set for Twickenham

IN spite of the changes that have come over the Rugby game, the old axiom that the side with the better backs will generally beat the side with the better forwards is still true. That was one of the lessons of the match at Murrayfield, Edinburgh, last Saturday, when Scotland beat Ireland by three goals (one penalty) and a try (16 points) to three tries (9 points).

The strength of the Irish forwards had been well shown against England, but the Scottish pack did not do as well as the English pack, and it seems that this is a lean season in Scottish forward play. The selectors, having chosen the same eight for the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham, are evidently satisfied that no better forwards are available.

The Irish forwards are deserving of some sympathy, for they enhanced their reputation without getting any better support from their backs than against England. Their powerful shoving in the scrums had the Scotsmen beaten for possession time after time, and they were untiring in the loose. J. Russell looked a more than good forward last year and he was outstanding in this match. C. E. Beamish also looks like making as big a name as his famous brother, G. R.

The moderate quality of the Irish backs rather emphasised the superiority of the Scottish, whose chief advantage was in the centre three-quarter. R. C. S. Dick has made remarkable strides since he made his début at Cambridge, and his display against Ireland marked him as a great find for Scotland. Even the versatile H. Lind was overshadowed, although playing a fine game. Fortunately for Scotland, too, J. L. Cotter turned out a very promising substitute for K. L. Jackson at stand-off half, so that the whole back division had something of attacking class about it—benefiting perhaps from weaknesses among the Irish backs, but still obviously strong enough to give England something to think about at Twickenham.

Irish hopes, raised by a first try to Russell, were dashed when Dick scored spectacularly from a pass back between his legs by Lind, recalling the memorable pass back of a similar kind by L. J. Corbett to A. M. Smallwood for the latter to drop a goal for England some years ago. A conversion by Shaw and a penalty goal by Allan put Scotland into their stride, and another try came from Crawford, the strong Army wing three-quarter, whose first appearance for Scotland should not be his last. With Dick scoring another try, converted by Shaw, Scotland looked easy winners, and it is a tribute to Ireland's inexhaustible determination that they then forced two tries, by O'Connor, the wing and the best of their three-quarters, and again by Russell. So Ireland at least had the satisfaction of making a fight of it. But an improvement in the Irish back play is now overdue. J. L. Reid, the new stand-off half, seems to be one player towards it, much of his play against Scotland being first class.

The Scottish selectors lost no time in giving their blessing to the team, with only two changes, for the match against England.

Several of the probable England team were seen in a rather unsatisfactory North v. South match at Twickenham, which was neither a proper international trial nor a full-blooded trial of strength between North and South such as at one time delighted the hearts of Rugby players.

Almost the only practical result from the international point of view was to show how lively a stand-off half is C. Slow, of Leicester. He is an opposite type to W. Elliot, the international, who often overdoes the judicious sort of game, though it admittedly makes for the avoidance of risks. Slow is the tricky type that keeps a defence guessing, and in this match his partnership with Gadney, his club colleague, was markedly successful.

The so-called North team was the better at most points and well deserved their win by three goals and a try to nothing; but much of the play was typical of the moderate standard seen so often this season, with far too much touch kicking, ragged scrummages and repeated failures to get the ball in properly, and periods of thoroughly dull and aimless play.

F. I. W.

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Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

HUNTING AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

SIR,—I have read with interest and pleasure the very commonsense article by Major Carlos Clarke in your issue of February 17th, and I hope that it will be read by all members of hunt committees.

All hunts should have some properly organised forage scheme, which would be a marketing board for the farmers in the hunt; their hay and oats should be graded and priced accordingly. This would encourage farmers to make good hay. I have tried to buy hay locally, but the best hay I found was not fit for hunters, and the price asked was, in some cases, £2 a ton more than I can buy the best sainfoin, 1932 mixture, from the Eastern Counties, delivered into my stables.

In other words, however willing a hunting man may be to buy locally, it is virtually impossible to do so as a business proposition. I think Major Clarke asks too much of the secretary; one man, of course, could do it, *i.e.*, secretarial work, capping, wire, damage and marketing board, but it would take every minute of his time, both summer and winter, and he would need an efficient staff, a good clerk in the office and a sort of second in command "on the road" mounted on a motor cycle.

To welcome strangers and encourage the rising generation, I have for long thought that a kind of official host or hostess should be part of a hunt's personnel. This could either be an honorary or paid position, and the individual selected should be a first-class man or woman to hounds with a kindly, genial disposition, and able to entertain and introduce at home, as well as in the field.

I well remember in my early days coming from the moorland pack where my hunting had been done, into a crack provincial country, and being deliberately ridden off by a man older than myself, no doubt my dress was all wrong and my horse a screw, but it had the effect of making me feel like a whipped hound for years afterwards, in spite of the fact that that man ultimately became my friend and neighbour.

I believe that young people are still reticent and their feelings sensitive, and whilst we may all try to be kind, we are probably thoughtless of them when amongst our friends, and hounds start to run, therefore, an official host has a place which needs filling in most countries.

Being the present owner of a "pigsty," I should like to ask Major Clarke how he could build or buy one, with twelve boxes, garage, fodder house, saddle and tool room, dormitory, water, electric light, and with, say, two sitting rooms, four bedrooms, brushing room and two bathrooms, the lot furnished and equipped and standing on, say, half an acre of land, for £2,000. My experience is that the furnishing alone would cost half that sum. Central heating, say, £150; electric light, £150; plumbing at least £150; that only leaves £550 to built your house and stables and buy your land. I am afraid the cost would be nearly double Major Clarke's estimate, and, therefore, at 10 per cent. gross one would want nearer £420 than £200 a year as rent. I agree that if such a place could be built (or bought) and furnished, to let at £200 per annum, it would be a good investment, but I want to know how it is done.

Yours faithfully,
NORMAN G. ADAMS.

Braunston, Oakham.

"SOFT" TUNNY

SIR,—In his article on "North Sea Tunny Fishing" in your issue of February 10th, Mr. Zane Grey curtly dismisses my contention that very many of the fish caught in the North Sea are soft, with the words, "I do not believe that," but since he has had no experience of North Sea tunny his opinion can only be considered as that of a talented author. I should like to ask Mr. Grey how he accounts for the following facts:

Scores of fighting fish were hooked and lost by Captain Mitchell and his guests in Nova Scotia in the years prior to 1914, and not a single fish was landed till I caught two and Mitchell caught his world's record fish of 710lb. on my tackle in that year. (Mr. Grey's fish of 758lb. was taken in the same place, but ten years later.) A friend of Mr. Grey took thirteen hours to land a fish in Norway. In 1930 this angler got a fish off Scarborough after a terrific struggle of some hours. This last season this same angler caught five fish in one day off the Dogger Bank in 57 minutes' fishing, or on an average of less than twelve minutes for each fish!

A lady angler's fish last season was only landed after fourteen hours, yet this same lady hooked another which ran out most of the line, stopped and dropped to the bottom dead. Time, 20 minutes.

On the day I caught the world's record tunny of 851lb. I hooked another an hour or two before, of 716lb. This fish ran out about 350yds. of line, stopped and died. Time, 28 minutes. This fish did no towing of the boat at all, but merely made this one short run at no great speed. My big fish was gaffed by myself in one hour seventeen minutes, less than half a mile from the spot where it was hooked. I got two fish in 1932 in 70 minutes for the two. This season a fighting fish of just over 500lb. gave me a tremendous fight of three-and-a-half hours though I have the most powerful tackle ever made.

Mr. Grey writes in this article of February 10th that he has had hold of several really big tunny of "say, from 1,000lb. to 2,000lb." Yet he considers 54 thread lines too heavy for the North Sea fish. What line does he propose for them?

Yours truly,
L. MITCHELL-HENRY.

Hotel Victoria,
Monte Carlo.

"NATURE'S SPLINT"

SIR,—I was much interested in Sir Charles Stronge's letter about the woodcock with a feather splint, and your note on the subject. I was shooting some years ago at Hammerwood, East Grinstead—it was a very windy day, and though several 'cock were seen, none were bagged. I went out next day to help the keepers pick up in calm weather and got two woodcock. When I reached home I noticed that the upper bill of one of these had a slight lump on it. This turned out to be a minute pellet of feather and mud. Underneath was a fresh semi-circular wound, such as might have been caused by a shot half striking the beak. The wound was about halfway down the bill.

I cannot think of any other way that the injury could have been caused, and am surprised that the bird did not fall. I am absolutely certain that the covering of the wound was composed of the ingredients described, and it seems hard to believe that they could have got there in one night by chance.

Yours faithfully,
J. H. ELVERSON (Major).

Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

WHISTLING TO DRIVE AWAY BUFFALO

SIR,—Apropos Dr. Bryant's letter on the subject of whistling to drive away buffalo in your issue of November 25th, 1933, the following incident may be of interest.

Last April I was camping near the Azi Forest, in the Meridi district of Mongalla Province, which is a district well stocked with game where buffalo are plentiful. One evening we had ascended a small hill behind the camp, and were observing a herd of perhaps 60 or 70 buffalo which were grazing, in somewhat scattered groups on the plain which extended some mile or mile-and-a-half between our hill and the next one.

The plain, a favourite grazing place, was covered with fairly long grass, contained two water holes and a few termites' nests, and was more or less surrounded by hills bearing irregular forest on their lower slopes and in the valleys between them.

Presently we noticed a single black figure emerging from the woodland on the far side of the plain with the evident intention of crossing it in our direction. He carried a spear, but was otherwise empty handed. The light was nearly gone, and he was striding out making good progress, when suddenly he saw buffalo ahead of him, froze and sank into the grass.

Natives do not like buffalo, they probably dislike them more than any other animal, and they particularly dislike getting amongst them in the dark. His reaction was therefore interesting. As I have already said, he sank into the grass and disappeared so far as the buffalo were concerned, though from our elevation we could still see him. He crept back to a single small thorn tree, from behind which he reconnoitred, and ascertained that, whichever way he went, there were buffalo between him and his objective.

Again he sank into the grass and began a careful stalk, this time *towards* the buffalo. When he had arrived at a point about 100yds. from the nearest group he stopped and shouted. Immediately the whole herd packed, and then, with two or three leading with their noses up and that truculent air so typical of the African buffalo, they slowly advanced towards him. Meanwhile he had again disappeared in the grass, when suddenly his glittering black figure appeared still nearer to them upright upon an anthill, with his right arm and spear raised above his head.

Whether he shouted or whistled or whether at that moment they winded him I cannot say, but the whole herd turned right-handed, and, with a thunder of hoofs, crowding and jostling each other as they went, they crashed away into the forest.

Descending from the anthill he made a straight point for our hill, and, seeing us, he greeted and joined us. He proved to be one of our carriers who had been out on an unsuccessful search for honey. Asked what he had done to the buffalo he denied that he had seen any. No doubt he thought that we should be annoyed at his having disturbed them. We told him what we had seen, and he then grinned and said: "Well, I had to get back somehow, night was upon me."

I wish I knew whether he whistled. If he did I did not hear him, but he knew how to deal with buffalo.

Yours faithfully,
J. NIELD CAMERON.

Department of Agriculture and Forests,
Khartoum.

BOAT RACE COACHING

SIR,—During the next few weeks considerable interest will be evinced in the performance and style of the eights during practise.

Many photographs of the crews "in action" will shortly appear in the Press, and doubtless, as in past years, clearly demonstrate faults that usually exist, even towards the end of the period of training, when the rhythm should be wellnigh perfect.

The chief faults are:—

(*a*) "Screwing," *i.e.*, not pulling in a "fore and aft" line. This tends to make the boat roll, with a consequent loss of speed.
(*b*) Irregular depth-taking of the blades of the oars.
(*c*) Heads "wobbly" and not under control.
(*d*) Eyes anywhere but *in* the boat.

From time immemorial "coaches" have, with the exception when "tubbing," coached from outside the boat.

Now, the *only* position from where a coach can possibly observe and correct the above faults is in the seat normally occupied by the cox. He can, moreover, feel the pulse and energy of the crew imparted to the boat, and also suitably "talk to" and encourage his men.

By all means have a second coach on the bank, or in a launch on the beam, in order to spot "leg drive," quick recovery, etc.

Rowing men inform me that "Boat racing is regarded differently by those engaged in it by sea and those by river, and that river racing is perhaps a more delicate thing."

There is no perhaps about it, it undoubtedly is, and therefore all the more important to correct the above-mentioned faults as soon as possible.

This can only be done from the cox's seat.

It will be interesting to hear what coaches and rowing men have to say on the subject.

Yours faithfully,
L. CLINTON BAKER (Admiral).

Bayford Hall,
Hertford,
Herts.

INSUFFICIENT FIRE PRECAUTIONS

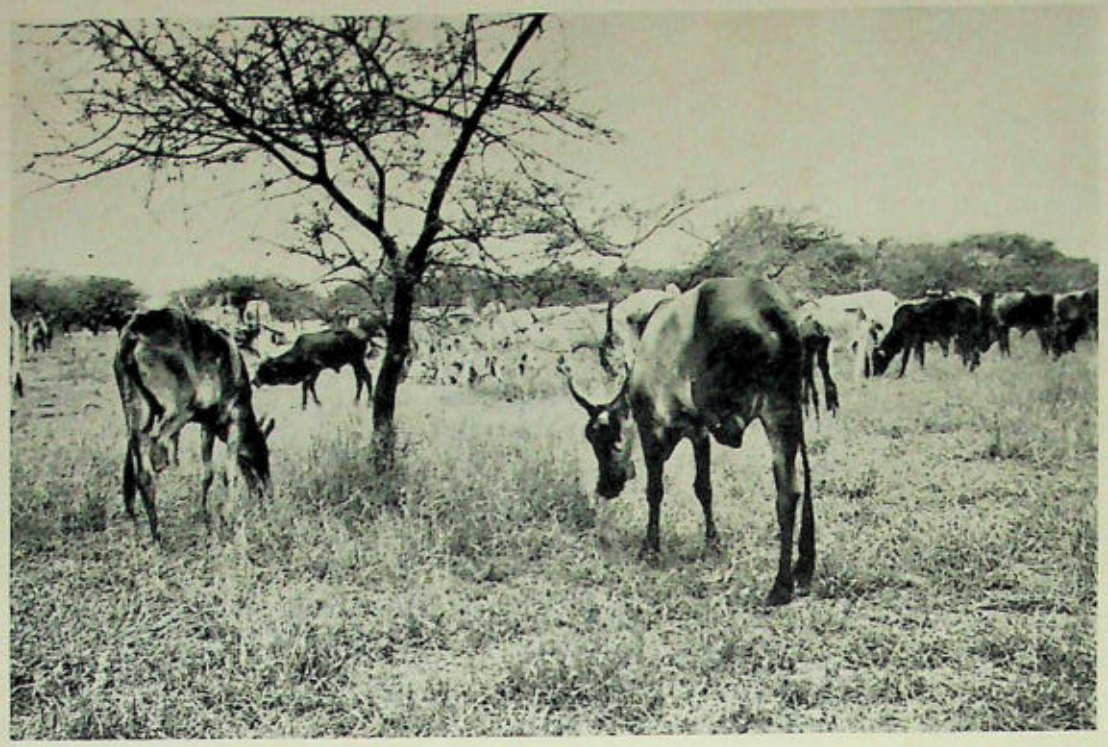
SIR, The attention of this society has been called to the number of animals which are burnt to death or seriously injured when the premises in which they are housed catch fire, and it does not seem that precautions are always taken for the safety of the animals.

Wherever possible there should be an emergency exit. In many of the existing buildings an emergency exit is out of the question, but, at any rate, the one entrance or exit should be large and accessible. It has been found in some instances that the one entrance or exit is blocked up by vans, carts or other things which have to be removed before any attempt can be made to rescue the animals, and any delay naturally minimises the chances of rescue.

May I appeal to all owners of livestock to give this matter their careful consideration.

Yours faithfully,
FERGUS MACCUNN, Captain
(Chief Secretary, Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals).

105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1.



DRASTIC LIFE-SAVING MEASURES
(See Letter "Amputation to Prevent Disease?")

AMPUTATION TO PREVENT DISEASE?

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot which may be of interest. At Ahmadnagar recently I came across a large herd of cattle, and was amazed to find that although the animals seemed perfectly healthy, 50 per cent. of them had only three legs.

In some cases merely the hoof was missing, while the rest of the limb was curiously withered and twisted; in others, the leg had evidently been amputated close up to the body, though I was unable to discover the cause of this mutilation, and have so far found no one who can adequately explain it. One small calf, scarcely more than a few weeks old, was in the same condition; and the sight of all these maimed cattle was one of the most unpleasant I have ever seen.

I can only suggest that the limbs had been cut off to prevent the spread of disease that must have infected the foot.

The enclosed photograph clearly shows two of the animals quietly feeding. In the background just left of the tree is one whose near fore-leg is deformed and withered. Yours faithfully,

Victoria Barracks, G. H. A. LEEDS.
Rawal Pindi.

LAMPREYS ATTACKING SALMON

SIR,—I saw the first letter two or three weeks ago with regard, I think, to the Shannon, and thought that someone more qualified to reply would have done so, but, as you print a further letter in your issue of Jan. 27th in respect of the Beauly, I write to say that very many years ago, when fishing the Moy at Ballina in shallow water, I noticed what appeared to be eels attached by their mouths to stones. As this surprised me I asked my fisherman what they were and what he called them. My recollection is he said "Lamperns," and explained that they attached themselves to the stones by their mouths.

As I was curious to see one, I inserted my gaff under, not through, the creature, and after several failures jerked one out and saw that it had, as he said, a round sucker-like mouth. It weighed probably about 2lb., and was somewhat thicker than an eel.

He also said that they occasionally attached themselves to salmon, and later I certainly saw, if I did not catch, one or more fish with nasty round wounds in their sides, evidently caused in this way.

Down's Court, Yours faithfully,
Sandwich, Kent. S. ARTHUR PETO.

THE MILK PROBLEM

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article in your issue of February 3rd on "Agriculture's Partnership with Urban Industry."

There is one point in particular where your contributor states that an outlet for the home production of fresh milk could be found in the increased manufacture of condensed milk and dried milk since no reduction in the imports of butter and cheese from the Dominions can be arranged.

Unfortunately, it is these imports from the Dominions which are the greater part of the trouble, and it may be said to be the whole trouble with our dairy industry.

By far the major portion of our imports of condensed milk are of the machine-skimmed, sweetened variety, and this, of course, is only a bye-product in the manufacture of butter, so that an adequate production of this article cannot be a commercial proposition until the exports of low price butter from New Zealand and Australia are stopped.

With Dominion butter at 60s. to 65s. per cwt. wholesale, as it is to-day, it is impossible to produce butter and condensed milk in Great Britain and pay the farmer 6d. per gallon, which is the price fixed by the Marketing Board for the milk used for manufacturing purposes.

Yours truly,

Peninsular House, CHAS. LEHMANN.
Monument Street, London, E.C. 3.

STONE AGE FIND IN CARLISLE

SIR,—Recently Mr. J. Macbeth, while digging up old pastureland in a new Carlisle suburb, Botcherby, to form a garden, came across a shaped stone about a foot below the surface. The stone was of bluish whinstone about 12in. long, polished and evidently shaped by human agency. It has now been discovered to be a fine example of a Neolithic axe of date 2000 B.C. Not very far from the spot a burial urn and bones of presumably the same date were found in a sandpit a few years ago, and it would seem as though this new housing estate had been the site of a prehistoric settlement. The stone has been placed along with the previous find in the local museum. Yours faithfully,

Church House, T. F. MARRINER.
West Walls, Carlisle.

WHO WAS THE ARTIST?

SIR,—I shall be very glad if you or any of your readers can help me to identify a small oil painting which is in my possession. The canvas measures 12in. by 10in., and the title on the back is "The First of September." The picture shows an elderly gentleman in a bathchair with a sporting gun in his hand. He is suffering from gout in the left foot, while the right leg is encased in a gaiter. Behind the bathchair is his *black* servant—a boy in a green coat (with epaulettes), top hat and knee breeches.

There are three dogs in the picture—a pointer in front of the chair, and two spaniels behind it.

Judging by the sportsman's expression he has just missed his bird, and the black servant is holding his hat to hide his smiles!

I should much like to know who the artist is, and the date it was painted.

Yours faithfully,

Burn Rew, F. H. BARBER
5, Alan Road, (Captain).
Wimbledon, S.W. 19.

AN UP-COUNTRY "SEA SERPENT"

SIR,—While in Southern Rhodesia, not long ago, I witnessed an interesting and, indeed, extraordinary sight. It was on the Sabi, a few miles north of the spot chosen for the great bridge which is shortly to be thrown across this magnificent river. The wet season was just over. The stream was about a mile wide and running strongly.

A densely packed column of locusts, several yards wide, approached the river from the east. They seemed to be marching to certain destruction, for they were in the "hopper" stage—that is, only partly grown and with wings still undeveloped. Without hesitation the leaders entered the water and swam easily and vigorously upon the surface. In due rotation the others followed. Those in rear hopped along the backs of the swimmers till they reached the head of the column where, in turn, they took to the water. The current bore the locusts downstream, but they kept their formation and headed steadily for the opposite bank, which they reached about two miles below their starting place. There were probably, therefore, many of these Israelites who crossed their Red Sea dry-shod—upon the backs of their fellows.

At one time the procession looked as if a black snake, so huge that its head was in the bush on one side and its tail under the trees on the other, was crossing the river. I expected to see attacks made from under water by the tiger fish, bream, barbel and other fish with which the Sabi abounds, but saw no casualties from any cause. Whether the fish were frightened, or were sufficiently supplied by drowned or sinking locusts invisible to me, I cannot say.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. A. J. BOUCHIER.

ANOTHER OWL'S ADVENTURES

SIR,—Having read "The Adventures of Absolom" in a recent issue, perhaps the history of another eagle owl may be of interest.

A destroyer flotilla was at Corfu in 1929, and "Wol," the owl, was brought alongside in an Albanian bum-boat, looking incredibly miserable, perching on the gunwale side by side with the usual scraggy chickens and turkeys. Being more adventurous than them he fluttered on to a staging where a sailor was painting the side and upset a pot of grey paint over his back and tail. He was cuffed and cursed by his master, and looked so miserable that a kind-hearted officer bought him.

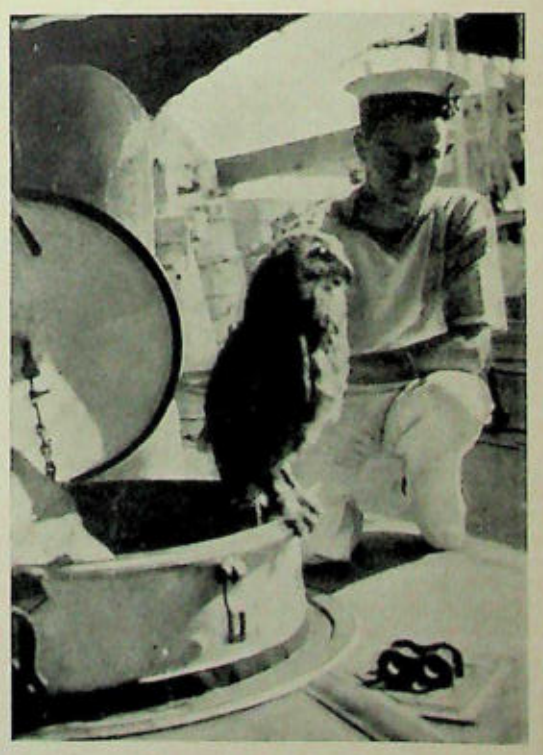
Obviously he was not used to kindness, and for a week was kept in close confinement in a cabin while he learned to behave. When bought he was tethered by a chain and was very underfed, and most of his feathers dirty or torn out. He was fed on raw meat and his amusements, besides generally wrecking anything within reach, included tearing up old socks rolled into a ball; this little game never failed to fascinate him.

Gradually he became tamer and was brought on deck. He quickly got on "speaking terms" with three people—his owner, myself, and the sailor shown in the photograph. He was always pleased to see us and would nibble our fingers in a playful way, as gently as a well-behaved kitten. He never liked anyone else and hissed whenever they appeared. After a while he was let free and had the run of the ship. His feathers grew and he became a much better figure of an owl.

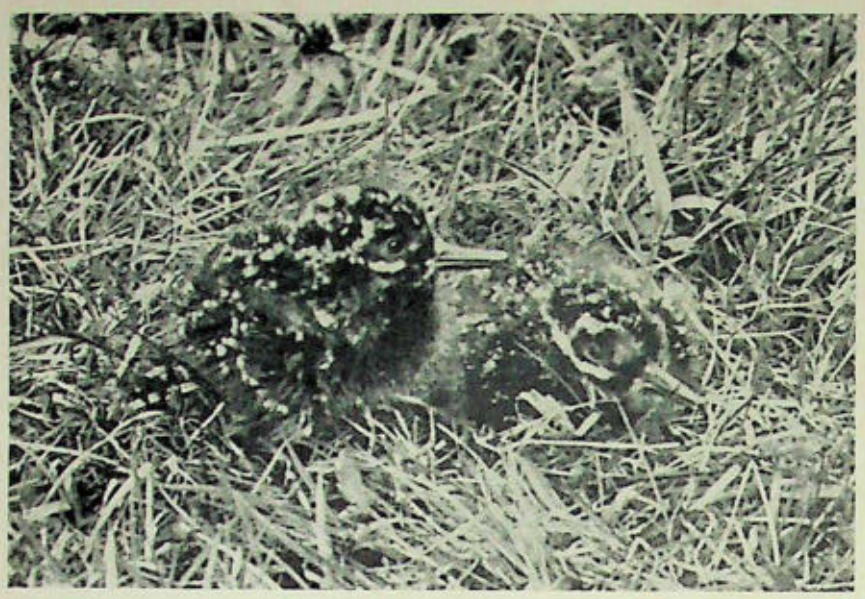
After about a month (we were now in Yugoslavia) we decided to set him free, so took him to a lonely place, fed him, and put him ashore. I fear he liked a soft life, for as we shoved off to pull back to the ship he flew to us, crying for more food and more finger-pecking. So he became a ship's pet and when we returned to England some months later he was presented to the Zoo.

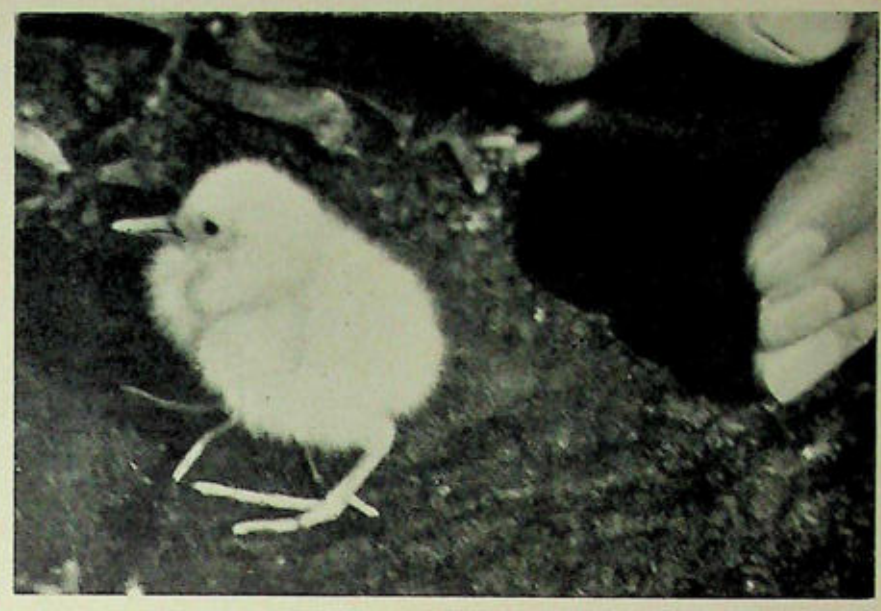
I called on him twice, being let into his cage by his keeper. He still had the remnants of grey paint on his tail and the first time he knew me, but I fear his memory was short, for the second time he hissed at me in his most offensive way, so, to use a sailor's expression, we have "parted brass rags." Yours truly,

Royal Naval Barracks, R. P. TANNER
Devonport. (Lieutenant, R.N.).



"WOL" AND ONE OF HIS CHOSEN FRIENDS
(See Letter "Another Owl's Adventures")





YOUNG SNIPE OF NORMAL COLORATION AND THE SNOW-WHITE CHICK REFERRED TO BY DR. WOOD
(*See Letter "Albino Snipe"*)

ALBINO SNIPE

SIR,—In your issue of December 23rd last Mr. J. D. M. Bateson records the shooting of a white snipe in India, and asks if this variety often occurs.

I believe that in collections of abnormally-coloured birds white snipe are no great rarity; but from my own experience of snipe shooting, extending over 40 years, during which I have handled some thousands of common snipe both at home and abroad, I should say that the plumage of this species shows singularly little variation. Indeed, with one exception, about to be related, I have seen very little departure from the normal.

One day, some years ago, a keeper I then employed sent word that a snipe had hatched off two of her three eggs and that one of the chicks was snow white and the other white save for a few brown marks about the head. The next morning, with a friend, I set off in the hope of finding them.

The marshy field where the snipe had hatched was completely surrounded by a deep dike where the open water, at its narrowest, was some feet across. We subjected this field to a most careful search, but were quite unsuccessful in locating the young snipe; nor did we see anything of the parent birds. We concluded that such conspicuous objects as the white chicks must have fallen a prey to some of the crows or gulls that haunted the place.

Late that afternoon, when walking through some rushes, about 200yds. or 300yds. from where we had searched in the morning, an adult snipe rose from our feet as though from a nest. But at the spot we found a pure white chick, which she had evidently been brooding. This little bird was a true albino, with pink eyes and the palest of legs and beak. I think we can safely take it that this chick was one of those found by the keeper the previous day; and also that it had not been moved by human agency.

The point of interest which arises from this incident is how the bird had crossed the open water of the dike. Had it been carried by one of the old ones, as the woodcock carries its young, or, urged by its parents, had it swum across on its own? Though admitting the possibility of the former, I incline myself to the latter theory. It is amazing how even newly hatched young birds readily interpret the calls of their parents and, no less wonderful, how unhesitatingly they obey them. And young snipe, as also the chicks of other wading birds, are known to be good swimmers.

Yours faithfully,

Woodland House, Windermere. M. S. WOOD.

LEAD POISONING IN PHEASANTS

SIR,—One of our clients in North Wales recently submitted to us a pheasant for post mortem examination, and our expert, on examining the bird, found that it had died from lead poisoning caused by the bird eating lead shot. As a matter of fact, the gizzard contained seventeen pellets, all partially worn, and there were definite traces of lead having been absorbed in the bird's system. There was no sign whatever of any wound, either recent or of old standing, and our expert is confident the bird had not been shot or even pricked, but must have picked up the lead pellets of its own accord.

It occurs to us that this incident may be of sufficient importance to interest your readers, and we wonder if by chance you have previously heard of such a thing.

Yours faithfully,

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD.

58, Mark Lane, E.C. 3.

[The question of the possibility of lead poisoning through swallowing shot pellets has long been a subject of debate. In the *Field* of February 19th, 1876, Mr. J. Hindle Calvert, F.C.S., gave particulars of several cases of lead poisoning in pheasants, the birds being partially paralysed and in poor condition.

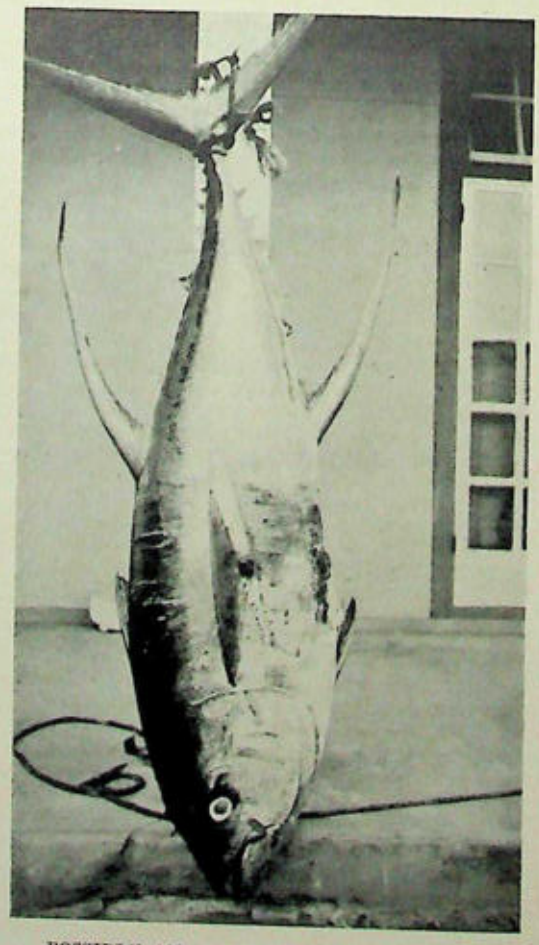
The late Dr. Hammond Smith, pathologist to the *Field*, has stated (page 165, *Pheasants and Pheasant Rearing*, by W. B. Tegetmeier), that he himself never came across a case of lead poisoning. He thought that this fact was possibly due to shot being hardened in modern times, whereas in the old days it was soft. A friend of his once poured the greater part of a charge of shot down a hen's throat, and it did her no harm.

We have had no case of lead poisoning in pheasants submitted to us since Dr. Hammond Smith's death. It will be interesting to hear whether other pheasant rearers have had cause to suspect any case of lead poisoning from pellets.—ED.]

BIG-GAME FISHING AT ASCENSION ISLAND

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a 240-lb. albacore which I captured on January 7th after a two-and-a-half hours fight. I was using a No. 1 Ballycotton rod, 300yds. of 39-thread line, and a 6-in. Sea Silex reel. The fish measured 6ft. from tip of nose to apex of flukes, and was 4ft. in girth. It is believed to be an Ascension record, but this fact cannot definitely be established at present.

I should be very much interested to know the largest size albacore attain in any part of the world. The local average size is only about 130lb. to 140lb., but they are not fished for much, and not at all in deep water. This fish took a small piece of shark without hesitation, and on opening up was found to have two flying fish and one blackfish in its stomach.



POSSIBLY AN ASCENSION ISLAND RECORD
(*See Letter "Big-Game Fishing at Ascension Island"*)

Yours truly,

E. T. C. Staff Mess, Ascension Island. A. H. CARMICHAEL.

WHAT KILLED THE LAMBS?

SIR,—The tenant of my home farm has lately been losing lambs and attributing it to a fox or dog. Ewes were moved to a field nearer the homestead, but again lambs were missed. Last week one ewe with two fresh lambs were taken to a small paddock, the shepherd going to collect others.

On his returning he observed a sow climb the boundary bank, make straight for the two lambs, kill one, drop it, and immediately tear the second lamb up and commence to eat it.

The farmer keeps a number of sows in the fields, but none with his flock of ewes. This sow has never been observed in a field with them. She had apparently killed and devoured and gone away to leave no trace, but must have followed over some four or five fields and banks to where the lost lambs were killed.

I do not know if this has been noticed before, but it may be a good explanation, for so many losses of lambs, for which the fox, dog or badger are so often blamed.

Yours faithfully,

Farringdon House, near Exeter. J. PUTNAM.

GREBES' COURTSHIP AT SEA

SIR,—While walking along Seaford cliffs on February 12th, I saw ten pairs of great crested grebes about 300yds. from the base of the cliff. Some were fishing, but others were going through their courtship evolutions. The male (apparently) would approach the female with arched neck, the ruff prominently displayed, and when about 6ft. apart both birds reared up in the water. On resuming their normal position they bobbed their heads several times, the neck being laid back along the spine, with the head pointing to one flank.

I could see no sign of any weed in their beaks during the performance, but the water would probably be too deep for them to secure it.

Yours faithfully,

London. FISH HAWK.

SHOW BENCH TERRIERS

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter from Mr. Campbell-Colquhoun in the *Field* of January 20th. The other day, when turning over the pages of a weekly paper, I came across the picture of a prize foxterrier. I said to myself "What is the animal?" I have had foxterriers all my life, and fancy I know a little about the breed.

When in India, the late Sir George Scott-Moncrieff imported an English foxterrier dog and bitch, and I bought a bitch puppy of the breed, and I think this dog was a wonder of courage and endurance. There was nothing she would not tackle and try to kill. Place before me this bitch and the bitch in the weekly paper; merely from looks, I would not hesitate in my choice. Foxterriers are put to earth and need good strong feet and claws, not little blobs. My foxterrier would accompany me from Quetta to Gulistan Karez, some 60 miles, if I remember rightly. In those days the Pishin Valley was glorious, all covered with tulips and hyacinths, and there were hundreds of little tortoises which worried my terrier, and she used to carry one by its "eaves" to Kushdil Khan. Shows tend to spoil every breed.

Yours truly,

Pittern Hill House, Kineton, Warwickshire. H. JEROME (Colonel, retd.).



A GROUP OF PYGMY GEESE FROM AFRICA
(See Letter "Rare Waterfowl in Captivity")

RARE WATERFOWL IN CAPTIVITY

SIR,—It must be very seldom, if at all, that the beautiful African pygmy goose (*Nettopus auritus*) has been photographed. We believe they have been imported before, on one or two occasions, but, until now no one, apparently, has succeeded in keeping them alive.

Ours have been in captivity now for nearly six months, and are all doing well on millet and duckweed. Although very much out of their element on land they are active climbers and have surmounted three feet high wire netting in their attempts to find open water.

In size they are tiny—smaller even than common teal—and for beauty and liveliness they are surely unsurpassed. There can be no prettier sight than a number of these little geese engaged in feeding actively among their native water-lilies.

Chapel Farm, Elmley Castle, Pershore, Worcestershire. Yours faithfully, R. STEVENS.

A PRECOCIOUS CHESTNUT

SIR,—A horse chestnut tree in a spinney here, sheltered only to the west and north, had green leaves and a flower spike showing on January 22nd. This is all the more surprising because other vegetation is very backward this year; shrubs such as *Viburnum fragrans* and *Daphne mezereum*, which in other years have flowered as early as October, are only now coming into bloom.

Crix, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford, Essex. Yours faithfully, T. M. HOPE.

SOAPY WATER AND DISTEMPER

SIR,—Some four months ago I saw a letter in your columns about giving soapy water to puppies to prevent distemper. The writer got it from a New Zealand shepherd, who had never known it fail. Having four ex-gamekeepers in my parish I approached them on the subject. Three of them had never heard of it, but the fourth said it was quite true; he prescribed a little soft soap in the water. Then I tried a gathering of eight men, and two of them, the village blacksmith and a horsey, doggy Jack-of-no-trade, spoke up at once. The latter said he used the water he had washed his hands in. They are generally very dirty.

Can it be that soap, especially if there is coal-tar in it, has an antiseptic effect on a dog's interior? My puppy, a golden cocker of seven months, likes soapy water and also tea, which many people recommend. If some courageous M.F.H. would give half his hounds soapy water and the other half tea, the results might be interesting.

Yours truly,
Haughton Rectory, Stafford. (Rev.) T. F. ROYDS.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Lapland Bunting on Dartmoor.—I thought that it might interest your readers to know that on January 20th I saw a Lapland bunting while out for a ride on Dartmoor. Being on a horse, I was able to get an excellent view of it. It was unmistakable with its black head, face and throat, and the white line above the eye. It was running about in the heather rather like a pipit.—R. H. WALLER, Thornworthy, Chagford, Devon.

Hybrid Duck.—Has any reader ever seen a cross between a wigeon and pintail?—W. H. H., Guisnes Court, Tolleshunt D'Arcy.

A Wandering Peregrine.—On January 28th I had the pleasure of seeing a peregrine falcon over Luton. For 11 minutes I watched it soaring and wheeling in a very narrow circle, and for short periods it was above the clouds. Eventually it went away in a westerly direction.—E. LOOKER, Luton, Beds.

JACK HOOD

An Unfortunate Boxing Retirement

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE current season has seen five British champions vacate their thrones. Four have been defeated, and of these four, one—Jack Petersen—will regain his title in the course of time. Champions arise and reign for a period, are defeated and succeeded by men just as efficient. That is the ordinary course of events in boxing. The deposition of five British champions in the course of our season should not be a matter of great importance, but in the case of two of these champions British boxing has suffered a very severe blow. Men of the stamp of Johnny Cuthbert are hard to replace, men like Jack Hood are irreplaceable.

We were prepared for Cuthbert's retirement. His long career was obviously drawing to a close, defeat was becoming more and more frequent. At his best Cuthbert was but little short of the great Jim Driscoll, though it must be admitted that he has of recent years shown form but little in advance of the average British champion. It was not, indeed, so much for his skill that we valued him as for his great experience, and for the example he set other champions. Cuthbert never haggled. He believed in fighting hard and often, and when defeated he did not grumble, nor did he make excuses.

Jack Hood was in quite a different class. For eight years he held the British Welter-weight Championship, and during the last year of his career he added to his laurels the European Championship. Hood's appearances in the ring were infrequent, for the simple reason that no man was good enough to oppose him. During his career he met the best middle-weights of this country and America and held his own, but he could never secure a World Championship fight, and so was prevented from bringing back to this country the title Lewis lost to Brittain. Hood was an artist. His claim to being the greatest of all English welter-weights cannot be challenged. For lack of fights he finally went down to defeat before a second-rate "mixer" whom a year ago he would have treated as a novice.

Hood should not be allowed to retire. We cannot afford to lose the only genius we have produced in 20 years at the early age of 32. We complain continually—and with justice—that our promising novices, our Petersens and Doyles, have not been taught to box. Hood knows all there is to know about boxing as a science. Though there is prevalent an idea that he has no punch this is inaccurate. In his early days Hood won all his fights by the short route, and in his last championship fight he knocked out a really tough man in Reynolds. Both Doyle and Petersen (and their managers) would do well to consider what benefit they would derive from association with Hood. Or are they too proud to learn?

The Friends of the Poor, 40–42, Ebury Street, London, are appealing for help for a woman of 52 who has been ill for some months chiefly through lack of nourishment. She and her elderly husband, an out-of-work plumber, are living at starvation rate on their meagre savings. With temporary help of an allowance, the Friends of the Poor hope to re-establish the wife's health and later to get the pair some work as caretakers. £10 is badly needed.

The secretary wishes to acknowledge the kindness of *Field* readers who generously subscribed £7 17s. to help the ex-sailor and to the reader who sent a wireless set.

IN THE CITY

PRIMITIVA HOLDINGS

IT was suggested in this column in October last that the £1 units of ordinary stock of Primitiva Holdings, Ltd., which could then be bought at 16/9, offered scope for ultimate capital appreciation. The price of these units improved to 19/- shortly afterwards but has since relapsed to the current quotation of 12/- to 12/6.

Regular readers of this column will remember that the gross earnings of the Primitiva Gas Co. of Buenos Aires, Ltd. (the shares of which are practically all owned by the Holdings Company) were virtually as high in 1932 as the record level established in 1931. The issue at stake, in so far as the Holdings Company is concerned, has been the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of transferring funds from the Argentine to London. In this connection an extract from the directors' report of Primitiva Holdings, Ltd., issued on May 11th, 1933, and referring to the Gas Company, seems to be worth quoting again verbatim:

> "Owing to the rigid control over foreign exchange in Argentina with the resultant restriction upon the transfer of funds to Great Britain, this subsidiary had at the end of 1932 accumulated in Buenos Aires the equivalent of over £300,000 at current rates of exchange, which it was unable to remit."

At the end of 1932 the Argentine peso was worth only 2/10, instead of 3/11¼, as it should be at par of exchange, so that the £300,000 held by Primitiva Gas Co. in Buenos Aires was represented by approximately 2,115,000 pesos. Since net profits of the operating company, both in 1931 and 1932, amounted to more than 1,000,000 pesos, it would seem entirely reasonable to suppose that there was a sum of at least 3,100,000 pesos awaiting transfer at the end of 1933. At the present time the sterling value of the peso is still less than it was a year ago, being now only 2/3, but even so it is apparent that the equivalent of about £350,000 is now held in Buenos Aires. The really significant point, however, is that the Argentine Exchange rate, although lower, has ceased to be purely nominal, and shareholders will probably agree that it is preferable for the directors to be able in practice to exchange one peso for 2/3, than for them to be able theoretically to obtain 2/10, when in fact they could not sell pesos at all.

A sum of £350,000 represents 14¾ per cent. on the ordinary capital of the Holdings Company, but it should not be supposed that a dividend of that amount, or anything like it, will be forthcoming in May when the accounts are due to be published. Indeed, the directors may deem it the best interests of shareholders to postpone the transfer of any funds from Buenos Aires for the time being in anticipation of a more favourable rate of exchange at a later date, but whether a dividend is then declared or not does not really affect the intrinsic value of the shares.

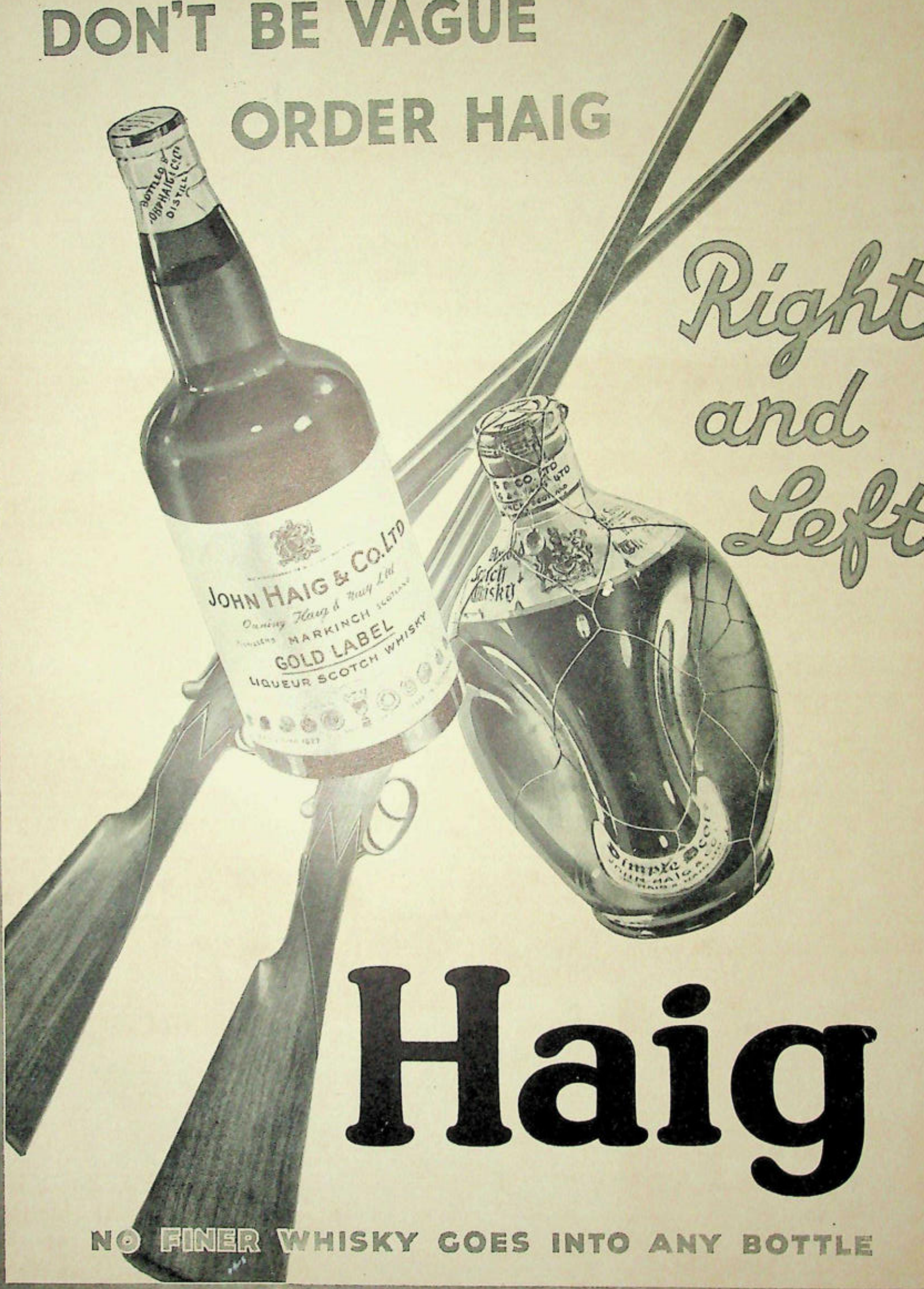
So long as the earnings of the gas company are maintained at a satisfactory level funds are being accumulated for the ultimate benefit of the shareholders of Primitiva Holdings, and the shares of that company might almost be regarded as similar to a cumulative preference share which now carries two years' arrears of dividend. However, if no distribution is made in May, it would not surprise the writer if the market price of the shares were to fall to a still lower level, and readers who originally bought at about 16/9 might then well consider a further purchase for averaging purposes.

NOT AN INVESTMENT

Only a little more than a year ago the 10/- shares of the East Rand Consolidated and the 2/6 shares of the Coronation Syndicate, Ltd., were both quoted at a price less than 1/- per share. The former shares have now risen to well over a pound, whereas Coronation Syndicate shares can still be obtained at about 9d., and it must be admitted that they seem dear at the price. But, then, so did the shares of East Rand Consolidated. Both companies own properties in the Heidelberg district, and there is always the vague chance that payable ore will be found on the land over which the Coronation Syndicate own the mineral rights. Some people may feel that they obtain more amusement by putting £10 on some horse running in the Grand National, and some may feel that they would prefer to buy a few hundred Coronation Syndicate shares, but in any case it should be realised that the latter are merely a gamble. PACTOLUS.

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Niall Rankin

NEAR HENDALE LODGE
A mixed plantation planted in 1932-33

A UNIQUE FORESTRY RECORD

Lord Yarborough's Trees at Brocklesby

IN two issues of the *Field* last autumn there appeared an account of the sporting history of the Earls of Yarborough. But such a history would not be complete without some reference to the work done by the Pelham family for forestry. They have reclaimed hundreds of acres of barren land in North Lincolnshire and have planted in their places woods and nurseries which are a model of their kind, and from which a fount of experience has been gained of inestimable value not only to one estate, but to the science of forestry throughout this country.

What is of so exceptional an interest is that records have been kept of every tree planted on the estate for just under 150 years.

The area of woodlands at Brocklesby at present is between three and four thousand acres, while on Lord Yarborough's adjoining Manby estate there are over 1,500 acres. At Brocklesby there are five acres of nursery, and at Manby, eight. From Brocklesby Hall it is possible to drive through the woods and back again by a different route for nineteen miles, while in 1925 there were 112 miles of fences round the woods. These figures give some indication of the extent of the woods, but they give no indication of their extraordinary charm. Walking alone for mile upon mile over absolutely perfect turf, with the sunlight filtering through the trees, and around the absolute stillness that is never for a moment still, one can hardly fail to feel something of the enchantment, if not of the mid-summer night's dream at least of Lob's wood!

It is impossible here to give more than a general indication of the various timbers grown on the estates, but the following recent figures in 1924 may serve, at least, to do that. Of timbers under 20 years of age there are 843 acres of mixed timber, 210 acres of hardwood, and three acres of conifer. Of timbers between 21 and 40 years of age there were 907 acres of mixed timber, 260 acres of hardwood, and 129 acres of conifer. From 41 to 80 years of age, 218 acres of mixed timber, 308 acres of hardwood, and 169 acres of conifer. Of timbers 80 years of age and over there are 183 acres of mixed timber, 996 acres of hardwood, and 32 acres of conifer, making a total of over 4,000 acres. These figures show that the rather short-sighted policy pursued by the Forestry Commission as regards the exclusive planting of soft woods is not pursued at Brocklesby.

Since the year 1787, when 40,000 trees were planted, records have been kept of every tree planted on the estate. At the present time, in 147 years, about 29,000,000 trees have been planted, of which the present Lord Yarborough has been responsible for over 12,000,000.

A few trees are worthy of special mention. There is a European larch 150 years old, 100ft. high, with a 28¼in. girth at 5ft. There is a Japanese larch, 68ft. high at 29 years, with a girth of 12¾in.; and there is a Siberian larch 38 years old, 54ft. high, with a 5¼in. girth at 5ft. Mention must also be made of a 40ft. American larch, planted nineteen years ago; and a Sequoia gigantea, 77 years old, 100ft. high, and with a girth at 5ft. of 53½in. This tree is one of two seedlings bought in 1856 at a cost of £5 each, and planted on the present site in 1857. All these girths are *quarter* girths.

It would probably interest those connected with forestry if some reference was made to Lord Yarborough's creosoting plant, which was put down in 1895.

The plant has been used 284 times—that is, 206 times by the "Bethell" process and 78 times by the "Ruping" method: 134,737 gallons of creosote have been bought, costing £2,176 5s. 10d. delivered at Habrough Station. The working is usually 80lb. to 90lb. per sq. in. The timber creosoted is used on the estates.

During the Great War, and for two or three years afterwards, the plant was not used so often, owing to the restrictions on the use of creosote and its high cost. Now, however, because of the difficulty of disposing of small or inferior sorts of timber, it has been found necessary to creosote any kind that can be used for estate purposes.

In these 39 years many experiments have been made to ascertain the absorption of creosote by different kinds of timber, and a number nail is used to fix the date when such timber is used. Ample evidence is now available from this estate to prove the value of using creosoted timber for many estate purposes.

In one experiment, 27 kinds of timbers were felled in December 1906, cut into 8ft. lengths, and dried in the open air for six months, then creosoted under a pressure of 85lb. for three hours. When the pieces were weighed it was found that four species of pine had absorbed from 23.92lb. to 24.81lb. of creosote per cubic foot; wych elm, 23.13lb.; beech and hornbeam, 19.35lb.; birch, 10.76lb.; ash, 9.04lb.; red elm, 6.85lb.; larch, 4.09lb.; silver fir, 5.35lb.; Douglas fir, 5.87lb.; and cedar (two kinds) and spruce (five kinds), from 1.84lb. to 3.84lb. each. Monkey's Puzzle headed the list with an absorption of 30.75lb.; and oak, acacia and Spanish chestnut at the bottom, having absorbed only from 1.21lb. to 2.49lb. per cubic foot.

A collection of different species of timbers, all grown on the Brocklesby and Manby Estates, now contains 194 hand sections and 122 boards. These boards are chiefly 7ft. long and vary in width from 4in. to 23in. by 1½in. thick.

This short account must close with a reference to Lord Yarborough's great love for his trees, and the devotion of his head forester, Mr. W. B. Havelock, and his staff. They have in their charge woods and plantations of which they may well be proud.

R. M.



VIEW FROM PELHAM'S PILLAR, LOOKING NORTH

Niall Rankin



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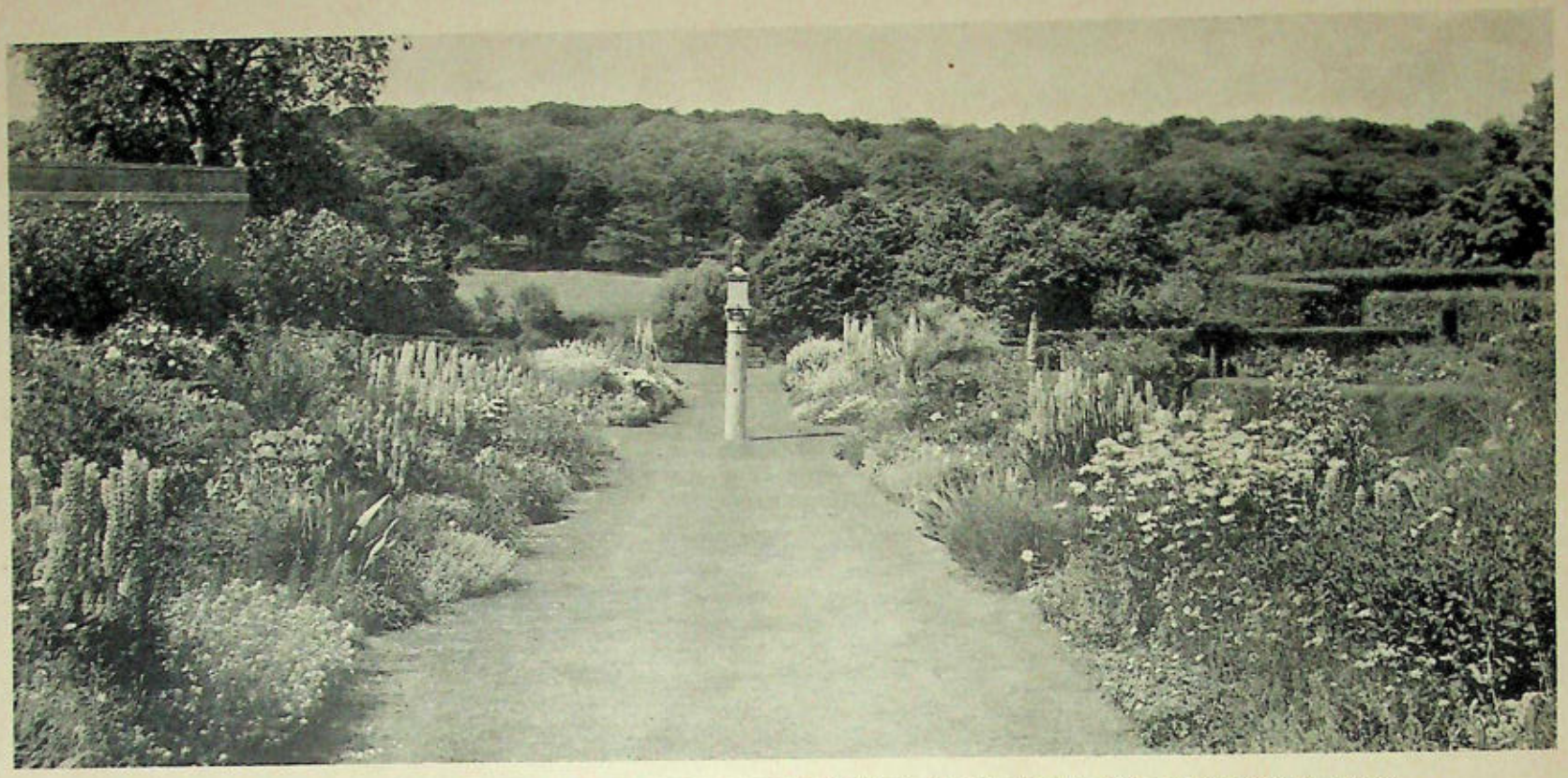
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CLUMPS OF LUPINS AND DELPHINIUMS IN THE SUMMER BORDER'S NOTE OF COLOUR WITH A BACKGROUND OF SOFT GREEN

PRIDE OF THE SUMMER BORDER

Delphiniums, Lupins and Gladioli in the Scheme of Display

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DELPHINIUMS and lupins are the grandest summer-flowering herbaceous plants, and the beauty of the June border depends chiefly on them.

Delphiniums, unlike most herbaceous subjects, should not be moved in October and November when they are dormant. Moved in late autumn on heavy soils they are apt to rot. The best times are either August and September, or this month, when the plants are showing about 3in. of growth above ground. On heavy soils it is a better policy to move them now, though naturally the first season's flowers will not be so fine. The crowns of delphiniums should never be buried and they need to have the soil made very firm round them with the utmost care, for they are easily injured. Such magnificent perennials naturally need careful preparation of the site, the ground trenched 3ft. deep, and the bottom spit enriched with manure.

In spite of the fashionable craze for varieties with blooms resembling a ranunculus, the single delphiniums are still popular, because the best blues are to be found amongst them. The popular Mrs. Townley Parker, with 6ft. spires of pale blue flowers, is one of the finest early flowering varieties. In some catalogues no indication is given as to whether varieties are early or late flowering, and it is as well to enquire before ordering. Amongst the best of the early kinds are Blackmore and Langdon's Lady Eleanour, with blue and mauve flowers; Hewitt's Rose Marie, with rich purple flowers, and this same firm's Will Shakespeare, with pale blue and mauve flowers.

Some of the finest delphiniums are late flowerers, notably Bee's Hawarden Castle, with pale blue flowers touched pink; Blackmore and Langdon's Sir Douglas Haig, with dark blue and mauve flowers, and Hewitt's Violet Queen, with mauve and petunia flowers. The only "pink" delphinium is Edith Baker, a very fine variety, with semi-double pinkish flowers 3in. across.

It is noteworthy that the hybridists are now devoting their attention to producing blue-flowered delphiniums, whereas during recent years many of the best kinds have been chiefly lavender, purple and mauve. Two strikingly fine blue delphiniums I admire very much are Mrs. P. Nelke and Blue Gown. It is a thousand pities that the belladonna hybrids are so seldom grown, for they are amongst the loveliest of blue flowers and they need no staking.

Lupins associate charmingly with delphiniums, but unfortunately no lupin succeeds in chalk. Lupins need a good rich soil, and it is a serious mistake to cut down the first flower spikes after they have faded in order to encourage a second display. This exhausts the plants, and in two years they are worthless. In any case lupins are not long-lived. Lupins make long tap roots and need very careful handling.

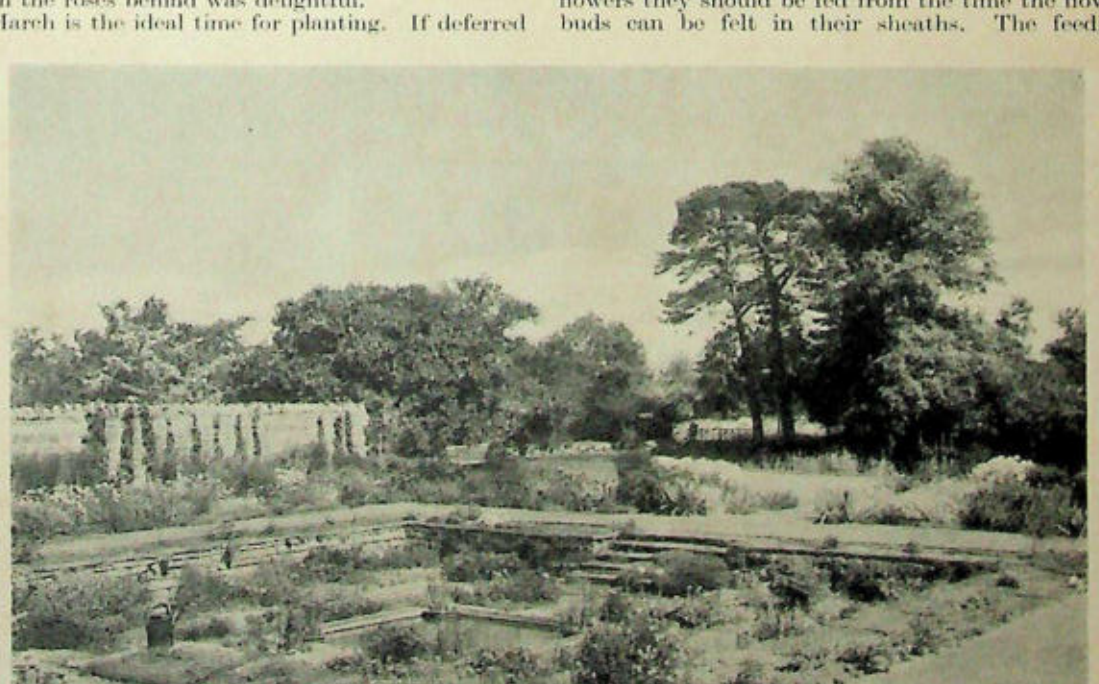
Few late summer flowering plants give so much display for so little cost as gladioli, and now is the time to plant the bulbs. They are accommodating, and flourish on most soils. Gladioli are particularly valuable in small cottage gardens, where it is desirable to have plenty of colour during August and September at moderate expense. In one small garden of this type that I know, the path leading to the entrance has broad straight beds on either side, and in the background, big bushes of Else Poulsen roses. The space in front is treated differently each year. Last year it was planted the whole way with late flowering gladioli in mixed colours, and a broad edging of *Alyssum minimum*. The effect with the roses behind was delightful.

March is the ideal time for planting. If deferred till April and there is a warm spell, the leaves will soon appear and the roots make feeble growth. The object is to encourage root growth first in order to secure fine flower spikes. Drainage is very important for gladioli never flourish in heavy, badly drained soil. Heavy soil needs the addition of plenty of coarse sand and drainage in the form of clinkers at the bottom of the trench. Poor sandy soils should be enriched with leaf mould, wood ash, and soot, and it is a good plan to put thick turves at the bottom of the trench, as this helps to conserve moisture in dry spells.

The bed must be made thoroughly firm before planting. Unless the bulbs are planted at the same depth, they will flower unevenly. Large flowered gladioli should be 6in. to 9in. apart, and it is a sound policy to put in the stakes at the time of planting, for if put in later, serious damage may be done to the roots.

Continual hoeing is essential, and consequently carpeting plants are impossible. In a rainy summer gladioli suffer badly, yellow streaks appear in the leaves, and the flowering is poor and late. A great deal can be done by giving a surface dressing in June of quite ½in. of sand.

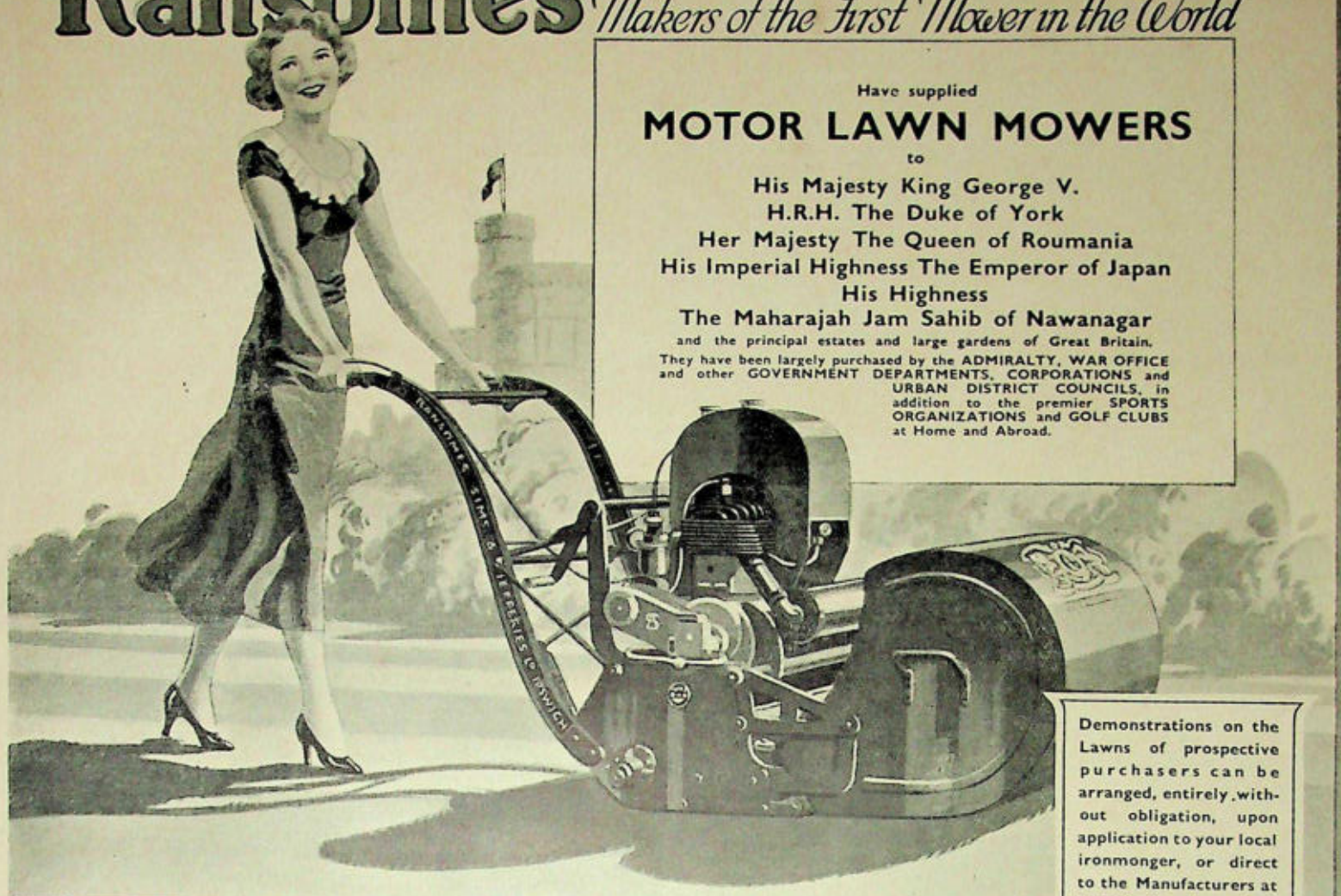
In the case of a tropical summer such as we had last year, gladioli need liberal supplies of water. It is no use giving a mere sprinkling. They need sufficient to reach their very lowest roots. These plants are greedy feeders, and to secure very fine flowers they should be fed from the time the flower buds can be felt in their sheaths. The feeding



W. Dennis Moss

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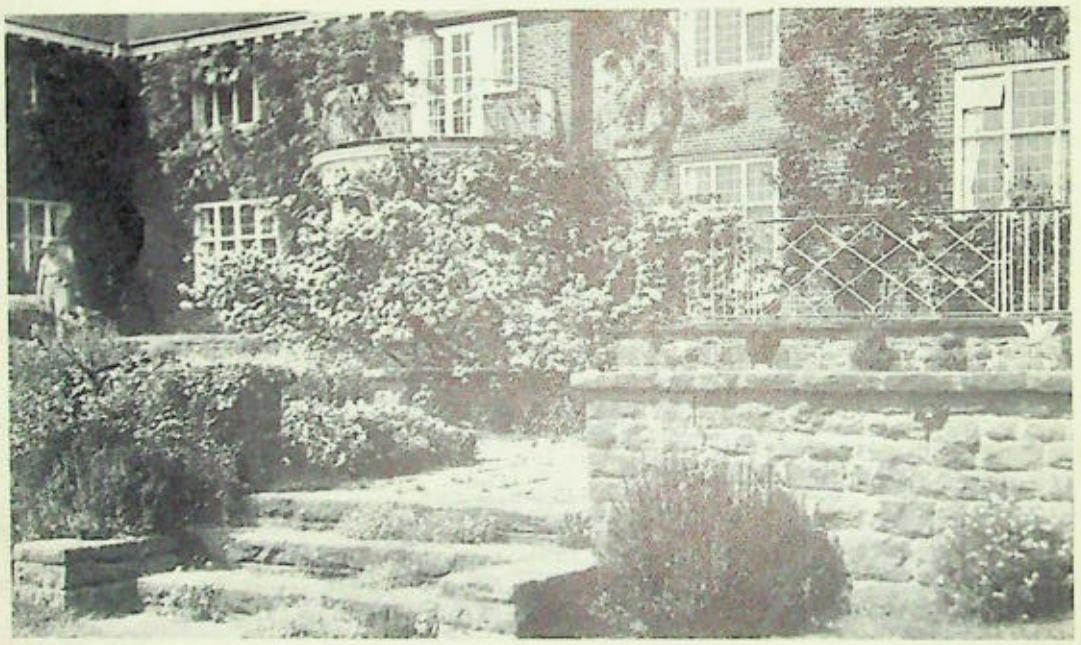
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GARDENS THROUGHOUT THE SEASONS



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TERRACE OF SURREY GARDEN: CEANOTHUS AND CLEMATIS ABOVE TULIPS AND FORGET-ME-NOT



IN AUTUMN BY THE LAKESIDE IN RANELAGH'S GARDENS WITH THE OLD GROTTO BEYOND

can be given in the form of very weak liquid manure or a surface dressing of thoroughly decayed manure.

Amongst the best of the early flowering kinds are Prince of Austria, with salmon flowers with a crimson blotch (this variety attains quite 4ft.); Venus, with white flowers flushed pink, and Gladness, with rich scarlet flowers. For early September flowering there are numerous fine varieties, notably Red Emperor, with scarlet cream-throated flowers; War, with blood-red flowers; Baron Joseph Hulot (the lovely "blue" butterfly gladiolus), and Mrs. Henry McLaren, generally acknowledged to be the finest of the yellow gladioli.

SPRAYING

Mixtures for Fruit Trees and Their Proper Application

RECENT reports show that in many fruit-growing districts the eggs of aphides and of winter moths are abundant, and fruit growers are advised to adopt the necessary precautionary measures if they have not already done so. As the buds of the fruit trees will shortly be on the move it is now getting too late for the application of winter washes. The lead arsenate spray may, however, be used up to the time of flowering. Some growers feel that it is wasteful to use a lead arsenate spray when there is very little or no foliage showing, but this is a mistaken idea as caterpillars hatch early and if the opening buds of new leaves are rendered poisonous a far better kill will be obtained than if the lead arsenate application is delayed.

It is important that the instructions of the makers should be followed in applying the sprays. Failure to make up the spray correctly accounts in many instances for poor results, the dilution should be done precisely as ordered, and water that is not too hard should be used in the process. If there is none other than very hard water available expert advice should be obtained as to the best method of overcoming the difficulty. When the grower is satisfied that he has his mixture right and in accordance with the manufacturers' directions he must be careful to spray every part of the tree, giving special attention to the small twigs. A point to remember is that the spray, to be really effective, must at least have time to dry on the trees before rain falls. Indeed, it is a waste of time and money to spray or continue to spray in bad weather, and damage to the trees may result from spraying during frost.

As we are now more concerned about spraying trees in or around the time of flowering, a few words on this subject may be helpful. The danger in spraying fruit trees when in full blossom with washes containing arsenate of lead is that visiting bees may be killed. The lead arsenate washes are of great value in exterminating the winter moths, the larvæ of which do considerable damage to the trees, but the spraying should be done either just before the blossom opens or immediately after the petals have fallen. There may be some difficulty in arranging this in big orchards, as, of course, the different varieties of fruit come into blossom at different times; still it should be aimed at, and there should be no indiscriminate spraying of open blossom with lead arsenate. If cases are noticed where bees have died in numbers in such circumstances as are described, the matter should be reported to the Ministry of Agriculture.

One more word of warning. Do not attempt to mix mineral oil, such as petroleum emulsion with a tar distillate wash. There is perhaps a temptation to do this with the object of making a spray which will be effective not only against aphides, apple suckers and winter moths, but against red spider and other pests which are not controlled by tar distillates. Certain specially prepared combined washes of the kind show promise of being very valuable, but serious injury to the trees may result from haphazard mixtures made up in the orchard without some knowledge of the constituents and their effects when used together.

A most useful spraying calendar, costing 5/-, has recently been issued by the East Malling Research Station. This is the last word on the subject, and the calendar is already in the hands of many enterprising fruit growers in different parts of the country.

The blossoming period of fruit trees varies considerably. The first of the orchard crops to flower are the cob nuts and filberts in January; peaches and nectarines flower in March; followed by plum, damson and cherry in April. Gooseberries, blackcurrant and red currants also flower in April. The next fruit tree to flower is the pear in early May, followed by the apple in May and strawberries in late May. Hops are the last crop to flower, usually at the end of July, in what is known in Kent as the Burr period.

C.

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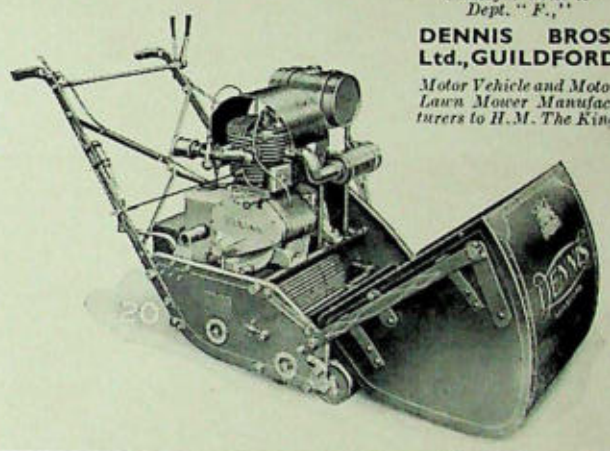
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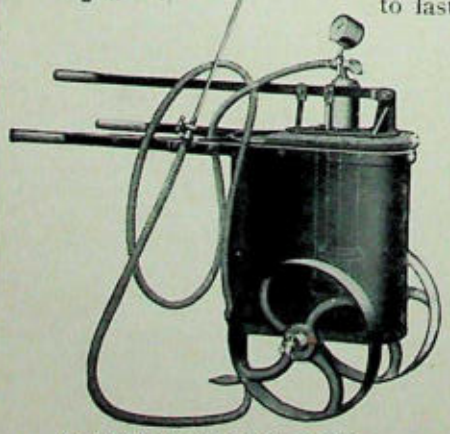
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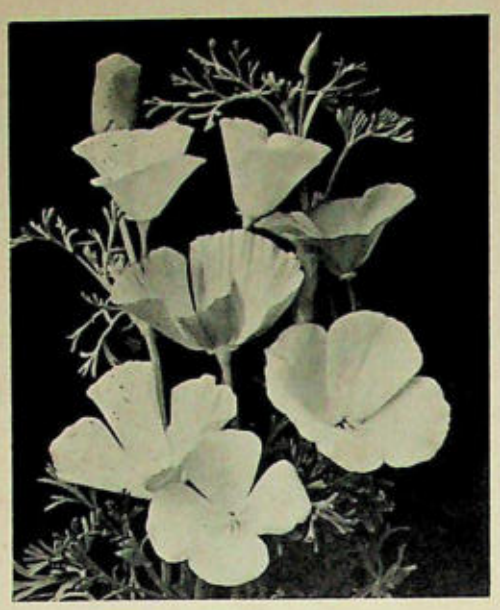
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MODERN ANNUALS

Sowing for the Brightest Displays

HYBRIDISTS have devoted so much attention to hardy annuals, and the varieties produced during the last few years are so fine that these once humble plants can no longer be described as "weedy."

Modern annuals are indeed so good that they need far more care than the old-fashioned sorts which were frequently sown in a more or less haphazard fashion and left to take care of themselves. On heavy soils spring sowings are usually preferable and liberal supplies of wood ash should be incorporated in the surface soil, as all the annuals revel in this manure. Whatever the soil, the surface must be reduced to a very fine tilth. Sometimes we get quite a hot spell at the beginning of April, when the seedlings are still very small. Hot sun does seedlings quite as much harm, if not more, than a severe frost. Being so young, their roots penetrate only a little way into the soil, and consequently they suffer badly in a spell of heat. Any temporary shading, such as paper, put high enough to allow the air to circulate freely, is a great help, and the results of this care will be evident when they flower.

The most valuable introductions, are, I think, the new annual delphiniums, Blue Butterfly and Azure Fairy; the former, a very rich deep blue, and the latter pale blue. These both grow about a foot to fifteen inches high and look very well associated with pink godetias or with other blue flowers, such as the Swan River daisy (*Brachycome iberidifolia*) and that lovely little annual woodruff, *Asperula azurea setosa*. This last-named annual grows rather less than six inches high, and it is like a mist of blue flowers. It does particularly well on sandy soil and it is strange that it is not more commonly grown.

Larkspurs, especially the branching kinds, Shirley poppies, Godetias, Sweet Sultans, Clarkias, Nigellas, would, I think, be described by most people as the most delightful of annuals and the most valuable for picking. The branching larkspurs are the most effective, for they are so graceful and where there is room the stock-flowered varieties look well planted amongst them. The dwarf kind is the earliest of all to flower, and makes a good edging. I like a mixture of larkspurs, cornflowers and the pale lemon-coloured Sweet Sultan. The cornflowers and larkspurs are different in their habit of growth and show each other off to perfection, and the lemon-coloured Sweet Sultans give the essential touch of yellow which is as effective in the garden as in needlework.

The varieties of *Papaver somniferum* are now amongst the handsomest annuals. The double pæony flowered varieties attain three feet and have very rich foliage. Indeed their grey-green foliage is almost as effective as the flowers themselves. These poppies are amongst the few annuals that are handsome enough even for the herbaceous border. But unlike the Shirley poppies they do not go well with other annuals. The popular modern hybrids of Eschscholtzias are all descended from *E. californica*, with yellow flowers, introduced late in the eighteenth century. This annual does particularly well in dry sandy soils. Some of the newest hybrids are very fine, and the colours range from a rich cherry-red to pale buff. The old varieties were very floppy and untidy in growth, but some of the modern double-flowered kinds make compact little bushes. "Miniature Primrose" is a charming little Eschscholtzia for the rock garden, for it attains only four inches and produces its lemon-coloured flowers in great profusion. Although introduced in the eighteenth century, we have not yet found a popular name for Eschscholtzias, but the French have long since given them the apt name of *Bonnets-qui-tombent*.

The linums are always a delight. *L. grandiflorum rubrum* has vivid scarlet flowers and both this and the annual blue flax produce their flowers on foot-high stems.

On rich, well-dug soil the varieties of *Lavatera trimestris* are amongst the finest annuals. But these mallows are mere weeds on poor soil. They resent being transplanted and need to be thinned to quite fifteen inches apart. A long "hedge" of them is a lovely sight. The vivid rosy pink is perhaps the most effective, though the white-flowered variety is very charming. The rich rose-red variety of Malope goes well with the white Lavatera. All these mallows are so showy that it is worth the trouble of picking off all faded flowers. If allowed to run to seed their flowering period is short, but if prevented from seeding they flower well into September. The annual lupins are valuable for cutting, especially the charming pink-flowered variety, which attains well over two feet. Planted with *L. Hartwegi*, which is azure blue, the effect is charming. All lupins dislike being transplanted, and seed should be sown where the plants are to flower and thinned to quite eighteen inches apart.

Bartonia aurea is not an accommodating annual, but on the soils it likes it is one of the best. This native of California attains about fifteen inches and has attractive foliage and big yellow flowers. It is essential to give it a sunny spot and very well-drained soil. Seeds are usually sown in boxes in a temperature of 50 degrees in March and the seedlings planted out in May.

Of all the annuals the easiest, and the one that comes most quickly into bloom, is the humble Virginian Stock, a native of the South of Europe. It is despised by many gardeners, yet a broad belt of it in mixed colours makes one of the most delightful edgings. In new gardens it is invaluable for this purpose. Full sun is essential. Virginian Stock is usually sown rather thickly and then neglected, with the result that its blooming period is short. Thinned to three inches apart makes a great difference to the length of time it remains in flower. It is quite a good plan to mix with the seed of the Virginian some seed of the equally humble night-scented stock, *Matthiola bicornis*. This "weed" in spite of its delicious scent is seldom grown nowadays, and it is not worth giving it valuable space, but it grows about the same height as Virginian Stock, and they go well together.

Limnanthes Douglasii is another useful annual for making an edging to a bed. If sown in spring it flowers in July and August, but on sandy soil it can be sown in early autumn and will then flower as early as May. It attains about six inches and the yellow and white flowers, so beloved by bees, are produced in great profusion. It needs full sun and is one of the plants seen at its best only in sunny weather.

L. Douglasii has a marked preference for a sandy soil, but it can be grown on clayey soil if the ground is liberally lightened with leaf mould and well-decayed manure. Collinsias are also effective and unusual as edging plants, particularly the pink and lilac-flowered kinds grown in a mixture. The variety *C. candidissima* makes a good white edging. On sandy soils Collinsias are perfectly hardy, but these natives of California are apt to be killed in winter on clay soil.

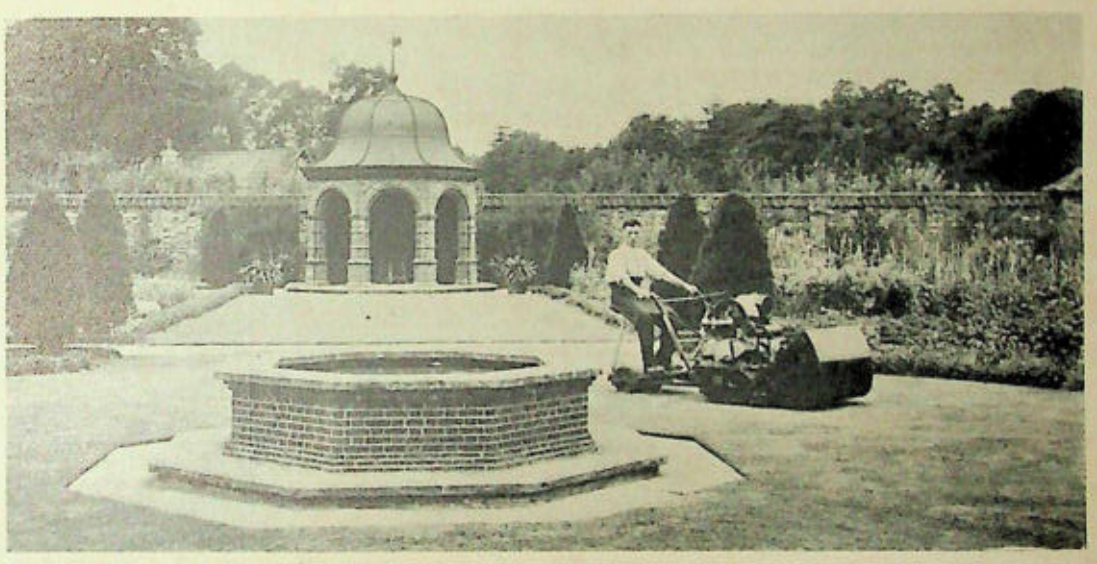
E. S. R.

LAWNS AND THE DROUGHT

The Need for Nursing Tender Grass

OWING to summer and winter drought lawns in many parts of the country are now in poor condition. Renovation of a poor lawn requires much care and judgment. The general tendency is to apply large dressings of quick-acting fertilisers, the reaction of which may place a lawn in a worse condition than before. Fertilisers for lawns should be applied in light dressings only; a little and often is a safe motto to follow. A light top dressing of rich potting compost finely sifted may be applied at this season and will soon disappear in the lawn.

It should also be remembered that grass requires as much aeration as any other plant. The mistake is frequently made of putting the heavy roller on the lawn immediately after rain, with the result that the surface soil is reduced to a close paste. Some rolling is necessary at this season, but it should only be done when the lawn is dry, and preferably after a frost, and then only with a light roller; the sub-soil must be kept open to allow rains to pass through; and, by the way, the function of a roller is to make the surface smooth and firm—it is not intended to level the ground. If a lawn wants levelling the turf must be lifted and relaid.



MODERN LABOUR-SAVING METHODS FOR KEEPING THE LAWN IN TRIM
A corner of Sir Malcolm Fraser's garden at Pixholme Court, Surrey, with a Dennis motor mower and roller at work

An intelligent use of the mower is also necessary, especially in the spring. Young grass should be cut with a light, sharp, free-running machine, each mowing preceded by a light rolling; better still, let the first few mowings of a newly-sown lawn be done with a scythe. The mowing of an established lawn may begin as soon as the grass is 2in. high; the lawn should then be lightly swept, and weekly cuttings may be given until a dry spell sets in. It is a mistake to use artificial fertilisers on a new lawn. Young grass in its early stages is very tender and cannot stand strong fertilisers. No manure is necessary in the first year, but in the spring following a dressing of bone meal will in all cases be beneficial, followed each month with a very light dusting of sulphate of ammonia, or an approved special lawn manure applied strictly in accordance with directions given.

Much can be done to improve the condition of the lawn by the use of an iron rake to scarify the surface, after which a dressing of sand such as is used for bowling greens may be applied; at the same time a light dressing not exceeding 1oz. to the square yard of a well-balanced manure may also be given. If this operation is repeated at intervals of a month or six weeks a great improvement in the lawn will be apparent during the season. After all, the management of a lawn is largely a question of common sense and constant attention; but above all avoid over-rolling after rain, and over-manuring.

C.

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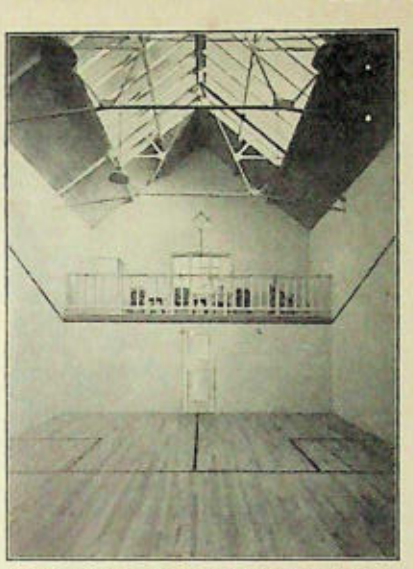
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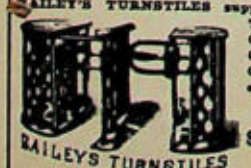
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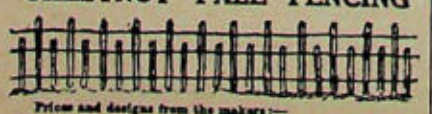
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BACK in the days of George III regiments of the line (such a different thing to "infantry") were allied to counties, and 50 years ago Cardwell strengthened the link. But the cavalry have never, broadly speaking, been linked territorially. The result is that the cavalry have been far more closely bound to their stations than the infantry, and especially to stations like Canterbury and Colchester, York and Edinburgh; while further, the bond has always been between the station and the cavalry as a whole, and not with the individual regiment (which, again, is such a different thing to a "unit"). This has tended to preserve the spirit of the cavalry corps, and it has been heightened by the special glamour centering round the *beau sabreur*, partly because his officer has more money, and partly because of the greater love of adventure due to the independence necessary to a cavalryman.

So the subject of cavalry stations offers a wide scope to a writer so steeped in cavalry lore as Colonel Granville Baker. He is a capable and, despite the rather lengthy list of *errata* at the beginning of the book, an accurate historian. But he is also a first-class journalist. He has added time after time those little intimate touches which are the making of a good gossip column of the better sort.

Besides a great deal of matter of definite historical interest we have a whole number of pleasant little sketches of the *flâneur* variety, the sort of thing that would pass between two heavy dragoons as they stopped at the ale house to water their horses and call for a tankard. They would not have failed to comment on the soldiers of the German Legion who took wives in Colchester after the Crimea and settled down with them just as soldiers of the British Army on the Rhine took German wives to themselves 70 years later. No doubt, too, they would have a quip at the Canterbury recruiting poster offering "an hospitable table and capacious bowl of punch that will float or sink the little Corsican Chief." They would certainly have had something to say, with the Household Cavalryman of to-day, on the question of "mustachios," which so troubled the cavalryman of 1830. Poor Porteous, who was dragged from the tolbooth of Edinburgh and hanged by the mob after being pardoned by Queen Catherine for firing on a crowd who had stoned his men, would have a word of sympathy. Nor would their sympathy be any less for the young gallant of the 10th Hussars who, at Liverpool in 1804, slew in a duel "a local ship builder who held patriarchal views on the inviolability of the home"—"a very Hussar-like proceeding" to quote the old story.

This is a delightful book, one of a Trilogy of an unusual and unexpected character which have recently appeared, *The Gun* and *Trumpeter Sound* being the other two. It should find many friends in and out of the Army. R. M.

Old Cavalry Stations, by B. Granville Baker (Heath Cranton; 12/6).

FRESH AIR AND A BALL

Hints from Past and Present Masters

A FAMOUS old England Rugby captain once complained that whereas men used to play games in order to keep fit, they now had to keep fit in order to play. The bite lay, of course, in the modern tendency to take games too seriously; but the simple fact is that you cannot get the best out of any game unless you take some trouble to play it skilfully, and there is no better way to attain that end than to study the ways and advice of the experts.

It is not all experts who can give written advice in so clear and interesting a way as do the contributors to the *Aldin Book of Outdoor Games*. Take John Cotton on golf, for instance. With engaging frankness he says: "I will give you some of the best tips I have discovered for myself. I consider that a wooden-headed putter taught me to swing, and for that I am very grateful, because to putt well one must not hit solely, but swing the club through the ball. I do not, however, recommend a wooden putter always, because I have discovered in my travels that when the greens are found to be bumpy or rough, a steel or aluminium putter is better."

D. R. Gent is one of the old school of Rugby players, who is as critical of the modern game as he is insistent on the thorough teaching of first principles before specialisation. And who shall say that he is not right? John Doeg and Allison Danzig discuss, among many things, the merits of the eastern and western grips in lawn tennis; and M. D. Lyon is both breezy and provocative about cricket. He has no love for the bowler who adopts short-pitched bumpers. "Is such bowling justified?" he asks. "According to the letter of the law, it is, of course. But in my opinion, it is not in the best interests of cricket. The bowler's point of view is: You have a bat with which to defend yourself. What more do you want? I will answer: I want a tin hat, a chest protector, a fencing mask and—a revolver for the bowler."

Mr. Lyon challenges opinion when he attempts to rank various games in order of difficulty. Cricket he places first, as the most difficult game to play, golf next, then polo, and so on; lawn tennis he places thirteenth with contumely, and squash rackets ninth.

No one who has played squash rackets would call it an easy game to play and Amr Bey, who is without doubt its greatest present exponent, has no hesitation in saying, in his book, that it is easily the most strenuous of all ball games—an opinion supported by Charles Read, once champion of three games simultaneously—squash, hard rackets and lawn tennis. Amr Bey's rise to success in both the Amateur and the Open Championships has been phenomenal, and "Oke" Johnson, the famous R.A.C. professional, tells us, in a chapter he contributes to the book, how this dark, slim young man presented himself for lessons in the game some five or six years ago, and how he developed into a champion. Amr Bey's book strikingly demonstrates the great progress that has been achieved both in stroke play and pace in squash rackets in recent years. First in importance he places speed. "The aim of modern squash is to set up a fast pace. There is no doubt that the success of the five best squash players in England to-day is due largely to their controlled speed." And Amr Bey is certainly the fastest of them all. D. Butcher, the Professional champion, contributes a most interesting chapter on "Some Players I Have Played With," and Miss Susan Noel writes on Women's Squash. There are many instructive photographs showing strokes by Amr Bey.

The Aldin Book of Outdoor Games: Rugby Football, by D. R. Gent; Golf, by T. Henry Cotton; Lawn Tennis, by John Doeg and Allison Danzig; Cricket, by M. D. Lyon. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 8/6 net.) *The Art of Squash Rackets*. By F. D. Amr Bey. (Chapman & Hall; 10/6 net.)

THE CONSTITUENCY OF LIFE

Some Reflections of a Back Bencher

WORDSWORTH tells the reader to find a tale in everything, and the author of this book demonstrates the truth of this by twenty tales and sketches on subjects as wide apart as convict prisons and babies; yet in one sketch he brings the two together. "In the Trap" is a tale of a female gaol and is, while given with delicacy, rather saddening to read. In fact there is a slight air of melancholy about much of the book.

The chapters I like best are based on Parliamentary experience and an impish humour. "Titles" gives the recipe for gaining places in the Honours List from the Back Benches without financial disbursement. "Obstruction" is really funny—a fictional dialogue of the House in Committee which is so utterly futile and childish that it must be taken as being no exaggeration at all. The mentality of "the Lower Fourth Remove" is here in full measure:

. . . "With great respect . . . It is sewage we are dealing with and I propose to adhere to it." "Minister of Agriculture" . . . and thinking to myself how all that waste product would be ultimately used for the food of the people, for the fertilization of spring greens, rhubarb and carrots, too (A voice—"For donkeys," laughter) I must say I am unable to see what grounds there are for merriment in this Bill ("Hear, Hear," and same voice "In you") as I was about to say I thought to myself how many thousands of platefuls of nourishment were represented by the scene in front of me (Hear, Hear) . . ." Yes, I suspect that that caricature is really a photograph. "Good Counsel" and "The Fog" are grim tales, the plots of which Edgar Allan Poe might have envied.

Chapter XX, beginning, "I can only dimly remember my grandfather, for I was barely eleven years old when he died" is a gem of retrospection concerning a man who must have been a child's ideal companion. After the author's last effort at essay writing I note with regret that there are only three chapters on country life. I suspect the author of regretting that Westminster held him in its clammy toils so long; he must have sometimes felt a mad desire to release a tame jackdaw in the House, especially in spring when members are mentally autumnal despite the crocuses out in the parks.

KLAXON.

A Tale in Everything. By Godfrey Locker-Lampson. (Peter Davies; 7/6.)



IS THIS YOUR PROBLEM?

"Dear Mr. Melross,

"I have been very much interested in your advertisements in the 'Field,' on which I hope you will allow me to congratulate you. I think they are a very clever piece of advertising.

"Now can I ask you a few questions about it?

"1. Suppose I invested £125 and bought a pair of foxes and was content to take no return for, say, four years, and allow my foxes to accumulate during that time. At the end of four years my stock should have increased considerably. Can you arrange it so that you take a proportion of the litters so as to provide you with profit and pay for their upkeep, leaving me at the end of the four years with say, for example, ten pairs (I expect this is much too optimistic)? Would you then be prepared to pay me £12 10s. per pair per annum? Of course, it is ridiculous to expect such a return, but would you be prepared to consider any arrangements on the lines mentioned? I don't expect I shall leave the Army for a considerable time yet, but when I do I expect I shall have to follow some profession, and would like to hear about silver fox farming. Do you think that the industry will be overcrowded in say ten years' time?

"One more question. I quite realise that it would naturally take time to sell out if one wanted to get out of it, but would it be possible to dispose of one's interests, say, in a year?

"Even if my proposition is impracticable I would be glad to hear more about your own propositions as advertised in the 'Field.'

"Yours sincerely,

"_____."

The above is an extract from a letter which I received recently. Any other reader of the "Field" who is in a similar situation is invited to write to me.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject. All clients of Nithsdale have free shooting on a four thousand acres grouse moor.



WHERE MILES ARE MANY TO THE STONE: A VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX NEAR DAMASCUS

Travelling from Alexandria in Egypt, through Palestine and Arabia to Persia and back again, this car covered 3,000 miles in nine driving days. Petrol consumption for the trip worked out at 24 miles per gallon and oil consumption one pint per 264 miles

THE NEXT IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT IN MOTOR-CAR DESIGN

A General Move Towards Independent Wheel Suspension

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

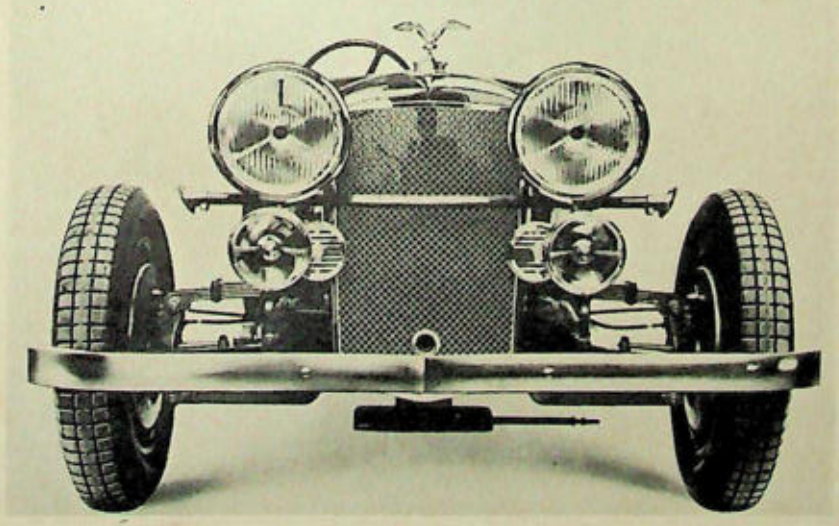
IF I read the signs of the times aright, the next important development in motor-car design will be in the direction of independent wheel suspension, probably of all four road wheels but certainly of the front pair.

This is not a new movement. Even before the war, a few designer shad attempted to find a way out of the difficulties met with in establishing a satisfactory system of rendering the wheels independent of each other in damping out road shocks. Little headway was made, however, and the outbreak of the War necessarily put a period to all the experimental work.

During the past few years more and more attention has been concentrated on the question and, although comparatively little has been done in this country, the independent springing of the front wheels has become almost a vogue on the Continent, and in France, Italy and Germany a number of manufacturers have adopted one system or another as standard practice.

Although it is true, as I have said, that comparatively little attention has been given to the question by British designers, it is only fair to point out that such famous constructors as Sunbeam, Alvis and one or two others have evolved and adopted independent front wheel springing with considerable success. Others, I believe, have expended much research on the question, and it is probably only a matter of time before the system is generally adopted.

Reports which have reached this country regarding the New York Motor Show, at which all the new season's "hush-hush" cars are shown, indicate that there is a general move towards independent suspension. So far, however, there seems to be no disposition to go farther than the application of the idea to the front wheels. Nothing further has appeared at all resembling the system employed on that very interesting car, the Tatra, which was shown at Olympia, and in which all four wheels were independently sprung in a very ingenious, and, I should say, efficient manner.



INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING ON THE SPEED TWENTY ALVIS

Such well-known American makes as the Buick, Cadillac, Hudson, Essex, La Salle and Chevrolet have adopted the principle either as standard practice or as an optional extra, and to judge from the reception this development has had, it will not be long before it is generally incorporated in most American designs. It would seem to follow, then, that as soon as our own designers are satisfied that the principle is really correct, it must be adopted by British constructors.

So far as I know, none of the new American models are available for trial in this country yet, so I am not able to say at first hand what the general results of this important development are likely to be when they are put to the ultimate test by which all these changes in design must be judged—that of extended use in the hands of the private user.

I have no doubt that the various new systems of suspension which have created a mild sensation in the United States have been thoroughly and painstakingly tried out by their makers before they were incorporated in the designs in which they figure. The American motor manufacturer does not adopt revolutionary ideas unless he is satisfied that they are on the right lines, but it still remains a fact that the last word is with the user.

I am prompted to this reflection by looking at some of the designs of the new suspension. In all those I have seen, the change has meant the abandoning of the leaf spring and its replacement by a combination of coil springs, dash-pots and levers which savour of complication and probable undue wear. In one outstanding design there are no fewer than twelve pivot-points to require attention!

It may be that the ideal design has yet to be discovered, but I am quite confident that the principle of independent springing of the front wheels at least is right. A detailed examination of the technical reasons why this should be so would be out of place here, but there are certain practical advantages inherent in the system which makes one wonder why it has not been developed to a far greater extent than has been the case up to date.

A car with independently suspended front wheels is definitely more stable on the road than one with the conventional rigid axle. It will hold the road better, all things being equal. It has far less tendency to skid, and is much steadier and therefore faster on acute curves and corners.

It rides easier on bad roads, for the very obvious reason that when one wheel falls into a pot-hole or depression in the road surface, the resultant shock is not communicated to the other, as must be the case when the rigid axle of conventional type is employed.

The wear of tyres should be reduced, because of the comparative absence of side-thrust on uneven roads. It is apparent that, with a rigid axle, when one wheel encounters a bump, that side of the car is lifted and there is a tendency for the opposite wheel to be pushed sideways, thus causing the tyre to "scrub."

Where, however, the wheels are independently sprung they tend on uneven surfaces to move mainly in the vertical plane and the opposite wheel is not affected to anything like the extent common to the rigid axle type of springing. Obviously this must



A WARNING TO AIRCRAFT
Erecting the danger beacon at the Rugby Radio Station

make for comfort and, as I have said, less wear of the tyres.

Against the undoubted advantages of independent springing there is still the question to be settled whether existing systems do not suffer from certain drawbacks which are enough to offset the merits of the principle. At the moment several applications of the idea are being developed in a simpler form than those which are more familiar, and I believe we are well within reach of something which will at any rate come very near to the ideal.

If a simple solution of what is really a complicated problem can be arrived at—as I believe it will before long—then I think we are on the eve of something very like a revolution in the suspension of the car. It is certain that what, for want of a better term, I must call conventional springing has been developed as far as it will go, and any future improvement must be along the lines I have indicated.

MOTORING NOTES

By Road To Twickenham

As a guide to motorists visiting the Rugby Football Union Ground at Twickenham, the R.A.C. has issued a folder containing a map indicating the traffic routes leading to the official car parks and a map showing the approach roads over a considerable area. These maps are fully up to date as regards newly constructed roads, and the folder is issued with the authority of the Rugby Football Union. It can be obtained on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

* * *

At a meeting recently held in London, the Council of the Motor Traders' Association—the central trade organisation of which all British car manufacturers and the vast majority of dealers are members—elected Mr. W. M. W. Thomas as their new President, in succession to Mr. Frank Lanchester. Mr. Thomas is a Director and General Sales Manager of Morris Motors, Ltd., and is one of Lord Nuffield's "young men."

One of the immediate aims of the M.T.A. is, it is announced, to take the utmost advantage of its nation-wide contact with drivers through its members, either as manufacturers or sellers of cars, in an endeavour to promote safety among motorists by every possible means.

PROTECTING THE AIR TRAVELLER

How the Danger of Wireless Masts May Be Overcome

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

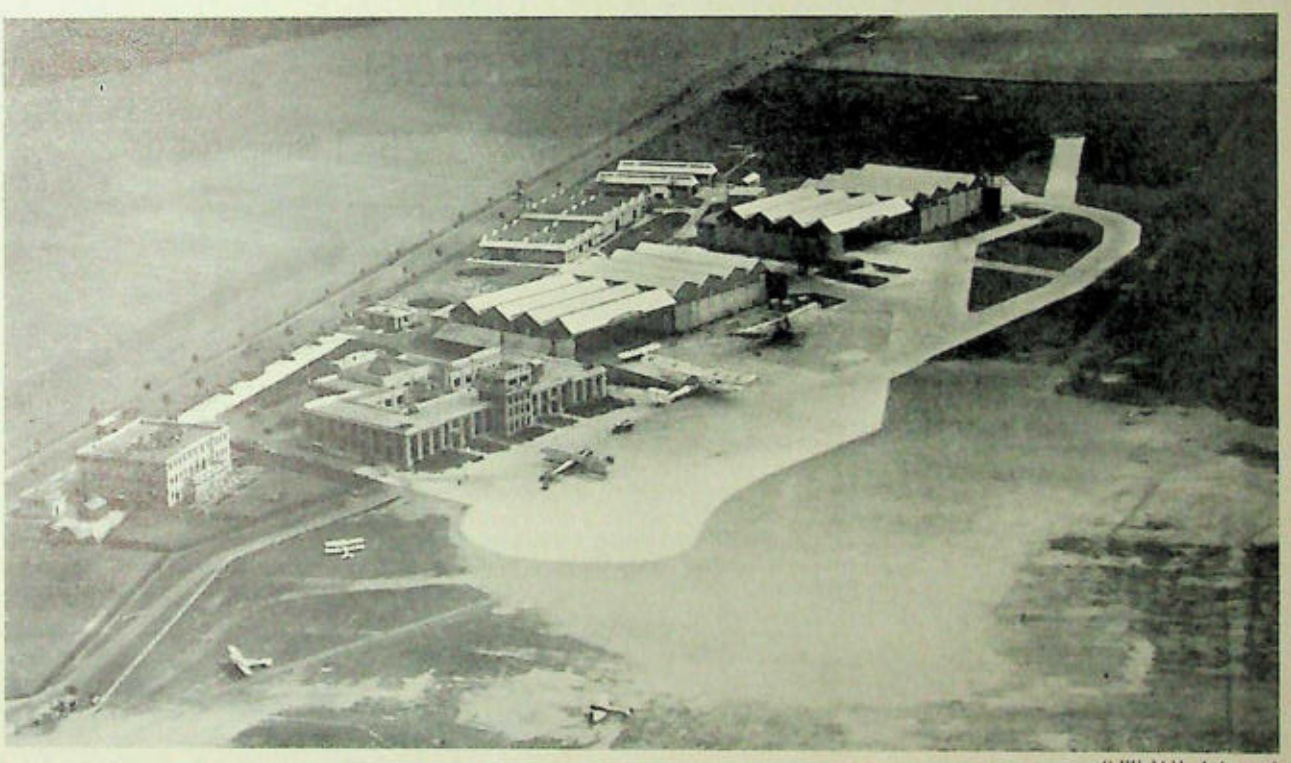
SINCE the tragic loss of the Imperial Airways' liner Apollo through collision with the stays of a wireless mast, a series of accidents and mishaps has served to direct public attention to the growing danger of these and similar high structures to aircraft; and there has been more than one indication that informed opinion is profoundly disquieted at the present state of affairs, the more so as these obstacles to safe aerial navigation are increasing both in this and other countries.

The dangers had not, of course, been overlooked by flying men, but their gravity had not been driven home to the authorities responsible for the erection of such structures. As so often happens, a somewhat sensational disaster has focussed attention on this problem. The demand for adequate warning to pilots is, therefore, steadily increasing, and it is clear that if the confidence of the travelling public in flying is to be retained, not merely national but international action is needed.

That proper safeguards against such dangers in conditions of poor visibility, however occasioned, is essential, no one can deny, especially when the great and growing use of aircraft for all purposes is remembered; but there is no general agreement as yet on how this, at the recent conference of representatives of the chief European air lines presided over by Major Mealing, Chief Technical Advisor to the Director of Civil Aviation, it was decided to reduce the height of the Radio Beacon Tower at Croydon from 100ft. to 30ft.

It may seem a counsel of perfection to urge that every transmission tower, radio mast, or similar obstruction, should be equipped with a warning light, preferably of the neon variety, which has proved very effective in penetrating fog. But it is surely not going beyond the bounds of plain common sense to suggest that every such obstruction comprising a potential danger on the recognised air routes of the world should be so fitted. The analogy to shipping is plain, for at sea every hindrance to navigation, either temporary or permanent, is clearly indicated.

Warning lights is the remedy most frequently advocated; and in this country steps have been taken to provide the bigger masts with them, as, for example, those at the Rugby Radio Station, and the towers at Dagenham which carry the link of the electric "grid" system from the north to the south side of the Thames. But lights by themselves are not sufficient, particularly in cases of



"Flight" photograph

CROYDON AERODROME FROM THE AIR: AN INCREASINGLY BUSY TERMINUS
"Another disaster such as that which befell the Apollo and the progress of commercial aviation would receive a definite setback"

that protection can best be provided, and it must be admitted that the problem is by no means an easy one. The use of overhead transmission lines for electrical distribution has grown very rapidly indeed in the past few years, and is still growing. Wireless stations are multiplying, and there has been a general tendency for the height of radio masts to increase, as high-power broadcasting and telephony transmitters are constructed.

The very fact that overhead transmission lines and radio stations are erected, in the main, in rural areas free from other obstacles to flying adds considerably to the dangers to which they can give rise.

Where aircraft operators can control the height of such structures, the dangers are thoroughly realised, and steps taken to eliminate the risk as far as possible. As an instance of extremely low visibility such as those which have been brought about by the fogs of the present winter.

It is, of course, not possible to arrest the forward motion of the conventional aircraft of to-day to any extent when it comes up against an obstacle suddenly, and it is argued that while the light might be seen, there would certainly be conditions under which the pilot would not observe it soon enough to avert disaster.

An interesting and most useful suggestion for the solution of this problem has been advanced by that well-known pioneer, Mr. E. C. Gordon England, in a letter sent to the Press shortly after the Apollo disaster. He suggested that radio masts, pylons and the like, should be equipped with automatic wireless transmitters operating on a common wavelength; and that all aircraft using the regular airways should be provided with receivers permanently tuned to this wavelength so that aural as well as visual indication could be given of their proximity.

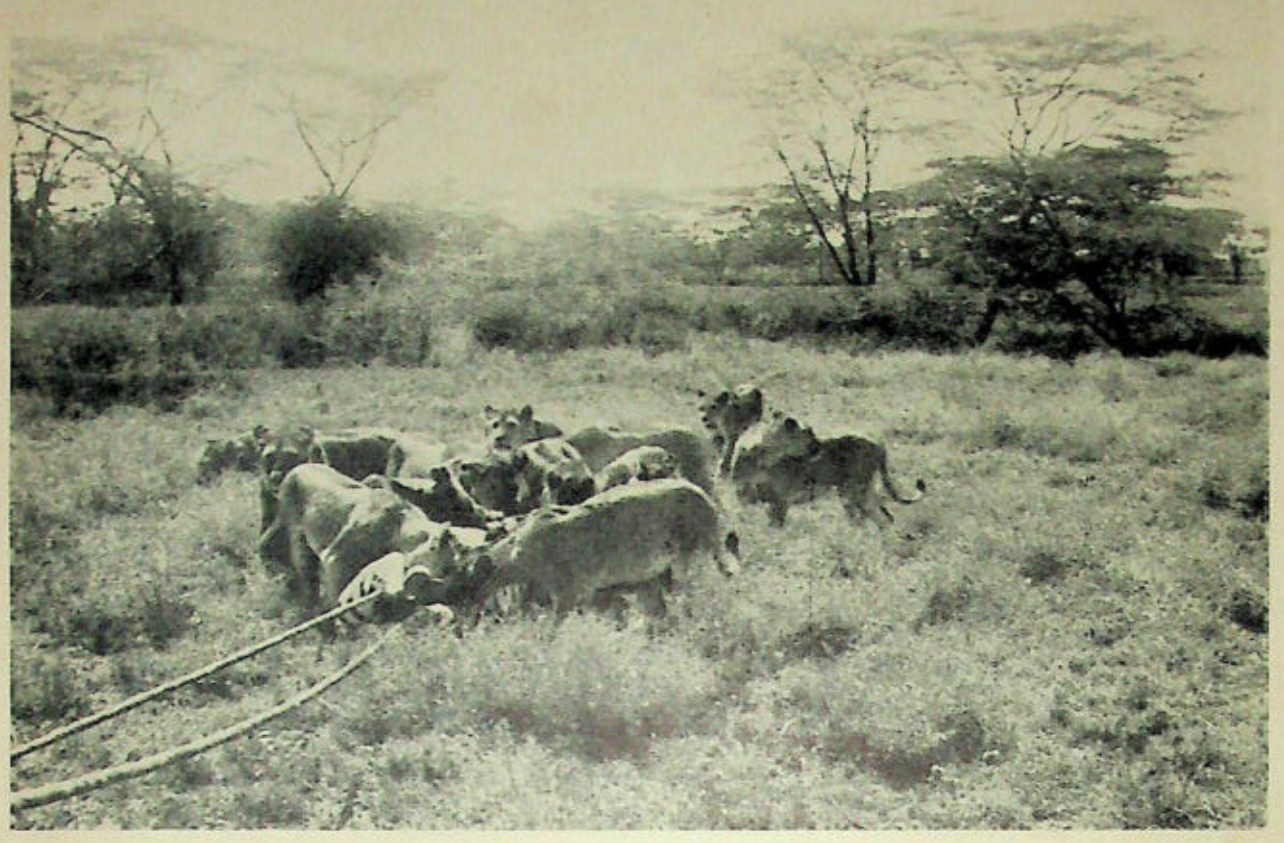
This method would certainly tend to obviate the danger; but it is clear that fixed lights would be needed in addition in order to provide some sort of warning for those private aircraft and other machines not equipped with wireless, which might find themselves suddenly fogbound.

The problems of protecting the pilot from this and kindred dangers such as the erection of tall buildings on the fringes of aerodromes are many; but there is no doubt that an immediate, international attempt must be made to solve them. Flying safety and the whole future of commercial aviation depend upon the elimination of all external hindrances to free movement no matter what the weather conditions, and the airways must be made as free from avoidable risks as the seas have become through years of international development.

The loss of the Apollo stressed many things besides this particular problem. It showed how vitally necessary accurate and continuous wireless control is when machines are flying in fog, and thus justified to a large extent the much-discussed system of zone control recently introduced at Croydon.

It must be remembered that with every increase in air traffic, which is growing now more rapidly than ever before, the dangers are multiplied; and they can be kept down only by constant supervision and co-operation among those interested. Construction around aerodromes must be closely scrutinised by local authorities to ensure that no interference with aerial navigation occurs; those responsible for electrical development and radio schemes must bear in mind the rising importance of aviation; and a way must be found of protecting those who travel by air from the obstructions that already exist.

Another disaster such as that which befell the Apollo and the progress of commercial aviation would undoubtedly receive a definite setback.



PROOF OF THE SERENGETI LIONS' CONFIDENCE IN MAN
"In the past few years my husband has fed many hundreds of lions from a lorry, by means of a rope to which is attached a kill"

THE TAME LIONS OF THE SERENGETI

A Photographic Opportunity for the Visitor to Tanganyika

By AUDREY MOORE

(Wife of Captain M. S. Moore, V.C., Game Ranger of the Serengeti)

IN the northern half of Tanganyika Territory, to the south-west of Lake Victoria, lies the Serengeti, well known to many as being the most famous lion country in Africa.

Since, however, the locating of game from cars has become universal, most of the hunting parties have now realised the tremendous possibilities for photography, and are taking such a keen interest in it, that the lions and game animals of this area have become used to the sight of cars creeping about among them for the purpose of photography instead of shooting, and have lost their fear of such intruders to a very great extent.

This, added to the fact that a large tract of suitable land has been set aside as a Complete Reserve, and a still larger tract has been made a Closed Reserve, in which shooting is only allowed by special permit, has had such splendid results that the whole area might now be described as a natural zoo.

Anyone who has visited the Serengeti will agree that most of the animals are so tame that it is often impossible to get a sporting shot at them. Gone are the days when hunters returning from the Serengeti had a good story to tell about each of the trophies they brought home. This, of course, does not apply to buffalo or elephant, which cannot possibly be approached by cars in this area.

A famous white hunter recently said to my husband: "Unless you can let off a shotgun to stir up your lions, it is no use my bringing down hunting parties to the Serengeti." This, I think, sums up the situation. In the past few years my husband has fed many hundreds of lions from a lorry, by means of a rope to which is attached a kill. It is unnecessary for me to describe the process, as he himself wrote fully on the subject in the *Field* of May 20th last year.

So used are the lions now to the sound of our lorry that whenever they hear it in their vicinity they come running out of cover to see what we have brought them to eat, and their expressions of disgust if we come empty handed are so intelligently displayed that we feel ashamed of our inhospitality. Time and time again have they followed us back to the house, and there sat quietly waiting to be fed.

Sometimes they wait in the track for our return, and we have to slow the lorry down and sound the hooter in order to avoid running over them. On several occasions they have galloped towards the lorry in a most misleading manner, for to the uninitiated a galloping lion means only one thing.

At night we are invariably awakened by the roaring of lions on the doorstep, and there is one particular troop that constantly visit the dustbins and turn them out looking for tit-bits. They are definitely not man-eaters, there being plenty of game for them to hunt, and they do no harm beyond walking all over the flower beds; even the natives now regard them as a huge joke.

As I write, nine somnolent lions are heaped in the shade of a small thorn tree only a few hundred yards from the house, they are within full view of the verandah, and have been there since early this morning; we have not fed them, and they must be fully conscious of the noise and movement in the camp.

This is one of their favourite breeding grounds, and for the greater part of the year it is always possible to find large troops of lions for visitors to feed and photograph. After the early rains many of them make for the open Serengeti Plain, where the game animals collect to take advantage of the fresh young grass; but there are always a few of the older lions who prefer to hunt the river beds and the bush country surrounding the plain.

We have watched their family life from the days of courtship to the time when the cubs are old enough to feed themselves.

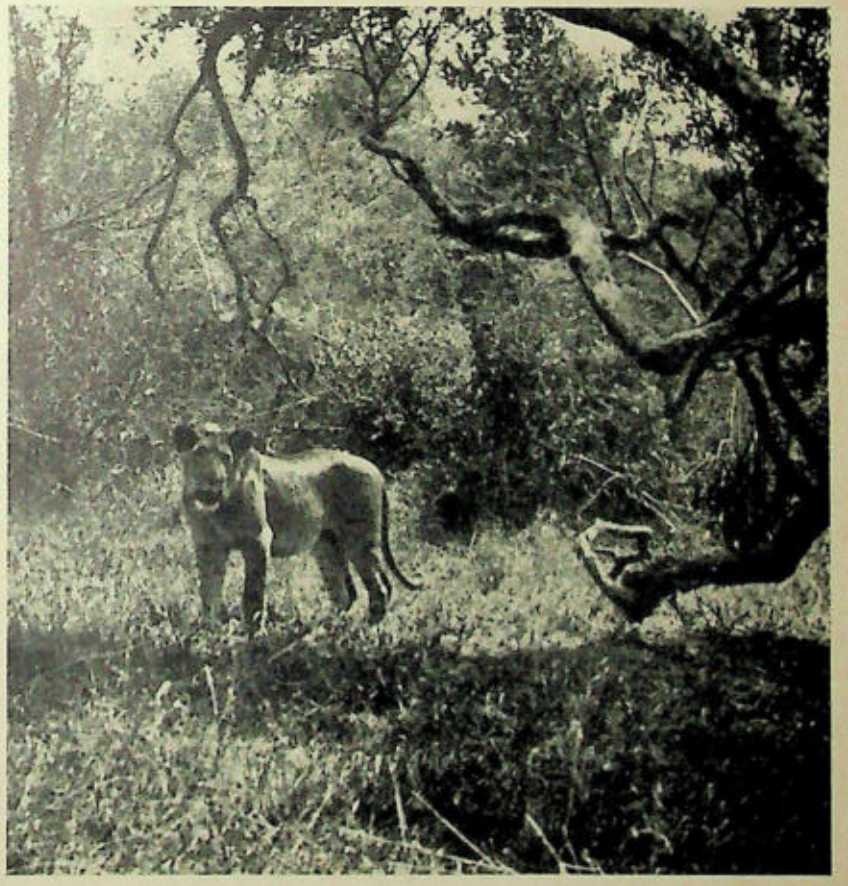
At the present moment there is a "nursery" a few miles from us; here ten cubs belonging presumably to three different families, attended by five lionesses, one young lion and two magnificently maned lions, disport themselves morning and evening for our benefit; they are nearly always to be found in the same place, a sunny corner by the river, and they always waddle towards the lorry as soon as they hear it coming.

It is impossible to emphasise too fully the extraordinary fact that the lions here do not in any way connect a car or lorry with their arch enemy Man; they simply regard it as an agreeable Something which moves but is not animal, which makes an incredible noise without doing anybody any harm, and which if treated with respect seldom fails to produce a fresh kill apparently from nowhere.

With the greatest indifference they will look into the eyes of anyone sitting in the lorry, they will sniff the air, and as it is not always possible to keep down-wind of them, they must smell man, and yet they will yawn and play with the rope after the kill has been freed, just as cats play with string, heedless of the fact that a large, evil-smelling vehicle is emitting petrol fumes within a few yards of them, that cameras are whirring, and human beings are whispering and even smoking cigarettes under their very noses.

The other day we had just finished feeding a troop of eighteen, and one by one they were leisurely returning to the shade of a tree in order to sleep off the effects of the meal; one lioness instead of making for the tree, came and lay down in the shade of the lorry, gave us each a good look, yawned and went to sleep. Unless actually seen, it is hard to believe that this King (or rather the Queen) of Beaste could possibly behave in such an astonishing manner. I hope my photographs will help to vouch for the verity of my statements, they were taken with a Brownie No. 1 folding camera, unaided by a telescopic lens.

In spite of this extraordinary tameness, it is absolutely essential to remember that it is quite impossible to judge a lion's reaction. He may be feeding peacefully at one minute, and at the next charging for no apparent cause; this particularly applies to lionesses who have cubs with them, and it is for this reason that whenever approaching lions, however quiet they may seem, one must always be fully armed and on the look-out for trouble. If they look as though they mean business they should be left without a moment's delay.



"LEISURELY RETURNING TO THE SHADE OF A TREE"
This was taken with a Brownie No. 1 folding camera, unaided by a telescopic lens

BRIDGE

SQUEEZE PLAY

Putting Opponents To The Torture

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

APPARENT impossibilities can be achieved by what is known as squeeze play. Opportunities for making use of it are missed frequently by unobservant players. They are also missed by impatient players who are in such a hurry to get on to the next deal that, to save time, they concede a trick or tricks needlessly.

That every hand should be played out to the end is not suggested. But before throwing in a hand and saying to your opponents "You must make such and such tricks," it is well to be quite certain that this is the case.

The essence of the squeeze is to force discards from an adversary so that he is compelled to unguard a winner or throw away a winner. By playing out a long suit you can sometimes cause an opponent to make bad discards. The real squeeze, however, is not due to defective play on the part of the adversary, but to your putting him in a position wherein he cannot help himself. It is not bad play on his part or any fault at all. No defence is possible.

To bring off a squeeze you must recognise the possibility—often at an early stage in the play. Further you must watch like a lynx every pip. It is an inhuman process and I know one kindly soul who objects to it.

"I hate," he says, "putting my opponents to the torture and to see them wriggling and twisting in their chairs." Pleasant sentiment but hardly applicable to a game which should be played in its rigour demanding no quarter and receiving none.

In slam making at Contract frequently success depends upon bringing off a squeeze. Here is an example from play:

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

B dealt and opened the bidding with One Spade and Z played the hand in a contract of Six Diamonds doubled by B. As soon as Y's hand was exposed on the table after a Spade lead by A it appeared to Z, at first sight, that he must be one down, as in addition to the first trick in Spades he must lose subsequently a trick in Clubs.

But he did not, as some players would, abandon the hand and yield a Club trick to his opponents, but foresaw the possibility of a squeeze. This was the play:

Tricks	A	Y	B	Z
1.	♠ 2	♠ J	♠ K	♠ 5
2.	♡ 2	♡ 6	♡ J	♡ K
3.	◇ Q	◇ 2	◇ 7	◇ A
4.	♠ 3	◇ 4	♠ 4	◇ K
5.	♠ 7	◇ 6	♠ 9	◇ J
6.	♠ 8	♣ 3	♠ 10	◇ 10
7.	♣ 2	♣ 5	♡ 3	◇ 9
8.	♡ 7	♣ 6	♣ 4	◇ 8
9.	♣ 9	♠ 6	♡ 8	◇ 5

At this stage the position was:—

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

The lead of the 3 of Diamonds now squeezes effectively.

Tricks	A	Y	B	Z
10.	♣ 10	♣ 8	♡ 10	◇ 3
11.	♠ Q	♠ Q	♣ J	♣ A
12.	♡ 4	♡ 9	♠ A	♡ 5
13.	♡ Q	♡ A	♣ K	♠ 7

This example is taken from an admirable little book entitled *Squeeze Play for Auction and Contract Bridge*, by Robert Rendel (Allen & Unwin; 2/–), which I recommend my readers to study. It deals with numerous varieties of squeeze situations which arise in play and also has a chapter showing how the designs of Declarer sometimes can be circumvented by skilful defence. Against perfect play, the author points out, no defence is possible when once the Declarer gets control. Otherwise it is not a genuine squeeze situation. But in the early part of the hand, before the lead has been lost, the possibility of a squeeze frequently may be eliminated.

CHESS

THE LATE DR. TARRASCH

WE deeply regret to hear of the death at Munich on February 18th of the celebrated German veteran Dr. Siegbert Tarrasch. He was in his 72nd year.

An appreciation of his career and his great services to the game appears on our leader page.

The following beautiful game, for which Dr. Tarrasch was awarded a brilliancy prize at the Berlin tournament of 1920, is, in our opinion, one of the finest ever played.

(*Albin Counter-Gambit.*)

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

(*a*) The Albin Counter-Gambit. It is not quite sound, but has to be met with care.

(*b*) The usual and preferable course is to develop a piece by playing Kt to Q B 3.

(*c*) Threatening Kt takes P followed by Q to R 4, ch. If at once 7. . . . Kt takes P, then 8. Q to K 2, P to B 3; 9. Kt takes Kt, Q to R 4, ch; 10. K to Q sq, P takes Kt (if Q takes Kt, then Q takes Q, ch, followed by R to K sq and B to B 4); 11. R to K sq, followed by B to B 4, with advantage to White.

(*d*) After 11. B takes Kt (to maintain the King's pawn), R P takes B Black would have attacking chances.

(*e*) After 12. . . . B takes Kt (possibly best) White might, perhaps, play 13. B takes Kt followed by 14. Kt takes B as Black's chances of attack would be much lessened by the disappearance of his Queen's Bishop. Alternative variations, both slightly in White's favour, are (1) 13. B to B 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 14. Kt takes B, K Kt takes P; 15. Kt takes Kt, Kt takes Kt; 16. B to B 4, and (2) 13. Kt takes B, K Kt takes P; 14. B to K 4.

(*f*) If 14. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 15. Q takes P, ch, Q takes Q; 16. B takes Q, ch, K takes B; 17. R takes Kt with advantage to White, *e.g.*, 17. . . . B to Q 3; 18. R to K sq, B to Q Kt 5; 19. P to Q R 3 (not P to Q Kt 3 because of B to B 6 followed by B to B 4), B takes Kt; 20. B takes B, B takes B P; 21. R to K 7, ch, K to R 3; 22. R to Q B sq, R to Q B sq; 23. R to Q 7. After the text-move, however, 15. Q takes P, ch, would not be good because after 15. . . . K takes Q; 16. B takes Kt, ch, K takes B; 17. R takes Q Black's King is better posted than in the previous variation. After 17. . . . B to Q Kt 5; 18. P to Q Kt 3 (P to Q R 3 is now not good, as after Black's B takes Kt and B takes P White's Rook cannot get via K 7 to Q 7), B to B 6; 19. R to Kt sq, K R to K sq Black has plenty of chances. He threatens P to B 3.

(*g*) A remarkably fine move. Now to 16. . . . B takes B P White has the brilliant reply 17. Q takes B, *e.g.*, 17. . . . Q takes Q; 18. B to B 5, ch, Q to K 3 (if 18. . . . R to Q 2, then 19. R to K 8, ch, Kt to Q sq; 20. Kt to K 5 and wins); 19. R takes Q, P takes R; 20. B takes P, ch, R to Q 2; 21. Kt to K 5, Kt takes Kt; 22. B takes Kt and White regains the exchange and wins the Queen's pawn.

(*h*) Probably K to B 2 was best. If, instead, 19. . . . P to B 3, then 20. Kt to Q 3, Q takes P; 21. Q to R 3, K R to Q sq (if R to Q 2, then Q R to B sq, followed, if Q to Q 4, by Kt to B 4, winning the Bishop, or, if Q takes P, by R takes P, ch, and Q R takes B); 22. Kt to B 5, threatening 23. Q R to B sq.

(*i*) Threatening 21. P to Q Kt 4, Q to Kt 3; 22. P to B 5. If now P to Q R 4, then P to R 3, again threatening P to Q Kt 4; or, if 20. . . . Q to Kt 3, then 21. P to B 5, Q takes B P; 22. Q R to B sq, followed by Kt takes Q B P.

(*j*) Best. If, instead, 22. P to B 5, then 22. . . . P to Q 7; 23. P takes R, P takes R,—Q, ch; 24. R takes Q, R takes P; 25. Kt takes Q B P, Q to Q 7 and Black has counter-chances.

(*k*) Threatening B to B 7. If, instead, 27. . . . B to B 5 (threatening B to K 7), then 28. P to Kt 5, R to Q 2 (if B to K 7, then P to Kt 6 and wins. If, instead, 28. . . . Q to Q 4, then 29. R takes P, Q takes R; 30. P to Kt 6 and wins; or, if 28. . . . B to Q 4, then 29. Q to Q R 6, Q takes P; 30. R takes P and wins); 29. P to Kt 6, P to Q R 3; 30. Q to B 3 with a winning advantage to White. After the text-move it would not be good to play 28. P to Kt 5 because of 28. . . . B to K 4; 29. Q to Q R 6, Q takes P.

(*l*) If K to B sq, then P to B 6 and wins. If 28. . . . K to R sq, then 29. P to B 6, B to B sq; 30. P to B 7 and wins.

(*m*) R to Q 4, although not satisfactory, was preferable, *e.g.*, 30. . . . R to Q 4; 31. P to B 6 (if 31. P to Kt 6, then 31. . . . P takes P; 32. Q takes P, ch, K to B sq), Q to Kt 3 (if Q to K 4, then Q to Kt 4, or, if Q to K B 5, then Q to B 3. If, instead, 31. . . . B to B 7, then 32. P to B 7, ch, K to B sq; 33. Q to R 6, ch, K takes P; 34. Q to B 6, ch, and wins); 32. Q takes Q, ch, P takes Q; 33. P to B 3, B to B 7; 34. P to Q R 4, B takes R; 35. R takes B with a winning end-game.

(*n*) If Q to Q 2, then R takes P. If, instead, 31. . . . P takes P, then 32. Q takes P, ch, K to B sq (if K to R sq, then Q to R 6, ch); 33. Q to B 6, ch, K to Kt sq; 34. Q R to Kt sq, ch, with a mating attack.

(*o*) If R takes P, then Q takes P and wins.

(*p*) If 33. . . . B takes R, then 34. P takes R, Q takes Q P; 35. R takes B and wins.

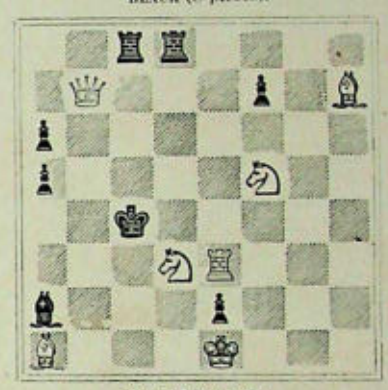
(*q*) A fine move. If now R takes Q, then P to B 8,—Q, ch, and wins.

(*r*) Here Black might well have resigned.

PROBLEM No. 3742

By the late B. G. LAWS.*

BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Morning Post*, 1885.

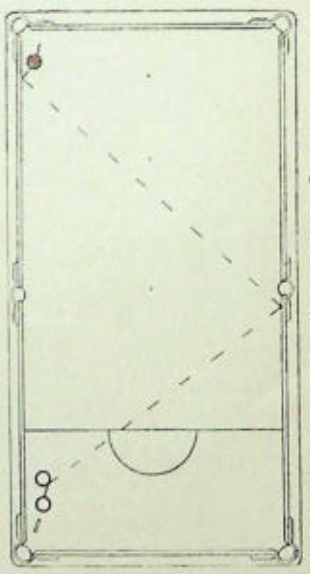
(From *An English Bohemian*: *B. G. Laws.*)

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3741

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

A NOVEL BILLIARDS SUGGESTION

Stopping Too Much Close-Cannon Play



A CUSHION CANNON

JOHN ROBERTS, when George Gray was under contract to play matches with him, confessed to me that: "The time will come when professionals will have to play successive strokes off red and white to bring the people in." He spoke like this when George Gray was making thousand breaks galore by red-ball play, and his remark came back to me when an old friend, a member of the Control Council, expressed the opinion that modern professionals were overdoing close-cannon play.

"The line-shot does not seem to stop them a very great deal," he said. "Once these top-flighters get position for nursery cannons, they make more of them than I want to see." As an individual opinion, this may pass for what it is worth, but it is a different matter when we try to see how far this view may represent billiards opinion at large. One thing is certain, there is no crowd waiting to see close-cannons except as rare interludes in break-building.

While that is true, it is intensely difficult to suggest a remedy without cutting close-cannons away to nothing, which is far too drastic. The line-shot is part of the rules, so we cannot regard it as an experiment; the question is whether it leaves more room for close-cannons than is desirable. Time alone can prove, but I have an idea that the line-shot will not prove to be the last word in close-cannon limitation. I am not attacking it by suggesting that it lacks finality. It is "the best to date," but suggestions to replace it continue to be made.

In this connection, one of the old school of professionals made a novel suggestion to me recently. His idea is to allow, once only in each session, a run of 75 consecutive cannons by each player, such cannons to be made without any executional restriction. After this one run, consecutive cannons to be barred for the session. This crude outline may have something in it, but I do not envy those who try to make a rule from it which will stand the test of match play.

The professionals are keen to play whatever billiards the public wants to see. They have no passion for close-cannons if gate-receipts are kept down by them. Any change which will bring more patronage would have the warm support of the professionals. It is quite a mistake to regard them as obstructionists who are averse to change. A similar spirit may be credited to the Control Council, which regards justifiable change in the rules as proof of the growth of the game, the only view worth a rap in the long run. Such open minds, common to both players and governing body, may be relied upon to provide a solution whenever the need for reform becomes insistent.

My diagram shows a good shot I noted during the Amateur Championship at Thurstons. All three balls were in line, and the choice lay between a difficult screw-back in-off white into the baulk pocket, played with strong side "against the nap," or the cushion cannon as in diagram. The player preferred the cannon, scored it neatly, and I think he picked the right shot. He took white well out of baulk, and ended the cannon by tapping red nicely over the top pocket, which appeals to me as better position than the screw and side in-off can give, even if the striker happened to score it.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

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A CAMBRIDGE HEAVYWEIGHT STROKE

N. J. Bradley, who at over 14st. set a new fashion in Boat Race strokes. In spite of his weight he can drive his crew along at a rapid rate. If Suteliffe, who also scales over 14st., remains at stroke in the Oxford boat this year's race will be unique in having two heavy men setting the pace.

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NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL GRAND NATIONAL AND POINT-TO-POINT NUMBER

TURN OF THE YEAR

THERE is a day in the year that belongs only to March. Through January, as the old country proverb has it, "as the light lengthens, so the cold strengthens." With a higher sun at noon, we still wake to find the lawn white and the soil too hard for a spade, and if the sky is cloudless we shall know pretty certainly that there is east in the wind. With February we get the first month of the year with evenings, and may realise as the weeks pass that not since the beginning of October in the year before has the sun set as late as half-past five. And with February, too, we may hope for new members of the choir of birds. Since before Christmas, perhaps, the thrush and the missel-thrush have sung in garden and field, we have had the robin all through the autumn, a modest warble here and there from the hedge sparrow, jets of singing from the wren on the gatepost, and maybe larks over the wet plough. But in February we can expect with confidence the merry roulade of the chaffinch, and beyond all the melody of the blackbird.

This year the season has been late. In the woods it was hard to find primroses before Christmas, and in many country gardens snowdrops were not to be seen till January, and crocuses not until February was half over. And with the wind in the north and east the chaffinches and the blackbirds waited. Nights were cold, and it is in warm nights that plants grow to leaf and bud. All through February, too, the month that should have filled the dykes, the drought of last summer and autumn continued. January was one of the driest months of the winter, and in most parts of the country it was not until March that the drought broke with snow or rain.

We are now nearing mid-March, and the need of water is still with us. Unless a spell of rain fills the wells, it is hard to know what may be in store for the countryside through the summer. But with a change of wind there will be other changes, and they will come with the day that belongs only to March. That is the day when the countryman can feel not only rain but warmth in the wind, when sun comes after the rain, and for the first time in the year he can snuff in the air that most inspiriting of all smells of the field, the smell of growing things. Every creature that lives in the country, from ploughboy to badger and bird, knows that smell—"the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

But March, too, brings new flowers and new birds. The daffodils will take the March winds and dance by the lake as Wordsworth saw them. Primroses and anemones will come to the woods. By the middle of the month the wheatear should be jinking with his white rump along the downs, and within a week of the wheatear the South Country will be listening for the double call of the chiffchaff and guessing that another day or two may bring the willow-wren. Swallows and martins may be early or late, but already doubtless they are moving north over the rice fields of the Nile. But whenever they first hawk over English waters, their coming will have been heralded by a day of warmth and rain and sun—the day which is the turn of the year.

TWO HEAVY CREWS

WHATEVER may be the result of the Boat Race, the crews are likely to put up a record which will stand for a long time. Both crews are extremely heavy; the Cambridge crew when they left Goring for the Tideway weighed over 101st.; and the Oxford crew which rowed a full course trial on the same day actually weighed 11lb. short of 105st., or an average of more than 13st. per man. Even more remarkable is the circumstance that both crews are stroked by men of over 14st. It used to be an axiom that heavy men were only in their proper place in the middle of the boat, and lacked the alertness necessary for a stroke, who must be able to quicken in a hard race. But this does not seem to be true of either the Oxford or Cambridge strokes to-day, both of whom are exceptionally lively as well as powerful. Let us hope for one of those races when neither crew gets clear of the other.

WELCOME VISITORS

We learn with real pleasure that Mr. Louis Stoddard, the President of the American Polo Association, is bringing a team over this summer to compete in our open tournaments. Outside competition of this sort will give the same fillip to the London polo season as did the visit of the Jaipur team last year, more especially during a season which up to now appeared to have rather poor possibilities.

There is no doubt that the teams competing in our open tournaments recently do not generally reach a very high level, and that our prospects for the Westchester Cup are not as rosy as one could hope, "this year, next year, sometime, never," being the prevailing feeling towards a challenge at the moment. Therefore the arrival of so old a friend and so fine a sportsman as Louis Stoddard with a really good team with a 26 handicap may set the pace necessary for—dare we say it?—"next year."

CRICKET CROAKERS

Cricket pessimists are already beginning to talk as though the Test matches against Australia this summer were half lost because the recovery of Larwood's foot is still doubtful and G. O. Allen has undergone an operation for appendicitis. Without a doubt we shall miss these great-hearted fast bowlers if neither of them is able to play, more especially as they are no mean batsmen; but Larwood's foot has yet to be proved unsound, and meantime Nichols, of Essex, and Clark, of Northamptonshire, will be knocking at the door for consideration as pace bowlers. We do not pretend that they could fill the shoes of Larwood at his best. But there is room for a quiet confidence in England's bowling resources in other directions for Test matches *in England*—a very different proposition from Test matches in Australia.

COOPER'S RACKETS VICTORY

By beating I. Akers Douglas in a best of thirteen games match, A. G. Cooper, of Queen's Club, becomes the first professional holder of the Open Rackets Championship of Great Britain since the Sheppard Cup was presented in 1930. He won by 15—4, 15—12, 15—9, 8—15, 9—15, 18—13, 7—15, 13—15, 18—14, 15—10, 15—2.

Cooper deserved his victory. He has only recently recovered from a bad illness, and he is not yet the great rackets player that he promised to be before spending an enforced three months in bed. His speed of movement and his footwork are his chief weaknesses, and it is to be hoped that with further match practice he will learn to keep the ball lower. He had a more severe service than his opponent, and hit the ball harder in the rallies and, indeed, played very well both with his forehand and backhand, but one missed the good-length services and the crisp returns down the side wall. Cooper has now to defend his professional title against J. Dear of Prince's Club.

BOY SKATERS

Even the loudest clamour after new blood will surely be silenced by the results of the British Amateur Ice Championships at Manchester. The winner was a sixteen-year-old boy, Graham Sharp; while the second, third and fourth—Jack Dunn, Maurice Bennett and Fred Tomlins—were aged seventeen, sixteen and fourteen respectively. There has been a great revival in British skating of recent years, and now, with these young skaters coming to the fore so early, we should soon be able to hold our own with Continental opponents in years to come. They are very heartily to be congratulated, especially the winner, whose performance was a most notable one.

For some time the girls have taken the lead in skating. Miss Megan Taylor has placed us next to the World champion in the international style, and she is reinforced by Miss Cecilia College and Miss Mollie Phillips. It would be a great feat to place a boys' team on a level with this trio.

SPECTATORS AT GAMES

Records of attendances at this season's Football Association Cup matches would seem to indicate that we are becoming more and more a nation of spectators. Popular as the Cup competition has always been, it has never equalled this season's in public interest. Last Saturday's matches in the sixth round overstepped all previous records for spectators, and it has been computed that over half a million more people have so far watched this season's matches than was the case last year, representing an increase of £23,000 in revenue. Much the same thing is happening in other highly organised games, and it is noticeable that no small part of the crowds that flock to see them are of the younger generation. Sport as a spectacle has still a long way to go to oust sport as a means of healthy recreation; but it is making unpleasantly big strides in that direction.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an account of Commander Murray Levick's proposed schoolboy expedition to Newfoundland:

"They will carry their food. This will consist of dried pelican or reindeer meat."

BRITISH SPORTING QUARTERS

"Where to stay?" is a question constantly asked of the *Field*, and we have during the last year answered it more than occasionally by referring our inquirer to *British Sporting Quarters*, the most useful and reliable shilling publication of the British Sporting Agency of Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square. The recently published new edition contains a list of a number of sporting hotels in Ireland personally inspected by the Editor, and those who look for the palms of sport without the dust would do well to see if some of these hotels cannot play the benevolent sporting uncle to them.

PERSUADING THE EMU

A happy event in prospect at the London Zoo reflects great credit upon the members of the staff concerned, for it required much ingenuity to persuade the male emu, who alone undertakes the task of incubation, to take any interest in the eggs his mate was laying. Emu chicks have never yet been hatched at Regent's Park, and in the hope that later on his parental instincts might awaken, the eggs were carefully stored in bran. Later, long after his mate had completed her share of the work, the male emu was seen to be exhibiting signs of broodiness, so, to test his intentions, the keeper placed straw and dummy eggs in a wooden shelter. On these the emu proceeded to sit, first removing straw and eggs into the open.

Rejoiced, the keeper substituted the eight emu eggs for the dummy ones, but, thinking the shelter would be a more suitable nursery, once again moved the nest. The emu, returning, appeared to find nothing strange in the larger number of eggs, but was adamant about the site. Back went the straw to its old position in the open, and there, one by one, the emu rolled the eggs. Upon them he is now sitting, a model, if prospective, father.

SCOTLAND'S TROUT SEASON

Next Thursday, for the first time in history, all the Scottish trout waters open their season together. Last year's Act, in spite of its enforced shortcomings, has at least made a reasonable close season compulsory and put trout fishing in Scotland on the return journey to something of its former prosperity. It was not before it was time. For many years past, except in a few well-preserved localities, the drain of early season fishing and market fishing has taken the best of the rapidly growing stock so that only the slow-growing and inferior trout have been left to breed. The result on the fishing has been deplorable as visitors, late in the year, have found. Much more requires to be done if Scottish trouting is to regain its former prestige, but at least a start has been made.

MILTON'S ELM

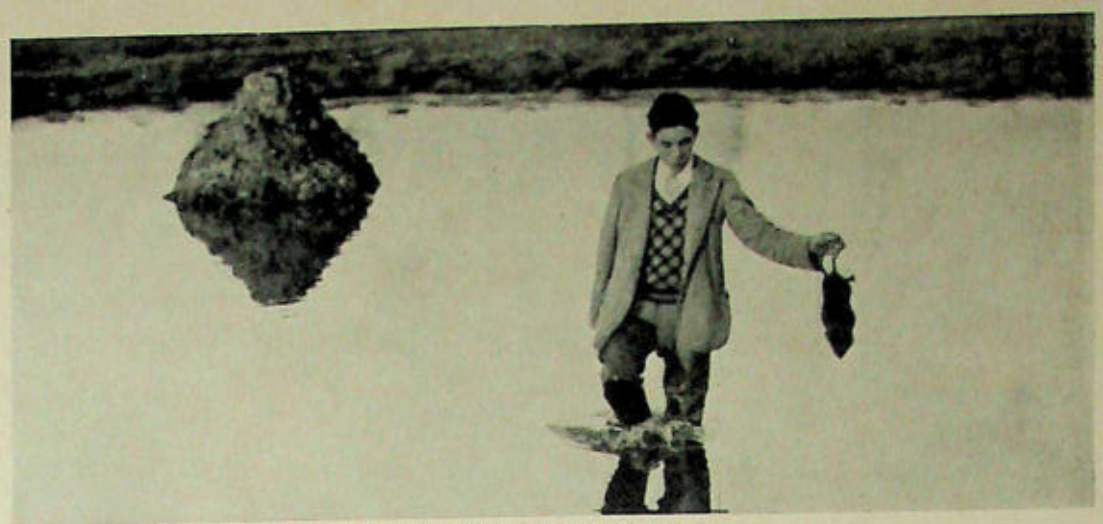
From Amersham comes a report that at the annual parish meeting there was a discussion over the fate of "the 300-year-old elm tree at Chalfont St. Giles, under which Milton is reputed to have often lingered." Some speakers thought it a danger to traffic, others thought it dead, but most of them wished it to remain, because of its associations. We heartily agree. It is a sorrowful thing to uproot an old tree. But what are its "associations" in fact? Milton lived from 1608 to 1674. If, therefore, the tree is no more than 300 years old it must have been in his time merely a sapling. Never mind; the point is that he and the tree may have been alive at the same time. We hope the tree will long remain standing, to be venerated with a great name.

THE MILL POOL

Tennyson's "Brook" is doubtless of universal application; but it would be pleasant to know whether there was any "brimming river" in particular which his brook was supposed to join. And was there any particular stream by which he wrote *The Miller's Daughter*?

"Or from the bridge I leaned to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers where they sprung
Below the range of stepping-stones,
Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."



A trapper at work near Shrewsbury—note the musk rat's "house" in background

IS THE MUSK RAT STILL A MENACE?

The Present Position Regarding This Alien Pest

TWELVE months ago the Ministry of Agriculture issued an order absolutely prohibiting the importation and keeping of musk rats in Great Britain. Long before that the *Field* had agitated for some control over musk rat or "musquash" farming in this country, instancing the havoc caused on the Continent by these animals since their first introduction near Prague in 1905. It was suggested, and with truth as later events proved, that it was almost impossible to keep musk rats within bounds, and that the quickly multiplying descendants of those that escaped would do an enormous amount of harm.

In due course musk rats *did* escape from captivity in this country, multiplied, did much damage, and for a brief season were afforded much publicity in the daily Press. The Loch Ness Monster had not then appeared, and the musk rat was "starred" in the news of the day. All of which served a useful purpose, since it awakened Authority to the urgency of active measures.

Now, it would seem, the musk rat is quite forgotten. No longer mentioned in the papers, the general public presumably infers that the "menace" has been mastered. Is this the case?

In the following review of the position as it is at present I would like to make it clear that I am in no sense an expert, being neither a zoologist nor a musquash-breeder, and what I have to say, though some of it may apply elsewhere, refers particularly to Shropshire.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the history of musk rats in England. They were imported from Canada as a side-line to silver fox farming (their skins being the "musquash" of commerce) and were kept in well-fenced pools. The fencing, however, proved only a slight obstacle to the rats, which escaped and bred to such a degree that it was perhaps no exaggeration to call them a menace. The Ministry of Agriculture, acting through the county council, set up an organisation for trapping them, and vigorous methods were employed. Canadian and German trappers were imported and altogether the situation was dealt with promptly and efficiently in view of its urgency. The position, however, has changed, and some inquiry into it is perhaps justified.

The destructiveness of the musk rat is well known, but the extent of the damage it is likely to do is a subject on which opinions differ. In Canada it is hardly regarded as a menace at all. In England, where conditions are different and it has not the same "natural enemies," it may be a good deal more troublesome. Its pertinacious burrowing makes river banks liable to collapse, and it is consequently a danger to animals grazing close to the river. In low-lying land there is danger of this energetic rodent causing marshiness, and it is said that the foundations of bridges may be weakened by its excavations.

In my own neighbourhood the only place where musk rats are likely to be a positive danger is that area where the Vyrnwy joins the Severn. This district, of which Melverley is the centre, is subject to serious floods and is more or less protected by an embankment called the Argoed or "Argy." There are occasions on which a breach in this has occurred, with lamentable results and the usual cause assigned to it has been rabbit burrows. A colony of musk rats quartered here might jeopardise the future of those living in this district.

Although, as has been said, the trapping was promptly and systematically undertaken, the cost has proved devastatingly high. In the last two quarters about £2,450 has been paid, which is at the rate of close on £5,000 a year. The total number of rats caught was 1,054. To the layman this looks something very near £5 per head, but I believe that officially this is not admitted. It is true that money is made from the pelts, but as only the best are saleable at a reasonable price, the amount derived from this source is not likely to be very considerable.

Recently there has been a reorganisation, and ten of the 26 trappers have been dismissed, so that the cost should be correspondingly reduced; but in order to make the services of the remainder more accessible, eight motor cycles and a motor van have been provided. The cost of these is included in the next quarter's estimate of £1,270. Cost of running, insurance, depreciation, etc., will be additional items which must be set off against the reduction in men's wages.

Moreover, during five consecutive weeks recently the total bag was no more than thirteen rats, so that unless the expenses decrease considerably or the catches increase, the cost per rat will be something like £40. It would be a pretty sight on a Saturday morning to see the sixteen trappers, eight motor cycles, and one motor van arriving at headquarters with their bag of 2.6 musk rats after a hard week's work.

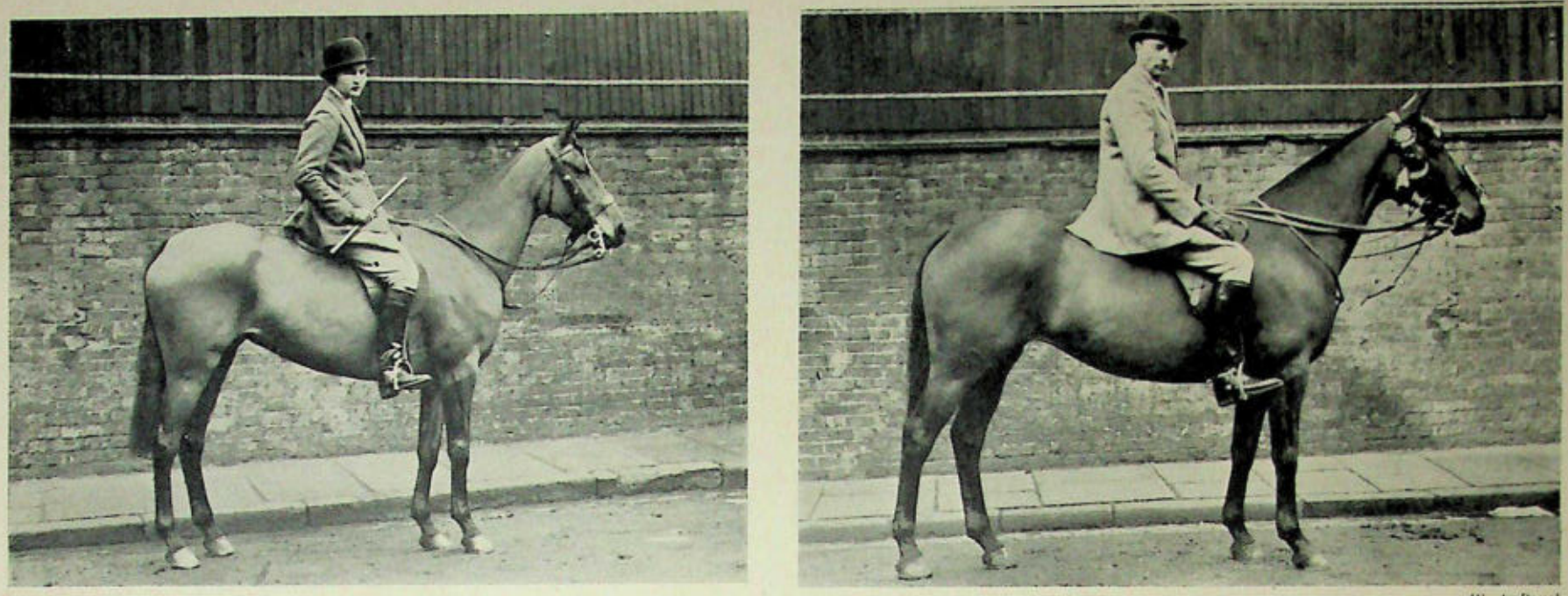
Figures such as these have not unnaturally caused a good deal of comment, although few would jib at an expenditure of a couple of thousand pounds if that would ensure the absolute extermination of all the musk rats in the county. It would be false economy to stop or even to restrict the campaign now, but since the expense is likely to continue for a considerable number of years, it is necessary to ensure that the campaign is being carried on in the most efficient manner. Is the total of rats captured an adequate return for the money spent?

I have heard one suggestion that seems worth consideration: Cease to have an official rat-catching department and offer a substantial reward for every rat killed. The figure of £1 was mentioned. This ought to be an incentive to kill the creatures, and it would certainly show a saving. At all events, it seems that some alternative plan which promises to be much cheaper should be tried. If it proved to be a failure, then without waste of time the original organisation could be re-created.

Incidentally, a proposal was made recently by someone in an official position in London that a rat farm for experimental purposes should be started near Shrewsbury. Considering that it was from a pool as well fenced as human ingenuity could devise that the rats first escaped, and that it has since been repeatedly said that it is simply impossible to keep musk rats captive (a rodent specialist from the Natural History Museum told me so himself), this suggestion seems the height of folly.

Fortunately the local agricultural officer refused to have act or part in the affair, and no more has been heard of it recently. Surely we know enough about musk rats by now? We have paid well for the knowledge. And, if we do not, it would be cheaper to send the expert to Canada than to have the rats here. Mahomet in this case should go to the mountain.

SALOPIAN.



W. A. Rouch

POLO CHAMPIONS AT ISLINGTON

Poverty, with Miss E. Garrod in the saddle, the best light-weight polo pony, and (right) Sir Ian Walker, Bart, riding his champion heavy-weight pony Dusty Dancer

A NEED FOR NEW HUNTER STALLIONS

Light Horse Breeders Desirous of Fresh Blood

TO a certain extent the minds of hunter breeders were set at rest when it became known at Islington that next year the Government are offering a £4,000 grant for the continuance of light horse breeding. Although this is but an eighth of the sum which was once granted, it is nevertheless a recognition that the horse still plays a vital part in our national lives. And for the first time in its history the Totalisator has come forward to assist the light horse industry, and will continue to do so next year, so fulfilling the purpose for which the Racecourse Betting Control Board was constituted by statute.

As might be expected, the increased premiums this year attracted a good entry, but in the opinion of many the stallions shown were far too old, probably owing to the fact that many breeders did not know what the future might hold in the way of financial support, and so refrained from purchasing younger horses, which would certainly have brought a very necessary infusion of new blood into the great hunter breeding districts. Breeding from stallions of mature years, however, fresh they may be, or however jauntily they may carry themselves in the ring, does not recommend itself as the best way to carry on light horse breeding. It means, indeed, that the supply of hunters will be maintained, but that the standard will not be improved. For that reason I say in all boldness that there must be in this country many sound, well-limbed, good-boned horses running in plates and hurdle races, which if they were used as hunter stallions would have a most desirable effect on the breed of the hunter.

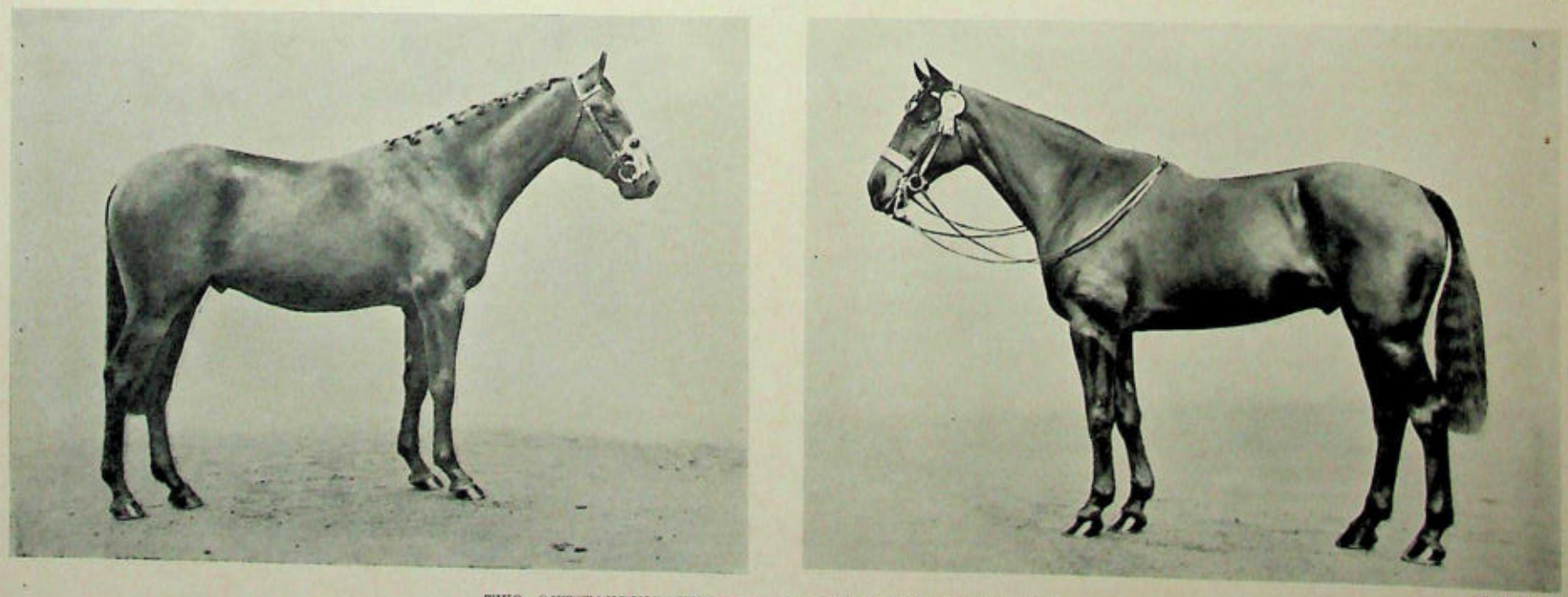
After all, a hunter stallion cannot be compared with a thoroughbred stallion at a well-known stud, for one has his mares chosen for him, while the other has to serve any mare in the district he travels, be it a hunter, a light draught, or even a milkcart pony! Perhaps next year we shall see some fresh stallions at Islington, which are not carrying the weight of years on their shoulders, and whose years, as did the six leading stallions this year, do not number well over a hundred collectively.

When Mankato, a fourteen-year-old son of Tredennis (son of Kendal) was awarded the Cup presented by H.M. the King, it seemed as if age had triumphed over youth at Islington, for although there is plenty of substance about this free-moving chesnut, there were placed below him Pal o' Mine, Monksford, Ballynahinch, and N.P.B., all of which could give the champion years and possibly looks and conformation, too. But a greater surprise was in store when the reserve ticket went to the eighteen year-old Ardavon, shown by Major Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, joint-Master of the Fife, which was champion in his turn at Islington in 1926. It is true that both these stallions were remarkably fresh, but it must have struck the minds of many breeders that a combination of old stallions and aged mares do not make for success in hunter breeding. It is high time that youth had its turn at horse shows, and it is to be hoped that next year that breeders will have recovered sufficient confidence to buy some really good young sires, to take the place of those which must almost know the way round the ring at Islington without being led.

If there was no outstanding exhibit in the stallion classes, it was most encouraging to find that those for young stock were well filled and the standard of the animals shown, a high one. One would have to travel a long way to find three better looking three-year-olds than the trio which won the Produce class for Mr. George Dickinson, for each of them was a tribute to their sire, Silver Fox C., who has got so many good hunters in Lancashire.

It was fitting, too, that Lord Digby should win the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup, for no one has worked harder for hunter breeding than the President of the Hunters Improvement Society. Easter Vision, a strong, well-moulded son of Buen Ojo (which was undoubtedly by Craganour), and Sister Easter, by Friar Marcus, is an outstanding example of good judgment of conformation, as he was purchased by Lord Digby at Newmarket. Well-grown and muscular, he is just the very type to grow up into a well-balanced hunter, which is so necessary to-day, when the hunting field calls for a high percentage of thoroughbred blood.

The whole class which came before those two fine judges, both of them Masters of Hounds in



W. A. Rouch

TWO OUTSTANDING HUNTERS AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

Lord Digby's Easter Vision, which took the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup for the best young hunter in the show, and (right) John Peel III, which was awarded the championship gold medal in the riding classes for the second year in succession



AFTER WINNING HER SPURS AT ISLINGTON

Miss T. Bennett, daughter of the late Captain G. N. Bennett, who rode Sergeant Murphy to victory in the Grand National of 1923, with her pony Silver Crown, which won the Equitation Test for children at the National Pony Society's Show

Yorkshire, Major Gordon Foster and Captain T. Wickham Boynton, was an excellent one, fine in quality and level in conformation, and there was not much to choose between any of them, although perhaps Easter Vision and Buttonhole (which was runner-up) possessed more scope and better liberty of action than the remainder.

Nor must I forget that Mrs. J. D. Paton's Rocket, which possesses a fine show ring style, headed the four-year-old class, and was a worthy winner with his fine middle-piece and taking manner of moving. Few four-year-olds I have seen have been better movers. What does Rocket's future hold in store ?

In some years at Islington the riding classes have been thin and poor, probably for the reason that it is an early show and horses are not quite ready for the show ring, or various other reasons, but this year they filled well, and more than one winning rosette went to an animal which should be prominent throughout the forthcoming show season. Not for some time have we seen a better type of middle-weight than Mortimer, which not only won the Middle-weight class, but the Ladies' event also.

A brown in colour, Mortimer possesses a rare stride, wide-balanced movement, and as one looks him over there is an instant suggestion of strength, balance and quality combined. No doubt he gave Lord Fortescue, President elect of the Hunters Improvement Society, a very fine ride, as did the seven-year-old weight-carrier John Peel III, which has fulfilled the early promise he gave three years ago, and which is a nice type of hunter with good shoulders and strong hocks to carry a 14st. man to hounds.

With the ponies, the breeding classes certainly merited the close attention of horse-lovers, for they were representative of the pony breeds—which are, it is important to note, to be assisted by Government financial aid next season to the extent of £500.

The Arab breeding and racing classes were well filled, and there seems to be a revival in the horse of the desert. One could not fail to admire Mrs. Musgrave Clarke's Sainfoin, which won the championship gold medal, and although eleven years old, is true to the character of his race in all respects. Algol, which won the pure-bred Arab riding class, was bred by the Prince of Wales, and I have the authority of the judge for stating that the well-balanced chesnut gave him a very comfortable ride.

Possibly one of the most noteworthy features of the pony show was the excellence of the children's classes, the high standard of equitation displayed by the young riders, and narrowness and good temperaments of their ponies. The ring was crowded six deep to watch the youngsters perform, and keenness was exhibited on every side. This is surely a sign that Pony Club instruction has been fruitful and receptive.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

SOLDIERS AT SANDOWN

Grand Military Riders of To-day and Yesterday

GETTING on for seventy years have passed since the first Grand Military Gold Cup was won by a horse cheerfully called Tally Ho. Among horsemen who distinguished themselves in the race in the first twenty years of its existence were Mr. W. H. Johnstone, who was thrice successful in four years, and Colonel Knox, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. W. B. Morris, and Mr. Lee-Barber, each of whom rode two winners of the trophy.

In the following decade came such fine steeple-chase riders as Major Onslow, "Roddy" Owen, Malcolm Little, Charles Lambton, and Captain. Bewicke. The season of 1896 must be one of wonderful memories for General Sir David Campbell, for as a subaltern in the 9th Lancers he not only won the Grand Military Gold Cup on Nelly Gray but the Grand National on The Soarer and the Irish National Hunt Cup on Lord Arravale—a wonderful treble.

It must be highly satisfactory to him to see the best traditions of the regiment in steeple chasing being splendidly upheld by some of its youngest officers. Mr. F. C. Furlong and Mr. F. T. T. Walwyn were both gazetted to the regiment early in 1931. Since that date both have won high reputations as riders under National Hunt Rules. Mr. Furlong first came strongly into prominence two years ago as a result of the fine race he rode at Cheltenham on Robin-a-Tiptoe, owned and trained in Leicestershire by his father, Major Noel Furlong. He won the National Hunt Steeple Chase on that horse in a field of 32, showing such good judgment of pace that not even the most severe critics of soldier riding could find any fault with his exhibition.

In the following year Mr. Furlong came very near to gratifying the ambition of every steeple-chase rider, young or old. In other words he finished second in the Grand National on Really True, who, making up a good deal of ground on the flat, finished three lengths behind Kellsboro' Jack. Considering that the second was carrying 5lb. overweight it has been suggested that he would actually have won had Mr. Furlong not been obliged to give away this obviously important amount of weight. On the other hand, we have to bear in mind the fact that the young rider would probably have been unable to do himself full justice in the race had he wasted down to the point at which Really True had been handicapped.

It is not surprising that Mr. Walwyn should be doing well in race riding, his father before him having been one of the best men of his day, either when riding to hounds or over a steeple-chase country. It was a keen disappointment for this young subaltern, who rides about 5lb. lighter than Mr. Furlong, to dislocate a collar-bone when riding at Newbury on February 22nd, this making it necessary for him to stand down at the big meeting at Cheltenham during the present season.

For some reason the general standard of amateur race riding would appear to have made considerable advancement during the past decade, and we shall expect the riding at the approaching Grand Military meeting to be fully up to the best traditions of that popular annual gathering. In addition to the officers on the active list who have already been mentioned, Mr. P. Payne-Gallwey is a performer of exceptional class. All that we have written with regard to Mr. Furlong applies with equal force to this subaltern of the 11th Hussars, who had the satisfaction twelve months ago not only of winning the Gold Cup on Backsight but the Grand Military Hunters-'Chase on Major J. F. B. Combe's The White Rambler.

Among the entries for the Grand Military Cup the best representative of class seems to be Captain C. N. Brownhill's Drintyre. At all events he would be set to give away a good deal of weight all round if the race were a handicap. The winner of this race four years ago, he was a long time in retirement before making his reappearance in public this winter, but he is apparently quite sound again and should do well.

Mr. Furlong's mount will be his own horse Shilling, on whom he has already scored this year, Captain H. S. Ford's Shoreman showed up well in a recent race at Newbury. Mr. Heber-Percy's Keen Blade was a winner over the Sandown course twelve months ago, when Mr. P. Curtis was third on Wales II in the Gold Cup.



PRESENTING THE PREMIER AWARD

Lady Digby, whose husband is the retiring president of the Hunters Improvement Society, presenting the King's Challenge Cup to Major W. Rawnsley, representing the Southold Hunter Sire Association, owners of this year's leading stallion, Mankato



A WELL-KNOWN RIDING FAMILY

Left to right: Mr. C. E. Edwards, with Grace, Kenneth and Edith, his son and daughters, all of whom were competitors at the National Pony Society's Show

A GREAT CREW FROM THE CAM

Pace Which Comes from Leg-Drive

By D. H. E. McCOWEN



THE CAMBRIDGE PRESIDENT, K. M. PAYNE, MEASURING THE WORK

BOTH University crews are now entering their final week's practice. The spade work has been successfully concluded and all that remains is for the coaches to bring their charges to the post at the top of their form.

Oxford have been dogged by the worst of luck since they arrived at Putney, first of all losing Thomson, their No. 7, with a poisoned hand, and then Lascelles with a chill, so that at the very time when they looked like becoming a very fast crew these misfortunes retarded their progress considerably. Thomson is a most unlucky oarsman, as he suffered a similar complaint last year when he was rowing bow.

When at Henley the Dark Blues were distinctly promising, and although their boat was totally unsuitable to the weighting of the crew, their rhythm was very fair, and the amount of water covered between the strokes was satisfactory enough to predict that when they arrived at Putney and got into their new boat they would improve by leaps and bounds.

In the opinion of the riverside critics, the authorities were wise in forsaking the sheltered waters of the Upper Thames a week earlier than usual for an extra period of practice on the tideway. The livelier and rougher water at Putney places a premium on "watermanship," and a crew which possesses this vital quality of being happy on the roughest of days will have a great pull over one which is unable to cope effectively with high winds and waves.

Last year Cambridge, after giving an excellent performance at Goring, were hopelessly at sea when they came to Putney, and by the time of the race were a shadow of what they had been two weeks earlier. But this year the tideway holds no terror for the Light Blues, for the majority of the men have had great experience with their colleges in the Head of the River Race, and thereby have learned how to sit their boat in the worst possible conditions.

The extra week which Oxford are having may quite easily be offset by the possibility of staleness. The river at Putney is a dreary, monotonous place at the best of times, and at this period of the year, when it is often bitterly cold, oarsmen and coaches undergo a trying ordeal.

Brigadier J. H. Gibbon, the old Third Trinity oarsman, took charge of Oxford for their last period of training. He made an important change by bringing Sutcliffe back to stroke and moving Holdsworth to 2, while Couchman went to 4. The boat looks much freer in this order. She no longer tends to bury her nose, but rides nicely on top of the water. At the same time more snap has been instilled in the paddling and more drive in the rowing, but they are not so crisp at the beginning of the stroke as at Henley; the boat is getting away from the crew and they are just failing to catch hold of the water quick behind the rigger. Consequently they are not so well together and their forward swing lacks ease and smoothness. However, this next week ought to see a very appreciable change in their rowing. Oxford are full of determination, they have been excellently trained, and if they win they can consider themselves among the greatest of Oxford crews; if they lose they can console themselves with a defeat at the hands of probably the greatest crew that ever left Cambridge.

The Light Blues gave a fine performance of speed at Goring. Their times over the set distances show that they are an eight of exceptional qualities. Nothing seems to worry them; outwardly they look serene and calm, but instinctively one knows that their minds are actively at work the whole time, planning and scheming to improve their own rowing and that of the crew. Their power is tremendous and is the result of the perfect timing of a lightning drive from the stretcher which is a joy to watch. Bradley is a fine leader: he makes his crew do just what he likes and he seems to possess an everlasting store of energy.

Gilmour is most unfortunate to have lost his place at 2. After his performance in the Goblets he looked a certainty, but in some unaccountable way his skill has temporarily deserted him. Buckle, who is now rowing, has fully justified the confidence placed in him at the beginning of the season.

It would be unfair to say that one is better than another, because they are all rowing with ease, power and confidence and their blade-work leaves few loopholes for adverse criticism. At a racing stroke of 30-32 the crew look very comfortable and give the impression they could go on for ever. It is the easy stride of the thoroughbred, and it needs but a whisper from stroke or cox to jump the rate from 30 up to 40. This power to swing her along and spurt at high pressure must needs make them an extraordinarily difficult crew to beat.

At the moment the odds are definitely in favour of the Light Blues, but there is no knowing what may happen in a week, and considering how in recent years Cambridge crews have deteriorated during the final practice and the manner in which Oxford are in the habit of improving, the odds might quite conceivably swing the other way.

The crews at the beginning of the week were as follows:

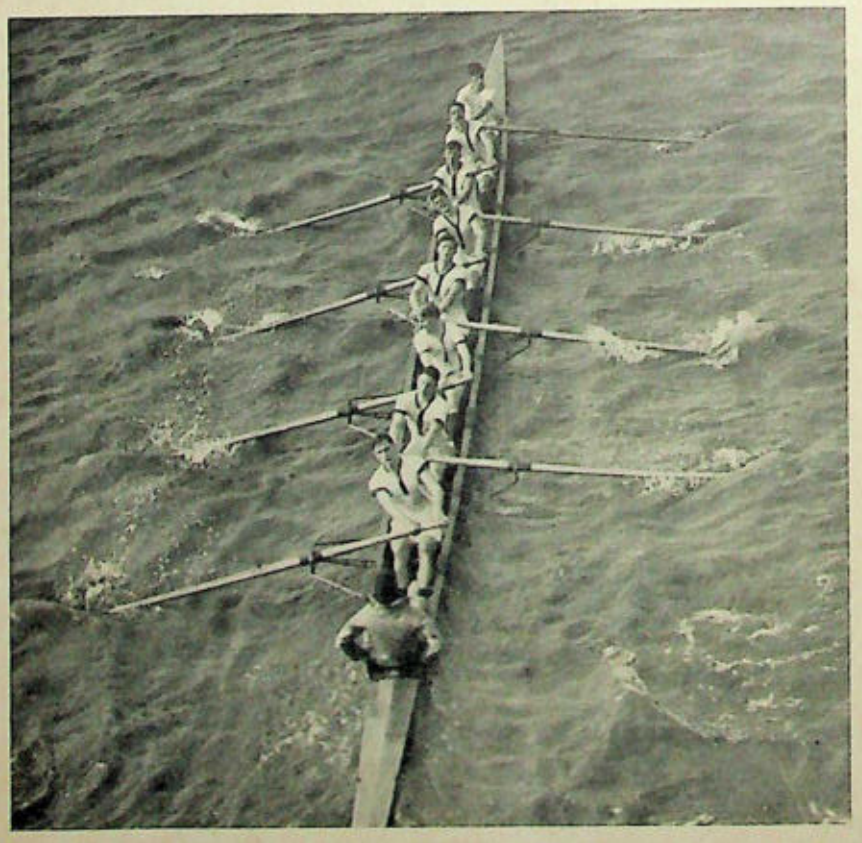
CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lb.
A. D. Kingsford (Uppingham and Pembroke) (bow)	11	6½
C. K. Buckle (Eastbourne and Magdalene)	12	2
W. G. R. M. Laurie (Monkton Combe and Selwyn)	13	2
K. M. Payne (Eton and Third Trinity)	12	6½
D. J. Wilson (Melbourne, Australia, and Clare)	12	13
W. A. T. Sambell (Melbourne, Australia, and Pembroke)	12	5
J. H. T. Wilson (Shrewsbury and Pembroke)	12	9½
N. J. Bradley (Monkton Combe and Pembroke) (stroke)	14	2½
J. N. Duckworth (Lincoln and Jesus) (cox)	7	12

OXFORD.	st.	lb.
*C. S. Reid (Shrewsbury and Oriel) (bow)	11	9½
R. W. G. Holdsworth (Shrewsbury and B.N.C.)	11	12½
P. Hogg (Sherborne and New College)	12	12½
J. M. Couchman (Sherborne and Christ Church)	13	1½
P. R. S. Bankes (Oundle and Christ Church)	14	7
*M. K. Mosley (Shrewsbury and Trinity)	12	0½
*W. H. Migotti (Radley and Worcester)	12	2
A. V. Sutcliffe (Shrewsbury and Trinity) (stroke)	14	3
C. G. F. Bryan (Eton and Worcester) (cox)	8	0

* Spare men.

VIEWING THE RACE.

Brentford and Chiswick Town Council are making the usual arrangements to admit the public to the terraced promenade on the Duke's Meadows. A good view of the crews can be obtained and the finish of the race can be seen from the meadows to the west of Barnes Bridge. Prices of admission are 2/- for adults and 1/- for children.

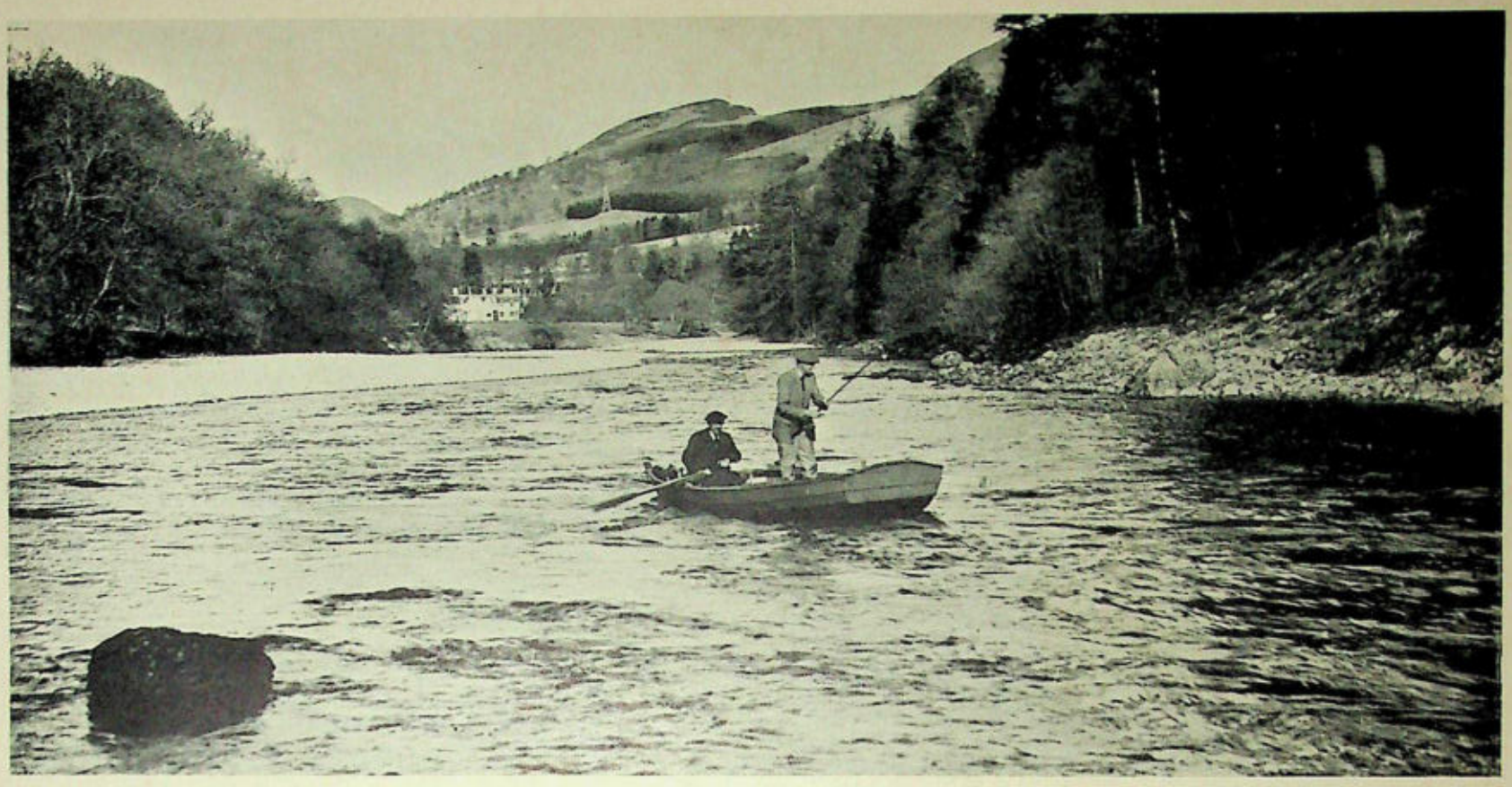


1. OXFORD DOING THEIR FULL COURSE ROW ON SATURDAY LAST



2. CAMBRIDGE AS SEEN FROM THE LAUNCH ON THEIR LAST OUTING AT GORING

Oxford, in their trial, were handicapped by the absence of three of the crew. Migotti replaced Thomson at 7, Mosley took Lascelles' place at 6, and Ellison, the president, stood down to Reid. Despite this and the fact that they were obliged to carry a coxswain of 10st. (temporarily replacing Bryan), they completed the course in 20min. 25sec., mostly against a strong head wind. The time to Hammersmith Bridge was 8min. 31sec.; to Chiswick Steps, 12min. 58sec.; and to Barnes Bridge, 17min. 14sec.



MAJOR KINGSLAKE TOWER, M.P., FISHING THE FASCABY WATER OF THE TUMMEL
As may be seen from our picture, the river is very low, a condition calling for skill and ingenuity such as Mr. Menzies describes

SPRING SALMON FISHING IN LOW WATER

Difficult Problems and Possible Solutions

By W. J. MENZIES

WE are accustomed to associate spring salmon fishing with cold weather and high water, with gales and floods, sometimes with ice and "grue," in addition to frost or snow. With the first situation we have no quarrel. So long as weather and wind be not too cold, or the water over high, it is what we welcome and pray for.

All will agree, I am sure, that such conditions approach as nearly as possible to the ideal when the places where fish may be found are fairly well defined. We may then cast our well-tried lures, be they fly or phantom, Devon or Jock Scot, with a feeling of certainty that if the fish are there some surely will be on the take, and sport may be anticipated with at least a reasonable spirit of optimism.

If Nature be over-generous we may still look in quiet corners and the slacker water off the main stream for the fish which are surely taking shelter from the wilder current of mid-river, and from those places where, concentrated by the outline of the bank and the configuration of the bottom, it rips and roars in the course of its passage to the sea. Provided the water is not thickened too much by suspended matter and general debris, there is always hope of a fish and possibly of rather more than usual excitement before it is brought to the gaff.

Ice is perhaps one of the worst enemies of the spring fisher, whether it appears on the water surface or in the rod rings. Unless unusually bad however, it may be adequately dealt with in both places, and on a cold frosty morning a little exercise in pushing ice off the sides of the pools with the aid of a long pole having a bifurcated end is no bad tonic for starting the circulation and warming one up. But that evil cousin, sub-surface and slushy, of ice, called "grue" is a creature of quite another calibre by which one has invariably to admit defeat. No fly, line or bait can compete with its tenacity and floating properties, and when it is present in any quantity nothing remains but to leave the rod in its place of rest until conditions improve.

Occasionally, and to a marked extent last year as well as in many rivers during this present season, we are faced with a situation which belongs to none of the categories already mentioned and which is by no means easily handled. In a normal winter, rivers in the North, at all events, only fall to a low level when much frost is present and when consequently the reduced waters are much encumbered with ice and grue, if indeed they are not completely covered with a uniform white sheet. On these other comparatively rare occasions, however, such as in 1933 and 1934, we may find exceedingly low rivers, combined with mild weather and no ice.

No physical difficulty against fishing then presents itself, and except for the lack of water there is no apparent reason why fish should not be caught in steady, if somewhat limited numbers, provided one can only find the right type of lure and appropriate method in which to use it.

In February and March one may sometimes be without a fish, although plenty are in the water, and the latter is at a level which would provide at least moderately good sport a couple of months later when the temperature has risen considerably.

In the comparison of the temperatures we may perhaps find the basic reason for the difference in the value of the sport obtained at the same water heights. At present, however low the water may be, when the temperature is generally from 34° to 38° F., and even in mild weather rises only for very short periods up to 40° F., the fish persist in lying in the quieter places—and if not in the eddies, certainly in the slack current—where everything is only too obviously clear to them. They are also lethargic, difficult to interest, and slow to move, so that they easily see not only too much of what occurs on the bank, but also too much of the fly or other lure in the water.

Later, when the water is several degrees above the critical limit, and only occasionally at night falls to, or slightly below, 40° F., then the fish not only lie in stronger water, where the details of fly, cast and line are less visible, but they are also far more energetic, the lure can be worked faster, and they will certainly make much greater efforts to secure it, although if fished too slowly they may still see too much and decide to let evil alone.

When trying to catch salmon in low water in February and March we are therefore apparently attempting the impossible. But like most other difficulties, this can be to some extent at least, surmounted, and at times one may obtain some reward for one's effort. I think that perhaps the first point to be borne in mind is that, in the circumstances postulated, a relatively considerable change may occur in the temperature of the water during the day, and that the effect of the angle of sun and light will certainly vary materially from dawn until dusk. In consequence the size of lure will, on the basis of the colder the water the larger the lure necessary, vary from hour to hour, and the chances of readily deceiving the fish will be greater during the earlier morning and later evening, when the sun is low, than during high noon and the interval immediately preceding and succeeding that period.

In the early morning, and before breakfast will sometimes be none too early to start, when the chill is still in the air and the first rays of the sun are only just reaching the water, if, indeed, they reach it at all, the larger sizes will be both admissible and effective. A fly of 2½ inches with its proper weight of cast will not be out of place, and a spinning bait even slightly larger may be tried. As the sun ascends, and more especially if the water be not deep or a move be made to shallower reaches, the size used will have to be reduced to flies of 2 inches and 1½ inches in length, with a less stout cast to suit the smaller strain involved. These may be fished slightly faster, but not a great deal more rapidly, or the fish will not bother about them. If the ghillie can be stationed where observation is possible and fish are seen to follow the lure, then it is moderately certain that it is too big or the cast too thick. In the middle of the day a fly an inch long or slightly less, or a small natural minnow or phantom, may be large enough, but as evening approaches the process has to be reversed. At the fall of darkness, perhaps the most deadly time of the whole day and for which it may be advisable to leave a bit of the best of the water undisturbed, the fly may be as large and the cast as strong as were those used at the start. It may also be as well to fish rather later than is customary: to stop only some little time after it has been found possible to see the fly or minnow alight on the water may at times prove to be not unprofitable.

If the temperature of the air be markedly higher than that of the water for a time in the middle of the day a greased line and a fly of between half-an-inch and an inch in length may be quite successful. In my experience under these conditions this method is definitely more effective so far as kelts are concerned than a sunk fly, and it will also most probably take more clean fish. It is certainly a very much more entertaining method of fishing.

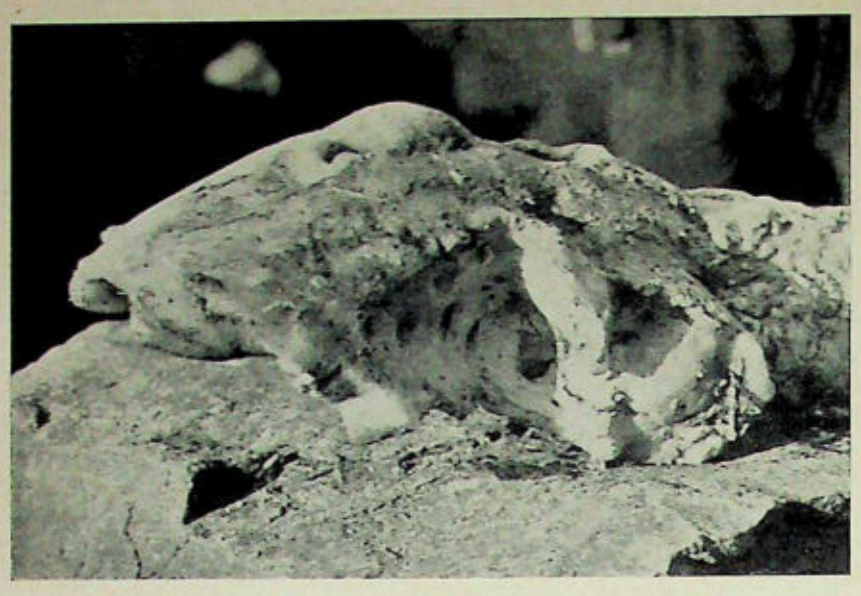
Spring salmon fishing in low water is not an easy business, but has many attractions, and only by the use of thought and the careful application of primary principles can any success at all be gained.

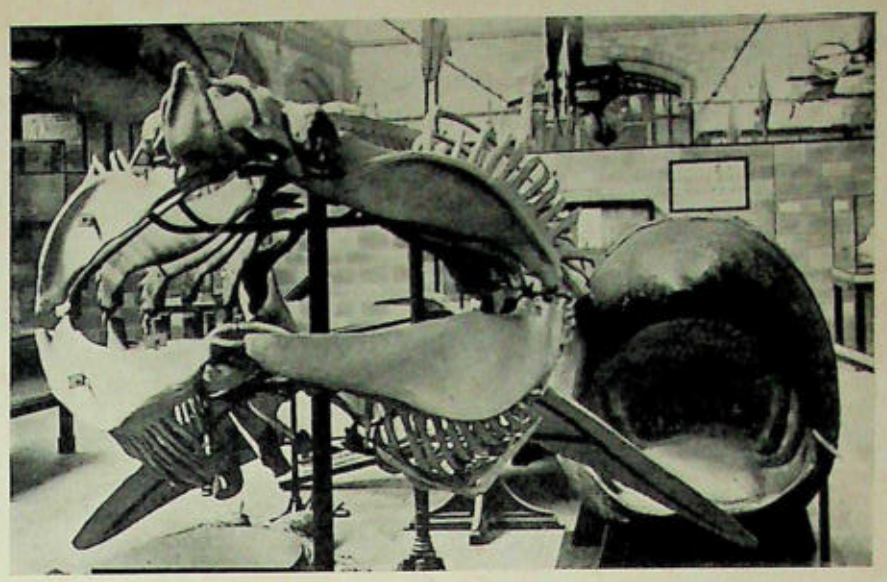
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, April 14th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

The results of the Last Competition will be announced next week.





1.—SKULL OF THE CHERBOURG "MONSTER" SEEN AT CLOSE QUARTERS. 2.—SKELETON AND MOUTH OF A BASKING SHARK IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

The mandibular arches seen in the second picture, together with the gill arches are likely to have been washed away during decomposition in the case of the Cherbourg carcase, leaving only the small skull on top joined to the "neck-like" vertebræ.

SHARK—NOT MONSTER!

Some "Field" Photographs from Querqueville and What They Show

EVEN if the big fish washed ashore at Querqueville, near Cherbourg, does not fulfil expectations as a marine monster with a serpent-like head it has furnished a remarkable parallel with the Loch Ness mystery. If the remains have now been identified as those of a basking shark it is curious to read in Day's *British Fishes* that this has often been responsible for sea-serpent stories.

In the fish gallery of the Natural History Museum in South Kensington is an entire specimen from Bergen measuring 28ft. in length and also a model of the skeleton. The fish at Cherbourg was estimated to measure 25ft. in length.

Sharks of this kind, scientifically known as *Selache maxima*, are found in the waters off Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and the name "basking" has been applied to the species because of its habit of remaining motionless on the surface of the water when in search of small prey in the nature of invertebrate creatures. It does on occasions leap out of the water several feet, and De Kay suggests that this combined with its large size and the fact that when swimming near the surface its upper jaw projects out of the water as it moves with open mouth in search of its prey "has suggested to ignorant credulity the idea of some huge aquatic monster which has received the name of 'sea-serpent.'"

Great excitement prevailed on the beach at Querqueville last Saturday when Professor Petit of the Paris Natural History Museum came to dissect the remains. The spectators were embarrassing in their curiosity, crowding round the professor and his assistant, making it quite impossible for photographers to secure the pictures they needed, and trampling on the carcase until it was rendered still further unrecognisable. It was due to the courtesy of the British Vice-Consul at Cherbourg and to the kindness of M. Petit that the *Field* representative was able to secure the photograph of the skull reproduced on this page. The French naturalist would not then hazard any statement beyond saying that he would classify the remains from his inspection of the organs and the cartilage as those of a selachian, which would bring the fish within the shark family.

The photographs taken were submitted to Mr. Norman of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, who compared them with specimens in the museum and found that the skull corresponded with that of a basking shark in every particular, while there was a close resemblance between the section of the vertebræ.

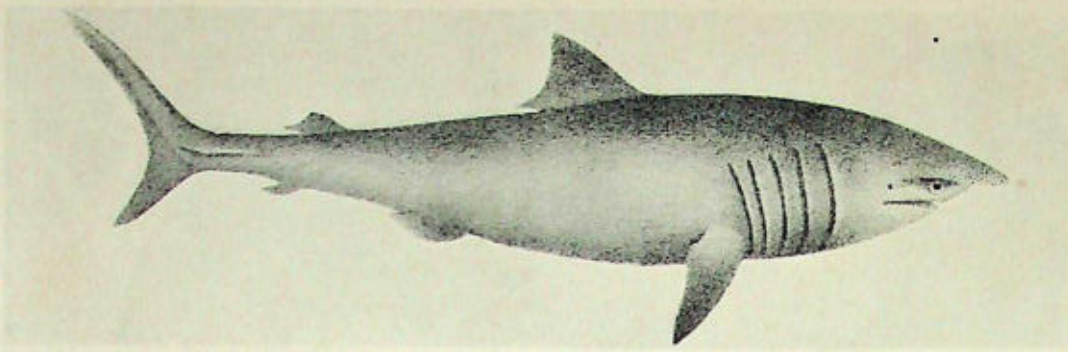
The long "neck" of the fish as seen on the beach immediately conjures up visions of an entirely new marine species with all the appearance of the head of the "sea-serpent" as popularly imagined, and even on close inspection in the state in which the carcase was found, this "neck" appeared to the lay mind entire and without any sign of a missing portion, which might have changed the whole appearance of the fish.

The basking shark has a huge mouth, with big gill and mandibular arches which would completely alter the shape of the fish as discovered. The absence of these arches would leave the appearance of a "neck" between the head and the body, and the fact that they are missing can be explained by their having been washed away during decomposition of the carcase. The attachment of the gill arches with the skeleton, Mr. Norman explains, is only ligamentary and would therefore readily decompose.

By the time these lines appear Professor Petit will probably have completed his investigations and come to his own conclusions regarding the nature of the stranded carcase, and it will be interesting to see how his views agree with those given here in regretfully disposing of a marine curiosity which has been variously described as sea-cow, whale and seal, but which Dr. Calman at the outset suspected was a basking shark.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS WHO CROWDED ROUND THE CARCASE WHILE THE PROCESS OF DISSECTION WAS BEING CARRIED OUT



THE BASKING SHARK—A PARALLEL WITH THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER"?

THE MYSTERY OF THE BEACH

And the Expert Engaged in Solving It



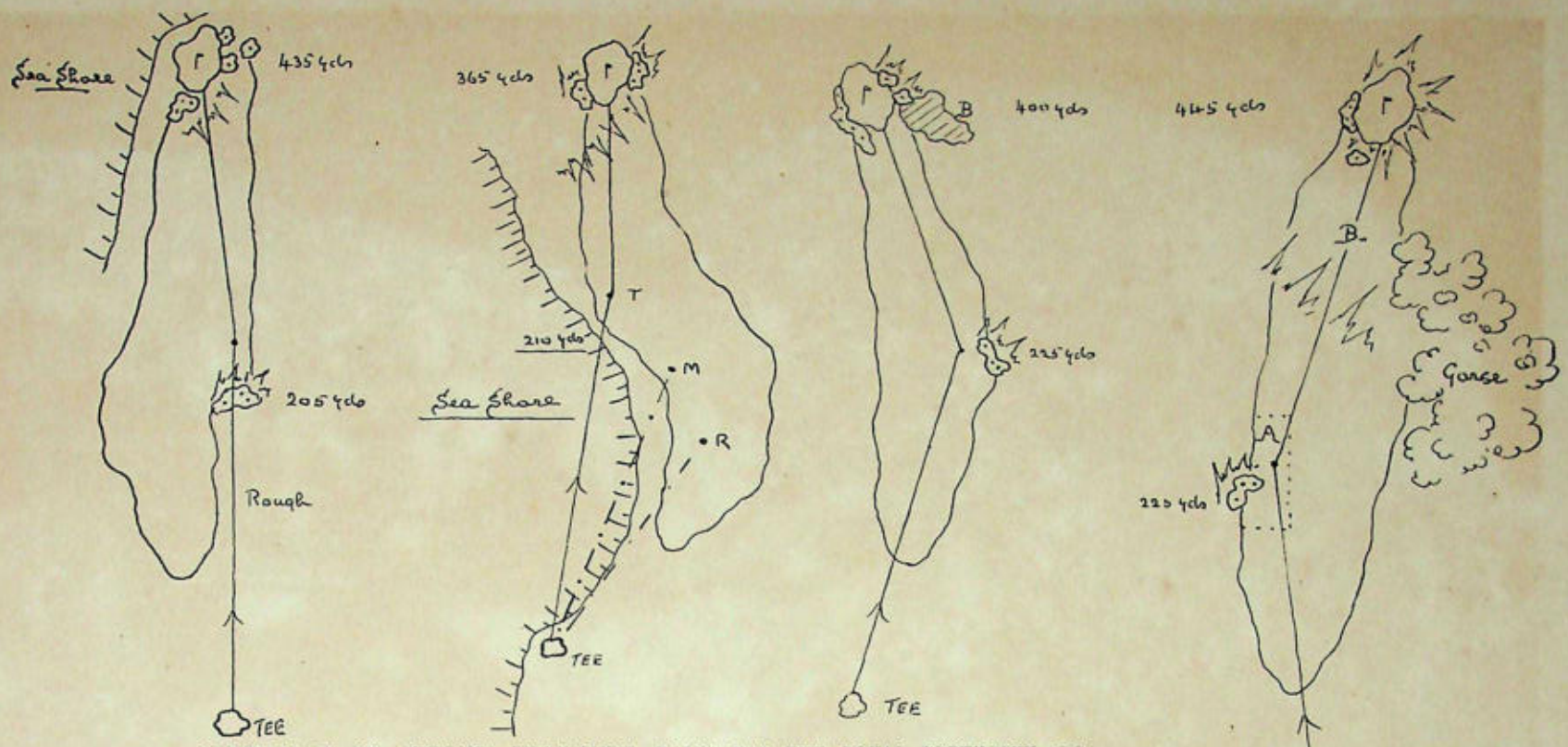
THE CHERBOURG "MONSTER" AS CAST UP BY THE TIDE

The appearance of a long neck terminating in a head immediately suggested some unknown form of marine life





Left: Professor Petit, of the French Natural History Museum, Paris, busily engaged in dissecting the carcase of the big fish on the beach at Querqueville. Right: A section of the cartilage which corresponds closely with the vertebral centrum of the basking shark



EXAMPLES OF MR. SIMPSON'S RE-DESIGNED HOLES FOR THE ROYAL PORTHCAWL G.C.

No. 2.—Owing to the left-right tilt of the green players, if they are to reach and remain on the green with the second shot, will require to hug the right of the fairway and carry the bunker at 205 yds.

No. 3.—For this hole the "tiger" will attempt the 210 yds. carry along line T, the moderate player will take the line M, and the "rabbit" will take the line R

In No. 6 (above) B represents a deep grass hollow. In No. 8 (on right) for the player to be able to see the green at all the tee shot will have to be placed in zone A. At B there is a deep ravine and a lot of dead ground, which makes the length of the second shot very difficult to judge. The green is on a natural plateau

MODERN GOLF COURSE ARCHITECTURE

Bringing the Royal Porthcawl Links Up to Date

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE usual winter programmes of improvements to British golf courses are now reaching completion. In the majority of cases opinion will be divided as to whether such alterations are for the good or bad of the courses concerned. Many golfers dislike changes, however slight, and this attitude is a decided obstacle in the way of those with progressive minds.

As I pointed out in articles on golf course architecture, which appeared in the *Field* last December, British golf courses, as a whole, have not kept pace with the other modern improvements in the game. They have not been adapted to suit modern conditions. And, undoubtedly, some of our championship lay-outs are the chief offenders in this respect. Therefore, it gave me immense personal satisfaction when I heard that the committee of the Royal Porthcawl Club, after much deliberation, had decided to consult Mr. T. Simpson with a view to his tightening up their links. Their wisdom is to be admired; furthermore, they are to be congratulated that they possessed sufficient foresight to sanction such drastic alterations. The entire character of the links has been changed; old-fashioned ideas have given place to those in keeping with modern demands.

I first played at Porthcawl some twelve years ago. Since then I have paid regular visits to what I have always considered to be the finest natural golf terrain it has been my lot to know. This opinion is shared by Mr. Simpson who, perhaps, has more knowledge of golf courses than anyone else. In common with many others I always regarded the links as a good test of golf, but when I saw it recently in its new form my eyes were opened and I realised how very little the amateur player knows about architecture.

The professional golf architect has quite an uncanny knack of seeing new and better sites for tees and greens. On the other hand, the amateur designer—and all players like to regard themselves in such a light—sees only the obvious which is just about the last place required. I hold no brief for Mr. Simpson—or any other architect—but I advise those who imagine that they can design golf courses to journey to Porthcawl and see an example of the work of a skilled man. They will come away the wiser.

The modernising of a famous links is an important subject to all players. It becomes more so when the particular place is to be the venue of such outstanding events as will be housed at Porthcawl this season. There is to be the Ladies' Open Championship in May, and the men's amateur international matches between the home countries in August. Thus Wales is to be placed definitely on the golfing map. I can assure those who will participate in any one of the above competitions that they will have to use their wits just as much as their physical skill. And surely that is how the game is meant to be treated?

Let those who expect more bunkers, because the lay-out has been tightened up, take comfort for, whereas few new ones have been constructed, a great many—almost 50 per cent. of the total number—have been scrapped. Thus cherished "lighthouses" which helped players to determine the strokes required, are no more. Instead of being helped, the player has now to rely entirely on his own judgment—on his "mental agility" and physical skill. Full advantage of the wonderful golfing ground has been taken. In several instances the construction of a new tee a little way from the old, together with an altered orientation of the green, has been all that was necessary. But these changes, which appear in print slight, will produce amazing results. No longer will the "tiger" be able to smite lustily off the tee secure in the knowledge that "anywhere about the fairway will do." A definite premium has been placed on the accurate hitting of drives to specific points, as the accompanying diagrams clearly show.

In accordance with modern design, all the holes, excepting, of course, the short par three ones, have been so constructed as to provide a different, although exacting, problem for each class of golfer. The third is an excellent example.

Standing on the tee, the player is faced with a carry over the sea-shore with the normal prevailing wind blowing half against his face. He will have to decide for himself just how much he can "bite off" according to whether he is a "tiger," a moderate exponent, or a "rabbit." Each type will find it interesting and stimulating. Naturally the reward will be greatest for the one who takes the greatest risk, namely, the one who goes out for a long carry. This accomplished, the second stroke will be shorter and less difficult.

Notably at the first hole, where the crossing over the eighteenth fairway has been done away with—a bad feature on any course, especially one in championship class—and at the second, and at the sixth, the scratch man has to place his drives. To do this he has to "sail near the wind," to go as near as he dare to trouble in the form of bunkers and other hazards.

The old eighth has been scrapped and a new green constructed on a natural plateau to the right of the former site. As can be seen in the diagram, if a sight of the green is to be obtained, the scratch golfer has to place his tee-shot within the area marked A. From there he is faced with a long second, rendered the more difficult by a ravine and "dead" ground between him and his objective. Three professionals with whom I played recently regard this hole as too difficult because of the smallness (to them) of the green. Actually it measures 40yds. deep by 20yds. wide; this should be a big enough target for anyone.

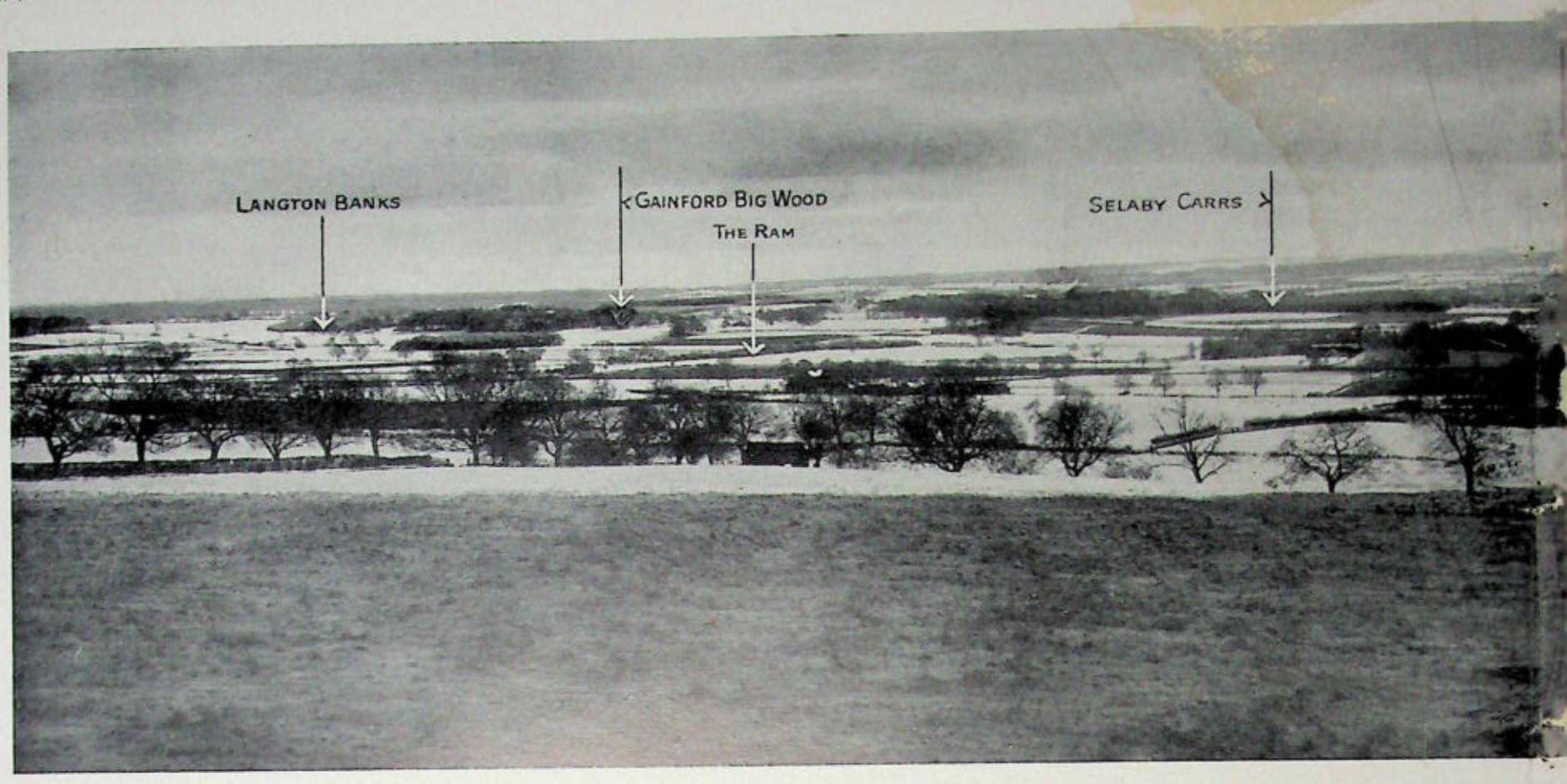
The former twelfth and thirteenth holes were as poor as the new will be good. In future the twelfth will be played from the old tee to the old eighth green, a dog-leg to the left requiring a drive and a short approach to land sloping away from the player. This will provide the same interest and mystery as does the Cartgate hole (the third) at St. Andrews, for the second will be partially a "blind" shot. Other holes, which are only semi-visible from the fairways, are the tenth and sixteenth. Although many do not like such holes it must be remembered that they provide that element of mystery which adds charm and excitement to a game as well as calling for a display of skill.

Altogether the course has been shortened by about 225yds., but Mr. Simpson believes that it will be some three strokes more difficult. Well, I think he is too modest; I would put the difference at about five strokes! But, as he has stated in his report which is lying on the smoking-room table of the club, because the total length has been decreased the standard scratch score will have to be lowered—which only shows how absurd that system is in actual practice. The new Porthcawl, besides being more generous towards the humble player, will be more entertaining for all classes of golfers. And, as there are still some who play the game for enjoyment, this is a most pleasing feature.

E. L. Browne Memorial.—Friends of that very well-known sportsman the late Rev. E. L. Browne, will be interested to know that the subscriptions to the "E. L. Browne Memorial Fund" have amounted, up to the present, to over £1,500, and that it has been decided that the main proportion of this sum should be vested in trustees and take the form of bursaries to assist the education of the sons of old Androvians and of the clergy. Contributions may still be sent to the Manager, Westminster Bank, Meads, Eastbourne.



Just as the old Inn has stood the test of time, so have the Dunlop Tyres that bring you to it. They have both been *built to last.*



A VIEW FROM KEVERSTON HILL FROM WHICH A MAGNIFICENT VIEW

Practically the whole of the foreground of this picture is part of the Raby Estate, which can be marked on a clear day by a line of white farmhouses, the extreme left, and the famous "Jockey Cap," the wooded hill above.

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 18

The Vanes at Raby—Part II

THE first Duke of Cleveland died in 1842, and was succeeded by his son, Duke Henry, also a keen sportsman, who, prior to his accession to the title, hunted from Egerton Lodge at Melton. For some time previous the relations between father and son had been strained, and the former hit on the extremely characteristic method of annoying his heir by exterminating the foxes and grubbing up the coverts on the estate, so that the latter, though he soon re-established the glory of the Raby Hunt, was, for the first five years of his Mastership, compelled to hunt the carted deer. Unfortunately he did not continue his father's practice of keeping a diary, and but little is known of his Mastership except that he was "courteous and punctual."

I trust I may here be permitted to interpolate two amusing anecdotes of his reign told me by an eye-witness. On hunting days open house was maintained at Raby, when it was his custom to invite his neighbours, or such of the field as had attracted his favourable notice, to dine the same evening at five o'clock. On one occasion a stranger turned up at the meet, and during the subsequent run rode so remarkably well as to be included among the guests, and appeared in the mud-bespattered attire he had worn during the day. As my informant, who sat opposite to him at dinner, remarked, this was evidently his first experience of a gentleman's table; the napkin was an unfamiliar article to him, while his knife occasionally served the additional purposes of salt-spoon and fork; but his crowning embarrassment came with his finger-bowl, reintroduced when the health of "the King over the water" was no longer taboo. At first he thought it must contain some form of liquid refreshment and had raised it half-way to his mouth when, glancing at his host, who was dabbling the tips of his fingers, he realised the object of the strange thing and thrust his whole fist into it. Now, the finger-glasses of that day were of what is now termed the "fish-bowl" shape, with a narrow neck, and he was unable to withdraw his hand, and after several ineffectual efforts to do so, he whipped the bowl off the table on to his knee and kept it there, helping himself with his left hand to the wine as it came round. After it had circulated several times, he grew pot-valiant and, rising from his seat, dashed the offending article to splinters against the mantelpiece, remarking, as he returned to the table, "Thoo's been an uneasy coostomer, but ar's topsides wi' thou at finish!"



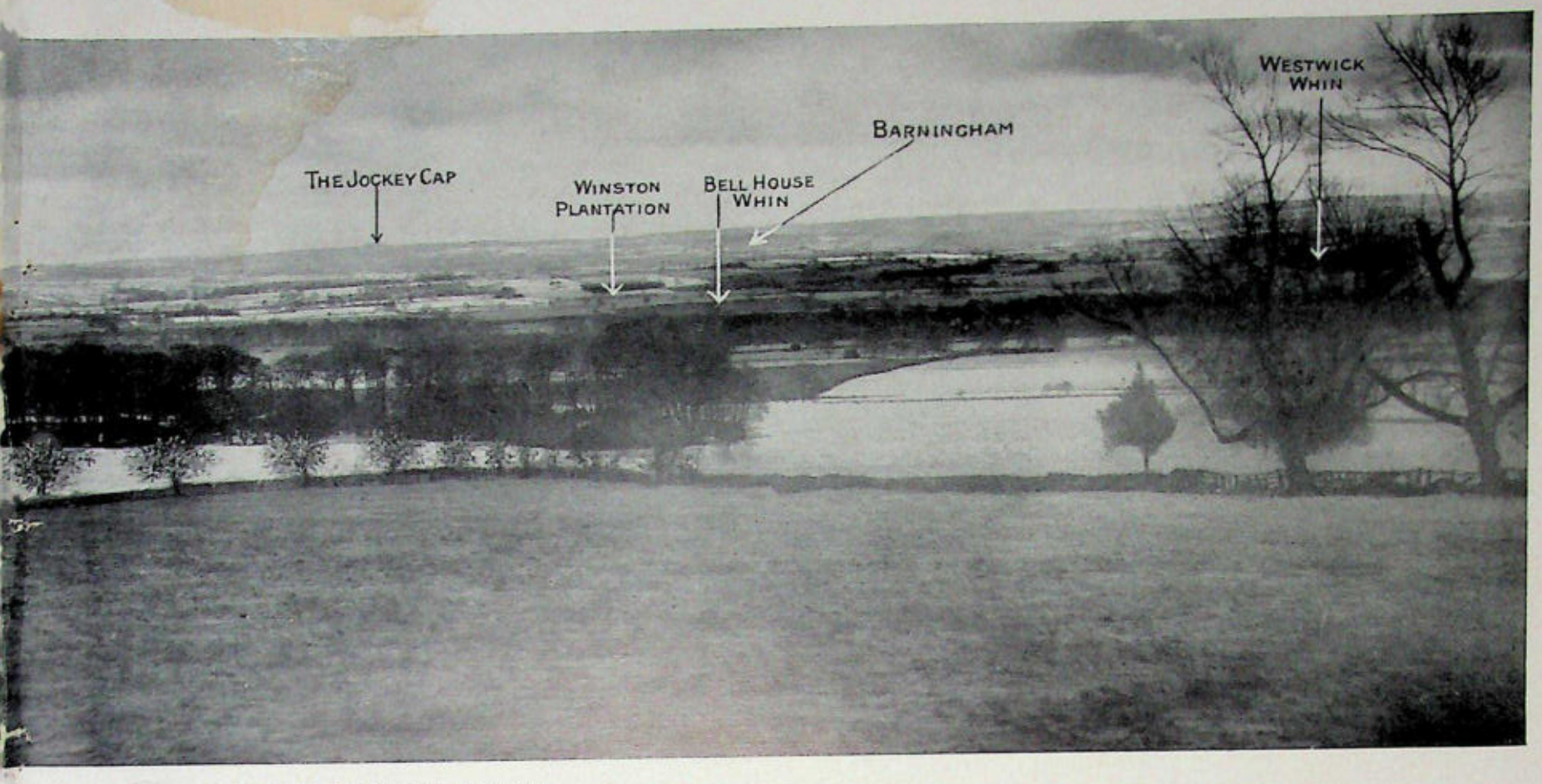
HIGH FORCE IN TEESDALE

This lovely waterfall, the highest in England, lies among some of the most productive grouse moors in the country and bars the farther ascent of salmon up the Tees

The second story is that in those days, when a fox had been killed by the Raby pack, its tongue was grilled and served as a separate course at dinner the same evening, not, of course, with any gastronomical intention, but as a mere quaint conceit or, more probably, as the survival of some ancient custom; yet on one occasion a lady guest insisted on tasting the delicacy!

Duke Henry kept hounds at Raby till 1861, when they were sold at Tattersall's for 800 guineas, and the most inappropriate Gothic kennels in the deer park converted into keeper's quarters. On his retirement he wished to divide his country between Durham County and Hurworth Hunts, to each of which, as well as the Bedale, he subscribed £500 a year; but his proposal could not be accepted in its entirety, and the Raby country remained fallow until 1865, when Mr. Cradock, of Hartforth Hall, near Richmond, the grandfather of the present Lady Barnard, established a pack and hunted it for about ten years, when it was taken over by the late Lord Zetland (since when it has been known as the Zetland country), who hunted it four days a week in munificent fashion entirely at his own expense until 1911, when new kennels were erected at Manfield and the pack once more became a subscription one under the Mastership of Mr. Straker, of Hartforth Grange, until 1920, when Lord Barnard united with him as joint-Master till Mr. Straker's death in 1929, when Lord Barnard became sole Master, and the Raby country came once more under the authority of a Vane.

The second Duke of Cleveland died in 1866, and was followed in succession by his two brothers, who, while taking their share in public affairs as members of Parliament and in private ones as model landlords, did not figure as sportsmen. The Dukedom and Marquessate of Cleveland became extinct in 1891 on the death of the younger of the brothers, Duke Harry, whose wife, the widow of Lord Rosebery, Victorians will remember as a picturesque figure in Rotten Row, clad in a riding habit that nearly swept the ground and a tall hat with a veil round it. When at Raby she used to drive in a small Victoria drawn by a postilion-ridden horse, the last, I imagine, of her generation to adopt such a mode of progression. On the death of the last Duke in 1891, the Barony of Barnard devolved on his kinsman, Mr. Henry Vane, who



VER THE GREAT RABY ESTATE AND BEYOND IS OBTAINABLE
every farm on the estate is whitewashed. The Tees Valley is in the centre of the panorama, while, beyond, the Cleveland Hills can just be seen on the old Richmond Racecourse, is visible towards the right of the picture

succeeded him as ninth baron, and subsequently took a prominent part in county business as well as the administration of his estates. He died in 1918, and was followed by his second son, the present Lord Barnard, who had become heir to the title on the death in hospital at Rouen of his elder brother in 1917 of illness contracted on active service. Lord Barnard also served in the war, was twice wounded and awarded the M.C.; and he is not only an indefatigable and popular Master of Hounds, but recognises his responsibilities as a great landowner by taking an active share in country business.

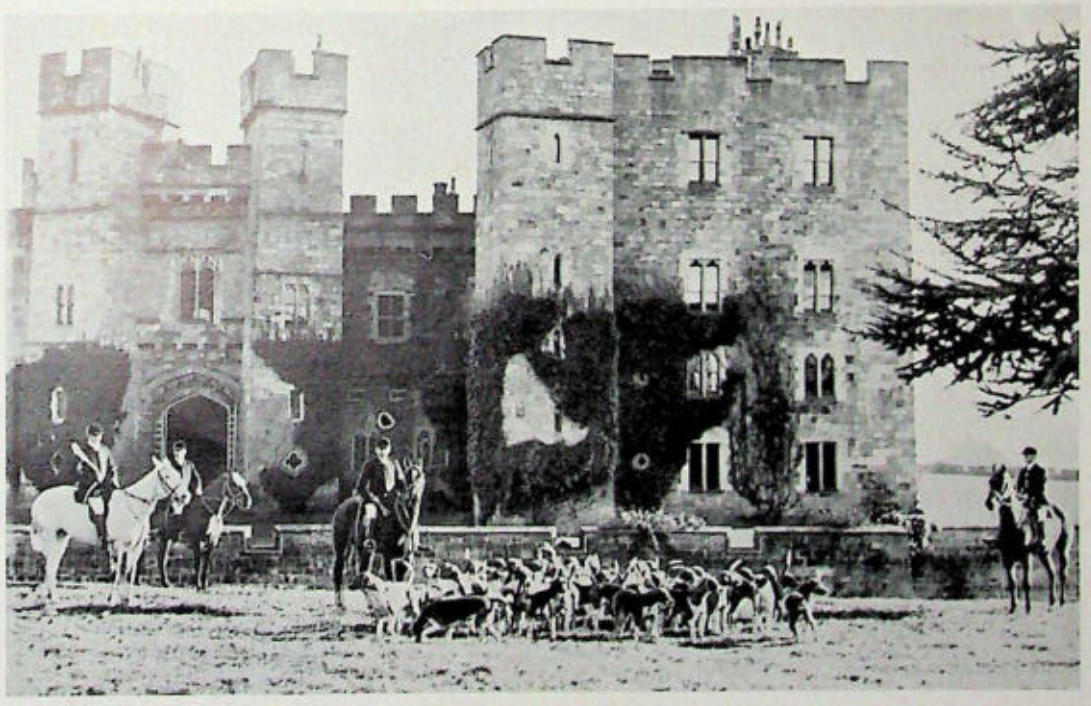
Reference has already been made to the great traditions of beneficent landlordism on the Raby estate, and its unique sporting possibilities. There are few like it, and I will quote here from an article I wrote a great many years ago on the view from Keverston Hill, which immediately overlooks the castle and park: "From one's very feet the land drops gradually away till it merges in the level of a vast undulating champaign stretching away in rich luxuriance of cornfield and pasture, of woodland and meadow, bearing on its expanse red-tiled villages clustering round their church spires and trim country houses concealed by clustering trees and dotted almost as far as the eye can reach with snow-white farmsteads. On the horizon stretch the long blue undulations of the Swaledale moorlands which dip gradually into the great plain of York, to rise again to the eastward in the severer lines of the Cleveland Hills. But in the foreground, immediately below one, stands the most striking object of all, a great grey stone castle set in a fair green park surrounded by billowing woods. That castle is Raby, and for 30 miles from east to west, wherever the eye catches sight of a white farmhouse, the land is Raby's also. Each of these is whitewashed every second year at Raby and every year in Upper Teesdale, the estate providing the lime, not for mere effect, but as an excellent preservative to the buildings. It is a marvellous view such as England alone of all countries can produce, most beautiful perhaps beneath a perfect summer sky when the cornfields are waving ripe for harvest, but scarcely less so on a frosty winter's evening when the sun is sinking in a crimson glory behind the snow-capped fells of Westmorland."

As regards the shooting capabilities of Raby, I think it may be claimed, without fear of contradiction, that there is not another estate in England which includes within its boundaries not only first-class foxhunting, but also some of the finest grouse moors in Great Britain. In addition to Hinedon, the small "home moor" within easy reach of the castle, the Teesdale moors, which stretch for miles, are divided into separate beats, three of which, Middle End, Monks and Pike Law, rank with Wemmergill and Broomhead. I believe that upwards of a thousand brace in a single day's driving have been obtained on more than one occasion on Middle End, and 956 brace was certainly bagged there on August 25th, 1901. The only authenticated one I can trace in famous 1872, is 987 brace on Langdon (a delightful shoot where the birds come as natural rocketers), a total which one of the seven guns, the late Sir Hedworth Williamson, once told me would have been very largely increased if the supply of cartridges had not run out before the day was over. A keeper was early dispatched in a horse and cart to Middleton, the nearest town several miles distant, to try to procure more cartridges if possible, but without appreciable result. In this connection it is amusing to note that when the second Duke of Cleveland heard that his brother-in-law, Mr. Milbank, had killed 40 brace to his own gun on famous Wemmergill he stigmatised the performance as "mere butchery," which, if persevered with, would lead to the future extinction of game!

The low-ground shooting at Raby, though practically unlimited, is not of such high order as the grouse moors, and Lord Barnard, not being personally a shooting man, only reserves such portions as he requires for the entertainment of his guests and neighbours. Happily the slaughter of hundreds of hand-reared pheasants—which, if their wings were clipped in youth, would remain what they really are, barnyard fowls—has never been the custom at Raby (I think the first record of a hundred pheasants in a day was made in Duke Henry's day in the early 'fifties), but excellent bags are obtained in the home coverts, where some of the stands provide remarkably high birds. The partridge shooting is not noteworthy (except for its grouse moors, Durham is not a natural game country), though systematic driving on the six-mile stretch eastward from Staindrop might in time create an increase in the stock of birds.

Of the fishing on the estate I must fain cry Ichabod, as the Tees, on which Lord Barnard is the largest riparian owner, has, owing to increased pollution in its lower reaches, fallen from its previous high estate as a salmon river, scarcely a fish being now killed on the fly during the season, though in former years as many as 10 to 20 have fallen to one rod in a day's fishing. Like most East Coast streams, the Tees was an autumn river, though a certain number of fish ran in the spring; I have personally killed them in April. Their ascent was barred in Upper Teesdale by the High Force waterfall, but below this point ample spawning ground was supplied by the various tributary streams, and the number of fish in the Langley Beck, which runs through Raby Park, was formerly a sight to behold in late autumn. P. S.

(Concluded)



THE ZETLAND HOUNDS AT RABY CASTLE
This picture was taken in 1930 *while Bert Thatcher (in the centre) was still huntsman to Lord Barnard. He was succeeded in* 1933 *by G. Samways*



SNIPE SHOOTING: A RARE PRINT FROM *ORMES FIELD SPORTS*, THE PROPERTY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SNAP SHOTS AT SNIPE

A Bird That Makes Its Own Rules

By J. B. DROUGHT

THE charm of the snipe is his inconsequence. Man makes a list of excellent rules for his guidance in the game of hide-and-seek, and the bird breaks the lot. The budding snipe shooter, having marked, learnt, and inwardly digested all that eminent authorities have to say on the subject, goes out to put their principles into practice, and the wily snipe twists gaily through all preconceived notions of what he ought to do under certain given conditions.

But not always. The man possessed of snipe-craft (if I may coin the term) who goes about his business quietly seldom goes unrewarded. It is those odd spots—the open spring in frost, the hollow in the sedge, the spongy patch in the bog—apparent to the discerning, veiled from the inexperienced eye, which in the long run make the greatest contribution to the bag. The beginner, as a rule, goes much too fast, and covers a wide stretch of country without any regard to the influences of weather on the birds' movements. For moonlight or pitch-black nights will cause the snipe to change his quarters ; frost will do likewise, so will too much rain or the reverse, and although on calm soft days, when the birds are well-fed and lazy, a bog may yield good measure and running over, the converse is equally true. When good living is easily come by the snipe, gorged to repletion, may not come home at all ; similarly, when dark nights impede his search for food, and his appetite is still unsatisfied, he may remain late into the morning on the feeding grounds. Or he may desert the bogs for the moist heathery patches on the hillsides, and many a time in Ireland I have shot a respectable number of snipe up the mountain after having scoured more likely haunts in vain. There is, in fact, only one certainty about the snipe on which a man may risk his little all : whatever the weather, there are always certain definite spots in a marsh or bog which never fail to hold a bird or two, and the man who finds them out may pick up a dozen snipe in a radius of half a mile, while the less discerning gun may toil all day and bag a solitary bird.

Yet these are only general rules, and for all rules, as I have said, the snipe has a supreme contempt. Quite recently two guns went out on a bright morning, following a rather stormy night, expecting every second bird to rise clean out of shot. We had almost literally to kick them up, and their laziness increasing as the day improved we had seventeen snipe at lunch-time. With the best of the ground still before us it looked like turning out quite a memorable day, but after the first couple in the afternoon I do not think a single snipe rose at less than 50yds., and before we had made good half the ground they were going away in wisps. A couple of hours later a sudden severe storm came up, the wind rose to half a gale, and I mention this instance as pointing to the fact that the snipe, highly sensitive to impending weather changes, is apt to alter his mood and location at extremely short notice.

It has struck me, in many years of Irish bog-trotting, that most people incline too religiously to walking snipe up- or down-wind. The latter may answer admirably in half a gale, which causes the snipe to hang for a second before settling into flight. But the bird has long ears, and shooting over dogs down a light wind gives the show away, whereas walking up-wind, although low twisting shots are the rule rather than the exception, you can be fairly certain of closer shooting. Personally I think the cross-wind stalk is often more remunerative than either (especially when shooting over setters at wild birds), because whatever the snipe decides to do you are more likely to get an angular shot from which much of the twist is eliminated.

If silence is golden on a moor, its price in a marsh is beyond rubies. I suppose there is no bird more sensitive to the human voice than a snipe. Last season three of us were walking a bog. Number two (whose close relationship to myself permits of instancing a horrible example without fear of reprisals) with a stridence born of youth and inexperience, took occasion to admonish a pushful setter. In a second one snipe was up, alarming another, and then for a good 400yds. along the dead level birds began to rise in succession, and we walked out a beat in which there had been probably 30 birds with only a jack to show for it.

I question whether anyone can define concisely the secret of successful snipe shooting. The twisting bird travelling low up-wind is as different from the one rising at an acute angle as is the snipe walked down-wind from the crossing shot. When to fire at each is a matter of a split second's inspiration, and varies with the dexterity of the individual. In theory you avoid the snipe's wickeder twists by snapping him as soon as may be ; in practice as often as not he gets up silently behind you, and is well away before you can swing round. How to take birds whose pace and angles are never twice the same cannot be worked out by rule of thumb. All I would say, therefore, is that—anyway for a beginner—an imperceptible pause, allowing of a lightning appreciation of the snipe's intentions, is more likely to be successful than a flurried snap shot. As a rule the novice tries to shoot as he walks, too quickly, and gets rattled.

He misses a few snipe in succession, and increases his rate of going until in a semi-winded condition he makes quite certain of missing a few more. Under such conditions it is a good plan to break off for a bit, watch a few birds in flight, and chuck your gun up at them without firing ; then start off afresh.

There is no type of shooting at which it is easier to get flustered ; none at which coolness is more calculated to beget confidence. And confidence is the snipe-shooter's greatest asset.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT-GUN

Bahia Blanca and Patagonia

TWENTY-FIVE miles south-east of Bahia Blanca is Puerto Militar, where ships are occasionally docked. This neighbourhood is a favourite one for the crested tinamou (copitone) and Darwin's tinamou, of which good bags can be obtained. Another favourite haunt of these birds is Pedro Luro, which is about 30 miles south of Bahia Blanca. The birds must be shot over dogs here, as the grass is very long and there are quantities of scrub and gorse. It is a great country also for hares, which afford very sporting shots as they dart about in the thick cover. There are some very good lagoons at Carlos Luro Estancia, on the east side of the railway. The duck appear to frequent the smaller lagoons.

Curumalan, 80 miles north of Bahia Blanca, affords magnificent chico and martinetta shooting in May, and really large bags can be had shooting over wires. At this time of year the country is too dry for snipe and duck, which, however, are plentiful later on, after the rains.

The martinetta is a dark grey bird of the tinamou tribe, and is about the size of a hen pheasant. He prefers long grass to live in, but is generally to be found at feeding times in the maize fields. Twenty miles north-east of Curumalan is La Colina, where many martinetta are to be found at the estancia Isabel—some ten miles away—in the maize fields and long grass. There are two most excellent lagoons separated from each other by a narrow strip of land at the estancia San Anselmo, which is also in the same locality. The birds, even if not deliberately disturbed, fly to and fro from one lagoon to the other ; and if positions are taken up on the narrow strip of land between the two, magnificent sport can be had.

The Patagonian province of the Argentine is not a prepossessing one, as it is one vast dry and arid wilderness covered with scrub and coarse grass. Sante Elena, Egg Harbour and Pyramid Cove, all just south of the Gulf of San Matias, are good anchorages, and plenty of sport can be obtained close to the ship. Copitone are to be found here in great numbers, and Darwin's tinamou are also numerous. Copitone, unlike the rest of the tinamou tribe, who generally get up singly, are to be found in coveys, but it is often difficult to make him rise, as he is a tremendous runner. Never walk him up down-wind if this can be avoided. Up-wind he will lie much closer and sometimes not run at all, but the guns must walk very slowly until the birds are actually sighted on the ground.

Patagonia is also the home of the "cavy" (Patagonian hare), which incidently is very good to eat. It is an extraordinary animal, as it looks a cross between a hare and a deer, and the young are carried in a pouch like a kangaroo. P.

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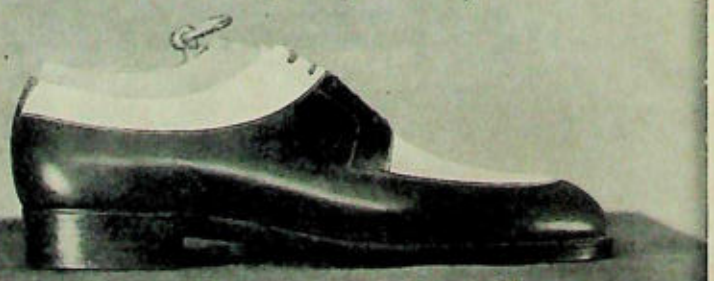
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New Books

CHANGELESS ENGLAND

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Much that is written in these old books is merely "quaint," but as one reads them that is not the dominant impression left by Mr. Marcus Woodward's delightful book. It is rather of the permanence of yeoman England, and the solid good sense on which it was founded, and on which it endures, and as such the last of the three books serves as a useful textual criticism to the other two. R. M.

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SHOOTING-LUNCH STORIES

A Well-Stored Memory

THIS book is a delightful companion volume to *Those Were the Days!* The author again draws upon a well-stored memory and tells of country life in his boyhood. It is difficult, out of the 20 chapters given, to choose quotations: there are so many anecdotes and all are worth repeating.

The author, as a child, heard the reminiscences of a naval surgeon who retired in 1810, and who lived to his hundredth year. The old gentleman's father had passed on to him stories of the early eighteenth century. ". . . Long after those wars of Marlborough's were over, all parts of this country were infested by, and went in fear of, the many disbanded soldiery . . . robbery, rape, assault and murder were everyday happenings, whilst those hordes of unpensioned, penniless soldiers were about." It is curious to consider that the father of Mr. Clark's Trafalgar friend may have talked to Corporal Trim in person.

"Old Powders and Firearms" is a fascinating section, especially to those who have experimented with old family weapons. The author exposes the fallacy that flintlocks always hang fire. I have personally found that they function almost as sharply as my modern guns. But I join issue with the writer on one point—"Probably it was the effectiveness of the 'Prussian needle gun' used against the French Minié during the war of 1870 that hastened the advent of central fire sporting guns." *No*, Mr. Clark. The French chassepot was better and had nearly twice the effective range. It dated from 1855. The Germans came closer and shot deliberately. Their rifle was unreliable and not of a "central fire" type. But it is a minor point. The most instructive chapters are those on vermin-killing. The author enumerates the crimes and virtues of the tenants of an average gamekeeper's larder, and, breaking traditions, proves by his personal observations that many birds and beasts now carefully put down should be preserved (within bounds) in gratitude for the good they do both to farming and game preservation. I heartily agree with his remarks on killing birds during the fruit-picking season. Blank cartridges will keep the trees safe, and our most useful insect and grub-slayers allowed to spend the rest of the year working for better crops. A book to keep and not to borrow. KLAXON.

Country Mixture. By H. Atwood Clark. (Philip Allan; 7/6.)

CABIN BOY TO VICEROY

The Story of a Great Advocate

EDWARD MARJORIBANKS started the fashion in legal biography, and the phenomenal successes that he achieved with his *Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall* and *Lord Carson's Cases* naturally begat imitators. Yet it is perhaps hardly fair to call so capable a writer as Mr. Derek Walker-Smith an imitator. It was often considered a maxim that the lives of writers made the best biographies, and of men of action after that. But in the life of a barrister we have something of the fundamental qualities of both.

A Marshall Hall or a Carson is indeed a wonderful subject; it is biography ready-made, yet the life of Lord Reading is even more wonderful. A cabin boy at sixteen, hammered on the Stock Exchange at 24, and since then Attorney-General, Member of the Cabinet, Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador and Viceroy! In dealing with the legal side of his life we have all the components which give us special editions of the evening papers dealing with the pursuit of notorious criminals, and inducing the *Daily Mail* to employ distinguished novelists to report murder trials. The material here is better than any novel. Early in Rufus Isaacs's career came the most sensational Turf case of the last fifty years—Durham *v.* Chetwynd, and we find him making himself a master of form for the occasion. There follows closely Chamberlain *v.* the *Star*, an action which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's brother took to clear himself of the suggestion that he had been using his brother's political position to further his private ends; the Liverpool Bank case in which an almost irresponsible bank clerk called Coudie swindled the Bank of Liverpool out of £160,000, and in which Rufus Isaacs by adroitly advising his client, one of the co-conspirators, to plead guilty to the lesser of his charges, saved him a considerable sentence of penal servitude; the Hartopp Divorce case, one of the most sensational cases of the day in which both sides failed to prove their allegations; the very important Taff Vale case; the Whittaker Wright prosecution, which was perhaps his greatest triumph, for he brought off what the Attorney and Solicitor-General had considered impossible; the acquittal of Bob Sievier, in securing which he showed his quick grasp of essentials to the full; and the Press Actions between Lord Northcliffe and Lord Leverhulme, and the *Standard* and Mr. Cadbury. These were the last of the historic battles between Edward Carson and Rufus Isaacs. In both of them the triumph was really Carson's, for in the first he secured £50,000 damages for his client, in advising the acceptance of which Rufus Isaacs displayed great judgment, and in the second he prevented Mr. Cadbury gaining more than a farthing damages.

The author does not hesitate to criticise his subject. For a possible measure of over-forcefulness in the Seddon case or for not waiving the Crown privilege in the Archer-Shee case. He thinks, too, that Lord Reading could never have been numbered among the really great Lord Chief Justices. And he deals very sensibly with contentious subjects like the Marconi case, the Titanic disaster and the Casement trial.

He has given us an absorbing story of a life unique in the history of this country, and he deserves a wide public. But he is not, I think, a sportsman. Sceptre never won the Derby, and people do not go to Scotland for "deer-shooting." R. M.

Lord Reading and His Cases. By Derek Walker-Smith. (Chapman & Hall; 15/–.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A simple little book, easy to understand, called *Golf from a New Angle*, is issued by Herbert Jenkins at 3/6. It's author, Theodore Moone, has a thorough grasp of the principles of the game.

Foresters will welcome *The Care and Repair of Ornamental Trees*, by A. D. C. Le Sueur, the first serious attempt by a British writer to deal with growing trees in garden, street and road. (*Country Life*; 10/6.)

Gardeners will want to possess *The Pruning of Hardy Fruit Trees*, by H. Dunkin (Dent; 5/–). A thorough guide to the best modern methods.



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A Well-Stored Memory

THIS book is a delightful companion volume to *Those Were the Days!* The author again draws upon a well-stored memory and tells of country life in his boyhood. It is difficult, out of the 20 chapters given, to choose quotations: there are so many anecdotes and all are worth repeating.

The author, as a child, heard the reminiscences of a naval surgeon who retired in 1810, and who lived to his hundredth year. The old gentleman's father had passed on to him stories of the early eighteenth century. ". . . Long after those wars of Marlborough's were over, all parts of this country were infested by, and went in fear of, the many disbanded soldiery . . . robbery, rape, assault and murder were everyday happenings, whilst those hordes of unpensioned, penniless soldiers were about." It is curious to consider that the father of Mr. Clark's Trafalgar friend may have talked to Corporal Trim in person.

"Old Powders and Firearms" is a fascinating section, especially to those who have experimented with old family weapons. The author exposes the fallacy that flintlocks always hang fire. I have personally found that they function almost as sharply as my modern guns. But I join issue with the writer on one point—"Probably it was the effectiveness of the 'Prussian needle gun' used against the French Minié during the war of 1870 that hastened the advent of central fire sporting guns." *No*, Mr. Clark. The French chassepot was better and had nearly twice the effective range. It dated from 1855. The Germans came closer and shot deliberately. Their rifle was unreliable and not of a "central fire" type. But it is a minor point. The most instructive chapters are those on vermin-killing. The author enumerates the crimes and virtues of the tenants of an average gamekeeper's larder, and, breaking traditions, proves by his personal observations that many birds and beasts now carefully put down should be preserved (within bounds) in gratitude for the good they do both to farming and game preservation. I heartily agree with his remarks on killing birds during the fruit-picking season. Blank cartridges will keep the trees safe, and our most useful insect and grub-slayers allowed to spend the rest of the year working for better crops. A book to keep and not to borrow. KLAXON.

Country Mixture. By H. Atwood Clark. (Philip Allan; 7/6.)

CABIN BOY TO VICEROY

The Story of a Great Advocate

EDWARD MARJORIBANKS started the fashion in legal biography, and the phenomenal successes that he achieved with his *Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall* and *Lord Carson's Cases* naturally begat imitators. Yet it is perhaps hardly fair to call so capable a writer as Mr. Derek Walker-Smith an imitator. It was often considered a maxim that the lives of writers made the best biographies, and of men of action after that. But in the life of a barrister we have something of the fundamental qualities of both.

A Marshall Hall or a Carson is indeed a wonderful subject; it is biography ready-made, yet the life of Lord Reading is even more wonderful. A cabin boy at sixteen, hammered on the Stock Exchange at 24, and since then Attorney-General, Member of the Cabinet, Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador and Viceroy! In dealing with the legal side of his life we have all the components which give us special editions of the evening papers dealing with the pursuit of notorious criminals, and inducing the *Daily Mail* to employ distinguished novelists to report murder trials. The material here is better than any novel. Early in Rufus Isaacs's career came the most sensational Turf case of the last fifty years—Durham *v.* Chetwynd, and we find him making himself a master of form for the occasion. There follows closely Chamberlain *v.* the *Star*, an action which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's brother took to clear himself of the suggestion that he had been using his brother's political position to further his private ends; the Liverpool Bank case in which an almost irresponsible bank clerk called Coudie swindled the Bank of Liverpool out of £160,000, and in which Rufus Isaacs by adroitly advising his client, one of the co-conspirators, to plead guilty to the lesser of his charges, saved him a considerable sentence of penal servitude; the Hartopp Divorce case, one of the most sensational cases of the day in which both sides failed to prove their allegations; the very important Taff Vale case; the Whittaker Wright prosecution, which was perhaps his greatest triumph, for he brought off what the Attorney and Solicitor-General had considered impossible; the acquittal of Bob Sievier, in securing which he showed his quick grasp of essentials to the full; and the Press Actions between Lord Northcliffe and Lord Leverhulme, and the *Standard* and Mr. Cadbury. These were the last of the historic battles between Edward Carson and Rufus Isaacs. In both of them the triumph was really Carson's, for in the first he secured £50,000 damages for his client, in advising the acceptance of which Rufus Isaacs displayed great judgment, and in the second he prevented Mr. Cadbury gaining more than a farthing damages.

The author does not hesitate to criticise his subject. For a possible measure of over-forcefulness in the Seddon case or for not waiving the Crown privilege in the Archer-Shee case. He thinks, too, that Lord Reading could never have been numbered among the really great Lord Chief Justices. And he deals very sensibly with contentious subjects like the Marconi case, the Titanic disaster and the Casement trial.

He has given us an absorbing story of a life unique in the history of this country, and he deserves a wide public. But he is not, I think, a sportsman. Sceptre never won the Derby, and people do not go to Scotland for "deer-shooting." R. M.

Lord Reading and His Cases. By Derek Walker-Smith. (Chapman & Hall; 15/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A simple little book, easy to understand, called *Golf from a New Angle*, is issued by Herbert Jenkins at 3/6. It's author, Theodore Moone, has a thorough grasp of the principles of the game.

Foresters will welcome *The Care and Repair of Ornamental Trees*, by A. D. C. Le Sueur, the first serious attempt by a British writer to deal with growing trees in garden, street and road. (*Country Life*; 10/6.)

Gardeners will want to possess *The Pruning of Hardy Fruit Trees*, by H. Dunkin (Dent; 5/-). A thorough guide to the best modern methods.



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Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—I have been very interested in the correspondence upon "Colour in Horses" now going on in the *Field*, and I should like to see the subject gone into farther, for I feel there is much more in it than many people think. I "trailed my coat" on this matter in another periodical (*The Jersey Cow*) two years ago, in the hope that someone would give new information about it. Pigmentation is very interesting, and I have never heard it really explained either in horse or man.

Why is a Chinese yellow? Has it anything to do with their general hardiness and ability to exist on very little, like a yellow Connemara pony? That there is something in colour beyond what pleases, or displeases the eye, cannot be denied. I noticed the number of piebalds in North Norfolk mentioned by one of your correspondents, and a farmer gave me the reason, that someone in the neighbourhood had a piebald sire some years ago which must have had a very dominant personality.

I have always understood the great drawback to both skewbalds and piebalds was their tendency to have soft whitey-yellow horn in their feet, many horses having two, and sometimes three, yellow hoofs; therefore more fitted for circus tan and sawdust, which is soft, than the hard ground. Certainly the only three such coloured horses that I have known very well all went wrong in the feet. The Arabs have their old saying about the relative value of grey, bay, chestnut and black horses when being pursued by their enemies, and a man of so much experience as buyer and trainer of horses as Mr. Charles Morton tells us in his *Reminiscences of the Turf* that if he could find his ideal horse, a bay with black points, he would go on to bid practically anything for it; he also had found fiver-coloured chesnuts useful, but disliked black horses, as he found very few had achieved outstanding success. But two brilliant black hunters I loved must be the "exceptions" to prove his ruling! I asked a vet. with a big practice about colour in horses as regards their soundness, and he said all his life he had noticed that grey horses' hearts, chesnut horses' feet, and black horses' eyesight were their weak points, and examined each colour especially carefully on these respective points.

Does pigmentation play its mysterious part in this? It cannot be always heredity, environment and climate, which are apt to be blamed, or praised for most things. It is always said that red-haired humans are supposed to be (let us say) "hastier" than blondes or brunettes; likewise red chesnut horses. Why? A doctor tells me that as yet there has not been much research on the subject as pigment does not take a part in affecting diseases, although some diseases affect pigment (like jaundice). I have heard people talk learnedly about colour vibrations of light, and its rays, etc., but up to now it has not been explained to me why a bay horse should generally have black points, unlike a chesnut, or why bits of a white horse should catch colours, and not all of it.

Sutton, Loughborough. Yours faithfully, RUTH A. TENNANT.

FORDWICH TROUT

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to read that on February 23rd two very large specimens of the historic Fordwich trout were taken from the Kentish Stour just below Canterbury. They had apparently successfully negotiated the weirs at Sturry Mill, in their ascent to spawning grounds, only to meet with very low and stale water owing to the drought of the last few months.

Furthermore, the Stour Catchment Area Board, taking advantage of this unusually low water, are deepening the channel by the use of a mechanical excavator of the "grab" type. In consequence, what water there is going down is fairly heavily charged with mud, etc.—at any rate, very coloured. This would appear to have proved fatal to the trout at the critical spawning time. The fish, one of each sex, were taken from the water by Mr. Prosser, of the Mill House, Sturry, and measurements are as follows: Male, 40in.; female, 37in.

Mr. J. H. K. Blundell, chairman of our Association, exposed several films, and possibly a print may later be available. The hen fish appears to have commenced spawning, but still contained a fair quantity of fully developed ova. I can only give approximate weights, as the fish were *very* dead and most unpleasant to handle. Male, 12lb.; female, 10lb., both in poor condition; should have expected them in condition to weigh at least 50 per cent. more. Male with very pronounced beak and large head, but the female a slender, racy-shaped fish with a very decidedly small head for such a large fish.

As an Association we are sorry these fish should come to such an end, but are glad to have even this evidence of the survival in our water of fish which have been known since the time of the immortal Izaak. It seems strange that time after time these outstanding fish only come into the limelight when of no great interest to the man with a rod and line.

Reed Cottage, Thanington, Canterbury. Yours truly, W. A. JOHNSON, Hon. Sec. Canterbury and District Angling Association.

[It seems probable that the drought had prevented these large sea trout from running earlier as they would normally have done. Rivers of the south-east have shown a tendency of late years to produce an increased stock of sea trout, and it might well be worth while to try to improve the water with a view to restoring the old runs.—ED.]

LORD HAIG AND MACHINE-GUNS

SIR,—I notice that in a review of General Grove's book your reviewer is concerned to know the source from which, in my own book, *The Real War*, I obtained the fact of Haig's low opinion of the machine-gun in 1915.

This, originally, was taken from General Baker-Carr's book, *From Chauffeur to Brigadier*. General Baker-Carr, who was Commandant of the Machine Gun School in France, related that he put forward a proposal for an increase in the number of machine-guns, and that the file came back with the comment of the Army and Corps Commanders. "One Army Commander gave his opinion that 'the machine-gun was a much over-rated weapon, and two per battalion were more than sufficient.'"

At the time there were only two Army Commanders—Haig and Smith-Dorrien. After seeing General Baker-Carr's book I followed up the point and found Haig was the one responsible for this astoundingly unrealistic declaration.

The Athenæum, Pall, Mall, S.W. 1. Yours faithfully, B. H. LIDDELL HART.

[General Baker-Carr's book is not among the 400 or so authorities quoted by Captain Liddell Hart in the bibliography to *The Real War*.—ED.]

CONCENTRATION IN SHOOTING

SIR,—In these days of motors, flying machines and all the rush that they entail, there does not seem to be the same keenness among young boys to go out and learn to shoot—they are inclined to give it up if they cannot hit things, or at any rate, take less interest in it than we used to 30 or 40 years ago. I take it that the speed age we are in is largely to blame, for it breeds impatience.

There are two things above all that I think help enormously to make a fellow a fairly useful shot, provided his eyes are reasonably good and provided he has stuck to it and got over the preliminary disappointments of many misses:—

1. The ability to understand one's own psychology.
2. Concentration.

After about 35 years' experience of shooting of all sorts and conditions, it certainly is not easy to put one's finger on the spot and say exactly why this man is a good shot and that one indifferent; in some cases they have had the same chances of practice and have good eyes for games, but they cannot all shoot well.

The best shots are those who seem to take least trouble in aiming; in fact, they do not think about it, and the reason for this can be seen in the ordinary everyday experiences of those, like myself, who are one day greatly surprised at shooting specially well when we have a grouse butt with a short vision—just time to see the grouse and shoot, or a stand inside a covert, when the only chance to shoot is a snap shot crossing a ride. I remember once loading for a man in a grouse butt who was a very indifferent shot, and, after watching him, I suggested that, instead of standing ready with his gun placed over the butt like a machine gun, he should put it up against the butt in a place where he could pick it up quickly and shoot, when the time was ripe, as soon as he had got the gun to his shoulder. He has thanked me over and over again for that, and never ceases to mention it when I meet him.

Concentration is a most important part, and the fellow who goes out and has the type of mind to be able to think of nothing else but what he is doing at the moment will beat his fellow companions, given equal luck, if his companions are thinking at odd moments about the mechanism of fluid fly-wheel or carburettors, or—if they are a little older—stocks and shares.

About a year ago, in the columns of the *Field*, there appeared various letters on the subject, and how it was best to teach a boy to shoot. Some said teach him to swing; others said other ways.

What counts most in shooting is temperament, and a natural shot is a man who has a temperament fitted for quick movement between the brain and the finger tips, but how he develops it is a matter for himself to work out.

I am convinced that most young boys could develop into fairly useful all-round shots if they took it more seriously, and went about the early stages of their shooting career as if they were taking a lesson in golf and meant to get good at it.

Norfolk. Yours faithfully, "YEOMAN."

SHOULD AMATEUR RIDERS ACT AS N.H. STEWARDS?

SIR,—Many people, no doubt, will be startled by the suggestion that amateur riders should be prohibited from acting as stewards at various meetings under National Hunt rules. There is no doubt that the question has much to condemn it in every way. If an amateur rider, who is also acting as a steward of the meeting, frequents, as he does, the various dressing rooms he will hear such comments as "never had a chance," "was winning 10 minutes but So-and-so crossed me," "I think there was some Johnny Armstrong about that last race."

We may take it then that the amateur rider hears much of the inside history of each race in the dressing room, and therefore he does not come to the inquiry which the stewards may hold as to the running of a certain horse with an entirely free and unbiased mind. He has ridden in races himself, he knows exactly what goes on in those races, and he has heard the conversations in the dressing room. Why, then, should he act as a steward with his mind biased and his judgment automatically upset? Why should he? Surely the question cuts both ways? If there were not amateur riders of standing to look after the interests of sport under National Hunt rules, I am afraid that the great winter game would lapse and fail entirely. The pen would have to be put through the names of at least half the stewards of meetings under National Hunt rules. And then the amateur rider of the present day with his Bentley car and his aeroplane is far too busy a man to act as a steward at many meetings.

In reality he only cares about riding his own horses in their races and leaving the meeting directly afterwards. Some few, in the absence of others, are called upon to act as stewards, and in this way I think executives are wrong in deciding upon them, even though their forbears may have acted in similar positions in the golden age of steeple chasing.

Diana Lodge, Oxted, Surrey. Yours faithfully, WILLIAM FAWCETT.

TERRIER FREAKS

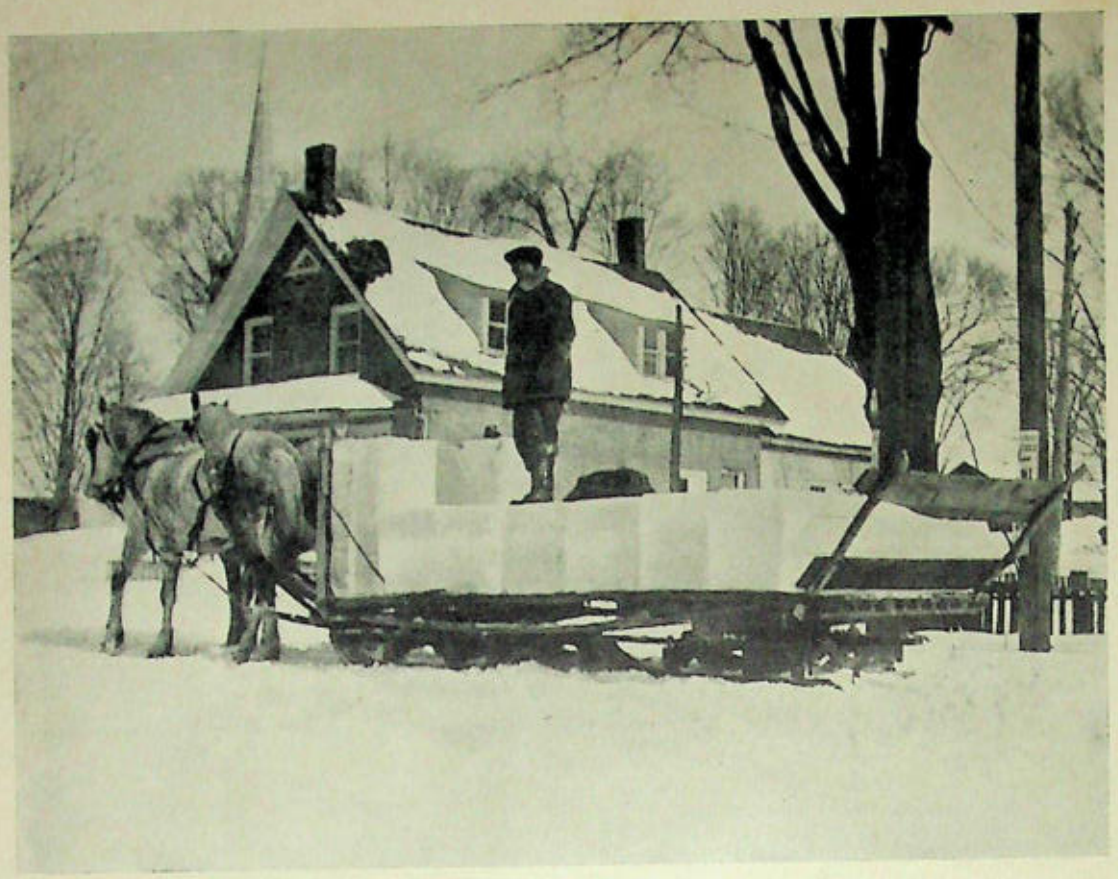
SIR,—I made a point of attending Cruft's great show, at the Agricultural Hall, as, apart from the general interest which I take in dogs, I was particularly anxious to see how far the complaints of Major Harding Cox and another correspondent were justified. I had every opportunity of forming an unbiased opinion. There they were, all these "terrier freaks," with long, weak jaws, of greyhound length; narrow, rounded skulls and, in many cases, semi-erect ears, as so graphically described by Major Harding Cox.

On the second day the last named was one of the three experts appointed to judge the important "all-in" classes. The others were pointed out to me as Lorna Countess Howe and Mr. A. Croxton Smith, both of whom are well known to readers of the *Field*.

There were several wire-haired foxterriers competing. I was curious to see how they would fare under these three world-famous judges. I was expecting an accentuated difference of opinion, such as would necessitate an appeal to the official referee, but lo! and behold, all three were obviously in perfect accord as regards the long-jawed wire-hairs, for after a cursory glance they were all bundled out of the ring without even being "placed"!

As founder of the original Foxterrier Club (which accepted both varieties in its fold), as breeder, exhibitor and worker, Major Harding Cox's opinion as a judge must carry enormous weight, and may even induce the breeders and exhibitors of the "freaks" to "take in a reef" when "nose-enders" are too obtrusive!

St. Cyr, Jersey, C.I. Yours faithfully, DAVID DE BUNQUIEZ (Lieut.-Colonel).



ON THE WAY TO THE WOODEN OUTHOUSE
(See Letter "The Summer's Ice Supply")

THE SUMMER'S ICE SUPPLY

SIR,—As the attention of the public is being drawn to the reports of the intensely cold weather which is now being experienced in America, I thought the enclosed photograph might prove to be of some interest to your readers.

In the little Canadian villages it is customary in the winter to lay in a store of ice for use later on in the year. The ice is cut with a powerful circular saw into enormous brick-shaped blocks about 22in. thick.

The photograph shows a sleigh load of blocks returning from a lake in the vicinity—out of which they have been cut—on the way to the wooden outhouse, where they will be stored in sawdust until required.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. CROSS.
Newstead, Cart Lane,
Grange-over-Sands.

WHITE LAPWING

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a rather interesting variety of the lapwing, which was shot while flying with a flock of black-headed gulls at Lytham on January 5th. Except for a typical head, breast and tail, and one or two normal wing feathers, the bird is white.

Yours faithfully,
J. R. CHARNLEY.
Preston.



GULL-LIKE, AND CONSORTING WITH GULLS
(See Letter "White Lapwing")

FEEDING NUTHATCHES AND SQUIRRELS

SIR,—For the last ten years I have always had a supply of coconuts, ordinary small nuts, and crumbs of bread outside the dining-room window, throughout the winter, for the benefit of numbers of birds, always including at least two nuthatches, and several of the dear old red squirrels. Up to two years ago I never saw a nuthatch bother about anything except small nuts or coconut. However, two of these birds suddenly took to carrying off small pieces of bread in preference to the nuts, and they have continued the habit without, however, deserting their more natural food. They seem to like variety at times.

One of the squirrels has become very tame, and coming into the dining room will take nuts from one's hand.

I used to give myself a lot of unnecessary trouble by sawing the coconuts in half, a lengthy and sometimes painful method. Some kind friend gave me the right tip, which is to crack round the middle of the nut with a cold chisel and hammer; I use a steel case opener. This operation takes about half a minute and gives one two clean halves. Before cracking the nuts I open two of the holes at one end with a 4 in. French nail, to drain out the milk, and later punch a couple of holes through the shell of the other half with the same nail.

A snare wire threaded through each set of holes is convenient for hanging up the nuts, and the same wire will last through a winter.

Yours faithfully,
LEWIS BIRCH.
Rowden Abbey,
Bromyard, Hereford.

ROOSTING STARLINGS

SIR,—When I was living in Hertfordshire a covert of about 20 or 30 acres was invaded by an enormous flock of starlings, which, as is always the case, turned out both fox and pheasant.

I had seen in the *Field* a suggestion that fireworks would cure the evil, so I attached some ordinary squibs and crackers to trees in various parts of the covert and quietly lit them after the starlings had settled for the night. This I repeated a second night, and they never returned. I tried the same experiment with equal success when I first came to live in East Kent.

I suggest this is an almost simpler method than that proposed by either of your correspondents.

Yours faithfully,
S. ARTHUR PETO.
Down's Court,
Sandwich,
Kent.

ALLOTMENTS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

SIR,—We are anxious that every unemployed man should know that we are in a position to offer substantial help towards getting to work on a bit of land where he can grow vegetables for the family.

With the help of the Government, we have got together a fund out of which we are able to offer seeds, potatoes, tools and fertilisers at greatly reduced prices. Not only unemployed men and women, but those who are recovering from a bout of unemployment, or are seriously impoverished, can participate in the scheme, which need not affect unemployment pay.

A hundred thousand unemployed men have already been helped, and it is hoped this year largely to increase that number.

The planting season will soon be here, and there is not much time to lose if the full benefit of early planting is to be ensured.

For an unemployed man to get an allotment is very simple. Any person who desires one should apply at the Town Clerk's office, which should be able to give addresses of the Secretaries of the local Allotment Associations, who will be able to give all particulars. Information may also be obtained from the manager of the Labour Exchange. If it is not easy to find out anything about the local Allotments Association, or if there is any difficulty whatever, a postcard addressed to: The Allotments Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W. 1., will bring a prompt reply, with full information.

On behalf of the Allotments Committee,
Yours faithfully,
JOAN MARY FRY — JOHN H. ROBSON
FRANCIS D. ACLAND — S. T. ROSBOTHAM
PHILLIMORE — ARNOLD S. ROWNTREE.
Friends House,
Euston Road, London, N.W. 1.

VALENTINE'S DAY

SIR,—In your editorial note, "Valentine's Day," it would appear that very persistent north-east winds have existed in England.

In direct contrast to this it is interesting to note that for the past month in this locality (Cork Harbour) there has been exceptionally still, calm weather with abnormally high barometer readings ranging between 30.20 and 30.85. On St. Valentine's Day it reached the highest point.

There has been a strong inclination towards north-east winds, both in local "colouring" and in temperature (which has been about 43 deg.), but the wind never rose above light airs.

All birds have been active, and singing lustily, except the blackbird, from whom I have heard only one "pipe" so far.

Yours faithfully,
T. H. DE H. SMYTH
(Captain).
Rathcoursey,
Midleton,
Co. Cork.

SEA TROUT CAUGHT ON PASTE

SIR,—On February 19th I went to the pool below the mill at Efford, on the Avonwater (not Ifford on the Avon), to try for roach for pike bait. The water being low and gin-clear, I discarded a float and used only a cast with a tiny hook and paste.

At the first cast I got a roach; at the next, a sea trout kelt about 2¼lb. I slid this back undamaged, and at the next cast got another roach. At the next, another smaller sea trout kelt—about 2lb. I put this gently back, and immediately after got an apparently fresh-run sea trout of about ¾lb., which, of course, I also put back.

I have never moved a sea trout with *paste* before, and three in the same pool (probably all there were there) in 20 minutes seems to me inexplicable.

Yours faithfully,
R. U. B. CLAYTON.
Beach Warren
Milford-on-Sea,
Hants.

STILL HUNTING AT 26

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of an extraordinarily good old hunter mare, Brown Bess, as I thought it might interest you. She is 26 years old.

Bred on the Yorkshire wolds and bought as a six-year-old in January, 1914, out of the York and Ainsty country, she was then hunted with the Atherstone and Fernie hounds.

She lay out in the fields during the war, and has been hunted every season since, mostly with the Atherstone. This photograph was taken in January last, when the South Atherstone met in the next village, Leire. Hounds found at Frowlesworth Old Covert, two miles to the left of where she is standing, and crossing the next field behind her ran on three miles to the right of this picture to ground in a railway embankment. She jumped many fences, being well up, and never put a foot wrong.

Yours faithfully,
H. H. R.-AIKMAN.
Dunton Bassett,
Rugby.



A TRUE AND HONEST TYPE
(See Letter "Still Hunting at 26")

SHOW BENCH TERRIERS

SIR,—Your correspondent J. R. Blain would seem to have missed the letter which I wrote in support of the strictures passed upon the show bench foxterrier.

Had he not done so, he would have understood that neither Colonel Campbell Colquhoun nor myself take exception to pedigree foxterriers (of either variety) as such, but to a most regrettable development of one particular point at the expense of the long recognised type and anatomical harmony of the breed.

For my own part, I fully recognise the general quality and bodily balance and excellence of the "understandings" of the average show foxterrier, but where the "wire-hairs" are concerned the freakish anti-eugenic experiments which have produced a fore-face quite out of proportion to the length of the skull from occiput to the inner corner of the eye should be severely condemned and discouraged by all who base their standard of all-round beauty and efficiency on that which was accepted a decade ago.

This craze for Borzoi-like "snouts" following that which transformed the time-honoured collie into a mere "good-looker" should never have been tolerated by the really efficient foxterrier judge.

Yours faithfully,

Garrick Club, W.C. 2. HARDING COX (Major).

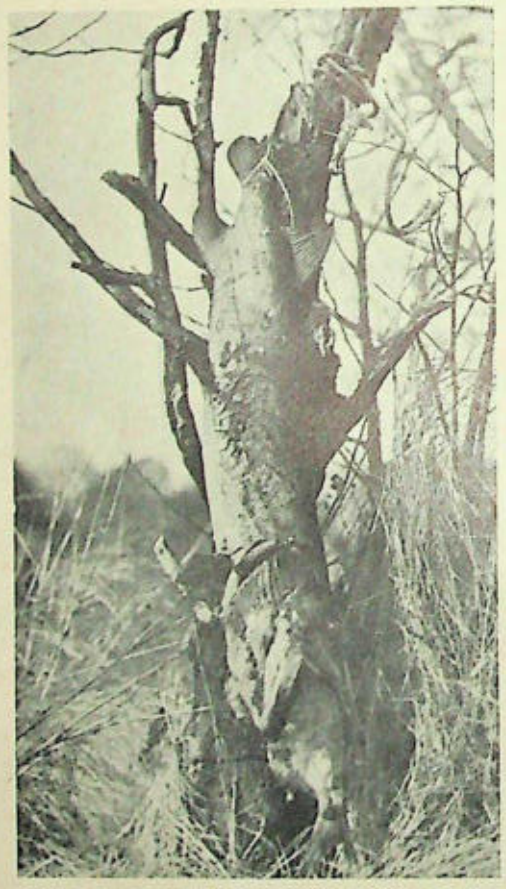
PIKE CHOKED BY BREAM

SIR,—While crossing a small detached area of water in East Norfolk, on February 10th, I saw a dead pike lying in the water. On dragging it out, the cause of its death was disclosed in the shape of a bream fixed between its jaws. The pair weighed 19½lb., and as they had been dead for a considerable time their combined weight alive must have been a good deal larger.

The sheet of water does not average 18in. deep, and does not reach 3ft. except in a few isolated spots.

Yours faithfully,

Norfolk. W. P.



MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW
(See Letter "Pike Choked by Bream")

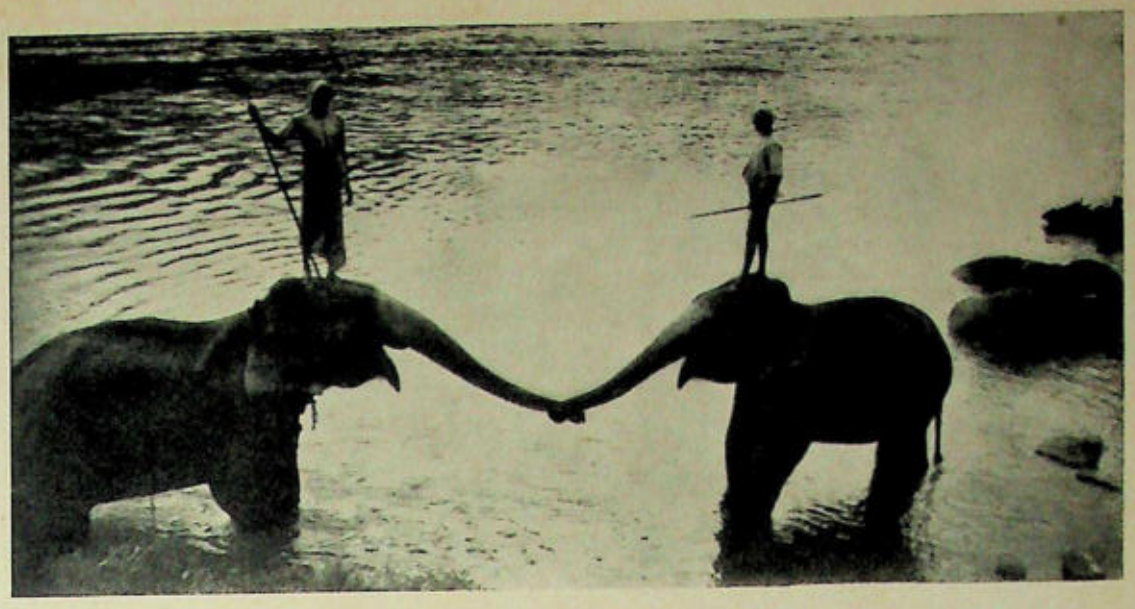
SACRED ELEPHANTS

SIR,—I am sending a snapshot of two of the sacred elephants belonging to the Temple of the Tooth, Kandy, Ceylon. These elephants are used in the Perahera, or great religious procession, that takes place in Kandy every year in August, and they are decked in elaborate trappings for the occasion. At ordinary times they do more utilitarian work, and every afternoon they are bathed in the river. This ceremony is carried out by the mahouts in much the same way as a small boy is bathed by his nurse, scrubbed all over, ears cleaned, and so on.

A strong and sympathetic understanding exists between the elephants and their mahouts, who make them perform various tricks which the animals themselves appear to enjoy as much as the onlookers. I saw one, under orders, pretend to be lame and limp along on three legs, holding the fourth in the air, a twinkle in his sly little eyes.

To attain the position shown in my photograph the two mahouts raised themselves by twisting their long poles through the elephants' trunks and climbing up them, after which orders were given to join trunks, a command which was instantly obeyed, and which resulted in my picture.

13, Crick Road, Oxford. Yours faithfully, ELENOR M. B. BUTLER.



"ORDERS WERE GIVEN TO JOIN TRUNKS"
(See Letter "Sacred Elephants")

THE MYSTERY OF SCENT

SIR,—I notice that Mr. Budget, in his book *Hunting by Scent*, when referring to the scent given off by gamebirds, makes no reference to the fact that golden plover are supposed to give off no scent whatever.

I have seen many of these birds shot, but I have never seen a retriever wind one, and although I have seen them picked up on many occasions, in each case it has been by sight. It would be interesting to know if others have noticed the same thing. Of course, few handlers would be aware, when their dogs picked up golden plover, that they had done so entirely by sight.

A possible explanation may be that a wounded golden plover never runs (although I am not certain of this), and if it tended to give off little scent anyway, and only squatted or lay still when shot, it would be very hard to find with a dog, as it would not lay a trail of faint scent, as other running gamebirds do.

Yours faithfully,

Horsham, Sussex. ERIC DE LA RUE.

A FEATHERED "HEDGEHOG"

SIR,—On February 10th, I happened to be walking across a grass field with a couple of terriers and a greyhound. The old greyhound was trotting on ahead of me about 100yds. away, when I suddenly saw what appeared to be a hedgehog running straight for the dog. When it got close up to him it jumped at his face, and was caught in his mouth. The old dog started to bring it back to me, but dropped it when about 50yds. away, and it flew away unharmed. I then realised that it was a partridge, its hedgehog-like appearance being due to the way it puffed out its feathers.

This, I thought, was very unusual, as there was no other bird near, and there was absolutely no cover in the field at all, the fence round the field being a wire one. If this had been the nesting season I should have thought nothing of it.

Yours faithfully,

Hythe, Kent. G. S.

RIDING WITH A LOOSE REIN

SIR,—Mr. B. B. Hutchinson, in your November 11th issue, strikes the keynote of the above, *i.e.*, "a free head to look after their own feet." During twelve years as a mounted policeman in South Africa, I found that nearly all Colonial-bred mounts, Boer ponies and "walers" especially—*not* Argentines—were better left to look after themselves when galloping over veld honeycombed with "meerkat" holes; both hands held—without feeling the horse's mouth—low down near the withers to assist recovery in the case of a "peck."

Two instances stand out. The first in June, 1901, while scouting on the veld near Jackson's Drift, outside Johannesburg. A corporal and two of us (troopers) saw some Boers leaving a farmhouse two miles away from a kopje top on which we were. I was riding a partly broken waler. We galloped down that kopje-side at a pace I hate to think of now, the corporal yelling to us "Sit still and keep your hands down!" I was scared stiff, but managed "to stay on top" and do as I was told. My mount wriggled, twisted and bucked continually without putting a foot wrong, and at the finish sailed over a rolled-up wire fence. The other trooper, riding an English imported mare, came an awful purler. We lost our Boers. Some three years later, when returning late one moonlight night to Buffelsdoorn 660 Police Post, through Goedgevonden 280, my fellow trooper put up a jackal. Away we went, all out, and my Boer pony, with a free head (not sloppily loose) to "care for his own feet," never faltered or made a mistake, and the waler my friend was riding behaved quite as nicely. Generally speaking, one can ride a Colonial mount over "holed" country with safety, where an English horse would undoubtedly come to grief.

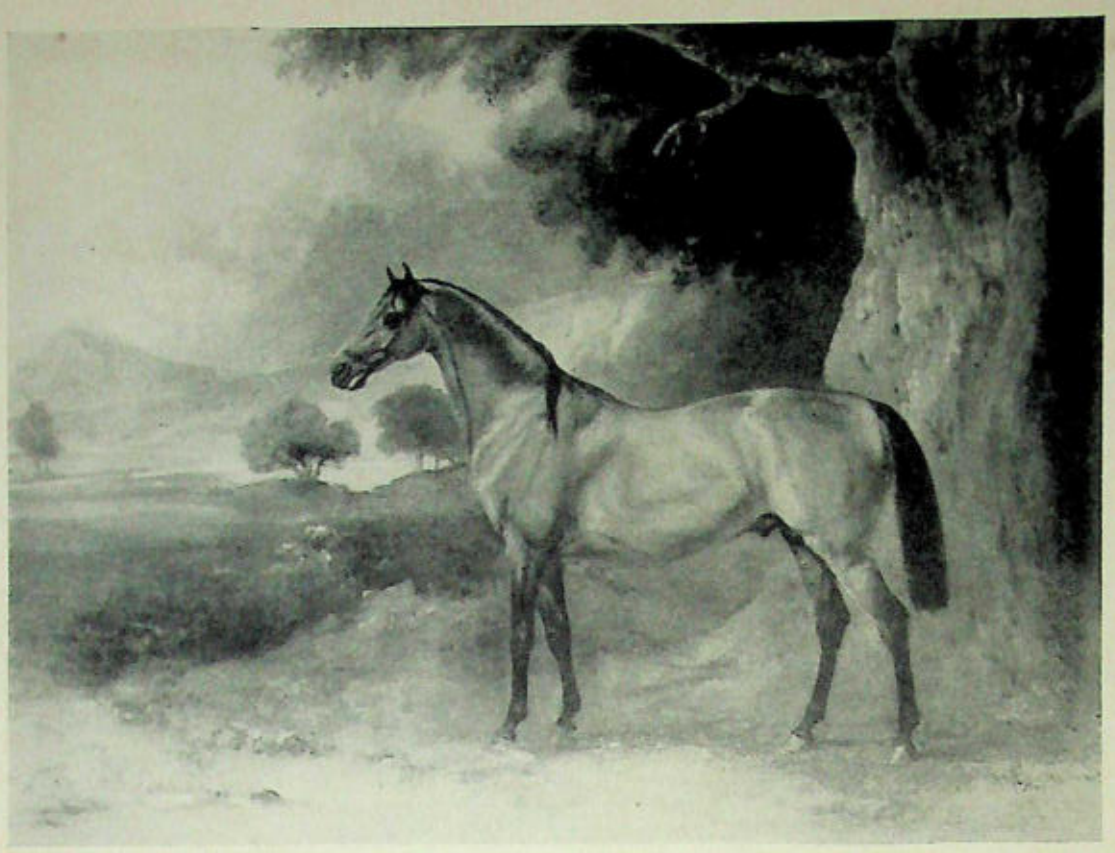
Yours truly,

FRED. J. GORTON.
(Late Trooper No. 1087, 12 Troop, "A" Division, South African Constabulary, Transvaal).
Kiwafu Estate, P.O. Mukono, Uganda.



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S
THE ONLY MATURED
DRY GIN



OBVIOUSLY AN ANIMAL OF GREAT MERIT, BUT WITHOUT A NAME
(See Letter "Portrait of an Unknown Horse")

PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN HORSE

SIR,—Possibly the enclosed photograph of an oil painting by John Fernley may be of interest to some of your readers. The canvas is 39in. by 31in. and signed J. Fernley, Melton Mowbray, 1835. (The signature is just discernible in the bottom right-hand corner of the photograph.) I bought the picture, which was unframed and in a very bad state, at the sale at Coombe Abbey, one of the seats of the Earl of Craven, about ten years ago, and had it carefully restored and re-backed. Unfortunately the name of the horse is unknown to me, though it was presumably an animal of some consequence for its portrait to be painted. It is certainly a good-looker.

Yours faithfully,
Walsgrave Hall, near Coventry, Warwickshire. W. L. WAKEFIELD.

BIRDS AND COCONUT

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that the greater spotted woodpecker, or at least one of that species, does include coconut in its diet. For the last few weeks one of these birds has come regularly, generally about 8 a.m., to feed on a half-coconut suspended within 8ft. of my dining-room window. It hangs on like a nuthatch or tit, and has a good breakfast unless disturbed. Of course, it is much shyer than the other birds; but I have watched it at work for five minutes at a time. The two halves of a coconut are hung about 4ft. from the ground on the tops of metal rails, bits of an old iron hurdle.

I can find no mention in the works of Bewick or Buffon of this bird being other than insectivorous, although both the late Lord Lilford in his *Birds of Northamptonshire* and the Rev. C. A. John in *British Birds in their Haunts* state that it is supposed to eat nuts, though this habit had not then been verified.

Yours faithfully,
Rowden Abbey, Bromyard, Hereford. LEWIS BIRCH.

SQUASH RACKETS

Final Positions in the Bath Club Cup

FOR the first time since the season 1928-29, the Bath Club won the championship in the Bath Club Cup competition which finished last week. Their lead of eight points over all other clubs in the first division, leaving the R.A.C. (holders), the Conservative Club and the Queen's Club to share the second place, is not difficult to explain, although a trifle surprising when we remember that at the end of the first half of the competition the R.A.C. had a clear lead of three points. Since Christmas, however, many changes in the compositions of teams have taken place, and the R.A.C. in particular suffered so badly that after scoring thirteen points in the first half, they were able to add only two more in the second.

Before Christmas the full team of the Bath Club was T. C. S. Haywood, Dr. J. C. Gregory and R. C. Greville. So well, however, did Gregory play in the Amateur Championship, that he earned fully his promotion to first string. He is the most improved player of the year. It is said that his main fault is lack of concentration; but this hardly describes his play, which is brilliant in patches and then painfully inaccurate. He has brought a great personality to the game, and squash rackets, never very spectacular, is the richer for it. A great disappointment was the inability of K. C. Gandar Dower through illness to play against Gregory for the Queen's Club. After a long absence from championship play Gandar Dower has returned, showing plainly that he has lost none of his old skill.

In spite of scoring six points in the second half of the competition, the Bachelors' Club, who have been strengthened lately by A. G. Hazelrigg as third string, and the good play of G. N. Capel Cure, must return to the second division. Their place will be taken by Prince's Club, who return to the first division after an absence of three seasons. Prince's won the second division by the same margin as the Bath Club won the first: they scored 23 points to the Junior Carlton Club's 15, and maintained a lead which they held throughout the season. W. Ross-Skinner, R. W. Beadle, R. Still, G. R. Nugent and P. C. Samuelson, all represented Prince's with success.

In this division also there was some upset of form, for at Christmas it seemed very unlikely that the Union Club, with the gallant C. Browning still in the side, had any reason to fear relegation to the third division. They have had bad luck, since many matches have only just gone against them, and their ill-success has been due largely to the manner in which the Royal Aero Club, for whom R. G. Bullen has lately been playing very well, and the Army and Navy Club suddenly recovered their prestige.

The third division presents a very uneven picture. The United Service Club will go up, having scored 26 points out of a possible 30. Close behind them are the Naval and Military Club with 24 points and the Badminton Club with 20. Then, comes a long break in points before we reach the United University. The unfortunate Caledonian Club, if it is not too unkind to mention, scored a total of two points, one of them by default.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are appealing for help for an old gentleman of 80 who is trying to eke out an existence on 10/ a week, his old age pension. The son of a country doctor, he served for five years in the Merchant Service and then was obliged to retire owing to heart trouble. Until the Boer War he managed to live on a small income derived from dividends, which dwindled so much that he had not enough to exist on. He had a small job selling books on commission, but now his health makes continued work impossible. The Friends of the Poor appeal for donations to make this old gentleman a small weekly allowance of 5/- to 10/- a week.

IN THE CITY

ALLIED IRONFOUNDERS

SLUM clearance, together with the improvement in general business, has occasioned a considerable increase in activity in the building trade. Allied lines of business are in consequence undoubtedly experiencing reflected benefit, and thus the 6 per cent. Convertible Debenture stock of Allied Ironfounders seems worthy of consideration.

This concern was organised in 1929 as an amalgamation of a number of leading companies engaged in that branch of the iron trade producing cast-iron goods mainly for use in the building trades. The products of the company's subsidiaries are varied, and include castings for drainage purposes, fireplaces, stoves and ranges for cooking and also enamel baths. The issued capital of Allied Ironfounders consists of £732,000 in 6 per cent. convertible Debenture stock, £994,000 in 7 per cent. cumulative Preference and £991,000 in ordinary shares, both classes of shares being of £1 each. The concern is a holding company, so that its principle asset consists of shares in subsidiary companies which are included in the balance sheet at £2,652,000 as against total surplus assets of £2,800,000, or nearly four times the amount of Debenture stock outstanding. Similarly, the company's earnings are represented almost entirely by the dividends received from these investments, and even in such a bad period as the twelve months ending March 31st, 1933, earnings covered the interest and sinking fund requirements on the Debenture stock twice over as against a cover of about two-and-three-quarter times in each of the two previous years. In view of these factors and of the undoubted improvement in the company's business during the past year, the Debenture stock which is secured by a mortgage on all the investments and by a floating charge on the other assets may be considered an intrinsically sound investment.

At the present time the Debenture stock is offered in moderate amounts at £110 to show a current yield of £5 9s. per cent. A prospective purchaser, however, must allow for the fact that not only can the stock be drawn for redemption at par by a sinking fund which commences in December, 1935, but it may also be redeemed at £103 on January 1st, 1936, in which event the redemption yield would be rather less than 2 per cent. The low redemption yield and the possibility of a loss of ten points premium in the event of stock being called for the sinking fund are obvious disadvantages, but in the writer's opinion these are offset by the fact that up to July 1st, 1935, every £100 of stock may be converted into 90 fully paid ordinary shares. Consequently, a purchase of the stock at £110 gives the buyer a sixteen months' option on the ordinary shares at a price of 24/6, or only about 1/ above their current offered price. The ordinary shares changed hands at one time last year at 4/-, and the writer is not sufficiently courageous to recommend a direct purchase at the current price, even although the market anticipates that the company's earnings for the year ending March 31st, 1934, will represent about 10 per cent. on the ordinary capital. But the scope for a fall in the value of the Debenture stock is limited to a relatively small proportion of its current cost, and the conversion privilege, which will prove of considerable value if all goes well, invests the stock with scope for substantial capital appreciation. Supposing that the reports issued either in June this year or June, 1935, were sufficiently encouraging to cause the ordinary shares to rise to 30/-, the debenture stock should then be valued at about £135.

TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS

Last May it was pointed out that holders of Benguela Railway Debenture stock would undoubtedly be well advised to accept the offer of 6 per cent. "B" Preference shares of £1 each of Tanganyika Concessions; indeed, it was suggested that a purchase of these preference shares, then selling at 11/-, should prove profitable in due course. It will be recalled that the company has prospecting rights over a very big area in the Belgian Congo, but in so far as immediate earning capacity is concerned this is largely dependent on the copper mining activities of Union Minière du Haut Katanga. Since copper prices were somewhat better last year, the accounts of Tanganyika Concessions for 1933 may show some improvement, but holders of the company's preference shares should recognise that the large Rhodesian copper mines are now actually producing substantial amounts of copper, and since their cost prices are understood to be about the lowest in the world it seems likely that they will be able to dispose of their output to greater advantage than Tanganyika.

All things being considered, it seems that investors holding these Tanganyika Preference shares might well consider the advisability of being content with the profit that it is now possible to realise by a sale on the basis of the current quotation of 19/- to 20/-.

PACTOLUS.

ARMY'S RUGBY TRIUMPH

Navy Weak Amidships

THOUGH the Navy lost their annual Rugby match against the Army at Twickenham last Saturday by two goals and two tries (16 points) to a goal and a penalty goal (8 points), they deserved a special distinction for producing one of the very best tries of the season. In fact, I have not seen a better since the New Zealanders were showing us how to exploit tactical variations by the centre-field backs.

The move began from a scrummage in the Army half. The ball went from scrum-half (Hunter) to stand-off half (Elliot), who ran just far enough to draw his man without being tackled, and then gave a neat reverse pass for Hunter to take in his stride. He was through at once, with Elliot and the three-quarters well placed to execute a brilliant quick passing run which finally left Kirkby, the left-wing three-quarter, to run in unopposed. The rapidity of the movement obviously took the Army completely by surprise, and the way in which the three-quarter line swept down the field was a joy to see. Clearly this was no chance opening, but a pre-arranged plan, and it ought to have served as an object lesson to any players who were watching the match.

Unfortunately for the Navy, they had no other cards up their sleeves with which to surprise the Army. Their back play was uninspiring, chiefly because their half-backs, Hunter and Elliot, were overmatched by the Army pair, Dean and McCreight, who had a great afternoon together. Since his Sandhurst days, McCreight has been an unusually versatile player, and he was equally at home at stand-off half as in his more customary position at scrum-half. The skilful activity of him and Dean gave a kick to the Army back play which always made it look the more dangerous. It was a smashing run by J. A. Crawford that produced the first try—a very near thing it seemed, as Crawford was pushed over the touch-in-goal line—but one felt almost as great admiration for the audacity of E. J. Unwin, who after fumbling a pass badly and being brought down, got the ball again and almost walked through the surprised Navy men. When Dean slipped through and Sayers converted to give the Army an eleven points lead, the Navy made their best effort and produced their spectacular try after J. W. Forrest had kicked a very fine penalty goal. But another try by McCreight settled the issue deservedly enough in the Army's favour.

The Army forwards were more than usually interesting because in the scrummages they used variously the 3—2—3, the 3—3—2 and the 3—4—1 formation. They had a hard job to hold the strong Navy pack, but they did hold them fairly well, and it may be they are setting an example which other packs will soon be following. There are clearly possibilities in the ability of forwards to vary their formation successfully according to circumstances.

F. I. W.

A BOXER'S PATH TO FAME

Jack Petersen and His Programme

JACK PETERSEN has surmounted the first three hurdles of his once-a-fortnight fight programme with comparative ease. His two engagements during the next four weeks are by no means of the same calibre, and we should, at the end of the programme, have a very fair idea of his ability, and so should be able to form some settled judgment as to his prospects in the future.

Petersen's rise to fame was so meteoric that we all, more or less, lost our heads. In our saner moments we knew that he could not box well enough to beat any man with a fair knowledge of the art. We knew that he relied solely on punch and speed. His defeat by Len Harvey came as no great surprise. Has he improved since then?

Smith and Meen were no opposition at all, though the latter did score a knock-down. Crossley was a very different proposition. Petersen won, and inside the distance, which is an achievement against Crossley. But the latter, though a very fine defensive boxer, is no Harvey. Crossley made the young Welshman look foolish at times. In my opinion, were Harvey and Petersen to meet again now, the Cornishman would win with more ease than before. Can Petersen improve out of recognition by June?

He has only once in his career met a man with a real punch—Doyle—and then he was in trouble, fouls or no fouls. Ben Foord, his next opponent, is a very fine boxer and a very fair puncher. He should give Petersen a stern fight. Hower, the German, really can punch, and this fight should test our ex-champion to the utmost. Should Petersen win both these contests, I would like to see him matched with Doyle or Gains before meeting Harvey.

The Welshman is certainly the most promising young man we have yet produced, but let us not forget there are other men in the heavy-weight division with just as much right to advancement. Gains has every right to a return with Harvey; so has Petersen. Let them fight for the right. And do not let us forget Doyle.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.



JACK PETERSEN

LAWN TENNIS LEGISLATION

The Footfault Rule Under Review

THAT actual league of nations in sport, the International Lawn Tennis Federation, meets next Friday, March 16th. Forty-one national bodies subscribe to it, and four more (Kenya, Colombia, Estonia and Peru) are applying for affiliation this year. The annual deliberations of the Federation are usually not of a general interest comparable to the magnitude of its suzerainty of the game, but this year the South African Union is to face the meeting with the problem of the foot-fault, that incorrigible lawbreaker.

The Union's proposal is thorough, namely, to rescind the existing rule and to substitute the following: "The server shall throughout the delivery of the service keep both feet behind (*i.e.*, further from the net than) the baseline." This simple solution of a world problem appeals to the ordinary player and spectator, in whom the sporadic and sometimes apparently partial penalisations for breach now in vogue have raised mixed feelings. But legislation is a complex affair, and the assembled legislators may imagine vain things like a high jumper with both feet some 6ft. in the air behind the baseline, serving legitimately at the moment of impact, but landing several more feet past the baseline in a follow-up.

The Federation will have also before it the report of the 1933 committee appointed to review the rules relating to the amateur definition. Effect is to be given to any resolutions arising therefrom, and these will probably tend rather towards restriction than loosening. The position of the Federation is that while it is aware of what Mr. J. A. Batley calls "the clouds already beginning to appear on the horizon in a certain direction," its paramount mandate is to guard and preserve the amateur spirit of the game. It must bravely refuse, as it manifested last year, to recognise the demand for an open championship until public opinion throughout the world unreservedly declares for it.

Meanwhile the thin line between the amateur and professional must be strengthened as far as divergent local conditions permit. But in no event can the Federation be excused if it does not so act as to relieve the man in the street of the impression that commercial considerations colour its actions in connection with the amateur rules. The policy, adopted in the past, of shifting the responsibility on to the shoulders of the countries alleged to be concerned, is false. If there is a responsibility, it is international.



IS THIS YOUR PROBLEM?

"Dear Mr. Melross,

"I have been very much interested in your advertisements in the 'Field,' on which I hope you will allow me to congratulate you. I think they are a very clever piece of advertising.

"Now can I ask you a few questions about it?

"1. Suppose I invested £125 and bought a pair of foxes and was content to take no return for, say, four years, and allow my foxes to accumulate during that time. At the end of four years my stock should have increased considerably. Can you arrange it so that you take a proportion of the litters so as to provide you with profit and pay for their upkeep, leaving me at the end of the four years with say, for example, ten pairs (I expect this is much too optimistic)? Would you then be prepared to pay me £12 10s. per pair per annum? Of course, it is ridiculous to expect such a return, but would you be prepared to consider any arrangements on the lines mentioned? I don't expect I shall leave the Army for a considerable time yet, but when I do I expect I shall have to follow some profession, and would like to hear about silver fox farming. Do you think that the industry will be overcrowded in say ten years' time?

"One more question. I quite realise that it would naturally take time to sell out if one wanted to get out of it, but would it be possible to dispose of one's interests, say, in a year?

"Even if my proposition is impracticable I would be glad to hear more about your own propositions as advertised in the 'Field.'

"Yours sincerely,

"_____"

The above is an extract from a letter which I received recently. Any other reader of the "Field" who is in a similar situation is invited to write to me.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject. All clients of Nithsdale have free shooting on a four thousand acres grouse moor.

The Country House

VIOLETS AND VIOLAS

Early and Late Flowering Favourites

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

OF all the scents of March the best are surely the fragrance of violets and the refreshing smell of newly-turned earth, better this month than in any other, though it is always a good smell.

The characteristics of violet scent are familiar to most people. The perfume seems to change in a curious fashion—first a fragrance so exquisitely clean and fresh that it is suggestive of cedar wood, and then the swift change to the dewy smell of a mossy bank. Then, and with almost equal swiftness, the scent seems to vanish. The flowers are, of course just as fragrant, and so far from having exhausted their scent, it is their scent that has exhausted our sense of smell.

The early herbalists were well aware of the soporific effect of violet scent, which they recommended for sleeplessness. In Askham's Herbal (1525) there is this remedy:

"For them that may not sleep for sickness, seethe the violets in water and at even let him soke well hys feete in the water to their ancles; when he goeth to bed bind of this herb to his temples and he shall slepe well by the grace of God."

Few other flower scents are so suggestive of ethereal music, especially the scent of wild violets. And sweetest of all is the scent of white violets, a fact Bacon noted long ago. Flower lovers through the centuries seem to have heard the fairy melodies of violet scent, and there is an old tradition that one day Orpheus, being weary, sank to sleep on a mossy bank, and where his lute fell there blossomed the first violets. Shakespeare knew their music, for did he not compare an exquisite strain to

"the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odour."

The violet would not be so beautiful if it held its flower the right way up. Two hundred years ago Sprengel, the great botanist, noted that this plant holds its flower upside down, and after studying it, he came to the conclusion that the reason for this posture, which adds so remarkably to the beauty of the flower, was to prevent rain damaging the pollen. But over three centuries ago Shakespeare had observed this fact, as is shown in his brief phrase "the nodding violet." Shakespeare used the word in the sense in which it was used in his day, *i.e.*, bending downwards. The violet does not nod its head in the modern sense of the word; but in a wind the flowers wag their heads, a fact Shakespeare emphasised in another passage:

"They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet
Not wagging his sweet head."

Countless flowers bend their heads slightly downwards, but Shakespeare evidently used the word "nodding" to describe a peculiar characteristic. He was always sparing in his use of adjectives in describing flowers, but with the instinct of a true countryman those he used emphasise some outstanding characteristic or quality.

It is interesting to remember that it was owing to a violet that John Bartram, the first great American botanist, was led to study flowers. One day he gathered a wild violet and examined it, and so much was he impressed with its beauty that he dreamt of it. Subsequently he became the greatest botanist in the New World and the founder of the first botanic garden there.

Violets are accommodating plants and succeed in most gardens, provided the atmosphere is pure. They cannot endure the atmosphere of towns. The soil they like is a rich loam with leaf mould, but heavy clay can be improved for them by incorporating plenty of sand, leaf mould and manure, and very sandy soils by incorporating clay and a generous supply of leaf mould. They cannot do well on soil deficient in lime. Violets abhor cutting winds, and though they like part shade, the earliest flowers are produced from crowns that have ripened early.

It is essential to procure plants from a first-rate firm, and it is best to buy rooted runners in April and plant them in a well-prepared bed in part shade. The crowns must not be buried. When in full growth soot is invaluable, though of course it must not be fresh soot. It has a deterrent effect on red spider, to say nothing of slugs and snails, and feeds the plants with valuable ammonia.

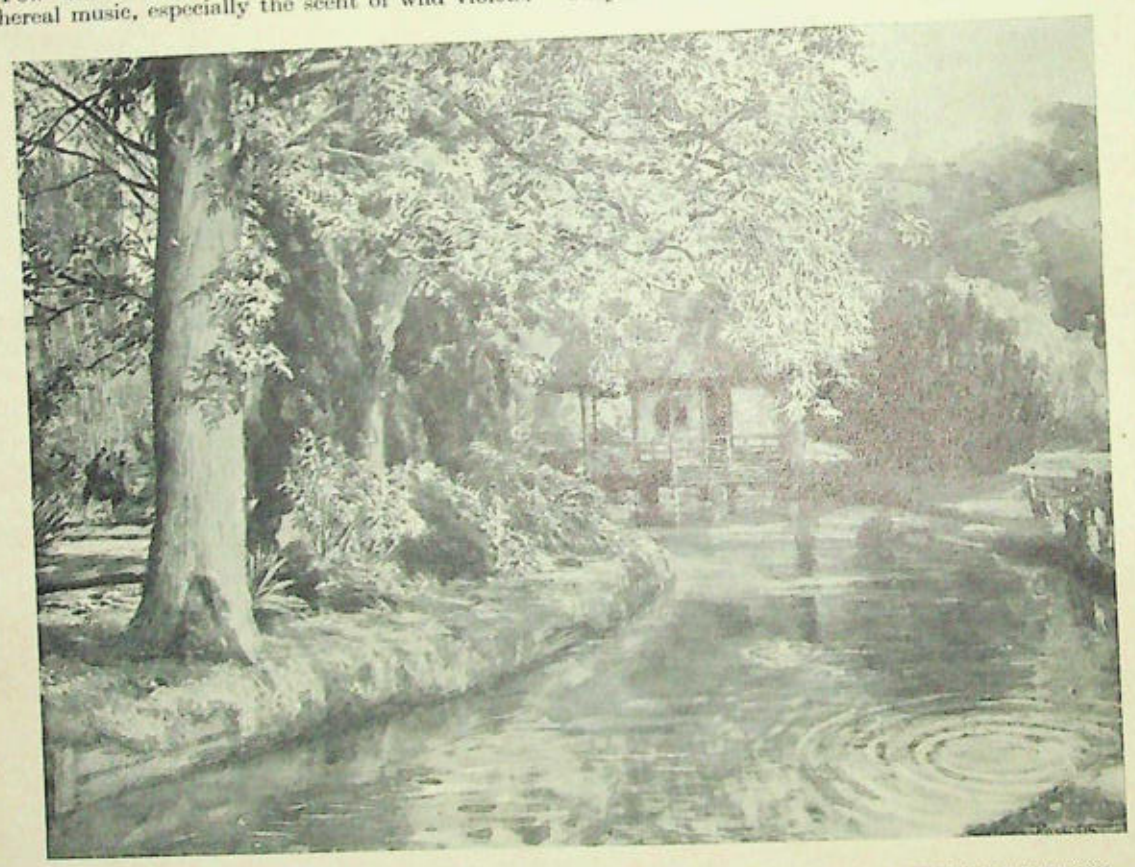
There are numerous new varieties, but the old favourites are still the best, notably Princess of Wales, deliciously scented, with large violet-blue flowers on foot-long stems, very hardy and vigorous. It does equally well both in the open and under glass. Cœur d'Alsace is a good rose-pink, delicately scented, free flowering and does particularly well in a rock garden. Admiral Avellan, an old favourite, has deep wine-coloured flowers and is very hardy and prolific. Princess Alexandra is an improved form of Admiral Avellan. Alassio is the largest of the whites. Sulphurea is a curiously pleasing yellow, but it is far from being a vigorous grower. The best yellow is *V. biflora*, but the flowers are small. Tina Whitaker has amethyst-coloured immense flowers and intensely fragrant, but this treasure is costly! The earliest of all is *V. semperflorens*, with small rich violet-blue flowers.

Then there are the violets that flower in May and June. The *V. cuculiata* hybrids all lose their leaves in winter—*V. cuculiata grandiflora*, with long-stemmed blue flowers; *V. cuculiata striata*, with rather smaller flowers, and the charming *V. cuculiata alba*—"White Ladies." But these North American violets are scentless. *V. blanda*, another American species, is scented, the flowers on 2-inch stems being snow-white. *V. biflora* is the little twin-flowered alpine violet. It requires a shady spot in the rock garden. *V. elatior* is the tallest of the European species, the soft blue flowers being borne on 9-in. stems.

The viola species and garden hybrids are expensive to buy by the dozen but cheap and easy to increase either by cuttings or from seed. Seed sown in shallow pans in spring gives an abundance of plants to set out in autumn. The lovely little Grecian *Viola gracilis* and the yellow varieties begin blooming in April and sometimes earlier, and continue to produce a profusion of flowers for months. The horned viola, *V. cornuta purpurea*, which flowers somewhat later, has a faint sweet scent. The pink-flowered *V. bosniaca* is compact in growth and very floriferous, but the stems are only about 3in. long. *V. arenaria* is a free-flowering, pink-flowered species very easy to grow. *V. biflora* needs a very cool, shady spot. *V. thuringia* is conspicuous, for the upper petals are deep mauve and the lower white. The minute *V. Wahlenbergia tasmanica*, with pale blue flowers, is only for the scree. Of the numerous garden hybrids Maggie Mott is still amongst the first favourites, not only for the lovely blue colouring but for the faint sweet scent of the flowers. Of modern introductions, few rival Arkwright's Ruby. "Ruby" just describes the colour of this beautiful viola.



VIOLA GRACILIS, WHICH BEGINS BLOOMING IN APRIL, PRODUCES A PROFUSION OF FLOWERS FOR MONTHS



THE JAPANESE GARDEN, HEALE HOUSE, SALISBURY, FROM THE PAINTING BY MISS BEATRICE PARSONS

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Arthur Greatorex, Grafton Street, W. 1, from the exhibition of "Garden Drawings" by Miss Parsons, which is being held at the Greatorex Galleries until the end of the month

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

PAINTINGS of gardens are rarely satisfactory, for the spirit of a garden is hard to capture on canvas. It is for this reason that a sympathetic artist such as Miss Beatrice Parsons, who knows her flowers as well as the gardeners who grow them, attracts so many visitors to the Greatorex Galleries in Grafton Street. She can recall all the brilliance of the Riviera's blossom or the quiet peace of a cathedral close, and from now till the end of the month many garden lovers will spend an hour or so anticipating spring and summer by gazing at the May flower of Oxford colleges, the deep blues and mauves of delphinium in Berkshire and Hampshire gardens, and the borders of the Close, Salisbury.



SPRING'S WELCOME PROSPECT OF RAIN: A SCENE ON THE MAIN LONDON ROAD NEAR SWINDON

MY NEXT ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD

Facts and Fallacies About Blue Bird's New Design

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

IF there is one subject more than another which I approach with diffidence, it is that of my next attempt to raise the world's land speed record above the present figure of 272.108 miles per hour. So many factors have to be considered that I feel, when reviewing them, that even to attempt to forecast results is a dangerous enterprise.

To design and build a car capable of a sustained speed of 300 miles an hour—which it is my ambition to achieve—is by no means a simple matter.

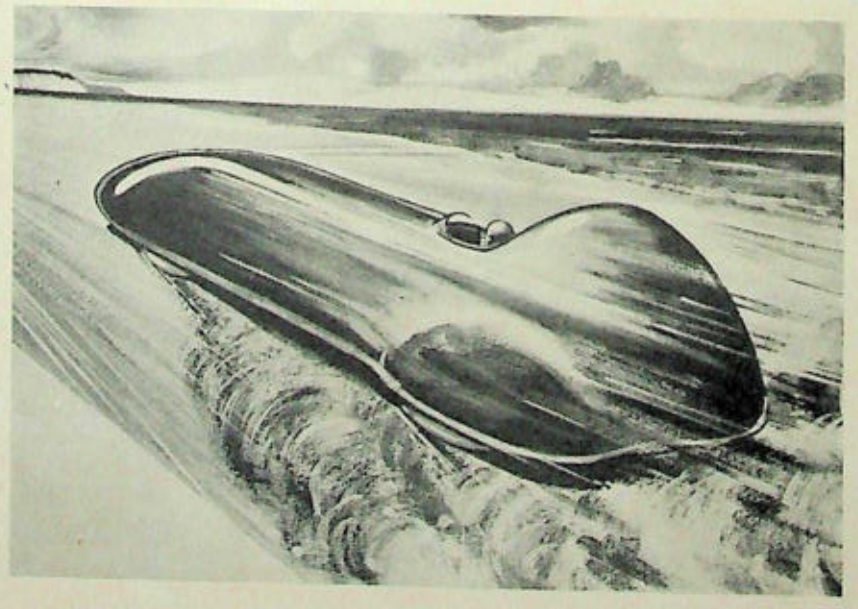
Many changes are now being made in Blue Bird's design, the cumulative effect of which will be that in theory at least she should be capable of reaching that 300 miles an hour which is my life's ambition. They are changes born of theory and experiment still to be proved by actual performance, and if present arrangements hold, that test will be made some time in the late summer in America.

At the moment I am advised that the best available track for very high speeds is on the bed of a dried-up lake in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, the surface of which is formed by hard-packed mineral salts which are said to form the almost perfect speedway. I have not personally inspected this surface. It may be all I am told it is.

On the other hand, it may prove quite unsuitable, and it is therefore possible that the attempt may have to be made once again on the sands at Daytona, where all my previous world's records, save the very early ones, have been made.

All kinds of stories have become current as to the new streamlining to be employed in building the body for my forthcoming attempt. Most of them are wide of the mark. It is true that certain theories have been tried out in wind-tunnel tests and some excellent data obtained. Some of the results will—I hope successfully—be embodied in the new body with which Blue Bird will be equipped for her next effort.

Whether that body will be anything like the impressionist picture which appears on this page even I cannot say at the moment. There can, however, be no harm in disclosing the fact that certain observations of insect flight have given rise to some new theories on streamlining that would have been voted highly unconventional if they had been seriously advanced a year or two ago.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF BLUE BIRD AT HER NEXT ATTEMPT

Some of the lessons learned in testing these new ideas have been applied in working out the new design, and my advisers and myself have more than a little hope that they will prove of considerable assistance in overcoming some of the adverse conditions with which the old car has had to contend when going for previous records.

The new body will at least have something in common with the artist's impression, since the wheels will be mainly inside the streamlining. Incidentally, it may be remarked that unshielded wheels and axles account for roughly half the head resistance area of a racing car.

One very important modification has been decided upon, and when later on I take the track for another attempt on the record, Blue Bird will be running on twin rear wheels. The main reason why this has been decided upon is that last year, when I was successful in raising the record to its present figure, I was badly handicapped by wheel-spin. This was a factor which on previous occasions I was practically able to disregard.

Of course, it must be borne in mind that I was using something like a thousand horse-power more than had ever been available for any of my records, and this alone would account for most of the trouble. Beyond that, however, there entered the factors of bad condition of the surface and increased head resistance. The last, I think, is the more important.

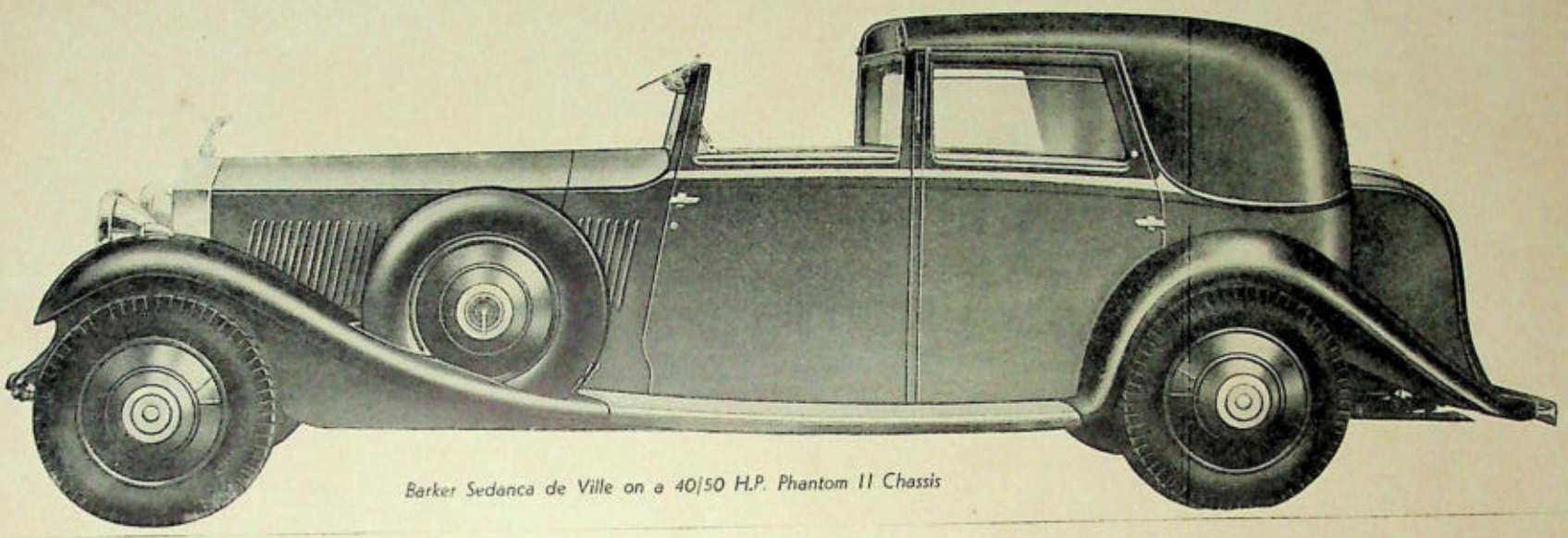
True, the actual speed attained was only 19 miles an hour more than that of the previous record, which may not sound like a very wide margin when considered in relation to the actual comparative speeds. It has to be remembered, however, that head resistance goes up as the square of the speed, so that when we are dealing with velocities in the region of 250 to 300 miles an hour, even a mile more or less becomes of importance in assessing the value of this factor of head resistance.

As a matter of fact, I believe that had it not been for this problem of wheel-spin, which was dangerously acute, I might have reached the 300 miles an hour mark last year. That being so, it becomes obvious that some measures had to be taken to eliminate, as far as possible, the disability of excessive wheel-spin. One way of arriving at a solution is clearly to increase the tyre area, and therefore the road adhesion of the driving wheels. How this is being done I have already indicated.

Will this duplication of the rear wheels prove effective? There again the answer can only be given on the day. That is the great trouble one is up against in all these matters. Everything in the shape of advance, whether it be in design or detail of the chassis or body, must of necessity be a mixture of theory and past experience, and the worst of it is that the percentage of theory must materially exceed that of practice.

You cannot tell whether the combination will work out as anticipated. All I can say is that nothing is being left to chance. Every advantage is being taken of the most advanced thought both on the engineering and the body-designing sides of the job, and if good old Blue Bird, who has never failed me yet, does not once more acquit herself with credit I shall be very deeply disappointed.

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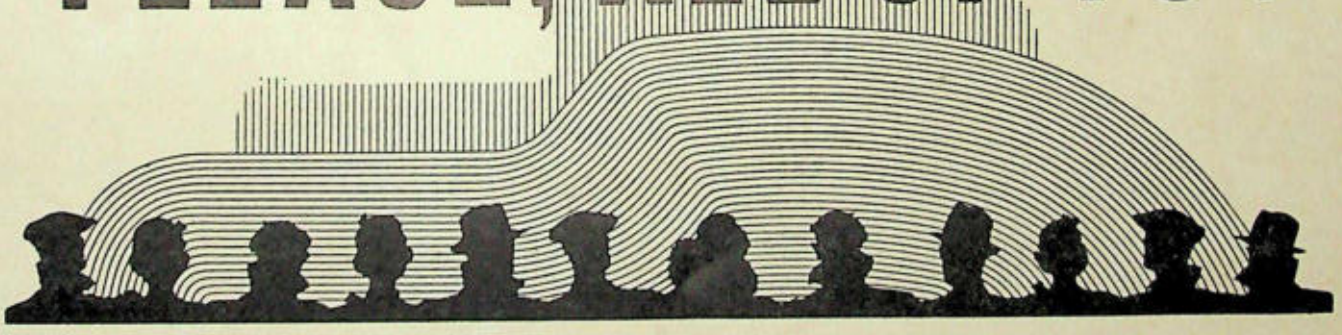
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is a form of transmission exclusive to Riley Cars, and is a combination of an automatic clutch and a pre-selective four-speed epicyclic gearbox. No other form of transmission offers so many advantages or is so acceptable to both novice or expert.

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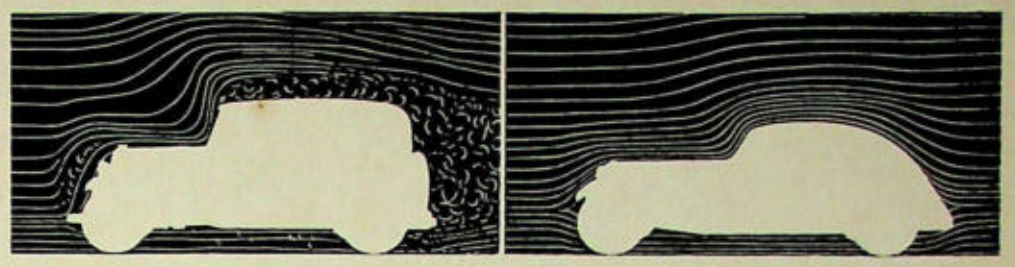
The 9 h.p. Kestrel from £325. The 12 h.p. Kestrel from £358. The 14 h.p. Kestrel from £385. A ten-model range. Triplex Glass and Dunlop Tyres standard.

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STREAMLINING AND COMFORT

The Acid Test of a Modern Tendency

By H. E. SYMONS



Cars of conventional and "aero-line" form, showing how streamlining eliminates air eddies and retardation, due to disturbed air currents

1934 marks the beginning of a new era in motoring history. In this year, for the first time, properly streamlined motor cars have been produced as standard models, and the public, of its own free will, has taken to them.

We are fast becoming accustomed to the new "aero line," the low roof and long, downward-curving tail. Its object is to reduce wind-resistance—the opposition put up by the air to anything moving swiftly through it—and thus liberate for purposes of propulsion much of the horse-power previously wasted in overcoming air-pressure.

It follows naturally that, at a given speed, less power is needed to drive a well streamlined form than an eddy-provoking "box-form" body. A corollary to this is that less petrol will be used to achieve a given performance.

Now that the ice has, so to speak, been broken, we shall see many car manufacturers and coachbuilders turning out "tear-drop" or streamlined bodies. To build a body of such a type is more difficult than it seems, particularly if the curves of the wings are not easily mated with those of the body. The vital factor, however, is the degree to which the body-builder has reconciled reduction of wind resistance with comfort and headroom.

There are two ways of streamlining a car; one is to design a suitable body for a more or less orthodox chassis, and the other is to start *de novo*, building a chassis which lends itself best to the streamlined form the complete car is eventually to attain.

Generally speaking, particularly with so many of the long-engined, long-bonneted modern cars, the fattest part of the body, which should theoretically be near the front, comes fully halfway between the wheels. Consequently only the rear half of the car can be properly streamlined, and the front is left, more or less, to take care of itself.

Few manufacturers, however, will go so far as to build a revolutionary type of chassis merely in order to obtain streamlining. The exception is the Crossley concern which, with the courage of its convictions, has put into production a streamlined car built according to Burney patents and having the engine behind the back axle.

This enables the whole of the body to be placed much farther forward on the chassis than is usual, and the ideal is attained of having the widest part of the body well forward, the engine (which, after all, is of no great width), being housed in the tail. As there is no propeller shaft from the engine in front to the driving axle at the rear, similar advantages to those obtained with front-wheel drive are enjoyed, and the floor, free from a propeller-shaft tunnel or other irregularities, extends uninterruptedly from door to door and is the lowest part of the car.

The result of such a layout is that despite its low over-all height, the car is entered like stepping into a room. The rear seat is placed well forward of the rear axle, and in conjunction with certain technical features which need not be discussed here, a hitherto unattained degree of riding comfort is obtained.

Perhaps the most notable example of correct streamlining on an orthodox chassis, allied with real comfort and convenience, is the Riley "Kestrel" Saloon, which can be obtained on all models from the 9 h.p. to the 14 h.p.

Although the widest part of the body does, in fact, come behind the halfway line between the front and rear axles, the sweep of the curving roof and sides has been so cleverly worked out that it does but continue the graceful line of the bonnet and the curves of the front wings.

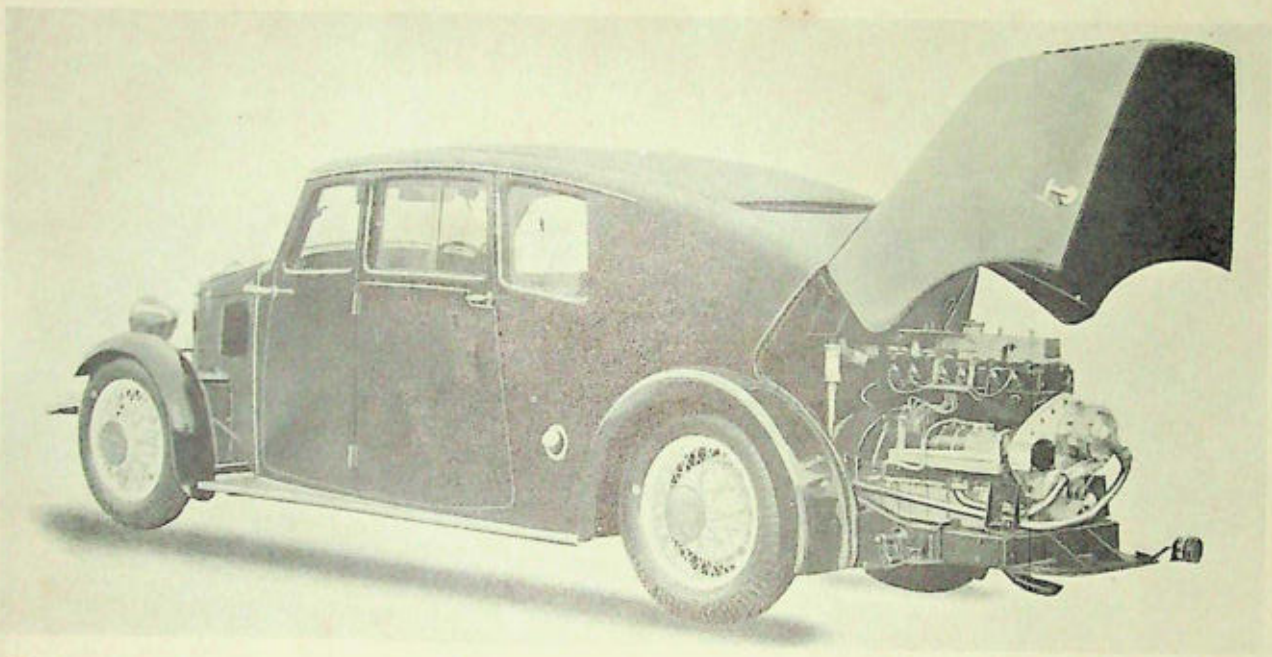
The seats are placed very low indeed, and by a clever arrangement of roomy foot wells, passengers in the rear seat sit well forward of the axle and are within easy chatting distance of the driver, without being in the least cramped for leg room. In this way adequate headroom and real riding comfort are obtained.

The Riley design is ingenious in that the compactness and easy handling of a car of normal design are obtained together with ample luggage accommodation and a means of carrying a spare wheel which does not detract from the wind-cutting form of the complete car.

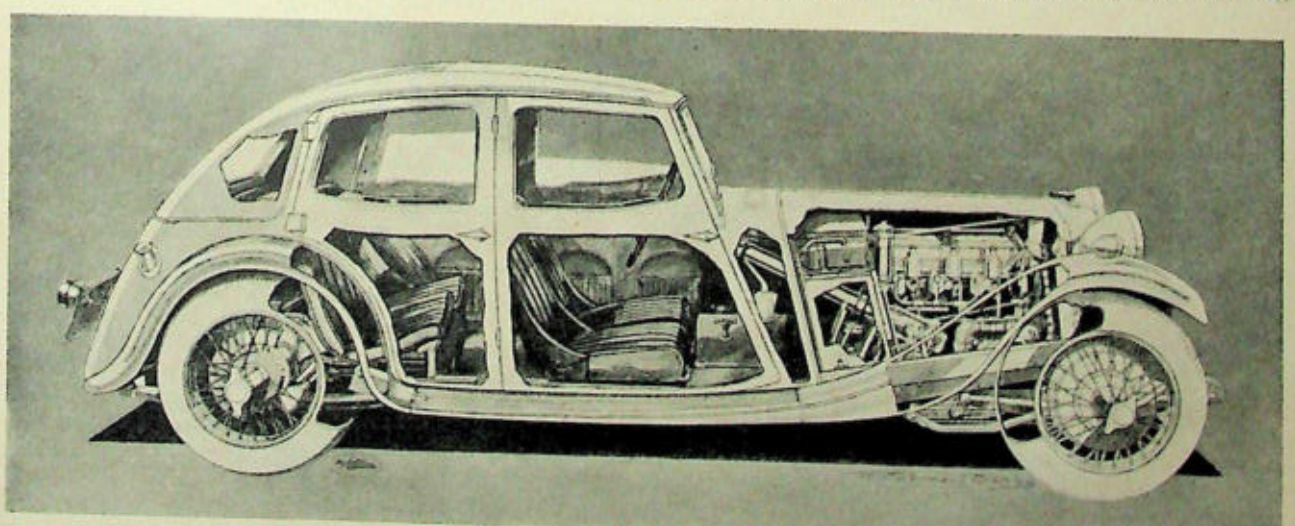
To go back for a moment to the technicalities of streamlining; it should be appreciated that a motor car of average size, which has a total frontal resistance equal to 23 square feet, needs only 11.776 h.p. to drive it at 40 m.p.h. But raise the speed to 60 m.p.h. and immediately 39.744 h.p. is required to propel it, while should it be required to increase the speed to 80 m.p.h., no less than 94.208 h.p. will be needed.

Now, it is obvious that whether the 94 h.p. is obtained from a large engine or from a small supercharged racing unit, roughly speaking the same amount of fuel will be required to drive the car a given distance at 80 m.p.h. But if the wind resistance of the car is reduced by decreasing its overall height, and subsequently by providing "aero-line" contours which allow the air to pass smoothly over it instead of causing eddies which tend to drag it back, a speed of 80 m.p.h. could be reached with an engine of far less horse-power.

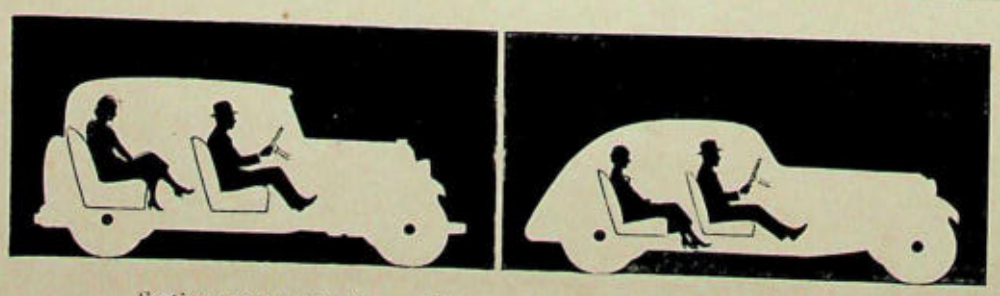
The appearance of a car is always a matter of opinion, but personally I think that the Riley "Kestrel" is the most graceful, best-looking attempt at streamlining a normal car that has yet been produced.



THE REAR-ENGINED STREAMLINED CROSSLEY
It will be noted that the one-piece bonnet gives full access to the engine



THE INTERIOR OF A STREAMLINED CAR
A sectional drawing of the Riley 12 h.p. "Kestrel"



Seating arrangements in an ordinary-type car and in the Riley "Kestrel"



THROUGH LEAFLESS ELMS ALREADY THICK WITH BUDS
A Standard "Nine" and a Standard "Ten" in Warwickshire

FITTING OUT FOR A SPRING TOUR

The Little Things That Make All the Difference

MODERN cars are so reliable that as often as not one just piles on the luggage and sets off, with no thought of a possible breakdown to mar the pleasure of the run. Yet, should bad weather overtake the motorist and he finds himself held up in pouring rain on some desolate moor, with a minor but irritating defect such as a choked filter or an oiled-up sparking plug, he may, by the time he has remedied the trouble, get such a wetting as will send him to bed with a chill when he should be enjoying his holiday.

Even the not-very-expert motorist can spend an interesting half-day or so going over his car, anticipating possible trouble and taking the necessary steps to prevent it. The petrol filters, for instance, are so efficient nowadays that many motorists drive thousands of miles without so much as looking at them; but, sooner or later, owing to the foreign matter that gets into the tank along with the cleanest petrol, the filter becomes filled-up with an aggregate of water, sand, fluff and tiny particles of paint which prevents a free flow of fuel to the carburettor.

Apart from the large filters on the petrol pumps or, on older cars, the Autovacs, there is usually a small strainer in the carburettor. Every filter or strainer in the petrol system should therefore be taken down and washed thoroughly in petrol before replacing.

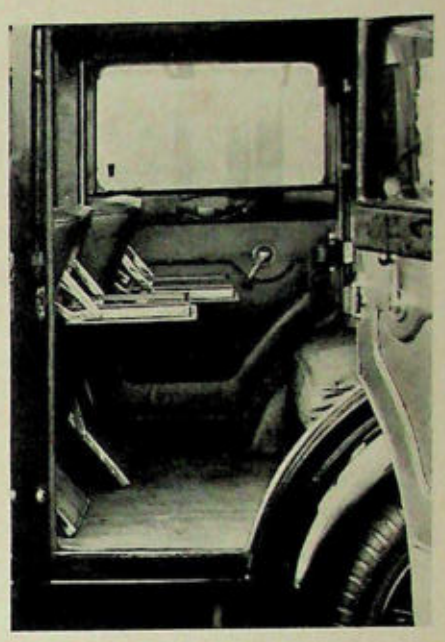
The sparking plugs should be removed and, if sooted up with a mixture of carbon and oil, taken to pieces and cleaned, the points being set subsequently to the correct gap, which can easily be checked, by the way, with one of those excellent little pocket gauges which the K.L.G. sparking-plug people supply. At the same time, the contact-breaker points in the magneto or distributor should be checked-over to see that the gap is correct. The high tension leads, in the case of old cars, may be perished, and therefore require replacing.

As far as the tyres are concerned, it is well worth while jacking up each wheel and turning it slowly, so that any nails or sharp flints embedded in the tread of the tyre may be extracted before they penetrate deep enough to cause a puncture.

Needless to say, the luggage-carrying question is important. Nothing is more uncomfortable than for the passenger-space to be taken up with bags and suitcases. Such excellent trunks can now be obtained to fit on the luggage grid, while light fibre suitcases of various sizes may be purchased to fit into built-in luggage containers, that there is really no excuse for carrying baggage in the space reserved for passengers.

Small matters which often escape attention when preparing a car for a trip, and which make a great difference to comfort, are the efficiency of the windscreen wiper and the correct focussing of the lamps. It is most unfair to one's passenger in rainy weather to have only a single-arm windscreen wiper. An additional arm is inexpensive to buy and easily fitted. As regards headlamps, these are, as a rule, easy enough to focus; the car should be taken out on a straight road after dark and the lamps adjusted until the best driving light is obtained.

The importance of having the brakes in perfect condition cannot be over-emphasised. In these days, when so many first-class garages have proper brake-testing plant, it is easy enough to run the car on to one of these and have the brakes adjusted, "while-you-wait," to act evenly on all four wheels. At the same time the car may be given a thorough greasing all over, the oil changed in the engine, gearbox and back axle and the springs squirted with penetrating oil.



FOR LUNCH EN ROUTE
A feature of the new Super Silver Crossley Saloon is the provision of tables in the back of the front seats

There is also a new process, originated by the Tecalemit concern, for making worn tyres non-skid. The cost of this is so small, and the feeling of security gained so great, that it is well worth the modest sum charged to have one's tyres dealt with in this manner. As a matter of fact, the Tecalemit Service of lubrication, tyre treatment and washing takes very little time, costs very little and saves the owner-driver no end of work.

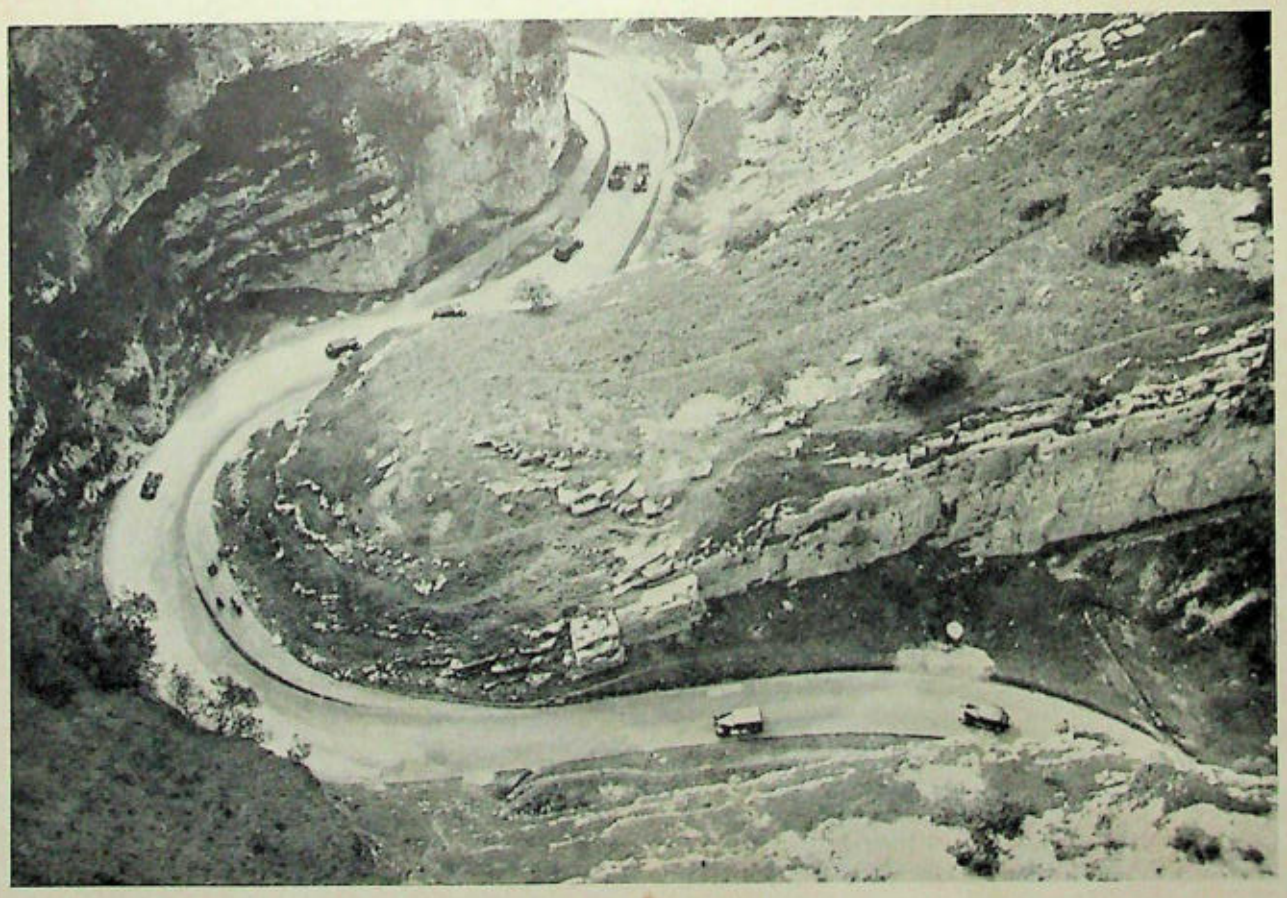
It is well worth while having the batteries looked at to see whether the fluid within them is of the correct density and sufficient in quantity, while it should be made certain that the dynamo is charging sufficiently to supply a small surplus even when all lamps are switched on.

Those intending to take their cars abroad may safely place all arrangements in the hands of the R.A.C. or A.A., and in this connection it is interesting to note that a new system has just been worked out whereby the motorist need only deposit £20 against the issue of customs papers, etc., instead of the £50 previously required.

In most of the countries within easy touring distance of these shores the roads are now pretty good, and no special equipment is necessary, although it will probably be desirable to carry a complete set of spare bulbs, suitable sparking plugs, a tyre pressure gauge reading in kilograms as well as in pounds' pressure and a spare cylinder-head gasket.

A tin containing a selection of nuts and bolts, washers and split pins, to say nothing of a roll of insulating tape and some soft copper wire, take up little space and will often save irritating delay on the road. Indeed, these small spares may well be carried on the car at all times, whether at home or abroad.

J. L.



A FAVOURITE SPOT ON THE WESTWARD TRAIL IN SPRING
Looking down from the 300ft. cliffs of Cheddar Gorge on to the well-known horseshoe bend, with the Wind Rock in background (left)

A thoroughbred Crossley

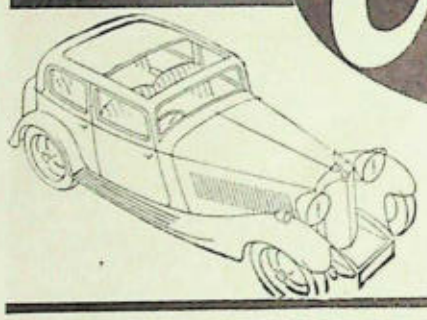
When you test the Crossley Ten, and not until then, will you appreciate its outstanding value. Such smoothness is only possible in a true thoroughbred. It has self-changing gears, and does an honest 65 m.p.h. fully laden without fuss or strain. It is docile in traffic, with remarkable acceleration. Then a really comfortable, roomy body — good looking, lavishly fitted, with safety glass, pneumatic upholstery, direction indicators and sunshine roof. Add to all this the downright dependability and economy of every Crossley and you have the reason why the Torquay Ten is recognised as the world's finest light car.



Write to Sales Manager for further details and particulars of other models.

A CAR FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT

THE Crossley TORQUAY TEN



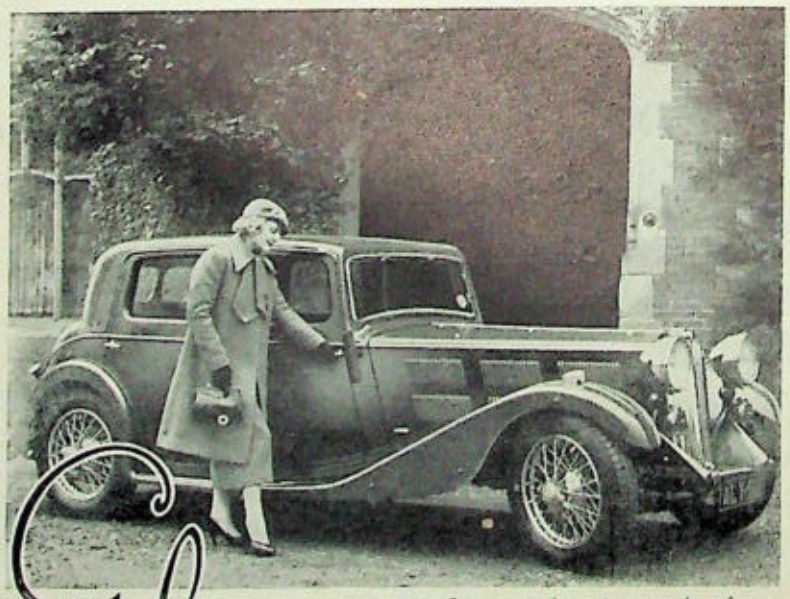
This is the Crossley 2-litre saloon: super sports performance with armchair comfort. It does a genuine 80 m.p.h. and the pre-selector gearbox gives smooth and silent speed. Every conceivable modern refinement makes this car the finest 2-litre on the road. Price £695. Including flush-fitting direction indicators and full equipment.

SPECIFICATION OF TORQUAY SALOON. Specially designed 10 h.p. engine with patent combustion head. Cushion engine mounting. Genuine Wilson pre-selective gearbox. Spring steering wheel. Finger steering—steering box housed on rubber. Self-energising brakes with large brake drums. Long specially designed springs. Shock absorbers front and rear. Oil lubrication throughout chassis. "Rigidity" frame bracing. Other features are: ROOMINESS—wheelbase is over 9 ft. ROAD-HOLDING is phenomenal. The Torquay body is a triumph of craftsmanship. Sliding roof. Burr walnut finish. Flush-fitting direction indicators. Roomy luggage compartment at rear. Separate adjustable front seats. Centre arm rests and side arm rest. Finest leather upholstery. Chromium plated fittings. Safety glass throughout. Sports type wings. Full accessories, including rear stop light. Price £305, or with Wilson pre-selective gearbox £325.

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Here, indeed, is magnificent coachwork...worthy of so good a chassis. Every model is an individual example of the coachbuilder's craft ... luxuriously finished ... of surprising comfort and roominess ... free-wheel pre-selection by remote control...underslung chassis with cruciform member ... resilient engine mounting ... D.W.S. permanent four-wheel jacking system...exceptionally powerful hydraulic brakes...new beauty of line and still roomier bodies.

"Gloria" Saloons from £285. May we send you full details? Dunlop Tyres and Lucas Electrical Equipment Standard.

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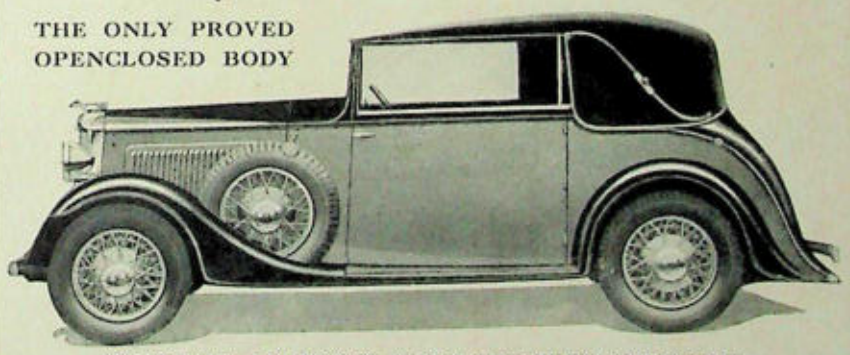
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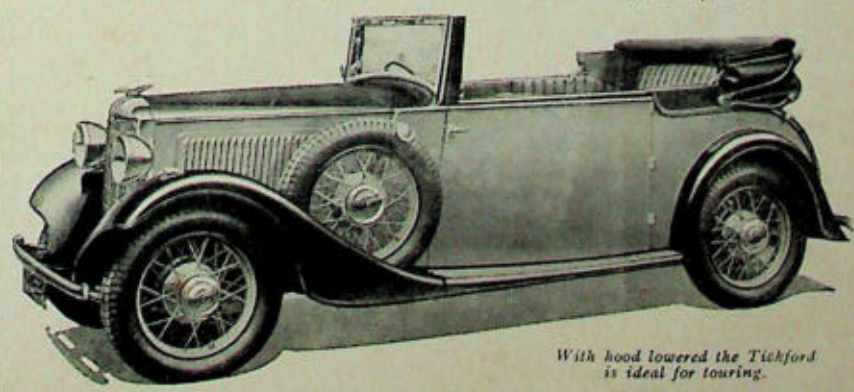
THE ONLY PROVED OPENCLOSED BODY



VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX WITH TICKFORD FOURSOME DROPHEAD COUPE. PRICE, COMPLETE CAR **£265.**

THE Tickford Foursome Coupé fulfils every requirement: in wet or cold weather with hood closed it is equal to any fixed-top saloon. The hood is quickly raised and lowered by turning small detachable handle. It can also be used as a Coupé-de-Ville. Comfortable accommodation and head room for four passengers, large luggage boot at rear with outside lid. Any fixed-top saloon can be fitted with Tickford fully opening roof. Prices from **£35**. Similar bodies made for:

ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY 12, **£345**. B.S.A. 10, **£290**.
HILLMAN MINX, **£225**. LANCHESTER 10, **£395**, etc.



With hood lowered the Tickford is ideal for touring.

London Showrooms: 13, NEW BURLINGTON ST., W. 1. *Works:* NEWPORT PAGNELL, BUCKS.

BY CARAVAN AT EASTER

A Holiday Suggestion for the Motorist

TO those seeking something new in the way of a holiday, there can be no more refreshing change than a tour by motor caravan. Gone are all worries about booking rooms and the tiresome business of packing and unpacking. One's clothes are carried, uncreased, in a wardrobe, one's hats and shoes are suitably put away where they may be reached at a moment's notice.

Best of all, an ideal pitch can so often be found by river, lake or sea. The life is delightfully free and unfettered, and the healthiest imaginable.

Caravans can be purchased to suit all cars from 7 h.p. upwards, and a tow-bar fitting is obtainable to fit any model. Generally speaking, a 12 h.p. car will comfortably tow a 12ft. caravan, a 20 h.p. car, a 20ft. caravan, and so on.

Those having ample storage room will find it more economical to buy a caravan than to hire one. A good second-hand caravan can be purchased for about £50, while a beautifully fitted-out four-berth "house on wheels" can be bought brand new for £150. In the summer holiday months a "four-berther" may cost 10 guineas a week to hire, so that the purchase-price is written off in the first two years of ownership, particularly if the van can be hired-out to friends when not required by its possessors.

Most concerns who build and sell caravans also let them out on hire; it is, indeed, quite usual for intending purchasers to hire a caravan first, just to see how they like it. If they decide to buy, they add the difference between the amount due for hiring and the purchase price.

Very great ingenuity is displayed by the manufacturers of various types of caravan, particularly those which fold so as to reduce their height or width when being towed. Some follow the lines of the old gipsy type, while others are veritable folding bungalows. Personally, I prefer a van in which most of the fixtures remain in place, as if it is moved much from place to place one soon gets tired of making and unmaking the beds, emptying cupboards, and so on.

The simplest type of caravan is the camping trailer, in which a tent-like erection is raised on poles to form the roof. But the most luxurious vans even have baths let into the floors, and have two or more separate rooms. Again, there are caravans built on car or van chassis. One of these, towing a trailer caravan, could be made to incorporate all the comforts and conveniences of a yacht.

The finding of suitable caravan sites is facilitated by the R.A.C., who have a list of addresses and a special sign for indicating such camping grounds, while the recently-formed caravan section of the Junior Car Club affords similar services.

One could go on almost indefinitely explaining caravanning lore. But the fun of it all is to find things out for oneself, just as one has to cater and cook for oneself. I would merely say that a certain amount of "housework" is inseparable from camping of any kind, and for this reason it is, perhaps, *not* the best holiday for a harassed housewife who has just had a long spell of having to do without a maid.

Otherwise, a fortnight or three weeks living in a caravan, far from crowds of trippers and out of range of travellers by cheap excursions, is so complete a change from everyday routine that it is one of the most beneficial holidays imaginable.



A VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX WITH CARAVAN IN TOW

"Model 40," with ventilated lantern roof, is perhaps the most striking of Eccles' new caravans. The low-swept line is not only pleasing to the eye, but reduces wind resistance to a minimum, and the specially designed roof provides headroom throughout



A CAR THAT HAS ACHIEVED POPULARITY IN THE DOMINIONS

An Austin Ten-Four in an interesting Empire setting, with H.M.A.S. Australia and the new Sydney Harbour Bridge in background

CARS FOR OVERSEAS

British Models to Compete With American Products

A VERY satisfactory feature of the programmes of British motor manufacturers this spring is the number of vehicles which are admirably suited to overseas use. The choice of larger engines for strenuous conditions, the higher power-to-weight ratios, greatly improved springing and robust, well-finished all-steel bodywork, all make English-made cars capable of tackling the worst road surfaces without risk of trouble. The prices, too, are strictly reasonable and equipment, in most cases, is both sensible and lavish.

Dealing with the larger models, turned out by British manufacturers especially to meet overseas conditions, there is, for instance, the Morris "Twenty-five," a full-sized motor car equipped to meet every possible condition, with adequate clearance between tyres and wing-valances to take the heavy "Colonial" type Parsons non-skid chains. This has a 10ft. wheelbase, the standard 4ft. 8in. track, a 25 h.p. six-cylinder, side-valve engine of 3,486 c.c. with tremendous pulling power at low speeds, lively acceleration, and a 75 m.p.h. maximum. The petrol tank has a capacity of 17 gallons (77 litres), enabling long distances to be covered without replenishing. The Morris Isis has an almost identical specification, except that an 18 h.p., 2,468 c.c. overhead-valve engine is fitted. The Morris Oxford Six has a side valve engine of just over 2-litre capacity, and the 4ft. 8in. track. The three models mentioned cost (in England), £395, £370 and £285 respectively as saloons, and £385 and £350 are the prices of the "Twenty-five" and "Isis" as open tourers.

The 16 h.p. Austin can be obtained with an 18 h.p. engine, and the "Twelve-Six" can also be had with a 15.9 h.p. power unit, thus giving more power for bad road conditions. As tourers, these cars cost respectively £295 and £200.

Light Six Vauxhalls can also be obtained at will with 12 h.p. or 14 h.p. engines, the price of the saloon being £195, while the new Big Six Vauxhall, with its 4ft. 9½in. track, the option of a 27 h.p., 3,180 c.c. engine, a high ground clearance and excellent springing sells at only £325.

Another large car which should meet the requirements of the overseas user is the 20 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley at £535, which has a 3,190 c.c. engine and 4ft. 8in. track. Service depots for these cars have been established at various centres in South Africa, and are being arranged in Australia.

The Hillman is another low-priced car well-serviced abroad, the "20–70," selling at £269 in saloon form. It has a 21 h.p.engine (side-valve) of 2,810 c.c. Wolseley cars have always been popular abroad, and the "21–60" model is no exception. It has a 21 h.p. engine of 2,677 c.c., and the saloon costs £415.

It has obviously not been possible in the compass of so short an article to do justice to all the makes of cars suitable to overseas use, and we have, therefore, had to be content with mentioning a few representative makes in what may be termed the "full-sized" class.

H. P.



"THE FINAL CONTROL IS THE FAMOUS RAMP GARAGE"
Here all the cars competing in the road section will be parked under official supervision until the following day when the eliminating tests take place. At full capacity the garage will accommodate 900 cars

NEXT WEEK AT BOURNEMOUTH

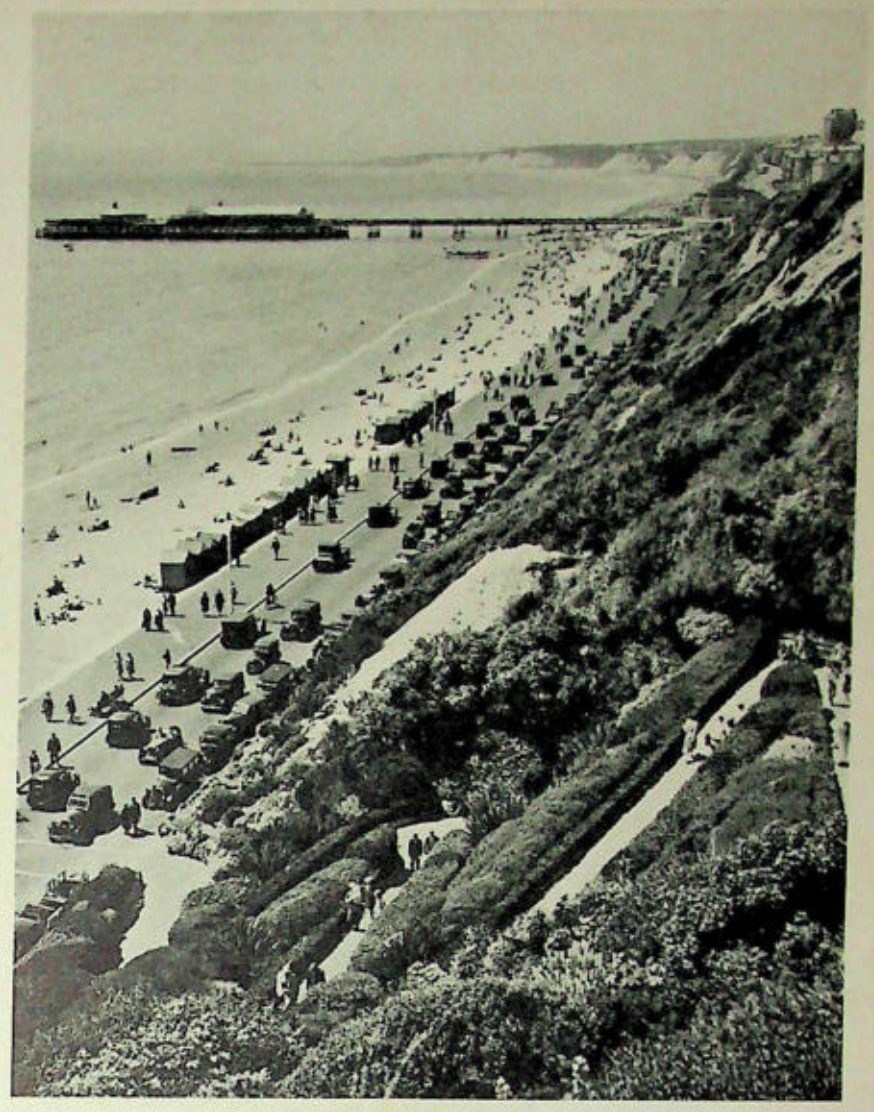
A Pen Picture of the R.A.C. Rally

THERE is no doubt at all that the choice of Bournemouth as the venue for the R.A.C. rally next week is approved by every competitor and every motorist interested in the event. With its numerous first-class hotels, its charming gardens, its fine pavilion and its sunny Undercliff Drive, Bournemouth will be as pleasant a place as any to spend three or four days while the eliminating tests and coachwork competition are being held.

A record entry of 400 cars has been received for the rally, and, starting from various points scattered about England and Scotland, the drivers and passengers will see much of England, and perhaps of Wales as well, in a short time. Sufficient, in any case, to whet their appetites for more and induce them to visit districts the charms of which have hitherto been unknown to them.

The largest number of competitors is starting from London, though Buxton and Leamington run it close. There is a contingent from Glasgow and others from Harrogate, Liverpool, Newcastle and Norwich.

As an example of how the rally routes criss-cross about the country, it may be mentioned that those starting from London go first to Glasgow via Harrogate, returning by Buxton and Torquay to Bournemouth. For the last two stages of their journey they will keep company with the competitors from Newcastle, who proceed to Buxton after going through Norwich to Southsea. The Glasgow competitors take in a very wide expanse of Britain, for after a dash down to Bath they drive north-easterly to Norwich, after which they cut right across the Midlands to Llandrindod Wells in Wales, before rallying at Bournemouth.



"SECRET" TESTS MAY BE HELD ON THE UNDERCLIFF DRIVE
Visitors to Bournemouth will see here an imposing array of all that is latest and best in motor car construction



THE SCENE OF RALLY CEREMONIAL NEXT WEEK
A view of the Rock Gardens at Bournemouth and part of the Corporation Pavilion where the Mayor's reception of competitors will be held next Thursday

The cars are divided into three classes: up to 10 h.p., which have to average 22 m.p.h. for the total distance (approximately 1,000 miles, whatever route is chosen); 10 h.p. to 16 h.p., which must maintain a 24 m.p.h. average; and cars of over 16 h.p., which will be required to average 26 m.p.h.

Even in March, the weather is by no means to be depended upon. At the beginning of this month snow still lay thick in parts of northern England, and in some districts in the south as well. Fogs are still frequent, and the drought may yet be broken by April-like showers. So those who set off on the night of Tuesday, March 13th must expect to encounter any kind of weather. It is even possible that ice-bound roads may cause conditions resembling those met with in this year's Monte Carlo Rally.

The task of the drivers, who may relieve each other at the wheel, is made easier by the fact that it is not necessary to average the speed imposed between each control, but only between the starting point and the finish at Bournemouth, where they are due to arrive from 10 o'clock in the morning onwards on Thursday, March 15th.

The final control is the famous Ramp Garage at Bournemouth, where the cars will be inspected, marks being deducted for bent or buckled wings and wheels, dynamos that are not charging, broken springs, failure of the wind-screen wiper or warming apparatus, etc.

Much speculation centres around the nature of the secret tests made to decide the winners in each class, which will be held on Friday, March 16th.

It is understood that some of these tests are being held on Bournemouth's beautiful Undercliff Drive, and it is to be supposed that the useful qualities of the normal type of car, such as acceleration and braking, will be tested. The secret, however, has been well kept, and until the evening before no one will know what these tests will be.

So on Thursday, March 15th, visitors to Bournemouth will see an imposing procession of motor vehicles, most of them smart, modern types entering the town, and an insight into the characteristics of individual drivers, and an idea of the ease or otherwise with which the thousand miles have been covered, can be gained from a glance at the cars and their occupants.

Some vehicles may check in spotlessly washed and polished, their occupants spruce, cleanly shaven or carefully powdered, according to their sex. Other "rallyites" may be gaunt and haggard, unshaven and dirty, much in need of sleep; their mounts may be thick with mud, showing that owing to some trouble or other being experienced en route, the owners of the cars have had to drive hard all the way, with no time even to wipe the windscreen clear of dust.

But even the weariest revive after a good night's rest, and it is to be expected that the second half of next week at Bournemouth will be decidedly gay. The sudden influx of a thousand enthusiastic motorists, all keen to dance and make merry, is being adequately catered for, both officially and unofficially, at Bournemouth, the ball starting rolling as early as Thursday, the 15th, with a reception by the Mayor at the pavilion.

Those (and they will doubtless be many) who decide to prolong their stay into the week-end following the rally, will find Bournemouth a delightful motoring centre. Those who are content with a short run may motor the seven miles to The Haven at Sandbanks, where one can lunch in a restaurant as good as the best that may be found on the Continent, with a vast expanse of blue water on either side.

If it is wished to go farther afield, a ferry across Shell Bay will carry cars over to the Isle of Purbeck, and so to the picturesque ruins of Corfe Castle and the quaint old-world town of Wareham. Then there is Dorchester, right in the centre of the Hardy country, and Milton Abbey. There is Wimborne Minster and, farther east, the glorious expanse of the New Forest.

With its attractions by day and by night, and the wonderful expanse of country surrounding it, Bournemouth is ideally situated for the centre of so important a motoring event as the Royal Automobile Club's Rally.

GT. WESTERN HOLIDAYS

A New Development of the Cruising Habit

Among the most interesting features of the Great Western Railway's holiday programme for 1934 are the five first class "All-In" Rail-Road Land Cruises, which have been arranged through Britain's holiday playground, rich in historic interest and scenic beauty. All the cruises are in territory which receives pure Atlantic breezes; the benefits of a sea cruise are thus obtained without any of its usual inconveniences. Cruises last for six or twelve days, and cost from £12 to £25 10s. The initial cost covers everything—first class by rail, saloon cars, first class hotel accommodation and table d'hôte meals, all gratuities, and free admission to places of interest visited.

Another novelty will be a series of "Holiday on Approval" trains to enable holidaymakers to visit one or more resorts cheaply for the purpose of personally selecting their accommodation.

NEW TYPES OF AIRCRAFT FOR AIRWAYS OR TAXI WORK

The Significance of Recent Developments

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

VERY remarkable interest has been aroused in aviation circles by the introduction of the new D.H. 86 air liner—the four-engined machine, built to the order of Imperial Airways, Ltd., on behalf of the newly-formed company, Qantas Empire Airways, to fulfil the tender requirements in connection with the extension from Singapore of the Far East route to Australia.

The design itself is sufficient to account for this interest, for it presents a number of unusual features; but the chief point is undoubtedly that this aeroplane sums up the most pronounced trend of recent commercial practice: the combination of economy, performance, safety and comfort to a degree that might well have been thought unattainable a few years ago.

This new type is a very fine illustration of the strides that have been made in aircraft design during the past couple of years, for there seems little doubt that this machine, like its smaller predecessor, the "Dragon," should be capable of being operated successfully on a paying commercial basis; and it should thus become popular for use on the numerous small independent air lines that are springing up, and for feeder services, besides serving the purpose for which it was originally designed.

A few years ago there was a distinct gap in civil aircraft between the larger machines used on the regular Empire routes of Imperial Airways, and the small light aeroplanes favoured by the private owner and the clubs. But the past year has seen this gap filled to a very large extent; and there is now almost a complete range of British designs serving nearly every purpose of the commercial operator, from the taxi-service to the scheduled airway.

There is no need to go on enumerating useful new-comers to the commercial field, for details have been given from time to time of the more interesting types. But the evidence all goes to show that designers are now getting seriously to grips with the basic commercial problem of providing machines that are capable of paying their way.

The strides made in this direction during the past couple of years are truly remarkable, and indicate conclusively that aviation is drawing considerably nearer the state of—to quote the famous phrase—"flying by itself."

Not only so, but even in the smallest machine due regard is now paid to the vital need of passenger comfort. There are certainly some who would be prepared to tolerate cramped surround-



"THE WORLD'S FASTEST FOUR-ENGINED AIR LINER"
Built in connection with the extension of the Far East route to Australia, the maximum speed of the D.H. 86 machine is said to exceed 170 m.p.h.

This type is a ten-passenger machine providing ample roominess for the occupants with lavatory and luggage compartments; it is a biplane with sharply tapered wings, and in outward appearance shows a strong family resemblance to the "Dragon," the successful machine of which it is a development. The power plant consists of four of the new "Gipsy Six" engines, arranged in separate nacelles on the lower plane, and driving tractor airscrews. The rated power of each engine is 184 b.h.p. at 2,100 r.p.m. and 205 b.h.p. at maximum r.p.m.

Though this power plant is, perhaps, small compared with those to which the design of previous commercial machines has accustomed us, an unusually high performance is attained, and the description of the machine as "the world's fastest four-engined air-liner" is almost certainly justified. The maximum speed is stated to be more than 170 m.p.h., and the landing speed is relatively low at 66 m.p.h. Cruising speed is given as 145 m.p.h., so that under ordinary commercial conditions the machine should be able to play a considerable

ings in the attainment of the highest speed, but they are not many, and the majority naturally seek in the aeroplane something approximating to that standard to which the modern railway car and motor coach have accustomed them.

The provision of greater comfort is one of the things that is helping to popularise aviation as a means of universal transport; and combined with the general lowering of fares, which is being made possible by the advent of more economic aircraft, is going to do a very great deal to establish flying as a generally accepted form of travel, for both internal and external journeys, in the next few years.

Summing up, one can confidently say that the trend of modern commercial design shows conclusively that the era of initial experimentation is over, and that the basis of a sound, paying air transport industry has been laid. There is still much to be learnt; but when and as the operation of machines on a profit-earning basis, without subsidy, becomes possible problems effecting further progress will be solved in due course.

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PALERMO THE MAGNIFICENT

A Favourite Port of Call on the Longer Mediterranean Cruises

As one approaches Palermo from the sea, it is the point of Monte Pelligrino which first arrests attention. This promontory lies to the north of a grand natural amphitheatre of mountains which enclose the city and *campagna* of Palermo.

Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Goth, Saracen and Norman have all left their mark upon this Sicilian city; but it is the Norman touch which has been bequeathed to us. Yet it is not the Norman architecture which we associate with other European cathedral cities; rather it is one which has adopted and combined the styles of its predecessors, the Byzantine and Saracen, so that we find Moslem and Christian for once united in their efforts to glorify God.

The Cathedral Church of Palermo was, indeed, built by an Englishman, Archbishop Walter of the Mill, tutor to William II, the Norman King of Sicily, in the tenth century, and in its original portions is typical of this style. So also many palaces and churches owe their being to this Christian-Saracenic art, including the chapel of the King's Palace, where there are wonderful mosaics and a wooden roof fretted with Arab tracery.

Another is the Cathedral Church of Monreale, seven miles outside the city, rich in mosaics and with its beautiful cloisters in dove-coloured stone. Here also the later Cistercian influence is seen in the High Choir, where the Altar is of solid silver.

The whole town of Palermo dazzles one with the splendour of its public and private buildings in white or buff sandstone, and in its clean and well-ordered streets may be seen the hand of *Il Duce*. Even the poorer quarters are bright with colour, as the sun throws up the light and shade in the narrow alleys, catching the clean garments stretched from balcony to balcony. Particularly beautiful are the pantile roofs when looking down upon them from the heights of Monte Pelligrino—pink, fawn and brown and rich red terra cotta.

On Monte Pelligrino is the shrine of Saint Rosalia, the Patron Saint of Palermo. A pilgrims' way leads to her grotto; but now a wonderfully engineered road, built by German prisoners during the war, ascends by twists and turns to the top of the hill. She was, it seems, a female hermit who preferred celibacy to marriage against her will and lived in a cave near the summit, where she died a few years after secluding herself.

Some years later when pestilence, probably cholera, was devastating Palermo, she appeared to a hunter, who had betaken himself to this cave for safety, and told him that her bones would be found in the grotto. Let him take them to the priests, and if the city of Palermo were paraded by them three days in succession, bearing her relics, the pestilence would depart. Straightway the hunter carried the good news to the monks in Palermo: the rites were performed and the great death ceased.

She was canonised a saint, and a small church has been built as a front to the grotto, with a shrine and altar within. Her life-size effigy, cast in solid gold, with hands and head carved in marble, lies inside, encased in glass. Many people visit the shrine as pilgrims, and miracles are said to be performed; the grateful beneficiaries depositing a painting (some of them very crude) depicting the scene of their misfortunes and its cure, ascribed to the saint.

On a promontory of the mountain there is now a noble hotel, commanding magnificent views over the harbour and around the north-west coast of the island. In the fertile valleys below are orange and lemon groves, palms and cupressus; while the prickly pear runs riot over the mountain sides.

Looking down over the precipitous rocks one can see the road jinking upon itself as it descends towards the harbour, where a new breakwater is being constructed. Liners and smaller cargo boats ride peacefully at anchor, while picturesque sailing ships put out to sea.



Photograph: Edgar Judd, Southampton

"IT IS THE POINT OF MONTE PELLIGRINO WHICH FIRST ARRESTS ATTENTION"

Holiday Haunts. This year's edition of the *Holiday Haunts* Guide, contains 8,685 addresses of hotels, boarding houses, private apartments and farmhouse accommodation; and in addition to 800 vivid pen pictures of spas, resorts, villages, hamlets and holiday islands served by the Great Western Railway there are over 300 sepia-toned illustrations.



Photo: Edgar Judd, Southampton

"IN THE SMALL TOWNSHIP OF BLIDA ONE SEES ARABS SPENDING THE DAY IN TRUE MOSLEM FASHION"

EXPLORING ALGIERS

Points of Interest Some "Pleasure Cruisers" Overlook

APPROACHING Algiers from the sea one can appreciate its extent, spread out along the shore for a great distance, with houses, public buildings and mosques piled one above the other on the hillsides which flank the littoral.

The mole from the islet of Penon forms a dual harbour; to the north for small craft, and to the south a port for ocean going liners. Beyond the quay, high above the numerous go-downs and railway sidings, is the Boulevarde de la République, reached by a lift or long ramps. Here is the Place du Gouvernement and many of the principal shops and restaurants. The lay-out of modern Algiers is not unlike that of Paris with its wide boulevardes and splendid *magasins*, and the night life has some of its gaiety and entertainment.

The oldest part of the city contains the ancient Kasbah, the Castle of the Dey, built in the sixteenth century, 400ft. above sea-level. Between here and the quay are many old Moorish houses, and narrow, cobbled, stepped streets, impassable to wheeled traffic; the whole area being named, as in Tangier, "Kasbah."

Unlike Tangier, however, the Kasbah, here, is squalid and dirty, and if one wishes to see native life in its true setting, it is advisable to take a guide, particularly at night; for it is said that it is dangerous for a European to go through the Kasbah alone, or unaccompanied by one who knows "the ropes."

Whether this be true or not, it may save one from being pestered by street Arabs, and possibly one's pocket from being picked.

To the south of Algiers is the suburb of Mustapha, where are some of the finest shops, and as one ascends to Mustapha Superieur one passes the Governor's summer palace and many fine residences commanding magnificent views over the harbour and Mediterranean.

To gain an idea of the country inland an interesting trip to take from Algiers is to go by car, some 30 miles, to the foothills of the Atlas Mountains, passing through the Arab town of Blida on the way to the Chiffa Gorge.

Crossing the low hills which fringe the sea-board, one drops down into a level plain, cultivated for the most part with vines. There is a good metalled road with tarred surface and flanked on either side with trees. Here and there are large villas in the midst of the vineyards, which from their highly cultivated state would seem to be owned by wealthy private persons, companies, or possibly state-aided, as since disease destroyed most of the vineyards in southern France, much Algerian wine is now imported.

Ploughing is done by tractor, horses, mules and oxen, and the whole of the country to the foot of the Atlas is under cultivation. At one point the road turns at right angles, and a sign-post points the way to Gao, nearly 1,500 miles away, the road leading across the Sahara to the River Niger.

In the small township of Blida one sees Arabs spending the day in true Moslem fashion, squatting on their haunches, waiting on the will of Allah. Here are the barracks and stables of the 1st Spahi Regiment, native Algerian Cavalry, where visitors are allowed to go round the horse-lines. The horses are half-bred Arab and Barb, with some thoroughbred Arabs for stud purposes.

Seven miles farther on is the entrance to the Chiffa Gorge. It is a re-entrant into the Atlas Mountains, where the road cut in the side of the hills winds and turns high up above a water course, and the mountains, covered with scrub, tower above one, attaining a height in places of 5,000ft. or 6,000ft. At the head of the gorge is a small hotel, where the wild Barbary apes are more or less tame, and come down from the hills to take food from the visitors' hands. RICHARD OAKLEY.



ALGIERS FROM THE SEA

"Houses, public buildings and mosques piled one above the other on the hillsides"

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INLAND FROM MALAGA

By Car to Granada and the Alhambra of the Moorish Sultans

DURING a Mediterranean cruise, if one should call at Malaga, it is a good plan to take the opportunity of visiting Granada. An early start will be necessary, as it is more than 50 miles by road. It is advisable, also, to hire a car through Cook's agency or the ship's agent, at approximately £3 a head, rather than run the risk of a breakdown and the possibility of missing the ship.

The drive over the mountains is full of thrills on account of the hairpin bends and almost precipitous hillsides. Most of the Spanish drivers are very reckless and idiotic, having little idea of nursing a car, and taking the bends at much too high a speed; but any risk there may be is well worth while.

Immediately on leaving Malaga one mounts up the steep hills by acute bends, rising very rapidly. Soon the road is winding along the narrow tops of the mountain ridges, the slopes of which are planted with olive trees. In the distance they look like tea fields, and, indeed, the whole country up to 6,000ft. is very similar to the tea districts of Ceylon.

As one rises thick blankets of cloud envelop the mountains, for a moment spoiling the visibility; but they are never too dense to obscure the road, which is well engineered with a good surface and low stone coping walls on the outside of the dangerous bends.

The scenery in the mountain tops is really grand. The rocks are a whitish-grey, cracked and fissured, with a tinge of pink quartz or blue-grey granite, giving the effect of mother-of-pearl. Spanish broom, berberis, ericas, a species of dwarf palm, and a wonderful variety of rock plants grow in the innumerable crannies. In all one crosses three mountain ridges, ascending and descending many times. Here are massive grey crags, their heads lost in the clouds; there, long stretches of valley between the hill-tops, where oxen and mules plough the rich red earth.

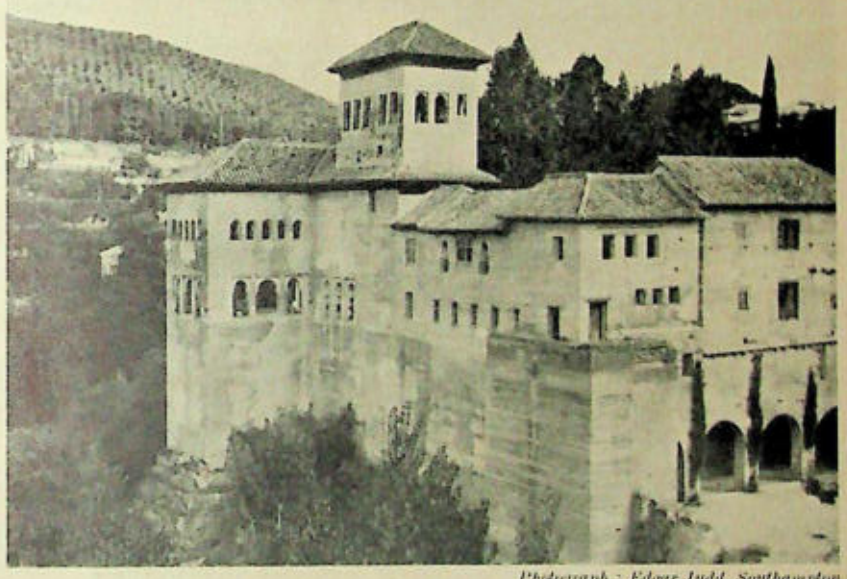
On the passes one meets pack mules, with huge panniers on either side and crimson trappings on the saddle. Their long pricked ears seem to balance the heavy loads, making them more picturesque than pack horses or the smaller donkey. The owners are dressed in black, with large wide-awake hats, capes and black umbrellas. They ride between the panniers or walk ahead of the "string," another man bringing up the rear.

As one descends into the plain the scenery becomes more monotonous; olives are still the main crop, but there are patches of maize also, vines and sugar beet, and the ubiquitous broom. The Spanish farmhouses and wayside hostelries add a touch of charm, with their flat roofs and little towers, tiled with a pretty mixture of red, fawn, black and grey tiles.

About half-way to Granada is the small market town of Loja, where one can stretch one's legs and taste the wine of the country, a sweet, sticky kind of "port," said to be very potent. The only other village of any size is Santa Fé, and then one is in Granada.

Granada is a large town with good modern buildings and shops, two bull rings and some very good hotels, particularly the Hotel Alhambra Palace, built in the Moorish style. From here there is a magnificent view over the plain to the Sierra Nevada.

The *pièce de résistance* of Granada is, of course, the Alhambra—the "Red Palace"—of the Moorish sultans.



Photograph: Edgar Judd, Southampton

A WING OF THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA

A good deal of it was pulled down by Charles V after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain in 1492; but sufficient of the old building remains to send a thrill through the least interested visitor.

The Alhambra embodies all that one has imagined a Moorish palace to be; beautiful forecourts with ornamental water and plashing fountains, surrounded by cloisters of typical arches with their fretwork tracery and soft-toned Spanish tiles. One enters room after room, gallery after gallery, up winding steps or along dark passages, and everywhere is exquisite plaster work inlaid with gold leaf and colours of marvellous hue.

On the homeward journey, as the sun sinks to rest, the pall of night descends upon the mountains. Here and there a ghostly massif stands out like some northern iceberg, and occasional lights shine far down in the valleys below. The car hugs the inner side of the mountain, many times it seems about to leap into the abyss, then suddenly jinks to the bend in the road.

Up and up; then down and down, until the lights of Malaga twinkle and the ship stands out like a fairy palace. Once more we find ourselves on the quay, dodging the sellers of grapes and raisins, and with a thankful prayer for a safe arrival can eat our dinner with sweet content. R. O.



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CORNWALL IN MARCH

The Ideal Touring Ground for the Early Spring

TO describe Cornwall as "the English Riviera" is neither poetic licence nor an advertising slogan. There, in addition to beautiful and romantic scenery, the eye delights in sub-tropical plants and flowers flourishing in the open, nourished by warm sun and soft breezes, and the task, elsewhere so difficult, of forgetting winter, is deliciously easy.

Thanks to its peninsular position, Cornwall has a north and a south coast; if we count the heel and the toe, from the Lizard to Land's End, we may, indeed, say that it has three coasts. Each of the three has its beauties and allurements; to step into the favoured land from more sterile winter latitudes is to find oneself amid the flowers of to-day and the saints of yesterday, basking in balmy air and drinking in legends of holy men, immortal things and knights of the pure heart. The Celtic saints, of whom the Prayer Book Calendar knows nothing, appear to have descended upon Cornwall in myriads, and few are the places that have failed to preserve a dim memory of some holy man who ministered in the days before Augustine.

History and geography seem to have conspired to place upon the coast most of Cornwall's interesting spots, and all of these with especially vivid attractions for the holiday maker and the seeker after the warmth and sunshine which winter denies to latitudes with fewer saints. Down whichever coast we go we get our fill of sweet content. On the north, Bude has many friends, and think of the eternal romance of Tintagel where King Arthur's Round Table lies deeply embedded waiting for its final journey to Heaven. Meanwhile the lovely legend is being illustrated by the new King Arthur's Hall, with its fine decoration and "storied windows richly dight." Newquay, that town perched upon cliffs looking out upon a splendid and varied coastline, has charms of its own; St. Ives has earned fame for its noble bay and its innumerable paintable "bits," which artists have by no means neglected.

When we have rounded the serrated coast to Land's End we are in Lyonesse, that "sweet land" that lies deep below the uneasy waters. No man should go there, or elsewhere in Cornwall, without an eager and respectful study of legends which surpass all others in romance. Round the corner of the headland, so to speak, is Newlyn, which smells less of fish and more of paint than many of these little coast places, for there a strong body of artists have erected that "Newlyn School" which created so much excitement in its early days. And what shall be said of the man, the assuredly excommunicate by all the Cornish saints, who should go to their land without seeing Falmouth, that "fine town with ships in the bay"? Near its busy little harbour is that rare curiosity in churches, a front dedicated to "King Charles the Martyr." Not often, even hereabouts, shall we find a place more alluring by itself, its climate and its origin—it was, so to say, "invented" by Sir Walter Raleigh and the presence of its Pendennis and St. Mawes Castles, than Falmouth. GILBERT AVALON.



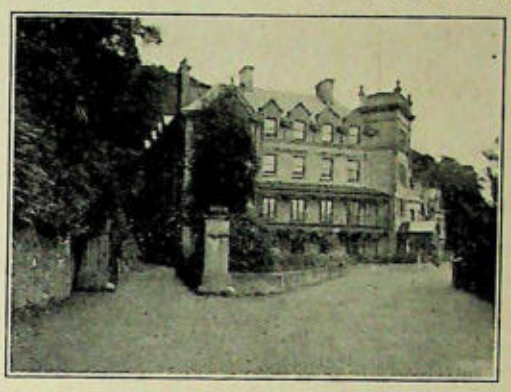
Photo: J. Dixon-Scott
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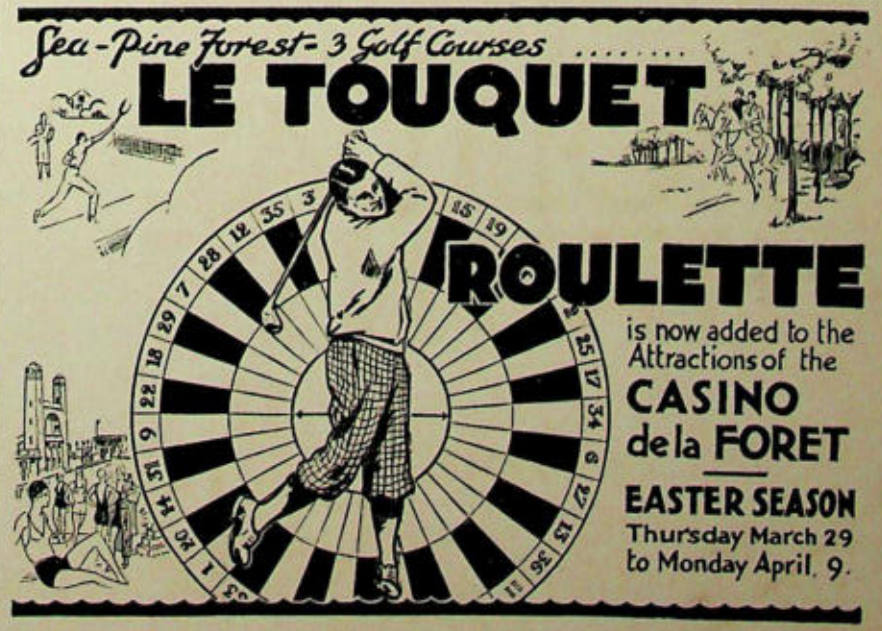
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THE PORTLAND ARMS AT LYBSTER

ANYWHERE in the County of Caithness, that land of fine scenery and good sport, you are very close to Ultima Thule. Thurso is the most northerly railway station in the kingdom, and Lybster, some 30 miles away, is 751 miles from London. But distance, from being a troublesome and sometimes a rather fearsome thing, has become a laughing-stock; moreover, it is not every holiday that begins at a London terminus. Caithness and holiday are almost convertible terms. Such places as Thurso and Wick and Lybster are ideal summer resorts for those who seek re-invigoration in a bracing but kindly air amid splendidly varied prospects of sea and land.

Whatever your starting-point, you reach Lybster through some of the finest scenery in Scotland. To attain it by car is a delight, but the railway will take you every inch of the way: for Lybster has its own station, with easy connection with Wick little more than a dozen miles away. Lybster is still, happily, a village; but, with the help of its immediate surroundings, it supports two banks and three churches. Its most important secular non-public building is the Portland Arms Hotel, so named after the Dukes of Portland, whose sporting estate of Langwell, 80,000 acres in extent, lies not so far away. This solid stone building, with its long front, dormered roof, and rustic porch, wears that aspect of homely invitation which almost invariably in an inn promises comfort and good cheer without that pretentiousness which to the experienced voyager is a warning-off notice.

It is to a great extent to this hospitable welcome that Lybster owes its growing popularity as a quiet and beautiful holiday resort. Its remote situation in no way militates against domestic modernity. The Portland Arms is, in all essentials, as "up to date" as though it were in Edinburgh. Electric light, bathrooms, and the amenities generally are all there. Not only is there a garage that will hold half a score of the cars which bring visitors from all parts of the compass, but attached to it is a repair shop with all manner of equipment. The guest who comes by rail can hire an hotel car, open or closed, for as long as he pleases, from an hour to a month. Thus what legs or cycles cannot comfortably accomplish presents no difficulty.

With the sea on one side, and lochs, sheep farms, deer forests and grouse moors on others, there is no lack of good cheer, while bed-chambers and what in Scotland are called "public rooms" are as well endowed with comfort as any man or woman need desire.

Lybster itself is a quaint and interesting little place. It is one of the most important of the Caithness villages, and in days when the herring fishery was in its highest prosperity its fleet of 200 boats filled what, thanks to the Dukes of Portland, is the best harbour on the coast. It is a very picturesque harbour, snugly sheltered and surrounded by hills, and it may well be that some day it will again be busy. Whichever way you go inland from Lybster there are scenes of hill, vale and water of great beauty. The glens of Berriedale and Dunbeath are delightful, and Dunbeath Castle, with a fifteenth-century keep, which was besieged and captured by Montrose in 1650, is no more than eight miles away. In Dunbeath Water there are good trout.

Then there are the ruins of Berriedale Castle, an ancient fortress of the Earls of Caithness, and near Wick those of Castle Sinclair and Castle Girnigo, the scene of another siege, an incident of one of the old Highland private wars. And let us not forget that bold, rocky promontory, the Ord of Caithness, which no Sinclair will cross on a Monday, because on that day the clan marched to Flodden, but never marched back again.

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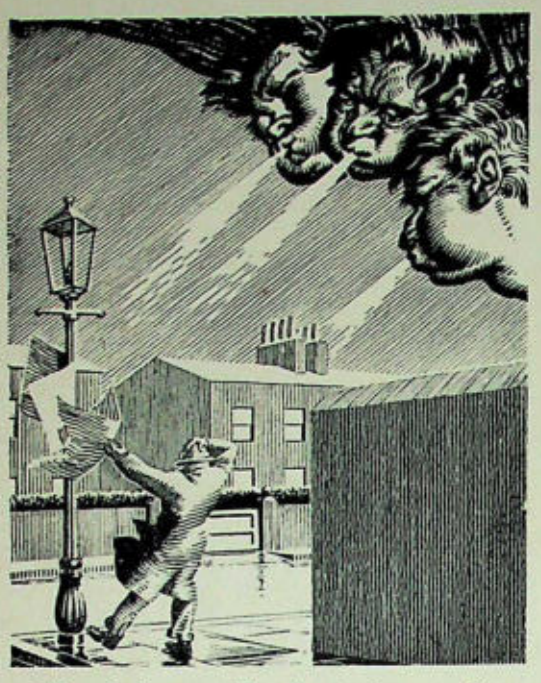
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NEXT WEEK; SPECIAL SPRING FARMING SECTION

ATTACKS ON THE BOAT RACE

NEXT Saturday that great pageant of rowing, the Head of the River race, takes place, when about 140 eights will compete in a time race over the Boat Race course of four-and-a-quarter miles. These crews will be made up from Tideway clubs, whose members work in offices throughout the week, from schools and from keen University oarsmen anxious to emulate the feat of the two crews upon which public interest is centred to-day. It is due to the unflagging enthusiasm of Mr. Steve Fairbairn and the organising zeal of Mr. Reeve, whose presence we miss so much to-day, that this event has fired the imagination of so many young oarsmen. But its inspiration has been the Boat Race itself, which has done even more for rowing than Henley. All for the good of these young men, you will say; but there are others who differ.

Critics of the Boat Race have rushed into print this year, and in the opinion of one of them it is a characterless, profitless, dull and dangerous anachronism, resolving itself into two sets of eight clean, healthy, and presumably intelligent young men propelling a type of boat from Putney to Mortlake that is of no practical use to anyone. If such views are to gain ground concerning the Boat Race then we are asked to believe that it is profitless to strive for physical fitness and the ability to endure; that it is time to revise our national ideas concerning the benefits to be derived from sports and games. Men who take part in "shoving a boat" for no more momentous an object than the winning of a race are not the sort to shirk other issues which involve physical stress. We have seen our Blues to the forefront when it comes to such a feat as the climbing of Everest, and in other objects of unselfish sacrifice which demand the fibre inculcated by learning to perform with might and main a task which has no more reward than the gratification of successful endeavour; a motive which has stood by us in crises but which the carping critic would have us believe is worthless!

The old bogey of heart strain has again been raised as particularly applicable to rowing, but it has included in its ranks a goodly proportion of octogenarians and nonagenarians who can hardly be classed as the survival of the fittest. We recommend hostile critics to the remarks of Mr. McCowen, who states that rowing can be pleasant and enjoyable, and that oarsmen have learnt to win races to-day without bursting blood-vessels. It is satisfactory to note that there is one thrilling object worth striving for, at personal discomfort, in the opinion of the anti-Boat Race critic—speed in mechanical propulsion. Yet even for this laudable object is not athletic prowess an aid to strengthening the liver even at slight risk to the heart?

Still another protest is registered at the tyranny of coaches on the Cam, a tyranny which does not seem to deter some 700 young men risking their lives in the Lent races or piling up the mileage with the ambition of being selected for Trial Eights. But all this is nonsense and only becomes amusing when complaint is made of the boring, shivering, wearisome wait to see the crews go by. The Universities do not ask anyone to wait or shiver to see what is purely a private match, and it is only the spirited nature of the encounter which appeals, and will always appeal to the British Public, who will undergo their own particular form of strain for the pleasure of watching it. However their effete detractors may rage, may there always be eight men of Oxford to meet eight men from Cambridge, whether Fortune smiles on either Dark or Light Blue!

TITHE AND THE LANDOWNER

IN another column will be found a letter from the pen of Mr. George Pitt Rivers, stating the arguments of those who see tithe as an unjust tax and are agitating to obtain its abolition. More moderate points of view have also been given expression in our columns, with which we agree, but it is well for all concerned with the ownership of land to know the arguments that are being used by both sides in the controversy over tithe.

It is, we are convinced, quite futile, and indeed dangerous, to call for the abolition of tithe, which, rightly or wrongly, has become recognised as a form of property and a claim on agricultural land, but there is a strong case for a revision of the terms of the 1925 Act, which, as events have proved, saddles agriculture with an unduly heavy charge on account of tithe. If farming were prosperous, as it was immediately after the war, tithe would be rendered to the Church with no demur, but after a decade of falling prices the tithe owner can properly be expected, as a partner in agriculture, to make a sacrifice in the same measure that landowners, farmers and labourers have done of necessity. The Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons are keeping a watchful eye on the position and will no doubt continue to impress on the Minister of Agriculture the need for amending legislation.

D. R. JARDINE'S CRICKET PLANS

Who will captain the England cricket team against Australia this year? The question is already being debated as a result of D. R. Jardine's resignation of the Surrey captaincy and his announcement that he is not likely to play very much this summer. After two English seasons and two abroad, in Australia and India, in the last two years, it is not surprising that he feels that he wants a rest from the game. But the inspiration of his captaincy was too apparent in Australia to be lightly dispensed with; it proved a big factor of success then and it should represent a definite influence in our favour in meeting the Australians again this summer. We see no reason why England should need to look for another captain, even if Jardine is not able to play regularly, for no other possible captain now has a more thorough knowledge of the principal players most likely to be chosen for the Test matches.

DOYLE'S PURSE

Following the intricacies of the law through a column and a half of High Court proceedings in small type is too much for the ordinary man, and therefore there has been a great deal of misunderstanding about the legality or otherwise of the Board of Control's action in withholding Doyle's purse for his fight with Petersen. The judgment in no way weakens the position of the new Board, which should, when it has been in control for a few years, do as invaluable a work for boxing as the Jockey Club does for racing. It merely emphasises that through the technical error of not insisting on Doyle being asked to vary his contract in accordance with rules passed after his original contract was entered into, their action cannot be upheld. This is an error in routine on their part which can easily be rectified in the future. The ability and integrity of the stewards was not, of course, at issue, nor can it be suggested that Doyle received less impartial treatment at their hands than before Mr. Justice Mackinnon, who heard the case in the Courts.

A NEW KRUGER PARK FILM

On Friday last a new natural history film of wild life in the Transvaal National Park Reserve was shown at South Africa House; and those who, by courtesy of the High Commissioner, were privileged to attend had an opportunity of seeing unrivalled animal photography free of all superimposition and visual deception.

In this picture the art of "shooting close-ups" of wild game has reached a degree of perfection well-nigh impossible to excel. When one reflects that the difference between observing wild animals free in their native habitat and those under restraint—however unexacting—is as wide as the poles, the value of the wonderful asset that South Africa possesses in the Kruger Park will be better appreciated.

COUNTRY HOUSE FIRES

Many suggestions have been made as to the best means of safeguarding country houses from the dangers of fire. The risk of a short circuit in electric apparatus introduced into old houses not originally wired for the purpose is obvious. But surely the simplest need in these cases has been pointed out in a letter to the *Times* by the Editor of *The Countryman*. What is wanted is sprinklers to stop an outbreak on the spot and—ought the suggestion to be necessary?—an adequate supply of water. Not once, but again and again, a country house containing priceless treasures has been gutted because there has been no water supply. It is strange that so simple a form of insurance should be so frequently neglected.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a local paper. "Fox Hunting at Llanfair Caereinion." The item reads: "A very exciting local fox hunt took place, in Eithnog Wood, Llanfair Caereinion. There were about 20 beaters and five guns. They drew blank in first and second wood, but a fox was killed immediately in the third wood. Again the beaters' luck was in, for in the top wood another fox was captured and killed."

AMERICAN SHARK FISHING

The latest sea sport in America, according to a news reel which was recently being shown in London cinemas, is shark fishing from aeroplanes. At first it might be thought that this would call for a high degree of skill, and be a most exciting method of taking fish. Actually, however, it demands complete lack of feeling for the fish, and an entire absence of sportsmanship. It also seems from the pictures that even the thrill must be missing.

The method employed is first of all to find some shark—no very difficult matter, as they are clearly visible from the aeroplane. The bait is then lowered into the water, where it is instantly seized. Up goes the aeroplane, lifting the shark bodily from its native element. Struggling and fighting on its aerial journey, it is flown back to the beach, where it is dropped. We can but hope that the same fate awaits this so-called "sport."

A GREAT SHOOT

Many regrets will be felt for the sale of Culford, which, in the hands of successive members of the Cadogan family, with generations of Smiths as their keepers, became one of the great shoots of the country. Marching as it does with Euston and Elveden, it lies in the area which has been described as "where three Empires meet." Culford has always depended to a large extent on wild birds, 2,251 pheasants having been shot in one day, with an average of 2,000 in three days, and between two and three thousand partridges having been shot in a season. It is a great shoot, one of the greatest, and one with great traditions, and it is to be hoped that, like Warter Priory, it will find an owner prepared to purchase as a whole and to maintain the shooting at its high standard.

A BRACE OF BARBEL

March is not a month one usually associates with barbel. Rather the dog days of August or the little summer provided by St. Luke are the times when the great fish leave their weedy fastnesses and come into those open spaces in the river where alone an angler's bait can readily be offered—which makes it all the more surprising that this month should have seen the capture (by two roach fishers using the delicate tackle of their craft) of the largest brace of barbel of the present season. One weighed 14lb., the other some 3oz. more, and they came from the lower reaches of the Avon.

Low water and sunshine, those are the traditional favourites of the barbel fisher, and it would seem that even a winter drought may serve their turn. But barbel, like Thames trout, are quarry for the specialist; time and lavish offerings are prelude to their capture, though sometimes a wayward fortune will provide the chance denied to forethought and experience.

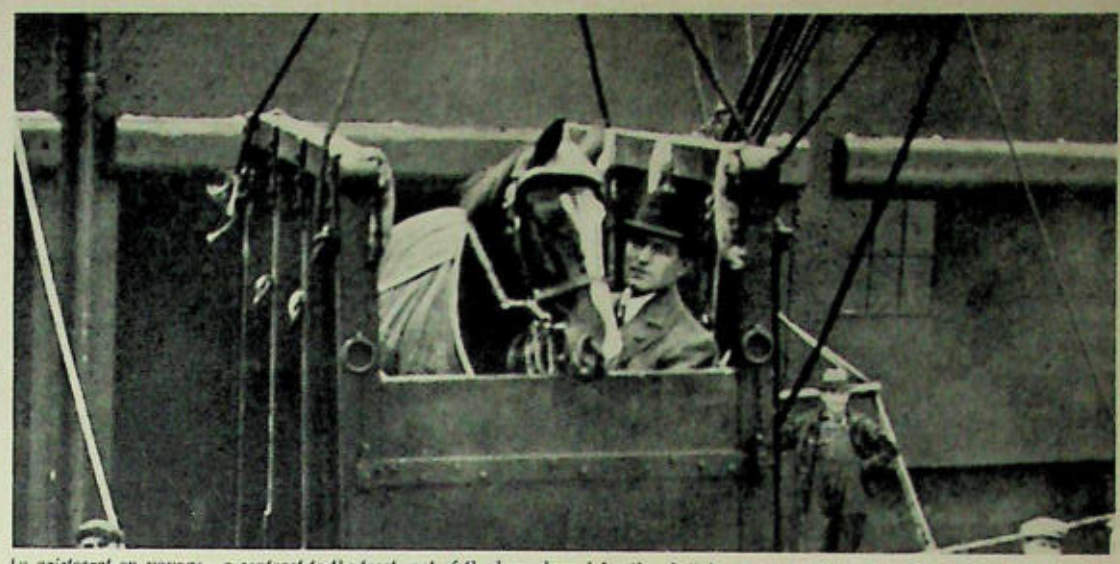
MID-MARCH

It has been a long winter, in the South Country at all events, but the longest time of discontent will pass. In the third week of March we begin to count the days to the cuckoo. Catkins, surely, have never been more plentiful; the woods are waving yellow. Lilac buds are stout and green, roses are shooting inch by inch. Under the pink-purple blossoms of *Azalea praecox* the cernuus daffodils are opening their pale trumpets. Most promising of all, the camellias are more thickly budded than ever, and if, as the gardener prays, they may be saved from frost and the north-east wind, there should be such a show as he cannot remember.

LEVEN WATER

Smollett was born in Dumbartonshire, in the Vale of Leven, so that it is not the river of that name that runs out of the loch in Kinross-shire to which he addresses his lines "To Leven Water"—a smaller river not named on every map, which runs out of Loch Lomond:

"Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I used to lave . . .
Devolving from thy parent lake
A charming maze thy waters make
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine
And edges flow'red with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard."



An aristocrat en voyage—a contrast to the treatment of the horse bound for the abattoir

OLD HORSES FOR BUTCHERY OR SLAVERY

The Urgency of the Exportation of Horses Bill

By MAJOR H. HUME POLLOCK, M.C.

FROM time to time attention has been drawn to this subject in the columns of the *Field*. Having returned a few days ago from one of my periodical visits to Holland, I should like to recount my experiences, with a view to hastening the much-delayed Exportation of Horses Bill.

Again I say that it is quite true that everything is carried out *this* side to protect the horses according to our present law. I know the number of horses crossing is less now than in the last few years, but that is because cattle meat is cheap on the Continent at present, and it does not pay well to ship horses for butchery. I have repeatedly visited the home docks and seen everything that goes on. All appears peaceful and efficient, as it really is. But it must be thoroughly understood that when the horses, passed by the veterinary surgeon, are embarked on the ship with their hay and water, we say goodbye to them. They are then out of the protection of the British law; but—they are only on the take-off side of the fence.

The take-off is comparatively easy. Nobody really knows what happens on the other side of the fence, except those who have seen it. I have crossed with the horses on the cargo boats. The captains are good fellows, but they cannot regulate the storms and squalls of the North Sea. One outgoing British boat I know has reports of the state of the weather sent in before sailing, and yet, of course, this is not proof against squalls.

In 1932, out of three horses shipped in one boat, from another port, two arrived dead—proving the fickle conditions. From periodical and reliable notes sent to me from Rotterdam, I find that: "In 1929 five horses arrived dead, and one was so severely injured that he was shot on arrival." Each boat carries a mechanical killer. "In 1930 the figures were somewhat higher on account of stormy conditions in that autumn." Since a horse cannot vomit, he presents a pitiful sight when he is suffering from the sensation of sea-sickness, as he stands with his two forelegs extended, and the muscles of his stomach contracted in his effort to be sick.

These are not young polo ponies going to India, generally with grooms, with the best of their life in front of them. The horses may be for butchery or the market. I once took the average ages of 27 consecutive horses which were shipped, and found it to be eleven-and-three-quarter years. It is generally held that after twelve years the best of a horse has gone, and he begins to depreciate. If a fair number cross on one boat, a few of these are generally sent still farther on, to Amsterdam. So far as I have seen these go to slaughter. Lucky is the horse which remains in the abattoir at Rotterdam. Unlucky is the horse which goes into the market. None crossed from England or Scotland the day I went over, so I could not follow any particular horse. The horse market is once a week. Since I have seen so many horses shipped in the last few years, it is more than probable that I saw some horses in the market which I had seen embarked, say, in 1932 or 1933. Maybe, and I see nothing to prevent it, their working days were over, and they were sent for what they would fetch.

The market is from 8 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., and before 8 a.m. I placed myself so that all horses entering the market would file past me; I counted between 170 and 180. I soon had to give up counting the lame ones, of which there were many, and one pony was blind. It is a mean and diabolical act to sell a blind animal. Weather conditions were very bad, with driving cold rain and, for half an hour, a snowstorm. Many horses were shivering—and some were still shivering there at 1.50 p.m. Very few had rugs, though plenty of cows had rugs, and some had two. There is no cover for the horses, but all cattle for the abattoir were under cover. Horses hate snow, or rain, or wind in their faces. If a lame horse was loath to trot, there were plenty of sticks and whips to see what he could "do."

Unfortunately the decrepit horse fetches a better price in the market than he does in the abattoir, and he also stands the chance of being run up and down. Butchers bought many of these, for the abattoir is close by. Those not so lucky may be bought by a butcher of an outlying village, for that village's consumption, and they would go in lorries, one, two or three hours' journey into the country. It is fair to say the police see that lame horses have transport—but not to the abattoir, close by.

Is not all this, which is described above, a thankless end to a British horse? I have every reason to presume some were British. One that I should so presume had a bad greasy heel on his near hind leg, and was very lame; I hated to see him go away in a batch which did not go to the abattoir, and I can only hope he was bought by a village butcher. The above is true and with no exaggeration. May I earnestly plead with M.F.H.s, M.P.s, and all such and other people who can use influence, to get the present Bill hastened? It will effectually stop those horses which, by reason of their quality and age, now provide the export. If any one wants to verify the above, I will show him—and I would add it is fairest to the horses to choose rough weather.

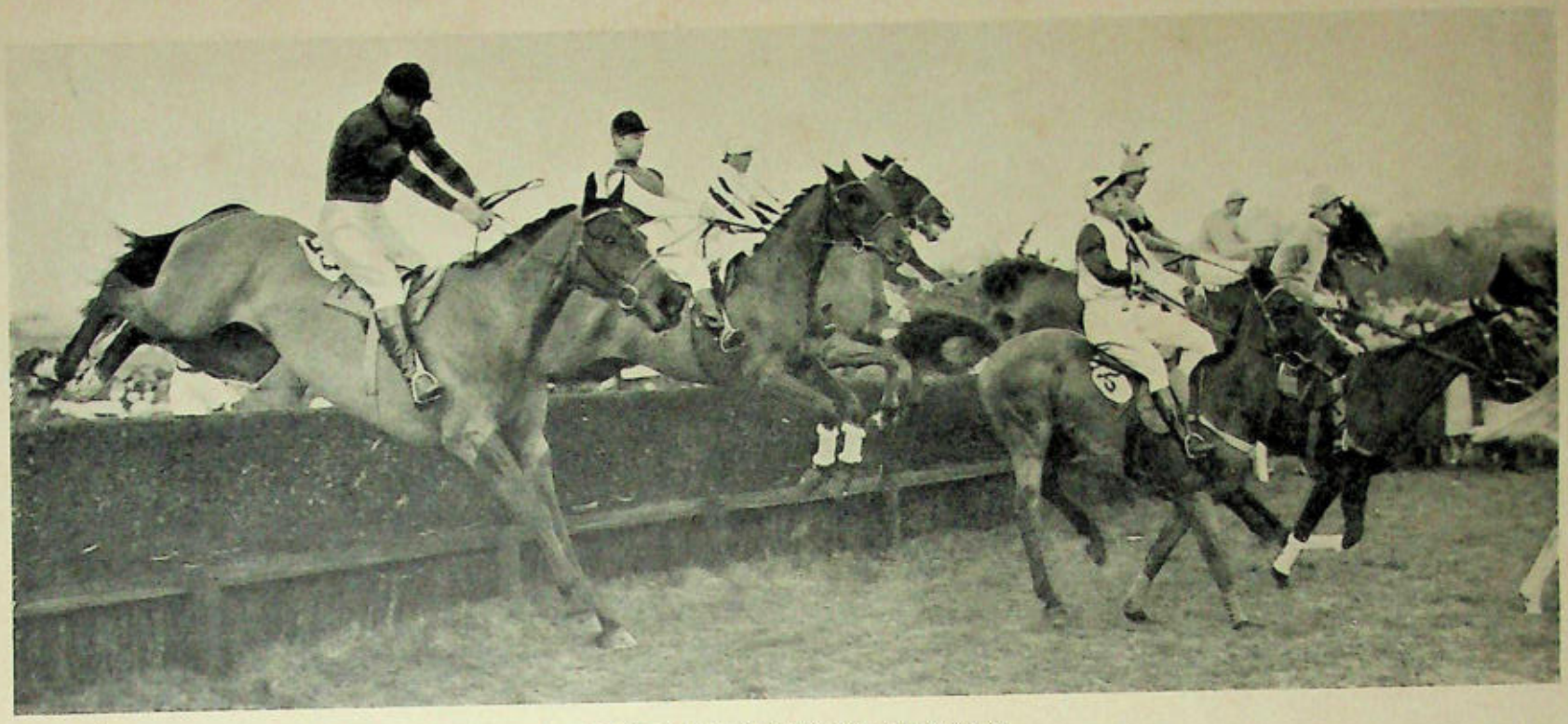
[The object of the Exportation of Horses Bill, which it is intended shall come into force on June 1st, is to stop the existing export of live horses from this country for purposes of slaughter abroad. In Clause 1 the present regulations are extended so as to prohibit the export of horses, with certain specified exceptions, over eight years of age and of less value than £25; and empowers veterinary inspectors at the ports to slaughter any horse rejected as unfit to work without suffering.

The exceptions as given in Clause 2 provide that the "Act shall not apply in the case of the shipment of any horse (other than an ass) certified in writing, if a thoroughbred horse, by a steward or the Secretary of the Jockey Club or if a horse other than a thoroughbred horse by the secretary of such society or societies for the encouragement of horse breeding as may from time to time be approved for that purpose by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries:—

"(*a*) To have arrived in Great Britain not more than one month before the date of shipment for the purpose of being run in a race; or

"(*b*) to be shipped for the purpose of being run in a race; or

"(*c*) to be shipped for the purpose of being used for breeding, remount, racing, showing, hunting or polo, and to be of not less value than twenty-five pounds."—ED.]



A HUNT HORSE'S VICTORY AT CHELTENHAM

Crown Prince winning the National Hunt Steeple Chase. Earlier in the season this son of The Winter King carried the first whipper-in of the Whaddon Chase

WHAT POINT-TO-POINTS MEAN TO STEEPLE CHASING

Riders and Horses Which Have Won Fame in Both Schools

ALTHOUGH the older generation may regard the modern Point-to-Point, with its racing jackets, books of form, made-up fences, and thoroughbred horses, with something like contempt, there is no doubt that it serves a useful purpose in training the young man who wishes to ride as an amateur under National Hunt rules in the thrilling but very difficult art of race-riding. Nearly all the amateur riders of to-day have begun their careers in Point-to-Points, where they learned that riding a well-trained and well-schooled horse over fences at racing speed with half a dozen others rattling along at the same rate, was a vastly different proposition to having a good run with hounds. It takes what Mr. Benjamin Buckram (who is supposed to have been rather an unkind caricature of Anderson the great dealer and one of the pioneers of steeple chasing) called "a wery likely nag" to win a Point-to-Point in these days when meetings are in reality only miniature steeple chases, and the riders must be in good health and physically fit.

Keenness counts for much, nerve, courage and endurance for a good deal more, and the modern youth has no less of these attributes than his forefathers. There could be no better school for the cross-country jockey of the future than the Oxford and Cambridge University steeple chases. From these excellent schools came amateurs of the calibre of Major Ian Straker, who has a record of over fifty Point-to-Point victories to his credit, and Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, one of the best Point-to-Point riders of the present day, while from that other excellent training ground the Army came Mr. Walwyn, Captain Brownhill, Sir Peter Grant Lawson, and the late Captain R. E. Sassoon, who made up for what he lacked in horsemanship by courage and perseverance of a high order, qualities which are essential if success is to come in riding races over fences. Besides those mentioned, many others like Mr. F. Furlong, Mr. E. Paget, Mr. F. Cundell, and J. Fawcus (before he turned professional), graduated in Point-to-Point races, as did Mr. R. Renton (now a successful trainer at Ripon), and the Ancil brothers. And as long as the Point-to-Point acts as the stepping stone, there is no likelihood of the supply of steeple chase riders running short.

Many a horse has been set on the path to fame through the medium of the Point-to-Point, and has even won distinction in the Grand National itself, that supreme test of the jumping qualities of any horse. Selecting only half a dozen names, within recent recollection there are Carfax, Pelorus Jack, old one-eyed Bovril III, Holmes, Hank and Cinders II.

Romance is often found behind such names as these, and it is interesting to review the history of some of these famous 'chasers.

First comes Carfax, which failed in the Grand National when Easter Hero caused a general-post sort of scramble at Becher's, and only the despised Tipperary Tim kept his feet. He was an Irish-bred horse owned by Mr. W. T. Ancil, well known in the Bicester country. Never broken until he was eight, he won seven Point-to-Points in one season and ten open steeple chases. He was duly entered for the Grand National, in which his owner's son Chris was to ride him, but National Hunt Club in their wisdom refused the young horseman a permit to ride as an amateur. Accordingly he turned professional and sold Carfax to his brother so that he could take the mount. It was all to no purpose, for after the brother had been granted special permit to ride Carfax was defeated. A sum said to be in the region of £6,000 was refused for the horse before the race.

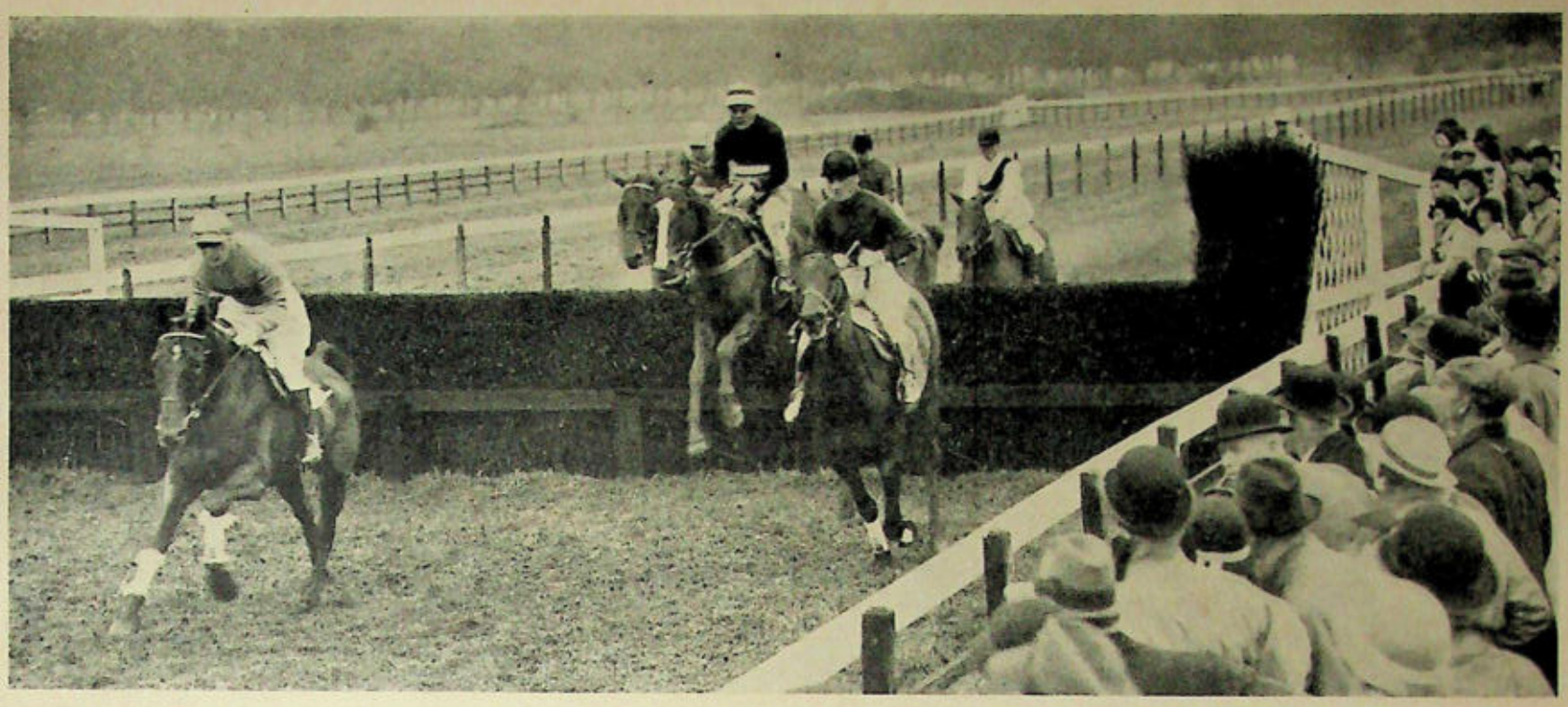
Fresh in the memory is the story of the gallant bid which lank Pelorus Jack (one of the biggest horses in training, standing 17.3) made last year when he rose at the last fence with Kellsboro' Jack only to meet grief and defeat, to the chagrin of W. Stott, who had been taken off the favourite, Golden Miller, at the last moment. Although he is by Golden Orb, this strapping chesnut was originally purchased as a hunter by Mr. Philip Brocklehurst, for whom he won several races. Placed in training under the care of Mr. Percy Woodland, he won the Grand International Steeple Chase at Sandown Park, and this year is to make a fresh bid for Aintree honours. He would not win in the show ring, for I have heard him described as "ugly-headed, ewe-necked, roachy-backed and short of a rib," but there is no doubt that Pelorus Jack is a natural jumper, as his strong hocks, second thighs and powerful quarters testify. His chance at Liverpool is by no means a black one.

Although he was far from being a beauty, Bovril III ran well in the Grand National, and might have finished first instead of second if his owner-rider



A TRAINING GROUND FOR AMATEUR RIDERS

Mr. T. A. Scaramanga's Huncoat beating Mr. R. M. Rowley's Gulliver II in the 'Varsity Grind Race at the Oxford University meeting



FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION

Golden Miller, now favourite for the Grand National, winning the Cheltenham Gold Cup for the Hon. Dorothy Paget, from Avenger and Kellsboro' Jack

had been less tired, but he was a fine jumper, and before his Aintree venture was hunted and won a Point-to-Point in the Grafton country. Another hunter was Holmes (christened after a waiter to whom he was given away), who did his turn with hounds in the Old Surrey and Burstow country, where incidentally he won a Point-to-Point. Another useful hunter was Hank, winner of the Foxhunters' Steeple Chase at Liverpool in 1931. For several seasons he was hunted by the old Northamptonshire cricket captain and well-known racehorse owner Mr. George Drummond before being put into training, when, by the way, he ran under both rules. Cinders II, which ranks among the "pedigree unknown" class, is said to have been by a thoroughbred stallion from a Clydesdale mare, lines on which many a good weight-carrying hunter has been bred. Although a one-pace horse, Cinders II would have carried a town on his back.

There must be many a good Point-to-Point horse at the present time of the calibre of Castle Gris, or Gerry Go Nimble, or Ebon Knight, or Herode Bridge which might well make a bid in the Grand National, and it is a practical suggestion that the time has come to alter the conditions which govern the Nomination and Open races. Would it not be fairer to make a rule whereby a horse could only win three of these events and then would be debarred from taking further part in them again? A horse which is capable of winning over a score of Point-to-Points, as Castle Gris has done, is surely capable of winning races over fences under National Hunt rules.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

CONTROLLING POINT-TO-POINTS

What the N.H.C. Can Do

By MAJOR C. CARLOS CLARKE

As a boy my father and I used to write each other the most insulting letters. When we met, however, and discussed matters, the bones of contention used to melt and we often found ourselves in entire agreement. The difficulties that have arisen between the National Hunt Committee (N.H.C.) and the Masters of Foxhounds Point-to-Point Committee (M.P.C.) would appear to have been brought about largely by misunderstandings and by letters to the newspapers, written in most cases by people unaware of the facts.

I gather that there is little cause for the storm that has arisen and practically no points upon which they do not really agree. This was natural, as when two parties are aiming for the same goal, the only question left to be decided is the quickest and best road to it. They both want straight Point-to-Point racing over a fair course and a programme likely to attract the biggest crowd.

In olden days a Point-to-Point was what the name implies, but those days are gone, and I do not know that it matters much. After all, the only people who really enjoyed them were those taking part; and how few indeed were they! As a spectator one only saw the finish and possibly the start. The objects of Point-to-Point meetings to-day are not only to raise funds for the Hunt, but more especially to give the local farmers a day out, which they dearly love and deserve.

No sport or game has any chance of survival unless it is run cleanly and fairly and with the strictest control from a body above suspicion. No one would ever accuse the M.P.C. of anything but the highest motives. But have they the ability, the time or sufficient interest in racing to exercise the eagle-eyed control necessary? Do the Masters of Hounds go carefully into the credentials of every horse and rider to whom they issue a hunter's certificate? I *know* from personal experience that they do not.

Do the stewards at a Point-to-Point meeting spend their afternoon with raceglasses glued to their eyes watching for dishonesty? No; most of them spend it with a glass of port glued to their lips—and good luck to them! I expect that many of them, like myself, until I took the trouble to find out, had no idea that some of the most magnificent and blatant "ramps" on record have been perpetrated at Point-to-Point meetings, and that not a few of the perpetrators have been warned off the Turf in consequence.

The procedure is that the M.P.C. or their stewards should, within 24 hours, report any irregularity to the N.H.C., but great slackness, which is quite understandable, has occurred. I can so well see their train of thought—after what to them has seemed a pleasant afternoon's sport some irregularity is brought to their notice. The meeting has otherwise been a success, a whole year must elapse till the next meeting. Why wash dirty linen in public? And so the delinquent "gets away with it," laughs to himself and does exactly the same trick at the next meeting.

How many times have I heard some disgruntled backer railing against the blindness of the stewards when probably the stewards are fully alive to what is going on, but are quite unable to bring a charge of dishonesty without full proof. You may think what you like, you may even know that a "ramp" has been perpetrated, but try to prove it and you will realise what you are up against. Detection and successful prosecution of a racing delinquent is extremely difficult. It is by strict rules and close supervision only that Turf "ramps" will be eliminated, and that is what the N.H.C. want to give to the sport of Point-to-Point racing and its followers. It is only the most flagrant cases of racing dishonesty that find their way into the daily papers, but you have only to purchase a copy of the *Racing Calendar* to see what splendid work is being done by this selfless and honourable committee of sportsmen. Unfortunately the *Calendar* is read only by those very closely connected with the sport.

If there has been disagreement, and I have already said it is infinitesimal, it centres round two points—nomination races and the lay-out of courses. No one can deny that nomination races bring the good horses, add great interest to the "card" and attract the crowds. Unfortunately thay also attract the "ramp merchant." It is not difficult to produce a good horse under another name, back it for a hatful of money, if you have come from another



POINT-TO-POINTING IN THE WEST

Some of the field in the Subscribers' R[illegible] at the Beaufort Point-to-Point, at Tetbury, taking a Gloucestershire stone wall





W. A. Rouch

FANCIED ON THE CARHOLME AND AT AINTREE

Quartz II, owned by M. P. Wertheimer (who also owned his sire, the brilliant Epinard), seen at full stretch in a training gallop with his jockey, W. R. Johnstone, in the saddle. (Right) Pelorus Jack, one of the tallest horses in training, whose make and shape belie his excellent jumping capabilities

country and if the local stewards are lax or in the luncheon tent, or both! The National Hunt Committee want to stop this in the interests of racing generally, the public who bet, and finally of the sport of Point-to-Point racing itself.

I do not think the N.H.C. get enough credit for the work they do; in view of the fact that they are a body of gentlemen working without remuneration of any sort and with the purification of racing and the safeguarding of the public as their sole object.

And now for the courses. If Hunts wish to hold nomination races, the N.H.C., I gather, want to appoint inspectors who will see that the courses are fair and reasonable in every way. I personally have ridden round courses so small that they would have been an insult to a bad hurdler. On the other hand, I have also competed when the course has been a cross between a very rough hunting country and Aintree! The N.H.C. aim at a course over a "fair hunting country." How right they are! I know an illustrious and influential hunting man who told the Point-to-Point Committee that he would not enter his horses in the local Point-to-Point if there was a fence with a "ditch to it" in the whole course! Unbelievable but true.

After a careful survey of the whole question I am convinced that the time has come for Point-to-Point meetings to inaugurate strict control. The N.H.C. have offered, for a very small consideration, to do it for them. What could be fairer?

THE RACING SEASON OPENS

Fancies for Liverpool and Lincoln

FLAT-RACING will be resumed quietly with the opening of the Lincoln meeting on Monday. The special publicity which this particular day's racing receives is not due to the importance of the sport. Compared with many programmes the card at Lincoln is unambitious. The Race Fund here is by no means well endowed, and added money has to be doled out with the greatest care. The general racing public does not seem to be interested enough in the first day of the season to make the journey to the course, and the crowd on the Carholme on the opening afternoon is invariably one of the thinnest seen on any racecourse.

But the third day redeems all. The Lincolnshire still holds its place as one of the real affairs of the season. Its power to attract big crowds does not diminish, and we expect to see the stands tightly packed on Wednesday. International interest is given to the race by the presence of the French colt Quartz II, whose owner, M. Pierre Wertheimer, has happy recollections of dealing a shrewd blow to the bookmakers when Epinard won the Stewards' Cup in his colours. Some of the winnings went back to the ring when that brilliant colt found Verdict just too good for him at the weights in the Cambridgeshire.

Is it not something of a coincidence that a son of Epinard and a daughter of Verdict should now be among the most discussed entrants for the Lincolnshire Handicap? At one time the idea prevailed that fillies and mares had little chance of scoring over the colts and geldings in this race; but Dorigen showed the folly of that notion last year. Will Versicle be equal to hammering home the fact that fillies need not necessarily be at a disadvantage at this time of year?

When the weights were published it was generally agreed that Versicle had not been harshly treated. It remained to be seen how she would get through her preparation. Mr. Lambton seems to be satisfied with her. For him her success would be a great personal triumph. Generous Gift was the first favourite in the ante-post betting. He jumped almost automatically to that position as soon as it became known that G. Richards had been engaged to ride him.

Our own impression is that Totaig or Ole King Sole will be the winner. The first of these ran exceedingly well at Lincoln last year, though he was supposed to have no chance owing to the soft ground. This time the ground will probably be more in his favour. He is handicapped to an ounce with Ole King Sole on their running at Liverpool in the autumn, when Mrs. Eliot's gelding was perhaps a shade unlucky not to have won. We take Ole King Sole as our definite selection and Totaig as a second string.

Will Golden Miller win the Grand National? He gave his admirers fresh cause for enthusiasm by his fine performance last week at Cheltenham, where the Gold Cup fell to him for the third time. The running was sufficient to take him into clear favouritism, so that at the end of last week Golden Miller was a 10 to 1 chance, and one might have secured double the price about any of the others.

The latest of the so-called trials on the park courses have not thrown much light on the great Aintree problem, though the four-mile race at Cheltenham was interesting as showing that Really True, second in the Grand National last year, is just as good a horse as he was then, and this despite an injury to his knee which looked serious for a while. Others which have shown up well in recent races are Southern Hero, Francolino and Fortnum.

Of the batch trained at Melton Mowbray we think Ready Cash will prove the best and we regard him as possessing a really sound chance of getting into the first three. We shall not desert Golden Miller, who is a long way the best steeple chaser in training, and it will be strange if he does not win the Grand National at one time or another. He impresses us as being relatively much better than he was last year, which implies that he has been well trained for the race, and though he will not be well suited by hard going, we look with confidence to an improvement on his display of jumping in the race last season.

While we make Golden Miller our choice for the greatest of all steeple chases, we believe that Really True and Ready Cash will prove themselves worthy of "each way" support.



GRAND NATIONAL CANDIDATES IN ACTION

Here are seen Destiny Bay, Coolinagh and Remus, which ran well last year, in the Hurst Park National Trial Steeple Chase

RECORDS OF SOME MARCH POINT-TO-POINT MEETINGS



THREE LADY COMPETITORS AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT MEETING
In the group are Miss Holland Hibbert, Miss Barbara de Winton (winner of the Adjacent Hunts Ladies Race on Just Jane) and Miss Worthington



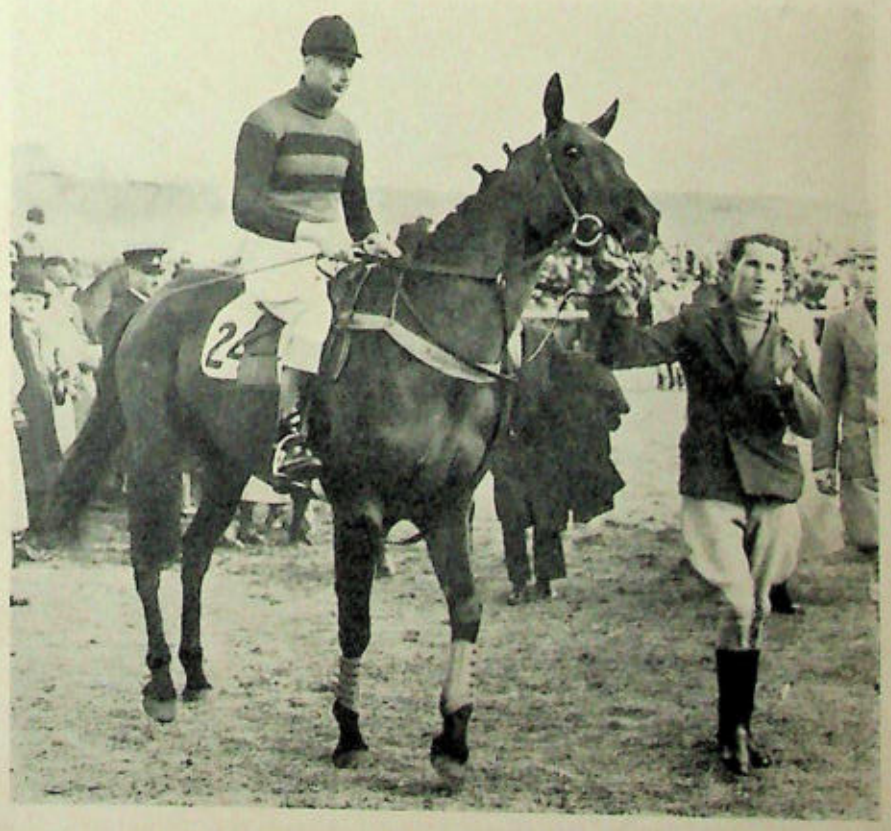
LADY ROSEBERY WATCHING THE WHADDON CHASE RACES



OVER THE FIRST FENCE IN THE WHADDON CHASE LADIES' RACE AT BLETCHLEY, WON BY THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL ON MIMOSA



IN THE LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE AT BLETCHLEY
Lord Cowdray on Mr. Switch leading the winner, Mr. P. Kindersley, on Michael, over the last fence



A WIN FOR THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
His Royal Highness after winning the Windmill Hill Cup on Birkhall at the Salisbury Plain Military Meeting

THE ART OF POINT-TO-POINT RACING

Experiences of Over a Hundred Victories

By MAJOR E. W. SHACKLE



MAJOR E. W. SHACKLE RIDING HIS HUNDREDTH POINT-TO-POINT WINNER TO VICTORY

NOW that the Point-to-Point season has come round once again perhaps a few words, and a suggestion or two, from one who has had over 50 years' practical experience of Point-to-Point riding, might not be without interest.

There are many people who say that they would like to see a return to the old style of meeting, which was a literal interpretation of the words "Point-to-Point," and though there is much to be said in favour of this type of race modern conditions make it almost an impossibility. The wire question alone presents an almost insuperable obstacle, apart from others which have arisen since the commencement of my riding career.

The first race I ever rode in, and had the good fortune to win, on a horse about 20 years old, was started from the Great Western Railway viaduct at Hanwell, and finished at the bottom of Harrow Hill. Picture, if you can, riding the same line to-day! Fifty years have indeed wrought a change, but during their passing I have managed to win 101 races, the last when I was 70 years of age, in the spring of 1932.

Though we cannot return to the old order of things there is much that could be done to improve Point-to-Points as they are to-day.

Some of the changes I should like to see made are a limit put to the number of open races a horse may win, thereby putting an end to pot-hunting. The abolition of brush fences on the grounds that they are not true hunting obstacles; a good cut-and-laid has to be jumped, not galloped through. That the last two fences on all courses should be plain ones, and not with a ditch on the take-off side, as is sometimes the case. Horses which have been ridden all out do not see these ditches in the final scramble, and in my opinion they have been the cause of more serious accidents than anything else. Whoever saw an open ditch as the last or second last on a steeple chase course?

That all Hunts should have a committee of at least three responsible members to take over the granting of certificates, and whose business it would be to know whether or not horses had been fairly hunted throughout the season. Also that any member wanting a certificate should notify the committee a week in advance. I, as Master of the Berks and Bucks Staghounds, so often get requests by telegram or telephone, allowing no time to make inquiries. I think any, or all, of these suggestions would tend to improve matters considerably.

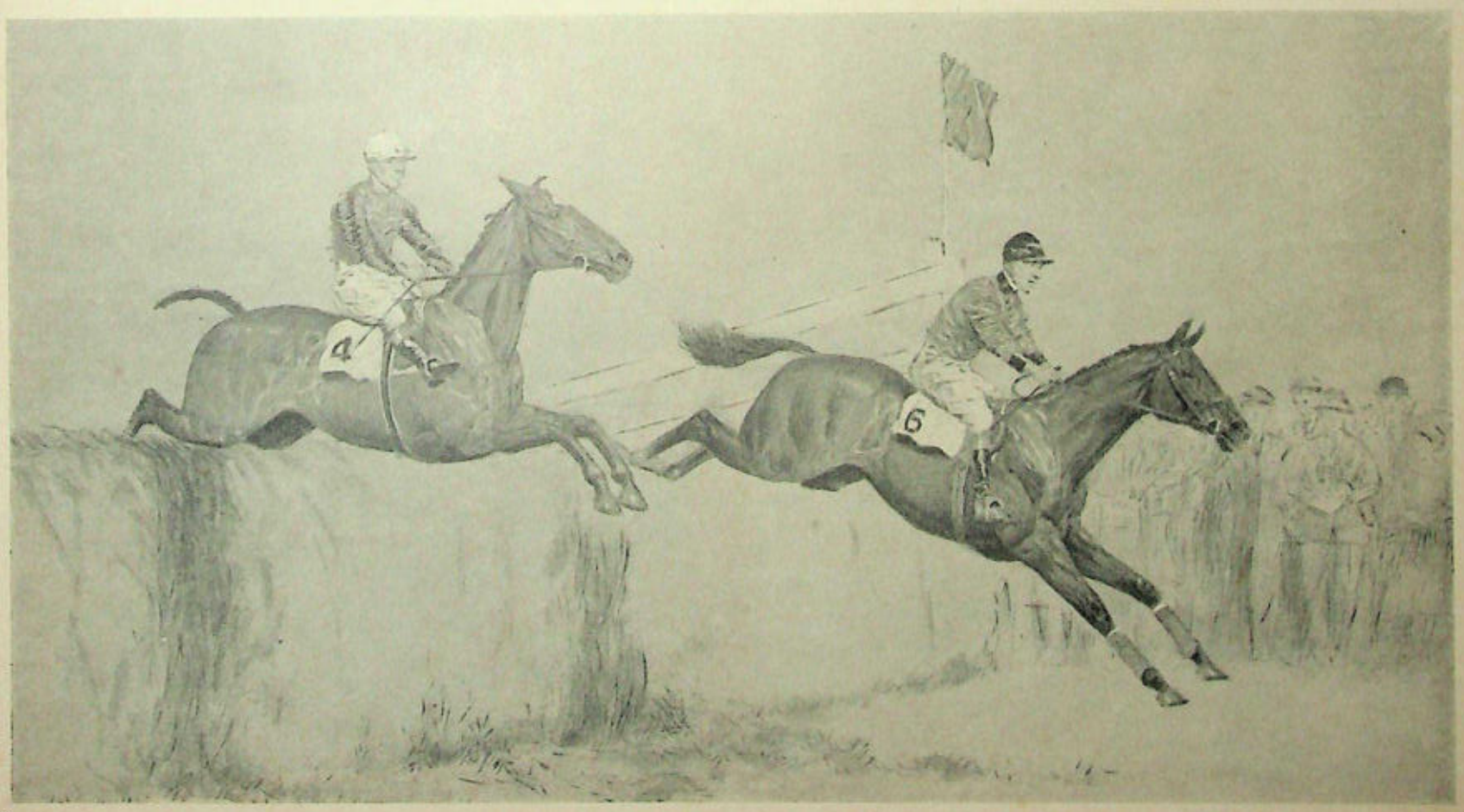
Where actual Point-to-Point riding itself is concerned I have always been most forcibly struck by the lack of observation shown by riders, and attribute what success I have had in the game far more to riding with my head than to any skill I may possess as a horseman.

To send a horse along as hard as it can lay leg to the ground from the moment the flag drops is no way to ride a race; it will never win one, or if by chance it does, it is extremely unlikely to win two. As an instance of this, in one of my recent races the leading horse was 200 or 300yds. ahead of the rest of us very shortly after the start. About half-way through the journey I had moved up to second place, but was unable to reduce the distance between the leader and myself without pressing my mount beyond his pace. Being unwilling to do this, I waited my time, and was rewarded by seeing the leading horse's tail beginning to swing. I then knew that its number was up, and passing it won the race with ease. Had the rider of that horse used his head as much as he did his legs he would have won the race when I was two fields away from the judge.

The most successful week I ever had was some 30 years ago, when out of seven mounts I won all my races—three at the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghounds meeting, three at the Old Berkeley meeting, and one at Northaw, which, I think, in those days was run in connection with the Enfield Chase Staghounds. In one of the races at the Old Berkeley meeting I had a most curious and humorous experience, when riding a thoroughbred mare for a farmer. The mare incidentally had been sold out of a racing stable to go in a cab, which she instantly reduced to matchwood; she then found her way to Slough Market, where my farmer friend bought her for £3. Three years in succession I rode her in the same race. On two occasions she gave me a fall, being impossible to steady at her fences, but the third year luck was our way. She started off at a tremendous gallop, and soon left the field far behind. When we had gone some way I noticed that a bandage had come undone; so great, however, was my lead that I dismounted, took off the bandage, climbed back into the saddle, and even after all this delay won the race with ease!

One other strange experience I had may be worth recounting. Shortly after the war, at the Berks and Bucks meeting, I won three races off the reel. The first was for horses owned by ladies, though ladies were not allowed to ride at that particular meeting. Having won this my owner was undecided whether or not to run the horse in the following race, for which he had also been entered, or to save him for another event later in the week. Eventually it was decided to run the horse again, but by some mistake the rest of the field were started just as I was leaving the paddock. What was I to do? If I went in pursuit, and by some happy chance won, I should probably be disqualified for not coming under the starter's orders; if I went on and ran nowhere, I should be taking a lot out of my mount for nothing. It was an awkward moment, but I made up my mind to have a go and risk the objection. To cut a long story short, I not only caught up the others but just managed to win the race. The owner of the third horse wanted the second to object to me, but being more than a true sportsman, he replied: "What, lodge an objection when he gave us a field's start and won the race!" And so it was awarded to me. The third race I won on an old mare of my own, which I ran in a running rein, as she always took charge at the start. It was the first time I had ever done such a thing, or seen anyone else do it either, but the first two fences being downhill, disaster was certain unless I had more than the usual control.

So much for that side of the question. The other, all the races I should have won and did not, I will leave to the imagination of my readers.



AN AINTREE MEMORY OF A GREAT RACE

Grakle (R. Lyall up), the winner, leading Grejalach (top weight in this year's event) over the last fence in 1931

(From the crayon sketch by Paul E. Brown, reproduced by courtesy of the artist and Mr. Harvey Brown, the owner of the picture)

THOSE LAST DAYS ON THE TIDEWAY

A Final Summary of the Crews

By D. H. E. McCOWEN



"A CREW OF EXCEPTIONAL CALIBRE FIGHTING AGAINST MISFORTUNE IN A SPLENDID WAY"

TO draw conclusions from the comparative times recorded by the Boat Race crews would not only have been misleading, but also a gross misstatement of fact.

To say that Cambridge were faster than Oxford because they covered the Putney to Mortlake course in 54 seconds less time means nothing at all; such times must be weighed carefully with the prevailing conditions of wind and tide before any reasonable forecast of the ultimate result can be made. Thus, Oxford rowed their first full course trial in 20min. 25sec. in conditions which were almost as bad as they could be, with a slack tide, a strong head wind, and very bad water. Furthermore, three substitutes were rowing, and a deputy cox of some 11st. did not help them along any faster.

At periods the rate of striking got down to 26, and with 3in. to 4in. of water in the boat their time looked very creditable indeed.

Cambridge, for their trial, had a slighter faster tide and better conditions, although the wind was still in the slowest quarter, and the rate of striking only for a brief instant descended to 29. Their time of 19min. 31sec. was definitely fast, and the manner in which they dealt with the scratch crews showed that they were determined to row in front, and not behind. Then again, Oxford rowed a bridge to bridge in 7min. 30sec., which under the fair conditions prevailing did not compare unfavourably with the record of 7min. 12sec. made in 1909 by Cambridge. A day later the Light Blues rowed to the Mile Post in 4min. 8sec., the record being 4min. 3sec. by Oxford in 1898 and Cambridge in 1906. This performance made the crew seem exceptionally fast; at one time they were down to 31 strokes per minute, and at such a slow rate they covered the distance remarkably quickly.

There was no doubt at all that here we had two crews of exceptional calibre, with Oxford fighting against misfortune in a splendid way.

Cambridge I looked upon with a certain amount of awe, and I could visualise them fighting and punching their way to victory. There was something majestic in the way they attacked the water. They are all big, powerful men, who are good at their job, have great confidence, and consequently row with delightful abandon. The only pity is that they do not row with swivels.

It seems to be the fashion among the critics to say that this crew put their blades in the water and then give a terrific shove with the legs. Again, they are accused of being short and weak at the finish. I can only regard such statements as being the highest possible compliment to Cambridge. One had only to look at the puddles to realise that here was no slovenly "drop in," but a hit. The blades hit the water like a hammer hits a nail, and when they were extracted, the puddles curled in towards the stern of the boat, showing that there had been no "quitting" half-way through the stroke.

There were no flashy movements to catch the eye, and to the uninitiated the illusion of shortness comes from the terrific speed with which the blades come through the water. Every photograph I have seen of this crew showed them reaching well out forward and drawing the finish right home. So to those who accused them of being short I will say, "Look again!"

Another critic suggested that the crew had no slide left to shove out the finish. What is this "shoving out the finish"? As Mr. Fairbairn so aptly says, "It is a dull, blood-vessel-bursting drag." After all, rowing is a sport, and as such should be pleasant and enjoyable, and oarsmen have found they can win races without straining or bursting blood-vessels—they have learned to row naturally and comfortably with a lightening spring and an easy elastic draw which shoots the boat through the water. Cambridge have made rowing look ridiculously easy, and ease is the hall-mark of proficiency in all branches of athletics.

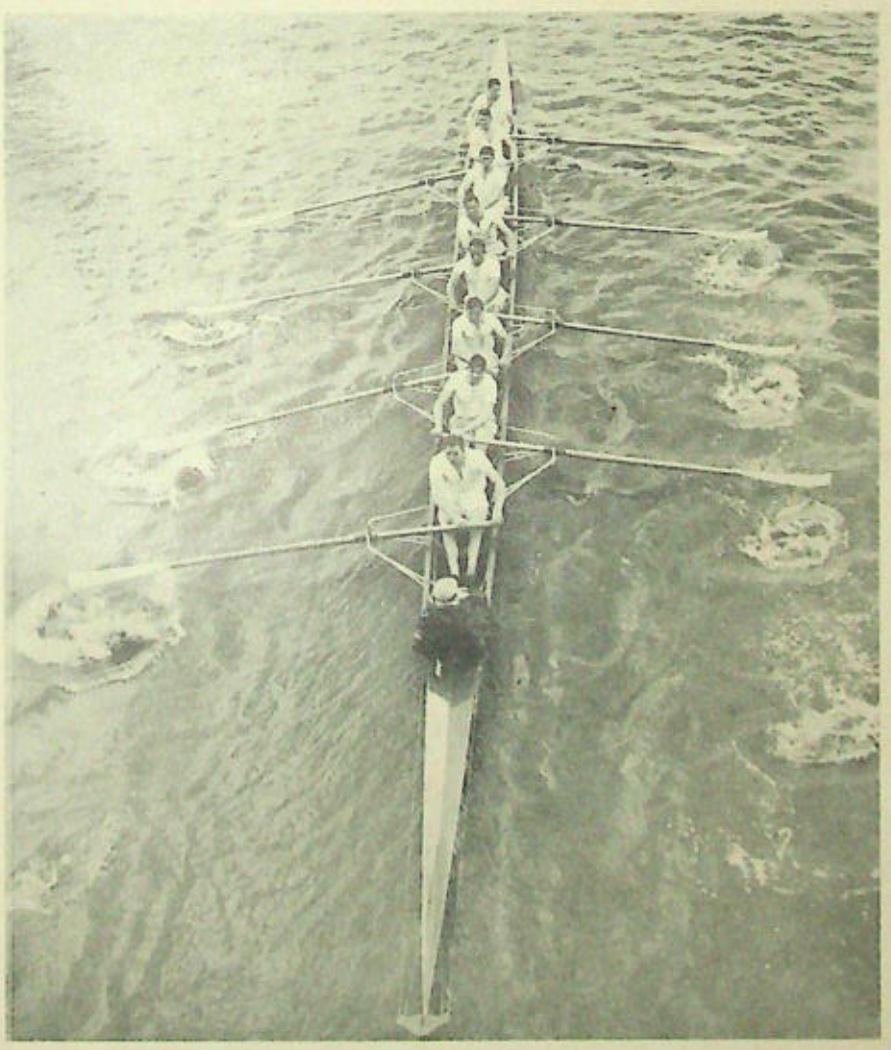
Having discoursed so glowingly on the Light Blues, it must seem that Oxford looked completely out of the picture. This was far from being the case, and I have only harped on the greatness of Cambridge because they represent the very best example of British rowing and are without doubt the finest crew I have seen at home or abroad since the 1930 London Eight. Oxford, given a slice of luck—which, goodness knows, is owing them for a long time—coupled with the greatness of the occasion and the heat of battle, it seemed might reveal a hidden burst of speed which would turn the tables in their favour.

Every sympathy will be felt with the Oxford President, G. A. Ellison, who had to resign his position through indisposition. He has worked extremely hard for his crew, and it must have been a great disappointment not to row and share in the fruits of his work.

During the last week of Oxford's work, Suteliffe improved the rhythm and put more fire and dash into the rowing. After their last full course the crew looked tired, as well they might after struggling through all their misfortunes. Consequently their punch was lacking in sting; but now the blades began cracking the water with a renewed vigour, which augured well for their chances to-day. Oxford are giving away a lot in experience. They have no Grand or Stewards winners to give them unruffled confidence. But what they lacked in this respect they make up for in cohesion and a desperate will to win, which promised to give them an extra turn of speed when the time came.

An interesting speculation on the race was whether a north-east wind would grace the occasion with its presence, when it would be interesting to see if either or both the crews could lower the existing record of 18min. 29sec.

As for the course, with a spring tide and no land water coming down, there would be every reason to expect a startling time being returned. On the other hand, spring tides have a habit of being accompanied by south-west gales, which whip up the water at Putney; and so Dame Fortune would have a major share in the result.



"ONE HAD ONLY TO LOOK AT THE PUDDLES TO REALISE THAT HERE WAS NO SLOVENLY 'DROP IN'"

Crews and weights at the beginning of the week

OXFORD	st. lb.
*W. H. Migotti (Radley and Worcester) (bow)	12 2
*R. W. G. Holdsworth (Shrewsbury and Brasenose)	11 12
*P. Hogg (Sherborne and New College)	12 11
*J. M. Couchman (Sherborne and Christ Church)	13 5
*P. R. S. Bankes (Oundle and Christ Church)	14 7½
J. H. Lascelles (Christ College, New Zealand, and Balliol)	11 11½
G. I. F. Thomson (Shrewsbury and Balliol)	12 1
A. V. Sutcliffe (Shrewsbury and Trinity) (st.)	14 2
C. G. F. Bryan (Eton and Worcester) (cox)	8 1½

CAMBRIDGE	st. lb.
A. D. Kingsford (Uppingham and Pembroke) (bow)	11 7
C. K. Buckle (Eastbourne and Magdalene)	12 4
W. G. R. M. Laurie (Monkton Combe and Selwyn)	13 5½
K. M. Payne (Eton and Third Trinity)	12 7
D. J. Wilson (Melbourne, Australia, and Clare)	13 1
*W. A. T. Sambell (Melbourne, Australia, and Pembroke)	12 5
J. H. T. Wilson (Shrewsbury and Pembroke)	12 12½
N. J. Bradley (Monkton Combe and Pembroke) (st.)	14 4
J. N. Duckworth (Lincoln and Jesus) (cox)	7 11

* Old Blues.

TIMES ON THE TIDEWAY. Oxford, on the ebb on March 10th, to Barnes Bridge, 2min. 42sec.; Chiswick Steps, 6min. 55sec.; Hammersmith Bridge, 11min. 10sec.; Mile Post, 14min. 43sec.; Putney Bridge, 19min. 43sec. On the tide on March 3rd, to Craven Steps, 3min. 6sec.; Mile Post, 5min. 1sec.; Hammersmith Bridge, 8min. 31sec.; Chiswick Steps, 12min. 58sec.; Barnes Bridge, 17min. 14sec.; Mortlake, 20min. 25sec.

Cambridge on the tide on March 7th: to Craven Steps, 2min. 47sec.; Mile Post, 4min. 38sec.; Hammersmith Bridge, 7min. 55sec.; Chiswick Steps, 12min. 15sec.; Barnes Bridge, 16min. 24sec.; Mortlake, 19min. 31sec.

British Sporting Quarters.—In a note last week we drew attention to a recent issue of *British Sporting Quarters*, a shilling publication issued by the British Sporting Agency of Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square. It was pointed out that the new edition contains a list of sporting hotels in Ireland personally inspected by the Editor. It should have been added that this is supplementary in the new edition to lists of English, Scottish and Welsh hotels which have been personally inspected in the same way.



Niall Rankin

THE SOUTH FRONT OF HOLKHAM HALL

Holkham was built by Thomas Coke, first Earl of Leicester of the first creation, from designs by John Kent, to house the wonderful collections made by him as a young man making the Grand Tour

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 19

The Cokes of Holkham—Part I

THERE can be few families in England to-day that have been so prominent in matters of national interest and at the same time can show such a wonderful record for long life as the Cokes of Holkham, for of the present creation there have only been three Earls of Leicester, and the first was born 180 years ago.

The serious history of the family begins in 1551 with the birth of the man who was destined to become Sir Edward Coke, Attorney-General under Queen Elizabeth and later Lord Chief Justice of England under James I. During the height of his success as a barrister he seems to have acquired properties in many different parts of the country, and amongst these, in 1610, was a large portion of the parishes of Holkham and Burnham Overy, on the north coast of Norfolk. His family was large—seven sons and three daughters by his first wife—so it must have come as a pleasant surprise to find that his newly-acquired property in Holkham bordered that of a young maiden, Meriel Wheatley, who was the sole owner of a manor house and large estate in the same parish. With a judicious eye for the future he arranged a marriage between Meriel and his fourth son, John, and later on these two were able to buy further land, namely, the Manors of Holkham and Burgh Hall, thus bringing the whole parish into their own hands.

Sir Edward has been described as an "honest and just judge" and did much to preserve the liberty of Parliament from the domination of the Crown, but later he seems to have incurred the King's displeasure, was sent to the Tower, and died in 1634.

John and Meriel produced six sons and nine daughters, but not one of them left any male issue, so the lands of Holkham passed to the heirs of Henry, John Coke's younger brother. With these we are not intimately concerned until we reach, in the fourth generation, Thomas Coke, born in 1697.

His father having died when he was only ten years old, Thomas was left in the hands of guardians who held advanced ideas on the subject of education. They decided he must travel to broaden his outlook and fit him for his position in life, and so at the age of fifteen he is sent off with a "governor," a tutor and a retinue of carriages, horses and servants for the grand tour of France, Italy, Austria and Germany.



THE BUILDER OF HOLKHAM

Thomas Coke, original Earl of Leicester, was born in 1697 *and died in* 1759

In Italy he becomes enthralled with the wonders of Italian architecture, painting and literature—so much so that he settles down to a serious study of these matters and engages instructors in all the various branches of the arts. Amongst these was a young Englishman, William Kent, who afterwards became famous as the architect who drew the plans for the new palace at Holkham. In Rome alone he spends over a year, besides lengthy visits to Venice, Florence, Milan and Sicily. Throughout this time he is buying pictures, books and marbles—gently at first and always under the careful guidance of his various tutors, but later on a much larger scale and with an eye for quality that is little short of amazing in one of such tender years.

At the age of 21 he returns to England; within two months he is married to Lady Margaret Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, and then settles down to a life marked by its public and private industry.

His great merits as a staunch Whig and follower of Walpole, as well as a Commoner of very large estates, soon marked him down for advancement in rank, and at the early age of 28 he was made a Knight of the revived military Order of the Bath, while a year later we see him as Sergeant-at-Arms in Ordinary to the King. But greater things were in store. Only two years afterwards he was raised to the peerage by George II. as Lord Lovell, of Minster Lovell, in Oxfordshire (another property bought by the old Chief Justice), and at the end of another sixteen years of public service, which included a Postmaster-Generalship, he was again advanced and made Viscount Coke of Holkham and Earl of Leicester.

But it is not so much for his public work, great as it was, that he is remembered; it is for his life's great labour of love, namely, the building of the huge mansion and park at Holkham, that his name will go down to posterity.

There is no doubt that during his sojourn in Italy Thomas Coke became fired with enthusiasm to build himself a palace on the lines of some of the magnificent homes he had visited there. In addition, he had acquired a vast collection of pictures, books and statues, and he wished to have a fitting place to keep them in. He once told his grandfather that a good library was the "chiefest adornment of a gentleman's house," and there is probably no finer private collection in existence

to-day than that at Holkham. And so we see the planning of a building which is probably unique in this country in one respect: the primary thought throughout its construction was always for the objects which were to be housed in it, and not, as is usually the case, for decorations to be acquired afterwards to fit the plans. Alcoves were to be cut here for particular statues, floors strengthened there for others, and so on. William Kent, who had been such a companion during the excursions in Italy and gained an intimate knowledge of Coke's tastes in these matters, was chosen to draw up the plans, and in 1734 the foundations of the great mansion were laid.

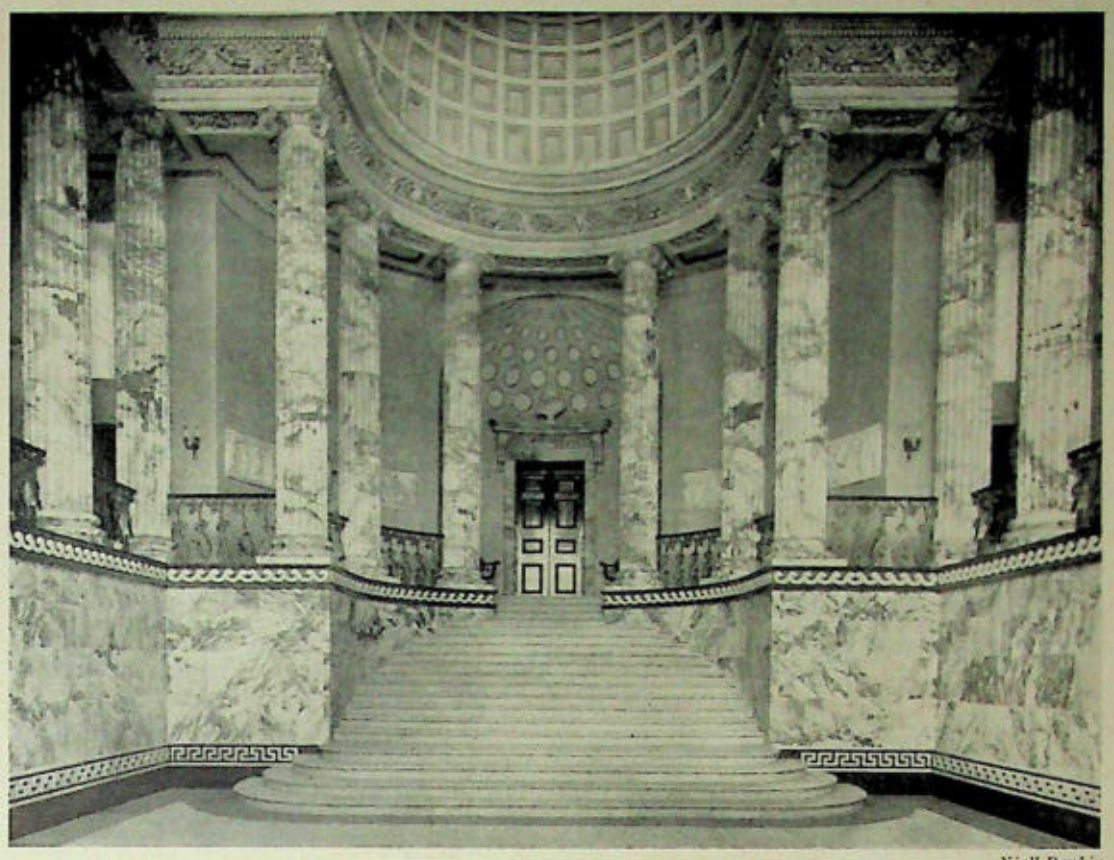
Just previous to this the new park at Holkham had been fenced in and planted, to make the coverts which to-day are so famous in connection with pheasant shooting. In 1729 Kent's fine obelisk was raised in the centre of the park surrounded by what has now become the magnificent ilex and beech groves which are one of the greatest wonders of the place. Such minute attention was paid to detail that it was not till 30 years later that the house was actually completed.

The design was a palace in the Italian style, consisting of a great central block, 114ft. long, with a smaller and lower wing at each angle. It was to be a plain exterior without any fussy domes or pinnacles, and to be of hard brick throughout. Being close to the sea, stone would have "weathered," whereas these bricks (still made locally at Peterstone) show no signs of wear and have never been touched since the day they were laid. The large terrace on the south side, with flower-beds and fountain, as well as the conservatory, were not part of the original scheme, and were added by the late Lord Leicester.

The interior is as varied and rich as the exterior is plain. Inside the front door one finds oneself in the most inspiring chamber of the whole building. The idea for the entrance hall had been suggested by a design of Vitruvius for a Temple of Justice. On seeing this young Thomas Coke had cried in ecstasy, "I will build it!" and afterwards build it he did. The whole construction is of pure alabaster. A colonnade of fluted marble Ionic columns rises up to a richly moulded ceiling, while behind the colonnade runs a gallery, its walls pierced by niches, in which stand full-length statues or casts, and nine doors of finest mahogany set in carved alabaster frames. The columns converge southwards on to the main stone staircase.

Lord Leicester unfortunately did not live to see his great work brought to perfection, for he died in 1759, and it was left to his widow to put the finishing touches. His son, Edward Viscount Coke, who had married Mary, daughter of the second Duke of Argyll, had died six years before him, leaving no heir, and as neither of his brothers had any children the title lapsed. Holkham passed to Wenman, son of Leicester's youngest sister Anne, who had married one Philip Roberts, and he assumed the name of Wenman Roberts Coke.

Cock-fighting always held far greater attractions for him than shooting, and he insisted that every tenant on his estate should send him two fighting-cocks every Christmas. The custom is carried on to this day except that a fat turkey, which must be up to a certain weight, has been substituted for the fighting-cocks.



Niall Rankin

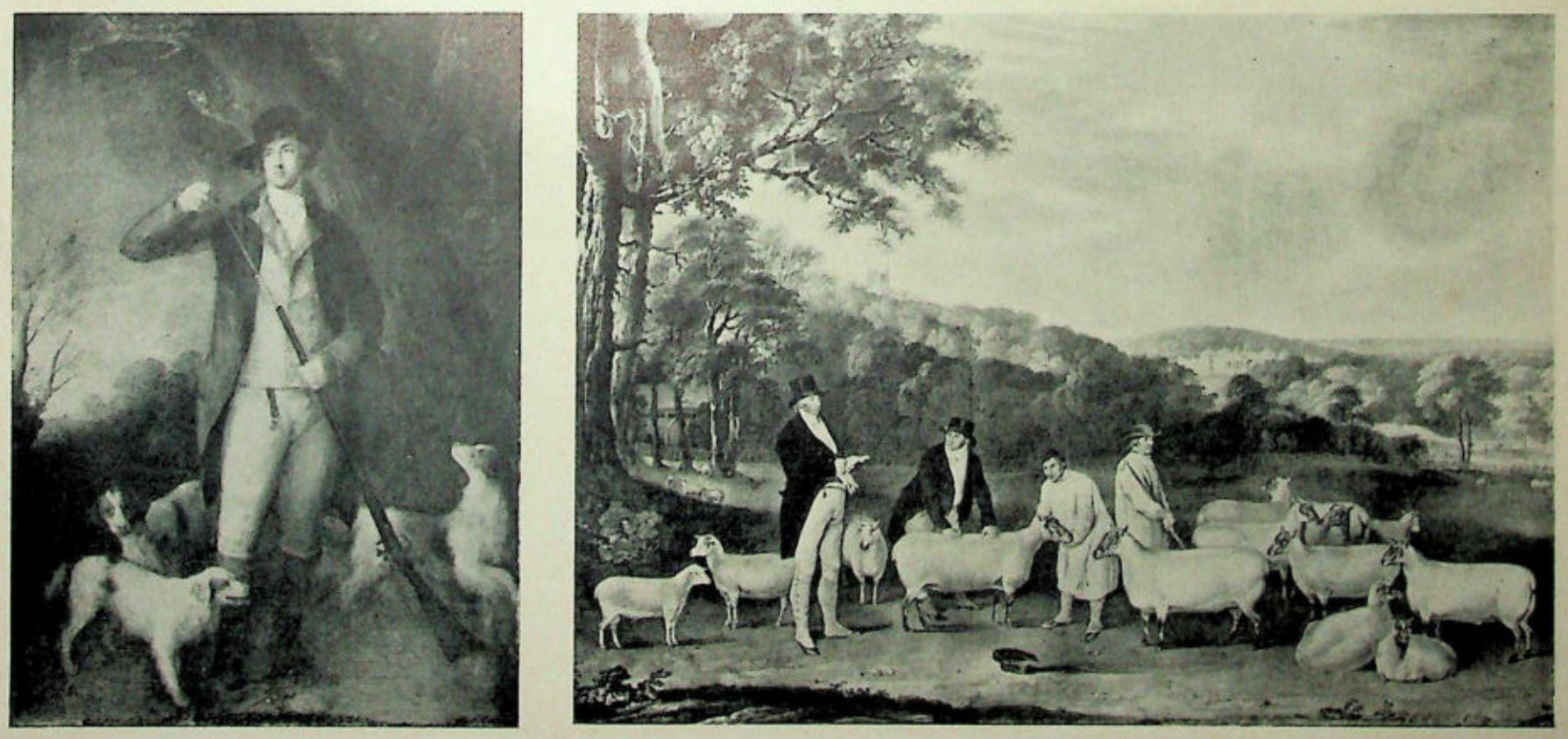
THE ENTRANCE HALL AT HOLKHAM

Suggested by a design of Vitruvius for a Temple of Justice, on seeing which Thomas Coke cried out "I will build it!" the hall is constructed of pure alabaster with a colonnade of fluted marble Ionic columns

This man's son, Thomas William, born in 1754, who was known to his generation as "Coke of Norfolk," is probably the most famous member of the family, and enjoyed a widespread reputation for having revolutionised one of the world's greatest industries. His instincts and tastes were those of a typical English country gentleman. Open-air life, with its peaceful pursuits—following his hounds in an exciting chase through two or three counties; tramping with his gun on a long day's sport; wandering quietly about amongst his tenants; gathering his friends round him at Holkham and bestowing lavish hospitality on them—all these were his natural inclination, and yet we see him obeying an innate sense of duty and taking an active part in the world of politics, which obviously held little attraction for him.

In 1776, at the age of 22, he was asked to fill the vacant seat for the county of Norfolk caused by the death of his father, and this he rather reluctantly did. During the next 56 years he was always a prominent member of the House, being prime mover in several important political crises, but his cordial dislike for politics prevented him ever filling any great public office. His activities were held in such high esteem, however, that he was offered a peerage no less than seven times under six Prime Ministers, but he always resolutely refused, preferring to serve his beloved Norfolk in the Lower House. He had become a close friend of Charles James Fox (who described him as "one of the brightest ornaments of England"), and in 1784 William Pitt, the younger, wishing to draw him from his rival Fox, offered him the earldom of Leicester, which had previously been in his family. This he indignantly refused, and to spite him Pitt bestowed the title upon his neighbour, George Townshend, of Rainham, a slight which Coke never forgave. N. R.

(*To be continued*)



"COKE OF NORFOLK"—FIRST EARL OF THE SECOND CREATION

The picture on the left is by Gainsborough while that on the right shows him with his cattle. It is recorded that this famous agriculturalist and country gentleman, whose influence on farming was so far reaching, eventually narrowed down his choice of cattle for fattening to the Shorthorn and North Devon



C. F. STANWOOD, AN OXFORD RECORD BREAKER

For the second year in succession Stanwood carried off both hurdle events and the high jump at the inter-University sports

BACKWARD SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Recruits the Universities Need

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

OXFORD repeated last year's success in the sports, and their American anchor-man, C. F. Stanwood, did what has never been done before, by winning three events for two years in succession, his victories being in the two hurdles races and the high jump.

Oxford's victory, won by seven events to four, and the breaking of a record that had stood for 30 years are not, however, the all-important considerations of this year's celebration of the sports. The fact that should, I think, concern us mainly is that of Oxford's seven victories but one was gained by an athlete produced by an English Public School, while of the four events secured by Cambridge one went to a Turk and one to an Australian.

Particular stress is placed upon these statistics, because it is of national importance that Great Britain should do well in international competition, and that is just what we never shall do until those who are in charge of sport at our Public Schools wake up and realise their responsibilities. The Americans are better athletes than we are, simply because the American boy has his technique perfected while he is still at school, and so has only to be trained and perhaps slightly improved when he comes into the hands of the University coach. But, speaking generally, the English athlete does not begin his athletic education until he goes up to the 'Varsity. On the other hand, what can be done is proved by the running of C. O. Healey (Lancing and Oxford) who won the three miles, and P. D. Ward (Stowe and Cambridge), who was second, both being products of English Public Schools, which do pay proper attention to the encouragement of athletics.



J. C. HORSFALL IN ACTION

Winner of the long jump for Cambridge with 22ft. 10in.

The fact that overseas athletes took eight of the eleven first places at the Oxford and Cambridge Sports need not, however, perturb us too greatly. For, if Stanwood took the high hurdles in $15\frac{3}{10}$sec., the second fastest time ever returned in the sports, and in the low hurdles only missed the record of $24\frac{1}{5}$sec. by a tenth of a second, it must be remembered that, in both races, A. G. Pilbrow (Haileybury and Oxford) hunted him home in a style which marks him as the natural successor to Lord Burghley. Again, the result of the half-mile, won by N. P. Hallowell (U.S.A. and Oxford) in 1min. $54\frac{1}{5}$sec., indicated that Scotland has in J. C. Stothard (Merchiston and Cambridge) a first-class half-miler for the Empire Games, since he kept right at Hallowell's shoulder all the way, and must, at least, have equalled the previous record of 1min. $54\frac{1}{5}$sec., which has stood for 30 years.

One can say, also, that Cambridge have in E. I. Davis (Eastbourne), who won the 100yds. in "evens," and C. J. E. Betty (Haverfordwest), who was second, a couple of sprinters of international calibre, while D. L. Rathbone (Marlborough and Cambridge), who, like Davis, is a British International, won the 440yds. in $49\frac{3}{5}$sec., which is but a fifth of a second outside record. On the other hand, J. C. Horsfall (Melbourne and Cambridge), whom Rathbone beat by the barest inches, had only just won the long jump at 22ft. 10in. when the race was called on. He is likely to show an infinitely faster time if he represents Australia at the Empire Games next August.

The mile, to which everyone had been looking forward, was a disappointment. For two laps everyone in the race seemed to be trying to make the pace for the world's record holder, J. E. Lovelock (New Zealand and Oxford); but they could not do it, and so he set off on his own from the half-way house, reached in 2min. $10\frac{2}{5}$sec. The next quarter left him to run the last 440yds. in 1min. to break record of 4min. $17\frac{1}{5}$sec. established in 1905. Maybe he was nervous of a recurrence of recent knee trouble, I do not know, but the fact remains that he eased up until A. B. Leach (Oundle and Oxford) caught him and they breasted the tape together in 4min. $23\frac{3}{5}$sec., which was a sheer anti-climax to all anticipations. The lap times of 63, $67\frac{3}{5}$, $66\frac{2}{5}$ and $66\frac{3}{5}$sec., suggest one of two things—either that Lovelock, although he carried a watch, cannot run to schedule or that he cannot break records without adequate pacemaking. This he certainly did not get, but we may yet see new figures when he again meets Louis Bonthron, the American, who, himself beating 4min. 9sec., forced Lovelock to that sensational world's record of 4min. $7\frac{2}{5}$sec. in America last July.

On the form displayed at the sports I should say that both Universities have useful, well-balanced teams; but I do not know that there is a man among them capable of winning an English championship next July, except, possibly, Hallowell: for Lovelock, undoubtedly, varies considerably, and I think R. H. Thomas is still a force to be reckoned with.

IN THE SALE ROOM

AS a preliminary to the very important sale of pictures belonging to the late Mr. Leopold Hirsch, which is being held at Christie's on May 11th, the same firm will offer on March 22nd his collection of furniture and *objets d'art*, and on March 26th his collection of old English silver plate. Mr. Hirsch's collection of furniture was a particularly notable one, and some of the English pieces are likely to attract widespread attention from collectors. We notice in particular a pair of Chippendale mahogany armchairs, covered in cut red velvet, a set of ten Georgian walnut chairs, and a settee, the seats and backs stuffed and covered in blue velvet, and a Chippendale mahogany cabinet, 7ft. 8in. high, the upper part fitted with a glazed door, and the lower half with a writing slide, a cupboard in the knee-hole recess, and six side drawers. There are also some valuable pieces of French furniture, and small collections of Chinese porcelain and Italian bronzes.

At Sotheby's, on March 26th and 27th, there will come under the hammer the valuable collection of sporting and other books forming part of the library of the Comte de Suzannet. Apart from items with a world wide appeal, such as Thackeray's letter praising *Jane Eyre*, there is a splendid collection of sporting plates, including the very rare Orme's *Field Sports*, 1807, a print from which was reproduced in last week's *Field*. This is an early and very fine copy which would be a noteworthy addition to any library. Another interesting item is a second edition of Jorrock's *Jaunts and Jollities*, with a loose inserted plate by Alken, which was for some reason withdrawn from publication, and is extremely rare. There are also a number of Surtees' first editions, and a series of rare plates by Henry Alken.

Another Christie sale which will attract collectors is that of drawings from the collection of Mr. John Drinkwater and Mr. J. A. Tonge, including works of David Cox, Cotman, Max Beerbohm, C. Lovat Frazer, William Rothenstein, Etty, Charles Sims, David Cameron, Shannon, Constable, "Phiz," Blake and Brabazon.

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Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

TITHES AND PRIVATE PROPERTY

SIR,—Most agriculturists and farmers, who have stopped to ask themselves or others why they pay tithes, have received or seen leaflets and pamphlets which often accompany tithe rent-charge demands, issued from the Central Board of Finance, Church House, the Tithe-owners' Union, and other bodies.

The defenders of the antiquated tithe system are fond of describing the legal and legitimate protest against it as an attack upon property; whereas tithes are themselves the most oppressive and unjust attack on property, and on agriculture, our greatest national industry.

The following are some of the statements and arguments used against the growing demand for the reform or abolition of the system, followed by the refutation based on the facts:—

1. "Land was in ancient times, charged with tithe by the landowner."

Tithe originated as an ecclesiastical tax imposed by canonical law. Collection was regulated only by the ecclesiastical courts. No layman had any power to charge land with tithes, which were included in the term "oblations." They were "matters spiritual," not secular.

A further false argument is:—

2. "Rent and secular property are in the same position as tithe."

At no time in the history of tithe has there ever been any contractual obligation or even, since 1836, any personal obligation to pay tithes. Tithe rent charge is not a debt. It is not rent or in the nature of rent. If it were, what would it be a rent for?

And again:—

3. "Tithe is property. It is not a tax."

Tithe is an ecclesiastical tax. "Tithe is in its inception an ecclesiastical inheritance collateral to the estate of the land, and of its proper nature due only to an ecclesiastical person by the ecclesiastical law, and set apart as due to God." (Halsbury's Laws of England, Vol. II.)

Tithe was abolished in 1836, when Parliament imposed "tithe rent-charge," whereby the tax has come to be treated as property, and its value increased by subsequent Acts of Parliament. Since the Reformation, lay tithe in kind, though still a tax, was for the first time treated as secular property by a statute of Henry VIII.

And again:—

4. "No part of tithe was intended for the poor."

This is not correct. Until the Reformation, the Church and the monasteries provided out of tithe for relief of the poor, for education, medical services, and for hospitality. It was not intended, as suggested, simply for the maintenance of the clergy. Glebe land was intended for that purpose.

And again:—

5. "When tithed land is purchased, the landowner pays less in proportion owing to the tithe charge upon the land."

This is not true. The value of tithe could not be discounted in the purchase of land, since, when land is devaluated through the heavy burdens placed upon it, leaving little or no margin of profit, to discount the tithe charge would mean that land is sold for less than nothing at all. Tithe rent-charge now often brings in far more than the net profits by the cultivation of the land. The value of ecclesiastical tithe is now 44½ per cent. greater than in 1914. Taxes, the cost of labour, have, on the other hand, enormously increased. How could the increased value of tithe imposed by the 1925 Act have been discounted in 1914? The value of land has been created by the landowner and the farmer. The value of tithe rent-charge has been arbitrarily created by Parliament by a tax charged on land.

And again:—

6. "Tithe resistance is an attack on property."

The Tithe Acts are themselves an attack on property. The Tithe Acts 1836–1925 are unconstitutional and a violation of Common Law principles.

7. Mr. Middleton (Chairman of the Tithe Committee of Queen Anne's Bounty) has stated that only two thirds of all the tithe rent-charge collected goes to the church.

This is not correct. If tithe accruing to Ecclesiastical Commissioners and ecclesiastical corporations is included, well over four-fifths of tithe rent-charge goes to the Church.

8. "What Parliament would make a present to the landowner by abolishing tithe?"

Actually the tithe burden is paid directly and indirectly by the general taxpayer and ratepayer. If tithe were extinguished by merging it in the land out of which it issues, that restoration would benefit the general taxpayer. Landowners would thereby pay more in income tax on Schedule A. The restoration of the remainder of the charge would also relieve the taxpayers and ratepayers by enabling more unemployed labour, now supported out of doles and poor relief, to be re-employed on the land. It would also benefit industry by increasing markets and the purchasing power of the rural classes.

9. "Would the parson suffer if tithe were abolished?"

No! Ultimately he would benefit. Instead of taxing a bankrupt industry for his support, he could well be supported out of the enormous revenues of the Church, and by voluntary contribution, quite apart from tithe.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE PITT-RIVERS.

Hinton St. Mary,
Somerset.

WATER DIVINING

SIR,—It is curious that nobody seems to have noticed a purely mechanical action involved in the movement of the diviner's rod. If one grips an ordinary pencil in each hand, and, with elbows close to one's sides, holds the forearms straight forward, with the backs of the hands down, it will be found that the inner ends of the pencils point somewhat backwards towards the holder's body.

This is the usual position of the hands in holding the diviner's rod, stick or wire. But since the stick is held pointing straight away from the body, it will be found that the two legs of the stick are somewhat bent, and the hands tend to be strained outwards. In fact, the wrists and stick form a system of bent spring, which naturally has a tendency to straighten itself. The strain can be relieved, and the bent legs can straighten themselves by allowing the stick to turn over until it points towards the body of the holder, when the position of the legs resembles that of the pencils. But, and this is the point, it can turn over either in an upward or downward direction; and it is carried normally in a position of balance or unstable equilibrium, between the positions where the upward or downward impulses begin to act.

After being carried for some time in this position, it will be found that sooner or later the stick, or wire, will become displaced slightly upwards or downwards from this point of balance, when the spring action will come into play and cause it to turn over into the position of least strain; and as the turning action continues the impulse will increase until the stick comes over with a quick motion towards the holder. There are various positions and ways of holding the stick, or wire, but I have never seen a case where it was not held in a state of strain sufficient to cause it to turn over when once it became displaced from the point of balance between two possible movements, either of which would release the strain and cause the spring action to function.

When we consider the further fact that underground water is much more prevalent than most people have any idea of, as mining and civil engineers know to their cost, I think we have the explanation of most "finds" of water.

Yours faithfully,
G. F. C.

Usk.

SOME POINT-TO-POINT SUGGESTIONS

SIR,—In the deplorable event of a "schism" developing between a certain number of Hunts and the N.H. Committee over the "Point-to-Point" question, might not some sort of settlement be arrived at on the following lines? (1) That there should be two sorts of Point-to-Point Meetings:

"A" Class: To be termed Hunt Steeple Chases, to be run under N.H. auspices, with appropriate Rules laid down by that body. "B" Class: To retain the title Point-to-Point meeting (though in nine cases out of ten it is, and has been for years—an absolute misnomer), and to be run under rules laid down by the M.F.A.

Of course, competitors in "B" class meetings would have to understand clearly that they and their horses would be disqualified from any racing under N.H. Rules.

I am not suggesting for a moment that such a settlement would last for long, or that it would be a particularly satisfactory one.

But it might do to be going on with if there is a "split."

People want to keep racehorses out if they can, and they have my deep sympathy.

All Hunts want money, and the annual Point-to-Point is a large subscriber to Hunt funds. And the card must be filled attractively, and more often than not the most attractive events to people who have paid £1 or 10/- for car park are the open races.

In these they probably see racehorses, or would-be racehorses, ridden by young gentlemen who have some reputation as "G.R.'s."

That is really the case in a nutshell. The "B" class meetings might try to be more selective for a few years. But they would probably fade away in the long run. At present their supporters shut their eyes to flagrant abuses, which the N.H.C. is out to put an end to.

Yours faithfully,
W. P. KOE (Captain R.N., retired).

Meonstoke,
Southampton.

THE LATE MR. E. G. B. MEADE-WALDO

SIR,—Probably there are few readers of the *Field* to-day who will remember the fine naturalist and good sportsman, Meade-Waldo, who passed away on February 24th last, in his 80th year; but to all students of ornithology and to every member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, his name is a household word. It is no exaggeration to say that no man worked harder and achieved so much for the protection of wild birds in the British Islands.

A member of the council of the R.S.P.B. and chairman of the Watchers' Committee, he was indefatigable in his attendance at meetings in England and on the Continent. He must have travelled thousands of miles to visit all the lone places in Britain where our rarest birds nest, to provide for their protection and to ascertain exact details of their status.

He worthily upheld the traditions of our field sports, and was particularly interested in falconry, which, as practised during the last hundred years, was probably at its zenith 40 years ago. At that date the establishment of the "Old Hawking Club" was at the King's House, Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, under the management of the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. The falcons were trained by noted professional falconers, John Frost, who was succeeded by George Oxer. A team of wonderfully trained falcons was maintained by the club, providing grand sport; flying rooks in the spring on Salisbury Plain and in August often visiting Scotland to hawk grouse on the moors of Langwell, the estate of the Duke of Portland, who was a member of the club. Mr. Meade-Waldo saw much of the sport in those palmy days.

Meade-Waldo's love of wild nature was very deep, and his knowledge unrivalled. In addition to ornithology, the study of entomology and botany gave him great pleasure. To walk with him amidst beautiful scenery was indeed a charm. This is but a sketch of his activities during a long life, but is offered as a tribute from one who enjoyed his friendship for nearly 50 years.

Yours truly,
R. E. C.

Hants.

WOODPECKERS AND BEEHIVES

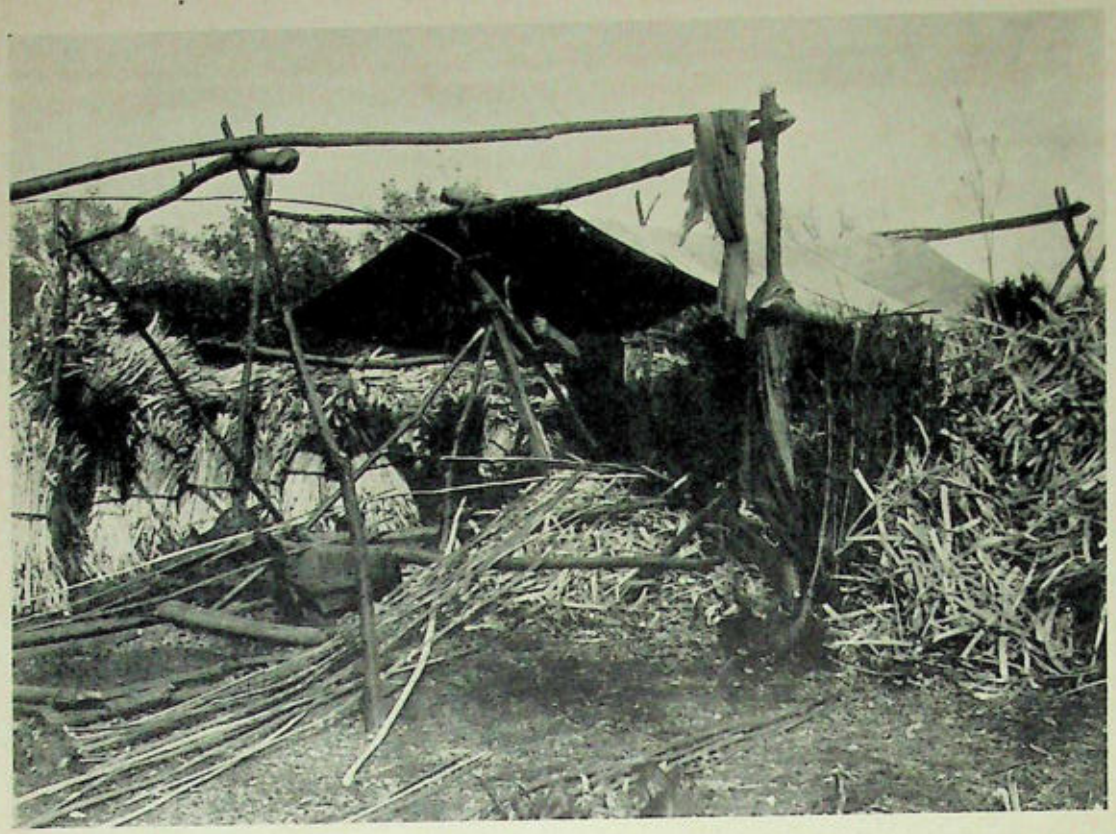
SIR,—With reference to the recent correspondence on woodpeckers and beehives in the *Field*, the enclosed cutting, which you are at liberty to use, may be interesting.

Yours faithfully,
J. HERROD-HEMPSALL,
Editor, *The British Bee Journal*.

23, Bedford Street,
Strand, W.C. 2.

[The cutting referred to is a letter from Mr. C. Hogan, of Boxford, Suffolk, published in the *British Bee Journal*, in the course of which he says: "I am wondering if any other long-suffering bee-keeper goes through the same experiences with woodpeckers that I do. I am referring to the large green species, and they play sad havoc with my Langstroth hives, both in my home apiary and an out-apiary, and fairly riddle them with holes from the size of a halfpenny piece to holes nearly large enough to get one's hand in. Short of completely enclosing the hives there appears to be no remedy except the shot-gun, and they are so wily that they manage to keep out of harm's way either by flight, or by getting on the opposite side of a tree trunk, a favourite trick of theirs. I am still in the dark as to whether it is live bees they are after or the honey and wax, as they make large holes in the combs. Their tongues are long, so that they can reach some distance inside the hives after an unwary bee, and, in any case, the bees are so disturbed by the tapping and boring operations that they swarm out of the entrance and openings. . . .

"It is curious how birds learn new sources of livelihood, for since horses are so little used on the roads the sparrows have taken to hanging about the hives all summer and snapping up bees going in and out, and I have had quite a flock of sparrows doing this for the past few summers, not to mention tits and flycatchers."—ED.]



AN OBSCURE BUT VERY NECESSARY TRADE
(See Letter "Bands for Barrels")

BANDS FOR BARRELS

SIR,—An industry that is very little heard of is the making of bands or hoops that surround the wooden barrels used in the brewery and petroleum business. At certain times of the year, mostly during the summer months, these temporary canvas-covered tents are met with in various parts of Sussex, where "fettlers" are to be seen at work, spokeshaving the long lathes of wood into thin "whippy" lengths according to various standard sizes wanted by the numerous trades using barrels. In the photograph can be seen several bundles of these slivers, already put up in their different lengths. With the more stocky pieces of timber, the woodman cuts them into short thick posts, and they are used mostly for fencing.

Yours faithfully,
C. PHILIP PRESTON.

Kingsley Green,
nr. Haslemere, Surrey.

ROWING COACHES

SIR,—In reply to the letter published in an issue of the *Field* on the subject of "Boat Race Coaching," I would like to point out that a cox seated as he is in a shell eight has a very good view of stroke, but since the boat is centre seated in most cases, he cannot possibly see the other seven men. Surely this cannot be a favourable position for coaching?

I end by suggesting that the principle of the cox is to be light. With no ill feeling towards three of the finest men in the country, we smile at the thought of Oxford's "coaches" coxing an eight.

Yours faithfully,
SMITH.

Salop.

"PIGS MIGHT FLY——"

SIR,—I saw in the *Field* of January 27th a photograph of a mallard with but one wing, shot by Mr. J. Smith of Offenham.

It reminds me of a rather unsettling incident which happened to me in Ireland, and which may help to elucidate the mystery "How did it fly?"

I shot a mallard flying overhead, which fell in some thick bushes. When I sent my dog to retrieve it he brought out a wounded rabbit! As I was practically certain that what I had shot had neither the flight nor the plumage of a rabbit, I sent the dog in again, and after a while he brought out the dead mallard.

This was a great relief to me.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MELDON.

Villa Trèfles Roses,
Saint Raphael, France.

CROCODILE FISHING?

SIR,—In May of last year I was fishing in the Devuli river near its junction with the Sabi, in Southern Rhodesia. I was using a float and a small live-bait. My rod and line were such as one uses when spinning for tiger fish in Rhodesian rivers. It was about noon and fairly hot. I was sitting in the shade and trying for catfish or perhaps a bream. Catfish (locally known as barbel—which they are not) go to about 60lb. in these waters. As is not unusual when fishing in Rhodesia, I had a sporting rifle with me.

At the spot I had chosen the river was deep and the current still. Brilliantly coloured dragon flies found the quill on the top of my float an irresistibly attractive place for sun-bathing, and watching their efforts to push each other off it had become my only amusement. Then, quietly and steadily, my float went down, down to the depths. I let the line run out for a few moments, and then struck gently. Whatever was at the other end of my line was certainly large, but it gave no symptoms of fight at all.

Cautiously I began to reel in, and was coming to the conclusion that I was foul in some water-logged driftwood when I saw I was slowly lifting a crocodile. It seemed dead, or asleep. Exactly how big it was I cannot say, for only its head and fore parts were visible; the tail end being more deeply submerged. I think, however, it is safe to say that the creature was 7ft. or 8ft. long.

The bank was fairly steep so I continued slowly hauling in till the croc's nose and eyes were almost awash on the surface. For a few moments I gazed at it as it lay motionless, my trace coming from well back in its closed jaws. Then, very cautiously, I began to move my disengaged hand towards my rifle.

I did not actually see it wink, but suddenly there came a noise in the water and a violent tug on my rod. The line snapped like a thread and my queer fish was gone.

Yours faithfully,
A. J. BOUCHIER.

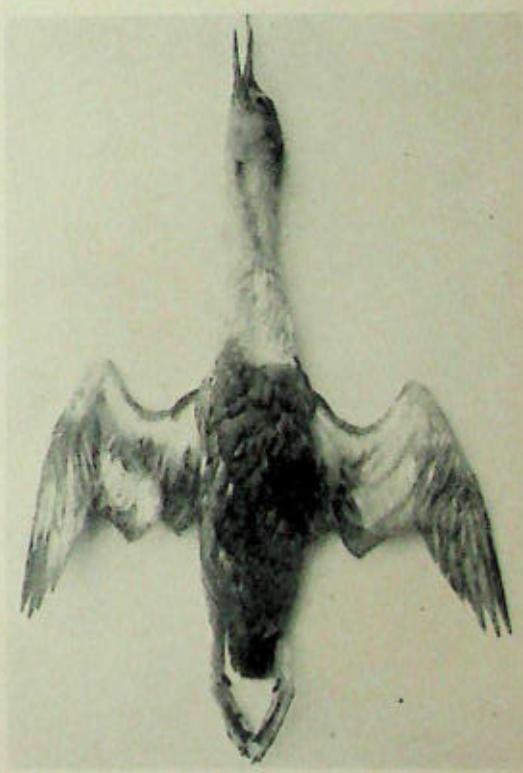
Office of the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, Crown House, Aldwych.

OILED BIRDS AGAIN

SIR,—On Monday, January 15th, a stranger called at my house and handed my daughter a dead and badly bedaubed black-throated diver; it measured 27in. in length and was extremely attenuated. It has for many decades been my practice, after easterly gales, to ramble as far as Caister beach, along the tide line, picking up waifs and strays in the shape of birds that have been drowned at sea, or are incapable of flying owing to the sticky messes of oil covering their wings and breasts. On occasion I have dissected a dead sea-fowl, to see a black streak of this abominable nuisance threading the intestines to the vent. The present winter has kept me off the sands.

This diver had a thick coating of glue-like oil reaching from the breast to the tail, the vent of the bird making it impossible to perform its functions, and under the wings were dark streaks of the nuisance; the bird's head was clean, as was the back of it. Some stroller had mercifully killed it, for some blood was streaking its head. I enclose a photograph.

Some weeks since, an oiled guillemot, incapable of flight, was brought me in a small crate. On turning it out it shook its wings fairly well, but was dirty enough below. It snatched a handful of smelts promptly enough, and asked for more. In a couple of days it came trotting to my call of "Toby," and



AN UNFORTUNATE BLACK-THROATED DIVER
(See Letter "Oiled Birds Again")

our friendship had begun. It now uses its wings sufficiently to reach my carpentering bench, but has no notion of bathing, and I have never seen it drink. If I am slow at slicing its whitings, dabs, flounders, and young pollack and coalfish, it emits a raspy "*gherk!*" and asks to have its head scratched—like a parrot. At first the bird preferred snatching fish from between my fingers, letting dropped slices remain there, until hunger taught it better manners; then it caught the fish when thrown to it. I have bathed it after a rub down with paraffin. I then used hot water and plenty of soda. It appeared to enjoy this treatment, and after a drying at the fireside in a crate, Toby came out quite renovated. He likes to squat in my hand, with his legs between my fingers.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. PATTERSON.

Ibis House,
Yarmouth.



A Beautiful Skin and Soft, White Hands

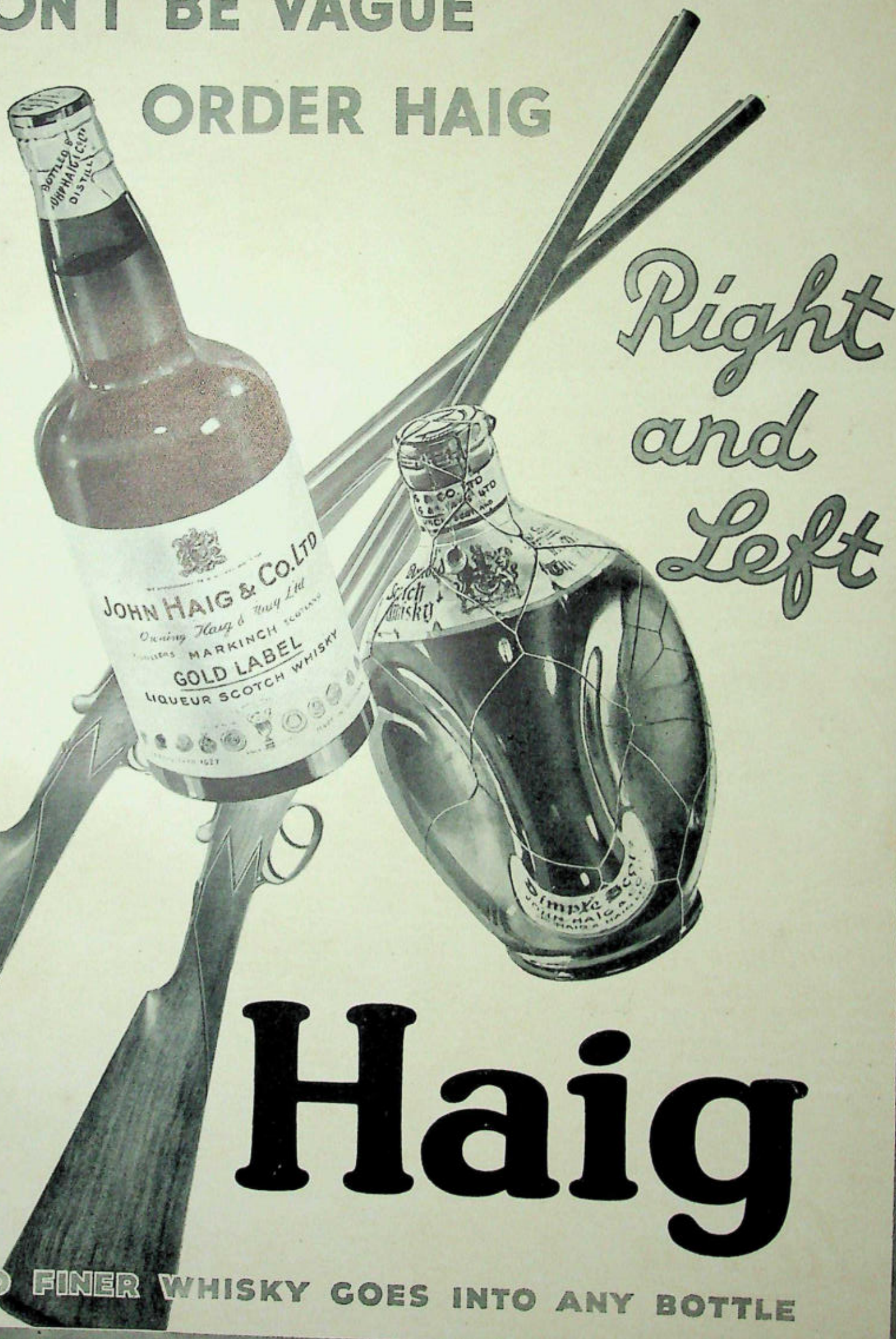
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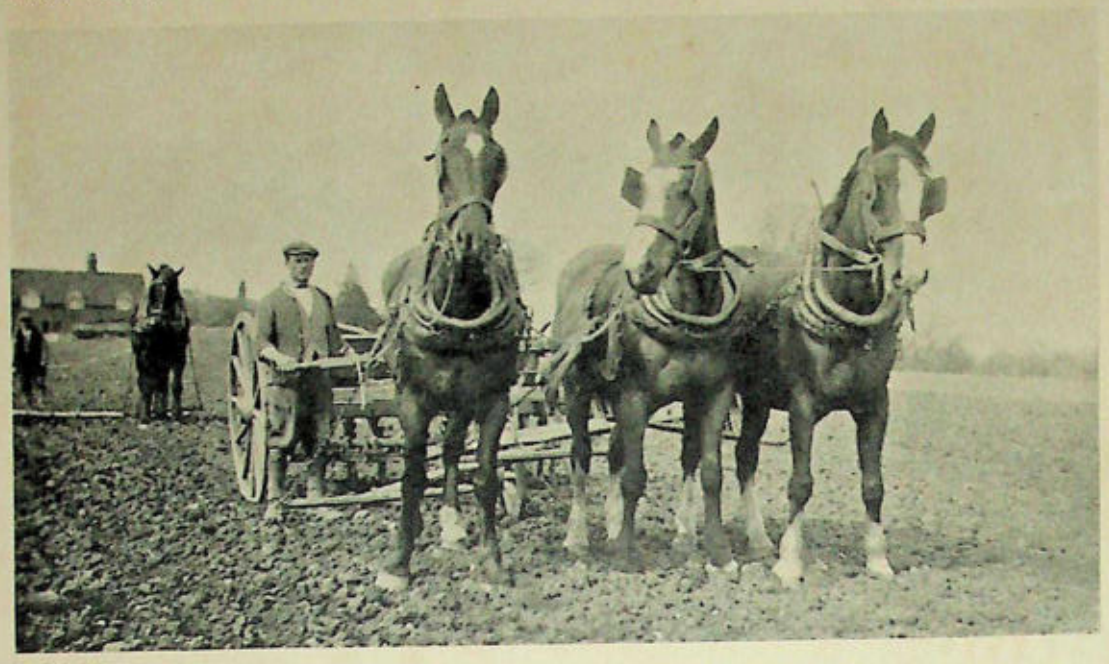
Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

HUNTERS AT WORK

SIR,—I am sending you a snapshot of three good hunters working on a seed-drill, as I think, perhaps, if you publish it when you have space, it may interest some of your readers, especially hunting farmers, who, like myself, cannot afford to keep one or two horses solely for hunting.

These three hunters do a great proportion of the work on my farm of 300 acres. They are not too hard. When the cutting is done I put him in a horse rake, and after harvest on a plough beside a steady horse, and when any heavy rolling has to be done I put him in the shafts of the roll between two strong cart-horses, which will pull him along if he tries to gib, and he cannot get away if he wants to; but I keep away, as far as possible, from ditches. I do not like harrows, the hunter is apt to run back into them.



WORK AND EXERCISE COMBINED TO KEEP HUNTERS FIT
(See Letter "Hunters at Work")

especially useful on the drill, as I reckon to get an extra acre or two done in a day when they pull it. Besides drilling they do any other work required on the farm.

I find the best way to break one to work is to put him on a binder in harvest time with two steady cart-horses, put all three abreast, with the novice on the off-side so that he can be led to start with. He will soon come to it, and the work is

Some people think that working hunters makes them heavy in hand, but I do not find it does. One could hardly find horses that bridle better than these three. They are never reined up when at work. When working I give them plenty of corn, and when the hunting season comes round they are nice and fit without the tedious job of exercising every day. Yours faithfully,

South House, EDW. PYNE.
Great Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex.

THE NEW STEEL TRAPS BILL

SIR,—There has just been a very big outcry in Devonshire against the steel-toothed trap, and I think I may say that this instrument of torture is more extensively used in that county for catching rabbits than in any other.

The following is only one of the letters of protest which has appeared:

"As one who has carried a gun since I was a boy my support of the campaign against these brutal contraptions may appear to be doubtful to your readers.

"All blood sports are, of course, more or less cruel; but there is a very wide margin between clean shooting carried out with a minimum of cruelty and the absolute barbarity of gins and snares, as used in this and other counties.

"I have in my time seen dreadful sights, which I need not describe; but, if anyone has any doubts on the subject, let him stand in the vicinity of any field at night where the trapper has set his gins. He will need no further evidence, and can spare himself the necessity of waiting until dawn for an ocular demonstration.

"Civilisation surely demands that more humane methods should be adopted."

I am now able to say that the University of London Animal Welfare Society, 68, Torrington Square, London, has prepared a Bill for presentation to Parliament to abolish the common steel trap altogether; and, as there are now humane and efficient substitutes, I hope that this long overdue measure will meet with the full support which it undoubtedly merits. Yours faithfully,

C. VAN DER BYL
(Major),
The Fur Crusade & Humane Trapping Campaign,
Wappenham House, Towcester.

SHOW BENCH FOXTERRIERS

SIR,—Mr. T. R. Blain's reply to Mr. Campbell-Colquhoun must have been very gratifying to many breeders of the present-day wire-haired foxterrier, who will, I feel sure, fully endorse Major Blain's defence of our gallant little terrier of to-day.

His letter covers with exactitude the working capabilities of the animal, when put to the test. It is regrettable in these days of progressiveness to find that the minority of the community wish to bludgeon an animal of beauty and symmetry compared with his forebears of generations back.

The production as it is has taken years of studious thought, trouble and perseverance to present a terrier in combination of the gentleman and workman. The latter exemplifies itself when educated in its natural environments. Of the hundreds I have bred, and passed on, it is but rarely I hear of one who has proven non-intelligent or faint-hearted; on the contrary, they are a trifle too assertive. The originator of this correspondence should obtain a wire-haired foxterrier of high degree, and from a reputable source, when, I venture to predict, he would thereafter never wish for anything better in the terrier variety. Yours faithfully,

Bushwood House, A. J. TOWNSEND.
London Road, Isleworth.

DANGEROUS CYCLISTS

SIR,—Mr. H. R. Watling's protest is so clearly justified that it is a pity that he also lays himself open to a charge of unfairness in his anxiety to champion the cause of the cyclist. There is another principle of common law which he omits, namely, that all His Majesty's lieges have right of free passage along the King's highway, from which it follows, by "remorseless logic," that no man may needlessly obstruct another; *i.e.*, that no man may occupy more of the road than he needs. Now the cyclist who rides abreast of another is unquestionably causing a needless obstruction; he is the rule rather than the exception, and a very fruitful source of danger. Guiltless, perhaps, in the matter of rear lights, the cyclist is yet by no means the blameless martyr that Mr. Watling would have us believe him. Yours faithfully,

R.A.F. Training Base, N. YOUNG.
Leuchars, Fife.

DOGS FOR HOT COUNTRIES

SIR,—In a recent issue of the *Field* I was interested in a reply to a correspondent regarding "Dogs for Hot Countries." Without in any way questioning your authority, based, no doubt, on far wider experience than my own, I would like to give my own impressions.

I have kept Cockers for a very long time, and also had them in the East.

They do well in India, but one has to take care in the hot weather and not take them out too long in the sun. I found that my black cockers did not suffer so much in direct sunlight as a white fox-terrier. I believe that was due to (1) colour; (2) more protection in the coat.

As to clipping, very few people, thank goodness, clip the coats. To my mind it is a crime, and I would like to see the owner paraded in the sun with a bare back.

De-ticking is simple if one treats each tick to a spot of paraffin.

I have always taken an interest in Cockers, and one I had was born in India, where he went on shooting trips all over Ladakh, Baltistan, United Provinces, Central Provinces, then he did a year in Mespot, accompanying a column to Rowanduz in Kurdistan, various shooting trips, back to India, doing trips in C.P. and Kashmir, then to Scotland for three years, and then to India again, where he was in Baltistan, United Provinces and Waziristan.

Eventually he died, to my lasting regret, on a trip in Sind—a little too much sun. I had to be away and could not watch him. So it shows what a Cocker can stand, but it pays to care for him oneself and never to trust to native servants.

Elcho Park, Yours faithfully,
Rhynd, D. MONCRIEFF WRIGHT.
Near Perth.

"KNOCK LESS"

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may interest your readers. It is a home-grown potato, and is a clear instance of mind over matter.

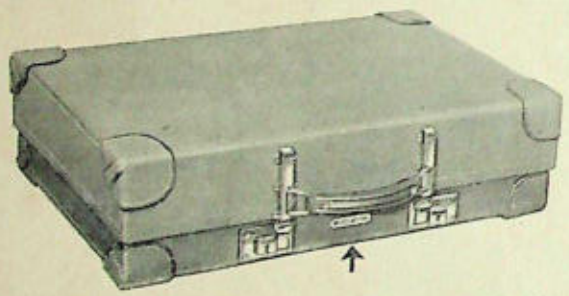
To one employed by Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., it was only reasonable to expect that a "knock-less monster" could be grown with concentrated thought.

Wickhurst Manor, Yours faithfully,
Sevenoaks, Kent. J. S. KILLICK.



A MONSTROUS POTATO
(See Letter "Knock Less")

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SUPPOSED TO HAVE HIDDEN CROMWELL'S CANNON
(See Letter "An Historical Cottage")

AN HISTORICAL COTTAGE

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, of Cromwell Cottage may be of interest to your readers. The cottage is in Warwickshire, and Cromwell is supposed to have hidden in it and fired on Kenilworth Castle from the small window on the left of the front door.

The cottage appears to have been built in two parts, or perhaps it consists of two cottages knocked into one. One section is timbered, and the other is built of squared blocks. The porch bears the date 1653, and although the building shows signs of its great age, it will stand much longer than some of our modern houses costing many times what was paid for this modest home.

The occupant of the cottage very kindly took me over it, showing me the surprisingly thick walls, and beautiful oak beams in the ceilings. The chimney is an outstanding feature, being wide enough to climb up.

This particular part of Warwickshire has an abundance of interesting old buildings, and is well worth a visit.

Yours faithfully,
"Rheidol," JOHN GEORGE.
Silhill Hall Road,
Solihull, Warwickshire.

CHAMPIONS OF THE RINK

Places and Marks in the British Skating Championships

FROM the table of marks issued in connection with the recent Figure Skating Championships of Great Britain it is interesting to note the unanimity of the judges in awarding the men's championship to Graham Sharp. The referee was Mr. R. S. Hewitt and the five judges Messrs. H. J. Clarke, K. Dundas, K. O. Mackenzie, W. R. Sharp and C. L. Wilson. They were unanimous in placing Sharp (Bournemouth) first, and no less uncertain in awarding second place to J. E. Dunn (Park Lane). There was a difference of just over 39 points in the total number of marks scored by these two youngsters. In the compulsory figures Sharp's marks were 920.4 and those of his rival for top honours 867.3. In the free skating Sharp made 632.9 and Dunn 632.9. A wide margin separated the next four. M. G. Bennett (Oxford) totalled 1,256.6, 256.9 below those of Dunn. Next in order came F. Tomlins (Streatham), J. Wilson (Manchester) and J. Mostyn Walker (Bournemouth).

For the Pairs Championship L. H. T. Cliff and Miss V. Supple (Bournemouth) beat the well-known combination J. F. Page and Miss E. Muckelt (Park Lane) by 1.7 points in the grand total. For the contents of programme the figures of the winners were 23.2 compared with 21.7, and for manner of performance 22.5 to 22.3. The total of place numbers was 8 for the winners and 12 for the runners-up. Next in order came H. Constantine and Miss M. W. Thorpe (Manchester), Mr. and Mrs. R. M. White (Glasgow), F. Tomlins and Miss J. Ricketts (Streatham) and A. J. M. Neill and Miss A. Neale, with grand totals of 43.6, 41.5, 37.7 and 34.6 respectively.



"NEEDLE"

What mid-winter madness came o'er me, that urged me to row for a "Blue"?
To undergo eons of training—when I might have been dining with you?
Here I stand in the U.B.C. Boathouse . . . in a moment I'll be on the raft—
Then out on that ocean-like river, where it's odds on I'll do something daft.

The boat has grown suddenly narrow—my heel may go right through the shell.
I feel certain that I'll slip a button—loud broadcast will be the crowds' yell.
I think that my slide's begun sticking—I feel just like catching a crab.
I am but a slave in a galley . . . I might have been loafing with Mab.

Oh where and oh where is that stake-boat? Why don't we go out in a launch?
My outrigger strings . . . are they bursting? Oh, would I were Bill on his ranch!
What's the miserable mileage to Mortlake? Why doesn't the cox keep her straight?
When the umpire says "Go!"—what will stroke do? I should think about seventy-eight.

The water looks horribly popply—the wind veering round to Nor' West.
And now I've to strip off my sweater, and hand it along with the rest.
And, clad in my shorts and my zephyr—whilst the wind swiftly ices my knees—
I can think of no reason whatever, why, as one solid block we don't freeze.

"Are you ready?" calls the Umpire, "Go!" . . .
We're rowing thirty-nine!
Here's Hammersmith! Here's Barnes Bridge!
Magnificent! Just fine!
We've got 'em! Yep! We've got 'em!
Ten strokes! We've got 'em BEAT.
If there's any SPORT LIKE ROWING
I've still that sport to meet!

D. E. C.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, earnestly appeal for £8 to enable a poor lady of seventy-six to have massage and electric treatment. She has only a tiny income, and her son, a clergyman in a poor parish and with two children to educate, can give little help. A year ago Mrs. B. was very ill with pneumonia, and to pay the doctors' and nurses' bills parted with such jewellery as she possessed. Rheumatoid arthritis developed, crippling her badly, and electrical massage is her only hope of relief.

IN THE CITY

A YIELD OF 11½ PER CENT.

THE fact that the Ottoman Railway from Smyrna to Aiden operates in a little-known part of the world will perhaps prejudice readers against its securities; despite the progress made recently under Turkish rule some may still associate Asia Minor with an old civilisation and even the seizure of property by lawless raiding bands. The purpose of this article is far from being that of depicting the securities of the railway as other than speculative; rather it is to suggest that readers, with a small proportion of the funds with which they can afford to speculate, might themselves do worse than seize the opportunity now presented of acquiring a lien on the railway's property through the medium of the 5 per cent. First Debenture Stock at the present level of around £42½.

The railway consists of some 380 miles of line, and the progressiveness of the management is illustrated by the fact that even in that part of the world motor lorries have been put in service to contend with the cart and camel.

The bulk of the company's traffic is represented by agricultural crops and receipts have been adversely affected by the severe fall in commodity prices and the consequent fall in purchasing power in the territory served, aggravated during 1932/33 by a failure of the grain crop so that the company was compelled to reduce rates. Added to these difficulties has been that of transferring receipts in Turkish piastres to London, but it is worth noting that the average exchange rate has improved from 892 piastres to the pound sterling in the last six months of 1931, to 760 in the first half, and 724 in the second half of 1932, which rate has been approximately maintained during 1933.

As regards the cover for debt service, the figures are not impressive, but are interesting in that they show that even in 1932 interest requirements on the First Debenture Stock were covered by a margin of 17 per cent. In this connection it should be stated that interest on the Second Debenture Stock is cumulative as to 4 per cent., while the remaining 2 per cent. is payable only if earned, and that to maintain requirements on the First Debenture Stock and 4 per cent. on the second stock there is a Debenture Interest Reserve Fund represented by securities with a market value of £132,000, as on June 30th, 1933. The accounts are presented semi-annually, and to conserve space the semi-annual figures have been added together for the purposes of the following tabulation; the first two columns show gross and net receipts in thousands of pounds sterling, the third the number of times interest requirements taking £113,700 on the First Debenture Stock have been covered, and the last column the overall cover for the full service of the First, together with payments of 4 per cent. on the Second Debenture Stock.

Year to December 31st.	Gross Receipts.	Net Balance.	Cover First Deb	Cover Overall.
1928	423	199	1.75	1.11
1929	429	233	1.96	1.24
1930	348	153	1.35	.86
1931	356	171	1.51	.96
1932	355	133	1.17	.75
1933	298		Not yet available.	

As indicated above, only the gross traffic figures for the whole of 1933 are available as yet, but it can be estimated fairly accurately that for the full year earnings were equivalent to 60-65 per cent. of the requirements on the First Debenture Stock and to only 36 per cent. of the requirements on an overall basis; that is to say, the company has probably had to draw on the Interest Reserve Fund to the extent of something like £100,000.

However, the fund is probably still sufficient to ensure the continuance of payments on the First Debenture Stock during the current year at least, and it should be recognised that payments have been met regularly since 1924. During the last decade the First Debenture Stock has changed hands at prices varying from £72½ to £35, and a purchase at the present time should be regarded as a definite speculation. But one can obtain the stock now at almost the lowest levels seen for many years, which is certainly not the case with most ordinary shares, even of the most speculative variety.

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A PARTRIDGE WELL CONCEALED

The many problems connected with the survival of our most universal gamebird are constantly being raised. In the article below they are discussed in view of two questions the change in farming and the greater dependence on wild pheasants on the many well-known partridge beats in East Anglia

PARTRIDGES IN EAST ANGLIA

How New Crops and Wild Pheasants Influence Stock

HAVING made a special study this season of everything that can be connected with the partridge, I have come to certain conclusions, not new in themselves, but which have not, I think, been sufficiently emphasised in detail. The area which I have studied is roughly a 50 mile radius of Bury St. Edmund's and includes a variety of land, the majority of which is good partridge country, and most of which I know well. The decline of the partridge in this area I put down primarily to starvation, attributable to two main causes, the first of which is the wild pheasant, and the second the change in farming, together with deterioration of land bringing in its train disease.

As regards the wild pheasant, in former days hand-reared birds were looked to for the supply of pheasants, penned hens and eggs, chiefly bought, being the main supply for stock. These birds were nearly entirely hand fed and did not need to roam the country in search of their food, and by about December the stock had been shot down to the minimum. Nowadays, through various reasons, the wild pheasant is far more looked to to produce the birds for the coming season, entailing one leaving a large stock of birds throughout the late winter and spring for this purpose. These birds are obliged to hunt arable land for the majority of their food, and from December onward when land food is scarce they consume the food that otherwise would be available for the partridge. This tends to starve out the latter at the very time when they are needed to be in good condition for breeding. Further, a large stock of wild pheasants must to some extent foul the land, being on it for such a length of time, especially in the case of land that has gone out of cultivation and therefore poisoned by lack of cultivation.

Referring to the change in farming, for various reasons a great number of new methods in both growing crops and in the crops themselves are now in force in most districts, and these chiefly tend to be detrimental to the partridge through lessening the available food. Farmyard manure, sheep, layers, seeds, roots (mangolds swedes, white turnips) grown without artificial manure all helped to increase insect life in the land. Nowadays some of these crops are seldom seen in certain areas, and in their place large areas of sugar beet are grown. Much land has gone out of cultivation, and a large amount has been put down to permanent grass and Lucerne. Stubbles, instead of as in former days being left long and not ploughed till late autumn are now cut as close as possible and generally broken soon after harvest. In place of the heavy dressing of farmyard manure, and even sometimes with it, heavy dressings of artificials are used, which undoubtedly destroy insect life. This is most noticeable in the case of sugar beet, which is generally grown with a heavy dressing of artificials.

These two points I consider undermine the partridge's constitution by starvation, and make him excessively prone to disease, which generally shows itself in the late winter and spring. The whole question of partridge disease has been thoroughly gone into by far more capable people than myself, so I in no way wish to contradict or argue with their views. But I would suggest that we drive the partridge into catching disease by starvation and its causes. Also is it not possible that disease is always about, like human influenza? We know that the human when in poor condition is much more likely to pick up "Flu" than when in robust health. And I suggest it is the same with the partridges.

This season the best show of partridges I have seen has been on well-farmed land, where there is a minimum of wild pheasants (I have made a particular note of these points). The poorest show has been on land, which a few years ago was good for 100 brace at least, but which now has a considerable amount out of cultivation, a large area of Lucerne and a large head of wild pheasants. The bag (thirteen partridges) was practically nil compared to previous years, and a number of these were diseased. The remedy I suggest is obvious, but there are certain difficulties which I need not go into. The first thing is, of course, to provide more food for the partridge: firstly, by cutting down the stock of wild pheasants to a minimum and depending more on hand-reared birds; secondly, by growing more suitable crops for the partridge; thirdly, by keeping land under suitable cultivation; and, fourthly, by careful regulation of the partridge stock left on the land in proportion to the possible available food.

These methods would be almost impossible to carry out on a large estate to-day under present conditions, unless it can be shown in the case of poor light land probably being farmed in the ordinary way at a heavy loss that the increase in game due to cheaper methods of growing game food by farming principally for game could be made to decrease the loss. That, however, is another subject. Nevertheless, if the present methods of farming and keeping the large stock of wild pheasants is continued, I cannot see that there is any hope of the partridge regaining to the old high standard that used to be the case on this area. In fact, I would go so far to say that in certain places I think they will become practically extinct.

May I reply to two obvious counter arguments at this juncture? It has been pointed out to me that in years gone by on some estates quite a large number of wild pheasants were left on the land as to-day. I admit this certainly, but a great number of their eggs were picked up for hand rearing, thereby lessening the number of young ones in early spring to be fed off the land, and again the farming system was different which, as I have already pointed out, provided much more available food, while there was little or any land not under cultivation.

A friend has told me that in former days a large head of wild pheasants were left on a certain shoot and it also carried some very good partridge days as well—150 brace and over. On this land heavy dressings of artificials were used in the days before sugar beet. I know the land very well, but in those days ground bone (bone manure) was the chief dressing, as was also wood ash and ash from burnt turf. The composition of these is very different from the ground rock manures used to-day, which are nearly all acid, and I certainly do consider that in some way they taint the ground and destroy otherwise available food, especially in sugar beet. I must also add that the land in question on this shoot was always extremely highly farmed and at least one flock of sheep kept; nor was there an acre not under cultivation.

Finally, I need hardly point out that I fully realise the damage to partridges done by weather conditions, vermin, etc., but that I have confined myself to two contentions. H. W. B.

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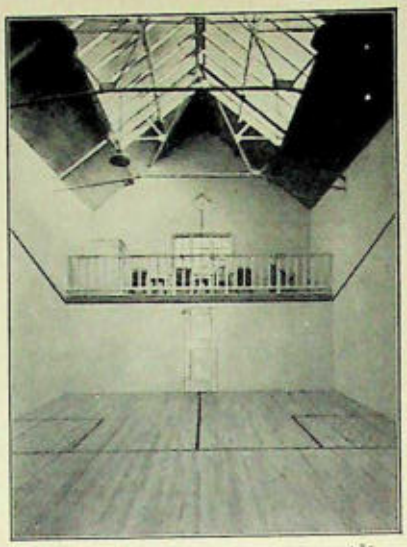
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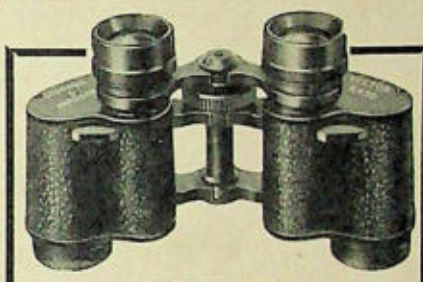
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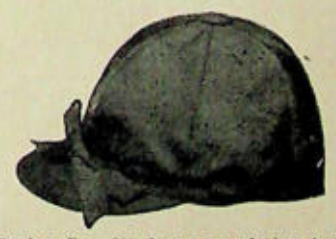
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MARCH IN THE HERONRY

What a Photographer Saw From His Perch in the Trees

By G. C. S. INGRAM

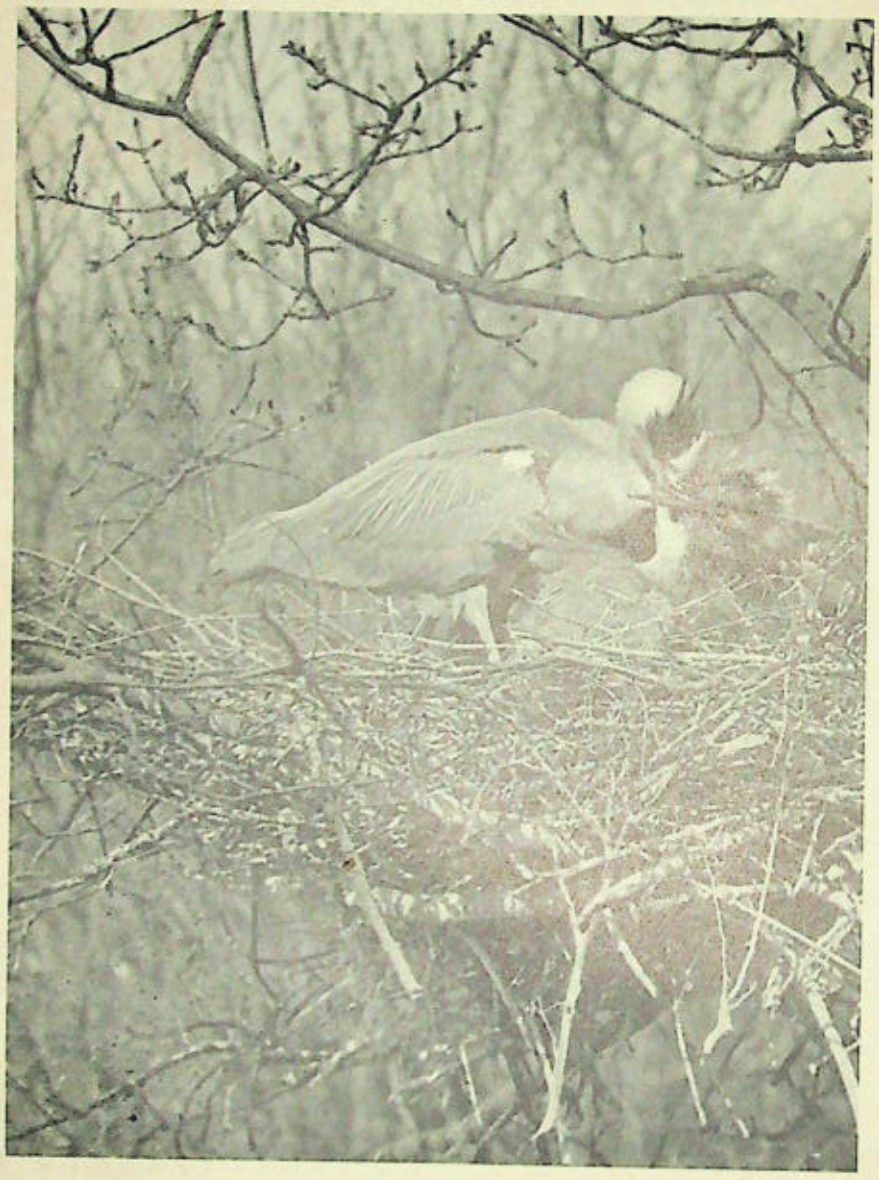


"ONE OF THE PARENTS LANDED IN THE TREE ABOVE THE NEST"

IT is a remarkable fact that herons, among the earliest of our breeding birds, should select for their nests situations that expose them to the full effects of our bitter spring weather, which is frequently far more severe in its frosts, snows and gales than the winter that preceded it.

Beginning to lay in February, most of the herons' nests have young in them by the middle of March, and the ground beneath is littered with pale blue-green egg shells, while the thin, chattering hunger call of the young herons can be easily heard.

A closer acquaintance with the birds is not an easy matter to accomplish, and although observations can be made from a hiding-place on the ground with the aid of field glasses, it is more satisfactory, but also exceedingly more draughty, to sit in a hide on a level with the nest and watch at close quarters.



HERON FEEDING YOUNG
"Two or three of them seized her again"

It is not often that a nest is found that can be overlooked, and even when Dame Fortune presents this chance the building of a hide some 50ft or more up a tree during March is by no means a simple or comfortable task. By the time it is finished, however, you will have gained some practical knowledge of the physical discomforts attending the raising of a family of herons.

Once ensconced in the hide all discomforts are forgotten in watching the fascinating doings of the family and their parents. Here are a few extracts from my note-book of the events recorded on two days in early April. Thunder rolling in the distance spoke of an approaching storm, and soon after my companion had departed one of the parents landed in the tree above the nest, followed immediately by the other.

A third heron arrived, but it proved to be an immature bird, probably on the look-out for a free meal, and was promptly chased off by one of the parents, while the other descended to the outer edge of the nest, where it stood pensively eyeing its young who, with erected crests and open beaks, kept up an incessant excited chattering. She did not feed them, however, but turning her back upon them flew away, the young subsiding into the cup of the nest, where one of them began moaning in a most heartrending and indescribable way—a most unbirdlike sound.

For some time the light had been failing owing to the threatening storm, and a strong wind was swaying the hide from side to side like a ship at sea, when a sudden smash of thunder following a vivid lightning flash caused the four youngsters to start up and look curiously around, while pheasants crowed and a little owl called from the wood beneath. Here I deserted my post and slid down to *terra firma*, not fancying myself as a lightning conductor.

A couple of days later I again occupied the hide, and the female returned within fifteen minutes, but she only stood on the edge of the nest and preened herself very carefully all over, running the pendent breast feathers through her long beak, yawning occasionally with a great display of barbed, red tongue, and scratching her head with her foot, a most awkward-looking operation. She flew off and returned within 20 minutes, being mobbed by the young birds as soon as she walked on to the nest. They grabbed her bill in theirs and tried to get some of the food she was pumping up from her crop.

Standing in the middle of the crowd, she pulled her beak free, holding it up out of reach, the youngsters chipping and growling around her in a weird chorus. As soon as she lowered her head two or three of them seized her again, but eventually she got her head right down out of sight and must have disgorged the food, for the young ones began to yell and fight among themselves with renewed vigour and were busily employed in picking up something from the bottom of the nest while their mother stood aloof over them.

That these youngsters could distinguish their own parents, even at a distance, was clearly proved later on in the day when one of the several immature birds that always seemed to be hanging around the heronry, driven from pillar to post by the irate owners of nests, alighted in the tree within 3ft. of the nest, in the absence of both the parent birds.

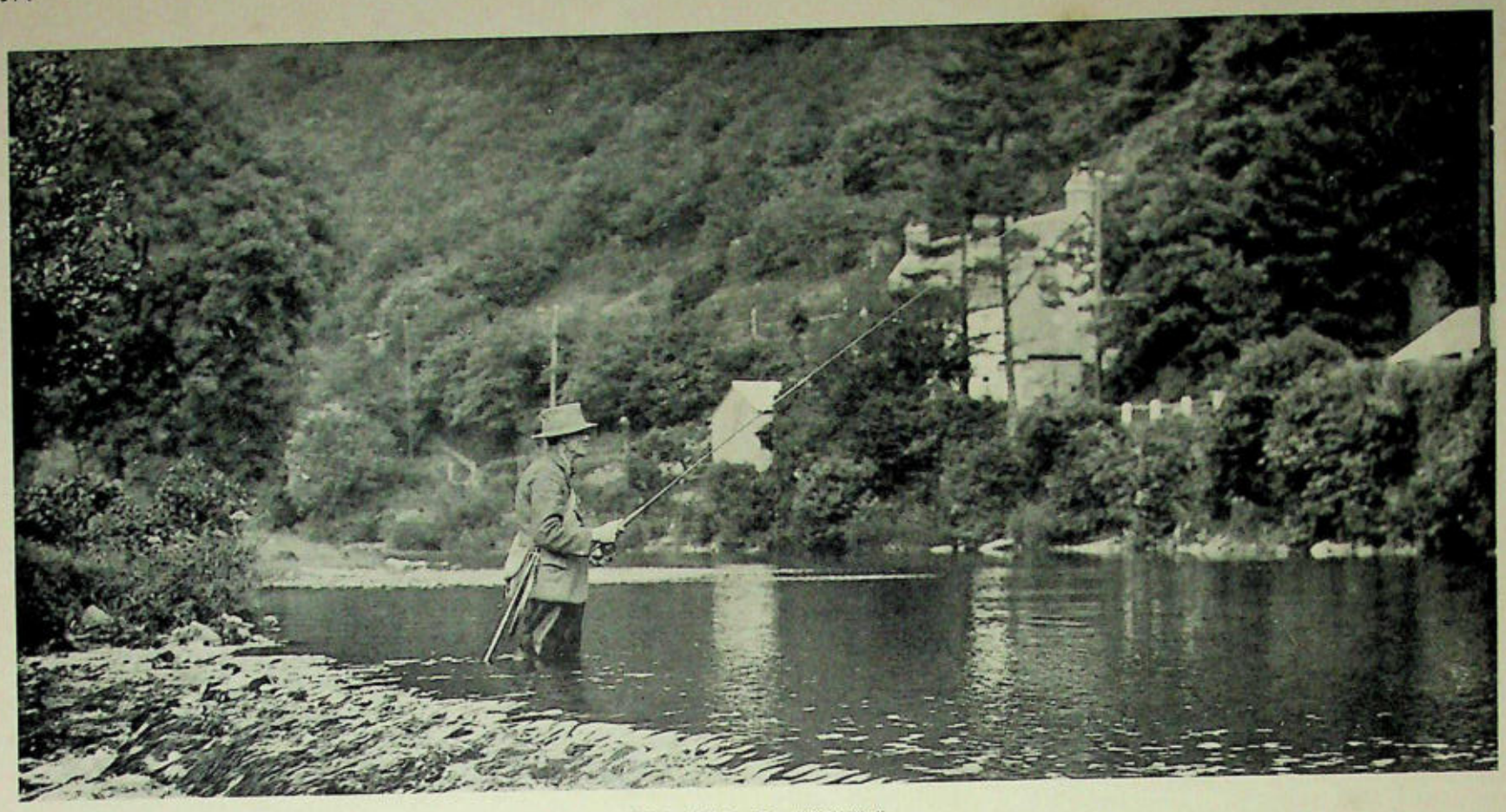
Not one of the chicks took the slightest notice of it beyond eyeing it curiously, until, with a loud, harsh scream, their father alighted in the tree and the intruder departed with a rush, whereupon the family rose up *en masse*, shivering and chattering with eagerness and reaching up towards their parent.

Subsequent visits revealed many fascinating points of interest in the upbringing of young herons but, even at the end of these first two days one felt that the labour of building that hide had been more than repaid, both in observations and in the photographs obtained.



Photographs by the author

FOUR LUSTY YOUNG HERONS IN THE NEST



"UP ALONG TO EXMOOR"
Trout fishing on a reach of the Barle, near Dulverton

EASTER TROUT

Wales or the West of England?

By GUY C. POLLOCK

"IN the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time, when I set my fancies free"—but my epilogue is not to Asolando; it is to H. T. S., whom I have called Tempest, whom, thus calling, I have ragged and lampooned and celebrated and admired in the print of happy days, past and immortal like that H. T. Sheringham who wrought and wrote imperishably of fishing. "I have had playmates, I have had companions" (a curse on all quotation!), and they were Sheringham, Collett, William Caine, who fished and wrote and loved the English scene, in whom spring fever, that delectable disease, mounted as the sparks fly upward.

Be damned, after all, to an epilogue. These men were and are not and always will be. The rivers we watched, the airs we breathed the sights we saw, the rains and snows and shinings of the sun; the spates and droughts, coloured water and clear; the wadings and stumblings and immersions and crouchings; the vigour and the weariness, the triumphs and disasters; the ways we walked, the talk we talked, the dreams we dreamed, the trout we caught; all these are dust to float about the air of life. But they go on, all angling and anglers go on. Spring fever is immune from all the remedies of man and time, for it is the renewal of the soul of angling, and this is a prologue in my mind to-day.

As I write, a snowstorm fills the sky with blackness and lays its white carpet on the ground. Very well. What of that May Day on the Afontwrehan? We had driven four miles behind a horse to reach the uppermost farm where the lane ended. We had walked another two miles in waders by sheep tracks and run crazily down a steep hill. And here we were on the top waters, where thin gravel shallows alternated with rocky pools and violent cascades, when, on the right day, the trout averaged four to the pound, when, in any one of the ledge pools, a fortunate fisher might do glad battle with a half-pounder or, striking the stars with his head, find his fish not too far off a pound.

We began well, in a sheltered stretch of stream under a spring sun. Indeed, I had slipped four fish into my wicker basket and had begun to wonder when this greed for the two March Browns on my cast would be sated before I had time to look up at the soft larch plantation above the opposite bank and the eager hills all round. And then I saw the ominous darkness of the sky, which was the beginning of it.

We were not defeated or at all dismayed. We fished on till the evening was well spent and met to eat our soddening sandwiches under the great rock. What is more, we tore out an occasional fish here and there; there was even, by good fortune, one half-pounder between us. But there never were fiercer or more biting snow and sleet scurries through the length and across the breadth of a first day of May and two more tired men seldom flung themselves at fire, chair and drink after ten miles in waders across a snow-swept moorland. That, then, was a day for men and anglers.

So was another of April, when Easter was just about as early as that which is now close to us. But the Afontwrehan was exchanged for the Devonshire Walkham, much nearer to Dartmoor than to Horrabridge. There trout run smaller and larger also. There great moss- and lichen-covered boulders show how hill streams forced and forged their own channels and what giants' games of bowls were played by nature when our world was very young. There bush and wood make casting hard even for him who wades, and, when waters run low and clear, only a really superior sort of cunning can lure a fish to death.

That water is dear, perhaps, to me alone because here, while a small boy fished for two summer holidays and caught nothing, the passion of rivers and the undauntable hope of a great basket took hold of me. In that April day some of the eluding secrets had already been revealed. And it was a favourable day, with the warmth of the West Country on it, with a south-west wind and full water still coffee-stained after a spate had passed (how a spate can roar down the Walkham, persuading you at first that a cart is running away down a road and descending like an excellent imitation of a Bore!). I fished with those flies then, because I cannot escape from the tradition that one should not be without Blue Upright and Coch-y-bonddu in the West and because I cannot let any wet-fly cast go without a March Brown. And all those killed fish. And I revenged in some degree the triumphs won by these same fishes' forbears over the boy.

Or another similar day "up along to Exmoor," where Dulverton gives consolation in comfort and the West Country smells and smiles the same. Give me the peat and moss and heather and bracken and bogs which mix the smell of the western moorlands. There is none like it—no, not among all the garrulous grouse of Scotland or the whistling curlews of Wales.

There was a day, too, so far away as Perthshire. And there was an early day—too early by the book—on a chalk brook of Hampshire. But what does it matter where you go at Easter, though West or North-west will serve you best? What matters is to go. To gather up the precious gear—even the leaky waders and the nailless brogues and the old gut and rusted flies, if needs must—and pack the chief of the harem of trout rods and be off. To feed the fever of spring and starve the cold of caution, and escape. To go down to the familiar run where the burn runs in on the opposite bank and the dipper nests under the old stone bridge above, and step into the river and feel the rod responsive to your will and—and Heaven be with you!

SALMON OF THE AVON

A Scheme For Improvement

THERE can be few rivers in this country which appeal to such a wide circle of anglers as the Hampshire Avon. Its salmon have a quality of their own, and an average size, too, which can be bettered by the Wye alone of all English rivers; its trout are few, it is true, except in the upper reaches, but they share with the Thames that reputation for portliness which places them almost in a class apart; its coarse fish—is there any river in England which can compare with the lower reaches of the Avon for the size of its chub, or to-day even for the size of its barbel?

But lately there have been fears for the Avon—and there is no doubt that the salmon catches have fallen off lamentably in recent years. It seems likely that the other species may follow suit. So the investigation which has been undertaken by the University College, Southampton, is sure to be watched with more than ordinary interest.

The college has just issued its first report, mainly on the salmon shortage, which is the first question to be tackled. Curiously enough lack of spawning beds, or rather available spawning beds, seems to be one source of this mischief. Who would have suspected that in a river like the Avon? And the loss of smolts on their way to the sea owing to the water meadows in which they lose themselves seems to be another.

A more general danger seems to be the likelihood of coarse fish being destroyed by disease which has been found present in the river. This has been named "black spot," but little is known about it as yet. Anyhow, it is a matter which urgently requires investigation.

The present enquiry is a voluntary effort on the part of the college and some of the owners of fisheries, and funds are needed. There must be many anglers who would gladly assist in this most valuable investigation, and whose donations would be very acceptable to the college. This first report is well worth perusing by anyone who has a South-country fishery. It is full of information and ideas which should be helpful in many other rivers besides the Avon.

A BEGINNER ON SHIKAR

Reminiscences Made Readable

HERE is rather an unusual book on big game shooting. The author, who has chosen a *nom de plume* whose initials must by now be well known to readers of the *Field*, has been at pains to prevent his book being an exercise in the first person singular and has created a fictional character to be the central figure in experiences which, unless I am much mistaken, have been his own. At any rate, they ring true enough to anybody who knows Indian shikar.

He concerns himself with the adventures of one James Carmody Collinson, a young wine merchant, who goes out to India knowing nothing of shooting, and he follows him through the preliminary stages of his shooting education. As he justly remarks, nobody's shooting education is ever finished. We journey with our young friend to a duck shoot in Scinde, after oorial in the Salt Hills of the Punjaub, to Punch, Baltistan, Ladak, the Central Provinces, Assam, Orissa and the Sunderbunds, and in doing so we are able to pick up much useful information as to the shooting of almost every Indian species, information which is communicated with considerable humour and without a trace of the assumption of superior knowledge. We make friends as we go with a number of other characters who are not, I think, wholly fictional. With Mohomed Khan of Fatehjang, with Ahad and Habiba Malik, Cashmere shikaris, and with Bella, a Great Dane, James Collinson's inseparable companion. Mr. Malet is a journalist, and he has the journalistic eye for a story. He has also a talent for descriptive writing.

Anybody who knows India will recognise the justice of this extract: "The Lambadar's arrival caused much excitement among the villagers because it was felt that he would be able to do the honours of the occasion with a fitting grace; this, as he explained himself, was due to the fact that he was a friend of Sahibs, and in proof of this he drew a flannel case from his bosom, and produced with great care and evident pride a tattered "chit" given him by a subaltern in the Rifle Brigade in 1895. James took the chit, and the village held its breath. In that remote spot, that edge of a seldom-visited and unimportant native state, a chit was not a thing that could be hired in the bazaar for a few annas. It was a sign manual of the favour of the Sirkar, an Ark of the Covenant of Probity, the opener of many closed sesames."

Mr. Malet does not hide his hero's weaker moments; at a duck shoot where he has seven birds in the water, and cartridges innumerable, "he looked stealthily round to see if he was surveyed, and then began to poke the cartridges down into the water with his stick." Or when offered a shot at a barasingh swimming in the Woolah Lake, ". . . the voice of personal vanity was telling him that his reputation as a shikari would be gone for ever if he returned to 'Pindi empty-handed." Nor has he overburdened us with spurious thrills. There is just one hair-raising episode; about what one would expect in eight years' shikar.



ABSOLOM THE IBEX
Suspended after a fall of several hundred feet
(From "When the Red Gods Call." Witherby)

There has been a dearth of fresh and readable writers on shooting of recent years. The old hands remain; but we look in vain for new ones. Here, unless I am mistaken, is one of the young writers of to-morrow. B.

When the Red Gods Call. By Rawdon Malet. Illustrated. (Witherby; 12/6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Gardens and Gardening, 1934 (The Studio Publications; paper covers 7/6, cloth 10/6), has maintained the high standard set in the first issue, both in regard to illustrations and subject-matter. The first and longest section is devoted to illustrations of gardens chosen, apparently, for the architectural skill displayed in laying them out. The photographs of water gardens are particularly interesting.

Those who love Surrey—and who once free of its pleasant and quiet places does not?—will welcome *The Surrey Landscape*, by G. G. Clarke and W. M. Thompson, a charming book, well illustrated and written with distinction. (A. & C. Black; 5/-.)

The Scree Garden, edited by F. H. Fisher (The Alpine Garden Society; 3/6) is a book for those interested in the High Alpine plants or who desire to make a scree. It is packed with first-rate information by enthusiastic experts, and the illustrations are excellent.

There is no bird more characteristically English than the rook, whose whole scheme of life is bound up with country life—needing well-timbered parklands for its rookery and farm land for its food. Nor is there any bird more interesting in its habits, as is admirably brought out by Mr. G. K. Yeates in *The Life of the Rook* (Philip Allan; 10/6), both in the delightful photographs and in the text.

Aristocrats of the Flower Border, by G. A. Phillips (*Country Life*; 8/6), is a first-rate manual. The book is mainly devoted to important border plants—delphiniums, lupins and peonies; mid-summer flowering plants and the autumn border. There are useful lists of planting distances.

The Care and Repair of Ornamental Trees, by A. D. C. Le Sueur (*Country Life*; 10/6), is a valuable handbook not only for gardeners but for those responsible for the care of trees growing in streets. A great deal of space is allotted to tree surgery and the treatment of wounds; also such important subjects as the preservation of very old trees, bolting and bracing.

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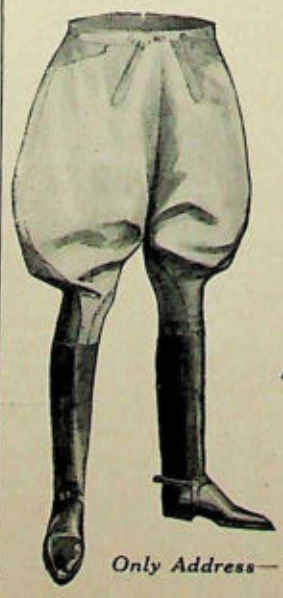
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PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ, ONE OF THE BEST BEDDING DAHLIAS

The Country House

DAHLIAS FOR AUTUMN COLOUR

Raising from Seed Under Glass

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DAHLIAS are amongst the few gorgeous flowers that can be treated as annuals. Seed sown now, *i.e.*, mid-March, will provide a fine supply of plants at the minimum of cost, to put out in June. Seed, especially of the handsome large-flowered kinds, should be obtained from a first-rate source.

The seeds are sown in very sandy loam in shallow boxes in a temperature of 55 to 60 degrees in mid-March. The boxes are covered with glass and brown paper, the glass being turned and wiped daily. The seedlings, when large enough, are potted in small pots in a compost of fibrous loam and leaf mould and transferred to larger pots later. In May the plants are hardened off in a cold frame and put out in June.

Dahlias can be increased by taking cuttings from old tubers in March. The tubers are placed in shallow boxes and partly covered with soil with plenty of leaf mould in it and put in a greenhouse with a minimum temperature of 55 degrees. When the shoots are a few inches long they are cut, each with a small piece of tuber attached, and are potted in small pots. Covered with a handlight they root in about a month. After re-potting, when necessary, in larger pots, they are hardened off and planted out in June.

The most striking feature in the development of modern hybrids is not so much their immense size as the wonderful range of colours now obtainable. Until a few years ago reds and yellows were the dominating colours, but now many of the finest dahlias are rich lavender, bronze, cherry red, and so forth.

In Nature's autumn garb the prevailing colours are browns, scarlets, yellows and reds, and therefore we are all the more grateful that amongst such glorious flowers as dahlias we now have colours that afford a contrast to the majority of those around them. The rich, clear lavenders and the cherry-red varieties not only make charming groups in the garden, but they are beautiful for indoor decoration.

I love to see a huge jar of autumn foliage and cherry and lavender coloured dahlias. The richest lavenders are J. W. Davis and T. Hay, J. W. Davis being the better of the two. Mrs. David Hepburn is a grand cherry colour. Cherry and Charmer are smaller and daintier. Charmer is a shade lighter than Cherry and is semi-double, though often described as single. Cherry is, I think, the most attractive. The dark purple dahlia, The World, seems very popular amongst exhibitors, but it always strikes me as a very heavy-looking flower.

Jersey Beauty is a universal favourite and small wonder, for its rich pink flowers are produced from August till cut by frosts. It is invariably described in catalogues as being 5ft. high, but I have never seen Jersey Beauty less than 7ft. In fact, this tendency to grow very tall makes this variety suitable only for the back of the border. Northern Beauty is almost the same colour as Jersey Beauty, but not so tall-growing.

Pride of California is a rich deep red, and Pride of San Francisco, which is equally impressive, salmon pink. They look very fine together. Madame A. Breuls is another very lovely variety, a rich rose tint and with strong stems. Miss Belgium is a fine orange-scarlet. St. Fagans is an exceptionally clear yellow, so clear in fact that, placed in a border, it makes the neighbouring flowers, however fine their colouring, look muddy.

In a group by itself, St. Fagans is a joy to behold. Few care to grow dahlias that hang their heads, and those I have mentioned all hold their flowers up well.

Two of the best bedding dahlias are, I think, Baby Royal and Princess Marie José. Last autumn, amongst the beds near the bridge by the Cornwall Terrace entrance to Regent's Park, there was one bed of Baby Royal, and in spite of the magnificent dahlia border behind, it was the display of Baby Royal that caught every eye. Yet in a border this variety never looks so fine.

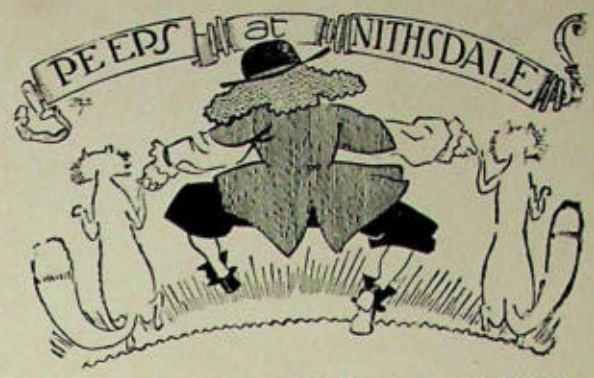
It is a miniature cactus variety, the flowers being a rich flesh on a yellow ground, and though awarded a gold medal at the Winter Trials, does not seem to attract popular attention at shows. It is not a show-tent variety, but grand out of doors.

Princess Marie José is magenta coloured, but wonderfully attractive in spite of being this colour. The new orchid-flowered varieties with their graceful star-like blooms and twisted petals are very lovely. The dwarf varieties, especially those that are peony-flowered, are undoubtedly useful, but personally I find dwarf dahlias far less attractive than the tall-growing kinds and I would rather give the space to pentstemons.

Dahlia tubers can be planted out of doors in late April or May without being started into growth under glass, but this is not a very satisfactory method. The usual way is to start the tubers under glass in small pots this month—March—and to put out the plants at the end of May or early in June, according to the season and locality. Dahlias need full sun and deeply-dug soil, but it must not be too rich or they will make a lot of rank growth and produce few blooms. On the other hand, they do not succeed in poor sandy soil that dries quickly in drought.

To crowd these handsome plants is a serious mistake, for they produce few blooms. Tall varieties should be 3ft. apart and the dwarf kinds 15in. apart. Unnecessary side shoots should be thinned out or the plants become over-crowded. Staking is essential for the tall-growing varieties. Disbudding is important and only one bud should be allowed to each shoot. Over-watering and over-feeding induce rank growth and few flowers.

Dahlia tubers are lifted when the first frost comes, but the usual instruction to "store them in a frost-proof shed" is not so simple as it sounds. To begin with, frost-proof sheds are sadly rare in small gardens! After being carefully lifted, every particle of soil should be removed and the tubers dried for a week in any frost-proof room or shed, but not in a room with any artificial warmth. Then they can be packed in dry sand or fine sifted ashes in wooded boxes. The best place for these boxes is a frost-proof cellar or room where there is no artificial heat.



ANOTHER VISITOR from INDIA

I had a client of ours over from India the other day on a flying visit to Nithsdale. As I have frequently stated in this column, these periodical visits of my friends from abroad are most valuable to us. We are able to obtain first-hand information, without fear or favour, as to how these advertisements are received by the lay public, and the criticism to which both the Industry and myself are subjected.

We have our friend with us here to-night, and I propose that he should propound a few of the more burning questions which he has encountered, and that we should answer them in rotation.

The first is the old, old matter of over-production. I have answered this many times, but I go into it again. To begin with, the skin cannot be imitated. This being postulated, the fact remains that there are about a hundred thousand skins marketed annually on the fur markets of the world. These skins wear out, thank heaven, fairly rapidly, and out of this total quantity a large number are used for trimmings, and of the remainder again a large quantity is of inferior quality, and I should estimate that the number of really good skins offering at the present time is in the neighbourhood of twenty thousand. Now I put it to everyone that there are more women in the world than this who are anxious to possess a fine silver fox pelt, and who are, even in these times of depression, financially in a position to purchase. You have to kill the foxes to get the skins. The lower the price the larger the market, and over-production will never trouble any of us.

The next question was most interesting. It was this: Is the pelt of a fox farm-bred in Great Britain equal to that of a wild Canadian animal? I have heard of this before, and I had a rather interesting experience a year or two ago. I was talking to a fur buyer of a large departmental store, and this buyer showed an ignorance of the origin of the silver fox which was most astonishing and distressing. It was contended by this buyer that a farm-bred fox of any kind was in every way, both in looks and wearing quality, greatly inferior to a trapped fox. I enquired if the store had any of each kind, and was informed that there might be a farm-bred fox or two, but that the great majority were undoubtedly wild caught. They brought me a sample which I was assured was undoubtedly a trapped fox. It was certainly a very beautiful skin and I said as much, but in view of the fact that the animal was tattooed in both ears with the letters of a ranch which I recognised, I was able to demonstrate to the buyer beyond all possibility of doubt that the animal had been bred in captivity. I stated furthermore that I was prepared to forfeit quite a considerable sum of money if it could be proved to me that the store had a single wild caught fox in stock.

The buyer was apparently entirely ignorant of the fact that the silver fox in the wild is a sport of the red fox, and that Nature has no reason to produce any more sports in these days than she did thirty years ago, when a silver fox pelt in his traps was such an occasion in the life of a trapper that he was able to live on the proceeds for a whole year. I think I am fairly right in stating that not one per cent. of the total offerings on the fur markets of the world are wild caught silver foxes. One of our Resident Owners here, who has been all over Hudson's Bay, informs me that a manager of a fur post told him that in his twenty-five years of service he had only seen one wild black silver fox.

Robertson, the manager of my No. 1 and 2 ranches, who has just joined us from Prince Edward Island, states that in his opinion, and he has had twelve years' experience, the quality of the foxes which are at present in his charge here is fully equal to that of the ranch which he left in Canada.

Another question was that of fashion, which I have dealt with also many times. There is no "fashion" in silver foxes, except as regards the various degrees of silvering. At the present time, the fashionable fox, to judge by the prices obtained, is a pale or a three-quarter silver. Not so long ago it was a pure black, and I beg leave to prophesy that it will be again. It was a pure black which realised by far the highest price a few years ago. But the point is that it is not a different animal. It is always a silver fox, and fashion simply rings the changes on the degree of silvering in the finished pelt.

T. Melross

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



THE QUORN MOVING OFF FROM THEIR WYMESWOLD FIXTURE, WITH AN UNLOADED MOTOR HORSE BOX IN THE DISTANCE

MOTOR CARS AS AN AID TO HUNTING

Horse Boxes and Trailers to Suit All Pockets

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

MUCH has been written—and a great deal more said, often in lurid terms—of the motor-car in the hunting field. I have no brief for that type of motorist who makes of hunting a spectacle rather than a sport—the type which knows little of hunting, its amenities and courtesies, but is unable to resist the temptation of "following hounds" by car.

I myself am a novice in hunting matters, but I have listened to stories of the misdoings of thoughtless motorists in the hunting field, and I am fain to confess that my sympathies are all with the followers of that oldest and best of all sports, the chase, rather than with my fellow motorists.

While I have to agree that what I will call the promiscuous motor car and its driver can be a deadly nuisance in the hunting field, it is perhaps not unfair to point out that the motor vehicle has done, and is doing, much to help in preserving and even expanding a great national sport. It not only assists many who by reason of distance and poor facilities for communication would only be able to hunt occasionally, if at all, but has widened the scope by opening the sport to many busy workers who would in the absence of its facilities be compelled to fill the rôle of lookers-on from a distance.

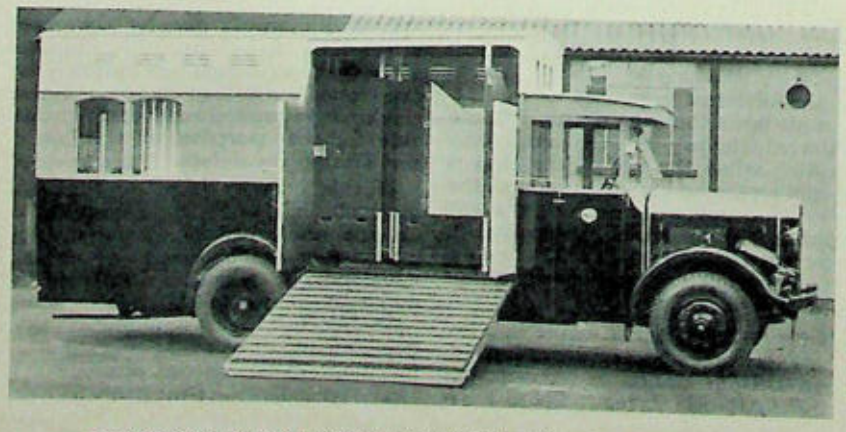
Where I think the motor vehicle can render the greatest service to hunting and, in possibly a lesser degree, to Point-to-Point racing, lies in the facilities it affords for the conveyance of horses and hounds over comparatively long distances with ease, comfort and economy. Its use enables one to get the most out of a season's hunting with the minimum of cost and trouble.

The development of the motor horse-box has made an enormous difference to the whole sport, more particularly in the direction of enabling the keen follower, who is limited by his financial resources, to go through the season with the minimum outlay on horseflesh. The availability of adequate transport facilities may easily make all the difference between two and four days a week in the field.

It rather surprises me that so little apparent advantage is taken of these facilities outside the great hunting centres. The latter are fairly well catered for by numerous firms who specialise in the conveyance of horses by road and the question becomes simply one of hire charges. Even so, I think there is scope for quite a wide development of road transport to and from the actual scene of operations. I believe that in most cases, even where these hiring facilities exist, it would pay better to own.

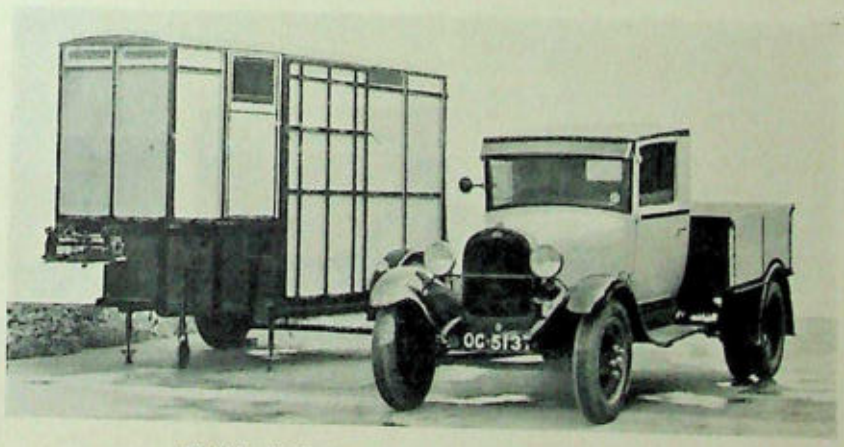
But it is in the smaller and more scattered countries that there is the greater scope for development, and here it is reasonably certain that it must be far cheaper to own than to hire.

Where initial cost and subsequent upkeep charges, wages and so on are not a vital consideration, the obvious thing is to go the whole way and purchase outright one or more of the very efficient motor horse-boxes of which there are several on the market.



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Owing to Ministry of Transport restrictions on overall width, it was not possible to carry three full-size horses in safety and comfort until this firm produced their patented design



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This dual-purpose horse box is marketed by the London Caravan Co., Ltd., the front portion being useful for cartage purposes when not engaged in the transport of horses

Such a type, for instance, as the "Curtis," which is illustrated on this page. This is, of course, rather an ambitious vehicle, capable of carrying three horses together with all necessary saddlery and gear.

Mounted on a Dennis chassis, there can be no question that this particular box will do everything that the most exacting owner can require. Incidentally it may be remarked that in this vehicle the restrictions imposed by the Ministry of Transport on overall dimensions have been rather cleverly overcome, and it is possible to carry three full-sized hunters in complete comfort.

There are other and smaller types of what I will call the self-contained motor horse-box, which will carry one or two horses, while for the hunting man who does not want to own a vehicle the use of which is restricted to the conveyance of horses only, there is a type of box which can be mounted behind a platform lorry and detached when the latter is required for other uses. Among the types to which I have referred are the motor horse-boxes built by the firm of Vincent and Co., who have developed a very useful form of vehicle.

To come now to the hunt follower who, for one reason or another, either does not or cannot aspire to the ownership of the self-contained box, which entails a serious outlay of capital and a steady cost of wages and

upkeep for a vehicle which can only be used for a limited number of months of the year, it would look for a moment as though he would be driven back on hiring.

Fortunately for him there has been developed a type which is not only economically within the reach of everybody, but is thoroughly practical and efficient for its purpose. I refer to the trailer horse-box which can be towed by one's own private motor-car. For as little as £95 a single box can be purchased, and there the expense ends, since there is no upkeep to be taken into consideration.

As a matter of fact, the cost of these vehicles ranges from the figure I have given to £125 for the single type, and from £135 to £165 in the case of the trailer which is built to carry two horses. The former can be easily towed by the average 15 h.p. car, while the latter can be attached to one of 20-25 h.p. which will tow it, with a full load, with ease.

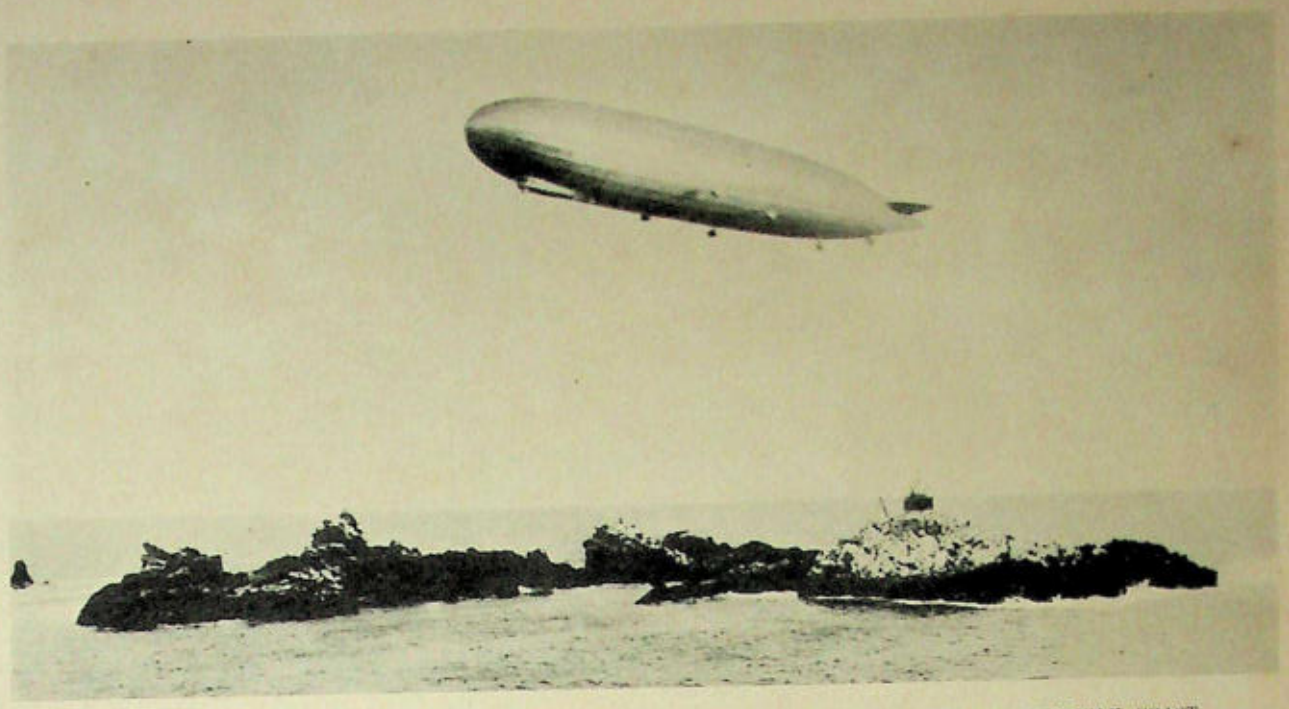
A further point of advantage in using these vehicles in conjunction with one's own car is that no extra tax has to be paid for their use when towed by a private motor-car. If, however, it is preferred to tow them by means of an estate lorry or some such vehicle, there is an extra tax amounting to £6 a year, though the necessary licence can be taken out, as in the case of the car itself, for a shorter period than the full year.

The trailer type of horse-box has so many manifest advantages that it seems to provide the solution to a number of the difficulties that confront the keen hunting man who wants to get all the sport possible out of the season, at the minimum of cost and trouble—as who does not in these times of economic depression and reduced incomes?

There is little need for me to point out the advantages of being able, as it were, to carry one's horses on one's own back to a meet a dozen or fifteen miles from home; getting them there fresh instead of their having to pound along over miles of hard, slippery high-road; of being able to rug and box them at the end of a long day before they can get cold; and to whisk them home with no effort in a fraction of the time it would take to walk them.

Obviously, the owning of one of these extraordinarily useful vehicles must mean—in the case of one whose stud consists normally of two or three hunters—that a day or two a week can be added to the average hunting time, or the same amount of sport can be had with two horses instead of three. Particularly as the vehicle costs less than a good hunter; entails no upkeep charges or employment of extra staff, it seems to be a thoroughly worth-while investment.

Motor Show at Maidstone.—Kent's largest Spring Motor Exhibition opens at the premises of Rootes, Ltd., Len Engineering Works, Maidstone, next Monday (March 19th).



THE GRAF ZEPPELIN PASSING OVER ST. PAUL'S ROCKS, 600 MILES OFF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST
"Her performances have shown conclusively that the airship is the ideal for all journeys in which there is a long over-sea crossing"

THE ATLANTIC AIR SERVICE

What is Britain's Position?

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

ORGANISING Atlantic air services is one of the major problems civil aviation still has to solve, and it is one that is destined to come prominently to the fore during this summer. Already there are signs of great activity among the continental operating concerns.

The first machine on the German-South America air mail left Stuttgart on February 3rd with her cargo of 400lb. of mail, and arrived in Port Natal on February 7th, whence connection is made with Buenos Aires. This service, it will be remembered, makes use of a floating station—the German steamship Westfalen—for refuelling and servicing in mid-Atlantic; and many interesting lessons are sure to be learnt from its operation. The mails are flown direct to Seville, where they are transferred to another aeroplane for transport to Las Palmas.

Another stage by the same aircraft takes them to Bathurst, Gambia, from which point the trans-Atlantic flight, undertaken by Dornier *Wal* flying boats, commences. The first return trip started from Natal on February 9th, and the complete journey to Berlin was made in the excellent time of 3 days 8 hours 40 minutes—a striking tribute to the speeding-up that an all-air route can achieve on an Atlantic service.

The French South-America service has now been operating for some time, and has yielded excellent results; and it is understood that further attempts will be made this year to substitute flying instead of surface boats for the sea crossing on this service. Italy's interest has recently been advertised by a demonstration flight, which, although it was not free from mishap, is likely to be followed up with that energy which has done so much for Italian aviation in the past few years.

Another—and perhaps the most significant—indication of the practicability of a regular trans-Atlantic service, based on results achieved, is the announcement of this summer's time-table for the five year old airship Graf Zeppelin. Commencing on May 26th, she will make a series of ten double crossings, the final trip being scheduled to leave Friedrichshafen on October 27th. The trip takes three days from Friedrichshafen to Pernambuco, and a further day to Rio, and the return journey from Pernambuco to Friedrichshafen is timed to occupy four days, due to N.E. trade winds.

Outward sailings take place on Saturdays, thus making it possible for the business man to reach Rio on the following Thursday—a very valuable saving of time, all the more significant when the luxury standard of airship travel is remembered.

The Graf Zeppelin has established records for reliability and regularity that could hardly fail to set the bitterest opponent of lighter-than-air craft thinking deeply. These achievements are all the more outstanding when the age of the ship is remembered; and on this account, the greatest interest will attach to the new Zeppelin LZ 129 which, substantially larger than the Graf (LZ 127), is now nearing completion, and may run her trials this year.

It is certainly worth while, in view of this widespread activity, to inquire where Britain stands in her relation to trans-Atlantic flying. There have been many expressions of hope that a service may be operating in the near future; and much has been said of the plans of Imperial Airways in co-operation with a U.S.A. air transport company. Undoubtedly there are very big problems to be faced if the flying boat or aeroplane is to be used.

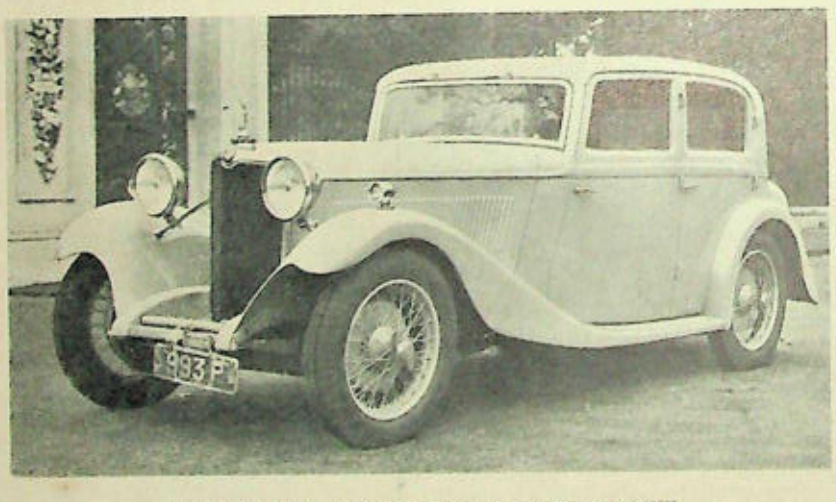
British interest in an Atlantic service centres largely in the North Atlantic route, for her contact with Canada and the United States is considered more important to her than contact with the South American republics. A direct crossing of the North Atlantic (from Ireland to Newfoundland), by flying boats on a commercial basis is not within the bounds of practical possibilities at the present time—nor in the immediate future. The Arctic Circle route is, as yet, uncertain; and, in any event, is not likely to provide all-the-year-round communication.

The route probably offering the best possibilities for an all-the-year-round service by heavier-than-air craft is that via the Azores. In this connection the statement by the Under-Secretary of State for Air that this year's Air Estimates include a sum of £10,000 to be devoted to running a weekly air service from New York to Bermuda is of exceptional interest. This service, which is to be run by Imperial Airways, Ltd., in co-operation with American interests, may prove eventually to be the first link in a trans-Atlantic route.

It is suggested, however, that the North-Atlantic crossing, so far as commercial aviation is concerned, is specifically a task for the airship—the view held in this country almost universally until disaster overtook R.101. But that tragedy did not alter the conditions, any more than the loss of aeroplanes on the commercial airways proved such craft unsuitable for that purpose, or the loss of the Titanic invalidated sea transport.

If this country is to establish the vital air link with the Dominion of Canada and with the United States, a return must be made to airship development, which, in spite of its apparent large initial cost, would probably be more economical than experiments with heavier-than-air machines, at any rate at present.

The record of the Graf Zeppelin gives practical and incontrovertible point to this view. Her performances have shown conclusively that the airship is the ideal for all journeys in which there is a long over-sea crossing.



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A BUSHBUCK BEAT AT KARKLOOF, IN NATAL

SMALL GAME SHOOTING IN SOUTH AFRICA

Where to Get the Best Sport

By MAJOR HERBERT NOYES

FROM a sporting point of view it is unfortunate that the cold weather season at the Cape, when shooting is possible, synchronises with our English summer, which, brief though it be, many people are loth to spend abroad.

Yet—and the dictum also applies, of course, to big game—I doubt if there is a tonic in the world to equal a month or two on the Low Veldt in the rainless African winter: living under the cloudless brilliance of blue skies, in air like a doubly-distilled elixir of life. Hot middays, when tunics may be discarded, and cool, sharp nights with more than a suspicion of frost at early dawn, are usual; but the nights are windless, and provided one's bunk, in or under the wagon, is sufficiently blanketed and the camp fires kept burning, the cold is merely enjoyable.

Enjoyable also is it to awake in the false dawn to the boom of the hornbill, the twittering of finches and the heavenly odour of bucks' liver and bacon sizzling in the frying-pan in the hands of a capable Zulu cookboy. These are experiences happy, healthy and unforgettable.

To enjoy them necessitates arrangements being made beforehand, either at the Cape or Durban, to take effect between April 30th and August 16th (in the Transvaal, August 30th); and a friend to make them. A d.b. 12-bore of keeper type and a light rifle, .303 or .279 Mannlicher, will suffice for armament.

Beyond a few of the lesser buck running on private lands or reservations there is no warrantable game in the Cape Province. In the O.F.S. a few farmers have herds of blesbok and black wildebeest between fences, and springbok breeding is becoming an industry; but there is little difference between shooting sheep and semi-tame buck such as these.

But the Northern Transvaal can be reached by rail in two days from Capetown, and Pietersburg is a favourite jumping-off place for shooting parties. Assuming that the bundobust is complete, licenses procured, firearms registered and the agent in the dorp duly notified of transport necessities, there should be no delay or difficulty in boarding the motor car or wagon complete with stores and departing at once for the Low Veldt and adventure.

If a car is used one can get among game within three or four hours. Personally I prefer the more leisurely ox or donkey wagon; a motor postulates dependence on the clock, whereas, lounging along with a wagon, one feels that time is non-existent.

The cost of permits varies from 5/- for springbok (ten permitted) to £5 (one permitted) for inyala, eland, gemsbuck, hartebeest or sesseby. But as these approach the category of big game the less aspiring sportsman will no doubt confine himself to blesbok, bushbuck, duiker and steinbok; while francolin and guinea fowl abound.

For purposes of photography and the study of the larger fauna the Kruger Park is close at hand, where under permit the visitor will be welcomed. The cost of wagon hire should not exceed £20; the driver will act as cook and the price of stores is little more than at the coast.

In Natal there are many farmers lucky enough to own cover in the form of yellow-wood bush patches of forest land wherein ipiti (blue duiker) and bushbuck are more or less preserved. Such a place is at the Karkloof, the home of those erstwhile famous polo players, the Shaw brothers, where I have played many a chukka and shot many an inkonka. Others have oribi and red reedbuck running, but these being Royal game can only be shot by a special permit; it is regrettable that licences should be issued even to owners, for both are becoming very rare.

Despite the few extra days of steamer travel from the Cape to Durban—which, on a Union Castle boat is assuredly no hardship—the prospective hunter of small game would do well to concentrate on Zululand, and to afford his local friend or agent ample time to make arrangements.

A good motor road of 200 miles connects the port with Somkele; alternatively, the railway, running parallel to the coast through sugar-cane country, may be used; in any case, the trek should begin from Somkele. Thence the Umfolosi Reserve, which is the home of the white rhino, can easily be reached.

On the outskirts of the Reserve small game were once plentiful, but from the report of Mr. E. K. du Plessis, published last year, it would appear to be diminishing. He says: "Among the animals that occur in the Reserve are the white rhino, buffalo, blue wildebeest, zebra, waterbuck, kudu and some smaller types. Very little animal life is seen, however, and it is obvious that the animals have mostly drifted out of the Reserve and were destroyed in the game drives of 1920-1921; in the slaughter that has taken place under ——'s supervision, and in the butchery carried on by those who armed with a licence at nominal cost have pressed around the borders of the Reserve during the last two seasons."

In the years indicated, the massacre of game under official sanction totalled 70,000 head; according to tests made, less than 1 per cent. being affected by 'nganga, the incidence of which remains constant despite the extermination campaign.

The butchery continues, mostly of the smaller game, the farmers who trek down with thousands of sheep from the high veldt for winter grazing being the worst offenders. Passing through my own farm, on their return, every wagon was heavily loaded with pelts and heads.

Incredible as it may seem, zebra and blue wildebeest were gazetted a year ago as vermin; "food permits" are issued in the *close season* for duiker and bushbuck (both sexes), and, presumably as an inducement for people to take up land, it is proclaimed in the same gazette that owners and occupiers within the Settlement Zone shall be entitled to shoot any game animals except Royal game on their own property free of charge and without permit. Free permits are issued to cover the whole district. In the conditions obtaining, the total disappearance of the smaller game of Zululand is only a matter of a few years.

Between the White Umfolosi and the Reserves of Hluhluwe and Mkusi—the home of the impala—there is no lack of small game for those who shoot for food and an occasional trophy, and are not in the reimpje business or desirous of emulating the policy of the authorities. Ipiti, and other duiker, grysbok, steinbok, guinea fowl, francolin in seven varieties, duck, geese and teal are plentiful; with a saner and more far-sighted policy on the part of the authorities there is no reason why they should not remain so indefinitely.

Meantime, it is the areas last under notice that might well be the Mecca of the lover of moderate sport, wild life and gorgeous scenery.



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"



THE ROYAL OAK, BETTWS-Y-COED

SO many are the inns which hang above their doors a picture of the Royal Oak that this is still, nearly 300 years after the event, one of the most frequent of hostelry signs. Amid them all one stands out supreme, as the most famous inn sign ever painted by a great artist, that by David Cox at the Royal Oak Hotel at Bettws-y-Coed, the beautiful mountain village of North Wales on the Holyhead Road. The house was originally just a village inn, familiar to anglers, and Cox appears to have been the first artist to discover the beauties of that delightful spot. He went there first in 1844, when he stayed for several weeks at the Royal Oak. So pleased was he with the place that he returned nearly every year until shortly before his death in 1859. Some of his best work was inspired by the scenery of the lovely valley, and many of the happiest days of his life were spent at Bettws-y-Coed.

It was in 1847 that Cox painted the sign that was to become famous in art and in the law courts. He has himself told about it in a letter written in September of that year. At that time the sign hung across the road from the branch of an oak tree, and, wrote the artist, it "was in so bad a state I thought I could not damage it much, and I set to work, and in a very short time made a tree much fresher in its looks than it was before." In this modest way did Cox record a little labour of love undertaken out of friendship for Mrs. Roberts, the landlady. Two years later he retouched the sign which, it is to be supposed, had again begun to suffer from the weather, and in 1861, two years after his death, its permanent preservation was ensured by hanging it in a place of honour indoors, where it still remains. An authority on art has described it as "a fine, bold, dashing picture of a sturdy oak" painted on a wooden panel, "very Old-Masterish in feeling, low-toned and mellow in colour, and rich in impasto." Mounted troopers are riding beneath, while what appear to be the heads of Charles II. and his companion, Colonel Carlos, are peeping out in a way that would certainly have revealed their presence.

The story that the artist painted the sign by way of discharging his bill is pure fiction. His liking for the inn and his friendship with its landlady was the cause of his painting "The Welsh Funeral" one of his most powerful pictures. Miss Roberts, a relation of the landlady, a young woman much beloved in the district, died in 1849, and Cox went to the funeral and painted this touching memorial of the scene. There was a new chapter in the history of the sign, now mounted on part of an overmantel, when in 1879 or 1880, the then licensee of the Royal Oak became bankrupt. The trustee in bankruptcy claimed it as a valuable asset—it was said that £1,000 had been offered for it. The owner of the inn, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, on the other hand, claimed it as part of the freehold, and litigation followed which, after the case had gone through three courts, was decided in the freeholder's favour. The sign thus goes with the house, to which it has now been attached for close upon a century.

Even before David Cox discovered the inn it had a reputation as a desirable place in which to take one's ease. When Thomas Roscoe was preparing his *Wanderings and Excursions in North Wales* in the 'thirties of last century, he made his headquarters at the Royal Oak, "which," he wrote, "I can recommend for its homely comforts, and the active services of the little obliging *grisette*, who never lets the traveller wait long for his savoury breakfast of eggs and ham," a "matter of no small consequence" in a land producing "a craving appetite." The Royal Oak of to-day is a bigger and finer place than that which Roscoe and Cox knew, but its reputation for "homely comforts" not only remains but has been augmented.

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Niall Rankin

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NEXT WEEK: SUMMING UP THE GRAND NATIONAL

WHAT LADY DAY MEANS TO FARMERS

FOR many farmers March 25th marks the close of another farming year. They can look back on the past twelve months with a fair amount of satisfaction, which is likely to be confirmed by more cheerful balance sheets. All the hopes raised for British agriculture have not been fulfilled, but by one means and another Mr. Elliot has contrived to provide slightly higher market prices for several of the chief products of the farm. In other directions there have been set-backs. Beef cattle and eggs, for example, are even cheaper to-day than they were a year ago, but farmers have implicit faith that Mr. Elliot at the Ministry of Agriculture will see them through to better times. The prompt response in all districts to the suggestion of the National Farmers' Union that farmers should subscribe 1s. each for a wedding gift to be presented to Mr. Elliot at Easter is testimony enough to the general approval of his heroic efforts on behalf of the industry.

The agricultural policy of the Government is admittedly experimental. No set ways are being followed. There is the Wheat Act which, by a levy on flour, provides arable farmers with a remunerative price for their wheat. This scheme is working well, bringing substantial benefits to the districts that were hit hardest by the depression, and at little cost to the consumer. Then there is the experiment in quantitative regulation exemplified in the pig scheme. This has not proved to be such a happy venture for either farmers or consumers, but the scheme may yet make a valuable contribution to agricultural revival. The milk marketing scheme has had many difficulties to meet, and all is not yet plain sailing for the organised dairy farmers of the country. These boards, composed mainly of working farmers, have to learn their experience, and it is all too evident that they are not yet a match for the shrewd business men who, until now, have controlled the dairy and bacon industries for the distributors' benefit.

Fully conscious of their difficulties, farmers are in better heart to-day, and there is no doubt that the agricultural industry is gaining ground. It is satisfactory to be able to record also that more men are now employed on the land and that agricultural wages tend to rise rather than fall. The industry has much leeway to make up, but this Lady Day we can look back and feel that the worst is past. The future is not clear. Only by trial and error shall we discover which of the several methods employed at present in agricultural policy is worth pursuing, and which should be scrapped as unprofitable to farmers or unduly burdensome to consumers. In an industrial country like ours there is no ready-made road to agricultural prosperity that can be followed regardless of the effect on urban business. Agriculture's best hope lies in the dovetailing of its interests in with the general trade of the country as one of the essentials in maintaining a healthy national life.

THE "TOTE" AND OFF-THE-COURSE BETTING

ON Wednesday of last week the action was dismissed which had been brought by the Attorney-General at the relation of the secretary of the National Sporting League—a bookmakers' protection society—against the Racecourse Betting Control Board and two limited companies, and it was held that the Board might legally pay commissions to its co-defendants on off-the-course bets transmitted to the Board's totalisators. This result seemed nearly inevitable. When the Racecourse Betting Act of 1928 legalised the use of "totes" on "approved racecourses" on days on which horse races were held there, it said nothing about the personal attendance of the speculator. He might, it seemed, employ an agent to execute his commission, and that in effect is what the decision means. In the old days "off-the-course" money often reached the ring and shortened the starting price; and the fact that the stay-at-home bettor can now, if he wishes, obtain totalisator odds, besides being a convenience, should help to keep the starting-price odds somewhere near those of the "tote." Possibly the framers of the Act did not contemplate "away" betting of this character; but Acts of Parliament are often interpreted in a way which astonishes their draftsmen. The Act in question might even permit "tote" betting at, say, Epsom on races at a contemporary meeting on an unapproved racecourse elsewhere—if that method of speculation appealed to would-be speculators.

SEVERE BOAT RACE CRITICS

When Mr. McCowen wrote before the Boat Race in last week's *Field* that there was every reason for a startling time being returned, and that he expected one or both crews to lower the existing record of 18min. 29sec. for the course, few oarsmen could have argued how completely that prophecy would be realised. Now that Cambridge have knocked 26sec. off Oxford's 1911 time, their supporters seem a bit disappointed that they did not go under the 18min. Strangely enough, members of the crew think they could have done so. All ordinary mortals can say is that they are hard to satisfy. Every race time from the start to each important landmark has gone by the board, and every knowledgeable listener on the wireless must have leapt in his chair with astonishment when 6.45 was announced at Hammersmith Bridge last Saturday.

PRINCE SIXTE DE BOURBON-PARMA

As representative of an historic name Prince Sixte de Bourbon-Parma, who died last week, was an obvious figure of interest. His mediation for peace between Austria-Hungary and the Allies is well known also. But his great work as an explorer is far less widely known. He used his great influence to bear in the formation of the "Syndicat des Grandes Chasses," and he had made various remarkable journeys into the most remote parts of the Sahara. For this work he received the gold medal of the "Societé Nationale de Géographie." He was, moreover, a big game shot of the very best type.

Prince Sixte will be remembered by his friends as a man of peace and a man of action, an aristocrat in the finest sense of the term, a true patriot, and a man of the greatest personal charm and nobility of character.

BRIGHTENING THE HORSE SHOW

Further details of the proposed programme of the International House Show have now been announced, and among them figures a display to be given by the Mounted Police of Egypt with a team of sixteen, mounted on grey Arabs. There will also be a representation of the celebrated Midnight Steeple Chase (said to be based on a wager made in the mess of a famous cavalry regiment at Ipswich), in which the riders will career over jumps in the arena attired in nightshirts and nightcaps. Two displays will be given by children of the Meynell and Cotswold Pony Clubs, the former staging a meet of hounds in olden days, and the latter an exhibition of jumping. The show will not lack variety.

As was indicated in the *Field*, the Members' Club has come into being, the subscription being £3 3s. for gentlemen and £2 2s. for ladies, and would-be members are advised to apply at once to the secretary, the International Horse Show, 66, Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1.

MAGIC IN A NAME

What was the secret of the hold which Henry Lamond had on men's imaginations? In mundane affairs he was the manager of a bank at Luss and possessed neither wealth nor position as the world accounts possession. Yet a call on him on the banks of Loch Lomond has more than once been considered worthy of record by men to whom the world would accredit both, and a book with his name on the title-page was always a purchase made without further examination. For more than a decade, though he disclaimed scientific knowledge, he was recognised as our greatest authority on sea trout, and even to-day his book on that greatest of sporting fishes holds a place on the bookshelf from which it is not likely to be dislodged.

It was largely his work for the Loch Lomond Association which has converted the Queen of Scottish Lochs from a scene of departed glories into perhaps the best salmon and sea-trout water which is available to the man who, like himself, is not too well provided with this world's goods. His death last week will leave a sad gap in the ranks of living writers on angling. What he wrote men read; when he spoke they listened; and to-day the brotherhood of the angle mourns a friend.

WITHOUT COMMENT

An account of a day's hunting in Yorkshire: "The weather was very stormy and hounds did not find a fox all day. They did not draw any earths."

THE "FIELD" AND GAME FARMS

In another column will be found a list of game farmers who hold the *Field* Certificate. To readers who may not have followed recent events in the shooting world it may be explained that with a view to assisting would-be buyers of pheasant and wild duck eggs, poults, etc., the *Field* shortly after the war undertook a tour of inspection of game farms, with a view to granting certificates to those which proved to be genuine business concerns, conducted under sanitary conditions, with proper regard to space, and carrying a healthy stock. Further, holders of the *Field* Certificate bind themselves not to deal in live grouse or English partridges or their eggs, and not knowingly to deal with anyone else who does so. A second tour of inspection of game farms was made in 1931, and readers of the *Field* are advised to consult the list of holders of certificates.

LEARNING TO GLIDE

Plans are on foot for the acquisition of a national site for glider flying, a project which, coming on top of the new British gliding record established last Sunday, cannot fail to arouse interest. In the past gliding may have seemed a pleasant hobby without prospect of real utility, but Mr. Wills's record-breaking flight from Dunstable in Bedfordshire to Chelmsford in Essex, a distance of more than 55 miles, indicates potential values of which we can only judge the possibilities by looking back at the earliest efforts of motoring and aviation pioneers.

Gliding, moreover, is not only the cheapest form of aviation, but forms a useful introduction to ordinary flying. In Germany there are no fewer than 10,000 capable glider pilots who, it is said, could be taught to fly aeroplanes in about a quarter of an hour, and if the plans for a British headquarters at Sutton Bank, Yorkshire, materialise, young men would be able to learn the science of flying at very little cost, and Britain would be assured of the services of large numbers of potential pilots in case of emergency.

WITHOUT THE LAW

That shooting from motor cars is unsporting has by now become well known to even the least knowledgeable. But the difficulties of bringing home offences against individuals in large African territories are very great. However, the Game Wardens do their best to check these abuses, and it is regrettable that when they take action it should generally be against the larger and more expensive safaris. Recently, Prince Yusuf Kemal, grandson of the King of Egypt, and two Austrian princes were fined sums of £50 to £100 by the authorities at Nairobi for this offence, and pleaded ignorance of the law. Widespread publicity should be given to this case, not with a view to enlarging on the offence of individuals who should have known better, but to make it clear that in certain cases those whose actions are not governed by the ordinary standards of sportsmanship will bring themselves up against the law.

NEW VOICES

At last the rain has come, and with it wind and storm. In places with a good water supply, what is wanted now is warm sunshine, for the soil is cold after the long winter, but almost everywhere it will take a heavy rainfall still to fill the springs. Meanwhile in the fourth week of March we are almost within hearing of the new voices of spring. The chiffchaff and the willow-wren will be singing their duet in the trees before the month is out; the swallows are on their way over the rice fields of Egypt, and in a few days we shall be listening to the twitter of martins at their old homes under the eaves. Not yet has the call of the annual March cuckoo reached the *Field's* postbag, but we have still a week to wait.

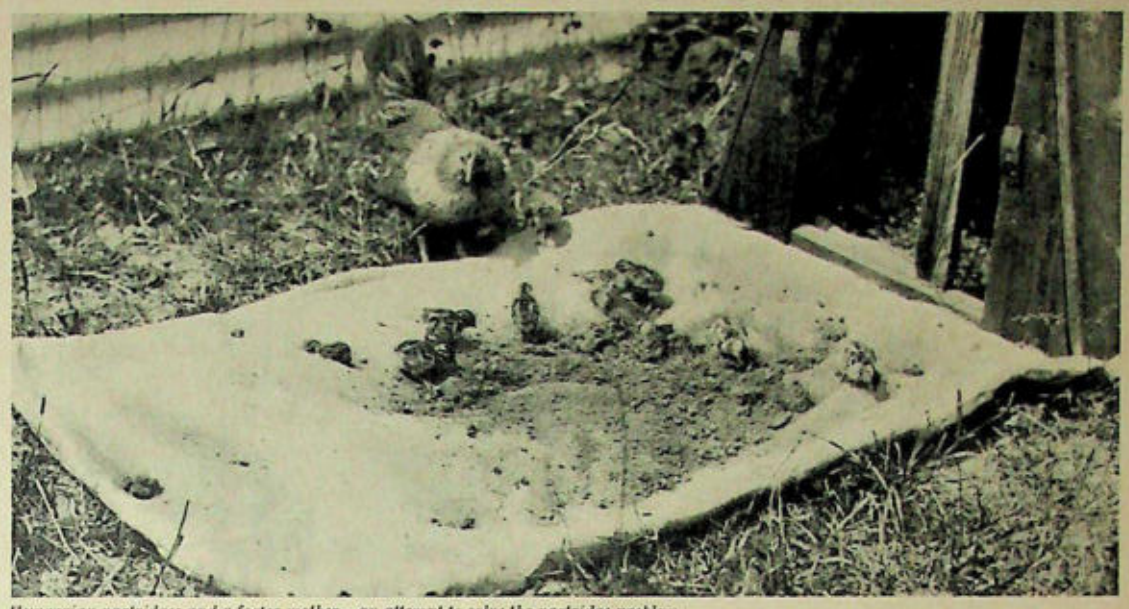
FATE OF RIVERS

Rivers carry happiness in their stream, as those poets know who have written of them. But there is another current in the thought of a river. Who was it who first spoke ominously of the lovely water of Devon?

"Dart, Dart,
Every year a heart."

And who first wrote in words the silent rivalry of the two rivers of Scotland?

"Says Tweed to Till—
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Says Till to Tweed—
'Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa.'"



Hungarian partridges and a foster mother—an attempt to solve the partridge problem

PARTRIDGES AND THE EFFECT OF CHEMICAL MANURES

Tests to Prove that Fertilisers Support Insect Life

By A. D. MIDDLETON

AT one time or another most shooting men have "talked out" the subject of chemical manures and their effects on game birds. The opinion of the majority seems to be that chemicals of any kind are harmful to game, more particularly to partridges. In 1931 and 1932 many gamekeepers and their employers were convinced that their partridge losses were due mainly or in part to the use of artificial manures, acting either through direct poisoning or by greatly reducing the insect food of the partridge. The *Country Life* Committee of Inquiry gave their judgment definitely against chemical manures: "This cannot by any stretch of imagination be in any way beneficial to partridges, while dressings of some artificial manures, especially sulphate of ammonia and some potato-spraying mixtures, are extremely detrimental, and in some cases fatal. Even when the use of artificial manure does not supplant farmyard manure, it probably tends to neutralise the beneficial results of the latter on insect life, so necessary to the welfare of the young partridge." There is little doubt that this truly reflects the prevailing opinion at the present time, but nevertheless, we should not forget that opinions do not always reflect the truth.

What are the facts upon which an undisputable verdict can be based? There are not enough to justify definite assertions either one way or the other. I do not know of any clear case of birds being poisoned by eating chemical manures distributed on the land in the usual way. Seed dressings and insecticides justify more suspicion, but evidence is still required to show any ill effects upon poultry or game birds. Some experiments made with chickens show that spraying orchards with lead arsenate is not dangerous to birds kept under the trees*, while Agrosan-dressed wheat has been fed regularly to hens for a month without any ill effects. There is no reason to suppose that copper sulphate would cause trouble in anything but abnormally large quantities, but copper carbonate is likely to be more toxic. Actually, of course, practically any chemical from common salt to strychnine will kill partridges if taken in sufficient quantity, but it seems that only the strangest combination of circumstances can bring about poisoning through artificial manures or other chemicals used in agriculture. However, an exhaustive series of experiments is now starting at Jealott's Hill Agricultural Research Station in order to obtain absolute evidence of the toxic action of all the different chemicals used in fertilisers, sprays, insecticides and fungicides.

The scientific facts so far available certainly do not support the view that insects are destroyed or reduced in number by the quantities of artificial manures commonly used in farming practice. Some work done at Rothamsted by H. M. Morris† provides some definite data on this question which do not seem to be generally known. Careful sample counts were made of the insects and other invertebrates on plots of arable land unmanured, treated with various artificials, dung, and combinations of artificials with dung. By this means reliable estimates of the number of invertebrates to the acre were obtained for the differently treated plots. Briefly summarised, the results were as follows:

Control plot, unmanured	1,208,000 invertebrates (including 673,000 insects) per acre.
Manured with:	
Ammonium Salts ..	1,410,000 invertebrates (including 999,000 insects) per acre.
Superphosphates ..	1,734,000 invertebrates (including 1,424,000 insects) per acre.
Dung	12,748,000 invertebrates (including 2,323,000 insects) per acre.
Dung, Potash and Superphosphates ..	9,448,000 invertebrates (including 2,215,000 insects) per acre.
Dung and Ammonium Salts..	10,516,000 invertebrates (including 4,677,000 insects) per acre.

The quantities applied were normal dressings as used in agricultural practice. The ammonium salts consisted of equal parts commercial sulphate and muriate of ammonia.

These figures show conclusively that the use of these chemical manures is not in any way detrimental to the invertebrate population of the soil, the numbers being higher in all the treated plots than in the untreated plot. Dung alone gives the highest total, but it will be noted that an even higher insect population is obtained by the use of ammonium salts in combination with dung. The important fact which stands out is that although dung is obviously the best insect producing manure, the artificials also increase the number of insects and do not reduce them. After all, it is only reasonable to suppose that any fertilisers which increase the growth of vegetation will tend to increase the invertebrate population, which is largely dependent upon plant growth. The detailed figures for all the different groups of invertebrates are given in the original publication, but would take up too much space in repetition here.

It seems to be generally taken for granted that there has been an enormous increase in the use of chemical fertilisers during the past few years. Actually the total amount used for the 1933 crops was over 200,000 tons less than for 1926. The seasons 1929–30 and 1930–31 were, broadly speaking, very good indeed for partridges, while 1931–32 and 1932–33 will long be remembered for the disaster which overtook the birds on all the best manors in England. The artificial manure used for the two years 1929 and 1930 was approximately 460,000 tons more than for the two years 1931 and 1932. Although such statistics may not possess very great significance so far as partridges are concerned, they can hardly be used in support of the contention that chemical manures are bad for game.

Admittedly, these facts are not sufficient to make conclusive generalised statements possible, but they are scientific facts, not opinions, and there can be no doubt that they indicate the need for careful thought and investigation before losses in the partridge stock can be attributed to a decline in insect food due to the use of artificial manures.

* See *Journal of Agricultural Research*, 1932, pp. 317–319.

† See *Annals of Applied Biology*, 1927, Vol. XIV, pp. 442–464.



THE FIELD MOVING OFF FROM A KENNEL MEET OF THE CATTISTOCK

A GRAND NATIONAL DAY IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Aintree, or an Hour and Twenty Minutes of the Best?

By A. H. HIGGINSON, M.F.H.

As Grand National Day approaches, I find myself faced with a very serious question—Shall I answer the call of Aintree and chance the fog, and join the crowd and clamour of the racecourse where that greatest of all sporting events will be run, or shall I stay here in quiet Dorset and go out with my hounds, and get perhaps another such hunt as we had last year on National Day? "How can you hesitate?" I can hear one man say; "there's no race like the National in the world. It gives you a thrill you can get no other way; why, you can get many a good day's sport in the regular season, but there's only one National."

True—all of it, and yet when the day comes somehow I think I shall be on the back of my best horse with hounds around me, and I only hope that at the time that some lucky owner is leading in the winner of the great race, I shall be blowing hounds away on the line of a straight-necked fox somewhere in the Cattistock country, where one can stand by the Hardy Monument and look across the Portisham Vale to where the Atlantic ocean rolls in along Chesil Beach.

One must be a lover of hounds to feel as I do; but when one has bred them, and hunted them on good days and bad; when one has seen them as whelps, nursed them through distemper, seen them break up their first fox, one gets a personal affection for them that it is difficult for the average hunting man to understand. Last year I hesitated a long time before I cancelled my reservations and decided to stay at home. I knew that my good friend Ambrose Clark was running a horse and that he had "hopes," but even so I could not tear myself away from my bitches who were out that day. You shall hear whether or no I regretted my decision.

The meet that day was at Martinstown, Winterbourne St. Martin to give it its full title; and a prettier place for a meet than the little Dorset village just off the main Dorchester—Bridport Road I don't know of. There was quite a nice field gathered there that morning, for Martinstown is ever a popular meet, and though some of the regulars had answered the call of Aintree, a good many young officers from the barracks at Dorchester, and several people from the South Dorset country served to swell the numbers. There was a goodly sprinkling, too, of the sporting farmers who always gather in the Friday country, some afoot, and some mounted on stuffy little horses that can cross the country with the best of them.

Promptly at 11.30 we moved off—"The crowd are just beginning to come off the course at Aintree now," I thought to myself—and jogging past the school, where the children were all let out to see hounds pass by, we turned into a field to draw the neighbouring covert on Hog Hill, which for once was blank. Duke's Gorse, our next draw, produced a vixen, which promptly went to ground and was left; and then I followed Colonel Crawford's advice and jogged over the fields till we came to where Pen-Barn Gorse nestles under the shadow of the Hardy Monument.

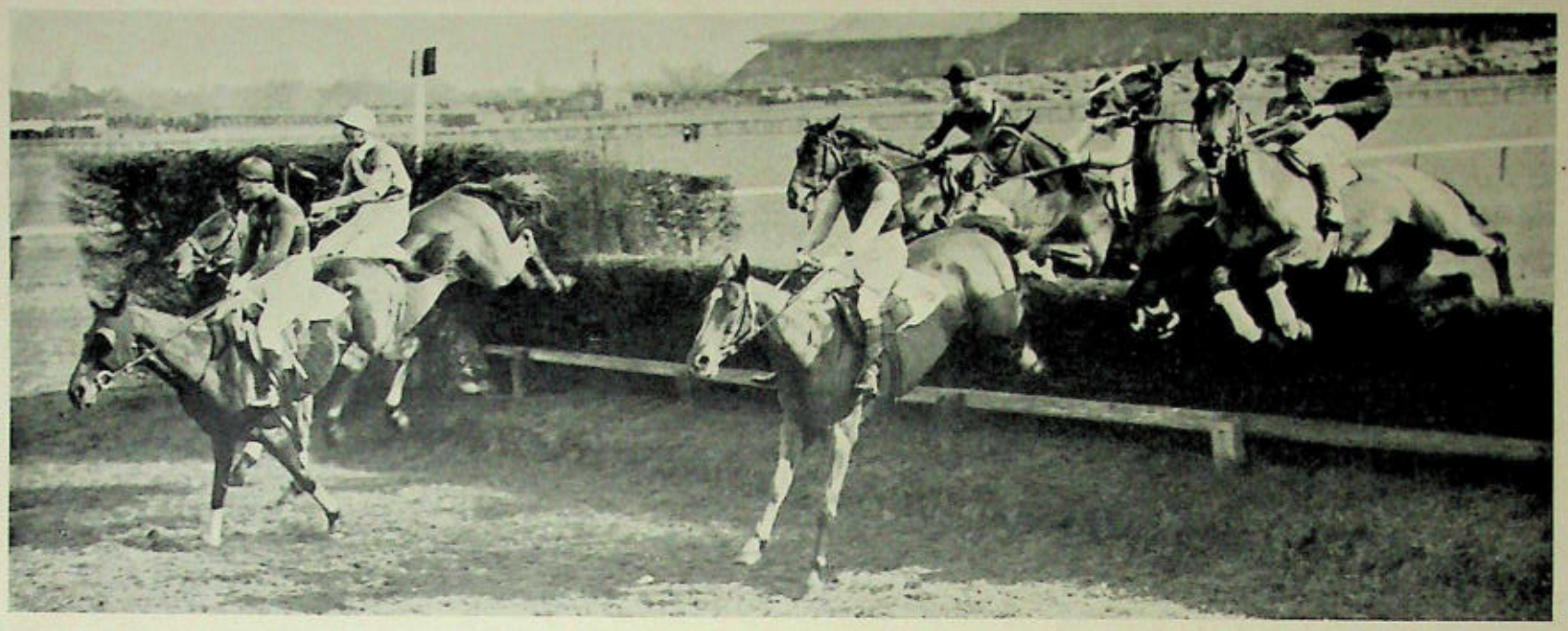
"I think you'll find here, Master," said a hard-bitten little man who stops that section of the country for us, and he was right, for hardly had I cheered hounds into covert when there came a holloa from my whipper-in at the far end, and my bitches, racing to the well-known sound, picked up the line and streamed away over the grass and up the slope that leads to the summit of the hill, where the old monument has always stood sentinel since the days when Lord Nelson's fleet captain built it





THE MASTER AND HUNTSMAN OF THE CATTISTOCK

Mr. A. H. Higginson, who previously had the Middlesex in U.S.A. and now Master of the Cattistock, with his pack, and R. Holland, the huntsman, throwing the Cattistock dog-hounds into covert



THE FIELD JUMPING IN THE UNITED SERVICES STEEPLE CHASE

In a good race La Chene (Mr. R. Harding up) won from Misdemeanour II and Hopeful Bill. The winner is by Grand Fleet from Cala Mine and was bred in France

there. For the first half-mile scent was good, but as soon as hounds reached the bracken it began to fail, and hounds began to go slower and slower until when they came to the summit, where the full force of the March wind made itself felt, they came to a check.

I wish that the critics of the so-called "Welsh cross" had been with me to see how those bitches cast themselves, and how one of them with the blood of old Sir Edward Curre's Tuner in her veins hit off the line and threw her tongue. How the others harked to her, joining in the chorus and hunting on down the slope toward Venicky Wood. It seemed to me that our pilot must be on somewhere, so I held hounds for'ard for half a mile till we got on the grass, and was lucky enough to see them drive on again as they settled to the line once more, and raced away across the lovely country that lies on the ridge above the Waddon Vale.

At Portisham Hill a labourer told me that my fox was just ahead in a little bunch of gorse and dead beat, but when hounds forced him out of that gorse he went away as fresh as a daisy, running up the ridge toward Upwey, but turning back through Captain Corbet's yard and down the Portisham Road for a bit before he swung left-handed up the hill to the ridge again. My second whipper-in, Jack Hewlett, had never left the ridge, and he got a good view of him as he ran on toward Portisham.

For the next two miles the hunt became a procession: first the fox, then Hewlett with his cap held high in the air galloping on and keeping the quarry ever in sight, then the hounds and myself, with the field tailing on behind. At the end of two miles I saw my man pull up sharply, and as I came up to him I saw that he was on the edge of a very steep gully. On the other side we could see a very tired fox struggling up the hill above the village of Portisham.

A farmer in the road below was yelling wildly, and hounds, going to his holloa, were away on the line and out of sight over the top of the hill before we were half-way up. When we did get to the top we could see the fox struggling gamely on across a fallow field below with the whole pack only half a field behind him. There were some sheep and a shepherd in a root field beyond, and the fox made his last bid for safety by running through them. But it was no use, he was too beat, and lost even more time by being chased by the shepherd's dog, and as we came down the hill the pack, running from scent to view, rolling him over in the open—as big a dog-fox as I have ever handled, and as stiff as a poker. I loofied at my watch. An hour and 25 minutes of the best, a five-mile point, and perhaps fourteen as hounds ran.

Then, and only then, I remembered the Grand National, and as I was breaking up my fox, with seemingly all the village of Portisham looking on, I turned to the innkeeper: "What won the National?" I asked. "An American horse, Master," he answered, "owned by a Mrs. Clark"; and I wondered if 'Brose and Mrs. 'Brose had a happier day than I. It seemed to me as I jogged home with my bitches that night that my day at any rate had been wellnigh perfect; and that is the reason why I determined to hunt hounds on Grand National Day this year.

THE GRAND MILITARY

Good Jockeyship in the Services

THANKS largely to perfect weather conditions and first-rate going, the Grand Military Meeting was one of the most successful of recent years. The opinion was widely expressed that the field for the Gold Cup was not so good as those we used to see in this race, but it is not at all clear how comparisons of this sort can be made with the slightest guarantee that they are even approximately correct.

It may be that Crafty Alice is not of the same class as Pay Only, Another Delight, Sprinkle Me and other Military Cup notabilities of the past, but the fact remains that she won her race after almost an irreproachable display of jumping. And as she had scored at Aldershot earlier in the month there was not the slightest fluke about her performance at Sandown Park.



W. A. Rouch

A GRAND NATIONAL WINNER OF THE FUTURE?

Crafty Alice (Bachelor's Craft—Alice M.) with Mr. T. Walls, jun., of the 5th Dragoon Guards, in the saddle, winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park

Mr. Tom Walls, jun., well deserved the congratulations showered on this young subaltern of the 5th Dragoon Guards. The mare was not an armchair ride, as she began to hang badly as soon as she found herself in front. It was a disconcerting moment for her rider when she ran wide between the last two fences, but he managed to keep her going to the end. And so Mr. Tom Walls, having trained a Derby winner, now had the satisfaction of saddling a Military Cup winner as well. Taking the meeting as a whole the standard of jumping was good, and for the most part the riding was excellent. How often have we seen a field of fifteen get round this stiff course with only one fall? That was the case in the £500 Hunters' Chase on the second day. And how delightful it was to hear the great crowd heartily cheer Mr. A. Taylor and his mount Yellow Jacket for their sparkling performance.

The riding honours of the meeting were borne off by Mr. P. Payne-Gallwey and Mr. R. Harding, each of whom was three times first past the post. Better jockeyship than they displayed has not been seen at any Grand Military meeting in our recollection. Mr. Harding's effort on Tower of Babel, with the horse coming almost on to his knees at every other fence, was a masterly achievement.

A few comparatively quiet days for racing follow the opening of the season on the flat, but Kempton Park has some important Easter attractions in the shape of the Rosebery Stakes and the Queen's Prize. The first of those events came into existence when the Kempton people were fortunate enough to persuade the Jockey Club to allow them to race on Easter Saturday, a date which had hitherto been chiefly associated with a modest steeple chasing programme at Plumpton. Some of the Lincoln horses will be brought out again in the Rosebery Stakes, and this race over the Jubilee course bids fair to be a great success.

The Queen's Prize on Bank Holiday is the first of the season's big long-distance handicaps, and occasionally it is won by a really great horse. Last year, for example, it was carried off by Foxhunter, afterwards winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, and two years previously it was taken by Trimdon, twice hero of the premier cup race of the year.

It was disappointing to find only 22 acceptors for the Kempton Park Jubilee when first forfeits were declared this month, and the number is sure to be reduced still further when the last forfeit stage on May 1st comes round. Still, the field is not likely to fall below its traditional quality. Statesman now finds himself at the head of the handicap, followed by Chatelaine and Scarlet Tiger, these three being fairly good representatives of last season's form.

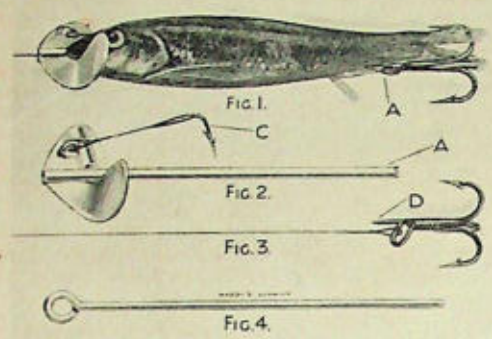
About a stone below the Jubilee top-weight comes His Majesty's four-year-old The Abbot. Both this colt and Foxearth are expected to do good service for the Egerton House stable this year. Incidentally the Sandringham Stud has lately suffered a grievous loss by the death of the One Thousand Guineas winner Scuttle, when only nine years old. Let us hope that her two-year-old filly, a most promising daughter of Fairway called Fairlead, will do much to make good the early loss of her valuable mother.

Two likely youngsters to bear in mind are Vermeil II and Springtime, the latter owned by Lord Rosebery and trained by Mr. Jack Jarvis. As this filly is by Apelle from Fancy Free, she should come to hand early and win important events. Vermeil II is a shapely colt by the Derby winner Blenheim, and judging by the manner in which he has been comporting himself recently is likely to put up a bold show in the near future.

NEW TACKLE FOR ANGLERS

Some Developments in Floating Flies and Cheaper Outfits for Spinning

CONSIDERING the generally depressed atmosphere with which the long drought has surrounded anglers, tackle makers are showing unusual initiative in their announcements for 1934. Perhaps it is simply an antidote to the prevailing depression; perhaps a sort of instinct which assures them that better times are now coming over the horizon; but whatever the reason, such lists as are



HARDY'S "PRONGED TRIANGLE"
Fig. 1, bait mounted; Fig 2, tube; Fig. 3, flight; Fig. 4, clearing wire

now available show more changes apparently than they have done for some years.

The tendency this year seems to be towards ideas for the fly fisher, particularly in the matter of flies. Both Hardy and Allcock, who may be taken as our most representative firms in the retail and wholesale trade respectively, are offering new ideas in flies. Neither of them, curiously enough, are nymph patterns. Representation of nymphs seems to have "floored" the professional tier up to date—the amateur too, possibly, though naturally his productions are known mainly to himself and his friends. But it would be convenient if one could obtain a reasonably complete, and reasonably natural imitation of the nymph for the principal hatches on a chalk stream, for example, as one can of the floating duns and spinners.

Hardy's introduction is called the "Ride-Rite." The hook is designed with a small upstanding wire at the shoulder, and on this the hackles are dressed, so that their fibres spread horizontally. It is claimed for it that it floats well. From their illustration it looks to be tied only for spent patterns, but possibly some manipulation of the hackle when being tied might give the fibres the necessary cant to enable them to support the body above the water like the living dun (6/- a dozen).

Allcock's contribution to the fly-fisherman's outfit is the "Blue Wickham" series. Last year, it will be remembered, they introduced a fly with a very life-like body (made from prepared rubber) called the "True-form," the invention of Mr. T. J. Hanna. This new series of flies is his idea also, the "idea" being a new way of dressing the hackles. From their appearance there seems to be a long and short, or rather a "cut" hackle. They certainly give the impression that they will stand well up on the water, holding the body above it, as does the natural dun (4/6 a dozen).

Also for the fly fisher is Farlow's "J. H. B." Fly Holder, which was illustrated in our columns on December 2nd. It has a cork holder which can be removed from the box and attached to the coat so that used flies can be put on it to dry and a few carried ready for tying to the cast. In the centre of this holder is an oiling pad. It retails at 8/6.

W. J. Cummins, of Bishop Auckland, adds another useful item to the fly-fisher's outfit—a new design of bag which seems to combine many of the advantages of the bag and the creel. It is made of waterproof canvas, as is usual, and can be folded up for packing in the suitcase, but stiffening pieces are provided so that it keeps extended while in use, and thus competes directly for favour with the wicker creel. It is fitted with three narrow compartments (which also keep extended) for carrying fly boxes and tackle, and a large space for holding fish, which has a washable, detachable lining. Altogether an exceedingly pleasant companion for a day's fishing (21/-).

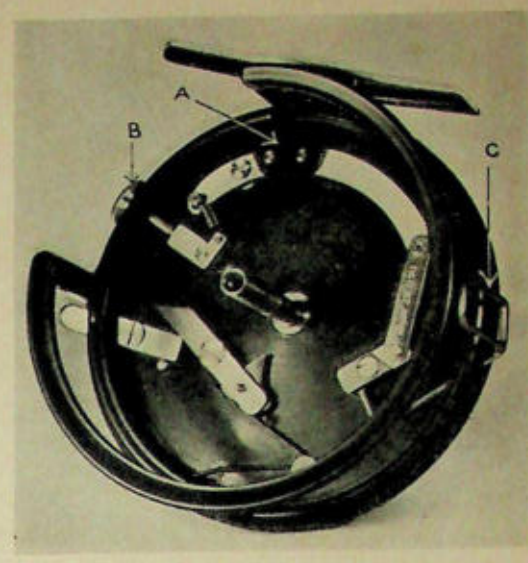
Incidentally Hardy's, who introduced that excellent fly box (with chenille-covered wires for the flies) last year, are this year offering them (and several other designs) in a new material—Neroda. These, we understand, are "pressed" shapes, so that there are no joints, and are weatherproof and, on account of the method of manufacture, very strong.

Alexander Martin has had an eye on a type of angler who has been on the increase of late years—the touring fisherman. Motor cars have made this kind of holiday popular; but angler's kit, even in a car, is apt to be cumbersome. A "hold all" for tackle which contains everything except the rod is a great desideratum, and Martins list one in canvas at 17/6. A walking stick trout rod (of which the outer cane is only 1in. in diameter) may also be uncommonly useful where a hill loch lies off the road.

For the spinner Hardy Bros. are tackling flights; this is one of the hitherto unsolved problems of the spinner with natural bait. Out of all the flights which have been devised is there one which is really satisfactory? Those which hold the minnow best are also those which make it look unnatural in the water, and the ones with which a really attractive spin may be obtained usually invite disintegration of the bait at the first weed bed. The new "pronged triangle" mount, as it is called, has evidently been carefully thought out. The main member is a small tube with fans at one end which is passed through the bait, and through this is passed from the tail end the gut or wire forming the trace or an extension of it. To the end of this is attached a triangle with an offset "prong" which enters the tube, and this makes a rigid spinning member, while the triangle itself is maintained in its position and cannot become submerged in the bait; also it pulls free when a fish strikes. This design certainly merits a trial (2/6).

Moreton & Co., of Birmingham, supply a very attractive artificial minnow at a still more attractive price—1/-. It is made of wood (which makes it sufficiently buoyant to clear the bottom in shallow water) and is designed so that the body can be slipped on to a wire pin which holds the triangle. This should prove popular. One of the disadvantages of artificial minnows in obstructed or shallow waters is the heavy cost which a "catch up" so often involves, but one can afford to risk a shilling.

Allcock's also have had an eye to spinners'



"EASICAST" MECHANISM
A, Automatic brake; B, Adjustable tension; C, Automatic lever on line

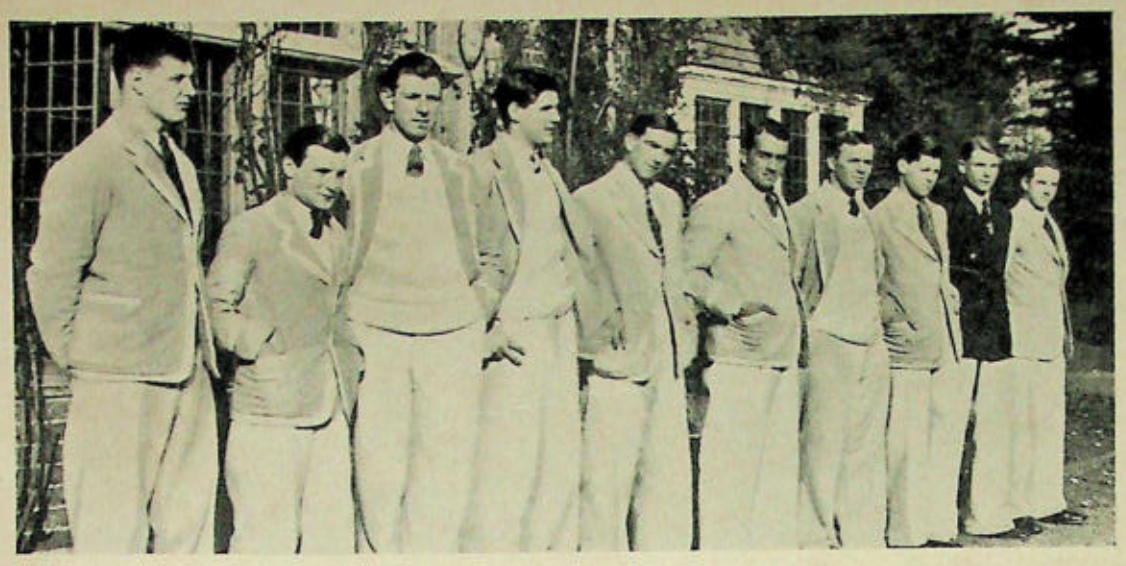
requirements. The construction of their "Easicast" reel has been revised somewhat and now has a more delicate action. This, it may be remembered, was the first reel to be marketed with a true "automatic" device for preventing overrun. A light lever just touches the line between the drum and the bottom rod ring, and when the line is taut as in casting the automatic brake is held in its "off" position. The moment the line slacks (the preliminary to an overrun) the brake comes into action. Thus the device works before the overrun starts, and not afterwards, as is the case with centrifugal or similar devices. The delicate lever-link action can be seen in the photograph. It will be noted that the brake acts on the inside periphery of the drum, which has a light flange round its rim.

Another improvement in reels is a flick-on lever for the check in the Aerial. It must be a great many years since any alteration was made in the design of Aerials. This lever should get rid of that fumbling to find the button of the check in moments of excitement when a fish strikes.

Another little item for the spinner is worth a mention: this is a one-piece rod, about 7ft. long, with detachable handle, offered by Cogswell and Harrison. It is intended as a "general purpose" rod for the sea angler, and can be used for bottom or midwater fishing from a boat, or for spinning as is desired. Without its handle it is about 5ft. long and is arranged with loose ring winch fittings so that the reel can be affixed at any point along the handle.



SALMON FISHING ON THE EDEN
The sea-trout season this year opens on Easter Tuesday



THE RECORD BREAKERS

The Cambridge crew with their spare man. From left to right: J. E. Gilmour (the spare man who rowed in last year's crew), J. N. Duckworth, N. J. Bradley, J. H. T. Wilson, W. A. T. Sambell, D. J. Wilson, K. M. Payne, W. G. R. M. Laurie, C. K. Buckle, and A. D. Kingsford

BRINGING THE BOAT RACE UP TO DATE

Methods Which Oxford Must Follow to Win

By D. H. E. McCOWEN

WHAT a pity it is that the Boat Race crews cannot compete in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley! Then we could really get down to it and state definitely, Here is "the crew" or there are "the crews" of a lifetime.

I do not wish in any way to detract from the magnificence of Cambridge's 18min. 3sec., and the 18min. 18sec. of Oxford over the University Course, because they are two records which are deserving of the fullest praise. Two first-rate crews were handed the chance of a lifetime, and took it with both hands. Consequently no praise is too high for the new figures which they have established.

Sambell, the Cambridge No. 6, had an idea records might be flying around, so took a watch into the boat. At Hammersmith he noticed the time was something 45sec. Apparently he reckoned 6min. 45sec. was not within the bounds of sanity, so thought it must be 7min. 45sec., and therefore well outside the record. Had the crew known 25sec. had come off the record to Hammersmith I feel sure their time all over the course would have been in the region of 17min. 50sec.

After the first ten strokes it was fairly obvious which crew was rowing well within themselves; Oxford had not the same long elastic spring and easy float forward of their rivals; it was therefore just a matter of time before Cambridge went into a winning lead. At the Mile Post the Light Blues were gaining a few inches every stroke, while striking nearly two strokes a minute less, and at Harrods Bradley jumped the rate from 30 up to 36, so that in half a minute there was half a length of daylight between the crews.

It was now all over bar the shouting, because Cambridge were just tapping their boat along with not a care in the world. Oxford were obviously tiring under their continued efforts to catch up, but they stuck to their work really gallantly, Sutcliffe in particular giving a great display of courage and ability in stroking. There was no doubt whatever, Oxford were outclassed, and no amount of extra determination could have made them equal to Cambridge.

The amount of adverse criticism that has been levelled at the Cambridge method of boat propulsion is remarkable. The greater part of it comes from critics who learned their rowing in the laborious days of orthodoxy, and true to the typical British attitude they fail to see any good in other methods which violate all the rules of the game as they knew them. However, they usually end up by saying, "There is no doubt they are a fast crew," as if they did not know why. Also it ought to be realised by now that great pace is not necessarily obtained by catching the water feet behind the rigger, or holding some slide for the finish, or cracking nuts between the shoulder blades, or any other back-breaking antics which have remained as the cries of so-called orthodoxy.

There is no doubt that 18min. 3sec. has sealed the fate of this type of coaching, and our next speculation will be which club will be the last to stick to old-fashioned ideas. Eton with all their tradition behind them, will take no doubt a long time to alter their outlook, but until they do, Third Trinity will have to work hard to find places in the Cambridge 'Varsity crew.

Some clubs fight shy of the Fairbairn style as if it were some dreaded disease, and instead of adopting the principles wholeheartedly try to take what they please to call the "salient points" and blend them with orthodoxy. Attempting to add this "little something the others haven't got" is fraught with grave dangers. Up to this year the University authorities have been guilty of this serious offence of trying to force unnatural movements on the men, consequently, after the Boat Race, it has taken them weeks of rowing with their colleges to regain their old ease and elasticity. This year, however, the Cambridge coaches took their men at their face value and left them more or less to their own methods of boat propulsion. The result has been a fast crew which has been called ugly and "that's not rowing." The term "ugly" rankles in my mind as being a sinful expression when applied to this crew—they were the exact opposite. I think everybody said they were astonishingly powerful and easy in their actions; if anyone will show me a person or animal which is easy, powerful and which moves in an ugly manner, I do not mind giving a donation to some charitable institution. Grace and poetry of motion is an integral part of ease and power, and Cambridge were certainly a most attractive crew to watch.

Next year ought to see the Light Blues rowing with swivels, and I hope that the orthodox coaches will realise that "Fairbairnism" has come to stay, and make no bones about changing their ideas. With perhaps five of this year's crew, including Bradley and J. H. T. Wilson, Cambridge will be as good as ever, and it is difficult to see them being beaten for some years yet.

Every credit is due to Oxford, who are tackling their rowing problems in the right spirit, big mileage, long hard rows, etc.; but they lack the experience of Cambridge because they are several years behind with their ideas. It is only in the last two years that the Jesus style has made any appreciable headway at Oxford, and even now many colleges are employing entirely the wrong system of training.

What Oxford wants is a "ways and means" committee to take charge of all college rowing, and see that they work together for the good of the whole. They have the right idea about blade work, but no idea at all about rhythm. During practice it was most obvious that Oxford had been coached to hold the knees down at the finish and swing the body over. Cambridge were very fast away from the backstops, and consequently had loads of time to make the last part of the swing forward slow and enable them to poise and gather for the beginning. Theirs was a natural rhythm and very similar to the Kent School, but with a less exaggerated hand shoot at the finish, and again they were not unlike an Italian crew who go for exactly the same principles.

Once Oxford can master this rhythm, then, and then only, will they be able to compete with their rivals. At the moment their rowing is forced and unnatural, resulting in a great loss of pace when the crew become tired.

The 1934 Boat Race will live long in the annals of rowing, not only for the smashing of every time record over the Putney to Mortlake course, but also because other records were established: Sims built Oxford a new boat in 70 working hours. The crews were the heaviest that have ever opposed each other, and the respective strokes topped the previous record weight of 13st 5lb. by nearly a stone. Both Sutcliffe and Bradley proved that they are leaders of high class; the former has real determination, and when he learns to give a more natural stride to his crew, ought to win races galore. Bradley is the finished article; it is hard to criticise him in any way, and Cambridge in future years will owe much to the rhythm which he has taught this year.

CREWS AND WEIGHTS

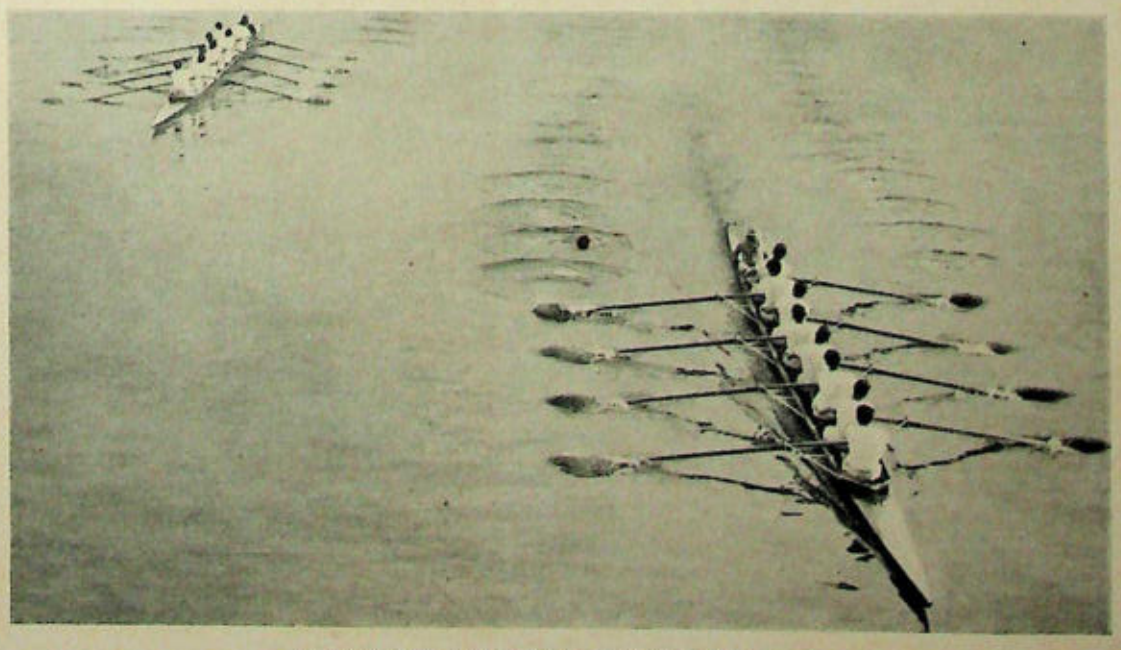
CAMBRIDGE.—A. D. Kingsford (Uppingham and Pembroke) (bow), 11st. 8lb.; C. K. Buckle (Eastbourne and Magdalene), 12st. 4½lb.; W. G. R. M. Laurie (Monkton Combe and Selwyn), 13st. 6lb.; *K. M. Payne (Eton and Third Trinity), 12st. 6lb.; D. J. Wilson (Melbourne, Australia and Clare), 13st. ½lb.; *W. A. T. Sambell (Melbourne, Australia and Pembroke), 12st. 5½lb.; J. H. T. Wilson (Shrewsbury and Pembroke), 12st. 12lb.; N. J. Bradley (Monkton Combe and Pembroke) (st.), 14st. 4½lb.; J. N. Duckworth (Lincoln and Jesus) (cox), 7st. 13lb. Average weight, 12st. 10lb.

OXFORD.—*W. H. Migotti (Radley and Worcester) (bow), 12st. 3½lb.; *R. W. G. Holdsworth (Shrewsbury and Brasenose), 11st. 13½lb.; *P. Hogg (Sherborne and New College), 12st. 11lb.; *J. M. Couchman (Sherborne and Christ Church), 13st. 3½lb.; *P. R. S. Bankes (Oundle and Christ Church), 14st. 9lb.; J. H. Lascelles (Christ's College, New Zealand, and Balliol), 11st. 12½lb.; G. I. F. Thomson (Shrewsbury and Balliol), 12st. ½lb.; A. V. Sutcliffe (Shrewsbury and Trinity) (st.), 14st. 3½lb.; C. G. F. Bryan (Eton and Worcester) (cox), 7st. 13lb. Average weight, 12st. 12½lb.

* Old Blues.

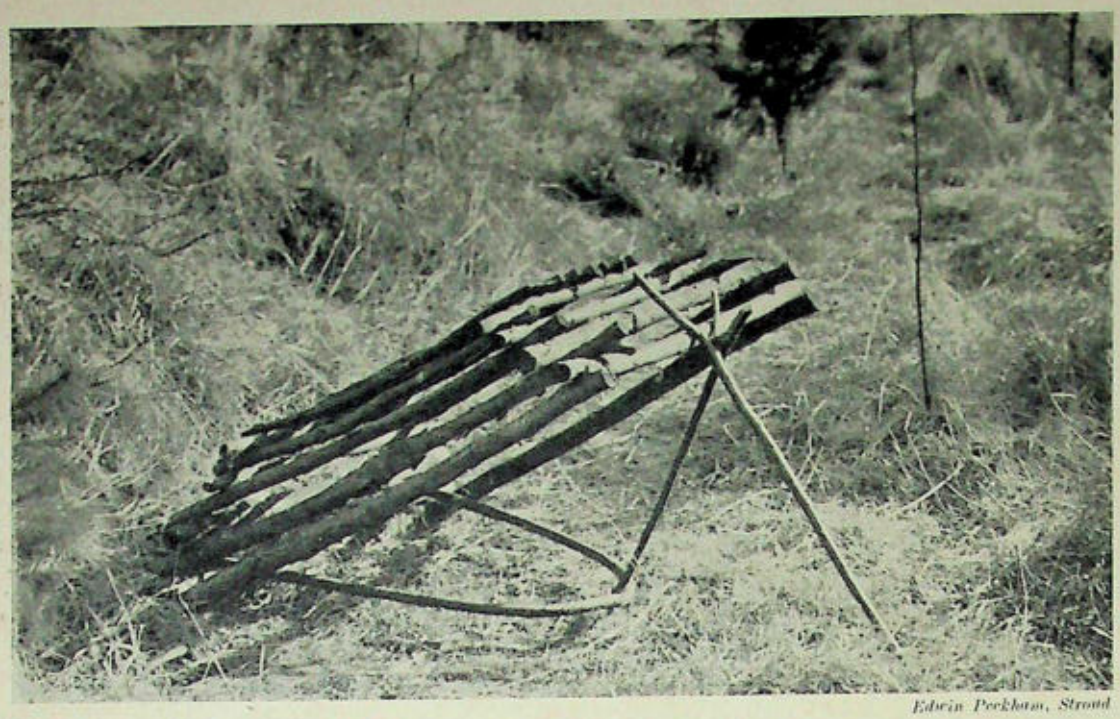
RECORDS COMPARED

	OXFORD 1911	CAMBRIDGE 1934
Craven Steps	2.10	2.10
Mile	4.0	3.48
Hammersmith Bridge	7.11	6.45
Chiswick Steps	11.19	10.53
Barnes Bridge	15.21	15.0
Finish	18.29	18.3



WHEN CAMBRIDGE WERE CERTAIN OF VICTORY

The Light Blues leading at Hammersmith Bridge, which they reached in the startling time of 6min. 45sec.



Edwin Peckham, Stroud

BEFORE—THE TRAP SET——

PENNING PHEASANTS FOR THE AVIARY

A Simple Trap

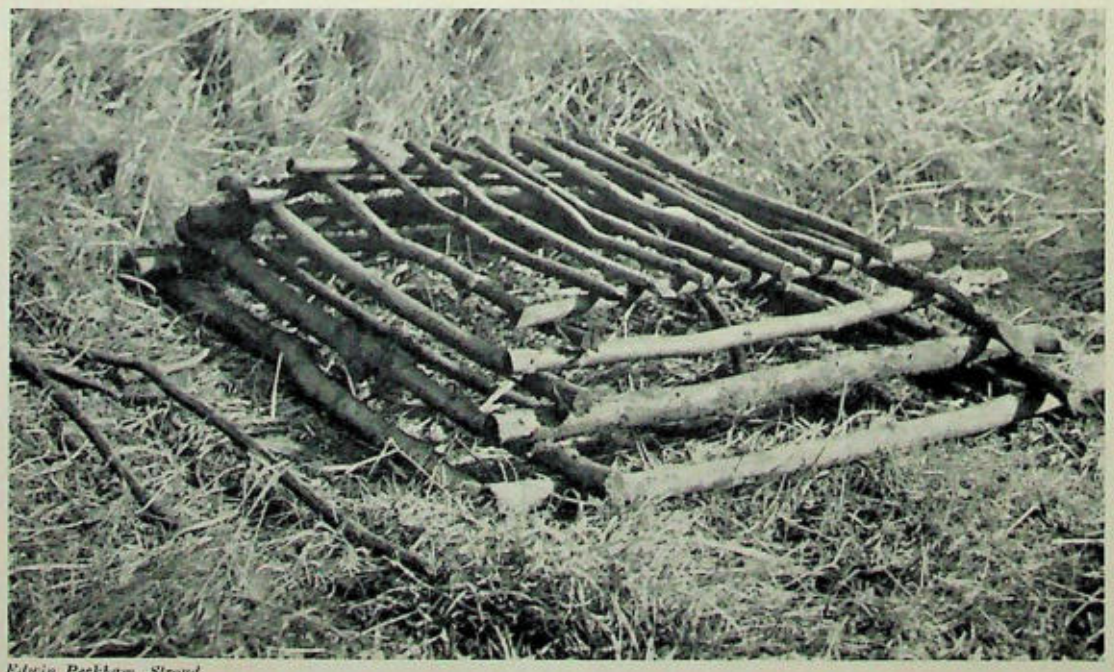
A SIMPLE and inexpensive trap for catching wild pheasants to stock the aviary is a great help to those who preserve, and the details of one to which both those epithets are applicable are given here.

The trap in question is made from hazel sticks fastened together in the following manner, so as to form a kind of flat-topped pyramid: Cut four straight hazel sticks 2ft. 6in. long and 1in. diameter. Lay two of the sticks on the ground parallel to one another and 2ft. 4in. apart. Place the other two sticks across the first pair at one inch from the two ends and fasten with four nails, one at each corner; this will form a square. Now cut four more sticks slightly smaller than the first four and build up on the top of the square, each pair lying across the last pair, and nail; this will form a slightly smaller square on the top of the first. Continue this for about two or three more squares, each getting smaller than the last, or until the trap is about nine inches high. The top may now be formed by nailing sticks straight across from one side to the other. Care must be taken to see that nowhere a gap of more than the width of two fingers is left.

The sticks for the top and the last one or two squares should not be more than ½in. diameter, otherwise the trap will be too heavy. Now cut a supple hazel stick about 4ft. 6in. long, and bending to form a bow insert the two ends between the third pair of sticks forming the trap. Fasten the ends of the bow with wire to the stick below (which will be one of the second pair used) in such a way as to leave the bow free to move up and down, but not backwards and forwards. The apex of the bow should be about six inches from the opposite side of the trap. Now cut a forked stick shaped like the letter Y, the length of the tail part being two feet. Next cut a crooked stick, the crook being 1ft. 4in. from the other end; at half an inch from this other end cut a shallow notch with the step of the notch nearest the plain end. Now all is ready for setting the trap.

Select some level place near where the pheasants resort; say, alongside the feed ride or near a feed stack. Place the trap on the ground and see that it lies in such a way that a bird inside could not squeeze under. Hook the hooked stick into the fork of the other and allow the former to swing so that the notch faces the latter. Lift the side of the trap which is opposite the side to which the bow is fastened to about 1ft. 6in. off the ground. Rest this side of the trap on the hook of the hooked stick. The forked stick should now have its fork resting on the outside of the trap's side, and its other end standing on the ground and in such a way as to form an angle of about 45 degrees with the ground. Lift the bow and insert it into the notch on the hooked stick; the bow should now be about three inches off the ground. Place a handful of corn on the ground inside the bow and well to the back.

As a pheasant steps on to the bow to reach the corn it will be found that the trap falls over it. It is best to prop up the trap for a day or so until the pheasants are used to walking in and out; but see that in doing this the bow is at the correct height, in order to accustom them to stepping on it. It is also an advantage to cover the top of the trap with spruce boughs or fern; the captured pheasants are then more likely to stay quiet until they can be removed. The removing should be done as often as possible. Where large numbers of birds are required, several traps should be set up at intervals along the rides. Each bird on being caught must be thoroughly examined to ascertain that it is healthy and has not been pricked by the shooting. R. S.



Edwin Peckham, Stroud

——AND AFTER—THE TRAP CLOSED

BIG GAME IN LADAK

Absentee Game Watchers

By LIEUT.-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY

HAVING exchanged the rifle for the camera, I planned a tour for the summer of 1933, which would take me through the Rupshu district of Ladak, then down the Indus Valley and on to the Valley of Kashmir. The tour was not only for the purpose of taking photographs of hill game, but to try and ascertain the real situation as regards the big game, and whether any great change had set in since I was last there in 1930.

The advantage of photography is that it does not debar one from working areas closed to shooting, when they are not sanctuaries or State rukhs. Incidentally such areas are open to grazing and to the poacher, and as no game-watcher ever enters them, but busies himself round the camps of licence-holders, the poacher has a free hand.

The first stage of the tour took us through four ammon blocks, Nos. 10, 7, 9, 11, in that order, from the Kiangchu Plain, through the Pogmore and Zarra area, the north of the Tso Kar Chumr, over the Thasangi La, and west into the Khema Nullah, all ground which I already knew and which used to hold ovis ammon, bhurrel and goa, except in the last-named area, which has never held goa. My wife and I left Manali in the Kulu Valley on July 1st, and crossing the Rotang, Baralacha and Lachalang passes, camped high above the Kiangchu Plain on July 21st. We had made one two-day halt at the Tsarap Nullah, where we saw a dozen bhurrel and a wolf, and another herd of 23 bhurrel on the hills above the Lingti, a march farther on.

Three days in the Kiangchu area showed us not a single head of game. It lies on the main trade route, and we had seen three caravans carrying rifles, six in one case, four in each of the others, as we came along. Their excuse was that they carried them for protection in the Rudok district of Tibet; that none of the caravans from Leh seemed to think it necessary to be armed when going to the same district, and that the area is eminently peaceable, hardly bore out their statement. Inquiry showed that most of these rifles stay in Ladak or Tibet when the traders return.

We crossed to the Pogmore area, on the 25th, and spent four days on ground which used to hold very good ammon rams. We saw none, only nine unshootable rams in three parties and a herd of a dozen ewes and little ones. Our ponies were attacked by two wolves and scattered widely over the hills, but escaped unscathed.

We reached Pongo Naga, north of the Tso Kar Chumr, on the 31st, and the weather which had been unusually rainy, broke badly. Our ponies were attacked by three big wolves, one killed and eaten, a furlong from camp, and the others were scattered so far that we recovered some from fourteen miles away. Three of them had been mauled by wolves leaping at their throats but failing to get a grip, and a mare had her udder torn.

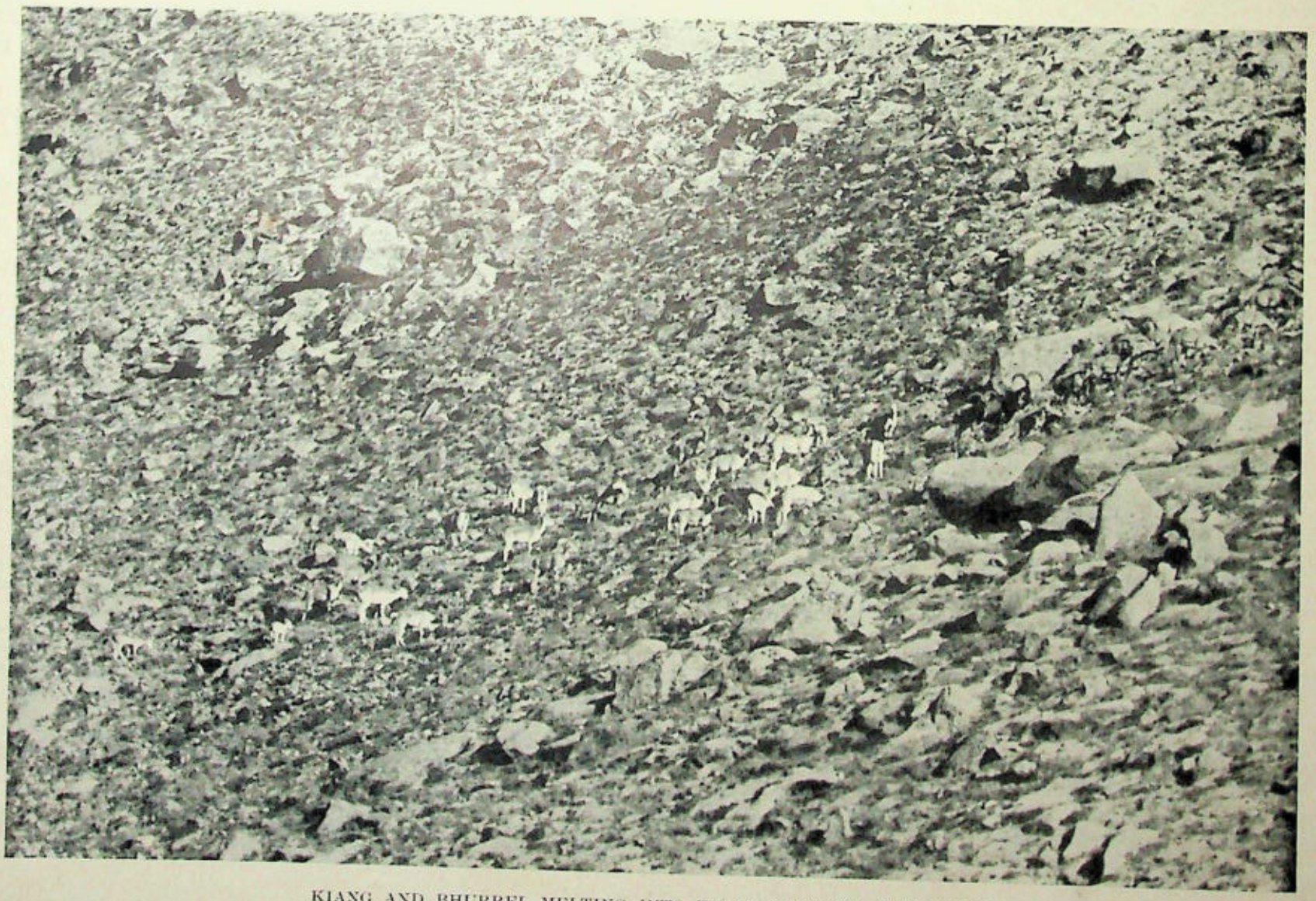
For six days we then hunted the country on both sides of the Thasangi La. The south side and crest used to be famous ground for goa, and was a sanctuary for them, but we saw none at all near the top and only three females down on the plain below. We saw six more wolves, one a black one, in three parties. The north side of the divide was a sanctuary for ammon, and since making into a shooting block, has been closed for many years. We did not see a living head of game anywhere in this area, the Tiri Foo; and the people of Tiri Village, which lies at the mouth of the nullah of that name, must have had fine shooting while it lasted.

We crossed into the Khema Nullah on August 7th. This has a village at its mouth and is shot regularly twice a year; but it held one lot of five ammon rams with two fine heads, about 43 and 45, and another of six with two shootable heads. There was also a herd of 26 bhurrel, twelve of them rams, among them four of the finest heads I have ever seen; I got within 25yds. of them, so had a good view. There were also five wolves, a snow leopard (which spoilt our chance of an ammon photograph), and numbers of the ubiquitous kiang. I actually saw two kiang attack a wolf, striking out with their fore-feet, but he easily dodged them. The wolves spoilt my chance at the other lot of ammon.

The weather had been worse than I have ever known a Ladak summer, which usually provides almost too much sunshine, and these northern areas usually hold more game under such conditions. It was most notable that, where the blocks are open for shooting there was game to be found, where they are closed there is none; the only exception being the Kiangchu maidan, which is evidently shot out by passing caravans. Let me add that, in four long trips in Ladak, I have never met a game-watcher out of Leh.

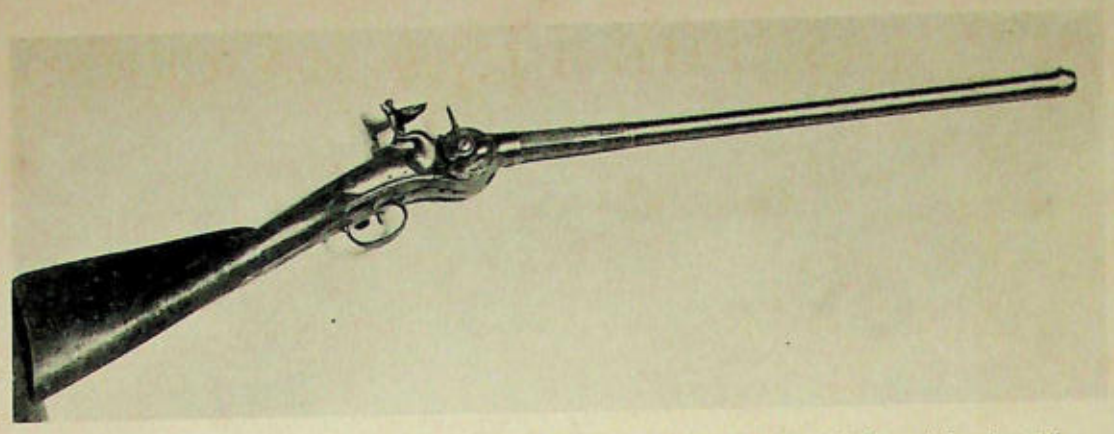
BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE HIMALAYAS





KIANG AND BHURREL MELTING INTO THEIR NATURAL BACKGROUND

The upper picture is of Kiang, the Tibetan wild ass, near the Pogmore La; and the lower one is of a herd of Bhurrel, heads well up, who have spotted the stalker. The big head of the herd stand out clearly against the lighter rock. In both cases the way in which the animals melt into the background is most noticeable



This gun signed JOHN SHAW LONDINI *has a priming magazine for fine powder, a little steel chamber with spring cover, visible in this picture just to the left of the priming pan*

A 17th CENTURY MAGAZINE GUN

Links With Samuel Pepys

By W. KEITH NEAL

MANY years ago when I first started my collection of ancient firearms, I remember being very much interested in a certain entry in the diary of Samuel Pepys. It was for July 3rd, 1662, and reads thus: "After dinner was brought to Sir W. Compton a gun to discharge seven times, the best of all devices that ever I saw and very serviceable and not a bawble; for it is much approved of, and many thereof made."

I little thought when I read it that such a weapon could still be in existence, and still less that it would ever find its way into my collection, for despite Samuel Pepys's enthusiasm it never attained the popularity he prophesied. However, about two months ago I had the good fortune to discover in the gunroom of an ancient Norfolk mansion, a gun whose age and construction show undoubtedly that it is a surviving specimen of the weapon Pepys describes.

It is a smooth bore flint-lock sporting carbine, made to fire round lead bullets of 26 gauge with a charge of 2 drams of black powder. It has a magazine for six shots, consisting of a sufficient supply of bullets, coarse gunpowder for the charge, and fine powder for the priming, each kept in different compartments in the body of the gun. It is a self-loader, the entire performance of placing a round bullet in the breech chamber, a charge behind it, priming in the pan, and finally the pan cover closed and the dogshead full cocked, being accomplished by a forward and backward action of a side lever, the gun being held muzzle downward at the time. This amazing gun is signed "John Shaw Londini" on the lock, and again on the barrel, and by its general style proclaims itself to be most unquestionably seventeenth century work.

Even now it is in a condition to fire, and I have myself shot several times with it. It is moderately accurate, shoots with terrific force, and can be loaded and discharged firing its complement of six shots in less than a minute. There is a considerable gas escape at the breech, no doubt due to its great age and wear, but once one is prepared for this, it is a perfectly reliable and effective six-shot repeater. It is made to fire bullets slightly larger than the bore, thus producing a high compression of gas. To charge the gun, six bullets are dropped into a compartment at the top through a round hole, a spring cover partly closing the aperture. This is shown in Fig. I.

Next a supply of loose gunpowder is poured into the magazine on the left side of the action, by opening a hinged door. This can be seen in Fig. III. Then the priming magazine is filled with fine powder; this is a little steel chamber with a spring cover, situated just to the left of the priming pan and visible in the picture above the title.

The loading action may be described thus: There is a solid cylindrical breech block in the centre of the frame with compartments bored in it to hold a bullet and a charge of powder. The forward action of the lever revolves the breech block, bringing the powder and ball cavities in line with their respective magazines. They are filled by gravity, it being necessary to hold the gun muzzle downward during loading. During this same forward action a stud on the breech block has forced the pan cover to close and actuated a lever to raise the dogshead to full cock. The pan itself has turned and is facing the priming magazine.

On the backward action of the lever the bullet and powder charge can be seen through a small sight hole, shown in Fig. I, to pass toward the breech, where the bullet drops forward into the chamber and the charge comes into line behind it. The pan has returned to its normal position, having scooped up a supply of priming. This has been connected by a small touchhole through the axis of the breech block, with the main charge.

Another interesting point is that the breech block itself is made slightly conical, and during the loading process a ramp causes the cone to be slightly driven out; this makes it revolve easily even when fouled with powder; on closing however, the cone is driven in tight, ensuring a safe cut off between the charge in the chamber and the magazine. Yet one more interesting feature is an unloading device, accomplished through a hole under the breech. By a half backward and forward turn, the bullet drops out of the hole shown in Fig. II, and the powder down the barrel.

Fig I

Fig II

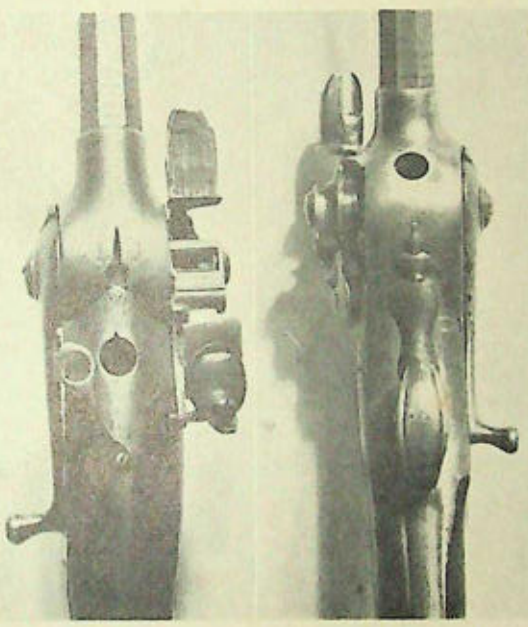


Fig III

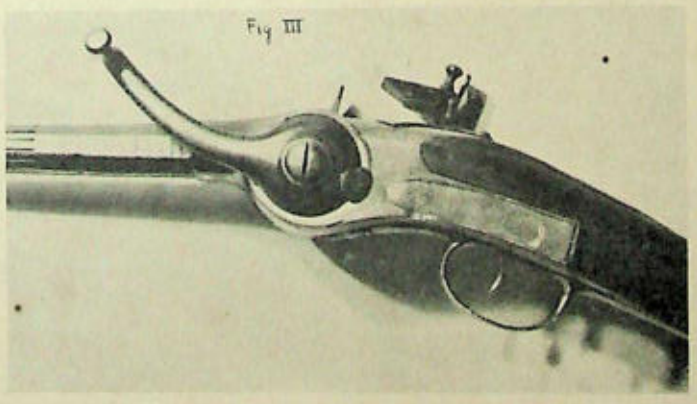


Fig. I shows the small sight hole through which on the backward action of the lever the bullet and powder charge can be seen. Fig. II shows the hole out of which the bullet drops when unloading; and Fig. III shows the hinged door on the left side of the action (above trigger) through which the powder is poured into the magazine

The gun itself is embellished with engraving typical of the 1650–1700 period; a grotesque head can be seen on the top of the action and a figure with a hawk perched on its hand is engraved upon the lock. But surely the most wonderful thing of all is that we should have been able to produce a gun in the days of Samuel Pepys that, in spite of all the difficulties involved in handling loose powder and shot, and flint and steel ignition to contend with as well, would fire six effective shots in quick succession, the weapon itself weighing 8¼lb.; less than a Lee-Enfield rifle!

Here was a weapon far in advance of its time, as superior to its contemporary, the single muzzle-loading flint-lock musket, as a machine gun is to a service rifle, and yet it took 200 years and the simplification of the self-contained centre-fire cartridge before the magazine repeating system became universal.

Furthermore, in the two following extracts, there is brought to light the fact that considerable interest was being taken in weapons on this principle. In *Pepys's Diary* for March 4th, 1664, he writes: "There were several people by trying a new fashion gun brought to my Lord this morning to shoot off often, one after another, without trouble or danger, very pretty." And from the *Patent Records* for March 3rd, 1664, comes the following: "Letters Patent given to Abraham Hill for a gun or pistoll for small shot, carrying seven or eight charges of the same in the stock of the gun."

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOTGUN

Some Argentine Shoots

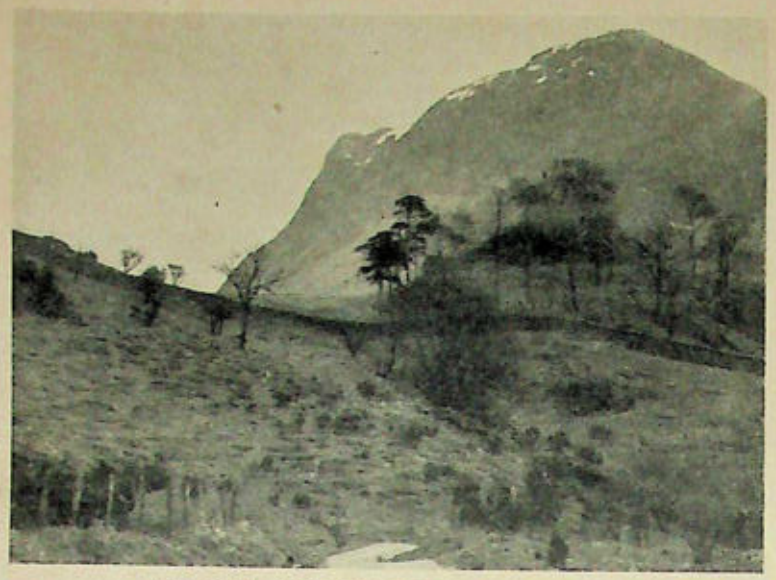
THERE are some wonderful lagoons at a place called Madariaga, near Guido, some 150 miles south of Buenos Aires. The big lagoons are too deep to wade, and the duck unapproachable; but in the smaller ones covered with green reeds excellent sport can be obtained.

Although Tucuman, which is one of the most northern provinces in the Argentine, takes about 36 hours to reach from Buenos Aires, it will well repay a visit, if the necessary leave can be obtained. The country is quite different to the rest of the Argentine, as it is very hilly and is covered with forests and thick tropical vegetation. From Concepcion a most delightful expedition can be made up through the forest into the hills. Here mountain sickness is sure to be experienced, and 16,000ft. will probably be as high as it is desired to go. The game met with is very varied, and includes wild pig, puma, jaguar, deer, wild turkey, guanco, guemal and corzuela.

First class duck shooting is obtainable near the estancia Tres Pazas, which is at Embarcacion, not far from the source of the Bermejo River, in the very north of the Argentine. It is probably as good wildfowl shooting as can be obtained in the whole country, both in the numbers of duck and the varieties seen. Among more common species, the comparatively rare ring-necked teal and white-faced tree duck are to be found there, as well as the enormous muscovy duck—weighing 8lb.—the large carunculated duck, and Spinx's goose.

There is a very celebrated shooting area near Flora, 250 miles west of Buenos Aires, which can be reached by the Western Railway. At estancia San Martin there are two lagoons separated from each other by a high bank, which makes an excellent stand for flighting in the evening. Some wonderful duck shooting is also to be had at the estancia El Rosario, near Ameghino, on the many lagoons and enormous stretches of reed beds which are to be found there. To shoot these efficiently, though, an army of horsemen is required to stir the duck up and keep them on the move; but if sufficient men can be obtained for this purpose, really big bags can be got. Every species of wildfowl are to be found in these lagoons and reed beds, including the black-headed duck and the black-necked and cordoba swan. Flamingos and egrets are also very numerous; but the latter is much persecuted, especially in the breeding season, when they grow the special feathers which at times fetch as much as £250 a pound.

Estancia Herford and La Isleta, in the same vicinity, contain about the best martinetta and chico ground in the country, where a bag exceeding 500 head in one day for six or eight guns is not unknown. To the east, the estancia El Triumo provides bags of nearly the same magnitude. PINTAIL.



WHERE A FEW PINE MARTENS STILL EXIST
The country at the head of Buttermere in the Lake District

IS THE PINE MARTEN DOOMED?

Growing Scarcity of Our Rarest Beast-of-Prey

By FRANCES PITT

WHAT animal is there more beautiful than a pine marten, with its coat of chocolate brown, its throat patch of cream tinged with apricot, its keen intelligent face, its pricked ears, and a brush like that of a squirrel?

Alas! that this lovely creature should be the rarest of British mammals. Whereas the wild cat, once reduced almost to vanishing point, is now fairly numerous in some parts of the Highlands, and the polecat, likewise considered in danger of extermination, is holding its own well in Central Wales, the marten continues to lose ground.

The day has long gone since this member of the weasel tribe afforded good quarry to which to enter young hounds. Vyner, in his *Notitia Venatica*, wrote: "The scent of the marten-cat is remarkably sweet and eagerly pursued by almost every description of dog; our forefathers used to enter their foxhounds to him, as by his running the thickest brakes they were taught to turn quick with a scent, and to run in cover without skirting."

But he added that the quarry sooner or later ran up a tree, though it could be dislodged by the smoke from a wisp of damp straw, for this animal greatly disliked smoke.

I can add evidence regarding the pine marten's horror of smoke, because when I had a tame one—the most delightful of pets—my marten was driven almost distracted when smoke from a garden bonfire was blown by the wind towards her quarters. I had much ado to soothe her, though she was the tamest and most confiding of creatures.

But of my "Mart" more anon; let us for the moment return to the position of the pine marten in the British Isles. At one time there were a certain number in the Lake District, but recent inquiries lead me to fear that martens are now few and far between on the Fells. The same remarks apply to Central Wales, whence come reports of martens now and again, but the presence of a red-brown variety of the polecat in this area makes confusion possible.

So far as the Highlands are concerned, martens are even more sparsely distributed; an occasional specimen turns up, but the words "very rare" can be used with exactness. Only in the West of Ireland does it seem that the marten still holds its own. This side of the Irish Channel we can only say the animal is in a precarious state and will probably be lost to our fauna before long.

At this point the reader will probably ask what has reduced it to such a low ebb. Of course, game preservation and the activities of keepers have been a factor in the matter, and on the Lakeland Fells the sheep farmers have waged war against it on account of its alleged depredations among their lambs; but in my opinion the spread of the rabbit and the great increase of rabbit trapping, especially trapping in the open, has had more adverse effect than anything else.

Elderly inhabitants of the Lake District have told me that "in their young days" there were very few rabbits, no rabbit trapping and "plenty of 'marts.'" What rabbits there were were in the vales, now they have spread high up the fellsides. And the catching of rabbits, chiefly with traps, has become a serious matter, particularly serious for the martens! They are easily caught, having little fear or suspicion of danger; indeed their curiosity leads them to investigate things such as traps.

My tame marten was intensely inquisitive. She must look into anything new, whether a camera with which I hoped to take a photograph of her or a new hat on my head! She would jump on to my shoulder in order to sniff at the hat, and would probably try to push it off. Likewise she would jump on to the top of the camera to see what it could be.

Poor Mart, she has long gone to "the happy hunting-grounds," dying from a mishap after I had had her for four years. It was prior to the war that a Cumberland farmer when out on the Fells one morning chanced on two marten kittens in a hole in the rocks. His terrier killed one, but he brought the other home alive, and his sister took charge of it until the day when it was handed over to me, a queer little thing clad in dark greyish black-brown fur with the characteristic light patch on the throat.

That shy, nervous baby had little likeness to the lovely marten of later days, she who was known as "The Mart," with her absolute confidence in those whom she knew and her playful ways. She soon lost her fear, and on a mixed diet of sparrows, rabbit meat, small trout, bread and milk, etc., throve amazingly. I found that she had a passion for sweet things such as dates, jam and so on—in connection with which it is noteworthy that the pine marten is reputed to be fond of fruit, while the Continental beech marten has been reported as raiding vineyards.



MISS PITT'S PET MARTEN IN HER FIRST SUMMER
Note the size of her feet and her peculiar climbing attitude

As a youngster my marten was long, lanky and dark in colour with an almost rat-like tail; then she developed a lovely pelage of thick brown silky fur, which deepened to dark chocolate on her underparts, with the fullest of brushes, and a rich cream throat patch tinged with orange and peach.

By the end of the winter she had faded to a drab buff, and her throat had become a dirty white. Her spring moult rid her of all this faded fur and left her slim and dark once more, but so soon as October returned she was again transformed into a vision of loveliness. Oh! she was a dream, not only in appearance, but in ways. Her playful friendliness was a continual delight, whether she was hanging about one's neck as a living fur tie or dancing kittenishly after a ball.

But what of the pine marten in general and its future in Great Britain? I fear its position is precarious, and that before long we shall have to strike it off the list of our mammals. It may survive in Ireland, but here, unless our landowners can do something in the matter, it stands little chance.



"THE LOVELY MARTEN OF LATER DAYS"
"What animal is more beautiful . . . with its coat of chocolate brown, its throat patch of cream tinged with apricot, its keen intelligent face, its pricked ears, and a brush like that of a squirrel?"



Neill Rankin

HOLKHAM HALL: THE SOUTH FRONT SHOWING THE FOUNTAIN

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 19

The Cokes of Holkham—Part II

IN the intervals between his many parliamentary duties Coke of Norfolk pursued many occupations at Holkham. Soon after his marriage to Miss Dutton he had succeeded Lord Townshend as Master of Hounds. In those days foxes were far from plentiful so, with his invariable practice of attempting improvements, he only hunted for a few weeks during his early seasons, and planted gorse in likely areas to give the stock a chance of increasing. He engaged a huntsman named William Jones, who became a celebrated character in Norfolk, and was considered the best at his job in the kingdom. Very soon Coke's hunting country extended all over the county, and he had kennels as well in Suffolk, Cambridge and Essex; in fact, he is said to have hunted the entire country from Holkham to Epping Forest. When he was obliged to attend at Westminster he would hunt his hounds all the way up to London, and on one occasion killed a fox in Bedford Square.

It is, however, in connection with his activities in agriculture that Coke of Norfolk is best known. It can be truthfully said that he completely revolutionised the whole industry in both hemispheres. Great matters often have small beginnings, and how he first came to take an interest in farming is worth recording. Soon after his succession he had to renew several farm leases which had previously been let for three-and-sixpence an acre, and earlier still at one-and-six; Coke suggested the new rent should be five shillings, but two tenants refused; so he decided to farm their particular lands himself. By their refusal those two farmers unwittingly performed a very great service to their country, and even to the world, for otherwise he might never have realised the many shortcomings of agriculture in those days.

His first step was to make a tour of several counties in the north of England and study the methods practised there, then turned his attention to the improvement of sheep, those of Norfolk having been described to him as the worst in Great Britain. He had no prejudice against any particular breed, but was determined to try them all. After much experiment his final choice fell on the Southdown. Cattle also came under his consideration, and from the point of view of fattening he eventually narrowed them down to two breeds—the Shorthorn and North Devon. In the end the latter won the day and for some years he regularly supplied London butchers with meat.

All this time Coke was holding periodical meetings of farmers at Holkham at which every kind of subject was discussed, but politics were always rigorously excluded. These culminated each year in a huge gathering at his annual "clippings," which extended over a period of 43 years, and during that time not a single year passed without some discovery being made and some practical benefit accruing to our knowledge of farming.

The system of rotation of crops originated from Coke, and much of our present-day methods of forestry resulted from his experiments. In 1832 he and his family embarked on a ship at Wells made from oak grown from acorns which he himself had planted—surely a unique experience in the life of any man. No finer proof of his rapid and far-reaching improvements in agriculture can be found than the rentals derived from the Holkham estate; when he succeeded in 1776 the total annual amount was £2,200. By 1816 timber alone was producing £2,700, and the rents came to £20,000.

Although he did not take the same interest in shooting as his son, Coke was a fine shot, as is shown by the fact that on the Warham beat in October, 1797, he killed 80 partridges with 93 shots in eight hours. Another fine feat was when, at the age of 69, he challenged Lord Kennedy to a partridge-shooting match between England and Scotland; Coke killed 192 to his own gun at Holkham, while Kennedy, who had selected Monreith (Wigtownshire) for his ground, shot 187.

The passing of the Reform Bill had always been in Coke's mind as the culmination of his political career, and in 1832 he resigned his seat. It was not until after this that he finally agreed to accept the peerage which had so often been held out to him, and at the Coronation of Queen Victoria he was created Earl of Leicester of Holkham. Seven years later, at the age of 88, he died.

It is Coke of Norfolk's son, the 2nd Earl of Leicester of the second creation, who has made Holkham so famous in the world of sport. It was soon after his succession in 1844 that he conceived the idea of having pheasants driven over his head instead of walking them up all day. He therefore devised the plan of walking the birds up during the morning with the set intention of pushing them all into one particular covert and only shooting those going back. The end of the day came with a single drive from this covert. Scarborough Clump has become famous as the first place where such a drive ever took place, and the same practice goes on to this day. One small covert on the estate, measuring only about two acres, produced over 1,000 pheasants by this method.

This Lord Leicester was considered the greatest authority of his day on partridges, and he was also the first man to "half-moon" the birds in early October before driving began—a practice



THE THIRD EARL OF LEICESTER, BY ORPEN
Like his predecessors, an enthusiastic shot and a great country gentleman



THE SECOND EARL OF LEICESTER, BY RICHMOND
He first attempted driving pheasants and made the Holkham shooting famous

still carried on there. It was during his lifetime, though he was not present, that the record bag of partridges for Great Britain was made on the Warham beat; on November 7th, 1905, 1,671 partridges, 10 pheasants, 26 hares, 2 rabbits and 4 golden plover were killed by eight guns during 20 drives. The same party during four days killed 4,749 partridges. Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., killed two woodcock with one shot at Holkham—a feat that has only been accomplished about 30 times in Britain—and he has immortalised the event by his carving of the birds in marble which now stands in the house. Several other record bags were made during the 2nd Lord Leicester's time at Holkham; in 1862 he shot 73 mallard, 36 teal and 2 wigeon to his own gun, while in 1870 he and four others killed 58 pink-footed geese in a day, besides 3 duck and a snipe. In 1877, 1,215 and 1,039 hares were shot by eleven guns during two days of one week.

The second Lord Leicester died in 1909, and was succeeded by the present Earl, for 23 years Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk. Lord Leicester, like his eldest son and grandson, has served in the Scots Guards, and is an enthusiastic shot. He has lived up to the traditions of Coke of Norfolk, for he is a keen agriculturist, and takes the most active interest in his estates.

Norfolk has always been famous for the richness of its bird life and Holkham one of its finest examples. In the audit room are 99 cases containing most, but by no means all, of the species that have been found on the estate, and a more varied and wonderful collection cannot be imagined, ranging from a white-tailed eagle to a gold-crest. Many record bags have been obtained there, it is true, but it is its long list of bags consistently made up of large quantities of various species that has amazed the sporting world. Thus the total of December 12th, 1933, is a perfect example: 657 pheasants, 11 partridges, 118 hares, 58 woodcock, 58 rabbits and 28 pigeons. This was followed only two days later by 558 pheasants, 43 partridges, 233 hares, 21 woodcock, 83 rabbits and 43 pigeons—truly astounding figures. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the present Lord Leicester never rears or feeds in any sort of manner; Nature is left entirely to itself, even down to the wild turkeys in the park.

Two other recent bags are worth recording. The total head for the season just closed (1933–34) was 7,291 wild pheasants, 354 woodcock, 3,469 partridges and 3,375 hares. In view of the absence of any artificial feeding, etc., there can be few places that can even approach these figures. On February 4th, 1933, Hon. T. Coke, Viscount Dalrymple and Captain G. Johnson, at the early morning flight on the lake, killed 61 mallard, 50 wigeon, 7 pochard and 6 tufted ducks. N. R.

POLO IN INDIA

Close Games in the Inter-Regimental Tournament

THE Inter-Regimental Tournament played at Meerut this year attracted an entry of thirteen teams. In the first round the game between the 13th/18th Hussars and the Poona Horse, and the 10th Hussars and Skinner's Horse, each went to extra time with widened goals. With the Poona Horse leading 8—6 when the sixth chukker opened, it looked as if they were in a fairly secure position, but the 13th/18th made a great recovery and pulled the game out of the fire. Skinner's Horse had a terrific struggle with the 10th Hussars, whose team has been much weakened by Gairdner's departure to the Staff College. This was a good galloping game. Considerable interest centred round the match between Probyn's Horse and the P.A.V.O. Cavalry, the two teams having met in the final of the Indian Cavalry Tournament, in which game Beresford of the P.A.V.O. had broken a bone in his hand. His place was now taken by Bayer, who proved an efficient substitute. The P.A.V.O. won a convincing victory, Sanger playing brilliantly. The score does not really represent the game, because Probyn's put up a great fight. Two of the P.A.V.O. goals came from 40yd. hits, and one a 60yd. hit.

Of the second round matches, the issue of that between the C.I.H. and the Guides Cavalry was never in doubt, though the Guides worked hard and played a good team game. The P.A.V.O. always looked to be the winners against the Royals, and the 19th Lancers beat the 15th Lancers by a small margin, a result which was perhaps not generally expected. There was a great battle between the 13th/18th and Skinner's Horse, the former winning in the second of two extra periods. In the semi-final round the C.I.H. again had an easy passage with the 13th/18th Hussars, but the match between the 19th Lancers and the P.A.V.O. provided some very fine polo. The game was kept going at a great pace throughout, and the hitting was hard and clean. There was very little to choose between the two teams, the second named winning by eight goals to seven.

It was hard to compare the form of the two teams left in the final, because the C.I.H. had not yet been extended. Tatham of the P.A.V.O. had hurt his hand in their game against the 19th Lancers, and had to retire after the first chukker, his place being taken by Beresford, whose injury had mended sufficiently to enable him to play. The game started off with some rather sticky polo, but soon opened up, and the two teams got going at a great pace. Dalrymple-Hay opened the score for the C.I.H. in the first chukker, but the P.A.V.O. equalised in the second, and gained the lead in the third, each time through Sanger. The fourth chukker ended with the score two all, Dalrymple-Hay having scored again. This player now put his side ahead early in the fifth chukker, and Cox increased the lead to 4—2. On resuming for the last period, a cross by George gave the P.A.V.O. a 40yd. hit which Sanger drove hard and true through the middle of the goal (4—3). Thus encouraged, the P.A.V.O. attacked and scored again through Beresford (4—4). The game now became a desperate struggle until Sanger, coming through the game at a great pace, scored the winning goal just as the bugle went. This was a fighting finish, for Sanger was undoubtedly the dominating personality in the tournament, having played magnificently throughout.

The teams were:

P.A.V.O. Cavalry: Captain C. P. Bayer, No. 1; Captain P. R. Tatham, Lieut.-Colonel G. de la P. Beresford, No. 2; Captain P. B. Sanger, No. 3; Captain R. G. Hammer, back.

Central Indian Horse: Captain M. Cox, No. 1; Captain R. George, No. 2; Captain B. Dalrymple-Hay, No. 3; Captain A. J. S. Alexander, back.



"'OSSES AND OBSTACLES—WATER: THE MORE YOU LOOK AT IT, THE LESS YOU LIKE IT!"
From the drawing by "Snaffles"

GARDEN PAINTINGS

NO garden-lover, or indeed lover of painting, should miss the exhibition of flower studies and landscapes by T. Leman Hare, at the Leger Galleries, 13, Old Bond Street. Mr. Hare treats his subjects in a most refreshing manner, and one feels instinctively how great a love and understanding he has of the countryside and its beauties. His work is not always conventional, but it conveys true appreciation of flowers and gardens to all who see his pictures.

New Books

AN IMPERIAL MISSIONARY

African Anomalies — Some Yachtsmen's Problems

SIR EVELYN WRENCH has had a very full life. In his book *Uphill* he only takes us to the beginning of the war, but he managed to crowd into the years between 1897, when he had left Eton at the age of sixteen, and 1914, which saw the Overseas League launched on the way to success, twice the experiences of an ordinary lifetime. He started with certain advantages: an immense interest in current affairs, ambition and a knowledge of foreign countries. Before he was twenty he had travelled extensively in Northern Europe; in Russia and Germany. In Russia he found that when a certain Cossack officer had refused to obey an unpopular officer "after repeating the order three times he [the officer] took out his pistol and shot the right-hand man, and then said he would go right down the line unless they obeyed, so when he said 'right turn, quick march,' they stepped forth and walked over their dead comrade."

In Germany he was struck with the possibilities of the picture post-card, and at the age of eighteen he started "Wrench's Post-Cards," which by the time he was of age had become one of the most flourishing businesses of its sort in the country with an ever-increasing turnover. The growth of the business became a wonder of the age, and when it finally failed it was not through any lack of demand, but through a lack of capital, which had to be locked up. But its failure cat deep into the heart of the young man who had started the venture.

Picture post-cards brought him into contact with Lord Northcliffe, to whom adventurous youth had such a strong appeal. Sir Evelyn was closely associated with him during the years when the powers of that unique brain were at their highest. "I have never read an account of Northcliffe which makes him really live again for me. I wish I could write one. How catch that indefinable thing, personal magnetism?" . . . And after the war: "I found him sitting after dinner by himself looking at the stars. I thought it would be tactless to break in on his reverie, so I walked up and down on the lawn by myself. I would have given a great deal to know his thoughts then. That was one of the last occasions when I stayed with him alone, and he gave me the impression of a dissatisfied and seeking soul. But in pre-war days he was much too busy 'running the world' to bother about the world unseen."

Probably there was a streak of mysticism in his lieutenant which "the chief" could not understand. Anyhow he threw up the possibility of a directorship of the Amalgamated Press, with whose publications he was not in real sympathy, and riches, and started on the Empire tour which laid the firm foundations of the Overseas League: in Canada, which "stood in my mind for the tilling of the soil"; in Australia, "an advanced democracy devoted to the Imperial idea"; in New Zealand, "a country where there were no under-dogs"; and in South Africa whose "chief message was that magnanimity paid in dealing with a conquered foe." He is also a firm believer in the future of coloured races within the Empire. "The eighteen months of the crusade had been a deep spiritual experience." And it laid the basis of an enduring undertaking.

It is a strange and rather inspiring story. *Uphill* is possibly rather a forbidding title for a biography. A life of struggle cannot be an easy one. But Uphill is better than Downhill. R. M.

Uphill. By Sir Evelyn Wrench. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 8/6.)

INTRIGUE, ADVENTURE, AND OFFICIALS

Some Togoland Incongruities

BECAUSE of frightful penalties impending, the teller of this story prefers his identity to remain veiled in mystery. Unfortunately, the transcriber—Mr. Batson—does not appear to be acquainted with Africa; wherefore his terms of reference are vague and unsatisfactory. The expressions "Safari" and "Bwana" are not used on the Coast, nor does the Swahili idiom obtain. If such big game weapons exist as .1075 Mausers and .30-30 Winchesters I, for one, have not heard of them. In 1911, under the pretence of a shooting trip through Togoland into the French Sudan, a party of four Germans and 90 native carriers left Lome and proceeded without permit or licence to spy out the possibilities of the hinterland. In effect their work was military intelligence.

The leader, Major von Harden, a Prussian martinet of the most brutal type, is depicted as wearing—somewhat injudiciously for a military intelligence officer—military uniform, Iron Cross and monocle complete throughout the tour and until his untimely decease; moreover, he treated the carriers so harshly that they deserted *en bloc* and left the "white bwanas" stranded in French territory near the backwaters of the Niger. Later fever accounted for one of them—and small wonder! For the therapeutic methods of the story-teller, who acted as M.O., were as drastic as unusual. "Muller has malaria. I'm dosing him with castor oil; he'll have to take it. I'll sit on him and make him." So he died; and a poisoned arrow put paid to the geologist of the party.



SIR EVELYN WRENCH

Mounted on two saddled horses, which appeared incredibly out of the blue, Major von Harden and the chronicler then attacked the French outpost of Burem, with fatal results to the former, while the survivor escaped by the aid of a roving band of Touregs, which was chased into the desert by the bloodthirsty French. Thirty days by camel through the Sahara brought the wayfarer, miraculously and largely in a state of coma, to Algiers, where he is callously disowned by the German consul who will have nought of his secret reports.

So, our raconteur explains exactly what he thinks of consuls, and as he has already given his views on German Army officers, the summary presents a blistering indictment of pre-war German officialdom rather than a plain tale of intrigue and adventure. As the former it has its merits. H. N.

African Intrigue. By Alfred Batson. (Jarrolds; 10/6.)

UNDER SAIL AND POWER

Two Useful Handbooks

IF the popularity of yachting, in all its various forms, can be judged from the number of handbooks that have recently appeared, then the omens are bright. Commander Saul's book, which is written mainly for the beginner, and is concerned with the small motor cruiser, will also prove useful to the experienced yachtsman, for it deals with several subjects that are more honoured in the breach than in the observance; and the annotated appendices defining the legal position of yachts in relation to various clauses of the Merchant Shipping Act are worthy of close study.

Yachtsmen, especially those with full experience are not always free from undue conservatism. Sometimes they make a fetish of their recreation. Obsessed by certain theories, they become pertinacious and dogmatic, and their published works give an impression of a benevolent autocrat, stern of feature and rigid of belief, declaiming ponderous platitudes. Commander Saul is at pains to impress this point, though his earnestness occasionally becomes a trifle monotonous. Few owners would wish to draw up a watch bill for their guests unless both parties possessed a sense of humour—a gift the Gods too often withhold. Nevertheless, yachting, as Commander Saul rightly states, does "demand a knowledge of seamanship and something of the bearing of the seaman."

And the seaman appears in his chapters dealing with handling of motor cruisers. He is concise and lucid and his diagrams are really explanatory. These expositions are the best I have yet read and convey, with a nicety of touch and a felicity of phrase, the art and craft of seaman-like manœuvre in all conditions of wind and tide. The rest of his book covers well-known subjects—buying and selling, the Rule of the Road, equipment, stores and insurance; but his short chapter on coastal navigation reveals the influence exercised by big ship practice, and I doubt if a rangefinder is of real value in any small motor cruiser.

Navigation, from the yachtsman's point of view, requires special consideration. Big ship methods are unsuitable for use in small craft, where lack of space, violent motion, discomfort and a heavy angle of heel preclude complicated calculations. Up to date few attempts have been made to adapt standard works and to evolve simple rules of thumb suitable for the requirements of the amateur, and Commander Irving's book deserves high praise.

Most of the book deals with pilotage and coastal navigation so simply and effectively that a few hours' study should make any landsman take heart and realise that the dark mysteries of position finding are nothing more than matters of common-sense. Unfortunately the author does not retain the virtue of simplicity in the smaller section devoted to astronomical navigation, and allows the shadow of naval practice to loom unnecessarily large. Perhaps he is right; but the ideal to aim at is surely the use of those tables—there are plenty in existence—that completely eliminate logs and make the solution of position line problems a matter of addition and subtraction.

The author states in his preface that he has deliberately avoided these methods, and that the yachtsman can turn to them afterwards. I would prefer to reverse the process—to base all astronomical navigation on worked tables and to let the enthusiast turn to logs and haversines as a matter of course. Ball's, Aquino's or Ageton's tables, Baker's position line plotting chart, Rudd's star finder, Phillip's planisphere, or Harvey's "What Star is it?" the micrometer reader sextant, the Woollaston star prism—all these invaluable aids to simplification and ease of working, where are they mentioned? The A.B.C. of astronomical navigation, adapted entirely for the average yachtsman's use, has still to be written; but Commander Irving's chapters will be invaluable to those who wish to obtain a sound knowledge of the new navigation with the object of cruising offshore in an orthodox and a seaman-like manner. W. B. L.

Motor Yachting. By A. M. Kinnersley Saul. (John Lane; 8/6 net). *The Navigation of Small Yachts.* By John Irving. (Edward Arnold & Co., Ltd.; 15/- net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A new and revised edition of *Weather*, by Ralph Abercromby, has been issued by Kegan Paul at 10/6. It is largely re-written by A. H. R. Goldie, and will find as many friends as ever.

For the 23rd year those interested in poultry will welcome *The Feathered World Year Book*, which once more makes its appearance; price 13/-.

The Young Athlete, by R. M. N. Tisdall, is published by Blackie at the remarkably low price of half-a-crown. It is a book which should not be missed by anyone who is interested in athletics, being full of sound, useful hints and descriptions of exciting incidents in the author's meritorious career.

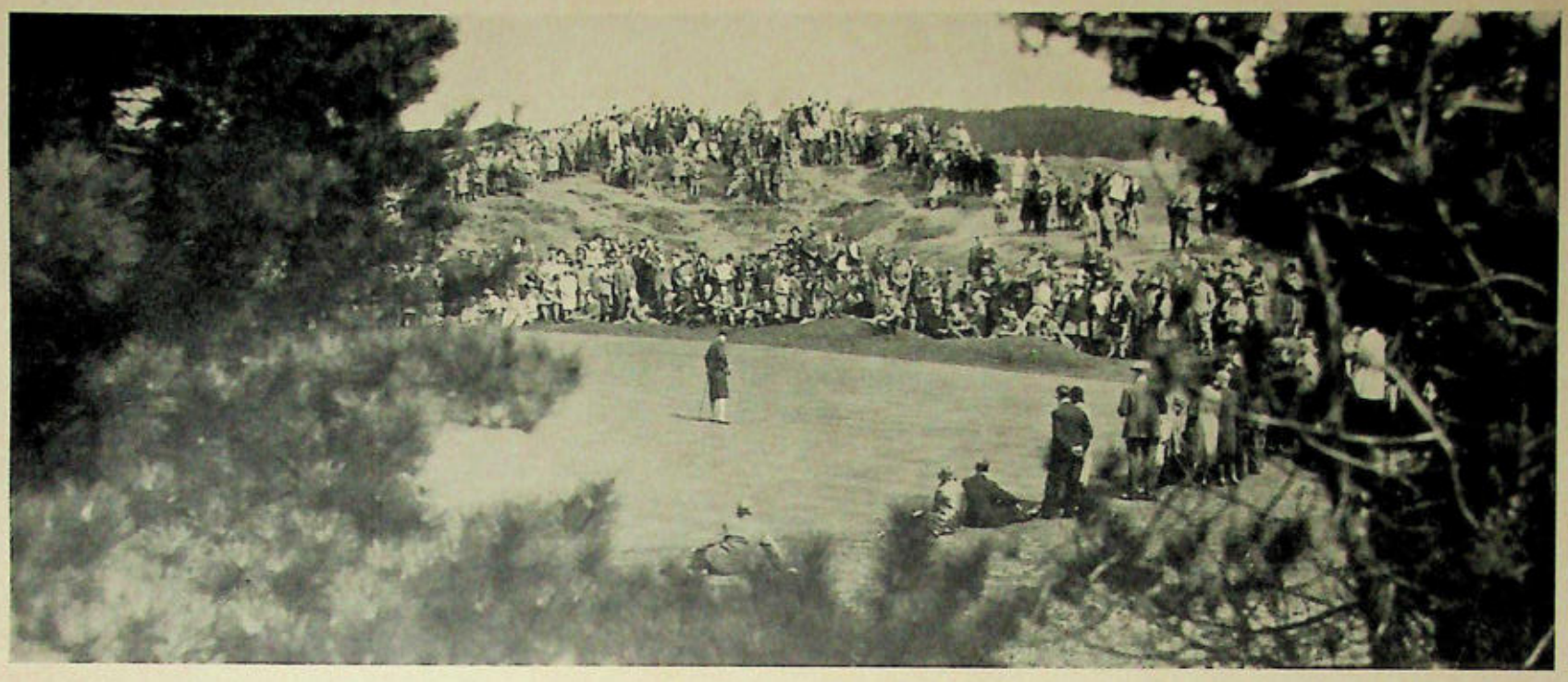
Toads and Toad Life is the title of a most interesting and authoritative book by Jean Rostand, a book which we very heartily recommend to countrymen. (Methuen; 7/6.)

A splendidly turned out book which many sportsmen on this side of the Atlantic would wish to have is the first illustrated edition of *Trollopes Hunting Sketches*, published by The Gosden Head, at 16 East 50E St. New York; price 8 dollars.

William Bliss has written and G. & F. Witherby publish a charming and unusual book on canoeing called *The Heart of England, by Waterway*, which we are glad to recommend. It costs 12/6.

T. W. Cubbon has written a charming book, published by Witherby at 7/6, called *The Wizard Dee*, a description of a voyage from Bala to the sea.

Dr. E. S. Russell is the author of a very important book of great interest to all who study animals scientifically, called *The Behaviour of Animals.* He stresses the importance of scientific observation, and refuses to regard animals as a whole and insists on the study of the individual. (Arnold; 10/6.)



ON THE NINTH GREEN AT FORMBY THE LINKS CHOSEN FOR THE INTER-'VARSITY GOLF MATCH ON MARCH 27TH AND 28TH

GOLF AND THE 'VARSITIES

The Promise of a Close Contest at Formby

By E. R. TIPPLE

HAVING completed their matches against the various London clubs, the Oxford and Cambridge teams have now only a few days for final practice at Formby, where this year's inter-'Varsity match is be staged next Tuesday and Wednesday. It is a point of interest that this is the first time that this well-known Lancashire course has been chosen as the venue for the 'Varsity match. Besides being a delightful place, Formby is one of the most testing lay-outs in the country typical of all those other links and courses which are to be found between Liverpool and Southport. Its selection is an admirable one.

Judging by the records of both teams, those who will be at Formby should witness an excellent tussle for the honours. I fancy the Dark Blues will start favourites, but history warns us that that means little or nothing. Indeed, in this match the favourites have been beaten time and again. Cambridge won last year at Prince's and, in all, have 24 victories to their credit, whilst Oxford have 23. On the last occasion that the match was played in the North—at Royal Lytham and St. Annes in 1932—Oxford won. Possibly this fact may give increased encouragement to their supporters.



G. R. A. JAMIESON, THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN

During the present term the Dark Blues have accomplished several fine achievements. Their victories over West Hill and Royal Mid-Surrey being specially noteworthy. The fact that the first-named club won all the six foursome matches did not prevent them from being beaten, for, in the afternoon, Oxford won eleven of the singles and halved the remaining one. This amazing result proved that a match is never won until it is lost. Their success at Richmond was the greatest ever achieved by a side of undergraduates. They dropped only one point—a lost foursome match. It would appear, therefore, that the present Dark Blue team is an unusually powerful one. From what I have seen of the side I regard it as exceptionally well balanced.

K. A. S. Morrice, the Oxonian captain, is one of the daintiest players I have ever watched. The way he uses his putter is an object lesson to all. He does not give a hurried jab at the ball, but swings the club slowly and very rhythmically, always following through as if he were trying to hit the ball twice. His small physique is his chief handicap. His long game is really not long enough for first-class golf. The most improved member of the team is undoubtedly E. H. Moss, last year's number one. Percy Allis has straightened out the former weird kinks in his swing, and now he strikes the ball most effectively.

Another Old Blue, J. J. F. Pennink is a far better golfer than he looks. His *forte* lies in his play around the greens, particularly the running approach. A. A. Duncan, one of the newcomers, already has a big reputation in his native South Wales. Last year he reached the final of the Welsh Amateur Championship and played consistently well throughout the meeting. He hits his iron shots firmly and crisply, but his wooden club play could be much improved. He wastes no time, and has no fancy for frills, so that his drives go sailing away at once. If he slowed down his swing and turned his right foot more to the right—at the present he turns it inwards very much—I am sure he would obtain better results.

If Cambridge are not so impressive as their rivals, each member can be truthfully described as a trier. Their methods of hitting the ball are not so orthodox, not so pretty to the eye, but they are a determined crowd imbued with a keen fighting spirit. Good teamwork is a very necessary essential in matches like this. It is indeed, far more important than individual brilliance. The match of 1929 supplies an example. That year Oxford had Cyril Tolley and Roger Wethered playing for them, yet Cambridge won.

Recently Guy Jamieson, the Cambridge captain, has lost his form. In an effort to regain it, and his confidence, he placed himself well down the list for a few matches. He also visited Mitchell and Lacey. Such courage is to be admired. In order to play well you must possess absolute confidence in yourself and to be continually overwhelmed by leading club golfers only makes matters worse and increases the depression. Jamieson's trouble is that he tries to play golf with his hands and arms only. He keeps himself too stiff and rigid and does not take advantage of his weight.

The secretary, J. S. Rowell, has this season confirmed the impression he made last year. Despite a shoulder injury which prevented him from playing for some considerable time, he has produced good form recently. His foursome partner is P. B. M. Wallace, and they make a most formidable combination in comparison with the Oxford pair, Knox and Brown. Wallace uses a three-quarter swing, hits the ball crisply and always follows through in a most energetic and laudable fashion. Like Duncan he is apt to be too fast on the back swing.

I doubt whether the winning margin will be very great this year. There is little to choose between the four leading players and the top matches should produce good golf. Low down the list Oxford appear to be the stronger, but the Cambridge tail has wagged successfully before and may do so again. The issue will depend to a great extent on the foursomes and here, I think, Oxford should gain the advantage, as their partnerships appear the more convincing.

This year's match will mark an innovation. In the programmes all the players will be numbered and their caddies are to carry corresponding numbers, each one being worked on a light or a dark blue background. Thus the spectators will be able to distinguish the various personalities. Such a scheme presents possibilities and warrants being followed by those in charge of the other important tournaments.



K. A. S. MORRICE, THE OXFORD CAPTAIN

WALKER CUP SELECTIONS

Two Vacancies Which Will Produce Keen Competition

SINCE the American Walker Cup team was chosen early in January golfers in this country have been awaiting the announcement of the British side with warranted impatience. Now the deed has been done, and the following eight players have been invited to represent Great Britain at St. Andrews on May 11th and 12th: H. G. Bentley, E. W. Fiddian, S. L. McKinlay, J. McLean, Hon. M. Scott, C. J. H. Tolley, T. A. Torrance and R. H. Wethered.

Selectors of international teams are not to be envied; their lot is never a happy one. No matter how they act they are always criticised, for it is extremely doubtful whether the chosen team will meet with anything like general approval.

The chief difficulty of the selectors was not who they should choose but who they should omit, for the position in British golf to-day is such that two or even three sides, each consisting of eight players, could be selected and each of which would fare as well as the others. There are a great many golfers all with strong claims to places, but few outstanding. Although those who have been left out deserve some sympathy, definite encouragement should be given to those nominated. If the tide of American victories is to be stopped—and a British victory is an urgent necessity for the future welfare of this international contest—our players must possess absolute confidence in themselves and in their ability to win. Therefore they need to be encouraged and not subjected to disparaging criticism.

There will be no two opinions concerning the honour that has been done to Michael Scott. His long experience of the game and his great popularity make him an excellent captain. As I wrote in the *Field* of January 27th, he showed last year that, despite his age, he can still produce wonderful form over 18 or 36 holes. Moreover, his ability to play low running shots is precisely what St. Andrews demands.

Cyril Tolley was an obvious choice, but few anticipated that Roger Wethered would be recalled, especially as he has not taken a very active part in competitive golf during the past few years. No doubt the fact that St. Andrews is to be the venue influenced the selectors, for the historic links inspires Wethered to give of his best.

Of the ten who went out to Brooklyn in 1932 only two remain in favour, T. A. Torrance and Eric Fiddian. Although the former is the second oldest in the team, his record justifies his selection. He is rightly regarded as being one of the finest stylists playing at the present time. Fiddian gets his place because of a consistent record over a long period, although he fared indifferently last season.

McLean, McKinlay and Bentley are new to Walker Cup golf. The former is considered to be the finest young golfer in the country, and certainly he has many notable achievements to his credit. Despite the fact that he has never won a national event the other Scot, McKinlay, is a dour fighter—one of the best. Harry Bentley's inclusion will give much satisfaction, for he should have been selected two years ago. Like McKinlay, he is a magnificent match-player; he is also a good putter, as, indeed, all the chosen are.

It is obvious that the selectors, instead of experimenting, have pinned their faith on those with established reputations. But whereas they have included the British and Scottish champions the claims of the English, Welsh and Irish title-holders have been disregarded—at least for the present. This many golfers find difficult to understand. Woollam's treatment in particular is strange. His victory at Ganton last year was certainly a surprise, but since then he has played consistently well and altogether justified his position. Surely as English champion he is worthy of being included amongst the first eight of this country's players?

Dale Bourn's claims in the past have been thrust on one side, and once again he finds himself with the unfortunates, although he reached the final of both the British and English championships last year. Surely such performances merit recognition? L. G. Crawley, the only Britisher to win his singles match in the last Walker Cup match, is another whom many regarded as a certainty. Two places still remain vacant, for it is usual to nominate ten players in all. Apparently these will be filled at the end of next month, so that the tournaments between now and then, especially the English Championship, will have an even greater importance than usual. One thing is certain—there will be keen competition for the vacancies. E. R. T.



H. G. OWEN-SMITH EVADING A TACKLE DURING THE RUGBY INTERNATIONAL

ENGLAND'S RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP

Why Scotland Failed

OPINION was by no means unanimous at Twickenham last Saturday that the England Rugby team really deserved their victory over Scotland by two tries (6 points) to one try (3 points) to win the International Championship as well as the Calcutta Cup. An unbeaten record this season flatters the team, for they have never shown many signs of greatness except, perhaps, in defence.

Their victory over Scotland was the result of quickness to seize two surprise chances; each time Scotland were caught momentarily off their guard in a defence which otherwise equalled England's in strength and alertness. It is permissible to put into the scales against Scotland the fact that they had a fortunate escape when C. Slow, England's new stand-off half, hit a goal post with a beautiful drop kick; but the honours of the play were Scotland's rather than England's.

The Scottish forwards had been under-rated by their poor showing against Ireland. For three-quarters of the game they were the equals of the English pack in close scrummaging, and yet used the 3—4—1 formation as against England's orthodox 3—2—3. This was in itself surprising, because the English eight obviously had the greater weight and shoving power; the trouble was that they failed often to apply it at the moment the ball was put into the scrummage, while Scotland did. None the less, the English forwards adopted the right policy in taking scrummages instead of lines-out from touch, and thus wore the Scotsmen down and gained the upper hand in the scrummages.

Scotland's back play showed much more originality and vitality in attack than did England's, which appeared generally stodgy, chiefly because the English centres Gerrard and Cranmer were overshadowed by Dick and Lind. These two Scottish centres kept the chances of a Scottish victory always alive, and only failed to pull it off because the English defence held so steadily.

Dick is perhaps the most promising centre in the four home countries. He is not without faults, but they are chiefly those of inexperience. If anything, he is too exuberant—he once tried to sell a dummy on his own goal line, and he seemed to have thrown away a certain try by attempting to burst over the line on his own instead of passing out to Shaw, though as it happened Shaw immediately afterwards got his chance and went over in the corner with a grand little dash. The whole Scottish three-quarter line moved with more smoothness and purpose than England's.

Shaw proved a very good right wing with plenty of determination, and though he has not great pace he outstripped his opposite, Meikle, when it came to a straight run. Still, Meikle deserves credit for the way he went for the line to score England's first try.

The defence of the English backs was seen at its best in the first half, when Scotland, with a fresh wind behind them, did most of the attacking; but when Shaw's try was equalled by Meikle's just on half time and Scotland had no more than level pegging to show for the advantage of the wind, it was virtually England's game. But for a long time it was doubtful whether a victory would be forced by the uninspired passing of the English backs, very little improved by the introduction at stand off half of Slow, who was not at his best. Eventually Booth did score—not from a passing movement but from another unexpected chance which the Scotsmen did not realise until too late.

The finish of the match was as thrilling as any of recent years, and given a yard more pace Dick would undoubtedly have pulled the game out of the fire when he broke through and punted over the full back's head. As it was Forrest dashed up and saved the situation by kicking the ball dead.

The value to England of Owen-Smith's reliability at full back was once more apparent. He was limping early, was slower than usual, and often missed touch with his kicks; but his tackling was of a high standard throughout. F. I. W.

A BOXER'S RETURN

Eddie Phillips's Fine Performance

IT was good to see Eddie Phillips in action again after a very long rest. His opponent on this occasion was Charles Belanger, the cruiser-weight champion of Canada, a man who has met the best in America and who is still young enough to give the best a very hard fight. It is usual for boxers fighting in this country to be handicapped by the climatic conditions, but Belanger has had time to get acclimatised.

It would appear then that Phillips, in earning a draw, put up a remarkable show for a man who had been out of serious harness for some considerable time, and who was, moreover, limping badly and boxing with a knee swathed in bandages. But to my mind Phillips did more. I—in common with the vast majority of the crowd—made him a comfortable winner. Indeed, I made Belanger the winner of only two rounds, and I think that but for that limp of Phillips's the fight would have ended long before the twelfth round. This was, indeed, a magnificent performance, for Belanger has beaten Slattery and put Mickey Walker on the floor in addition to giving men like Rosenbloom exceptionally hard fights.

Phillips is, indeed, a very live factor in the English heavy-weight situation. Last year he gave Harvey two hard fights, and was distinctly unlucky not to get the decision in the first bout. Doubtless he will secure another match with the champion, and I should not be surprised to see the title change hands. For I consider Phillips to be the most likely man in England to beat Harvey, far more so than Petersen. It follows, of course, that he should also beat Petersen. It is to be hoped that he will now fight regularly, for a Phillips—Petersen match would be a great drawing card and, judging solely on gymnasium form, one in which the result would be in doubt right to the final gong. B. V. F.



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S

THE ONLY MATURED

DRY GIN

Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

PAINLESS DESTRUCTION OF ANIMALS

SIR,—In this humane age man has come to realise more than ever the responsibilities attaching to the charge of creatures that are unable to care for themselves. In recent years much thought has been given to the methods of killing animals that have to be slaughtered for food. At the same time, the most suitable way of putting to rest dogs and cats that have reached an age that makes such measures necessary has been under discussion.

The subject was dealt with exhaustively at a conference last year of the Animal Defence Society, the *Proceedings* of which have just been published at the price of 1/- (15, St. James's Place, S.W. 1). Anyone interested, especially those running homes for dogs and cats, should study the contents.

The conclusions are summarised in a foreword: "(1) The ideal of an unanticipated, instantaneous death, free from bodily pain or mental distress (*i.e.*, fear), which is fulfilled by shooting through the brain. (2) The ideal of a gentle death, free from physical pain or mental distress, as a result of a gradually progressive dulling of the mental faculties—a death in sleep. This ideal may be fulfilled by putting the animal first into a deep narcotic sleep by the administration of such narcotic drugs as morphine, nembutal or chloral hydrate, and then, while it is sleeping, killing it by means of chloroform, illuminant gas or other approved carbon-monoxide vehicle."

Electrocution (high voltage by the latest method) is also recommended as a means of securing death free from nervous apprehension. A new technique has now been adopted which, it is said, secures immediate unconsciousness. Lieut.-Colonel Wakefield Rainey, M.R.C.V.S., who has previously urged the claims of shooting, contributes an introduction to the book, in which he acknowledges the good done by the discussion in the *Field* in the early part of 1933. Those who are unable to read the whole of the discussion will find the gist of it in Colonel Rainey's precis. Apparently most people seem to disapprove of prussic acid, which is so often used by veterinary surgeons, and the use of motor-car exhaust fumes was largely condemned. The principal objection to shooting is that it is not capable of universal application, and it is not ideal where large numbers have to be killed.

Ordinary chloroform boxes are said to be very unsatisfactory. "Unless a considerable degree of pre-narcosis is secured by morphine or other narcotic, it is in fact a cruel and unworthy way of destroying a strong and healthy adult dog." In skilled hands, when an adequate degree of pre-narcosis has been secured, chloroform is a satisfactory and humane agent. "Many people are satisfied that the careful and intelligent use of illuminant gas in a well-constructed and properly illuminated lethal chamber is a sufficiently humane means of destroying dogs and cats. . . . The chief objection to this means is the objection to every form of lethal chamber—the apprehension of impending disaster."

Yours faithfully,
London, W.C. 2. A. CROXTON SMITH.

THE COWARD NATURE RESERVES

SIR,—The T. A. Coward Memorial Fund Committee is glad to report that considerable progress has been made and that two nature reserves have been secured in Cheshire. It was felt that public interest could best be served by the purchase of small areas of land in two localities which were threatened with change, so that permanent sanctuaries might be formed in which the interesting fauna and flora of these localities could survive.

With this in mind the committee has purchased a small plot of five or six acres known as the Marbury Reed-bed, which is a small covert lying beside Marbury Mere, near Northwich. To this the Hon. Mrs. Waters and the Trustees of the Arley Estate have added a further strip of wood and reed-bed free of all cost. This small wood is to be kept as a real sanctuary. It is not large enough to allow visitors to enter it indiscriminately, and the committee has decided that it may be entered only by permit granted to students who wish to investigate some special problem; in this way it will be kept as a *real* sanctuary for the interesting flora and fauna that have always existed there.

The second, and larger, purchase is of some fourteen acres of Cotteril Clough at Castle Mill, in the Bollin Valley, and is of a rather different nature; to it more general access to the public may safely be granted within such limits as will preserve its amenities—in particular the flora for which it has been famous for almost a century. A portion of the Clough is being prepared by the warden guides of the Ramblers' Federation for the use of the public and will always be open. To the remainder of the Clough access will be by permit only. Log seats are being provided and a footpath made through the open portion of the wood which, properly used, will not interfere with its wild life. Magnificent views of the Clough and the Bollin Valley will be obtainable, and it is hoped to open this delightful spot in two or three weeks' time. A request for nesting boxes has already brought two consignments from Oundle School, some of which have already been put up. Still more are wanted.

It is thought that by the establishment of sanctuaries in which animals and birds can live and breed undisturbed, and to which general access is of necessity restricted, reserves will have been formed such as T. A. C. himself would have favoured; his first thought was the welfare of the wild life of our rapidly changing neighbourhood.

The committee reports that the total sum subscribed to the fund now amounts to £777. This is short by some £223 of the total needed before these two reserves can be finally paid for, fenced and endowed, and handed over to some public body such as the National Trust or the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves. An appeal is made for further subscriptions, which may be sent to Messrs. Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Victoria Station Branch, Manchester.

Yours faithfully,
J. F. HODKINSON, Hon. Sec.,
Clayton, Manchester. T. A. Coward Memorial Committee.

A PUPPY'S LONDON ADVENTURE

SIR,—A short time ago some friends in Devonshire who had a litter of wire-haired terriers, wrote and asked if I would like to have one. I said that I would. Some three months later, on returning to my flat, I found a hamper in my sitting room, and on opening it, out jumped a little puppy. It was white with a big black spot over one of its eyes, and I at once called it "Spot." I sat writing in the room until about 10 o'clock, when I thought it would be a good idea to give the puppy a run. I had to carry him down the stairs, and when I got out into the street he was so terror-stricken by the glare of the lights and the noise of the traffic, etc., that I could not get him to come along with me, so I put my handkerchief through his collar and led him down the street. I thought if I took him along the Embankment it would be quieter and he would have more chance to have a run. As I was walking towards Blackfriars Bridge I came to one of the flights of stone steps leading to the river and thought it would be a good opportunity to give him a wash, as he was a bit dirty through being in the hamper. Whilst giving him a rub down he slipped out of my hands into the water. The tide was very strong, in fact very much stronger than I had realised, he was dragged into the current and disappeared under the Embankment wall before I could recover him.

I determined to rescue him if I could possibly do so, and ran down the Embankment, I thought, quicker than the tide, although it was running very heavily, and when I got to the next steps, which were some distance along, I found they led up from a landing-stage for the river boats and were guarded by a high pair of iron gates.

Anyway, in my anxiety I climbed over the gates, dropped on to the platform and peered into the water by the aid of an oil lamp in the hope of being able to see the puppy. Whilst I was doing this a man who evidently slept on the pontoon came out and asked me what I wanted. I told him what had happened, and he said it was quite impossible for the dog to be saved, it was a fairly common occurrence for gentlemen to lose their dogs like that, and sometimes they were swept under the landing-stage, where they rested on the timbers.

I waited some time to see if there was any chance of hearing or seeing anything of him, and when I was satisfied that the puppy was lost, I said good-night to the man, who opened the gates and let me out.

I was now certain that the puppy had been drowned and was very distressed about it. Returning up New Bridge Street, along Fleet Street and the Strand, I turned up Southampton Street to go to my flat. When I got within 10yds. of the house, I saw, to my absolute amazement, the puppy sitting on the steps, wet and shivering. He immediately knew me, and ran down the steps to greet me as though he was meeting an old friend. I do not remember ever being more surprised or overjoyed at anything in my life. I picked Spot up, and we swore eternal friendship.

Now, it seems to me an extraordinary piece of intelligence (if it is intelligence) that a puppy, who had never been in a town or even a village before, who had entered the house in a hamper, been carried in my arms a considerable portion of the way to the river from my flat, was terror-stricken with his surroundings, and obviously three parts drowned, should in some way get out of the river, and find his way the long distance back to the very street and house in London which he had only seen once for a moment. What appears more amazing is that he could not have found his way back by scent, as that must have been hopelessly lost on the main streets and roads.

In view of this little narrative being so remarkable, I think it is encumbent upon me to say that every word of it is absolutely true.

Yours faithfully,
North Frith, Tonbridge, Kent. F. N. H.

CONCENTRATION IN SHOOTING

SIR,—I was much interested in "Yeoman's" letter on the subject of "Concentration in Shooting." I am absolutely certain he is right when he states concentration is a great thing. Having been born with a good eye it would be useless without concentration, and great concentration at that if you are to become a good shot.

By great concentration I do not mean in any way taking shooting seriously; only when the shot is being fired. He states (as all other people seem to state) that the best shots are those who appear to take the least trouble in aiming. I have no doubt that that is correct, as I have never yet heard of anyone who does definitely take aim.

I find myself the one exception to this rule. During the driving of any game birds I "sight" my gun like a rifle and when the gun is pointing the necessary distance in front of the birds, pull the trigger. I do not find it makes me slow, in fact rather the reverse, as I can (with driven grouse especially) stand "at the ready" a second before I am going to shoot waiting for the bird "to fly into the gun" and thereby taking it at its extreme range. This method has the added advantage of knowing when a bird is missed where the shot has gone.

Of course there are many occasions when this method is not possible, such as when the birds are coming thick and fast or when walking up snipe or bolting rabbits, etc. I do not pretend to be a first-class shot or anything like it, but on an easy moor, shooting driven grouse, with weather conditions favourable would kill about seven birds in every ten shots fired during a day's shooting of say 400 head with six guns "sighting" the birds whenever possible.

Yours faithfully,
Sussex. "ELOPEMENT."

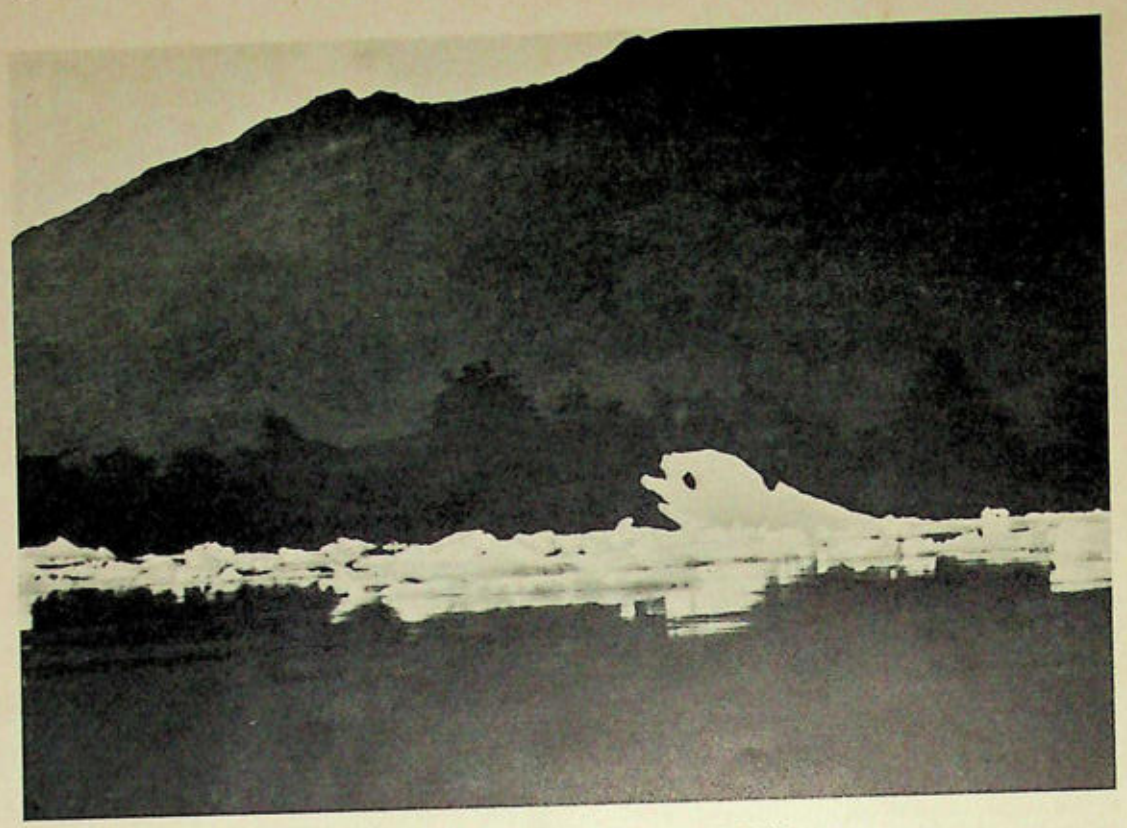
A ROAD SAFETY SUGGESTION

SIR,—Main roads are now usually constructed in halves, one side of the road being left open for traffic whilst the other half is built. When the second half is completed it is necessary to join up to the first half down the centre of the road.

If, when this is done, it was sealed up with a black line about 4in. or 5in. wide made of pitch, tar or bitumen, with a smooth shiny surface, not sanded or gravelled in any way, it would last indefinitely, and be a most valuable indication and reminder for all daylight traffic to keep to its own side; while at night, or in mist or fog, it would be of incalculable value, as it would when wet or damp, be shown up most distinctly by the head lamps. In very dense fog one could see this line and drive a foot or so off it without the fear of getting ditched and proceed with confidence where otherwise it would probably mean stopping altogether. I know several stretches of road where such a line has been put in, one between Pontefract and Ackworth, and another between York and Hull. From the irregularity of these lines they do not appear to have been put in intentionally, nevertheless, they are a great help.

If road surveyors would finish off all their roads in this very simple and inexpensive manner, they would confer a great benefit on all road users and reduce the number of accidents. White paint is all right when freshly put on, but soon gets rubbed out, whereas the line described above lasts as long as the road itself.

Yours faithfully,
Inglehurst, Ilkley. THOMAS BEACH.



THE "TEMPANO" IN A SPECIES OF COMA
(See Letter "A Patagonian Sea Monster")

A PATAGONIAN SEA MONSTER

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the sea monster known in Chilean Patagonia as the "tempano." This animal inhabits only the chilliest waters, perspiring freely in the sunshine and pining away if taken to warmer latitudes. It is without ambition, drifting aimlessly about. It shows no hostility to strangers, though its obstinacy in refusing to make way for ships is well known. It hibernates in the winter time and seldom, if ever, comes ashore. Its flesh is valuable as an addition to whisky and soda, and can be used as a preservative. The "tempano" in the picture was, at the time of photographing, in a species of coma—resting silent and immobile on the surface of the sea. The feet of the "tempano" have seldom, if ever, been seen, but are said to resemble those of the lesser spotted cattawampus, while its cry (heard only in the mating season) greatly resembles the bellowing of the Nairobian giraffe.

Any further information concerning this animal such as the commercial value of its hide, its susceptibility to flattery, hatred of music, and bright colours, or the marital infidelity for which the "tempano" is notorious, I shall be glad to supply your readers.

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL MASON.

Eynsham Hall,
Witney, Oxon.

THE MILK PROBLEM

SIR,—I should like to disagree with your correspondent, Mr. Charles Lehmann, that it is the imports of dairy produce from our Dominions which are the sole cause of the difficulties which our dairy industry is suffering from. If our imports of dairy produce are too large, why not stop foreign butter and cheese from entering the country. Why say that New Zealand and Australian butter should be stopped? New Zealand buys more from us per head of population than any other country in the world, and Australia is also a very good customer of ours. If your correspondent thinks it is the low price of the dominion butters, 60s. to 65s. per cwt., which increases our farmers' difficulties, he evidently does not know of the low-priced Russian butter averaging 47s. per cwt. which is coming into the country in ever increasing quantities, and which is much more of a menace to our dairy industry than our dominions produce. No, Sir, if imported butter should be stopped coming here as a help for our dairy farmers, let us see that it is foreign butter, not Empire.

Yours truly,
I. W. FAWCETT.

Manor House,
Somerford Keynes,
Cirencester.

MIGRATIONS OF LARKS

SIR,—I play golf nearly every Sunday throughout the year at Gleneagles. Normally the courses carry a large number of larks, which diminish in numbers in the winter months, but do not as a rule disappear.

During the present winter I observed no larks from mid-November until February 11th. On that date there were two parties of twelve to fourteen larks, apparently fat and in good condition, feeding busily on one of the fairways and entirely indifferent to golfers and golf balls. On the 18th there were three large parties, and on February 25th I saw four, all of over a dozen birds.

It would be very interesting to know where these birds had spent the intervening three months.

Yours faithfully,
W. D. CHAMBERS.

Murray House,
Perth.

AMPUTATION TO PREVENT DISEASE

SIR,—I write to suggest that the mutilation of the limbs of cattle at Ahmadnagar described by Mr. Leeds in the *Field* of March 3rd, is ergotism. Ergot, a plant parasite, causes dry gangrene of the extremities by a harmful action on the blood supply, so that the part gradually shrivels up and may be knocked off or kicked off, perhaps by the animal itself.

One would not, in the ordinary way, expect the Indian owner to have the intelligence to practise preventive amputations, though of course that cannot be denied outright.

Yours faithfully,
J. T. EDWARDS.

The Public Schools Club,
61, Curzon Street, W. 1.

HUNTING KIT

SIR,—I have read with great approval the letter in the issue for February 24th headed "Hunting Kit" and the editorial remark thereon. The subject having arisen, may I be allowed to raise the point of prizes for clothes, for children, at London shows and gymkhanas.

I think that this giving of prizes is entirely harmful to all good sport. It encourages snobbishness, a quality with which all children are endowed at birth, and which should be repressed. It tends to keep the children of less well-to-do parents out of the show, as children are very sensitive to any feeling of inferiority, or difference in dress, and naturally parents will not willingly inflict distress on their children. Lastly, the children do not buy their own clothes, or even choose them.

On the other hand, a prize might well be given for the best turned out pony, which is not done in the country where I live. At pony club meetings I have seen ponies that were supposed to have hogged manes, that had not been clipped for a month, and tails all anyhow. Of course this may not apply to London or its surroundings. (By prize I do not necessarily mean anything of value.)

Yours faithfully,
C. B. SHIELDS.

Higher Holditch,
South Chard.

NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT LEOPARDS

SIR,—I had the luck to shoot a well-grown female leopard, and was amazed when I came to skin it to find the amount of superstition surrounding this beast in the native mind. The natives concerned were Ibibios, Ibos, and even Yorubas from Western Nigeria; and I should be very interested to hear if you, or any of your readers, know of any such superstitions in other parts of Africa or India.

The whiskers were considered the most dangerous part. I was beseeched by all the native police to cut them off, as they said it was well known that they were deadly poison, and that if some evil-intentioned person got possession of them there would be "bad juju" made, which might easily result in the death of some person. The means of use appeared to be by putting them in the victim's palm wine, when death would result almost immediately. The black thick whiskers appeared to be the most feared.

The gall bladder and liver also were said to be very deadly, and these were taken away carefully by a man deputed by his comrades, and burnt.

I should be very interested to hear if you or any readers of the *Field* have ever heard this superstition in other parts of Africa or the Tropics.

I may say that none of the persons concerned had ever heard of the old Leopard Society of the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone, and that there can be no likelihood of there being any connection with this evil society with their fear of the poisonous properties of the leopard.

Yours faithfully,
L. MORGAN.

Opobo, Calabar Province,
Nigeria, British West Africa.

[Both in India and Africa the whiskers of leopards and in India of tigers are much sought after by natives, who very frequently steal them before the trophy is skinned.—ED.]

SNECK-BEND HOOKS

SIR,—In my previous letter to you I have been slightly ungenerous in one respect. I was trying to indicate a type of hook which I had found reliable for hooking and holding heavy fish (salmon or sea trout) on light tackle with a light rod.

In 1932 I had a few sea trout flies dressed on Messrs. Hardy's Captain Hamilton hooks, size 5A. The size is important, since this is a short-shanked hook with a wide gap, and excellent fine point and barb. The other sizes have longer shanks in proportion. If one happens to want that size (a very useful one too) I should not doubt that this is as good a hook as is on the market; I did very well with it. The flies were lightly dressed, and could be used in fine weather (with vastly increased hooking power) when, otherwise, the order of the day would have been size 4 in most other makes.

For 1933 I ordered a lot more, from 4 up to 8, but weather conditions, together with lack of sea trout, gave me little experience to go by. Hence my unwillingness to mention these hooks when I wrote you. But I feel that the long shank necessarily invites a heavier dressing, whereby the size 4 is little different, in the water, from the size 5A. The size 5 is a bigger thing altogether. And so on. A set modelled on size 5A as a standard, and increasing proportionately up to the "light" salmon sizes, seems a good proposition.

Yours faithfully,
C. TROUT.

Sussex.

SPARROWHAWK AND STARLING

SIR,—I send herewith a sparrowhawk shot while attempting to carry off a starling on the afternoon of February 17th. The talons, as you will see, are still fixed in the starling

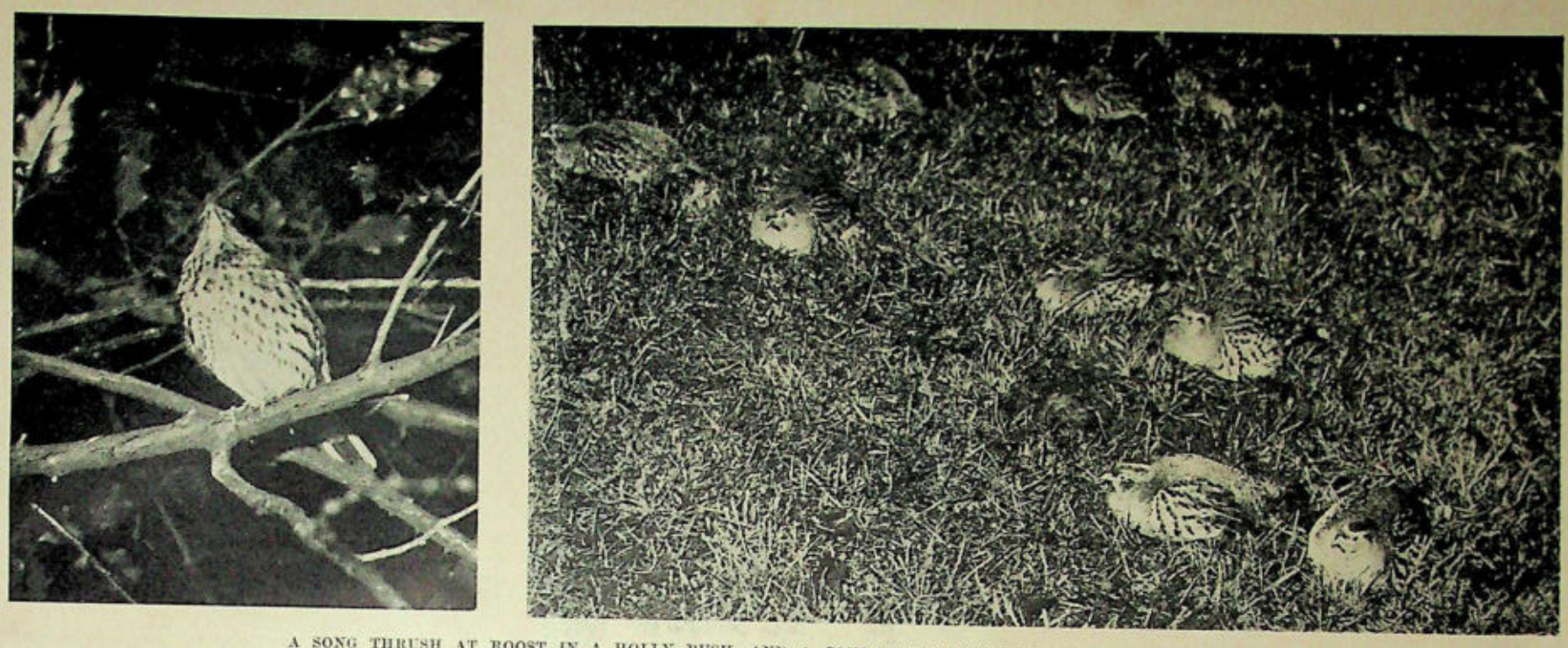
Yours faithfully,
J. S. STRUTHERS (Major).

The Cottage,
Bonawe-Quarries,
by Connel, Argyll.

[See accompanying photograph.—ED.]



UNITED IN DEATH
(See Letter "Sparrowhawk and Starling")



A SONG THRUSH AT ROOST IN A HOLLY BUSH, AND A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES SURPRISED AT NIGHT
(*See Letter "Photographing Birds at Roost"*)

PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS AT ROOST

SIR,—Bird photography has been a popular sport for 30 years, but the fascinating subject of birds at roost has hardly been exploited at all. It takes considerable keenness to drag oneself away from the fire on a cold winter's night to stroll through the woods and fields, yet the experiences met with make it well worth while.

Interesting facts are soon noted. For instance, it is generally stated that partridges sleep in a circle, tails inwards, with a "sentinel" sleeping apart. The compact piles of droppings are evidence of this. But they do not always roost like this, as one of my photographs, taken at a distance of 6ft., shows. Mild weather could hardly have been regarded as a cause of their sleeping spread about, for it was cold and windy with drizzling rain. It will be noticed that they are all roughly facing the same way—into the wind.

Birds in hedgerows and bushes are more difficult to photograph owing to intervening twigs, and, of course, it is very difficult to judge distance accurately at close range. Roosting birds wake up at the slightest sound, although a couple of wrens I came across, fluffed up like two balls of wool, did not wake up for some minutes. But birds are not very easily frightened from their perches.

There are many interesting problems regarding roosting habits. Do birds have constant roosts, or alternative ones or no fixed roosts at all? I think it varies with the individual as well as with the species. House sparrows, for instance, may roost in feather-lined holes, or in most uncomfortable "straddle" positions under eaves, or in the bare hedgerows, however cold it is. Richard Kearton was puzzled by the roosts of chaffinches. I have found flocks of them, spread about, roosting in holly bushes at the edges of woods. There was a brambling with them on one occasion.

A curious habit of a certain little owl was to squat in the middle of a meadow, in the same place night after night at about 9 o'clock. I could never find any traces of food or castings. I wonder if this represents a method of hunting?

It is a great thrill to find even the commonest birds at roost and it will be difficult to find the sleeping perches of such familiarities as the robin and hedge sparrow. I hope my few observations may stimulate people to try this fascinating sport for themselves. A torch, of course, is necessary to pick out the birds and for convenience I used one attached to my camera. The light completely conceals the person holding the torch and also dazzles the birds. It was possible to actually touch chaffinches before they flew away.

Yours faithfully,
St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. ROBERT ATKINSON.

BIG GAME FISHING AT ASCENSION ISLAND

SIR,—I was very much interested in the letter from Mr. A. H. Carmichael in the *Field*, and would hasten to congratulate him on his capture of so very fine a fish as his 240-pounder. It would appear that the species depicted in the photograph is known as Albacore at Ascension, but it is not, I think, the true Albacore (*Germo alalonga*). From such details as are visible in the picture I should think that the fish is almost certainly *Neothunnus albacora*, one of the neo-tunnies and very closely related to the true type.

Mr. Carmichael's feat provides striking proof of what can be done with a standard type 2 piece rod, a very moderate amount of line, and a reel—certainly not originally designed for heavy work of this type—in the taking of fast and powerful fish well within that much abused term "big game."

Neothunnus itosibi, a Pacific form, has been seen in the markets of Hawaii over 450lb. in weight.

Yours faithfully,
Middlesex. GALJÖEN.

HOW TO GET RID OF EELS

SIR,—Could anyone suggest a feasible method of clearing eels out of a loch in the Orkneys, about a mile square? The owner is anxious to have trout in it but it swarms with eels. It is undrainable, with two or three very deep holes in it. There is only a very tiny burn from it to the sea.

Yours faithfully,
Orkney Island. CURIOUS.

[We fear that the prospects are not hopeful. Eels travel overland, so cannot well be kept out of a loch, even when once it has been cleared. Intensive fishing and trapping would seem to be the best palliative.—ED.]

SNAKE EATING ANTELOPE

SIR,—In your issue of January 13th, under the heading of "Snake Eating Antelope," Sir B. H. Bourdillon records the interesting fact that a snake was found in the stomach of an eland, and that the Karamojans say that they have never found snakes in other animals.

Waterbuck are very common in this part of the Sudan. Last year we had killed two or three snakes near the place where we were encamped, and my cook, a Berberine from Wadi Halfa, right in the north of the Sudan, suggested that I should put the skin of a waterbuck that I had shot on the ground in my tent. He said that it was well known that waterbuck ate snakes, and therefore a snake smelling the skin would not enter the tent. Wadi Halfa is a far cry from the nearest waterbuck country, so I asked the Nuer, the local tribe, and also an Azande from the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province, and some Nubas from the Nuba Mountains, and they all affirmed that waterbuck eat snakes. I will endeavour to get confirmation of this some day by inspecting the contents of the stomachs of waterbuck that we shoot for meat.

Yours faithfully,
Nasir, Upper Nile Province, Sudan. F. D. CORFIELD, M.B.E. (A.D.C., Nasir).

DONKEYS AT THE MEET

SIR,—I have just returned from hunting in Co. Clare. The boys in the enclosed photograph had been schooling the donkeys—begging, borrowing, or stealing oats to condition them. They appeared at the meet the first time I was out with the Clare Harriers, and put up a fine show, to the delight of the field. Clare is mostly a stone-wall country, but it seems to be the accepted thing out hunting to throw down the top layers when necessary, and consequently these donkeys were seldom very far behind. The little boys were immensely proud and very important when I asked whether I might photograph them!

Yours faithfully,
Berkeley Court Hotel, Leinster Gardens, W. 2. (Miss) E. M. EDWARDS.



MOUNTS WHICH LEAVE NO DOUBT AS TO THEIR RIDER'S KEENNESS
(*See Letter "Donkeys at the Meet"*)

AN ALBINO MOLE

SIR,—The white mole shown in the accompanying photograph was caught in the neighbourhood of Llandrindod Wells, and it would be interesting to know whether such freaks are considered rare. The trapper states that it is the first white mole he has taken. Yours faithfully,

Llandrindod Wells. C. SELWYN.

[White and cream-coloured moles are not uncommon.—ED.]

Arrival of Summer Birds.—I saw a wheatear in Richmond Park on Sunday, March 11th.—Dr. A. H. SPICER, 6, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

RACKETS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

Lord Aberdare's Victory in the Doubles

NO victory in the history of rackets has been more magnificent than that of Lord Aberdare who, playing with P. W. Kemp-Welch, won the Amateur Doubles championship for the tenth time recently at Queen's Club. Lord Aberdare and Kemp-Welch beat K. A. Wagg and I. Akers-Douglas, the holders for the past two years, by four games to three, 14—17, 10—15, 15—11, 15—11, 15—8, 14—17, 15—0.

Not since 1930 has Lord Aberdare won this title, when he was the victor with Dr. H. W. Leatham, and he won it for the first time 24 years ago, in 1910. At that time he was playing second string to B. S. Foster, and it is worthy of note that it was just about 1910 that both his opponents of this year were born.

The final match was a good one, all four players—with the possible exception of Wagg—playing at the top of their form. It had been expected that Aberdare and Kemp-Welch might just win by the greater severity of their service, but actually nothing of the kind occurred and the match was worthily won on the rallies. Aberdare and Kemp-Welch had an easy path to the final, but the holders, in their semi-final round, played one of the greatest matches of all time, against J. C. F. Simpson and C. S. Crawley.

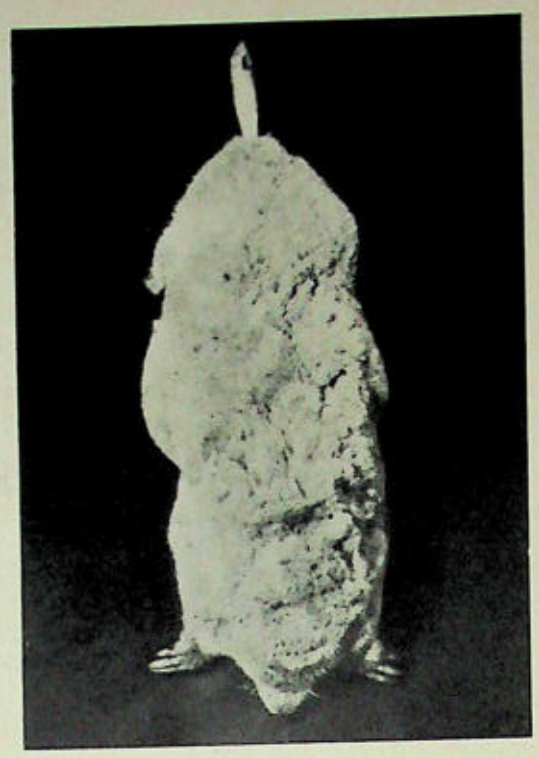
The Singles championship was a little disappointing on account of the small number of competitors. I. Akers-Douglas had little difficulty in retaining his championship after he had beaten J. C. F. Simpson in a splendid semi-final match by three games to two, but A. M. Hedley is to be most heartily congratulated on reaching the final. In his semi-final he put up a good fight and beat R. Pulbrook easily. JOHN ARMITAGE.

ARE THEY THE SAME AT HOME

There are people you meet every day who are always bright and cheerful and full of this joy of living. And often you muse on the secret of their almost amazing zest, and wonder—*are they the same at home?*

But if you played the sleuth and followed them into the train, down the avenue, through the hall and upstairs, you would find, most likely, a bottle of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' For Eno is known and accepted by wise men and women all the world over. More than sixty years have proved it the surest, the safest and the pleasantest means to good health, and blithe spirits.





THE GENTLEMAN IN WHITE VELVET
(See Letter "An Albino Mole")

INSPECTED GAME FARMS

Holders of the "Field" Certificates

IN the spring of 1923 it was decided by the *Field* to arrange a tour of inspection of game farms. The purpose of this inspection was to determine whether the business of any farm inspected was conducted on proper lines as regards space, sanitation, cleanliness and health of stock. A number of certificates were issued that year to various farms.

In the spring of 1931 a second inspection on the same lines was carried out by a commissioner appointed by the *Field* and the following farms were granted the *Field* Certificate. Reference is made to the meaning and value of this certificate in our editorial columns on page 621.

J. Brown & Son, Ley Hill, Chesham, Bucks.
Arthur Davies, The Pheasantries, Denner Hill, Great Missenden, Bucks.
G. Dawes, Pheasantries, South Warnborough.
De Fraine's Bucks Game Farms, Ltd., Chartridge, Chesham.
Frank Dickens (Jun.), Fyling Hall, Robin Hood's Bay, Yorks.
Dwight's Pheasantries, Berkhamsted.
T. Edmondson, Lake District Game Farm, Far Sawrey, Ambleside, Westmorland.
The Empire Game Farm, Templecombe, Somerset.
Alfred Major England, Watlington, Oxford.
Captain W. Freeman, The Game Farms, Ltd., Hungerford.
Philip Guest, The Moor Game Farm, Hawkhurst, Kent.
W. Harvey & Son, North Oxfordshire Pheasant Farm, Great Rollright, Chipping Norton.
J. Carlton Hunting, Gaybird Pheasant Farm, Great Missenden, Bucks.
Douglas Johnson, Lyons Game Farm, Slinfold, Horsham.
The Lancashire Pheasantries, Nateby, near Preston.
Liphook Game Farm, Ltd., Stoughton, Chichester, Sussex.
W. G. Lowndes, Inadown Game Farm, Newton Valence, Alton, Hants.
M. B. Lyon, The Pheasantries, Gastlings, Southill, Biggleswade, Beds.
McLean & Wormald, Dereham, Norfolk.
Captain H. B. Moser, Winscote Game Farm, Welwyn, Herts.
Norfolk Game Farm, Ltd., North Walsham.
P. R. Symonds, The Cotswold Game Farm, Stroud, Glos.
Enos Truman, Silverdale Game Farm, Arnside, near Carnforth.
B. Tufnell, Essex and Suffolk Game Garm, Little Waltham, Essex.
J. M. Turberville, Four Marks Game Farm, Alton, Hants.
Western Game Farm and Kennels, Ltd., Leominster, Herefordshire, and 1, Broad Street Place, E.C. 2.
The Westmorland Game Farm, Burton, Westmorland.

THE Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, want to help a promising lad who has had the terrible misfortune to have one of his feet amputated at the age of fourteen. Friends subscribed towards having him trained as a tailor, as the father is only a labouring man. The boy is doing well, but his training is not complete, and he needs another six months' tuition before he can be sufficiently expert at the work to earn a living. £10 is needed to give him his one chance of being self-supporting. The Friends of the Poor wish to acknowledge their gratitude to readers who have helped with sums for cases described in the following issues of the *Field*: February 19th, £5 10s.; February 24th, £13 2s. 6d.; March 3rd, £6; and March 10th, £3.

IN THE CITY

FOR THE LONG TERM INVESTOR

THERE is a fair price for every stock and share whether the security be good, bad or indifferent, and to the writer it seems that second class preference stocks of investment trust companies, which have been hard hit but not entirely paralysed by the depression of the last three or four years, offer better value for money than those issues which have been in the forefront of the recent advance in price levels.

The old-established trust companies which had had time to build up substantial reserves, on the whole have naturally weathered the depression better than those companies which were only organised a short time before the severe decline in security values began, and there are a number of debenture and even preference stocks which are assessed on yield bases of less than 4 per cent. Such issues have no attraction for those in search of capital appreciation, and it is not with them that this particular article is concerned. Rather it is suggested that holders of investment trust ordinary stocks should re-examine their commitments to ascertain whether the following factors, outlined in general terms, have not assumed an important bearing on the merits and prospects of their investments.

It seems that some part of the money that these trust companies have invested on the Continent, in South America and elsewhere is probably lost for ever. These losses, together with the more temporary depreciation in the value of the portfolio as a whole result in the break-up value of many ordinary stocks being substantially less than the present market valuation of the stock, and in some cases nothing at all, and buyers of such stocks are therefore paying a high price for future prospects of recovery.

It must be remembered that these companies have committed themselves more or less permanently to pay 5 per cent. or more on their own debenture and preference stocks, whereas it is now almost impossible to obtain such a high average rate from investments without incurring undue risks. Obviously high "gearing" (the proportion of capital represented by debenture and preference stocks to the ordinary capital) only reacts to the advantage of the ordinary stockholder when the money borrowed at a fixed rate can be invested at a substantially higher rate of interest than that which it carries. On account of the general reduction in yields and the conversion of high interest bearing securities, it seems inevitable that the rates of dividend that investment trust companies will now and in the future be able to pay on their ordinary stocks will be definitely lower than in the past.

On the other hand, it seems likely that the reports of these companies for the current year will mark the approximate nadir of the companies' misfortunes. Consequently the preference stock of a company selling at a price about equivalent to its asset value and on a yield basis, in respect of earnings as well as actual payments, of as much as 6½ per cent. or more seems to be decidedly better value for money at present than the ordinary stocks of even the best managed companies.

SCOPE FOR APPRECIATION

An example would perhaps be the best illustration of the type of preference stock that the writer has in mind and may be found in the 5 per cent. cumulative preference stock of the London Border and General Trust now on offer at £75 to yield £6 14s. per cent. Dividends, which are payable on February 1st and August 1st, have so far been regularly paid, although in respect of the year ended January 31st, 1934, there was a margin of only £1,147 over requirements of £33,750. However, the dividend is cumulative and the long term investor is unlikely to suffer more than a temporary loss of income even if one were wrong in supposing that the accounts for the year ended January 31st, 1934, marked about the lowest point to which earnings are likely to fall. It might be noted that in connection with the issue last week of £300,000 4 per cent. debenture stock it was stated that "a conservative estimate of future earnings shows interest on the debenture stock to be covered two-and-a-quarter times"; this implies earnings more than sufficient to cover dividend requirements on the preference stock, which is selling slightly below its indicated break-up value with securities (55 per cent. represented by ordinary stocks) taken at market prices, at the date of the last balance-sheet.

As soon as it becomes obvious to the investing public that the affairs of this and other trusts have passed their worst and that preference dividends are no longer in jeopardy, even though not widely covered, it would not be surprising to see their 5 per cent. preference stocks selling on a yield basis of about 4½ per cent., which would imply a market price of about £111. PACTOLUS.

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Poultry, London, E.C.2

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On March 1st, the price of Sub-units was: Series 'A', 20s. 6d.; Series 'B', 9s. 9d.; and on the basis of dividends paid by the various Companies for the last completed year, the gross annual yield at these prices is: Series 'A', £4 5s. 1d. %; Series 'B', £4 14s. 8d. %. On a combined investment of equal amounts in both Series, the yield on the same basis is approximately £4 10s. 0d. %.

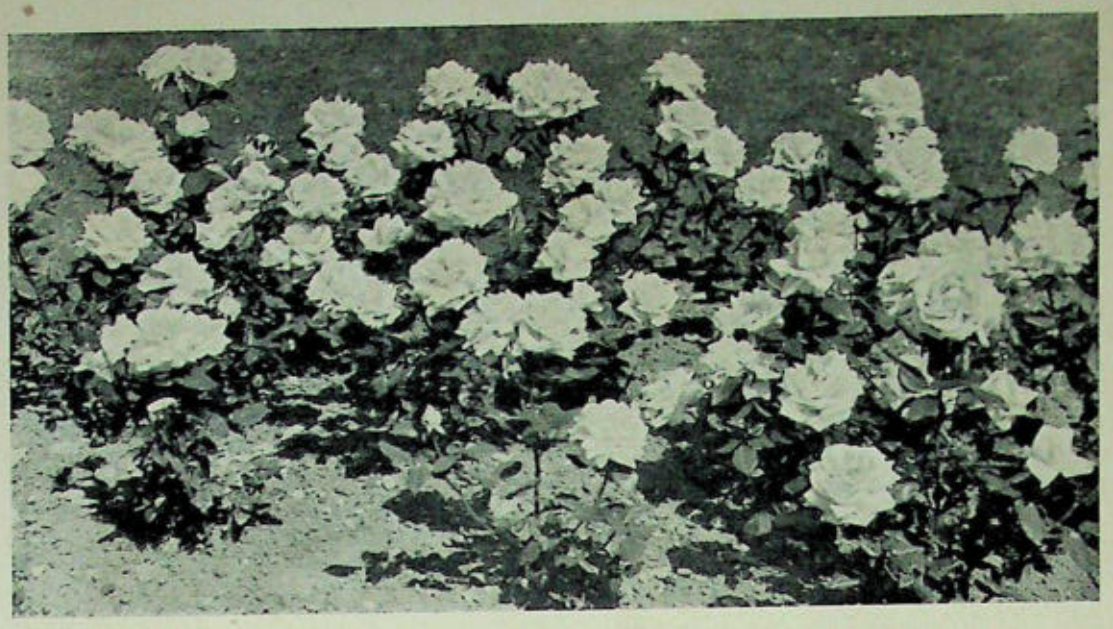
A BOOKLET with full information concerning the nature of the Investments and the method of operation can be obtained from any Branch of the MIDLAND BANK LTD., or from

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Charles Barker



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A bedding rose of deep orange-yellow, flushed copper-yellow and veined reddish-copper

The Country House

PLANNING A ROSE GARDEN

A Better Use for the Small Lawn

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ROSES are amongst the few shrubs that planted this month will flower this season. Where a new garden is being made, or an established garden remodelled, it is cheering to have flowers and colour the first summer, and, moreover, roses are amongst the cheapest plants to buy. In the majority of cases ground devoted to a small grass plot would be more satisfactory and cost less in upkeep if planted with roses.

It is a continual source of wonderment to me that in thousands of small gardens the Victorian tradition of a patch of grass persists. Except in rare instances it can only be described as a patch of weeds, for a real lawn, however small, involves continual attention. Where the cutting and rolling and so forth has to be done by paid labour it is usually the most expensive part of the garden. I have just been replanning a small garden, and we calculated that the very diminutive "lawn" had cost over £50 in ten years! It took a man's time three hours a week for nine months in the year, and paid at a shilling an hour this works out at £54. And for £54 a quarter of an acre can be lavishly stocked with roses, shrubs, herbaceous plants and fruit trees. Indeed, half that sum suffices in most cases. A few shillings a week seems very little, but most owners of small gardens are surprised to find how much a patch of grass costs in upkeep in a few years. The grass plot has now been made into a small rose garden, containing about 100 roses. The cost of the roses, taking up the grass, digging two spits deep and planting came to less than £7, and will last for years with very little labour compared to that necessary for a piece of grass.

Planning a rose garden is always a fascinating job, and many useful suggestions for the lay-out may be found in the old gardening books. For instance in that very rare seventeenth-century gardening book by Stephen Blake, *The Compleat Gardeners Practice* (1664), there is a very simple plan for a knot garden which would serve for a charming rose garden. The design is for a square enclosure, and under it the author of the book has inscribed the following lines:

"Here I have made the true Lover's Knott
To tye it in Marriage was never my Lott."

Another and very simple plan in the same book is one for an oblong garden. It is very attractive and one involving the minimum of labour to make. Most of the best plans are to be found in seventeenth and early eighteenth century books. The Elizabethan plans are elaborate and involve too much labour. In choosing the roses it is, I think, very important to realise how much modern hybrid teas vary in height. Some of them, such as the popular Etoile de Hollande, Shot Silk, etc., are very low growing. Others, such as Betty Uprichard, attain at least 3ft. In the case of the garden I have mentioned above, the windows of two sitting rooms overlook it, and the request was that at least the greater part should be filled with vigorous-growing roses in bloom from June to November and reliable in all seasons.

In the centre of the square centre bed are twelve Else Poulsen (pink flowers) planted in three rows and allowing 4ft. between the bushes. All round, except at the four corners, are bushes of the equally vigorous Kirsten Poulsen, with cherry red flowers. At the corners are Dainty Bess, a rose to whose charms everyone succumbs at sight. Dainty Bess grows the same height as the Poulsen roses mentioned above. The new Karen Poulsen has not been included, for it is still rather expensive. The two oblong beds on either side of the square bed have been planted with Betty Uprichard and the charming Isobel. Betty Uprichard is delightfully scented. All these roses in the centre beds flower continuously from June to November. Two of the small beds in the opposite corners have been planted with Dame Edith Helen, which has the true old rose scent. Moreover, the flowers are many petalled, like the old roses, a quality sadly lacking in many modern roses. The two other beds are planted with Etoile de Hollande.

Species roses are still not appreciated at their real value. Naturally, they cannot be grown in rose beds, but a path bordered on either side by them makes a delightful approach to a rose garden. Many of the species roses attain a height of about 8ft., and their graceful arching growth, and the fact that they have two seasons of great beauty, both when they are in flower and later in fruit, makes them invaluable. Moreover, these roses involve no labour at all beyond cutting out any dead wood in winter. One of the most pleasing native species—sweet briar—is a lovely sight when allowed to grow naturally. Then the graceful stems, quite 8ft. high, are starred with flowers in June and followed by brilliant hips in autumn. Whereas a clipped hedge of sweet briar is a pitiable spectacle.

I have seen many lovely rose gardens, and what interests me greatly is their setting. Stately enclosures with the glorious colours of the roses perfectly set forth by the rich sombre green of old yew hedges; rose gardens where the roses grow surrounded with broad borders of violas, sunk rose gardens with paved walks gemmed with stonecrops and other lowly plants; diminutive plots surrounded with lavender hedges and where the central beds of pink and red China monthly roses are edged with Mrs. Sinkins pinks in rich profusion; rose gardens overlooked by the low windows of Queen Anne houses; secluded enclosures remote from the frequented parts of the garden and where it is pleasant to sit and sew or dream; rose plots on cliff-side gardens where in summer the only sounds are the soothing music of the waves, the cries of gulls and the hum of bees. The most charming setting of roses I have ever seen is at Wilton House. There the rose garden, stretching from the steps that lead down from the library, is surrounded on three sides by a great broad belt of stately delphiniums. The glorious blues, ranging from sky-blue to deep violet-blue, of the delphiniums make a perfect foil for the red and pink roses that fill this enclosure. Even on a grey day it is a sight no one could forget.

Chosen judiciously, the species make a good setting for a rose garden. But they have to be planted according to their various requirements. *R. Moyesii*, for instance, unlike most roses, requires part shade. Most of the species roses are in flower several weeks before the hybrid teas, etc. When the hybrids are in flower they have the foliage of the species for their setting, and many of the species have particularly lovely foliage. To say nothing of a variety such as *R. omeiensis pteracantha*, which is conspicuous for the beauty of its big, translucent, blood-red thorns.



ANOTHER VISITOR from INDIA

I had a client of ours over from India the other day on a flying visit to Nithsdale. As I have frequently stated in this column, these periodical visits of my friends from abroad are most valuable to us. We are able to obtain first-hand information, without fear or favour, as to how these advertisements are received by the lay public, and the criticism to which both the Industry and myself are subjected.

We have our friend with us here to-night, and I propose that he should propound a few of the more burning questions which he has encountered, and that we should answer them in rotation.

The first is the old, old matter of over-production. I have answered this many times, but I go into it again. To begin with, the skin cannot be imitated. This being postulated, the fact remains that there are about a hundred thousand skins marketed annually on the fur markets of the world. These skins wear out, thank heaven, fairly rapidly, and out of this total quantity a large number are used for trimmings, and of the remainder again a large quantity is of inferior quality, and I should estimate that the number of really good skins offering at the present time is in the neighbourhood of twenty thousand. Now I put it to everyone that there are more women in the world than this who are anxious to possess a fine silver fox pelt, and who are, even in these times of depression, financially in a position to purchase. You have to kill the foxes to get the skins. The lower the price the larger the market, and over-production will never trouble any of us.

The next question was most interesting. It was this: Is the pelt of a fox farm-bred in Great Britain equal to that of a wild Canadian animal? I have heard of this before, and I had a rather interesting experience a year or two ago. I was talking to a fur buyer of a large departmental store, and this buyer showed an ignorance of the origin of the silver fox which was most astonishing and distressing. It was contended by this buyer that a farm-bred fox of any kind was in every way, both in looks and wearing quality, greatly inferior to a trapped fox. I enquired if the store had any of each kind, and was informed that there might be a farm-bred fox or two, but that the great majority were undoubtedly wild caught. They brought me a sample which I was assured was undoubtedly a trapped fox. It was certainly a very beautiful skin and I said as much, but in view of the fact that the animal was tattooed in both ears with the letters of a ranch which I recognised, I was able to demonstrate to the buyer beyond all possibility of doubt that the animal had been bred in captivity. I stated furthermore that I was prepared to forfeit quite a considerable sum of money if it could be proved to me that the store had a single wild caught fox in stock.

The buyer was apparently entirely ignorant of the fact that the silver fox in the wild is a sport of the red fox, and that Nature has no reason to produce any more sports in these days than she did thirty years ago, when a silver fox pelt in his traps was such an occasion in the life of a trapper that he was able to live on the proceeds for a whole year. I think I am fairly right in stating that not one per cent. of the total offerings on the fur markets of the world are wild caught silver foxes. One of our Resident Owners here, who has been all over Hudson's Bay, informs me that a manager of a fur post told him that in his twenty-five years of service he had only seen one wild black silver fox.

Robertson, the manager of my No. 1 and 2 ranches, who has just joined us from Prince Edward Island, states that in his opinion, and he has had twelve years' experience, the quality of the foxes which are at present in his charge here is fully equal to that of the ranch which he left in Canada.

Another question was that of fashion, which I have dealt with also many times. There is no "fashion" in silver foxes, except as regards the various degrees of silvering. At the present time, the fashionable fox, to judge by the prices obtained, is a pale or a three-quarter silver. Not so long ago it was a pure black, and I beg leave to prophesy that it will be again. It was a pure black which realised by far the highest price a few years ago. But the point is that it is not a different animal. It is always a silver fox, and fashion simply rings the changes on the degree of silvering in the finished pelt.

T. Milross

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST CAR (AN ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY) AT THE RAMP GARAGE, BOURNEMOUTH, IN THE R.A.C. 1,000 MILES MOTOR RALLY

HOW "RALLIES" BENEFIT MOTORING

Searching Out Defects that Can Be Put Right by the Manufacturers

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

OF what particular use, I have heard it asked many times, are "rallies" and reliability trials? To-day, it is argued, the dependability of the motor-car is so well understood that the proof afforded by these events is scarcely needed.

There is, I suppose, something to be said for this point of view, although it may be remarked that the argument is not new. We heard it at least 20 years ago. It emerged as soon as the car had reached that stage of reliability when it was no longer an adventure to set off on a 200 miles' journey *en automobile*.

It was the argument which prevailed when, before the War, the Scottish Trial and such events were abandoned as having no longer a useful purpose to serve—a decision, by the way, that was gone back upon in 1914, when, some two months before the outbreak of war, the R.A.C. revived the reliability trial in the shape of its Thousand Miles' Trial with Harrogate as the centre.

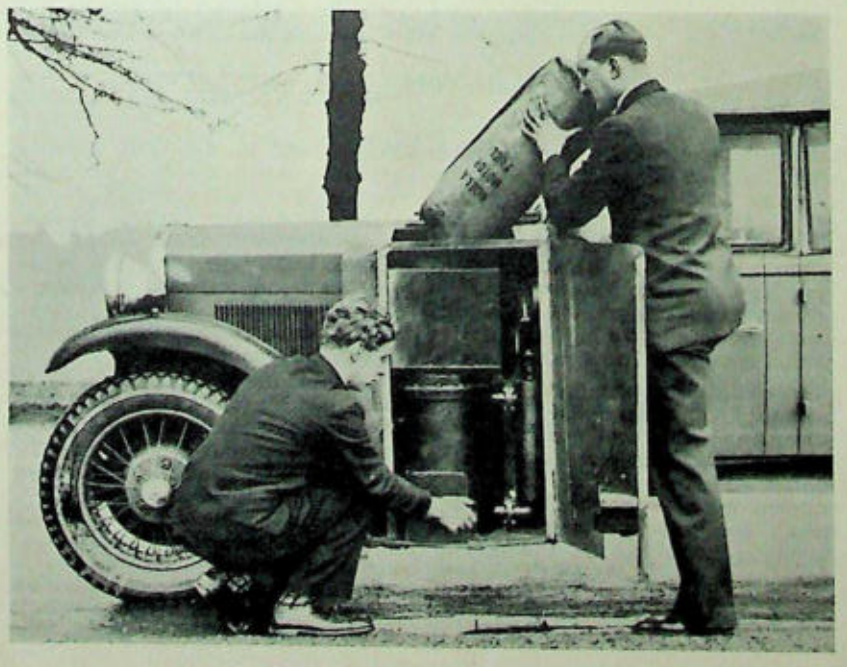
The self-same arguments have all down the years been advanced against motor racing. A quarter of a century ago we were told that racing had given up all the lessons it had to teach, and the consequence was that, so far as this country was concerned, all racing, except at Brooklands, went through a period of suspended animation which lasted until after the end of the War.

Then it took a new lease of life, and so far from there being no lessons to be learned, racing has given us the motor-car as we know it to-day. And what an advance has been made in design and in efficiency, even during the past five years! Thanks to the teaching of race track and trials course, we can buy cars of no more than 8 h.p. or 10 h.p. nominal rating that will do all and more than did their predecessors of more than double those ratings eight or ten years ago.

For example, one car I have is a little saloon of 7.9 h.p. It will do an honest 60 miles an hour on the road; will tour all day at a comfortable cruising speed of between 40 and 45 miles an hour; over a total distance of 1,800 miles it has averaged just over 37 miles to a gallon of petrol; and is taxed at £8 per annum, while insurance costs just a trifle over that figure.

Surely a car of this type has brought motoring within the reach of the million, and it is racing and trials which have made possible the evolution of that type. And it is more than probable that this is not the end. If we had listened seriously to those who told us years ago that there was no more to be learned, we should still have been at the stage when the "fifteen-point-nine" represented the lowest rating that would give us anything like adequate road performance.

Exactly where, it may be asked, does such an event as the R.A.C. Rally enter into the scheme of things, and what does it demonstrate? Surely it does not require ocular proof that the modern car will run for a mere thousand miles without giving trouble, which is all the cars taking part are required to do.



AN INTERESTING RALLY COMPETITOR

Mr. Bosworth Goldman, who drove this Humber Snipe tourer, fitted with a gas producing plant, from London, estimated that the cost of charcoal for the 1,000 miles run would work out at £2 2s. 6d. whereas the cost of petrol would be about £5

Perfectly true, up to a point. But how many private owners of cars of, for instance, 10 h.p. would dream of covering that thousand miles straight off the reel at an average speed, including all stops, of 22 miles an hour, and then at the end of the journey submit their cars to a searching expert examination and further stringent tests of condition and drive-ability? That is what the Rally meant to all the contestants, and I venture to say the test is as severe as need be to bring out the good and bad points of the individual cars.

The motor-car of commerce is, as I have indicated, a super-efficient vehicle which has very largely been evolved out of experience gained in racing on road and track. But always it must be borne in mind that racing is carried on by experts, assisted by all the best technical brains of a great industry. Difficulties and troubles arise and are easily overcome, because everybody concerned *is* a specialist.

In consequence, certain lessons may be misread and errors of design creep into the touring car which results from the experience gained, errors which only make themselves manifest when the car comes into the hands of the private owner who has not the advantage of the expert knowledge and assistance which are among the commonplaces of racing. As a matter of fact, they may remain latent for a considerable time, but sooner or later they will quite possibly make themselves known wholesale, and the result will be a crop of dissatisfied users.

This is where such rallies and reliability trials serve their purpose. Cars have to be driven hard over long distances, under close supervision, and at the end undergo close scrutiny by independent experts whose trained eyes miss very little. Then come arduous tests of braking, acceleration, starting and stopping, hill-climbing, and the rest.

These catch the cars, so to say, at their most unfavourable moment—after a thousand or more miles of hard running, with no opportunity to make adjustments or repairs. It is then

that weaknesses come to light. The brakes of one fall short of the accepted standard, due possibly to some slight defect of the operating system—a defect which might not have shown itself in 5,000 miles of ordinary use. Once discovered, it will be put right immediately, and the future cars of this mark will be better by that amount.

Another, a new model, which gave perfectly satisfactory results in its final experimental stages, may in production develop transmission trouble, which shows itself in starting and acceleration. Again, its manufacturers have found this out quickly and can remedy it before the mark has been given a bad name.

On the other side of the picture, there will be cars that have come through with a clean running sheet, and have passed all the tests with flying colours. Even in their case there will have been minor lessons learned, the application of which to future design will improve the car as a whole.

THE R.A.C. RALLY

Some Outstanding Successes at Bournemouth

DEEP snow in the North provided a spice of adventure in the third R.A.C. Rally, which finished at Bournemouth. Consequently those who covered the 1,000 miles imposed without loss of marks deserved the plaques awarded them more than did those who took part in the easier rallies of the previous years.

Rover cars did particularly well, Mr. T. S. Wynn-Weston and Mr. S. B. Wilks respectively winning Class 1 (cars over 16 h.p.) and Class 2 (16 h.p. to 20 h.p. cars). Singer cars put up a unique performance by being placed second and sixth, in the smallest class, besides winning one of the ladies' cups and several starting-point prizes. In addition, Singer & Co., Ltd.'s "B Team" won the Manufacturers' Team Prize, and the Singer Motor Club won the Associated Club Team Prize.

The eliminating tests were such as to give the smaller cars a good chance. In the first test the cars had to cover 150yds. at speed, and were then reversed on to a parallel course before continuing for another hundred yards. This called for a high degree of driving skill and incidentally tested in a most satisfactory manner the braking and acceleration of the cars, while eliminating, as far as possible, the human factor in the time-keeping. The other test consisted of an ascent of a hill of about one in six, negotiating a sort of artificial S bend *en route*. This was found to be more difficult than was anticipated, and many competitors demolished the barriers and even crashed into the wall.

There were a good many fine cars at Bournemouth for this event, and a very pretty display was made by the rainbow tinted fleet of 12 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Sports Models. Nine of these cars started from nine different starting-points and all finished on time and in the correct order of the colours of the rainbow.

In the coachwork display held on the Saturday morning, the three outstanding models were the "Speed Twenty" Alvis, open car, entered by Mr. R. H. Gregory, and two beautiful cars entered by Messrs. C. W. Ward and W. M. Park. These were adjudged to be the best equipped and most handsome cars of the two-door closed type and the four-door closed type. Mr. Ward's car was one of the new Bentleys, while Mr. Park's was a Rolls-Royce. Both had Park-Ward coachwork and were finished in the same colours but with opposite effects, the Bentley being beige with almond green waistline and the Rolls-Royce almond green with beige waistline.

H. E. S.

CO-OPERATION OR COMPETITION IN THE AIR?

The Railways' Participation in Flying Services

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

ONE of the most interesting pieces of aviation news made public during the past few weeks is the announcement that the four great railway companies are co-operating with Imperial Airways in the formation of a joint operating concern with a nominal capital of £50,000. This indicates, as nothing else could, the importance to which commercial flying on potential internal airways has risen; and it shows that determined efforts are to be made by the old-established transport organisations to place internal air services on a firm and regular basis.

It is not unnatural, perhaps that this announcement has been received with mixed feelings in different quarters. There are some who see in it an attempt by "vested interests" with large capital reserves to make a corner, or monopolise, a large and important side of commercial flying in this country—an attempt that is destined to squeeze out the small independent operator, and to kill competition and individual enterprise. On the other hand, there are many who feel that this development is a very encouraging sign for the future in that a body with adequate resources is to take an active part in providing Britain with internal air services on a growing scale.

Until the company has actually announced its programme it is, of course, impossible to discuss how far the existing and projected internal air services will be affected; and here comment must be limited to general terms. The railways are not newcomers to aviation, for the service inaugurated by the Great Western Railway, in conjunction with Imperial Airways, was one of the outstanding events of last summer; and there can be no doubt that the experience there gained—which prompted the Southern Railway to carry out a large-scale investigation into possibilities—has had not a little to do with the formation of the new company.

For the welfare of civil aviation as a whole it is perhaps no bad thing that it should be faced thus early in its career with this question of co-operation or competition, which has been so much to the fore everywhere of recent years in the industrial and commercial field. Transport generally has to face it resolutely in various spheres, and even to-day relics of the rail-road "war" still remain.

There seems something like agreement among unbiassed observers, however, that in transport and communications competition can go too far, and the public interest demands some form of co-operation and combined working between the various interests, without necessarily sinking their several individualities.

The conditions in aviation, however, are not the same as those in the road-rail controversy. Road transport started after the war with a boom; and it built up sufficient reserves to enable it for a time to enter upon fierce conflict with the railways. Aviation has no such reserves. It is only within the past year or so that it has become self-supporting on some short services; and it could not face any sort of fare-cutting "war" in competition with the railways if they chose to run independent services.

It seems undeniable, therefore, that great good could come of this new development, since it should rule out from the start cut-throat competition of a kind that would soon ruin those small companies which have already shown what internal airways can do. A policy of co-operation appears to offer a prospect of more rapid development, the elimination of disastrous competition, and a concentration by all concerned on solving the many outstanding problems of internal commercial air work.

There seems no reason to suppose that the new venture will rule out that moderate competition which, in aviation as elsewhere, has proved so powerful a stimulus to endeavour and progress.

Not so long ago it was the practice in many quarters to decry internal airways as of very limited use on account of the excellent railway services existing in this country, which adequately covered the short-distance routes. But experience has shown that there is a big field for such airways, particularly for cross-country routes and for journeys in which surface transport has to make a wide detour in order to avoid a water crossing. It was on this latter account that the Great Western service, which traversed the Bristol Channel, proved so successful last year. There is also a growing demand among business men for air taxi services on round trips.

One way in which railway co-operation is likely to help in establishing an economic and useful series of internal airways is that the big groups have available a mass of data regarding traffic. They should be able to determine at once where a direct air service could be useful on account of complicated railway journeys involving several changes. Moreover, they should know where there is a big public prepared to pay for higher speed. It will be seen, then, that there should be a big field in which railway assistance can be extremely useful.

Nothing in this new development seems calculated to rule out useful competition. There should still be ample room for the independent service—just as there is still room, in spite of railway participation, for the independent road service. One may feel justified, therefore, in welcoming the new phase as something that holds a promise of really rapid development along wise lines, and of building up the nation's communications in a way that makes the fullest use of all modern means of transport.

We can, and should, benefit from aviation on national as well as Imperial lines.



COLLECTING TICKETS FROM PASSENGERS ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY'S AIR SERVICE BETWEEN CARDIFF AND PLYMOUTH

ALPINE CLIMBING FOR BRITISH MOUNTAINEERS

Where the Novice Will Find His Best Sport

By C. F. MEADE

AT home no less than abroad the pursuit of mountaineering grows daily more popular, and the question may actually arise whether mountaineers have anything to gain by travelling farther afield than the British Isles.

No doubt every country has its individual charm, and this generalisation holds good for the rocks of our British Isles, as well as for the Alps. There is also in every kind of climbing a fascination, in addition to this charm, that is quite independent of any delight in scenery. It is the same sort of attraction that there is in the playing of all good games, the bodily satisfaction derived from exercising skill in carrying out complicated movements deftly and efficiently.

Yet although there are these two kinds of pleasure to be enjoyed in the restricted sphere of pure rock-climbing, the hill-climber in Great Britain ought to realise that a knowledge of rock-work is but a small proportion of the vast body of absorbingly interesting mountain lore that the climber gradually acquires while he is learning the subtle delights of dealing with snow and ice. Moreover, in the Alps he will find that the more majestic size of the peaks is enhanced and etherialised by the magic of the eternal snows, and he will perhaps appreciate this for the first time, when in a chestnut wood in some deep glen in the Italian mountains he is startled by a vision of pure white ice, radiant against a sky of midsummer blue, almost persuading him in a flash of intuition that the secret of reality is being revealed.

It is probably the most critical moment in the career of a mountaineer, when, after graduating as a hill-walker and crag-climber in the British Isles, he makes up his mind to embark on a voyage of discovery to the Alps. His happiness will then depend on his finding the theatre of operations that best suits his requirements.

If he has some experience of British rock-climbs the chief attraction on the Continent will be the great glacier centres, and of these there are plenty to choose from, not only in Switzerland, but also in Italy, Austria, Germany and France. In the latter country, indeed, both the chain of Mont Blanc and the high Alps of Dauphiny rival the great Swiss peaks in magnificent scenery and difficult climbing. On the Chamonix aiguilles the rock-climbs are undoubtedly the biggest and finest in Europe, and in Italy some of the grandest expeditions in the Alps are to be found on the southerly precipices of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa.

With such a wide choice before him a beginner in the Alps ought to know what requisites to look for in the climbing centre of his dreams. One condition is at any rate essential, and that is the existence of a sufficient number of inns or club-huts serving as wide a variety of independent mountain groups as possible.

A fanatical peak-bagger, ravenous for his daily ration of mountain-tops, may prefer the topography of his favourite Alpine resort to be arranged as nearly as possible in the form of a lunar crater, enclosing his hotel in a vast circle of summits, with railways and footpaths radiating in every direction to take him to the foot of his climbs.



ROCK CLIMBING WITH THE ETERNAL SNOWS IN VIEW
Climbing the summit rocks of the Corbassière, 12,212*ft. up. In the distance is the Grand Combin* (14,164*ft.*)



Photographs, Donald McLeish

THE HIGHEST PEAK WHOLLY IN SWITZERLAND
A view of the peaks of the Mischabel, culminating in the Dom (14,942*ft.*), *from a high Alpine pasture above Zermatt*

It is at Zermatt perhaps that the actual conditions most closely approximate to this ideal. Zermatt, moreover, although surrounded by some of the greatest mountains in the Alps, which will try the skill and stamina of the expert mountaineer, has several peaks of lesser elevation which are quite within the compass of the moderately expert climber.

For instance, the Mettelhorn (11,188ft.), a fairly easy climb of six hours from Zermatt, will take him into the heart of the Central Pennines, providing among other things the finest possible view of the Dom, the loftiest mountain entirely in Swiss territory.

Another famous centre, the hamlet of La Berade, which is almost completely surrounded by the savage peaks of Dauphiny, and is as yet unspoilt by mountain railways, is perhaps less suitable, the expeditions being most of them too formidable for beginners unless the party is accompanied by efficient professionals.

For guideless novices the same objection also applies just as forcibly to Chamonix and Courmayeur, the starting-points for Mont Blanc, as well as to the main massif of the Bernese Oberland and the Italian valleys of Monte Rosa.

For an active beginner who puts himself in the hands of the best guides the case is different. He can take his pick of any district, almost without regard to difficulty, but if he adopts this procedure he will tend more and more to travel as a mere passenger, stimulated by the moral support of the rope, but without any confidence in his own resources. By climbing in this manner he will never learn a fraction of the knowledge that the guideless man acquires by finding his way up and down mountains that are suited to his powers.

The fact is that the novice, whether guided or guideless, had better avoid the famous resorts and establish himself at a height of at least 5,000ft., in a district where the chief summits need not exceed 11,000ft., for where there are plenty of peaks of this size, it is certain that there will be enough snow and ice.

Centres of this description are as numerous as the more famous resorts, and in Savoy, for instance, the young guideless climber who has had experience on British hills will find that Bonneval-sur-Arc, Pralognan and Val d'Isère are all suitable for his purpose. Equally convenient centres in Switzerland are Binn, Engstigen Alp and the Silvretta valleys; in Italy there are Cogne and Madonna di Campiglio; in Austria the Oetzthal and Stubaierthal will serve; while every experienced mountaineer will have no difficulty in adding many names to the list.

A note of caution, however, may be necessary, for the recommendations here given are not to be taken as a guarantee that all the ascents in the districts referred to are within the powers of guideless beginners. But guideless parties who already have some knowledge of rock-climbing will find, when they visit these minor centres, that the climbs which they are obliged to avoid on account of their difficulty will be compensated for by a number of more suitable expeditions.

Finally every British climber—however infatuated a cragsman he may be, or however devotedly he may love his own hills—ought instantly to seize any favourable opportunity of sampling the richest and fullest measure of a mountaineer's experience, and the only way to accomplish so excellent an ambition is to visit the Alps or else to climb some other range that possess eternal snow.

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"



THE ARUNDELL ARMS, LIFTON

"IS there a land of such supreme and perfect beauty anywhere?" asks Longfellow, writing of Devonshire. In one of Devon's most engaging corners, within hail of Dartmoor, on the great highway that runs from Exeter to Bodmin some ten miles from Tavistock, the village of Lifton stands on a height above the Lyd, backed and sheltered by a wooded hill. Apart from its scenic charms it has antiquarian attractions in its fine Perpendicular church, wherein is preserved a fifteenth century processional cross, a relic of the sack of Rome, and its rectory, formerly the manor house, in which Charles I passed a night in July, 1644.

Lifton really centres in the Arundell Arms, which still displays on its signboard the original arms, crest and motto of the Arundells, who acquired the manor by marriage in the latter part of the sixteenth century and remained its lords until the Bradshaws came into possession in 1845. The hotel as it stands to-day is the work of Mr. Henry Bradshaw, who in 1870 rebuilt it entirely. By a happy inspiration he left untouched the circular thatched cockpit in the gardens, one of the very few survivals of its kind. It is a sturdy, many-gabled two-floored house with a battlemented porch and chimneys that look solid enough to last for ever. The place was bought two years ago by Captain F. O. Morris, who completely rearranged and refurnished it, also putting in electric light, central heating and hot and cold water in the bedrooms. Here is the true English comfort, "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber." The lounge, with its great fireplace and panelled walls, is an ideal resting-place after a day's shooting or fishing or a round of golf, when good digestion has waited upon appetite and life is, perhaps, more roseate than at any other moment.

The Arundell Arms is, indeed, a true sportsman's house. It holds a dozen miles of trout fishing in the neighbouring streams, three of which, the Woolf, the Thrussel and the Lyd, meet and pour their united waters into the Tamar, a few fields away. The hotel can, moreover, offer alternative water on the Carey and the Ottery, all of it, save the inconsiderable conservator's licence, included in modest *en pension* terms which know nothing of irritating little "extras." Then there is rough shooting, likewise free, over 3,500 acres. Add to this golf at Tavistock and Launceston, only four miles away, and hunting with the Lamerton, South Tetcott and East Cornwall Foxhounds, and it will be seen that there is sport of some kind all the year round.

That the streams reward the patience of the dry-fly fisher, even in such a waterless summer as that of 1933, is clearly shown by the hotel register of sizeable fish. Last season nearly 2,000 trout were taken, 749 in April and May, 238 in June, and 746 in July and August, winding up with 248 in September. Devon trout do not run large, but are very plentiful. To make good baskets wading is recommended and an 8ft. rod is best. Nor is the shooting to be despised. In the season 1933-34 the hotel bag was just under 1,000 head, 260 wild pheasants heading the feathers; there were 110 snipe, a sprinkling of woodcock and partridges, and in addition to the ubiquitous rabbits some agreeable "oddments." An experienced keeper and dogs can be supplied by the hotel. Horses and motors are also forthcoming from its ever-ready stables and garages.

Lifton is rich in its surroundings as well as in its sport. Magnificent views of the ranges of Dartmoor to the east and of the bolder Cornish tors to the west are part of its heritage. The most romantic scenery of Dartmoor is easily accessible by car and the Cornish coast is but three-quarters of an hour away. Within walking distance of the hotel are several interesting or historic houses—Sydenham, the Elizabethan seat of the Tremaynes, which was garrisoned for Charles I and still keeps its King's Bedroom, is in the valley of the Lyd; then there are Wortham, an untouched Tudor manor, and Bradstone, with its perfect gatehouse.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

Before her marriage in 1912 the present Duchess of Sutherland was Lady Eileen Butler, elder daughter of the late Earl of Lanesborough. The Duchess takes an active part in outdoor sports, and besides shooting, fishing and stalking at Dunrobin, she has shot big game in Eritrea, East Africa, the Sudan and Ceylon

● He said to me—when I'm asked to have a whisky, I find it hard to say which . . .



● I said to him—ask for Johnnie Walker and you'll find it hard to say 'when' . . . !

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER
Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

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THE SPORTING CALENDAR . . . *Third Page Cover*

NEXT WEEK: ON CHOOSING A POLO PONY

INDIAN FORESTS

AT what has come to be known as the Big Game Conference, held in London last October, representatives of the Government of India held a watching brief. From this fact—though not from many other manifestations—it may be taken that the Government of India are interesting themselves in the question of the survival of the faunal resources of the Sub-continent. And at this juncture, when the constitution of the country is being so carefully considered, it might be thought pertinent to inquire whether the Indian Forest Service will undergo any further reorganisation.

At the present time the Indian Forest Service, a body with traditions not a whit less honourable than those of the Indian Civil Service or the Indian Police, has been completely provincialised, and no further European element is being recruited into it. The *Field* has no politics, and it is not chiefly concerned with the question of Indianisation. Providing Indianisation gives rise to no loss of efficiency in the Forest Service, nothing further need be said, though it must be admitted that so far the Indian members of the Service *as a whole* have perhaps been less successful in dealing with poaching than the European officers were.

The present position of game in India is one that must be viewed with the very greatest concern. In the vast tracts outside reserved forests it has disappeared in an increasingly alarming manner. The Arms Act is not sufficiently rigorously enforced, and certain species should be given complete or partial *local* protection, both within and without the forest areas.

A concensus of the opinions among those who have studied the question would probably show that it is now considered time to create Game Wardens Departments, in each of the Provinces of India, with a central department under the Imperial Government to give co-ordination and drive to the whole. Such departments would need have the active support of the Viceroy and Governors of Provinces. Whether these departments are manned by forest officials temporarily seconded, or whether they should be entirely divorced from the forest personnel need not be decided here, though we would recommend the former course. As to whether the personnel are British or Indian does not matter provided the best available men are chosen, though a small department of Europeans working in conjunction with an Indianised Provincial Forest Service is bound to be handicapped.

Such departments could spend their whole time surveying the Indian and provincial faunal situation, and with a comparatively small staff check many of the worst abuses, and save rare animals such as the Indian rhinoceros from extinction. Taking a long view they would represent a source of revenue and not a budgetary liability.

It would rest with them to introduce legislation for the creation of Indian National Parks, a problem of pressing urgency, where complete preservation will be offered to wild life. Large areas could be set aside in the Nilghiri, in the sub-montane districts of the United Provinces, in Assam with the Kazirunga and Mona Sanctuaries as a basis, in the Raipur district of the Central Provinces, and, with the consent of the Maharajah of Kashmir, in Baltistan and Ladak. Their efforts might be supported by an All-India Game Association on the lines of the flourishing Nilghiri Association, to which admittance would be won by proved sportsmanship and not by wealth. This association might help to fill the gap caused by the passing of the old Forest Services whose officers for half a century carried out work for the protection of game which was beyond all praise.

"FAMOUS IN SPORT"

WITH the account of the Dukes of Sutherland which appears in this week's *Field* we conclude our series of articles under the title of "Families Famous in Sport." There is little need to point the moral or adorn the tale here. It is to these and other similar families that we owe sport as we know it in these islands to-day, sport and beneficent landlordism, an agricultural system and a great deal of unobtrusive public service. In this country we have in the past taken it all very much as a matter of course, but it has long been the admiration, often grudgingly given, of other nations.

Changing conditions have altered a great deal of this. The burden of taxation, a system of death duties under which even the greatest can hardly hope to survive, has long been a source of concern to thinking people, whether economists or students of social history. If we are to retain our body politic in anything like the form which has endured for centuries, action cannot be long delayed. And if, as some think, the sands have already run out, one can only hope that something of the greatness of a great tradition will be preserved for all time.

TAXATION OF STALLIONS

At the commencement of another flat racing season comes the rumour that the Treasury are contemplating legislation which will prevent the application in the future of the House of Lords' ruling in the Lord Glanely *v.* Whightman case. Their Lordships held in that case that an owner of a stud farm who was assessed under Schedule B in respect of the occupation of the land was not also assessable under Schedule D in respect of the profits derived from stallion fees as though he were carrying on a separate business. This will, if rumour becomes fact, prove to be a sad blow to bloodstock breeders, as the industry is just recovering from the effects of the financial depression of recent years. The House of Lords' decision arose out of a case so courageously brought by Lord Glanely, and certainly made matters very much easier for breeders. To increase their burden of tax by adding an assessment under Schedule D to the Schedule B assessment in respect of the occupation of the land, it would mean that many high-class stallions would be sent abroad. Bloodstock breeders will have to combat any menace to this industry.

EXTRAORDINARY RUGBY

Though the Army were not to be denied the Services Rugby Championship which seemed marked for them after their defeat of the Navy, the final match against the Air Force at Twickenham last Saturday was in many ways surprising. The Air Force gave an illuminating example of what can be done by a side which goes on the field determined to tackle the man with the ball every time. They carried out this purpose so thoroughly that they put the Army manœuvres completely out of gear, and it became doubtful whether the Army could win until the last ten minutes, when the Air Force marking at last wilted under the strain, allowing the Army to score three times and win by a goal and three tries (14 points) to a try (3 points). Making all allowance for the Airmen's grim defence, the Army play was nothing like as good as it appeared against the Navy and the side as a whole does not compare very favourably with last year's team.

A GREAT HALF-BACK

What turned the scale for the Army was the irrepressible cleverness of C. C. McCreight, at stand-off half, and the excellent support he received from G. J. Dean, at scrum half. How Ireland came to overlook McCreight is a complete puzzle. He has been a genius in the making since his Woolwich days, and all this season he has shown brilliant form. It was he who cut out the openings for the winning Army tries against the Air Force, and there was real class about the way he made them. On the whole, it was not spectacular Rugby that the match produced, but the Air Force had reason to feel a little hard done by in the result.

WHO WILL BREAK A LANCE?

One of the spectacular features at the Morecambe and Heysham pageant which is to be held in June, is a jousting tournament in which brave spirits are invited to test their skill with the lance. There is the added inducement that foreign "knights" have also been asked to compete. Fourteen rules, it is stated, have been taken from old mediæval documents, and the knight who has the good fortune to break his lance in two pieces against his opponent's breast armour scores three points, and when two opponents meet lance to lance and break a lance the score is three points each. Penalties for lack of skill culminate in being unhorsed, for which the forfeit is three points. Those who would charge a "bold Mercutio" whether the lady he loves best be there or no, have full opportunity of doing so on application to Mr. Edward Gonn at Morecambe Town Hall. It is to be hoped the weather will not spoil the joust as it did the famous Eglinton tournament of 1839, staged at Eglinton Castle at a cost of from thirty to forty thousand pounds. Prince Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III) took part in this, and Lady Seymour, Sheridan's daughter and afterwards Duchess of Somerset, was the Queen of Beauty.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a well-known bookmaker's advertisement in a leading daily paper: "The Grand National is noted for its perils and disappointments, and it will be remembered that last year Pelorus Jack fell at the last hurdle."

GRUELLING RACES FOR BOYS

It is a noteworthy point about English cross-country running that one seldom, if ever, sees the name of a Blue, or a runner who has won one of the big school runs, in the English, Scottish, Welsh or Irish teams. The reason for this is, no doubt (and one entirely in agreement with the remarks made by R. M. N. Tisdall in his illuminating little book *The Young Athlete*), that boys who are allowed to take part in such strenuous races as the Crick Run at Rugby, the Long Penpole at Clifton, the Ledbury Run at Malvern, and the really gruelling test they have at Sedbergh, are bound to do themselves harm.

Boys, with other games to play, have not the time for the steady, long preparation that is needed for real distance racing. Nor does their immature physique benefit from the plodding that is necessary. Training runs, or paper-chases, in which the order is go as you please are quite a different matter, while track and field athletics are definitely good for growing youngsters.

ALLOTMENTS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

Five years ago, when unemployment was at its worst, the Society of Friends started a scheme for assisting miners to cultivate their plots of ground. South Wales, which was the birthplace of this good work, derived so much benefit from it that the idea soon spread all over the country; and the good that it has done is almost incalculable.

By the summer of 1930 the work had grown to such proportions that the Government set up a committee to administer a scheme on similar lines. During the first year over 64,000 unemployed were enabled to plant their allotments, at a total cost of £23,000. In September, 1931, the new Government disbanded the committee, and gave up the scheme, but the good work was fortunately still continued by the parent society. Up to date over 100,000 unemployed have been helped in this manner, and it is reassuring to learn that the Society has had the offer of a Treasury grant on a £ for £ basis against contributions. Their object is to double both the number of subscribers and those assisted, and in such an object they deserve all support.

FISHING AT EASTER

It is not often that Easter Day and the opening of the trout season arrive in company, nor perhaps is it the most profitable combination for the holiday fisherman whose ambitions take him to the South Country, for two days of the spring holiday have passed before he can wet a line. Probably the chalk streams of the Thames Valley and south of it will receive more attention than usual on the opening day, for who knows what effect the winter drought has had on the fish? May they not be more readily assailable in the low water? Thus argues hope, the only part of an angler's equipment which is never forgotten.

But does one want to fish in water meadows early in April? The streams of the West have their season in full swing, and the gurgle of the Exe or the Barle or the Taw, though their trout may be small, is surely the music to which that first cast should be made. The banks of the chalk streams will be brown and sodden, but below the moor there will be the green shimmer of larch and the great sweeps of red earth—there it will be spring.

HAMBLEDON

With April we are in reach of the sights and sounds of the great game of summer. This is to be a great year of cricket. How many of our Australian visitors have seen the ground which is the home of the game—Hambledon in Hampshire? Some of those who look at that green space to-day may remember the verses of a ballade written in dedication to one of the great writers of the past, the *Field's* cricket correspondent, W. A. Bettesworth:

"This is the place: here is the story told
Of those first players in that far-off June
That shines still on these Hampshire downs. Behold
The very turf, the pitch where some high noon
'Lumpy' would choose his sloping wicket, soon
To rouse deep-throated chorus from the ring,
Vying with Beldham, Walker, Brett, to bring
Fame to the tales that Nyren's readers con,
Names for undreamt of rhymers yet to sing,
When primroses are out at Hambledon . . .

"Friend, 'tis the end begins. The play's the thing.
We win or lose again, remembering.
We shall find sunlit swards by Acheron,
And toss bright obols, each returning spring,
When primroses are out at Hambledon."



On a Hampshire stream where the trout run large

A MENACE TO TROUT CULTURE

The Dangerous Furunculosis Bill

By A CHALK-STREAM ANGLER

A WEEK or two ago there slipped very quietly through the House of Lords a Bill which may well have the most disastrous effect on our trout fisheries. It is called by the apparently innocuous title of the "Diseases of Fish Bill." Anglers are not, as a rule, great hands at reading Parliamentary Bills. I wonder how many have read this one?

It is the outcome of the report of the Furunculosis Committee which has been sitting for four years studying this disease with the object of finding a cure for it. In this object they have failed. But on the assumption, presumably, that prevention is (in theory) better than cure this Bill has now been devised with the idea of checking any further spread of the disease to rivers as yet unaffected by it.

The first of its provisions is the prohibition of the importation of live salmon or trout. To this clause there will be no objection—from anglers at all events. These islands produce more salmon than all the rest of Europe put together, and it is not likely that we shall need to import any, while as to trout our home produce is all that we really need.

But when it comes to the other clauses the case is very different. The obnoxious principle of giving a Minister arbitrary powers which has become a feature of recent legislation is here rampant. The Bill provides that the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, in the case of any outbreak of disease, may order, on his own initiative, the destruction of all the stock in any fish farm where an outbreak occurs. What exactly is a "fish farm"? According to the Bill it means "any pond, stew, fish hatchery or other place used for keeping live fish of the salmon family, live eggs of fish, or foodstuffs for fish." In other words, all the young stock of the South Country can be destroyed by the Minister should an outbreak occur.

In the case of an area without a fishery board, the Minister, again on his own initiative, can declare the district an "infected area" and can, among other things, prohibit the transport of foodstuffs into the area. Why should foodstuffs be prevented from coming *into* such an area?

The Bill appears to have been drafted without any consideration of the conditions existing in the Southern chalk streams—more especially in the very valuable fisheries in the Upper and Middle Test, which are not under a fishery board, and therefore come under the provisions of clause 2. In the first place the term "infected area" is very vague. What is an "area"?

A typical Test fishery might consist of some three miles of river, with a number of side streams, wired off, and used as nurseries for young trout. Suppose an infected fish were found in the main stream, are all the side streams within the area? If so, all the nursery fish might be lost, though themselves all perfectly healthy and living in more or less isolated side streams. These young nursery fish would be just as much "destroyed" by withholding their foodstuffs as if they had been knocked on the head.

There are many other objections which cannot be dealt with here. Inspectors are to be appointed, again arbitrarily. It would be intolerable that these valuable fisheries should be at the mercy of a travelling inspector, who would certainly be no biologist, and might not have sufficient knowledge to be able to say whether a fish had furunculosis or not.

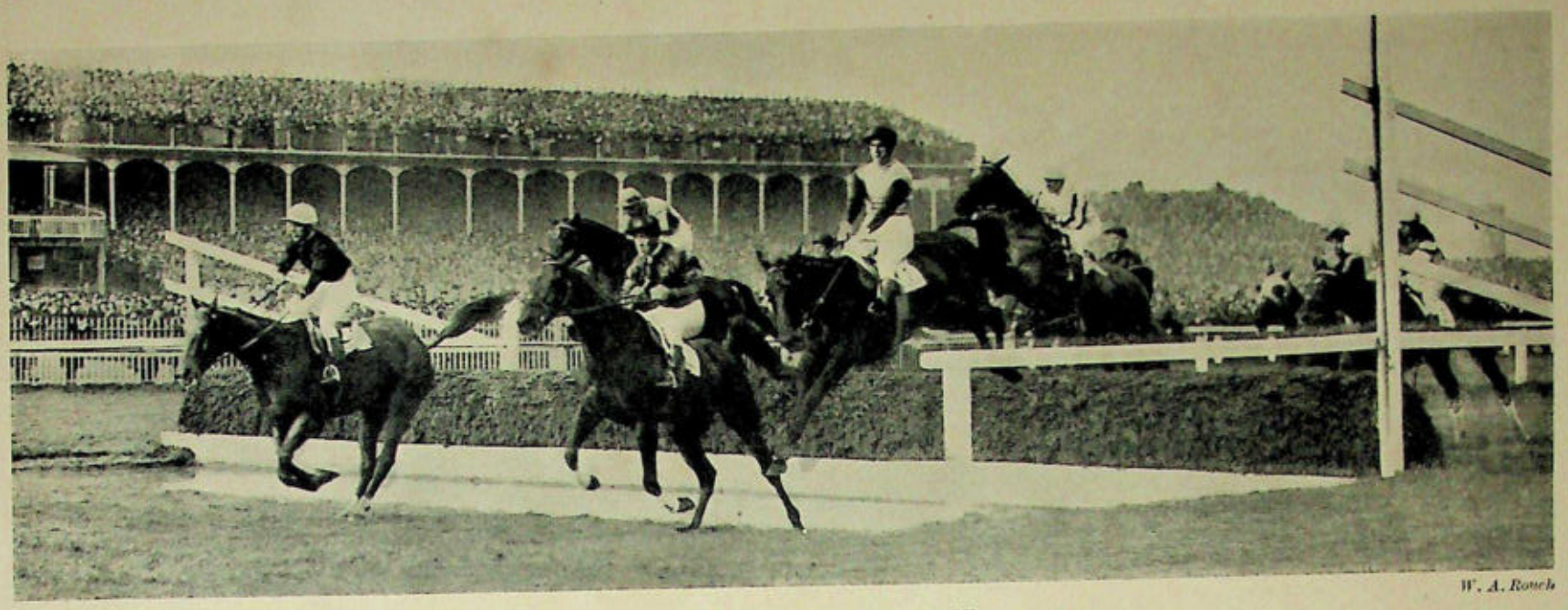
Are the proposed inspectors to be turned out unrestrained on a valuable fishery without the owner being protected in any way whatever?

But perhaps the most astonishing part of the Bill is the absolute omission of any mention of compensation. All the cost of dealing with an outbreak, in addition to the loss of his fish, is to be borne by the fishery owner. When this question was raised in the House the official reply was that compensation could not be allowed because the fish would be, or ought to be, totally unsaleable.

Such a reply shows a lamentable lack of knowledge of practical fish farming. In the case of an outbreak *all* the fish do not die of the disease, and those which escape or recover breed clean fish, since eggs do not carry the disease. A professional fish farmer would have all his breeding stock destroyed and four years' income gone. Furunculosis is not a new disease. The processes of disinfection are known and in "stews" it can be dealt with at least to some extent if not with complete success. Officials with little practical knowledge will hardly do better than the men who have had to face it before.

And is there to be no appeal against the decision of a Minister who probably knows little or nothing of fishery matters? In practice he will depend on the advice of his permanent officials, who again will depend on reports from the inspectors appointed by the Minister—a vicious circle of official interference. Furunculosis normally attacks fish of three years old or upwards; it rarely attacks young fish. The only effective cure is to breed rapidly-growing fish which will become catchable before they arrive at the dangerous age, and these fish *can only be grown in what the Bill calls a "fish farm."* It is there that the cure for furunculosis lies, yet it is those very places which the Minister is to be given power to destroy.

It would seem that the Bill has been framed solely for the benefit of the salmon fisheries. Are we here in the South of England to have our trout fishing destroyed for a problematical safeguard to salmon? If this Bill is a cure for furunculosis, surely the cure is worse than the disease.



W. A. Rouch

CLEARING THE WATER IN GOOD STYLE

Gregalach is seen leading Delaneige, Forbra, Golden Miller and Thomond II, the first time round

GOLDEN MILLER'S RECORD GRAND NATIONAL

After Aintree, Now For a Duel With Brown Jack at Ascot



THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET

GOLDEN MILLER'S success in the Grand National, won in the record time of 9min. 20⅕sec., was a triumph for class and breeding. With 12st. 2lb. upon his seven-year-old back, the son of Goldcourt and Miller's Pride effectually trounced a representative field of notable steeple chasers. His exhibition of fencing carried with it a revision of previous opinion as to his fitness to jump the Aintree course. No one ever disputed the undoubted fact that Golden Miller was the most brilliant steeple chaser over a park course that had been seen for many years, but his aptitude for jumping Liverpool was suspect.

I am afraid that I was rather inclined to regard Golden Miller as another Easter Hero, but now we must rank him upon the same plane as Ambush II, Jerry M. and Poethlyn. Perhaps next year we may even compare him to Manifesto or Cloister. And yet none of these, mighty horses that they were, ever won the premier Cheltenham and Liverpool prizes as Golden Miller has done. Nor were any trained on milk, as was Miss Paget's wonderful horse, so far as I know!

Possessing three crosses of Sterling, to whom he is in-bred, Golden Miller's history is an interesting one. As a colt, he was purchased by his trainer, Mr. Basil Briscoe, at the Dublin Sales for 500gs., and, after running in a minor steeple chase or two, was disposed of to the late Mr. Philip Carr for some thousands. Within an hour of that fine sportsman's death, Golden Miller, with Insurance, was purchased by Miss Dorothy Paget for a price said to be £10,000 for the pair. Whatever financial outlay was incurred, Golden Miller's fine series of victories of twelve steeple chases, including three Cheltenham Gold Cups and one Grand National, out of seventeen attempts, have amply repaid it. And the greatest steeple chaser of recent years is still, as Grand National standards go, a young horse. If his keen young trainer, Mr. Briscoe, can bring him to the post next year as blooming and as full of muscle as he did this year there is no reason why Golden Miller should not win two Grand Nationals in succession—what is 12st. 7lb. to such a horse?—for Miss Dorothy Paget, who has done so much for the bloodstock industry in general and National Hunt sport in particular.

Fit and well as Golden Miller was he did not have matters all his own way, for Forbra, which finished a gallant fourth, has never looked better and his condition found him many admirers. So for that matter did Delaneige, a well-modelled brown and a wonderful mover, whose loins and quarters bear the stamp of his paternal grand sire Santoi. Thomond II was sweating (and scratched himself badly in the race), as was Gregalach, though the latter carries his years wonderfully well. All the same, was it not asking too much for Gregalach to carry 12st. 7lb.? In any event, Mrs. Gemmell has decided to retire Gregalach to the peace of home paddocks, so this perfect type of Aintree horse will be seen no more in the Grand National.

Ready Cash was rather on the light side, as was Egremont, which seemed tucked up in his flanks. His "roachy" back does not make the latter into a beauty, and the only good thing I can say of the great, gaunt Pelorus Jack is that he possesses an immense stride and liberty of action.

Wearing bandages, and those over his joints, Remus is very wide behind, and when galloping seems to roll about a lot, while the only grey in the field, Uncle Batt, is built on delicate lines. It surprised me to see this game little fellow put up such a bold show in a rugged tussle such as the Grand National is, but he was very much on his toes in the paddock and in excellent trim.

I am afraid that Blue Peter III is only a one-pace horse, and his looks—Roman-nosed, ewe-necked, and upright of shoulder—did not carry a great weight of appeal, but the sight of Really True did, for Major Noel Furlong had brought his good horse to Liverpool in excellent fettle, and there is a great deal to admire in those strong quarters, well-placed second thighs, and well-sprung ribs. Only for sheer hard luck I think Really True would have proved a worthy rival to Golden Miller, but as it was he fell at the fence beyond Valentine's, which Mr. Furlong told me he tipped ever so slightly and yet enough to knock his free-jumping horse off his balance.

These, to which may be added Cantillus II and the French challenger Trocadero—the only entire horse in the race—all attracted a great deal of attention in the paddock, when the general opinion was that it was a Grand National field of high standard. And the race itself fully proved this, for there was not as much grief, and better still, the best class horses finished.

At one time I thought that the greatest steeple chase is the world would go to Melton Mowbray, as Delaneige seemed to command the field, but although Golden Miller—upon whom Gerald Wilson rode a calm and confident race—hit the last fence pretty hard, he turned from serious challenger into an easy winner. So little distressed was Golden Miller that he won with his ears pricked, reaching for his bridle, and galloping freely and well.

The rest of the field were a long way behind; in fact, Golden Miller was into the paddock before Delaneige and Thomond II (which is owned by Miss Dorothy Paget's cousin, Mr. Jock Whitney) had pulled up.

For that reason I say that Golden Miller will become one of the equine heroes of the Turf, and this year he is to try to wrest the palm from game old Brown Jack in the Alexandra Stakes at Ascot, a race which the latter has won for five years in succession—the longest flat race in the country, two miles, six furlongs and 85 yards. No horse has seriously challenged Brown Jack's supremacy. Now Golden Miller will rival him in point of view of popularity and possibly in racing merit. May I be there to see a battle of the giants!

A deal of French money was lost over the Lincoln defeats of Quartz II and Listrac, and the National failure of Trocadero. Our friends across the Channel did not go away empty handed, however, for Mr. Lydiz Hoyt's good fencer Noiseau won the Champion 'Chase at Liverpool.

It was an easy victory of three lengths from the evergreen Kakushin. Kakushin is a wonderfully clever fencer. While there was any jumping to be done, he was fairly master of his rivals, but from the last fence he was outpaced by the much younger Noiseau.

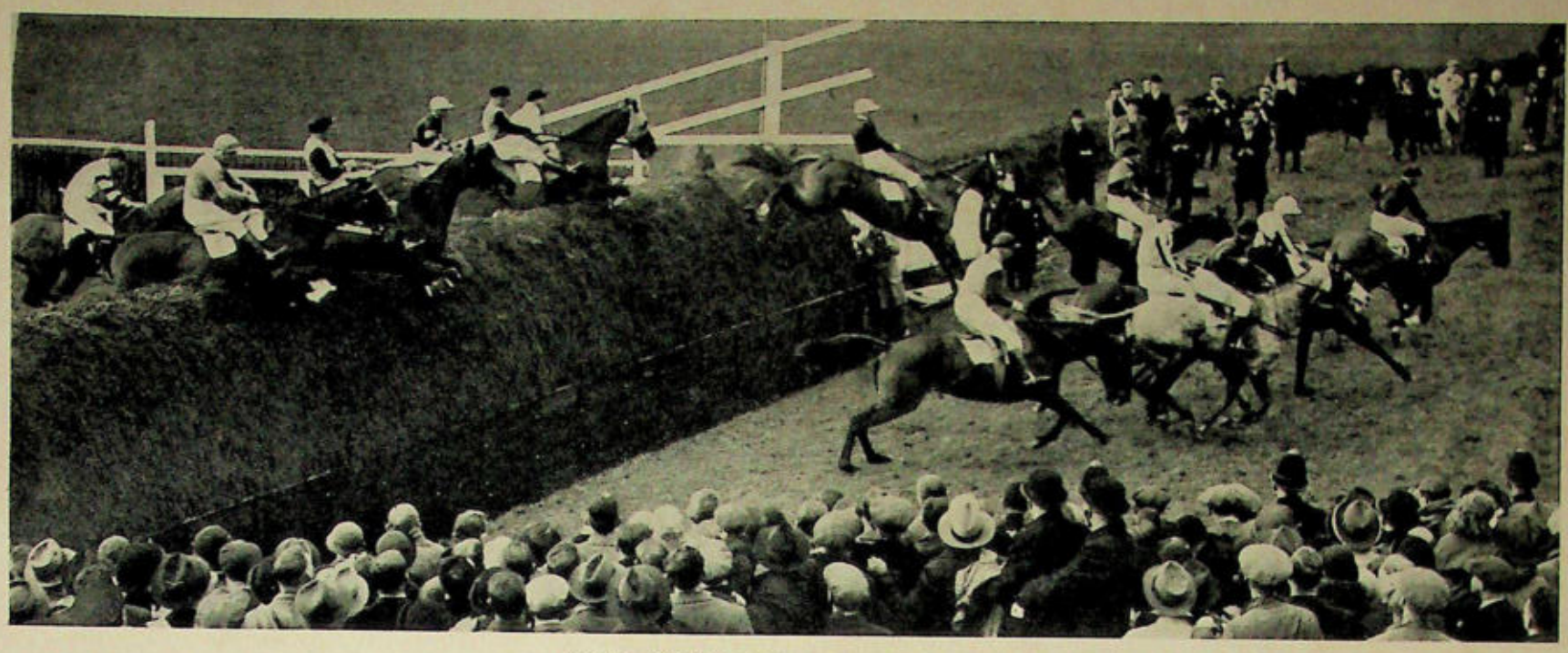
I suppose no amateur has had more falls than Mr. Walwyn during the past jumping season. He must in this respect be rivalling W. Stott. This fine amateur rider took a toss when Alexena, going well at the time, came down with him at the third fence in the country the second time round in the Liverpool Foxhunters' Steeple Chase.

Mr. Tom Walls, jun., had his first mount over the stiff Aintree country on Mr. Keith Fraser's Moortown II. He was up with the leaders when he came down at the chair fence, where Keen Blade and others also fell.



FINISHING WELL

Throughout the last mile only Moorland View and Shoreman were left with chances. When Mr. E. Paget drew clear to win his first race for twelve months, on a horse which had been hunted with the Bicester by his owner's son, who rode



TAKING BECHER'S THE FIRST TIME ROUND
Golden Miller can be seen jumping on the extreme left, and is evidently hitting the fence hard



THE WINNER NEARLY FALLS!
On the right Golden Miller is recovering from his previous mistake, while the remainder of the field avoid disaster

him when he finished second in a Midland Point-to-Point. This son of Moorside II is only eight years old, and may take part in the Grand National next year. He is a game, honest sort anyway.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS MARE

Miss Matty's Foal at Twenty Years Old

MANY curious stories have been told of famous mares, of their habits, strange friendships, and likes and dislikes, but so far as records go there are only two cases of mares actually falling in love with a stallion. The first case was that of Chaleureux and Signorina, which was without living produce for nine years before she was mated with the first-named. And the produce of this "happy marriage," as warm-hearted Chevalier Ginistrelli put it, was Signorinetta, winner of the Derby and the Oaks. The other case, which has just come to light, is that of Miss Matty.

Bred in 1914, and got by Marcovil from Simonath, Miss Matty never ran, but at the Worksop Manor Stud of the late Sir John Robinson threw the following foals. In 1919 she had Great Star, and in 1920 a bay or brown colt, afterwards known to fame as Papyrus, winner of the Derby. After this came Comus, by Black Jester, and a bay colt by Black Jester. Then came Bold Archer, by Phalaris, which is now a successful stallion at the Cheveley Park Stud. After being barren to Lemonora then came Miss Quince, which at present finds a place in the shaded paddocks at Worksop Manor and whose bay colt by Hurstwood made 1,650gs. at Doncaster last year. After Oromatto and Kama, both by Golden Myth, Miss Matty threw Paddington, by Polyphontes, which won several races for Lord Glanely, but her bay colt by Hurstwood died in 1930, and her next filly, Miss Ninnie, did not turn out to be much.

By this time she had changed hands, and was owned by Marquis de San Miguel, from whom she passed into the possession, at 30gs., of Colonel F. W. Jarvis, D.S.O., of St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Many thought that the colonel had made a rash bargain in purchasing a mare whose breeding functions were exhausted, for in 1932 she was barren to the Derby winner Trigo.

However, Colonel Jarvis still possessed a certain amount of optimism, and when the mare was led past the box of his stallion Long Valley, a brown son of Grand Parade and Long Suit by Lemberg, and "whinnied" affectionately every day, he thought there was some understanding between them. Then came a day when Long Valley was being led in from exercise and met Miss Matty, which he straightaway served. The result of this mating was a beautiful colt foal, combining the sprinting blood of Orby and the stamina of Marcovil. Could anything be better? We shall watch the progress of this foal, so happily begotten, with the greatest interest.

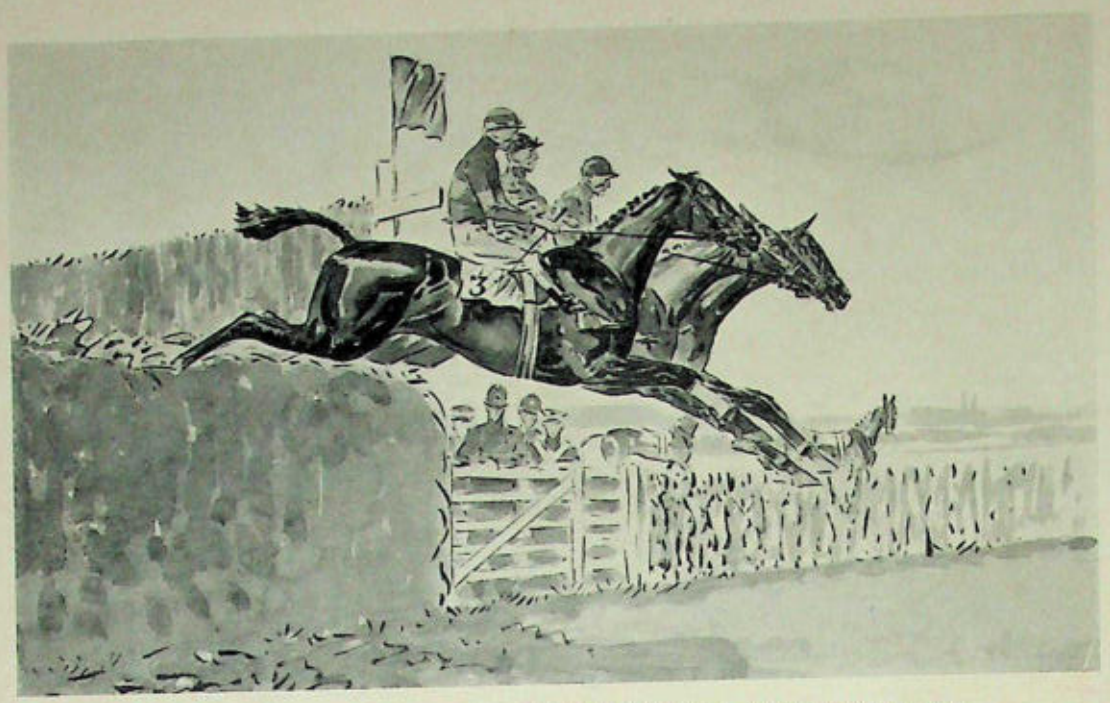
It is not often a high-class young stallion makes his mark so quickly as Blenheim has done. The success of Vermeil II, one of the first of his foals, in the Brocklesby Stakes suggests that it was unfortunate for the English stud that the Derby winner of 1930 was sent across the Channel for the early years of his stud career. Possibly Blenheim would have remained here had it not been for the unreasonable manner in which stud fees were taxed prior to the decision of the House of Lords in favour of Lord Glanely. There is now some talk of the introduction of legislation to defeat this decision. If the threat is carried into effect it will deal a blow at the prosperity of bloodstock breeding in this country, and will mean the departure of other famous horses for the stud abroad.

It was only by a narrow margin that Vermeil II gained his Lincoln success, but we have seldom seen a more stylish-looking Brocklesby winner, and it will be surprising if he does not gain further laurels in the first few months of the season. The easiest two-year-old winner in the opening week was Grandpapa, who appears to have inherited the fine speed of his dam Pippa Passes, but the big troop of youngsters which finished behind the Epsom colt were apparently a moderate lot.

The greatest disappointment among the two-year-olds so far has been the Naldera colt, who, before the opening of the campaign, had been tried at Newmarket as something out of the common. It is quite certain that he would have won his race at Liverpool had he gone about his business instead of hanging badly from the outset, and it will be strange if he does not shape to much greater advantage the next time out.

Several of the horses which finished behind Play On in the big handicap at Lincoln will be seen again in the Newbury Spring Cup on April 14th. Here the handicap is headed by the American horse Mate, who is not likely to be seen at his best until later in the season. Versicle can run here, the filly appearing to be little the worse for the deplorable accident which prevented her from reaching the course at Lincoln. Statesman is likely to give a good account of himself at Newbury, his performance in the Liverpool Spring Cup giving one the impression that he will be all the better for that gallop.

In the Queen's Prize at Kempton on Easter Monday Lucky Patch and Brunswick are closely handicapped on their running in the Derby Cup last autumn. Excellent reports come from Newmarket of the progress of the first-named, while it is in favour of the other that his stable should have scored handsomely with Leighon and The Ruthless Abbot in the first week. His Majesty's colours are likely to be carried conspicuously in the Queen's Prize by Foxearth, a game horse and a good stayer; but as a definite selection we take Lucky Patch.



THE FLYING TRIO—AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION AT THE CANAL TURN

Mr. Paul Brown's picture of Golden Miller, Delaneige and Forbra, which he says reminded him of 1929, when Easter Hero, Sandy Hook, and Richmond II jumped this fence together

THE GREATEST HUNTING COUNTRY

Memories of Irish Sport

By SIR MICHAEL BRUCE, BART.

NO one who has hunted in Ireland can forget the glories of the greatest sport on earth. Once the first whimper of a hound in cover has reached your ears no charm woven by man can break the spell that Ireland has woven over you. Ireland has her sons loaned to all parts of the globe, and under the service of foreign flags her exiles have grown to power and position.

Slaving in the blistering heat of the tropics or fighting amid the frozen seas of the north, her sons have carved niches for themselves wherever white men have wandered, and yet, gather a few of them together, will the conversation turn on politics or love or war? Later, perhaps, but first on horses and hounds and memories of great hunts and greater huntsmen.

Ireland takes even the visitors to her heart; she has that endless variety of country that always delights and always surprises. Bad days and good days, days when the soft grey skies carry the clouds from the western ocean, when scent is perfect, when hounds go as though an unseen ruler had marked their course; and your horse is away with them, with only the master and one or two to keep you aware that other men exist, and your heart is filled with the gladness of it and your soul with the love of it.

And those days in the pouring rain, earths that have not been stopped, no scent, and man and beast shivering in the bitter north wind as hounds vainly hunt through empty coverts. Days just sent to show us how good the good days can be, and do not even the "bad" days seal our love for that wayward sweetheart of our past? Do we recall that run from Cloncagh, when away they went, dead for the Mullaghareirk Mountains, when we left half the field in the Deel, swollen with the rains and running brown and turbulent to the Shannon? Will we ever forget that thrill as we realised that only ourselves were with hounds, and the glory of the knowledge that Prince was as fresh as when he left stable and never a foot would he put wrong.

Will anything wipe out these great banks and walls from our treasured memories, and the glory of being first man up as hounds pulled that gallant old fox down 'neath the walls of Glenduffy Castle? Fifteen miles as the crow flies, and no one with us for the last four. 'Tis the memories of days like that, days when every bad thought is washed away, when troublesome times are forgotten, that has made the love of the finest of all hunting countries the one unshakable love of our lives.

The sailor will call the sea his mistress, the mountaineer will dream of crags to be fought and conquered, others of breathless moments on the fields of sport, but many of us who are exiles have loved a mistress who will never let us forget, who at each fall of the year whispers so temptingly, so sweetly, "Come back, come back," that we feel our heartstrings breaking as we dream of the land so dear to us.

MARCH FOXES

A Month of Great Hunts and Many Disappointments

AN old huntsman—he is dead now—once made this remark to me towards the end of a hunting season: "March foxes and March hares," said he, "are all mad. Some smell and some don't; some travel, and some don't. And the deuce and all it is to know where to lay hands on a good one."

This is undoubtedly the case. I should say that huntsmen as a whole dislike the March fox. He is an inconstant fellow. He obeys no laws. He enjoys a reputation which leads most sportsmen to expect great things of him, and this reputation he may or may not live up to. But the reputation holds good. Long hunts are expected in the month of March, and a huntsman must do what he can to provide them.

During February and early March the vixen lies up. Somewhere in her vicinity will be found two, three, and sometimes even as many as five itinerant foxes. In a wet season her position will probably be known. There will not be many places she can go to. But in a dry season like this one she can go where she likes. In the West Country, which is renowned for its deep going, hunters could be seen returning from a day in the vale without a speck of mud above the fetlock joints. Every drain and hole will provide a warm earth, and what is more important, a safe one. The probabilities are therefore that most vixens have avoided the usual places this season, and sought out one of these drains as a home for the expected family. This March the finding of foxes is proving more difficult than ever.

But once found, how many times is a hunt spoilt by too many foxes? At this time of the year we are quite likely to draw for half a day without so much as a whiff of a fox. Then all of a sudden we find ourselves in the middle of a regular army of them. The pack have approached the nest of some vixen, and her swains—quite a number of them who have been lying up in the hedgerows near her—are all away in different directions.

This situation a huntsman may dread more than any other. He knows that the day's sport depends on a good start for hounds, and the absence of "holloas" and such troubles. Late in the season when the sun is stronger, scent is often quick and catchy, and everything depends upon the early stages. In these few minutes a hunt is made or marred.

But most of the great hunts in March have started slowly. There has been a lot of persevering hound work, an unhurried fox, a gradual increase of pace as the pack settle down; and then a great gallop with perhaps a kill in the open.

To return to the March fox and his reputation. Like many reputations, I consider it is founded on a few outstanding deeds of valour, not on the general trend of things. He is a traveller, it is true. But in these days when countries are so well stocked with foxes has he so very far to travel? In the old days when countries were more thinly populated he might have to go many miles before finding a mate. But not now. Of course, there will be the exception, the fickle lover, or even the very particular one. But there is no reason nowadays why the average fox should go any great distance to become a father. There are probably vixens in plenty within a mile or two of his usual haunts, so there is little reason for him to change them.

To my mind, the beginning of March sees the end of the best of the season, with perhaps a single great exception. January and February are usually recognised as the best hunting months. March is the mad month and answers to no general rule.

But this is the attraction of March. I have said that March foxes are difficult to find, difficult to hunt, and that there is little reason now for them to travel. But to this there will always be the exception.

On this exception the March fox has built up his reputation. Those who have ridden in a great hunt after a March fox, probably over quite a new line of country, will see no reason for him to lose it.

WESSEX.



AT A NORTHERN POINT-TO-POINT

The field at the first fence in the Adjacent Hunts race at the Lauderdale meeting, held at Blainslie, near Lauder

RACING, HUNTING AND STEEPLE CHASING—FROM IRELAND TO GIBRALTAR



A DOUBLE AT THE MALLOW MARCH MEETING

Mrs. P. Watt leading in her horse Appletoi, ridden by her brother, Mr. E. Roban, after winning the Munster Foxhounds Plate. Her horse Boundary won the Rakes of Mallow Steeple Chase. Mrs. Watt is the wife of Major A. H. Watt, M.C., Master of the United



Charles E. Brown

WITH THE "ROCK" AS BACKGROUND

One of the most popular attractions at Gibraltar at this season is the racing on the North Front track. The photograph, taken during the visit of the Fleet, shows the field rounding the bend in the Warwick Stakes, under the starting gate for a shorter race



Charles E. Brown

GIBRALTAR'S PACK, THE CALPE HOUNDS, WITH THEIR NEW MASTER

Rear-Admiral T. N. James has now been succeeded by Colonel W. B. G. Barne, C.B.E., D.S.O., who is seen with his whippers-in at a meet at Second Venta on the day when the long drought which had threatened hunting was broken



Neville Kingston

"LIONS AND TIGERS, IF PLACED TOGETHER AS CUBS, GROW UP CLOSE FRIENDS"

STRANGE ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS

Some "Good Companions" at the Zoo

By D. SETH-SMITH

MANY are the stories told of creatures of quite unrelated species that have become strongly attached to one another in captivity. The most familiar of such friendships are probably those between cats and rabbits, or between dogs and cats, animals that by nature are antagonistic.

In a living zoological collection one comes upon friendships stranger still. There was a wombat living alone in a large cage, and as a rare Brazza's monkey needed more space for its active nature, it was placed in the same enclosure. At first the two were frightened of one another, but after a time became strongly attached, and it was an amusing sight to see the monkey riding about the cage on the wombat's back.

Then there was "Jimmy," a young chimpanzee, and "Freckles," a small, long-tailed monkey, who were great friends, Jimmy always having the advantage in a romp because he could lay hold of Freckles' tail, whereas he himself, having no such appendage to be captured by, was immune from retaliation.

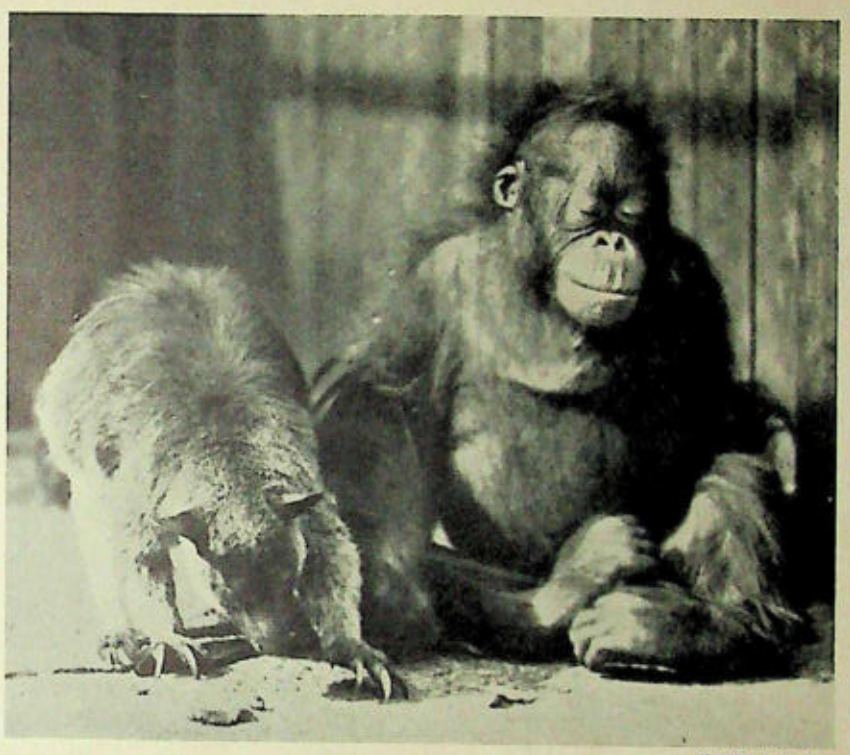
A young orang-utan became great friends with a tree kangaroo, and the two were often to be seen sleeping in each other's arms in their bed of straw. At the present time a very similar friendship may be witnessed at the Zoo, where a silvery gibbon is living on most friendly terms with a couple of these strange marsupials. They enjoy a game together which generally ends by the gibbon swinging on the tail of the kangaroo.

A still more remarkable friendship sprang up between a kangaroo and a macaw. This gaudy, raucous-voiced parrot had been removed to the sanatorium on account of some feather disorder, and spent its time on a stand some 3ft. above the ground. The kangaroo was a young one whose mother had neglected it, and the sanatorium staff were rearing it on a bottle. As it grew up it became playful, and the object which specially took its fancy was the long tail of the macaw.

After a time the parrot and kangaroo became close friends, and if the latter strayed far away a loud squawk would bring it hopping back to the bird, when it would at once commence to comb its long tail feathers with its claws. Sometimes the parrot would descend from its stand and the two would be seen close together on the ground, and anyone who then attempted to touch the kangaroo would be in danger of a severe bite from the parrot.

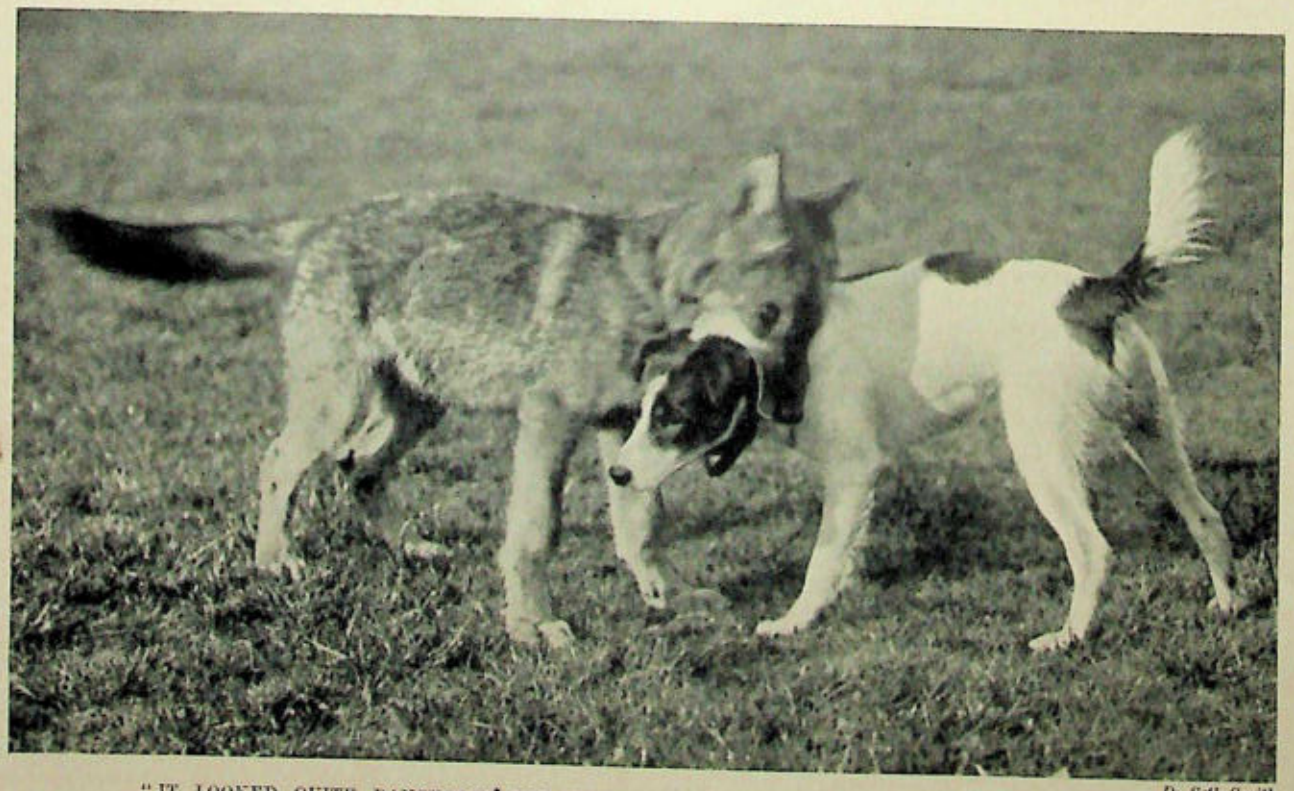
One day a strange macaw of the same kind visited the sanatorium. The kangaroo, mistaking it for its friend, hopped up to it and commenced to comb its tail, whereupon a piercing shriek from the frightened parrot sent it rushing off in surprised terror.

Lions and tigers are not as a rule well disposed towards one another, but if placed together as cubs grow up to be close friends. The headkeeper of the Lion House, by the way, is fond of small as well as large cats, and was for some years the owner of a fine blue Russian cat which answered to the name of "Rush." It became so friendly with certain of the lions that it freely entered their cages, and they never attempted to molest it, though they would quickly demolish any strange cat that ventured within reach. It was noticeable also that "Rush" never ventured into the cages of animals with which he was not on friendly terms.



Neville Kingston

"A YOUNG ORANG-UTAN BECAME GREAT FRIENDS WITH A TREE KANGAROO"



D. Seth-Smith

"IT LOOKED QUITE DANGEROUS FOR THE DOG, BUT HE KNEW IT WAS ALL IN PLAY"

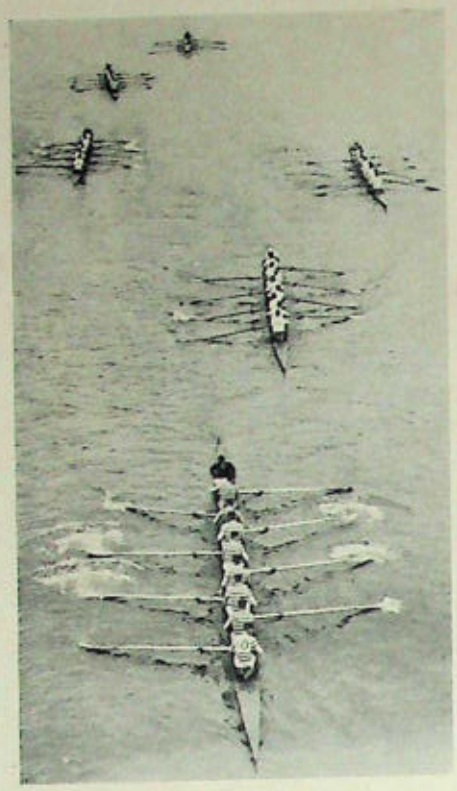
Wolves and dogs are so closely related that one would not expect them to be antagonistic; nevertheless, an adult wolf will generally refuse offers of friendship from a dog. I had a dog, however, that, although adult, became quite attached to a young wolf that we used to take for walks in the gardens on summer evenings. The wolf followed the dog everywhere, and the two delighted to romp together on the lawn.

The wolf soon grew to be much larger than the dog, and when they played and the wolf took the dog's head in its mouth it looked quite dangerous for the dog; but he knew that it was all in play and enjoyed it. The dog was an expert rat-catcher, and the wolf would follow him about, and as soon as he killed a rat would rush up and take it, then disappear with it into the bushes to devour it at leisure.

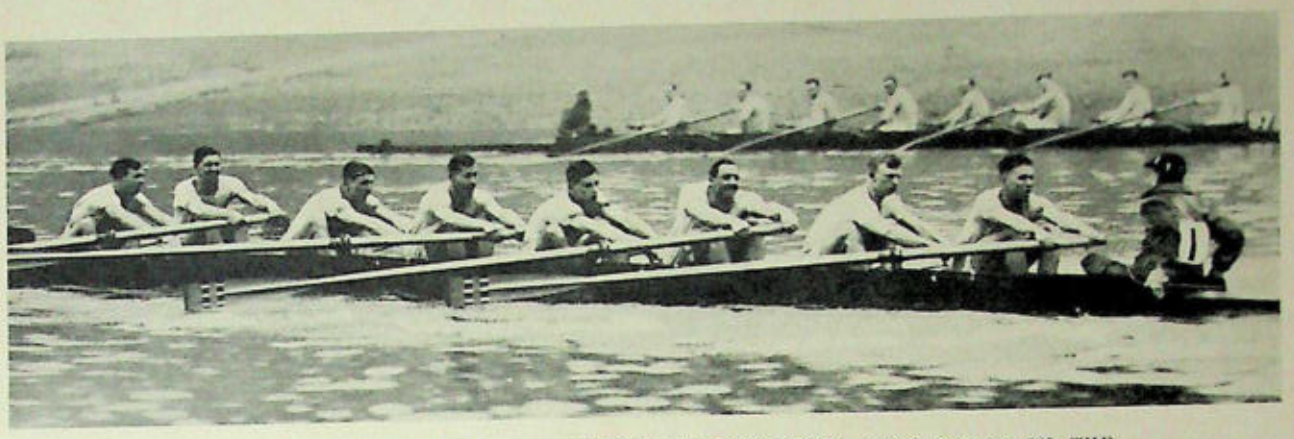
THE RACE OF A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE CREWS

Mr. Steve Fairbairn's Triumph and His Coaching

By D. H. E. McCOWEN



PART OF THE FLEET ON THEIR WAY TO THE START



LONDON, ONCE AGAIN WINNERS OF THE HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE, ROWED ON THE EBB OVER THE UNIVERSITY COURSE

LONDON R.C.'s time of 20min. 17sec. for the 'Varsity course, and that of 20min. 18sec. by Pembroke College, Cambridge, done on the tail-end of a slow ebb tide with no land water coming down, looks most impressive, and though it must again be emphasised that it is almost impossible to draw comparisons from times done at Putney, the performance compares very favourably with the 18min. 3sec. Cambridge record of last week done on a roaring flood.

To the impartial spectator, and also the keenly interested oarsman, the chief interest this year was whether London would be deposed from the headship which they have held as monotonously as Cambridge have won the Boat Race.

Those who asked for an exciting finish were not disappointed, for to the best-trained eye it was impossible to tell how London or Pembroke were faring as they passed the boathouses with about the same distance between them as at the starting post. To make matters worse, the announcement of the result kept everyone in suspense for two hours.



PEMBROKE, CAMBRIDGE, WHO WERE ONE SECOND OVER LONDON'S TIME OF 20 MINUTES 17 SECONDS, SEEN WITH FOUR MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE CREW (N. J. BRADLEY, J. H. T. WILSON, W. A. T. SAMBELL AND A. D. KINGSFORD) IN THE EIGHT

London must have breathed a sigh of relief to hear that Pembroke had failed by 1sec. to rob them of their ninth successive victory, for a miss was quite as good as a mile as far as they were concerned. It must have been a bitter disappointment to Pembroke, though it will make them all the keener to get their revenge in the Grand Challenge Cup.

London have had a remarkable record in this event, and some years they have won comfortably and in others by the skin of their teeth, as in 1927, when they were forced to share first place with Thames in the record time of 18min. 41sec. for the race. They are always desperately keen to keep a firm hold of the trophy, and with this end in view set about their winter training with immense zeal and efficiency. A fortnight before the race you will see them in strict training out running on the towpath before breakfast, and in the late evening they will have an outing in the semi-dark with the indefatigable Charles Rew coaching from a launch.

Who are the men who have instilled this wonderful spirit? In post-war days we must hark back to 1926 when Archie Nisbet became captain, and was instrumental in getting Steve Fairbairn to coach. Since that momentous occasion the L.R.C. have never looked back.

The occasion in question is one which legend hands down in awe. It was a Sunday morning, and Steve was to coach for the first time. Off went crew and coach on the ebb, some say as far as Westminster, others London Bridge, and others Greenwich. They came up again on the flood, and when Putney Bridge was reached Steve said: "Well, boys, what about rowing the 'Varsity course?"

To have paddled for at least twelve miles already and then to be asked to row four-and-a-quarter was just a bit more than they were used to, but nobody said "nay" and off they went at a racing stroke to Mortlake, and then paddled home in one piece. Not a bad day's work to start with, but it was the forerunner of many long hard rows, and the slogan that "mileage makes champions" was being put into actual practice. That was 1926—they became undisputed champions in 1930. And this is the spirit which must be applied to any crew which expects to win the Boat Race, or any crew which is to break the Cambridge sequence of wins.

Another great oarsman whom the club owe a great debt is C. W. "Jock" Wise, the old Amateur Sculling Champion, who seemingly devotes his entire energies to the well-being of the L.R.C. Besides coaching the Grand crew in winter and the Juniors in summer, he is the inspiration of the Veterans who have not suffered defeat for goodness knows how long. Then comes the great Charles Rew, who possesses all the qualities of wit, charm and personality which go to make a great coach. His record of successes in recent years is imposing enough to leave no shadow of doubt in anyone's mind that London are indeed fortunate to have first call on his services.

On Saturday the London crew were without Howitt, their captain, and his absence must have caused increased uncertainty as to the final result. Bigland Wood, however, filled the gap at 6 admirably—one of the hardest workers to be seen in a boat.

Pembroke, coached by Archie Nisbet, might have just won had they known how they stood with London; they finished much fresher than their rivals, and the four Blues, Bradley, Wilson, Sambell and Kingsford showed that their training for the Boat Race had not taken much out of them. With more rowing together, Pembroke ought to become real Grand winning class, but I think that British crews will have to be better than last year if the Grand is not to go to Germany.

Thames I finished third in the Head of the River, and were not quite up to their usual standard—16sec. behind the leaders is a big margin to catch up by Henley. Thames II did remarkably well and finished the highest second boat at fifth. Trinity College, Dublin, created a pleasant surprise by finishing fourth, which showed that Dermot Gogarty, the old Pembroke and L.R.C. oarsman, who is now in charge of their training, is rapidly leaving a trace of the style which won him the Grand in 1931 on this young and almost inexperienced crew. To get consistent coaching from a man who knows what he is about is a great advantage to any club, and I should not be surprised to see Trinity College, Dublin, win the Ladies' Plate in the not too distant future.

Jesus College II gained ten places, and finished sixth, four places higher than their first boat, and other crews to do well were Imperial College and Selwyn, while Emmanuel (Cambridge), by advancing 25 places, Caius (Cambridge) 49 places, and Walton R.C. 30 places, all got into the first division from the Sandwich division.

The provincial clubs did very creditably, Mersey gaining ten, Royal Chester seven, and Bedford II 18 places, whilst Lady Elizabeth (Dublin), "the Leander of Ireland," gained 22 places. Dermot Gogarty was stroking this crew, and I think has now created a record for the event by becoming the first man to row for three different clubs—Pembroke, London and Lady Elizabeth B.C. Corpus Christi (Cambridge) did well to win the Clinker division in 21min. 55sec., a time bettered only by 21 crews rowing in best boats.

Oxford colleges were poorly represented, only the two Magdalen crews competing. If one Oxford college is keen enough to come and row in this race it makes one wonder why the others do not stir themselves too.

It must gladden the heart of Mr. Fairbairn to witness this race of 121 crews all rowing in the style he advocates, and all thoroughly enjoying themselves. The very suggestion would have been ridiculed not so many years ago. It all goes to show that the natural way of rowing a boat is the truest, fastest, easiest and most pleasant, and surely only the unbelievers and proud will continue to employ the methods of a bygone age.

CREWS OF LEADING BOATS

LONDON R.C.—D. L. R. Hills, T. D. M. Boyland, P. N. Carpmael, R. G. Sankey, P. H. Jackson, G. Bigland Wood, A. E. C. Drake, T. Turner (stroke), G. Harris (cox).

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.—M. Carter, M. G. Pascalis, T. R. M. Bristow, W. R. Lawson, A. D. Kingsford, W. A. T. Sambell, J. H. T. Wilson, N. J. Bradley (stroke), H. Walmsley (cox).

THAMES R.C.—R. P. Drakeford, T. H. Tyler, T. G. Askwith, A. P. Brown, E. G. Hutton Squire, G. Hardwick, C. Allanson Winn, F. Bunge (stroke), J. Dearlove (cox).

Captain Freeman's Game Farms.—We learn with much regret of the death of Captain William Freeman at the age of 85 years, the Director of the Company which bears his name. For some months past Captain Freeman had been unable to continue his active control of the business, which will now be carried on under the management of the remaining Directors of the Company.

COVERED COURTS "CHAMPIONSHIPS"

Tinkler's Promise for the Future

By J. E. COLLETT

THE Spring Covered Courts Tournament at Queen's Club was this year without the dignity of being held for the London championships. From 1902, when R. F. and H. L. Doherty won the doubles, onwards to 1931 (with a lapse of course from 1914–18) this meeting was of considerable though gradually declining interest. In 1932 there was no competition. Last year a revival gave us H. W. Austin as the winner of the singles, but he, it appears, is to be the last London covered court champion.

While the action of the L.T.A. in limiting the number of championships is quite reasonable, there are so few clubs with covered courts that it might have been more reasonable to allow them to retain their tournament dignity. Dulwich, it will be remembered, was not allowed to revive the Championship of Europe. Possibly this was a grandiose title, but there is nothing to object to in play for the Championship of London. Nigel Sharpe won in 1928, and again this year; his name will probably be added to the roll hanging in the club entrance in the ordinary course.

His marked improvement is of great interest. The long rest from competitive play, caused by obstinate foot trouble, has been used to develop net work. He is now an all-court player with a formidable smash, and no longer merely a baseliner whose style was more painstaking than attractive. Possibly he has lost some of his accuracy, but temporarily at all events that is to be expected.

Worse players than he is now have been considered great. In the course of the season, if he can show that he has conquered his tendency to be controlled by adverse conditions, he may advance far enough to be again on the heels of the Davis Cup, for he played for Great Britain against Poland in 1930.

He was always likely to beat anyone on wood, where he can rely on the behaviour of the ball; and he knocked Cochet out of the singles at Wimbledon in 1931 in the first round, 6/1, 6/3, 6/2. Cochet had not quite recovered from an illness, but he was well enough to get to the final of the doubles with Brugnon, where they ran G. M. Lott and J. Van Ryn to 6/2, 10/8, 9/11, 3/6, 6/3.

When R. K. Tinkler beat M. Sleem, 6/2, 6/1, in the semi-final last Thursday he looked as useful an oncomer as we have seen for some years. Though Sleem is 41 he is as cunning and nearly as agile as ever, but he was without reply to the deep forehand drives, decisive volleying and strong service of his opponent. Tinkler had already beaten R. J. Ritchie and J. S. Olliff in straight sets.

People recalled that he had beaten G. M. Lott in Bermuda, and were prepared to back him against Sharpe. Sharpe won 6/2, 4/6, 6/3, 6/2, and never looked like losing. Despite this Tinkler, excepting his backhand, gave no impression of weakness. He was a good man up against a much better man on the day. There was nothing that in his orderly way Sharpe could not do when called on.

Thus as the match advanced Tinkler's game, which was based on attack behind an exceptionally sure, penetrating and shrewdly placed service and a powerful forehand drive for a finish at the net, faded, and it was Sharpe, who with the clockwork precision of parade, did the finishing.

Nevertheless, Sharpe did not lessen the promise of Tinkler. In the final in 1928 Sharpe beat E. Higgs, who had already reached Davis Cup rank, and no one thought less of Higgs; he was in four Davis Cup ties that year. What does lessen the promise of Tinkler is his backhand. Competitive play will not cure that stroke. It is simply a bad one as he does it now. He should take a month off everything but backhand practice. Hard labour perhaps, but something like it has been essential to the making of many, it might be said most of the greatest players.

Tinkler can concentrate intensely in competition. If he can concentrate as hard in practice he might come back nigh fifteen better.



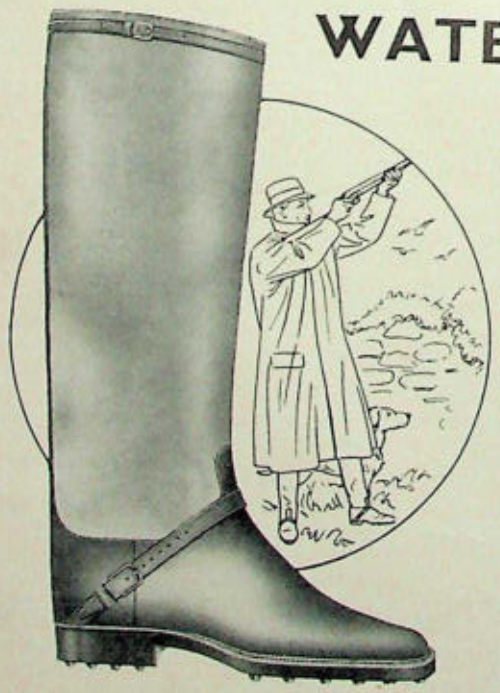
NIGEL SHARPE RISING TO THE OCCASION
A winner of the Covered Courts Championship in 1928, and again this year

Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall ought to have won the ladies' singles, but she frittered the final away. Miss E. H. Harvey's patience pulled her through.

It is a distressing reflection that we cannot in these days produce women players who can be consistent. The tradition Mrs. Lambert Chambers set up, Mlle. Lenglen carried on; then Mrs. Moody, and now Miss Jacobs. The pretty picture of mixed wonder and weakness presented by Mrs. Whittingstall is more feminine but less satisfactory athletically. Mlle. Lenglen's perfection was absolutely feminine yet quite athletic. Would we rather have inconsistency because theoretically consistency is more masculine than feminine? Do we really want anything more as spectators than to be entertained and on occasion agreeably surprised? Perhaps not, but we do not like being disappointed.

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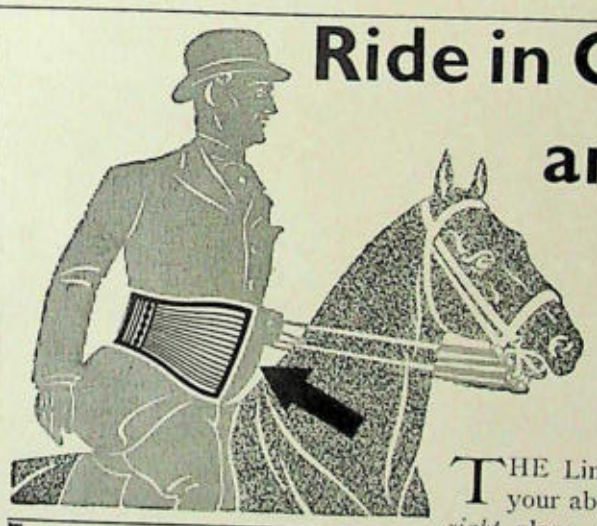
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FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 20

The Dukes of Sutherland at Dunrobin



HARRIET, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND
A portrait by Lawrence of the 2nd Duchess, the friend and Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria, whom she entertained at Dunrobin

THE family of Sutherland is one of the most ancient in Scotland and their high position and great wealth has always made them of dominating importance in the Northern Highlands. Caithness with Sutherland was one of the seven original Earldoms of Scotland, and the first Earl of Sutherland was William Sutherland, son and heir of Hugh Freskin, who appears to have been made Earl of Sutherland for quelling a rising in Northern Scotland, and to have acquired the lands forfeited by the Earl of Caithness. This was in about 1235.

There followed him for seven hundred years a succession of Earls of Sutherland, none of whom were sportsmen in the modern sense of the term, but nearly all of whom were leaders to their retainers in the virile and outdoor pursuits that gave the same outlet to the clansmen of those days as does the rod, the gun or the rifle to the Highlander of the present. They were engaged in almost every one of the warlike incidents of their times, and this no doubt, laid the foundations of the love of open-air life which has always distinguished the Northern Scot.

Thus, after the death of the first Earl, at Dunrobin, we find his grandson, the third Earl, fighting at Bannockburn—he held the Earldom for seventy-seven years and lies buried at Dornoch—the fourth Earl was slain at Halidon Hill, and the fifth Earl was a prisoner of the English battle of Durham. He had married Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert Bruce, and but for his detention in England might have succeeded to the Scottish throne.

Robert, the sixth Earl, started the historic feud with the Mackays which lasted for 200 years with all the intensity of a Corsican vendetta. In Sir Robert Gordon's *Genealogical History of the Earls of Sutherland to* 1651, we read of the son of Earl Adam of the beginning of the sixteenth century, "Alexander Gordon, Mr. of Sutherland, Earle Adam his eldest sone, beginneth now to be a man, yea, a man of valour and action, and taketh upon himselff the government of the Cuntrey, in his father Earle Adam his absence . . . which John Macky perceaving he resolveth to invade Southerland, thereby to try what shift or action wis in the Master. So gathering a company of men he came to the parish of Creigh to invade and spoile the same; which the Master understanding, went with dillgince thither and set upon John Macky, whom he chased and killed divers of his men having followed them till they came to Strathnaver."

The eighth Earl left an heiress who became Countess of Sutherland in her own right, and married Adam Gordon of Aboyne. She is described as "full of spirite and witt, of good judgment and great modesty." This Adam Gordon was a cadet of the house of Huntley and he and his eldest brother fought at Flodden.

Later we find the tenth Earl dying at Dunrobin from the effects of poison, while the thirteenth Earl took a prominent part with the Covenanters, and the fifteenth Earl was active in support of the Revolution of 1689. He later was a strong partisan of the Union and helped to suppress the Jacobite Rising of '15, with Lord Lovat retaking the town of Inverness. He is described by Mackay as "a very honest man, a great assertor of the liberties of the people," though Dean Swift referred to him as a "blundering, rattle-pated drunken sot." His grandson, the sixteenth Earl, helped to suppress the '45 rebellion. This Earl's grand-daughter, the "Duchess-Countess," saw Charles Edward as an old and doddering man in Rome in 1787.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the great Sutherland estates once more passed to an heiress, Elizabeth the Duchess-Countess. She married Lord Gower, afterwards second Marquess of Stafford, and finally created first Duke of Sutherland. Lord Gower was Ambassador in Paris during the French Revolution, and his wife befriended Marie Antoinette in prison, giving her clothes, and providing the little Dauphin with the garments of her own boy, Lord Strathnaver. They escaped from France with great difficulty. In this marriage we find a close parallel to the marriage somewhat earlier in the same century between the heiress of the Percies and Sir Hugh Smithson. In both cases the husband was eventually raised to a Dukedom, and in both cases the vast estates of the wife were raised by the husband after a few years from an extremely backward state to one a great deal more flourishing. But besides his wife's property in Sutherland he was the heir to the Duke of Bridgewater, and to Lilleshall and Trentham. Charles Greville described him as "a Leviathan of wealth." He also purchased the Reay estates—property of the Mackays. He certainly used his riches to good purpose. From that period dates the era when the sporting history of the family in the modern sense emerged. The feudal age had ended. Open-air life had ceased to be connected with bloodshed; it now entailed the improvement and administration of estates, the details of husbandry and the planning of house and gardens. But even at this period it was not customary for the great noblemen of the Highlands to take part in field sports. At a time when most of the great family packs were showing first-class sport and when men like Hawker and Lord Malmesbury were making shooting history, it was still not considered fitting for a great nobleman to kill his grouse and his venison.



THE 17TH EARL OF SUTHERLAND BY ALLAN RAMSAY
He was the father of the "Duchess-Countess" who married Lord Gower

In 1812 there were no roads in Sutherland and only one bridge. Thirty years later there were 450 miles of roads and 134 bridges, largely owing to the action of the first Duke. In the words of his wife's ancestor, the seventeenth Earl, he was determined "that the faces of the poor be not grinded." He was very hotly criticised for removing his tenants *en bloc* from the interior, where they could barely subsist, to the sea coast, where they could be employed as fishermen, but there is little doubt that this action proved to be a very wise one from their point of view. It has been fully vindicated in *Loch's Account of Lord Stafford's Improvements*. The first Duke of Sutherland was a standing example of what a beneficent proprietor can do. His tenure of the estates has had the greatest effect on landlordism in Scotland, and his development of his property laid the foundations of their sporting greatness, which has brought so much prosperity to all parts of the Highlands.

The Duchess-Countess wrote of him: "He is seized as much as I with the rage of improvement, and we both turn our attention with the greatest energy to turnips, but cannot settle whether these ought to be broadcast or drilled."

The second Duke did not marry for some years owing to a romantic attachment to Queen Louise of Prussia, but he subsequently was most happily married to Lady Harriet Howard, who was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria in every Whig administration till 1861 when the Duke died. She was serving in this capacity in the bedchamber crisis of 1839 when the Queen's proposal to dismiss her ladies kept a Whig administration in power—she was a close friend of the Queen and was with her almost alone in the period subsequent to the death of the Prince Consort. She was also a keen gardener, as is shown in Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower's Stafford House letters, and did much for the gardens of Dunrobin.

The second Duke's son, the third Duke, succeeded him. He was a keen sportsman and traveller, who did a lot in reclaiming hill land with the object of fitting it for growing crops. A large amount of money was spent on this, but much of the land has gone back to grazing.

In his reign the forests and moors began to be used for sport and the rivers began to be fished by "the gentry." Previously it was only in rare cases that a Scottish Laird went out fishing. The commercial value of sport began to be realised and tourists were attracted from the South. Up to the time of his death there are records of him stalking in the game books, and he shot his moors regularly. But his real interest was in railways, and many sportsmen must have called blessings on his name as the builder of the Highland railway. A large acreage was cleared of sheep, for till this time, with the exception of Ben Armine, which had always been a Royal Forest, in common with the rest of the Highlands, there were no areas set apart as deer forests in the accepted sense of the term.

The third Duke's sister was Lady Florence Chaplin, the wife of Squire Chaplin of Blankney, one of the most famous figures of sport and country life in Victorian times. "The Squire" frequently visited Dunrobin, and was largely instrumental in opening up the forests for deer, and his son, the present Lord Chaplin, has settled on the Sutherland estates, and his sisters, Lady Londonderry and Mrs. Hoare are frequent visitors to Dunrobin.

The fourth Duke (1892–1915) made an early start as a sportsman. For in the August, 1866,

there are notes in the game books showing that at the age of fifteen he caught his first salmon, shot his first stag and had several days grouse shooting, though after succeeding to the Dukedom he was too much occupied with administration duties to give much time to sport. His wife, the beautiful Duchess Millicent, the great Edwardian hostess, was also a pioneer of stalking for women, in the days when it was a much bolder thing to play the rôle of Diana than it is to-day, and she was also a skilled fisherwoman. The Duke was succeeded by his elder son, the present Duke of Sutherland, who shot a grouse before he was fourteen and a stag before he was fifteen, and has always continued to show his love of sport. He has fished for tarpon in Florida, shot big game in the Rockies, in East Africa, the Sudan, India and Ceylon, and is a keen yachtsman and has made long voyages in his yacht, the Sans Peur. He is also keenly interested in the most modern of all forms of recreation—the Air.

The Duke's younger brother, Lord Alastair Leveson-Gower, whose early death after the war was very widely mourned, was a very fine shot and horseman, and had served in the Blues during the war with marked distinction.

In 1829, the then Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, bought from the then Lord Reay what is known as the "Reay Country," including the parishes of Tongue, Durness and Eddrachilles, on the north and west sides of the County of Sutherland. The area of the Country of Reay is about 300,000 acres. It is reckoned that the area of the properties already held by the Duchess-Countess and that purchased from Lord Reay extended to about a million and a quarter acres, and that area was held by the third Duke, the grandfather of the present Duke. The fourth Duke sold a considerable area of the property, reckoned at about 200,000 acres, and the present Duke, in 1918–19 and later, sold an area of about 700,000 acres.

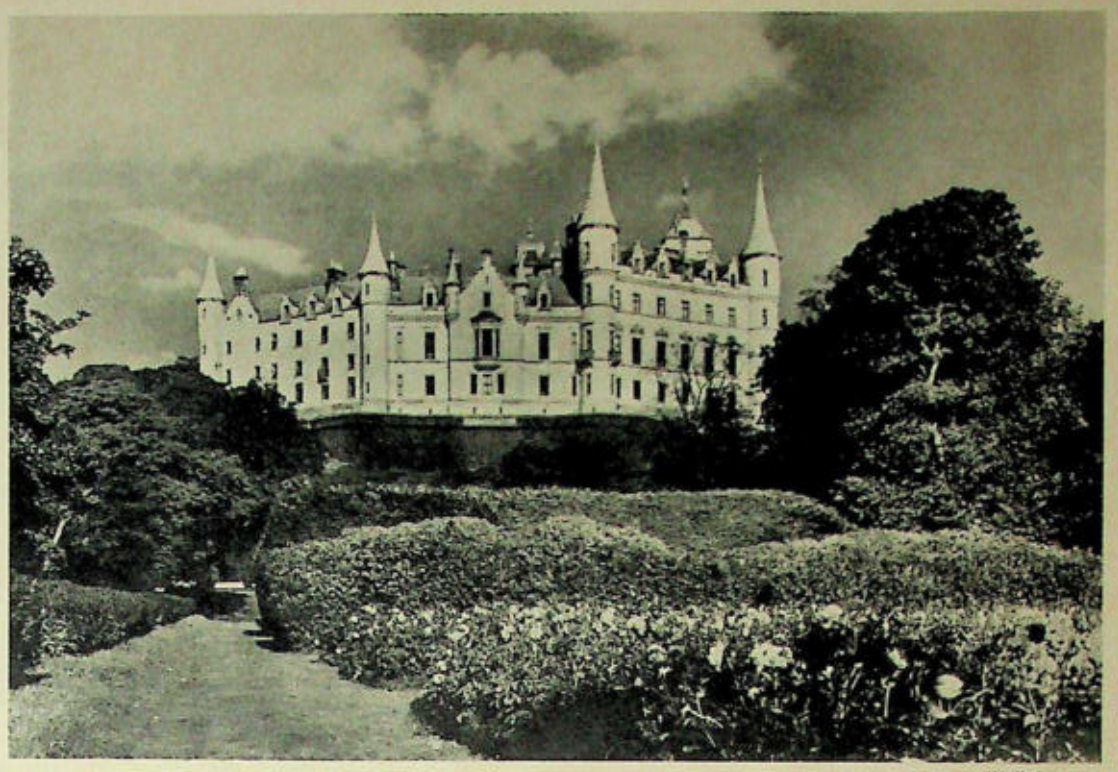
The property retained by the present Duke runs in a northerly direction from Dunrobin on the east coast, to Loch Naver—a distance of about 25 miles as the crow flies. He has also got the Estate of Tongue on the north coast, and the Estate of Scourie on the west coast, with the Island of Handa renowned for its bird life. The main part retained by the Duke embraces Dunrobin Forest, Benarmine Forest and Loch Choire Forest, including Ben Clibreg and Badenloch Forest, including Ben Griam-mhor.

Many distinguished visitors have been attracted by the sporting and scenic attractions of the place. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort made several visits to Duchess Harriet, who had built the modern part of the castle (it was Queen Victoria who remarked, of a visit to Stafford House, now the London Museum, which had been bought by the first Duke for £70,000, "from my house to your palace"). Gobernuisgach, in the Reay Forest, was built by Sir Charles Barrie for intended visits by the Prince Consort. There was already good stalking, for in 1840 the old Reay Forest had been cleared of sheep, and by the early years of the present century 700 stags and 20,000 brace of grouse could be counted on. In September, 1932, the Duke killed a stag of 25st. in the Dunrobin Forest, and stags of 20st. and over are frequently bagged. In addition there were very fair bags of pheasants and partridges made on the estate. The present King, and the Prince of Wales have also shot at Dunrobin.

Sutherland, too, is something of a fisherman's paradise—the Helmsdale, the Brora, the Naver and the Borgie, which begin their seasons as early as January 11th. The Lexford and the Inver give excellent results in summer as well as spring, and a record catch of salmon in one day was made in summer on the Helmsdale, which must be included among the most famous rivers in Scotland. A most excellent arrangement is in practice on this river—its length is divided into two pieces of six beats each, each rod fishing each beat in turn, thereby being constantly offered new scenes, new pools and water, then, if the previous day's sport has been poor, new hope. No form of spinning is allowed on the Helmsdale.

In the Parish of Assynt is a loch called Gillaroo which as far as is known is the only loch in Scotland containing the Gillaroo trout. These fish have a sort of gizzard or thickening of the walls of the stomach which seems to be a provision of Nature to enable them to digest large quantities of shell-fish. Lough Melvin and other loughs in Ireland are famous for their Gillaroos.

But the most absorbing part of the great Sutherland estates lie in their unsurpassed scenery and in their almost unique position as a home of wild life. The wild cat is found on the estates in large numbers, they being one of the strongholds of this interesting species which the Duke preserves, and there are a few pine martens with some polecats on the West Coast. Black and red throated divers, greenshanks and many others nest in the county, the great northern diver winters at Little Ferry, and the golden eagle, surely the grandest of our birds, finds sanctuary among its hills and corries. D. H. G.



Niall Rankin

DUNROBIN CASTLE FROM THE GARDEN

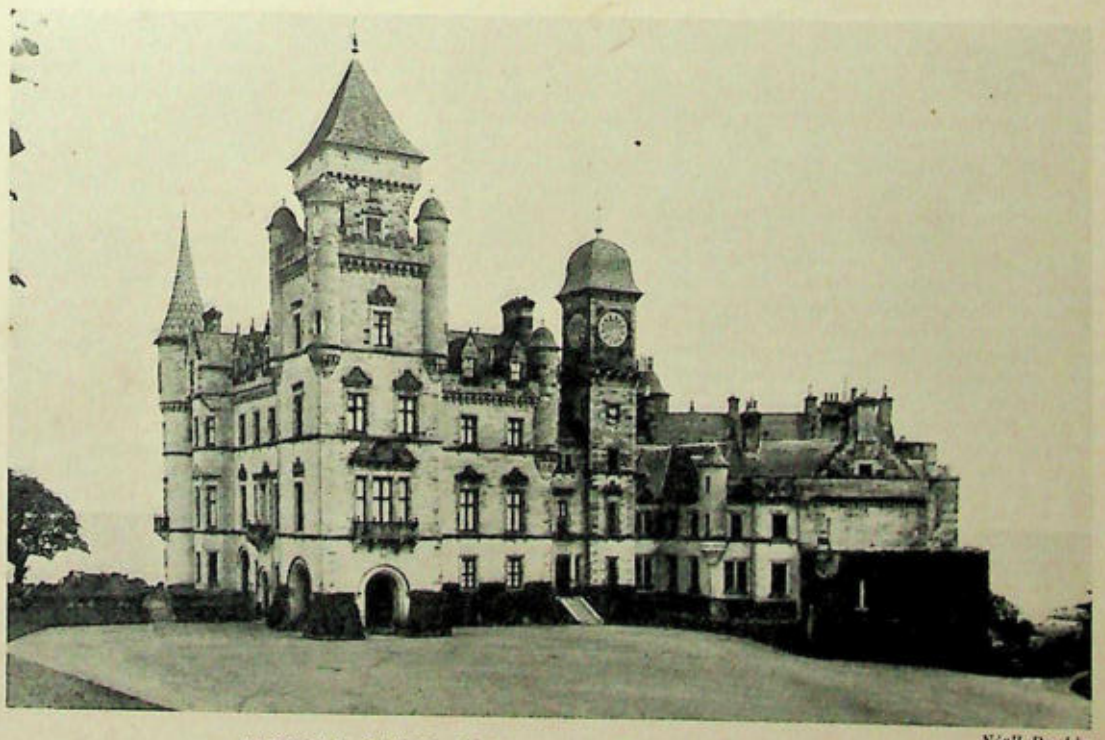
The old part of the Castle can be easily distinguished on the left



Niall Rankin

VIEW FROM BEN BHRAGGIE ACROSS THE LITTLE FERRY

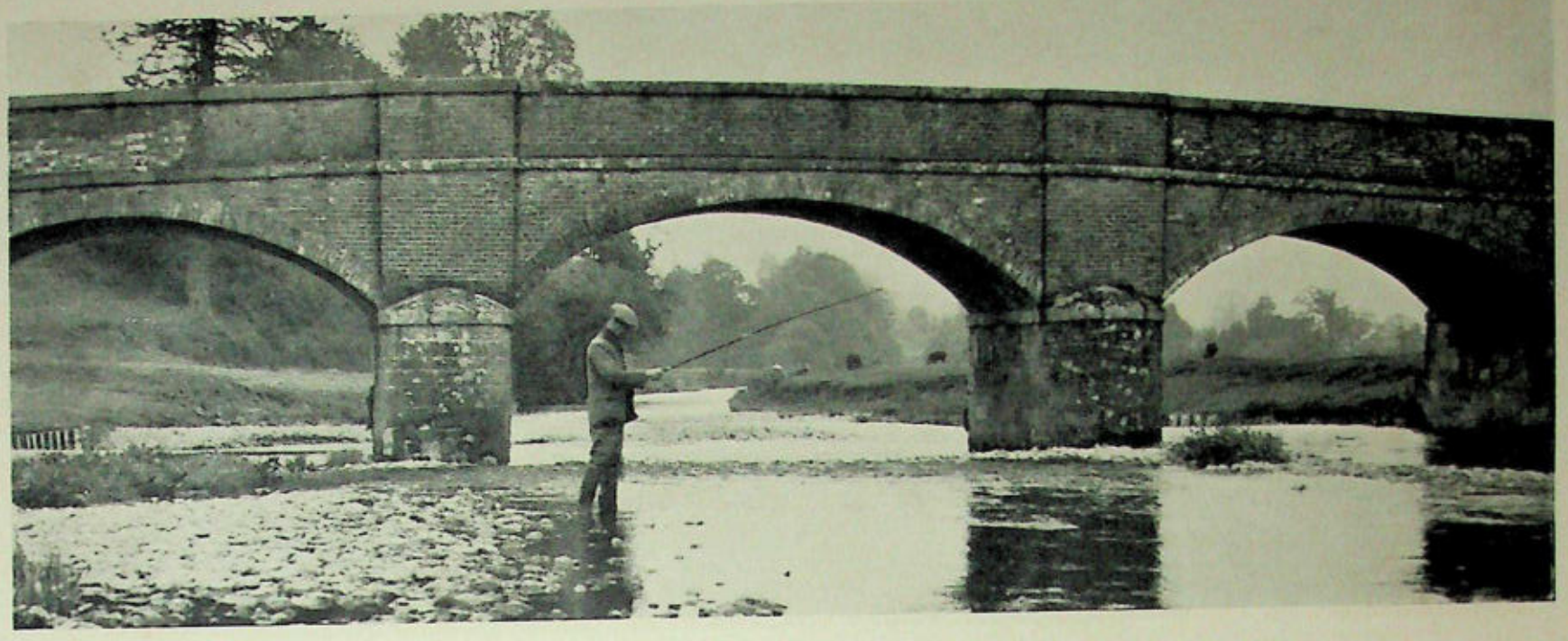
The Kyle of Sutherland can be seen on the left and beyond the hills of Ross-shire



Niall Rankin

DUNROBIN CASTLE LOOKING EASTWARDS TO THE SEA

The Castle was largely rebuilt by the 2nd Duke under the active supervision of the Duchess Harriet



ON A DEVONSHIRE STREAM
But the recent rains have now given it a more cheerful appearance

TROUT SEASON PROSPECTS

What "Field" Correspondents Think of the Chances in Their Districts

As can be seen by the extracts from the *Field's* correspondents in different parts of the country, prospects for trout fishing this year are overshadowed by the great drought. Very few fishermen living to-day can remember any such winter drought as we have been having. Summer droughts we know, and their effect on the life of the streams can be gauged with some hope of success, but winter droughts are an unknown quantity to anglers in this country.

It would seem certain that the food supply must have been affected, and probably adversely affected, by the low water, since evidence is not lacking that high water and rapid growth of fish generally go together. The result, presumably, will be that trout will not have put on their normal increment of weight and that in consequence "sizeable" fish will be fewer than usual. On the other hand, sport is not entirely a matter of ounces above or below a standard. It can hardly be doubted that the rivers will fill up again during the season and newly covered soil, whether of the bed or of the shelving banks always seems to attract the more active of the fish population and to create a tendency towards free rising. So the season may well turn out better than expected.

To start with the North, our correspondent writes:

"Last year's drought was responsible for the fact that far fewer trout were taken from the water by rod and line, from which it might be argued that more were left in to be taken this year. But the same drought was responsible for the other fact that great numbers of trout, especially on our upland waters, perished in a more inglorious manner. Again, it has been encouraging to note that the mildness of our winter in the North has brought out generous evidence of activity among the early flies, to which trout have risen freely for the time of the year—at least, this is encouraging until you reflect that the long continuance of low water has severely restricted the area of the fish's feeding ground, and the absence of the customary floods has deprived the trout of that mixed grill so helpful in reconditioning them for the activities of another season.

"In one respect the season's prospects are markedly more cheerful. Angling clubs whose membership rolls had been hard hit by the late years of depression are already filling up their vacancies with a welcome influx of new members. In one case a club which recently had a dozen vacancies has now a full house and four or five names on the waiting list. Still, a few opportunities for securing membership on first-rate waters remain, and a limited number of rods are wanted to make up the complement on the waters of the Yorkshire Anglers' Association on the Eden, Ribble and Yore; the Castle Fisheries, on the Cumberland Derwent; the Clitheroe Angling Association, on the Ribble and Hodder; the Kirkby Lonsdale Angling Association, on the Lune; the Aire Fishing Club, on the Aire; the Myddleton Angling Club, on the Wharfe; the Costa Angling Club, on the Costa; the Derwent Anglers' Club, on the Yorkshire Derwent; and the Esk Fishery Association, on the Whitby Esk."

In the South Country conditions have caused more anxiety, for chalk-stream trout are not accustomed to drought—at least, to a drought which seriously reduces the water level. Moreover, chalk-stream springs depend almost entirely on winter rains for their replenishing, and even spring rains may have little effect in filling the chalk.

"It has been said with a certain amount of truth," writes our correspondent, "that the Test gives better sport in low water than it does when the river is on the high side. With this river as it has been for many years I certainly agree with the statement, but the variation in height has only been a matter of inches; now it is lower than anyone can remember, and this must affect the fishing on the extreme upper waters. The cold weather with many degrees of frost that occurred just when trout had selected the spawning beds, made spawning some weeks later than usual. Yet, so far as one can see, fish are looking in very good condition for this time of year. Since spawning time there has been very little severe cold—not enough to prevent fish feeding well.

"The serious trouble of floating weed has been under consideration, and committees have been appointed both on the Test and Itchen. These committees are asked to inquire whether it is possible to erect weed racks at intervals on both rivers in order that the nuisance of floating weed may be abated. Only those who have a weed rack at the head of their fishing to-day can really depend on being able to fish their water when they reach it.

"Looking down the river I cannot help thinking that for once in a way a spate (practically unknown in the Test) would do much good if it could happen. It would be far easier to forecast the prospects for the coming season if it was possible to be sure that the present amount of water in the river will not diminish when the weather becomes warm. This happens even after the usual winter rains. Frequent rains from now on may help to keep the river fresh, but in the case of one at least of the tributaries, water is gradually receding and as water fails fish are being removed. Here the outlook is bad. On one thing most keepers agree, that the fish at the present moment look very well."

On Blagdon Lake the season does not open till May 1st, and prospects will depend largely on the weather which intervenes.

"The lake is still very low owing to the great drought. We have only had one rain storm since the New Year, and that fell on January 19th. We then had a very fine flush of spawning fish—brown and rainbows in fine condition. In consequence I am looking forward to a fair average season with an increase in the average weight."

In the West, on whose streams so many trout fishermen open their season, spring fishing does not look too hopeful, but moorland waters, where rain is always the deciding factor, are a "day-to-day" problem at the best of times.

"The past winter was remarkable for its dryness and the amount of frost. In December many streams were completely frozen over for long distances, and then again from mid-January right through February and well into March there must have been on an average five nights a week when the thermometer went down to freezing point. Therefore the water in our streams has been much colder than usual, and, of course, the height, except for a week or two in January, has never reached anywhere near normal winter level. How far the coldness of the water can restrict food supplies in these streams during winter is problematical, for the trout must always rely mainly on bottom food. But there can be not the slightest doubt that the extraordinary absence of floods during December, 1933, and February and early March, 1934, must have deprived the trout of a very important source of food.

"Floods bring down much good fare in the shape of worms and grubs which cannot be obtained in any other way, and moreover the lower the water the more restricted is the trout's feeding ground, and so they must have been on very short commons, at any rate for the last two months. All rivers are at summer level, many are as low as in the height of last summer's drought, and until a prolonged wet spell puts things straight, fishing will be poor and the condition of the trout likewise."

Recent rain has given a more optimistic note to the Midland report: "Quite recently gales and storms of rain have done much to 'cancel out' the effects of the long drought, and now, with the flow of all waters replenished and freshened, optimism is both permissible and justified.

"The fact that the trout season of 1933 was, in effect, almost the shortest and least productive on record, in the sense that after mid-June, owing to the drought conditions, reasonably good baskets from any of the running streams were very scarce indeed, emboldens the suggestion that the stock of most of our trout waters is greater than usual this spring. The paucity of the sport which was found during the torrid weeks of the latter part of last summer has not, however, encouraged any material reduction in the extent of the re-stocking which is projected or has been already carried out.

"These remarks apply equally to the trout streams of the 'Peak-country' of Derbyshire and Staffordshire and to the lowland waters of other areas. All are now in excellent order and given favourable weather between the opening day of the season and Easter, that festival, though coming so early this year, should provide holiday anglers with some sport of a satisfactory character."



MISTS OVER THE THAUNGYIN VALLEY

DAYS IN THE DAWNA MOUNTAINS

In Quest of a Rare Barking Deer

By E. M. PEACOCK

IT is now more than twenty years since I stalked goral in the Himalayas in Jaunsar and Tehri-Garwal. Last year I did so in the Dawna Mountains in Southern Burma. Although, in the interim, I have followed the tracks of far larger and worthier game, I am struck by the prominence my mind gives to days spent in pursuit of these little goats: whether *Nemorhædus goral* of the Indian hills or *Nemorhædus griseus* of Burma.

In the snows above the range of goral, or below in heavy grass and tree forests, the quest for big game is often a labour, sometimes a savagely uncomfortable and primitive labour: the worthier for that fact, but lacking, nevertheless, a quality and charm which is owing, perhaps, to the lovely scenery and climate in the habitat of the Himalayan chamois, which ranges from about 4,000ft. to 8,000ft. above sea level; and the carefree atmosphere associated with the stalking of game which takes a middle place in sporting value and teritorial range.

In Burma goral are rare and devoted to ground which is even more rugged and steep than their typical habitat in India. In the Chin Hills one might easily imagine their habitat to be a slice off the middle Himalayas, but far south in the Dawna Range, clad in evergreen forests, their choice of country is both peculiar and difficult.

In 1932 goral had been recorded from the Chin and Arakan Hills, and one or two other spots in Burma. South-east of the Salween River, however, our records referred merely to a rumour that someone had seen or heard of goral in the Dawna Mountains north of the road leading from Kawkareik in the Amherst District to Myawaddy on the Siamese Border. When my duties led me, in January, 1932, over this road and north along the Thaungyin Valley, the Dawna Range lay a dozen miles or so west of my route. Covered by dark evergreen forests right up to the main ridge, which rises to 5,000 or 6,000ft., these hills appeared to be the last place to harbour goral; but occasional light-coloured seams and scars, indicating grass-covered spurs, landslips and precipices, kept conjecture alive and awoke that sense of anticipation and hope of finding hitherto unknown hunting grounds which is the essence of big game *shikar*.

The Thaungyin Valley and the foothills of the Dawna Range are peopled, very sparsely, by Hill Karens, a forest-loving tribe to whom the sight of widely cultivated lands and "made" roads is anathema. When Karens hunt, and they are the finest poachers in the land, they keep a shut mouth as to what they see and do.

The first indubitable evidence as to the existence of *N. griseus* in the Dawna Range came from a wild-looking Karen villager. Flushed with triumph over the body of some minor game which we had slain together, his tongue was loosened and he spoke haltingly of serow and goral he had seen in the hills. But the ground, he said, was murderous and hard to get at. Farther north along the foothills there was a man, a gun holder, who could show me goral and serow grounds better far than those near his own village. This friend of his, a minor headman, had shot goral and serow; but, of course, as my informant earnestly explained, he had done so long before the game laws had been made known, and now he hunted only pig and barking deer in the valley! After further talk he went to his hut and returned with the horns and skull of a goral. Thereafter I pored furiously over maps and recorded names and places. Far be it, however, that I should hurt any man who can shoot a goral with a piece of converted gas-pipe for a gun in areas never likely to be protected. Assured of my belief in the law-abiding nature of the gentle Karens, my informant and I parted and, in due course, my duties led me to a spot near the Mekre *chaung*, which is about half-way between the Kawkareik Road and the Salween River.

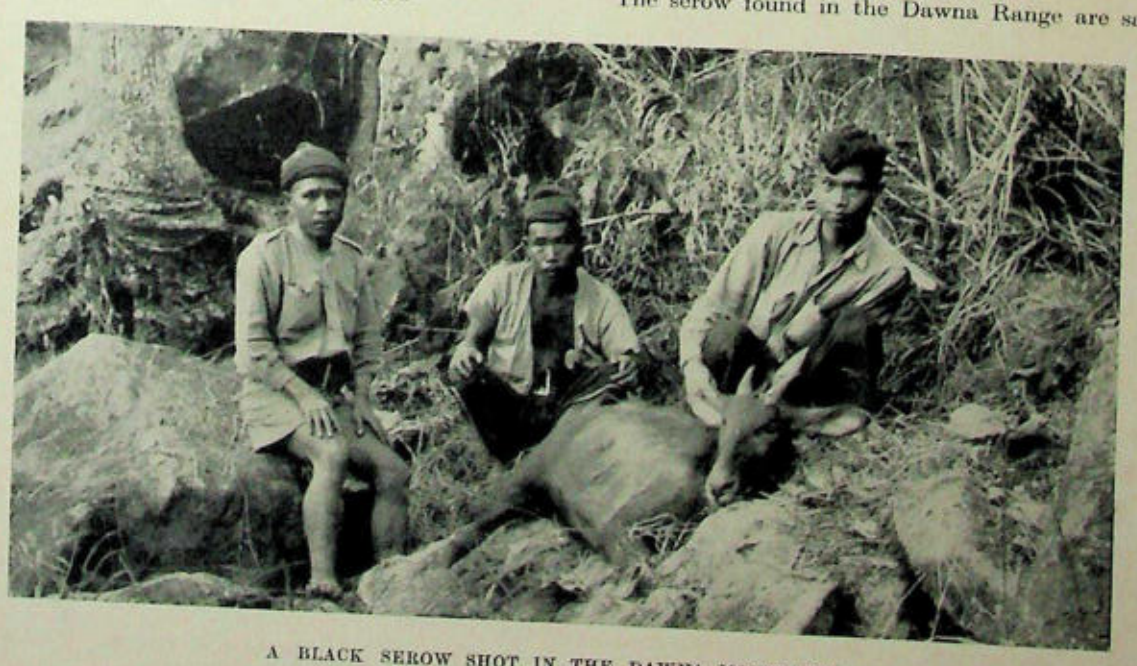


AMOS, A YOUNG SEROW, JUST AFTER CAPTURE. IT WAS PRESENTED BY MR. HOLBERTON TO THE ZOO

There are three or four facts about these little-known and pathless hills which will be of interest to the naturalist and hunter. North of the Kawkareik-Myawaddy Road there are undoubtedly goral to be found at the precipitous and comparatively open sources of some of the streams that rise in the Dawna Range and flow into the Thaungyin River, which is the boundary line in these parts between Burma and Siam. Their range may be as low as 3,000ft. or as high as 6,000, depending entirely on the nature of the ground and the extent of the openings in the prevailing heavy forests.

Of greater interest is the fact that *Muntiacus feae*, the Tenasserim muntjac, only one specimen of which has ever been shot in Burma, and that by the Italian Signor Feae, is undoubtedly present in the Dawna Range north of the Kawkareik Road. Feae's muntjac appears to be well known to the Karen hunters in the Thaungyin Valley, and was quite accurately described by more than one of these men. They say it is rare and only found in the evergreen forests at high altitudes, but not so rare that it might not be shot by a keen hunter. Its bark is said to be hoarse and harsh compared with that of the ordinary barking deer.

The serow found in the Dawna Range are said



A BLACK SEROW SHOT IN THE DAWNA MOUNTAINS

always to be jet black. The red or rusty-red serow is unknown, and a specimen which I shot was certainly unlike the recorded descriptions of *C.s. rubidus* or *C.s. milne-edwardsi*. It was jet black all over with the exception of a faint shade of brown just above the hoofs.

With apologies for the diversion, I return to the Mekre *chaung*, where I found and held counsel with the friend of my friend, who now hunted only barking deer and pig in the low forests; but for the sake of his health, would walk now and again on the mountains!

Yes, he said, there were undoubtedly goral, and serow and Feae's muntjac near the source of the Mekre *chaung*, and he would be delighted to go with me and see if they were still there; but we must leave our large camp and obese attendants behind, and sleep for at least three nights in the hills with a blanket each and only a small quantity of simple food. He would bring with him certain of his fellows as carriers, so that I might have two blankets and greater store of food; but changes of apparel and unnecessary impedimenta of that sort, one gathered, would be out of place in the grounds we should traverse.

So, under the care of this sportsman and accompanied by a couple of foresters and two or three Karens, I went up the slopes of the Dawna Range, and made what we might call by courtesy a camp in a patch of evergreen forest, near a spring which a rhinoceros had converted into a wallow some while before.

It may seem curious to write about rhinoceros wallows near goral ground, but *R. sumatrœnsis*, unlike the nearly extinct Javan race, loves steep hills, and here, near the main ridge of the Dawna Range, there still exist a few specimens of this much-harried species.

From this wallow as a base, I spent two clear days and two half-days of as enjoyable hunting and exploration as I can recollect. True, the *pyaungsa* grass at this season covered what would later be far easier ground, and the precipitous slopes were too often unfit for the feet of man or beast; but farther north the hills opened out, and between their folds I saw open grassy slopes, and many a series of rock-faces which I longed to explore.

During the first afternoon and evening I saw no animals, but there were certainly tracks of both goral and serow. The second day was a cruelly hard one. The long grass which covered even very steep and thinly-soiled slopes left little room for leisurely still-hunting, and kept us on the move from one opening to the next from dawn till dark. On this day, late in the afternoon, we surprised a black serow on the scar of a landslip which was covered with grass and immense boulders. I made a gratifyingly clean shot at about 150yds., and, not being blessed with the compassionate nature of some of our modern meat-eaters, I was very pleased, and marvelled yet again at the strong resemblance the black variety of these ugly goats bear to the creator of original sin.

The third and last day was a queer mixture of luck and disappointment. We tried in the direction of the Mekre source, and at long last saw a goral which was set in an unapproachable position on the far side of a deep ravine. Perched on the edge of a high face of rock, this animal gazed complacently at us at a range far beyond that at which I should ordinarily care to shoot. We were in a cul-de-sac, as it were, and would have to work our way back into ground which would be almost out of hearing of a rifle shot. So I sat down to the shot with a steady rest for my rifle, the highest leaf-sight up and the neck of the foresight showing. It was an astonishing fluke, but our extreme gratification was mitigated by the toil necessary to recover the body from the valley far below us.

We returned with the goral to our temporary camp, and in the afternoon I still-hunted through heavy forest in the hope that my luck would hold, and that by some amazing stroke of fortune I might see a specimen of Feae's muntjac. There were tracks of barking deer on some of the afforested spurs, but I saw no game till dusk, when the Karen with me pointed to a barking deer which stood facing us about 80yds away. In that light I could not make out to which species it belonged, but took my shot without delay, and saw it roll downhill. When we found the body I saw that it was an ordinary barking deer. In a sense I was not sorry. It would have been unseemly, somehow, to have obtained *M. feae* in that simple fashion. One would wish the quest to be harder and more protracted in the case of so rare an animal.

On the following day I returned to my main camp in the Thaungyin Valley, and, soon after, looked my last on the Dawna Mountains. These notes, however, may be of some service to the wanderer in Lower Burma, and will show that, even in the heavy forests of these regions, there is a splendid diversity of game for those who are keen enough to look for it.

VOCATIONS AND GOLF

Aids to Strength and Touch

By E. R. TIPPLE



A DENTIST'S SWING. T. A. TORRANCE IN ACTION

"It seems that of all the professions the medical and dental produce the best golfers"

THERE must be few who are not familiar with the ancient saying, "If your business interferes with your golf, give up your—business!" In order to take part in all the tournaments they want to, modern first-class golfers would have to carry this into practice, for a time at any rate. Indeed, some of my acquaintances find it difficult to believe that British "stars" really do work other than play in competitions, so frequent are their public appearances. Naturally all but a few have occupations, and these are very varied.

Thinking over this matter makes me wonder whether any particular profession or work assists a golfer.

It seems that of all the professions the medical and the dental produce the best golfers. The number of leading players, both in this country and in America, who belong to one of these two is remarkable. J. A. Stout and T. A. Torrance, both of whom have represented Great Britain in the Walker Cup match, are examples of dentists who have reached the heights in golf. Dr. Tweddell, a former amateur champion, and Sir Harold Gillies are examples of medical and surgical experts who have carried their skill on to the golf course. Surely this is no mere coincidence? Surely there must be some reason for it? I believe that the solution to this interesting problem lies in the use of the hands. Both a dentist and a doctor must have a sure sense of touch, allied to a keen, critical and discerning eye, attributes that are also essential for a good golfer.

Both Stout and Torrance hit the ball a very long way; the former being one of the longest drivers in the world. I suppose a dentist must of necessity be particularly strong in the forearms and wrists to carry out successfully the most awkward of his problems. Certainly no golfer of any note has lacked strength in this direction, and doctors, like dentists, must have strength as well as delicacy of touch. Of course, it does not necessarily follow that because a man is brilliant in either profession he will be more than normally proficient on the links.

Now, I have only mentioned amateur players, but several of the leading professionals' lives are illuminating. The general idea is that professional golfers graduate from the ranks of caddies. Whilst this is true of the majority there are not a few exceptions, men who began their working careers in other directions. The brothers Whitcombe and S. L. King, who won the Assistants' tournament, come of farming stock, the former from Somerset, the latter from Kent. The "Greyhound"—Harry Vardon—whose influence on the game has been greater than any other individual, John Henry Taylor and Abe Mitchell were all at one time or another gardeners. Then James Braid was a carpenter before he forsook the chisel and file for the golf club. Other examples would not be difficult to give, but the ones mentioned will suffice. They seem to suggest a connection between those who work on the land and those whose job is golf—the playing and teaching of it. Certainly an early training as a carpenter would assist a man who afterwards intends to become a golf club maker.

It takes little research work to discover that the common physical attribute which these men possess is a pair of large hands, coupled with powerful wrists and forearms. No farm labourer, no gardener, and no carpenter ever had small, dainty hands. These trades develop the muscles and increase the strength where it is needed most in order to excel in golf. They force a man to use the limbs Nature gave him, and to use them carefully and properly. The average person, however, has so much done for him, thanks to modern science and all its inventions, that his physical powers remain latent. If my memory serves me rightly, it was no less an authority than Bobby Jones who observed that "almost every successful golfer has had large hands and feet." Naturally the Royal and Ancient game calls for a great deal more than massive fists and feet in like proportion, but there can be no doubt that these physical attributes are advantages of the utmost importance.

To wield a golf club properly one must have both a firm and a delicate touch. It is rather extraordinary how highly this sense of touch is developed in men of large stature. Padgham is a long hitter, yet he can control the shortest strokes with ease. On the putting greens he strikes the ball firmly yet at the same time delicately. He is not alone in this. Strangely enough, the majority of women players—the low-handicap players included—who should excel in approaching and putting, fail in this very particular. Popular opinion has it that the difference between a good lady player and a good man is in the length of their long shots, whereas actually it is the opposite. Women golfers have not the same firmness as their masculine counterparts; they seldom strike the ball crisply for short distances. Usually the shorter the stroke required the slacker they play it. Thus it appears that large hands as well as providing the owner with more strength also give that delicate sense of touch which is so very essential and valuable.

But whatever the physical attributes of a player, whatever his profession, if he has not a natural aptitude for golf he will not progress. May that be a warning to those anxious to play golf well who think it would assist them to take up one of the occupations I have mentioned!

By Appointment to H.M. King George V

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Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

A WILD GOOSE DECOY

SIR,—I live in a country which is inhabited in winter by a pack of several thousand pinkfooted geese. They come in daily to feed on the potato fields on my own and neighbouring farms. Being extremely interested in these wonderful birds, I keep some fourteen tame pinkfeet (as well as a pair of greylags, a pair of barnacles and a white-front). These were either shot and slightly wounded, or caught in nets—some as long as five years ago. They live in a pen in an orchard which adjoins the house. The wild geese often circle round the tame ones, attracted by their calls, and on two or three occasions single ones have settled in the pen although it is only 20 yards from the back door. Doubtless this would happen more often were it not for the apple trees which make it hard for such large and heavy birds to settle.

On February 17th a goose came down in the pen at about 2 p.m. I went out to look at it and it showed no signs of alarm at my approach. It was an adult female. I fetched some corn, walked to the wire and threw it in. The tame geese had already been fed and did not come up, but the wild one came without hesitation and fed for two or three minutes within *four yards* of me. Then she walked away to a small cement pond and drank and preened herself. After that she calmly put her head under her wing and went to sleep. She seemed to be so completely at home that I suspect she may possibly have been to the pen before by moonlight. On the whole she appeared to be slightly tamer than my own geese.

Unfortunately, however, the tame ganders were very intolerant and started to chase her about; and eventually she flew out and settled on the path just outside the pen. Later she flew back over the wire again and in spite of persecution from the other geese, she was still there after dark. On the following morning she had gone, but on the next day, February 19th, she was flying round at dusk and under the moon and may have settled again. She has not come since.

Pink-footed geese have been bred in captivity so rarely that it is extremely unlikely that she was an escaped hand-reared bird. Her confidential behaviour is so inexplicable that I can only state the facts, strange as they are, *exactly* as they occurred.

I must confess that I should have found them hard to believe had I not seen it myself.

Yours faithfully,
Lincolnshire. W. G. T.

RATS AND HOW TO KEEP THEM

SIR,—The tame rat, unlike our common brown rat, is a most delightful pet, and quite free from smell. It is most easy to keep as well as being very amusing and entertaining. All it needs is good food, a good home, and a good keeper. It needs a cage about 1yd. long and 2ft. across, and this should be lined with tin, with a piece of wire netting over the front part, and a bit of wood over the back. The inside should be filled with hay and sawdust, and should be cleaned out every day. A nesting cage need not be so big, but must be at least 2ft. long and 1ft. across. It should be filled with hay and cotton wool. A good plan is to put a layer of straw under the cage so as to prevent a draught.

Rats require only two meals a day, and the following shows when and how they should be fed: 10 a.m.—bread and milk, 6 p.m.—a mash of bran, oats and millet. Water should be supplied on both occasions. Other things, such as bacon, cheese, etc., will be eaten. One must remember to avoid raw meat, as the rat will then become smelly and unpleasant to handle. The female, while hearing its young, must have milky food.

When [illegible]ating, choose a healthy-looking rat with clear eyes and no scars on its body; the tail should be pink and bare, also the feet. There are several varieties: black, white, red, blue, black and [illegible]ed and white. The female should be put in a box by herself just before the young are born. And when they are born do not touch them or go too near, only slip the food in very quietly. You must not even clean the cage until their eyes are open. The male can be allowed back into the cage when they begin running about.

There are quite a lot of rat shows now, and, of course, a show rat must be in good condition. A careful brush every day will be good, also give a quarter of a teaspoonful of Sherley's Energol (price 2/- a jar) every day. Teach rat to walk round a table with a coloured string harness on its back; it will pick this trick up very quickly, as it is a very intelligent little animal. A carrot with its long green fern-like top is very nourishing to a rat, also cheese and bread and butter. A show rat should be allowed three meals a day so as to get nice and sleek.

Take all the hay and dirty saw-dust away every day and brush out with warm water and Jeyes' Fluid; this will take away all the nasty smell. It is advisable to throw all the refuse into a bonfire or a manure heap and burn it all up. You may teach a rat to become house-trained and you may not; personally, I do not think you will. Never get in a temper with it, because if you hit it it does not understand and will not become friendly with you. Give it plenty of grass and millet seed; also let it out of its cage sometimes, as it will not run away.

Rats are very intelligent animals, and one can teach them all sorts of tricks. Of course one must begin teaching when about 2 months old. Teach it to walk on its hind legs, etc. Also you might have a circus, but, of course, you need about twelve rats for this.

If you want to show your rats keep a stud book, and enter in all the rats you have bred. It is advisable to do so like the following:

Romeo—Juliet.	*Colours.*	
Hamlet (Prince of Denmark).	*Romeo* (male).	Black and white.
Henry V.	*Juliet* (female).	Pure white.
King Lear.	*Young.*	Black and white.
Portia.		
Nerissa.		

Born —— 12th, 19—.

Yours truly,
Londonderry House, Park Lane, W. MAIRI STEWART.

[The author of these very useful hints is the twelve-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry.—ED.]

LIONS FOLLOWING MEN

SIR,—Not long ago I went out to spend a day with a friend called B—. He lives all by himself, and hardly ever sees a white man. As he knows the country so well, I naturally asked him about game and, in particular, lions.

Thereupon he showed me his leg, which is stiff and has terrible scars all round the knee and thigh from a lion. A lioness jumped into his lorry some time ago and tried to kill him. His African boy, who was holding the gun, dropped it and ran. The lion immediately left him and made after the boy. He felt no pain, got his gun and shot the animal as it was chewing up the boy. B— naturally has a horror of lions. At the same time he told me that there were four lions that drank every night at the cattle trough at his place. He said he would come with me, but nowadays he was very careful when hunting lions.

At 12 o'clock one night we walked one-and-a-half miles to the water place; the only other water is 40 miles away. At 1.30 a.m., as we had heard nothing, he said it was useless, and we might as well go back. We talked in the ordinary manner, and every now and then I put on my torch to look at the track ahead. Lion were absolutely out of my mind.

Suddenly, I cannot tell you how surprisingly, there was a "ough" behind us, very close, very sinister, and I knew in the one-millioneth of a second it was a lion. I flashed round and shone my torch, all in a second, and there, 8yds. away—paced next morning—was a lion. In the same instant it turned and made for the bush 10yds. away.

My rifle was over my shoulder, safety catch applied, so I was helpless, but I shone my torch in the hope B— would do something. I was terrified, and B— was more so. B— retreated rapidly about 21yds., so there was I with the torch, in between the lion and a frightened man, who was pointing his loaded gun all over the place. By now I realised there were three lions; I had seen their eyes. I found B—, gave him the torch and stood ready to fire. He shone the torch in the direction of the lion, and when he saw there were three, he let the damn thing go out.

Again, to cut a long story short, we retreated as fast as possible, flashing the torch alternatively behind and in front. We went like that for three-quarters of a mile, and the lions followed us all the time. I had the torch soon after, as B— was too frightened, and had already fired one shot blindly toward the animals, and it undoubtedly frightened them. It would have been stupid to try and shoot them as, if we had made a mess of it, the danger to ourselves would have been increased.

We got back to his house. It was an awful journey, and I quite truthfully admit that I have never been so frightened. B—, naturally, having once been mauled, was not too pleased to be faced with the likelihood of a second. In that split-second between the "ough" and my turning round, I thought I was for it.

We went back next morning, and saw the exact place, and found that we had been followed for about 300yds., and then again almost down to our huts. I should mention that I only had a small ·256 rifle, which had not much stopping power at close range.

It is most unusual for lion to track humans like that, so they must have been very hungry. B— says that the lion "oughed" to make us run, and if we had it would have had us at once. The natives say that a man who has been bitten, or mauled, by a lion is a danger, as all lions can smell out a person whom one of their kind has attacked. It gives them added courage. As a rule a lion is very frightened of human scent. They say that if I had been with an ordinary person, the lions would never have followed us. Yours faithfully,
Tanganyika. K. A. R.

SEVERE BOAT RACE CRITICS

SIR,—I have read your editorial note, and Mr. McCowen's comments on the Boat Race in last week's issue and I for one have not the least doubt that had it been possible to tell the Cambridge crew at Barnes Bridge the exact time on the clock they could easily have knocked off 4 seconds and reduced the time of the race to under 18 minutes. I do think, however, that it is a pity that Mr. McCowen could not see his way to give some meed of praise to the coaches for their part in this wonderful record.

After all, they are the same set of coaches who for ten years have produced a winning crew, and it is ridiculous to suggest that this record, which all must admit was made possible by an abnormal tide and absence of land water, "has sealed the fate of their type of coaching." I do not know on what authority it should be stated that the Cambridge coaches left the crew to "their own methods of boat propulsion." Does this mean that the coaches had no part in producing this very fine crew?

Incidentally, Mr. McCowen suggests some peculiarities of orthodox coaching which never were orthodox, and certainly not taught by the present Cambridge coaches.

Personally I was only able to see the crews on two occasions. First, soon after their arrival at Goring and Henley, and then in the race. On the first occasion I expressed the opinion that Cambridge would develop into a fast crew, and I was confident that they would beat Oxford unless the latter made a wonderful improvement. They did make a great improvement, but not enough.

As to the race I never saw a finer piece of rowing, and generalship, than the half-minute at Harrods. It seemed to me to prove four things. Cambridge were a very strong crew, their work was absolutely together, they were splendidly stroked, and they had been well coached.

I hope that these attempts to nurture antagonism between the various boat clubs may cease. Had Mr. McCowen ever seen Muttlebury row he perhaps would not think that he had discovered a new heaven and a new earth. Yours faithfully,
London. FRED I. PITMAN.

RUGBY IN THE 'SIXTIES

SIR,—I have seen your reply about Football "Minor Points" in a recent issue of the *Field* and think the following may be of interest.

In a preparatory school match played in October, 1864, the score was: "Winners, 24 quarter-ways, 4 punts out, 4 tries at goal, 1 goal; losing side: 3 quarter-ways, 1 try at goal." What was a quarter-way? I imagine a punt out was the same as a touch-down.

The above score is given in a letter in William Allison's book *My Kingdom for a Horse*, the early chapters of which refer to his school days.

The two schools that played then are still playing each other, though not on the same grounds, as each has moved a short distance. Can any other schools go back as far? Yours truly,
Lindley Lodge, Near Nuneaton. HENRY C. LEA.

[This is another very interesting instance of the various ways of playing Rugby that obtained in the early days of the game. The schools concerned in the match were, it seems, the preparatory schools of Oakfield House and Vecquerays, which, being near Rugby, might have been expected to follow the methods of play at Rugby school. We have never heard of "quarter-ways" in other early matches, and can find no explanation of them. Several other present-day schools were playing Rugby of sorts earlier than 1864.—ED.]



COURSING WITH CHEETAHS. IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT EACH CHEETAH HAS ITS OWN ATTENDANT
(*See Letter "Hunting with Cheetahs"*)

HUNTING WITH CHEETAHS

SIR,—Each of the cheetahs in the photograph I send has its native attendant, with whom it is almost as docile as a dog. When hunting only one cheetah is used at a time, and it is conveyed on a special bullock cart with its attendant and possibly two other people who wish to participate in the sport.

When a herd of gazelle are located the driver of the bullock cart drives towards the herd, gradually edging nearer and nearer. The does are usually in the front of the herd, and the best buck will usually be hanging back near the rear of the herd. As the does get suspicious when they see the bullock cart approaching they begin to move on, generally at a walk. If the driver of the cart finds them becoming too suspicious he will drive the cart slightly away from them and then gradually edge back towards them when they appear to be more confident that there is no danger.

A skilled driver will get fairly near the herd, and in doing so will contrive to single out a good buck at the back of herd. During the whole of this stalking process the cheetah's eyes have been covered with a leather hood. At a suitable moment the hood is removed and the cheetah "slipped." He drops gently off the cart, and with lightning speed is half way to the buck before it realises what has happened—and then the chase begins. If the cheetah does not kill after running the buck for about 200 yards, he gives up the chase and waits for his attendant to come along and put him on the leash.

This form of sport appealed to me more than shooting buck. He is on ground which he knows better than the cheetah does, and has a good sporting chance of making his escape. On the occasion when this photograph was taken we hunted seven buck and only killed two. In each instance the cheetah on getting close hit the buck's hind legs with its paw, thus tripping it up and jumped on top of it and killed it instantaneously by breaking its neck.

Yours faithfully,
Escrick Park, York. F. C. O'Rorke. (Lt.-Colonel).

"BUSH BABIES" AT HOME

SIR,—Among the queerest animals of the world must be numbered the pigmy galago or "bush baby" (*Hemigalago Demidoffi*) of West Africa. This little animal is fairly common in the bush country of Sierra Leone, where the enclosed photograph was taken, but being entirely nocturnal is seldom seen, although to those who know his cry, a rapid chattering succession of shrill notes, somewhat birdlike, he often proclaims his presence at the side of a bush-path just after dusk.

In size he might be compared to an English mole; in appearance to a very soft and fluffy "Teddy Bear" with a long fluffy tail. His coat is of soft fur and khaki coloured, though actually it is only the tips of the hairs which are this colour, behind the tips they are a dark slaty blue. The upper part of the muzzle is almost hairless; the eyes are very large and prominent, light brown in colour; the ears are almost membraneous and can be folded transversely in towards the head, which appears to be their position when the little creature is asleep. The hands are somewhat similar to those of monkeys, with fingers and finger nails. The fingers and toes terminate in a rounded cushion with little rounded nails except for the great toe or thumb and the first digit of the "hind hand" which bear claws, that on the thumb is bent back at right angles to the joint.

He feeds upon insects and spiders and probably accounts for a very large number during his nightly hunts when he runs along the thinnest of twigs and stems of creepers and springs with great agility distances of several feet through the tangle of undergrowth. He seems to be quite defenceless, but if frightened opens his mouth very wide, apparently under the impression that he is thereby making himself look "very fierce," instead of which he gives himself a surprised, or even shocked, expression which is wholly comical.

If caught young, bush babies become tame very readily, but are difficult to keep as pets on account of the difficulty in feeding them. I have succeeded in feeding one in the evening round a lamp in the bush on the insects attracted to the light, but the meals were rather lengthy, and to prevent their being too prolonged I had to assist in catching the insects. By way of dessert he was fond of ripe banana.

Yours faithfully,
Little Chalfont, Bucks. I. N.



THE PIGMY GALAGO OF WEST AFRICA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SIERRA LEONE
(*See Letter "Bush Babies' at Home"*)

DECOY PIGEONS

SIR,—The article on pigeon shooting in a recent issue would be still more useful if the author had added a few details to his instructions.

How, for instance, does one fix a decoy on one of the top branches of the tallest tree in a spinney? It looks very natural in the picture, but anyone who has wrestled with the problem knows its difficulty. A badly placed decoy or one on a thick upright does more harm than good.

Yours faithfully,
Ryde. "CUSHAT."

["Pintail" assures us that he fixed the decoy in the picture himself, and had no difficulty in so doing. It was passed up by an assistant wired to a thin pole after he had climbed the tree. Keepers and farmers frequently place decoys thus, and seem to have little difficulty in so doing.—ED.]

JUMPING POWER OF FOALS

SIR,—A few years ago you published some correspondence regarding the jumping powers of foals.

I had an instance recently of a filly born on June 24th, 1933, who jumped a field gate 3ft. 9in. in height. She measured roughly 13 hands 1in., so that the jump was only 8in. less than her own height at the withers.

She is by Bridgewater (G. S. B. Vol. XXIII., p. 1189) out of Petit Buerre (N.P.S.S.B. No. 5448).

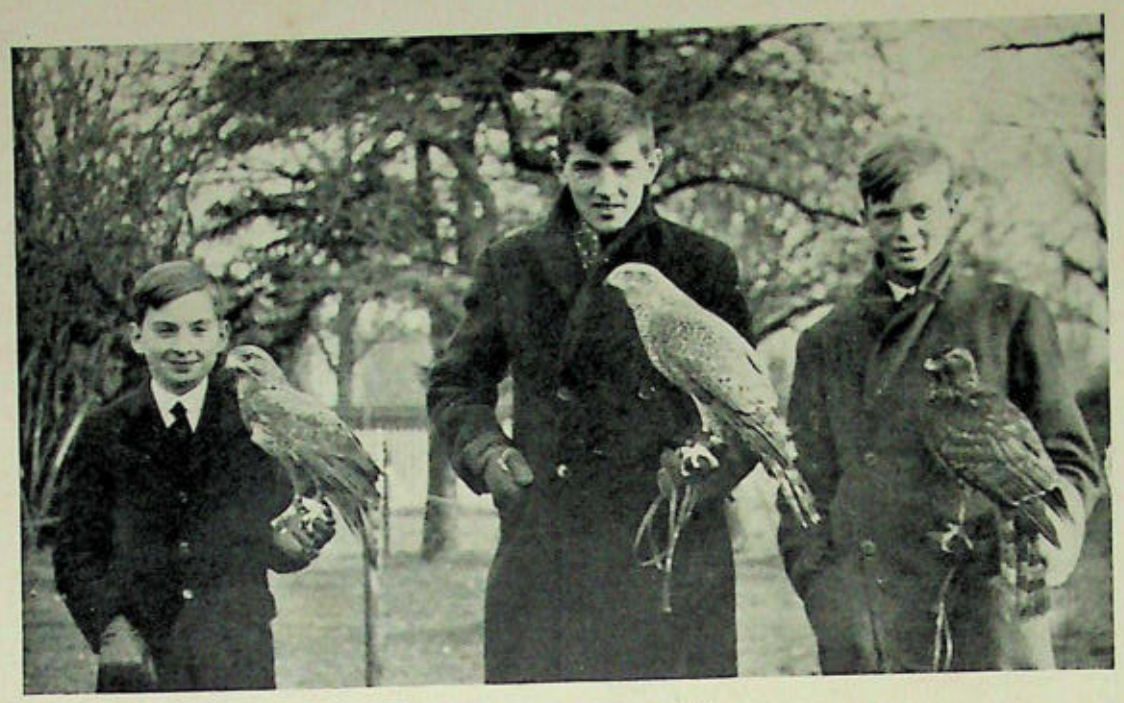
Yours faithfully,
Hayes Court, Hayes, Middlesex. A. E. SHUTER.

SHOW BENCH TERRIERS

SIR,—I was much interested in the letters appearing recently in your columns from Major Harding Cox and others *re* show bench terriers. As a lifelong lover of a good terrier, nothing is more heart-breaking to me than a visit to a present-day dog show. Here you see narrow-headed, long-nosed monstrosities, all looking as if some cubist enthusiast had cut them out of wood *en bloc*.

Again the modern craze for whiskers in the wire-coated breeds is ridiculous, for no terrier with redundancy of whisker ever had a genuine hard close coat. The latter may be pulled and otherwise doctored, but take him home and let it grow naturally, and you will have difficulty in distinguishing him from a poodle in six months' time. I pray a halt will be called to the activities of the so-called "fanciers," otherwise the terrier will be ruined beyond redemption.

Yours faithfully,
Torrington House, Berkhamsted, Herts. GUY HOLLINGS, M.D.



YOUTH TAKES UP FALCONRY
(See Letter "Falconry Club at Rugby")

FALCONRY CLUB AT RUGBY

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may interest your readers. The title I have given it is "Youth takes up Falconry," and the hawks from left to right are a buzzard and two goshawks (the centre bird having the light plumage of a second year bird). The right-hand one is, of course, a first-year bird.

Incidentally the boys are members of Rugby School, and have a sort of falconry club there.

Yours faithfully,
Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, S.E. 18. R. D. H. PHAYRE.

A POINT-TO-POINT SUGGESTION

SIR,—May I add one point to the suggestions of Lieut.-Colonel K. C. Brazier-Creagh about Point-to-Point meetings. I think it would be a very good scheme if there was a race for riders under, say, sixteen years old over quite a short course. The entrance fee and prize need only be small. I have of late noticed how many of the younger generation are very keen.

Yours faithfully,
"AN ENCOURAGER OF THE YOUNG."
Winchester, Hants.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Polo and Hunting.—Minehead is not the only place where hunting and polo can be combined. This refers to "The Luttrells and Dunster Castle," in your issue of December 16th, 1933, which we have just received here. The other day, just as a chukker of polo was about to finish, several "pi-dogs" appeared in full cry after a hare. With one accord the players galloped off the polo ground and joined in the hunt. The hare was eventually bowled over in the open after a hunt of about seven minutes. The field then returned and continued their polo. Can Minehead beat this?—H. A. H., Tamale, West Africa.

An Unusual Robin.—At Coombe Park, Whitchurch, Oxon, I had the pleasure of seeing a most remarkable robin early in February. Its body and wings were a light slaty colour with a pure white breast, its eyes the same as an ordinary robin, so I presume it was not an albino. It has been seen many times by people on the estate in the last few months. Is there any record of a similar bird?—HAROLD BEALE, Raynes Park, London, S.W. [The markings described are so very unusual that we wonder whether there is any possibility of its being an escaped cage bird of some foreign species related to the robin?]

Marked Woodcock.—I enclose an aluminium ring taken from the leg of a woodcock which was killed here by my gamekeeper on February 7th. The ring is marked "RAM" and "5-33." Perhaps one of your readers may be able to identify the markings.—H. GILES WALKER, Over Rankeillour, Cupar, Fife.

Comma Butterfly in Surrey.—I saw a comma butterfly on February 16th in a Surrey wood (the exact locality is best not mentioned). When first seen it was resting on some dead leaves on a sunny bank, with outspread wings. It seemed a perfect specimen, but had, of course, emerged from hibernation.—Miss M. PARSONS, Mousehole, Forest Row, Sussex.

Black Redstart in Kent.—On March 12th I saw a hen black redstart on the ruins of Sandown Castle, Deal. Am I right in thinking it a very rare visitor to this country? Also, on November 21st, 1933, I saw three swallows flying north along the coast, probably a late brood afraid to face the Channel crossing.—W. H. HOOLE, Golf Bungalow, Golf Road, Deal. [Black redstarts, although regular winter visitors to this country, are common only in the extreme south-west. The species is, however, undoubtedly becoming common, and in late years has remained to breed in several localities. —ED.]

Lawn Tennis Coaching.—Some time ago, in your paper, Mr. Collett's report with reference to the Dulwich Junior Lawn Tennis Tournament stated that the winner, D. J. Cook, had only had coaching lessons from Mr. Skeet. As a matter of fact, he was coached last summer by Colonel C. de V. Duff under the coaching scheme run by the Sussex County Lawn Tennis Association. I should be glad if you would state this in your paper.—G. MALLESON BUTT, Sussex County Lawn Tennis Association.

ENGLAND'S CROSS-COUNTRY SUPREMACY

A Twenty-first International Championship

CROSS-COUNTRY running seems to be the one branch of athletics in which we really can hold our own against all comers, and at Ayr last Saturday, England recorded her 21st win in the 27th International Cross-country Championship, the only other country that has ever held the title being France. This is England's fourth successive victory, and we placed our men in the first four scoring positions, in a field that contained England (the holders), Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, France and Belgium. After the usual argument, the Irish Free State representatives withdrew their team, since Northern Ireland was allowed to run as an entity.

J. T. Holden ran splendidly to retain his individual title and was well backed up by A. Burns, A. W. Penny and H. E. Foster, but the Frenchmen, F. Lehaurteur (5th), M. Roumaize (7th), and R. Rerolle (8th), did a great deal to give France second team place. J. C. Flockhart the Scottish Champion, was 6th. F. A. M. WEBSTER.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

HOBBY.—March 10th, Weymouth, Dorset (Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Thompson).

WHEATEAR.—March 11th, Richmond Park, Surrey (Dr. A. H. Spicer).

SANDWICH TERN.—March 23rd, Ravenglass, Cumberland (Walter Marchant).

CHIFFCHAFF.—March 24th, Wimbledon Common, Surrey (Colonel Roland Luker).

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are anxious to raise £10 a year to help an old lady of 85, who has nothing but the Old Age Pension to live on. A niece has been very good to her for some time, but 65 years old herself, finds it increasingly difficult to get work and cannot help her aunt as much as hitherto. It is all she can do to keep herself. The Friends of the Poor are most anxious to do what they can to make life easier for these two ladies, and the smallest donation will help them in this aim.

IN THE CITY

A LOW-PRICED SHARE

LAST May it was pointed out that the 10/- shares of Chicago Gaika Development Company, a South African Finance company, despite its misleading title, offered very fair value at the then current price of 11/3, since it could be confidently assumed that their break-up value had increased quite substantially from the figures of 12/6 per share, at the beginning of that year. The report recently published showed that the company's shares had a break-up value on December last of over 17/- per share, and the shares are at present quoted about this price cum the dividend of 15 per cent. But as the yield would be nearly 9½ per cent. at 16/- ex dividend they still seem "better to buy than to sell."

However, any holders who particularly wish to take their profit and other investors seeking promising speculative counters may care to consider the 3/- shares of Rhodesia Copper and General Exploration and Finance Company, Limited, which can at present be obtained at about 2/3. This concern still owns properties at Broken Hill and has the right to peg 3,884 mining claims in Northern Rhodesia, but these assets are valued at only £2,000; like Chicago Gaika its title is misleading, for it is really another of the smaller South African Finance companies. There is no debenture stock outstanding and the capital is represented by 1,173,405 shares of 3/- each. At the annual meeting last June the chairman stated that the shares had a break-up value on March 31st, 1933 (the close of the financial year), of 1/11.95, but that the rise in prices between that date and June 9th was such that the "present valuation of the assets, taking the investments at the closing middle prices, amounts to £145,330 or 2/5.7 per share."

Although the list of the company's principal holdings is published in the annual report since the amount of each issue held is not stated it is not possible accurately to calculate the present break-up value of the company's shares. But in view of the known break-up values on March 31st and June 9th it is perhaps interesting to compare the middle prices of the company's holdings on those dates with present levels. None of the securities held have fallen to any substantial extent with the exception of Foreign Railways Investment Trust 5 per cent. preference stock, which has fallen since June last year from about £38½ to £32½, and the Rhodesia Broken Hill Development shares, which have fallen over the same period from about 1/10½ to 1/6, whereas the following table illustrates the appreciation that has taken place in some of the company's holdings:

	Middle Prices. March 31st., 1933.	June 9th., 1933.	End March 1934.
Charterland & General Exploration & Finance Co., Limited	3/6	5/6	9/3
Chinese Imperial Railway (Shanghai-Nanking Line) 5 per cent Bonds	35½	32½	63
Rand Selection Corporation	16/6	14/4½	19/3
Rhodesia & Mashonaland Railways 6 per cent. Consolidated Debenture	37	53	96
Willoughby's Consolidated Co.	5/9	6/-	9/6
Wankie Colliery Co.	12/6	16/3	18/6
Rhodesia Railways 5 per cent. Debentures	85	90½	104
British South Africa Company	16/3	19/3	22/3
Fanti Consolidated Investment Co.	8/-	10/6	13/-
Bechuanaland Exploration Co.	8/-	8/3	9/6

The accounts for the year just ended, which are due to be published in early June, should also show that the company's revenue, from dividends and interest, which last year amounted to but £2,640 as against £19,675 in 1930, has increased substantially.

No dividend has been paid for any of the last three years, but as there is no debit balance on the Carry Forward item a modest distribution may be declared in June. In any case it is obvious that the current break-up value of the shares is substantially in excess of their current market price—perhaps a guess of about 3/6 would not be very wide of the mark.

The shares would probably command a higher market price were they better known to the public, and in these days when bargains are scarce they may be "found" at any time. PACTOLUS.

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New Books

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A GENIUS

Guiana—Fly Fishers—and Charmina

NO man living is surrounded by so much false glamour and misconceived prejudice as "Lawrence of Arabia." No achievement in the late war has captured the public imagination to such an extent as the Arab Revolt. It is good therefore that a conscientious, trained historian like Captain B. H. Liddell Hart should have taken the life of T. E. Lawrence in hand and given us a thoroughly accurate and extremely readable story. I say without hesitation that it is the best book about Lawrence I have read. (I have not had the good fortune to read *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.) There is nothing here of the modern art of history writing of which Captain Liddell Hart was complaining not long ago in the *Cornhill*, and if at times he uses T. E. Lawrence's life as a peg on which to hang rather shrill denunciations of the "professional" soldiers—Marshal Foch, Sir William Robertson and Lord Haig—that may be forgiven in his evident appreciation of his subject. Would the genius of T. E. Lawrence have survived in, say, the place of Lord Haig? The genius was there all right, but could it have made use of a General Staff system? It is really an idle speculation. In every case the event is the final judge.

For T. E. Lawrence was anything but a "professional," although as the author rightly insists, and the man in the street seldom knows, he had studied military history far more deeply than the ordinary staff college graduate. He arrived in Feisal's camp at the very lowest ebb of the revolt. In the Emir's brothers he had found no possibility of leadership. But in Feisal he had found the Man. In Lawrence's words, "I felt at a glance that this was the man I had come to Arabia to seek . . . His eyelids were dropped; and his black beard and colourless face were a mask against the strange, still watchfulness of his body." If Lawrence is the conductor of the orchestra, Feisal is the first violin, and Auda the second. Auda who pounded his false teeth to pieces because "I was eating my lord's bread with Turkish teeth."

There follows the retreat to Yanbo, whose searchlights drove off the Turks. Were these the original squibs which Mr. Shaw puts into the hands of Private Meek? Then the advance up the coast, the capture of Wejh, and by dint of Lawrence's true appreciation of strategy, the isolation and not the capture of Medina. For the Arabs were in the first class as individual skirmishers, but could not stand massed attacks and massed casualties. Then came the amazing ride through the desert to bring down the Howeitat on Aqaba whose capture was a triumph of considered strategy.

There follows the "regular" campaign in co-operation with General Allenby, a leader of whom both T. E. Lawrence and his biographer approve. Its story from Tafila, one of the few occasions when T. E. Lawrence's strategy was brought to the point of tactics, to the final triumphant onrush to Damascus is well known. The author rightly lays stress throughout on the fact that where Lawrence might often appear to be "non-co-operative" he was always fearful lest the Arab State which he wished to be brought into being would be forestalled by British administration.

In his survey of the career of Aireraftsman Shaw I find Captain Liddell Hart less satisfying. His explanation does not convince me. But then the explanation of no writer that I know of would. To the ordinary mentality (and reviewers mentalities are often very ordinary) Lawrence's action is inexplicable. But then you can not record the infinite in finite terms. R. M.

T. E. Lawrence in Arabia and After. By Liddell Hart. (Jonathan Cape; 15/-.)

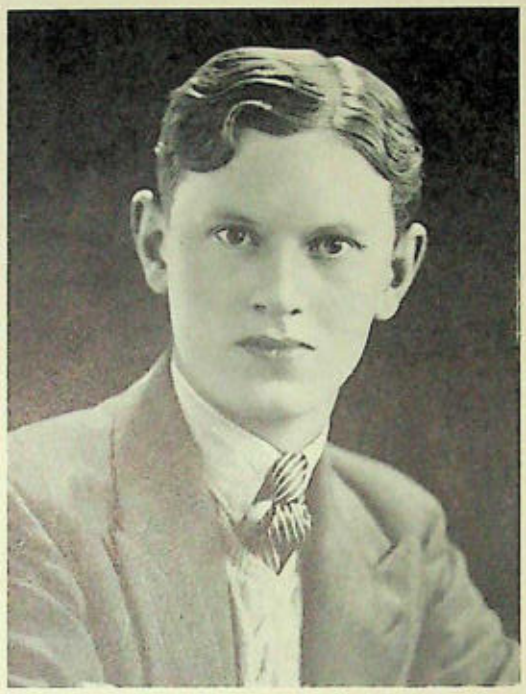
REMOTER PEOPLE

A Novelist Looks at Guiana

NINETY-TWO DAYS is the account of an excursion made early last year into the little-known hinterland of British Guiana. For the first part of the journey Mr. Waugh was dependent on the good offices of the Commissioner, to whom he is suitably grateful, but, as his name is mentioned repeatedly it is a pity that the author should be at such pains to describe him as both a bore and a liar. The first third of the book is trivial, and one reflects that this part of the country and its inhabitants must indeed be dull if Mr. Waugh is unable to make them more interesting.

The story assumes an entirely different complexion as soon as the author gets right up-country. His method was to hire a pony and pack animal and ride from village to village. We are given extremely interesting accounts of the several different types with whom the author stayed or travelled—missionaries, ranchers, natives and a diamond hunter. Although there were no hair-breadth escapes from poisoned arrows or the larger carnivora, Mr. Waugh was far from having an easy journey. While the pest of insects proved to be his greatest trial, he was often wet through and short of food, and very fortunate to escape fever.

Perhaps the best chapter is the account of a visit to Boa Vista, across the Brazilian frontier. Most of the inhabitants are descended from convicts who were loosed there on the expiration of their sentences, to pick what living they could. "Practically all



MR. EVELYN WAUGH

of them are of mixed Indian and Portuguese blood. There is no actual census, but a recent medical survey . . . reports that they are dying out, families usually becoming sterile in three generations; alien immigrants . . . are gradually pushing what is left of them up-country; Boa Vista is their final halting-place before extinction. . . . They are naturally homicidal by inclination . . . only the usual apathy keeps them from bloodshed . . . murder was regarded as being as common and mildly regrettable as divorce in England." M. L.

Ninety-two Days. By Evelyn Waugh. (Duckworth; 12/6.)

FIFTY YEARS OF FLY FISHING

Records of a Famous Club

AMONG other celebrations of its jubilee the Fly Fishers' Club is to be congratulated on its volume of chronicles, of which a presentation copy was given to all the diners at the recent jubilee dinner. It is a pity that no indication should be given of the member or members who are responsible for its compilation.

The origin of the club the compilers attribute (and their view will be universally accepted) to the energy of the late R. B. Marston, who originated the *Fishing Gazette*, and with him must be associated the late William Senior, Editor in Chief of the *Field* and also Francis Francis, who must have had an appreciable hand in its formation though, curiously enough, he seems to have been absent from the inaugural meeting in December, 1884. The first public suggestion for the formation of the club was contained in a letter from "Old Log" (Colonel Tickell) which was published in our columns in 1882 at the moment when the Fisheries Exhibition, which took place the following year, was occupying men's minds. In glancing through the list of members a year later one comes across most of the names which made fly-fishing history in the latter half of the nineteenth century. W. H. Aldam, who had published his *Quaint Treatyse* some years earlier, appears in the list; F. M. Halford, of course, by many men regarded as the club's most famous member; Cholmondeley Pennell; H. S. Hall of the "eyed hook"; T. E. Pritt (*North Country Trout Flies*), Major Turle of the "knot"; Dr. Wickham, whose "fancy" has probably killed more trout than any other individual pattern of floating fly; and a dozen more.

In fishing literature the club members have (perhaps) been almost more famous—their names occupy the best part of seven pages. Lord Grey of Fallodon, R. D. Blackmore, H. T. Sheringham, among those no longer with us, are all names to conjure with in literature, and a study of the list as a whole makes one inclined to echo to-day William Senior's remark at the annual dinner of 1890 that nearly all of the new angling books during the last four or five years had been written by members.

The volume contains also some interesting comment on the various trophies of fish and fishing which the club contains, including the famous Izaak Walton Creel upon which, very naturally, some scorn has been thrown, but which is very probably a genuine relic of the master. At all events the "contrary opinion" has really very little of substance to back it.

The Book of the Flyfishers' Club, 1884–1934. issued privately on the occasion of the club's jubilee.

WATERWAYS OF FRANCE

Charmina's New Voyage

COMMANDER KEBLE CHATTERTON'S new book will be of little interest to those who travel to the South of France in the Blue Train or lie off the Riviera ports in their sumptuous yachts; but it will have an irresistible appeal not only to the fast growing number of those intrepid sportsmen who sail their own small boats through ever widening seas, but also to all those who delight in a picturesquely told description of a voyage through little known territories.

Charmina is a 6-ton paraffin motor auxiliary yawl, whose wooden hull is 28ft. long with a draught of 4ft. 4in. The book describes her three months' passage from Nantes down the coast of the Bay of Biscay to Bordeaux, and thence via the Canal de la Jaroume and the Canal du Midi into the Mediterranean, where she is finally laid up for the winter at Toulon.

As might be expected, the author, who has had 40 years' yachting experience, and has written no less than 36 books about the sea, does not merely confine himself to a poetic account of the fair waterways of France—although these are delightfully described—but packs the book from cover to cover with the most valuable information which would be unobtainable in any other publication. It might indeed almost be said that what the Admiralty Sailing Directions are to the deep sea mariner, this book would be to any yachtsman who attempted a similar voyage.

The information and hints are given by a man who is obviously a master of his art, and one who not only knows the dangers of that fickle mistress, the sea, but also realises the joy and peace that she extends to those who study her whims and respect her power. Every requirement of the yachtsman is mentioned, ranging from the best anchor billets and berthing wharfs down to the most advantageous places for obtaining fresh provisions, fuel and water.

The canals of France differ enormously from the dirty and oft-times evil smelling waterways of England, for they wind their way through some of the most exquisite and romantic stretches of the country, the ever-changing beauties of which are described together with an account of their inhabitants, with a charm and affection strongly reminiscent of that other great lover and portrayer of life in France, William J. Locke.

The universal and extreme kindness that the author met with throughout his journey is most marked, and is yet another proof of this delightful characteristic of the true Frenchman, so little known to the Englishman who only visits the well-advertised tourist centres. D. L.

To the Mediterranean in Charmina. By E. Keble Chatterton. (Rich & Cowan; 12/6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Anyone who knows a boy or girl (with a birthday coming), who is keen on natural history, cannot do better than invest in two little books written and illustrated by Mr. Eric Fitch Douglas—*How to See Insects* and *How to See Pond Life* (Dent; 2/6 each).

Every naturalist living in the Isle of Man, or thinking of paying a visit there, should purchase a copy of *Bird Life in the Isle of Man*, by Colonel H. W. Madoc (Witherby; 6/-). Written by the Chief Constable of the island, and full of the personal experiences of himself and his friends it is a model of what such a book should be.

The Perfect Round—

DON'T BE VAGUE ORDER



Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



DORONICUM PLANTAGINEUM, WHICH FLOWERS IN MAY

The Country House

SPRING BORDERS

Early Blooms in the Herbaceous Scheme

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DURING recent years so much attention has been devoted to securing plenty of colour in the rock garden in early spring that the herbaceous border is usually second in interest. Very frequently, however, the herbaceous border is in full view from at least one sitting room window, and it is desirable to have enough early flowering plants in to make it pleasant to look at.

Amongst the most valuable subjects are the Doronicums, *Geum Borisii*, *Omphalodes cappadocia*, *Orobus vernus*, the pulmonarias, and the stately "Lenten roses," the last-mentioned highly valued in Victorian times and now once more a cult.

Doronicums are in flower in mild parts by mid-March, and unlike most handsome herbaceous subjects they have the valuable quality of doing well in part shade. Naturally they flower earlier in full sun. They do well on any soil, but though they are of such easy culture, they cannot be neglected, for they deteriorate rapidly unless divided up at least every two years. The proper time to attend to this job is directly after they have finished flowering, preferably during a wet spell in May. The handsomest of the doronicums—*D. plantagineum excelsum*—is often well over 3ft. in height, with long-stemmed, large golden flowers. The smaller species, *D. Clusii* (syn. *D. glaciale*), and *D. columnæ* are useful for the rock garden, as they are usually less than a foot high. They flower in April. Doronicums are usually increased by division, but they can easily be raised from seed.

Geum Borisii is a charming early flowering geum, and to my thinking the best of them all. Its showy orange red flowers are first produced in March, all through spring and summer it flowers merrily, and continues flowering till cut by the first really severe frosts. Ours were in bloom the last week in February this year, though of course they were on very stunted stalks. In late spring and summer this geum is about 15in. high, and is, I think, a delightful edging plant. Not many edging plants are in bloom nine months in the year! The large hirsute leaves are almost as attractive a feature as the flowers. The other geum that is hardly ever out of flower is *G. heldreichi splendens*, but it is not quite so early flowering.

Omphalodes cappadocia is an old-fashioned favourite frequently neglected nowadays. Yet its fine foliage and rich blue flowers, produced in April, entitle it to a place in every garden. It does well in part shade. The handsomest species, *O. luciliæ*, has lovely sprays of soft blue flowers. It attains only 6in., and is a gem for the rock garden. It needs a very well-drained spot, and unfortunately slugs have a great liking for it. The humble *O. verna* is usually regarded as a weed, yet it is one of the most charming carpeting plants, a mat of blue flowers in April. There is also a white-flowered variety, which is very pretty. I like its old name—"Blue-eyed Mary." Tulips look delightful when grown with Blue-eyed Mary as a carpeting plant.

Another early flowering herbaceous subject that was a favourite in Victorian times is *Orobus vernus*. Why it is so neglected now I cannot understand, for those who do not know it invariably succumb to its charms on sight. I have never seen it exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society shows, though I am sure, if it were, orders would rain in on the exhibitor. So far as I know, it is not even listed in the catalogues. I think it is one of the most attractive of the early flowering subjects. Bitter vetch, or wood pea—to give it its popular names, is now one of our rarest native plants, but formerly common. It is very bushy, seldom more than a foot high, with peculiarly bright green leaves. Clumps about a foot across and smothered with their dainty pea-like flowers, a curious mixture of blue, pink and mauve, always attract attention. Blue is the predominating colour, and as the flowers mature the blue tint becomes more pronounced. It is usually in flower through April and May. In older days when this plant was a common native plant, poor folk used to collect the tuberous roots and boil them. They are very nutritious, and taste just like chestnuts. They can also be roasted. Possibly the reason this plant is not more commonly grown is because rabbits have such a liking for it that it is difficult to protect it from them.

Everyone loves pulmonarias and they flourish in any soil. They do best in part shade, and it is useless to plant them in full sun on sandy soil. Treated thus, both foliage and flowers are very poor and soon assume a shrivelled appearance. In part shade they make rampant growth. I like best the old *P. officinale*, which cottagers always called "soldiers and sailors." The pink flowers turn blue



PULMONARIAS AUGUSTIFOLIA ALBA, WHICH HAS A VERY PLEASING EFFECT WHEN PLANTED WITH THE RED VARIETY

as they fade and hence the name, for the plants look as though they were producing both blue and pink flowers. *P. officinale* is the "lungwort" of the herbalists.

P. rubra catches every eye at shows, and it is certainly very attractive. *P. augustifolia alba* is very pleasing, especially when associated with *P. rubra*.

Another low-growing valuable herbaceous plant commonly grown in small gardens but not so frequently in large, is the dwarf "bleeding heart"—*Dicentra formosa* syn. *eximea*. Unlike its grand relation, *Dicentra spectabilis*, the dwarf bleeding heart attains only about 9in. Its feathery leaves and dainty flowers are very attractive, either in the border or rock garden. Like "bleeding heart," it prefers rich warm soils and a position sheltered from cutting winds.

The aristocrats of the herbaceous border in early spring are the Lenten roses. The hybridists have devoted so much attention to them that they are now amongst the showiest flowers, especially the spotted and veined pink varieties. Princess Miriam is very fine—flesh pink on the outside, white within, heavily spotted with crimson. King Lear is a tall variety, pale pink, touched with green. Coombe Fishacre Purple is exceptionally striking, a vigorous robust grower with plum pink flowers, vivid green in the centre.



ANOTHER VISITOR from INDIA

I had a client of ours over from India the other day on a flying visit to Nithsdale. As I have frequently stated in this column, these periodical visits of my friends from abroad are most valuable to us. We are able to obtain first-hand information, without fear or favour, as to how these advertisements are received by the lay public, and the criticism to which both the Industry and myself are subjected.

We have our friend with us here to-night, and I propose that he should propound a few of the more burning questions which he has encountered, and that we should answer them in rotation.

The first is the old, old matter of over-production. I have answered this many times, but I go into it again. To begin with, the skin cannot be imitated. This being postulated, the fact remains that there are about a hundred thousand skins marketed annually on the fur markets of the world. These skins wear out, thank heaven, fairly rapidly, and out of this total quantity a large number are used for trimmings, and of the remainder again a large quantity is of inferior quality, and I should estimate that the number of really good skins offering at the present time is in the neighbourhood of twenty thousand. Now I put it to everyone that there are more women in the world than this who are anxious to possess a fine silver fox pelt, and who are, even in these times of depression, financially in a position to purchase. You have to kill the foxes to get the skins. The lower the price the larger the market, and over-production will never trouble any of us.

The next question was most interesting. It was this: Is the pelt of a fox farm-bred in Great Britain equal to that of a wild Canadian animal? I have heard of this before, and I had a rather interesting experience a year or two ago. I was talking to a fur buyer of a large departmental store, and this buyer showed an ignorance of the origin of the silver fox which was most astonishing and distressing. It was contended by this buyer that a farm-bred fox of any kind was in every way, both in looks and wearing quality, greatly inferior to a trapped fox. I enquired if the store had any of each kind, and was informed that there might be a farm-bred fox or two, but that the great majority were undoubtedly wild caught. They brought me a sample which I was assured was undoubtedly a trapped fox. It was certainly a very beautiful skin and I said as much, but in view of the fact that the animal was tattooed in both ears with the letters of a ranch which I recognised, I was able to demonstrate to the buyer beyond all possibility of doubt that the animal had been bred in captivity. I stated furthermore that I was prepared to forfeit quite a considerable sum of money if it could be proved to me that the store had a single wild caught fox in stock.

The buyer was apparently entirely ignorant of the fact that the silver fox in the wild is a sport of the red fox, and that Nature has no reason to produce any more sports in these days than she did thirty years ago, when a silver fox pelt in his traps was such an occasion in the life of a trapper that he was able to live on the proceeds for a whole year. I think I am fairly right in stating that not one per cent. of the total offerings on the fur markets of the world are wild caught silver foxes. One of our Resident Owners here, who has been all over Hudson's Bay, informs me that a manager of a fur post told him that in his twenty-five years of service he had only seen one wild black silver fox.

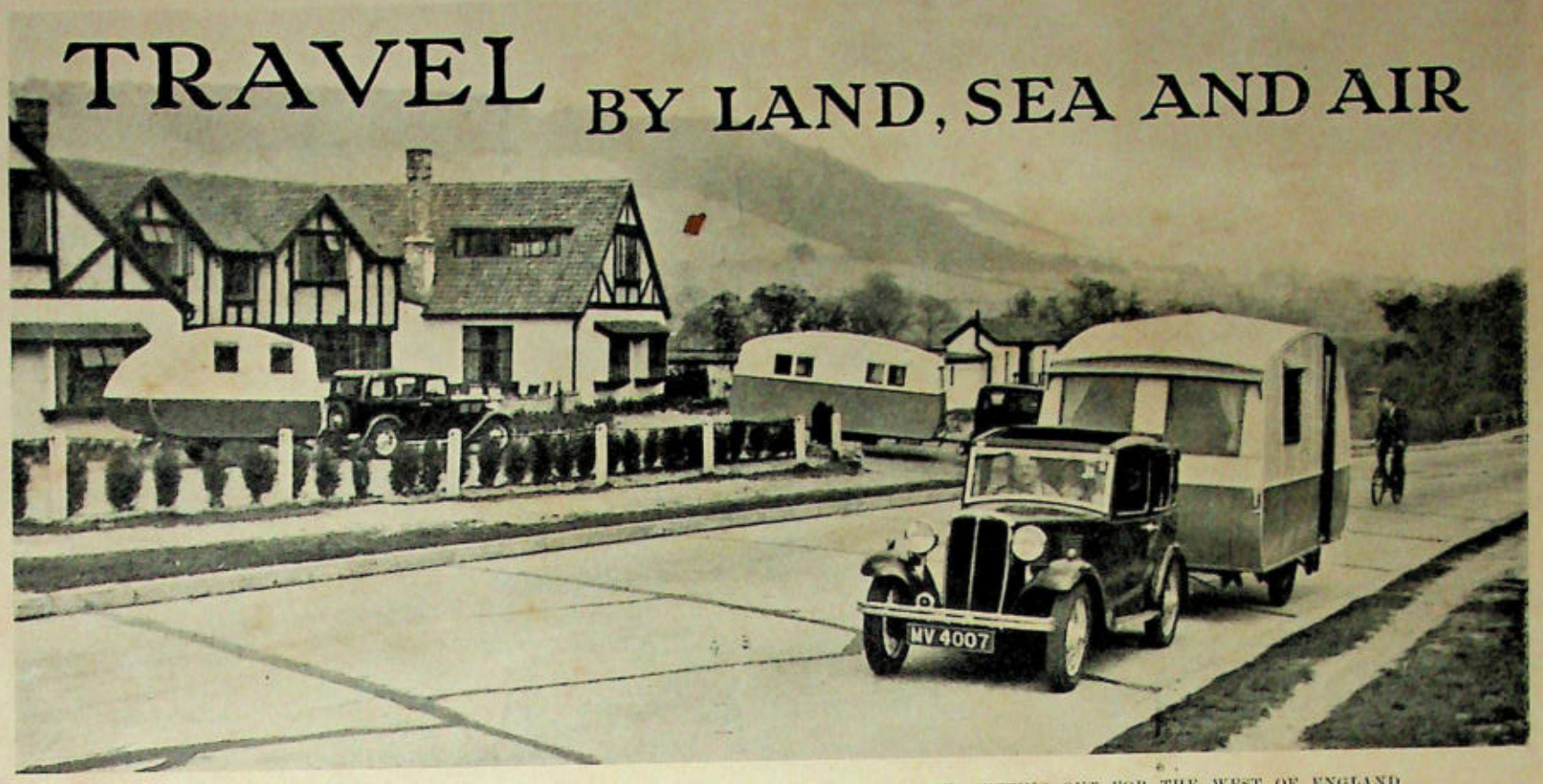
Robertson, the manager of my No. 1 and 2 ranches, who has just joined us from Prince Edward Island, states that in his opinion, and he has had twelve years' experience, the quality of the foxes which are at present in his charge here is fully equal to that of the ranch which he left in Canada.

Another question was that of fashion, which I have dealt with also many times. There is no "fashion" in silver foxes, except as regards the various degrees of silvering. At the present time, the fashionable fox, to judge by the prices obtained, is a pale or a three-quarter silver. Not so long ago it was a pure black, and I beg leave to prophesy that it will be again. It was a pure black which realised by far the highest price a few years ago. But the point is that it is not a different animal. It is always a silver fox, and fashion simply rings the changes on the degree of silvering in the finished pelt.

T. Ellwood

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



THE START OF AN EASTER TOUR: THREE STANDARD CARS WITH CARAVANS IN TOW, SETTING OUT FOR THE WEST OF ENGLAND

PITFALLS OF MOTOR INSURANCE

Loopholes No Policy-holder Should Overlook

As Sir Malcolm Campbell is at present in South Africa, further articles in these columns will, until his return, be contributed by other experts in motoring matters

RECENTLY the Minister of Transport announced his intention of taking steps to eliminate some of the glaring anomalies and loopholes in the insurance clauses of the Road Traffic Act. A revolutionary measure like the compulsory third-party insurance section of the Act could not be other than experimental, and some of the defects which practice has shown to exist have often caused considerable hardship in cases where road accidents have resulted in serious personal injury or damage to property.

Whether it will be possible for the Minister and his advisers to think out a series of amendments to the Act which will make the insurance clauses absolutely water-tight is probably open to doubt. No matter how carefully these provisions may be drawn, it is difficult to see how every contingency can be provided against.

It is regrettable, however, that there seems no intention to deal with what is perhaps, the greatest anomaly of all—the fact that the motor vehicle is the only form of road traffic subject to compulsory insurance. There is no necessity to elaborate the subject. It is enough to note that other forms of wheeled traffic do actually figure in road accidents, but that no obligation is laid upon them to insure against the consequences.

It is not, however, third-party insurance with which I am more especially concerned at the moment, but with the wider aspects of motor car "cover" against all the risks of the road. There are so many snags and pitfalls surrounding this question of insurance that a few words of warning many not be out of place.

It seems that since the Road Traffic Act made insurance compulsory against third-party claims, a whole crop of policy types has sprung up which were unknown a few years ago. These vary from the one which provides the bare minimum of cover insisted upon by the law, to the completely comprehensive policy which insures the holder against all and every risk.

The more exotic types, as I may call them, have obviously been called into being by the intense competition for business resulting from the creation of new insurance companies. Some of them are founded upon sound financial bases, but others, unfortunately, are not what the insuring public has a right to expect from concerns of their reputed character.



A RECORD OF SUCCESS IN THE R.A.C. RALLY

Rover cars won the first prize in Class 1, first prize in Class 2, the Glasgow Town Prize and the Ladies' first prize in Class 2, and also three firsts and four second prizes in the coachwork competition. The car shown above, a Rover "Fourteen" sports saloon, was driven by Miss M. Whitney

First one and then another has purported to give the motorist a little more for his money than could be obtained elsewhere, and this has gone on until, with a multiplicity of varying policies of the "restricted" type, few policy-holders know exactly what they are insured against or what risks they have to carry themselves.

For instance, in a case decided recently a motorist, who had taken out a third-party policy, was involved in an accident in which his wife, who was driving with him, was very seriously injured. Naturally he thought he had only to claim against the company insuring him, and was greatly astonished to find that, legally and under the terms of his policy his wife was not a "third party" at all, so that he found himself faced with a bill for medical attendance and other expenses amounting to several hundreds of pounds.

In another case, a motorist crashed badly in colliding with a cyclist whose machine had got out of control while descending a steep hill. It was admitted that the cyclist was to blame, but he was not insured and had no money. The motorist claimed on his insurance company, only to find that his third-party policy did not cover such an accident. Incidentally, the company in this case was perfectly right in its contention, the point of the story being that the motorist was genuinely under the impression that his policy did cover him for such an accident.

Another serious snag in the "restricted" policy may be illustrated by the recent case in which a motorist was insured while his car was being driven by "the owner or any of his servants." In a fit of good nature he lent his car to two friends and they had an accident in which a third party met with injury. The friends to whom he had lent the car were without funds to satisfy the judgment given against them; the insurance company refused to pay because the restrictions of the policy had not been complied with; and the motorist himself had to pay.

It seems, unfortunately, that very few motorists take the trouble to study the policies they take out, so that they do not thoroughly understand what it is they have insured against and what particular risks they have to carry themselves. The *modus operandi* of insuring seems to be, on the part of the more inexperienced in these matters, to take the prospectus of the company which offers the most favourable rates, select a type of policy which seems to suit the particular case and let it go at that. This way lies future trouble.

Many motorists, in possession of "restricted" policies, evidently believe that they are fully insured against everything. For example, there is a type of policy which permits the use of the car for all and every occasion, including driving to and from the owner's place of business, except for making business calls. It may be that the car is not used for professional or business purposes until one day the owner, being in a hurry or because it is more convenient, breaks his usual rule. He has an accident—and so far as his claim for damage to the car or injury to himself is concerned he is quite out of court.

I have nothing to say against the "restricted" policy by itself, excepting that as a general rule its provisions are not too clearly expressed and that the insured motorist may therefore labour under the impression that it covers him against risks which are actually excepted. The moral obviously is that when taking out a policy the first essential is to decide exactly what cover will meet the individual case.

Having reached this first decision, the would-be insurer should have the exact provisions and exceptions of the selected policy explained to him—and read the policy over very carefully when it is received. Above all, the advice I would give to all who are not experts in insuring is to deal only through a broker of known probity and repute and instruct him to take out the policy either with Lloyd's or with an old-established company as to whose standing there can be no shadow of doubt.

As to exactly what type of policy the individual motorist should favour, this is a point for each to decide for himself. There is, of course, nothing to beat the comprehensive policy, but it is not every motorist who cares to pay the comparatively high premium this involves. On the other hand, it is very comforting to know that there will be no legal quibbles and that one will not be faced with some unsuspected "exception" if one is so unlucky as to have to make a claim.

W. WHITTALL.

SEVEN-DAY LICENCES?

Proposals that Would Help the Owner of Two Cars

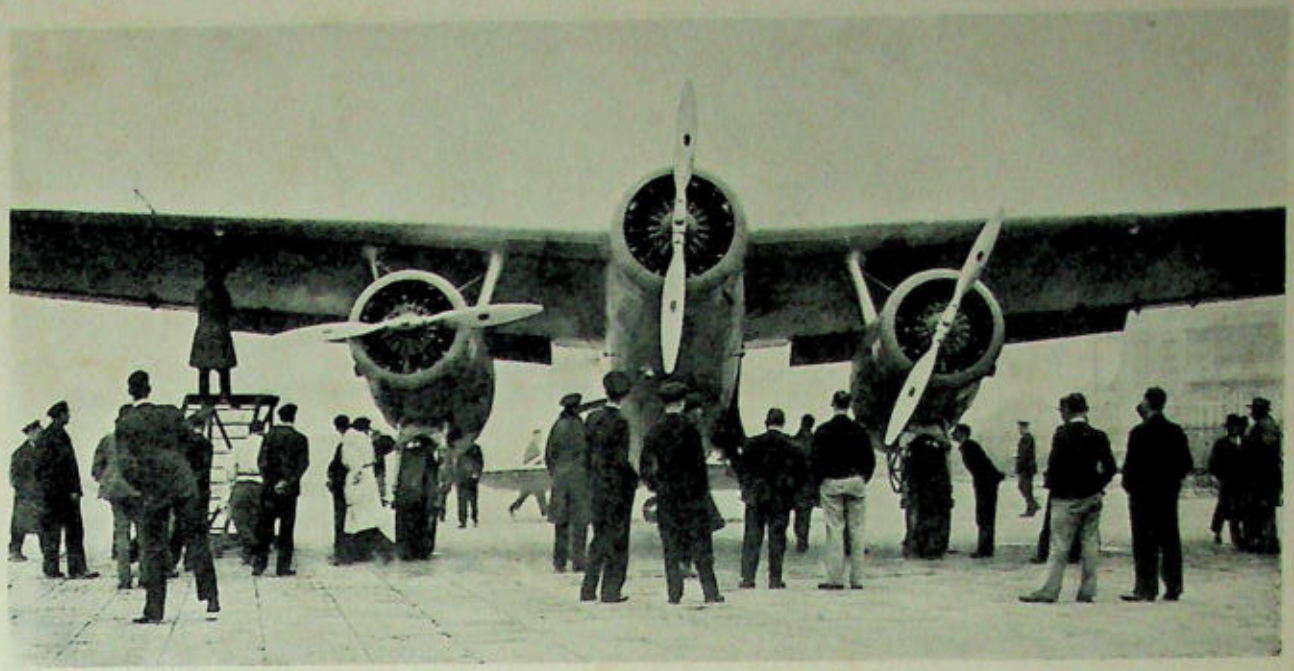
THERE are occasions when most car-owners living in the country could do with a different type of motor vehicle. The man with a small, economical four-seater, for instance, might like to use a large, high-powered car to take a party of seven or eight to a point-to-point, or to take his family to the seaside. There are also occasions when a motorist who has laid up his car for the winter desires to use it for a short period only, as, for instance, at the Christmas holidays.

To all such, the short-term licences which have been proposed by the leading motoring organisations would prove a boon. The Treasury would gain thereby, because thousands of car owners might take out such licences when they would otherwise be obliged to travel by rail or motor coach. Under the scheme proposed, too, the administrative expenses connected with the issue of these licences would not be heavy.

It is possible to buy a car in good order for such a low figure—under £1 in some cases!—that, where there is no difficulty about garage space, it would be worth while purchasing a second car for rough work, or as a "spare" in case the more modern vehicle should be temporarily laid-up, if the tax were reasonable. One would not mind paying a few shillings for a week's use of a car, where one might hesitate to lay out a few pounds for a quarter's tax.

There are many occasions throughout the winter when the operator of a fleet of motor coaches might want to put a coach in service not for a week, but for a day alone; to take a party to a football match or to a meet, for instance. I do not see why, for the more-heavily taxed vehicles, daily licences should not be issued at any post office in the form of large stamps, a different colour for every month in the year, bearing a "postmark" with the date of issue and the name of the post office upon it. These could be exhibited in the ordinary licence-holder and could, if required, easily be checked by the police.

H. E. SYMONS.



"ON THE AMSTERDAM-BATAVIA AIRWAY MAIL TRAFFIC INCREASED BY NO LESS THAN TWENTY-SIX PER CENT."
This Royal Dutch air liner, the "Zilver Meeuw," was the first to be fitted with a retractable undercarriage, and aroused great interest when it visited Croydon recently

A WORLD-WIDE INCREASE IN AIR TRAFFIC

Striking Evidence of Progress on Foreign Air Lines

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

THOUGH some little time must elapse before complete official statistics of the world's commercial air lines are published by the Air Ministry, the various statistics concerning individual concerns already available provide conclusive evidence that commercial flying continues to expand. Not only have air routes multiplied and airway mileages increased, but—most satisfactory of all—the volume of traffic, passenger, mail and freight, has steadily mounted.

It is not proposed to deal here with the advance of our own airways during the past twelve months, since many references have been made to this fact in these columns; the object will be rather to show that the solid progress of Imperial Airways, Ltd. is part of a world movement, and that everywhere there is a growing use of the airways. For this purpose, the statistics available from various foreign and overseas organisations will be discussed.

Because it operates a long eastern route that is partially, at any rate, in competition with the Imperial Airways' Indian service, the Royal Dutch Air Line is of special interest; for that reason, it will be dealt with first. The year 1933 showed that the energetic policy of this concern had been justified, for advances were recorded in practically every phase of its operations.

On the Amsterdam-Batavia airway, mail traffic increased by no less than 26 per cent.—44,523 kg. in 1933 as against 35,296 kg. in 1932, while passenger traffic, on a basis of passenger-kilometres, showed a really remarkable advance, the actual figures being 3,624,161 passenger-kilometres in 1933 compared with 1,899,317 in 1932.

No less satisfactory were the results recorded on the other sections of the company's system, for 40,082 passengers were carried on the regular lines, an increase of 92 per cent. on the 20,887 handled in the previous year, while the amount of freight was the largest ever dealt with in a single year; 1,192,257 kg. (about 1,174 tons). The total amount of mail carried by the company's machines, 147,261 kg., was an advance of 9 per cent. on the figures for 1932.

This all-round increase is significant in that it indicates the increasing tendency to dispatch goods by air, which, in turn, shows that the airways are playing a very definite part in modern business communication.

Detailed statistics for the two other great Continental systems—Air-France and the Deutsche Luft Hansa—are not yet to hand, but preliminary figures relating to the latter show that the miles flown in 1933 amounted to no less than 5,578,970, an increase of some 15 per cent. on the previous year.

Both these organisations and their associates may be relied upon to provide evidence of substantial progress; and the actual statistics will be commented upon when they are available. In their absence, however, quite remarkable indications of the growth



FIRST FLYING AMBASSADOR
Sir Francis Humphrys, British Ambassador at Baghdad, starting out on a 200-mile trip to Mosul, in Northern Iraq, in his De Havilland Leopard Moth

of air transport is provided by the reports of undertakings that do not figure so largely in the public eye.

One interesting example is provided by the Société Hellenique de Communications Aeriennes, which is responsible for the whole of the air traffic in Greece. This comparatively small undertaking's machines covered, in 1933, as many as 234,000 miles, and carried 5,864 passengers, 141,000lb. of luggage, 22,000lb. of mail, and 298,000lb. of freight.

In Poland, the actual airways route mileage remained the same in 1933 as it had been in 1932—3,000 miles; but the traffic increased very markedly, the mileage covered rising from 770,000 to 1,085,000; passengers from 10,232 to 13,013; and freight and luggage from 710,000 to 776,000lb. This organisation is, however, one of the extremely few that report a decline in air mail, which fell slightly from 86,500lb. in 1932 to 82,500lb. in 1933.

It is interesting to compare these European figures with those to hand from the other side of the world. Japan has been making good progress in aviation, and during 1933 her four operating concerns flew 1,963,915 km. (roughly 1,219,590 miles), and carried 15,915 passengers, 64,873 kg. of freight, and 97,844 kg. of mail.

As compared with the results in 1932, these figures show an increase of 3,358 in the number of passengers carried, of 29,922 kg. in freight, and 53,442 kg. in mails. These advances are the more remarkable in view of the fact that the mileage flown showed a slight reduction, amounting to 19,845 km.

The statistics given here, while admittedly incomplete, do show definite evidence of the progress commercial flying is making in all parts of the world. There is no indication whatsoever either of stabilisation at previous figures, or of decline. Where reductions in any one direction are reported, they are due in most instances to quite extraneous causes that have nothing to do with the services themselves.

Greater progress during the present year may be confidently expected, for it must be remembered that 1933 was a poor year for many countries, and the trade revival now making itself apparent had scarcely begun. That fact makes the statistics given even more forceful as indications of the firm establishment of air transport in all parts of the world.

WILDFOWLING IN CHINA

The Story of a Day's Shooting 630 Miles Up the Yangtse-Kiang

IT is only during the present winter that shooting parties have been allowed away from Hankow, the country having previously been considered unsafe. The floods in 1931 have still a very marked effect on the shooting, for it killed off all the hares, deer and pheasants, which are still very scarce near the Yangtse.

The following is an account of a day's shooting about 30 miles above Hankow, which I hope will give some idea of the variety of game, and the type of country.

We were operating from an old houseboat, 630 miles up the Yangtse-Kiang, and as the "Laodah" refused to take the houseboat past the rocks until daylight, we were unable to get ashore in time for the early morning flighting. In fact, it was not until after seven that we climbed the embankment and saw the marsh for which we were looking.

The embankment or dyke on which we were standing ran parallel to the Yangtse as far as we could see. About half a mile along another smaller dyke branched off at right angles, ran inland for about 500yds., and then curved back to the main dyke. In the semicircle thus formed were small ridged paddy fields, and we could see ducks scattered about in the pools, feeding.

But what immediately captured and held our attention was a shallow, reeded lake situated about 400yds. beyond the corner of the smaller dyke. This was literally covered in geese, and even as we watched, the sky was full of large skeins which came gaggling from all points of the compass, flying in perfect formation and circling lower and lower, until suddenly they were breaking and dropping on to the lake like falling leaves.

Deciding on a long and careful stalk, we split up and the four guns approached from four different directions, leaving the coolies and dog behind the dyke.

Some two hours later found one gun crawling along a muddy ditch, half full of water; another from the opposite side creeping through reeds, where the mud was soft for two feet; a third making slow progress through short grass; and a fourth less than 200yds. away, having found good cover on his side. There was a fifth gun there, however, about whom we knew nothing.

A Chinese hunter, with his long "gas pipe" gun, must have been lying beside the lake since early dawn, and now applied his fuse to the touch-hole, and even as the report echoed from the hills, the sky was black with geese, as they flew away in hundreds, looking in their ordered formations like some invading air fleet of the future. Three guns tried high shots, and the one that might have had a chance, being nearest, had nothing over him.

Having mapped out a possible future for the Chinese hunter, and also any children he might possess, we determined to return for the evening flight, and shoot for the remainder of the morning and afternoon round the edges of a lake, about four miles away.

We again split up. I got a brace of quail, missed a very easy shot at a cock pheasant, and was unable to shoot at another as it got up in line with a small Chinese child who was making rude faces at me.

There were plenty of duck sitting in the middle of the lake, and I could see a great number sitting at the end of a point. After a long walk and a careful approach, I bobbed up behind some reeds only to find the ducks were tame!

The rest of the party had seen mostly quail, had a long shot at a deer, got a brace of pheasants, and one "had heard his shots rattle" against the wings of one of those wary birds, turkey bustards.

By half-past three we were back in our "goose" marsh. One gun was in the centre of the duck "semicircle," one on the corner of the smaller dyke, another was on the inland side of the lake where the geese had been in the forenoon—he had an eight-bore—and I was about 200yds. in from the small dyke and the same distance from the lake.

Geese could already be seen and heard in all directions, but were still very high. I saw a brace of duck fall in a beautiful left and right to the gun in the duck marsh, and later he got some high shots at geese, even using his rifle, but without effect. He had some very good sport and came home with six brace of duck.

After trying some shots at geese, which were probably well out of range, I saw a solitary goose approaching, lower than the rest. Leading him by what seemed an absurd distance, I fired, and he came down with one lucky shot through the head. This was followed by the eight-bore pulling a left and right out of a large skein, and a few minutes later he got another single goose.

The sun had now set, and it was getting quite dark. There was a nearly full moon, shining fitfully through the clouds, and having just read Mr. Peter Scott's article on shooting geese by moonlight in the Christmas Number of the *Field*, I was determined to have a shot at it.

Fortified by sloe gin, I stood in a clump of reeds near the lake, keeping my face down so that it would not show in the moonlight, whilst the sound of their gaggling and the swish of their wings was all about me. Waiting until a glimpse of moonlight coincided with a near silhouette was a cold business, but I was rewarded by getting three more geese in about an hour, when the moon finally clouded over, and the coolie and I staggered back to the boat, frozen but triumphant.

R. P. HILL.



A NATIVE HOUSEBOAT ON THE YANGTSE-KIANG



A VIEW OF THE YANGTSE-KIANG, SHOWING THE ROCKS AND TYPICAL MARSHY SHORE

Railway Camping Coaches.—Innovations and bright ideas are expected from the railways nowadays, and the London & North Eastern Railway are developing a scheme to provide complete homes on wheels for holiday-makers at wayside railway stations. Thirty-five railway coaches are being equipped to provide every facility. Each coach will have two separate sleeping compartments (together accommodating six people), a living room and a kitchen. The coaches are bookable in advance, the tenancy rates being £2 10s. per coach per week.

WHERE TO STAY

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

LEWES
The
SHELLEY'S
HOTEL
FULLY LICENSED
TELEPHONE - LEWES 561
The most remarkable Hotel in Sussex
6 Gns. a week inclusive

CAPE-WRATH HOTEL A.A., R.S.A.C.
KEOLDALE
DURNESS, SUTHERLAND, N.B.
"SCOTLAND'S Premier Sporting Paradise."
Unrivalled for brown trout fishing. Heaviest trout 1933, 10½lb., on fly, caught April 1st. Book now for early fishing, BROWN TROUT, SEA TROUT, SALMON and SEA FISHING free.
Brown trout fishing on wet and dry fly. Lochs stocked yearly.
30,000 acres shooting, from snipe to stags. Ornithology, sea-bathing, cruising, botany, mountaineering, etc. Scenery magnificent, Loch, Sea and Mountain.
Illustrated brochure, apply WM. J. MACKAY.

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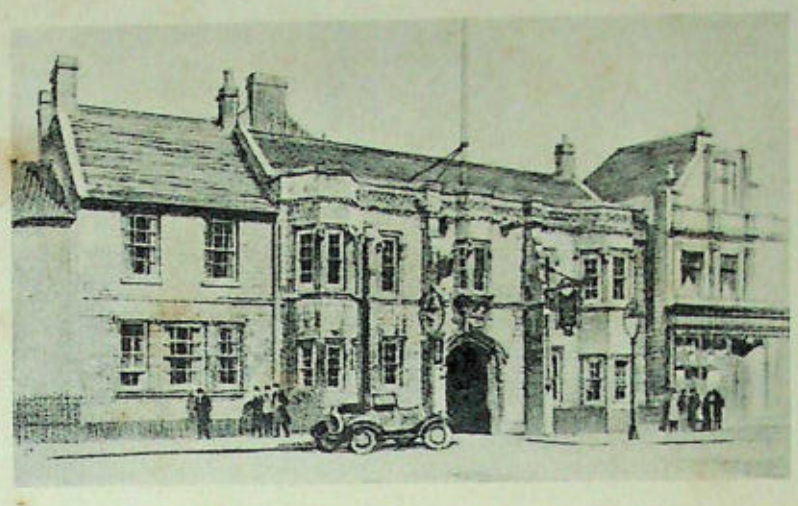
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CARNARVON ARMS, DULVERTON (on the borders of Devon and Somerset).—An old-established Sporting Hotel in delightful country. Hunting with five packs—stag and fox-hounds. Good horses always available. Five miles excellent trout fishing. Cosy log fires and a good billiard table. Write for booklet.—Wire "Nelder, Dulverton." 'Phone 2.

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

DORCHESTER.—Centre of Hardy's beautiful Wessex, interesting archæological neighbourhood, two miles Came Down Golf Links; trout fishing River Frome (limited rods) within three miles.—KING'S ARMS (The County Hotel), replete with every comfort. Phone 98.

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THE ANGEL AND ROYAL HOTEL, GRANTHAM

FIVE fingers will probably suffice to count up the truly mediæval inns that still survive in England, and not the least remarkable of them is the Angel Hotel at Grantham. The position of the town on the Great North Road between London, York and Scotland must at a very early date have made it necessary to place a hostelry there. As has already been explained in these articles, inns bearing the sign of The Angel are always ancient, and this at Grantham had the same religious origin as the rest. It was a hostel for travellers established by the Knights Templars at a not clearly ascertained date; but as early as 1213 it was already of sufficient importance to house King John and his "tail." Save, perhaps, in the cellars, nothing remains of the building "John Lackland" knew, but its oldest portions are very ancient.

The Angel and Royal, to give the hotel its full title, is, next to the famous church with its tall spire, the most memorable object in Grantham. It stands in the middle of the town, its worn stone front facing the Market Square and the ancient cross. There is presumptive evidence that the gateway dates from about the middle of the fourteenth century, since upon its hood moulding are carved the heads of Edward III and Queen Philippa. The remainder of the front was built about a century later. This portion of the building must have been almost new when one of the tragedies of English history was enacted within its walls. Richard III was at The Angel when, in 1483, the revolting Duke of Buckingham fell into his power. So long as Buckingham lived there was no safety for the usurper, so Richard sent to London for the Great Seal, and in what is now the Coffee Room of The Angle, affixed it to the Duke's death-warrant on October 19th, 1483.

This fine room extends the whole length of the first floor. For a long time it was divided into three, but of late years it has been restored to its original proportions. This great upper chamber would naturally be occupied by the King, who probably had less leisure than we to admire the beauty of the Gothic oriel over the gateway, which, with two others, lights it. Below this window, over the arch of the gateway, is a carved and gilded angel holding a crown. The archway divides the ground floor into two rooms, the lounge and the bar.

In the heyday of the coaching period The Angel was much enlarged by the addition of two long wings stretching backwards to provide more bedrooms and by the incorporation of a toy-shop facing the street, which is now the drawing room. These wings, which have been likened in appearance to a set of chambers in the Temple, run along each side of the stable-yard which was so riotously busy when The Angel was a calling-place of the York, Edinburgh and Aberdeen Royal Mail, the Royal Charlotte, also from London to Edinburgh, the York and Leeds Post Coach and the York Highflier. Now the yard sees motors and hunters, for this ancient hotel is an advantageous point for reaching several packs. Thus the house is a place of memories, yet while every antique feature has been carefully preserved by Trust Houses all those things that make for modern comfort have been added. Happily, too, there are still preserved a number of good examples of eighteenth century English furniture.

In a very odd way The Angel is still preserving history. When Michael Solomon, the landlord who died in 1706, made his will he charged the inn with the annual payment of £2 for a sermon against drunkenness to be preached every Midsummer Day in Grantham Church. The money is still paid, and the sermon still preached.

Grantham is an excellent centre for exploring this part of the country. Lincoln and Peterborough Cathedrals, Stamford and Crowland Abbey, are all within an easy motor run, and it would be sinful to leave Grantham without thoroughly exploring its fine church with its chained library.

BROWN'S HOTEL
DOVER ST. & ALBEMARLE ST., W.1
The hotel of tradition where the spirit of Old English Hospitality is combined with all modern comforts, including a number of rooms and suites where central heating is now installed. A distinguished resting place in the heart of London, yet where peace and quiet is assured.
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NEWMARKET.—RUTLAND ARMS HOTEL. ('Phone 16.) The Best.

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TROUT FISHING IN LLUGWY and numerous lakes, one restocked 1934 with 1,000 rainbow and Loch Leven trout; excellent salmon beat on the Conway River free to guests, combined with 20,000 acres grouse and good mixed rough shooting.—CORDEN'S HOTEL, Capel Curig, N. Wales.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—ZETLAND HOTEL, CASHEL BAY, RECESS; fishing, salmon, sea and brown trout, sea fishing; modern, electric light, garage.

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

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

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TONGUE HOTEL, SUTHERLAND
FIRST-CLASS SALMON, SEA TROUT and BROWN TROUT FISHING FREE to Guests from April 15th.
Terms moderate. Apply to JOHN MACKENZIE, Proprietor.

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LAUSANNE PALACE BEAU SITE HOTELS
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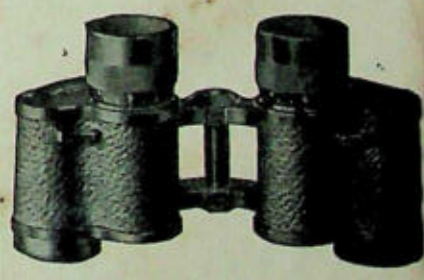
PARIS.—HOTEL CASTILLE, 37, rue Cambon nr. Opéra and Tuileries. Quiet and sunny Private garden. Very moderate prices.

ROME.—PALACE-AMBASSADEURS. Both Hotels now united into one. Most modern in the city; near Pincio Gardens; moderate rates grill room; light luncheons.

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